



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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Current Affairs' Discussion Group

After the minutes of the preceding meeting had been dealt with, the subject "Palestine—Focus of Conflict" was announced by the president. Keen interest was immediately shown, and discussion was opened by Lance Giddings, who contended that the Arabs should rule Palestine, maintaining that countries who, themselves, refused Jewish migrants, should not wish to settle them on other people. His point was taken up by Mr. Gorman, who asserted that, during the last thirty years, the Jews had accomplished much in Palestine—they had invested £Stg.160,000,000, and had built the city of Tel Aviv.

Mr. Giddings then contended that the Jews had no right to Palestine, for, in the first place, they were not the original rulers of the country. Mr. Young pointed out that, if such were the case, then we, in Australia, have no right to our country, and that we should vacate in favor of the aborigines. But, at the same time, he thought there was a special case for the Jews; God promised Abraham that He would make him "father of many nations." Abraham is called "father" by both Jews and Arabs, which means, in effect, that the prophecy has been fulfilled. Moses accurately forecast the history of the Jews when he stated that they would be prevented from entering Palestine until they were redeemed in the eyes of God.

THE BOYS WARM UP

The atmosphere was now warming. Mr. Giddings discounted the value of the Biblical promise; calling upon the story of Moses and the bullrushes to give point to his assertion that many stories in the Bible are merely Babylonian Legend. At this juncture discussion was terminated to listen to the 12.30 News Bulletin, at the conclusion of which discussion became more electric than ever. Miss Ferguson shocking the meeting by posing the pertinent question "How many Jews can Palestine hold, anyhow?" The discussion was dominated by Mr. Young, Mrs. Johnston, Mr. Buckingham and Mr. Gorman, who argued the value of a Jew in the community, Mr. Buckingham speaking feelingly from personal

experience. Mrs. Johnston discerned differences in Jews, asserting that the fat, rolling person, with diamond-studded fingers was not to be taken as typical of the race. Now, as ever before, during the meeting, the atmosphere became explosive; women stopped their knitting; men discarded their "makings"—all were expectant when "B.E.S." again, in typical "Talkabout" style, asked an embarrassing question: "What are Australia's Olympic prospects?" (raucous, derisive laughter for you, Bet). Once again a true conception of the gravity of the question seized the assembly. Mr. Young began a heated cross-fire of discussion by remarking that the basic question was one of racial prejudice. From this emerged the subject for the following meeting: "Reality, Race or Rubbish." The meeting was then terminated to allow of the dinner adjournment.

J.G.C. (1st Year.)

Editorial

THIS week's issue coincides with the beginning of Inter-Collegiate Week. The events to be decided in Balmain over the next few days will have a marked effect upon the future of this College and its standing among the several Colleges of this State—all eyes are turned to those students who will compete; in their hands rests the responsibility of establishing for Wagga a glorious name in the sphere of Inter-Collegiate sport. Not only will they challenge and, we feel certain, win on the sporting field, but they will also act as ambassadors of goodwill between Wagga and Balmain—helping to strengthen by their activities in the social sphere, a friendship which has been growing since the beginning of the organisation for Inter-Collegiate week. To all those competing, we of "Talkabout," desire to extend our best wishes for their success in the forthcoming events, realising that whether success or failure crowns their efforts, they will always be worthy representatives of this our College.

Those who must, unfortunately, stay at home have a task—theirs is the privilege of giving the moral support so necessary to the stalwarts who have gone forth to do battle—we feel confident

that they will do all in their power to encourage the competition, praising in victory, sympathising in defeat.

"Talkabout" has a job to do, too—that of reporting as fully as possible all events, whether they be on the sporting, verbal or social fronts. To enable this to be done, the Principal has given us permission to send along a special reporter—Mary Comino, who will be responsible with me, for covering all activities. A special "Inter-Collegiate" issue will be ready to greet you upon your return next term; it will contain details of all events, teams and individual performances—and will be an historical document, a permanent record of the first major excursion into the realm of Inter-Collegiate by students of this College.

—ALAN FRYER.

High Schools' Syllabus

Mr. McKenzie's recent address on the school syllabus seemed to wake memories of High School and the syllabus most of us hated so much. How many of us could say—"Yes! I liked every subject I studied in High School." But I think it was not so much the subject we hated as the approach to it. In lectures here we are told to relate our teaching to life, and how many High School teachers attempt to do this?

In the High Schools there seems to be no attempt to create an attitude towards the work. If more attempt was made to develop the correct attitude—a love of learning, a realisation of the fields which it can open for us—there would be fewer boys and girls leaving in first, second, third and fourth years.

If Mr. McKenzie wants to improve the High Schools' syllabus let him look first to the methods of teaching subjects, then to the subjects themselves. I am sure that one of Mr. McKenzie's favourite quotations is "Don't teach Latin, teach John."

—GWEN ROBERTS.

The only vice that cannot be forgiven is hypocrisy. The repentance of a hypocrite is itself hypocrisy.

Library Grant Explained

Discerning students may have noticed that amongst money allocated to various clubs was a grant of £50 to the Library. As the Library is not comparable to a club, they may have wondered why such a grant should have been made. Miss Webb gives the following answer:—

"The Library is essentially a technical one, established for the purpose of providing reference material for teacher training. The Department is entirely responsible for providing any publications, periodicals or books which are directly related to the academic side of the College. Therefore, it is necessary that some provision be made for reading of a recreational nature, e.g., fiction and light periodicals, especially as Wagga is a residential College. One of the main uses to which the Library grant is put is the purchase of such books. The presence of an accessible working fund ensures that the books can be bought and delivered promptly to the College, and finally placed on the shelves for student recreational reading in a more reasonable time than any departmental orders. These are placed overseas and take from nine months to two years for delivery. The fund, for example, will make it possible for the present session of students to have, in their final year, more recreational reading than is at present on the shelves."

The first grant to the Library was made last year by the pioneer S.R.C. This grant was spent in subscriptions to "Saturday Evening Post" and "Women's Journal," "Sydney Morning Herald" and "Daily Advertiser." The grant also made possible the purchase of three Van Gogh prints, now in the Library, and lastly, fiction, children's books, etc.—in all to the value of £30. All these purchases have been items beneficial to the general student body.

This grant is but another example of the scope of S.R.C. contributions to the cultural life of this College.

The Jean Erskine Trophy

At a recent assembly Mr. M. Millar, president S.R.C., received on behalf of the student body a trophy presented by Mr. and Mrs. Erskine for Intra-Mural tennis competition. In presenting the trophy, Mrs. Erskine stated that the gift was inspired by a desire to place on record the fact that Jean is the first woman student from the Wagga High School to come to this College. Mrs. Erskine emphasised that a purpose of the trophy was to inspire team spirit—so essential to sport. The trophy is in the form of a poised figure about to serve.

We desire to express our appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Erskine for their

generous gift, which we feel confident will give added impetus to Intra Mural sport within the College.

Our Book Allowance

Students are aware that every year we are granted a book allowance—the puny sum of three pounds, which is admittedly better than nothing? This allowance was a wartime measure—textbooks in bulk being unavailable. Burdened as we are with such ignominies as taxes, when finances are so limited, we can hardly be expected to buy books. Therefore, students agree that it is time for agitation for a permanency of this allowance for books, an extension of it, and necessarily an increase of it.

FIRST YEAR OPINIONS

LORNA EGAN: The book allowance is inadequate. It should be extended to include Art material, which is expensive, and which is essential to College courses.

TOM ALLPORT: Men and women from eighteen to twenty should not be dependent on their parents. If the book allowance is not increased we cannot be independent and buy books, etc., on our meagre income.

JOE PESTELL: The allowance should definitely be extended to include Art material and paper for lecture notes. It should be made permanent, because textbooks in large numbers are still unavailable, and apart from this, there are many textbooks required to supplement the issue received.

KEN CANT: To complete a successful course in some subjects a larger number of textbooks is required than the textbooks issue allows. I agree that the allowance should be increased considerably.

SECOND YEAR OPINIONS

Having already received their first allowances, Second Years, speaking from experience, are certain of the inadequacy of the amount received.

THELMA WHITECHURCH (Thelma has a particular interest in the Art angle): Three pounds is an insufficient sum to cover book requirements without mentioning Art equipment. The amount should be increased to cover Art equipment and note paper.

JIM MUNRO: There is scope for improvement of the book allowance. It should be extended to include the purchase of records, Art materials, note-paper, etc. It should be increased to meet the rising prices of books.

JEAN HICKS: Some college courses require a library of books for successful study—three pounds does not, under any circumstances, meet the demands. The allowances should be extended to meet all requirements connected with courses, and, if extended, must necessarily be increased to balance the extension and high prices.

Now, for some definite action! It is easy enough to have an opinion, but to do something about getting what one wants requires enthusiasm, of

which there is aplenty in Teachers' Colleges.

ACTION

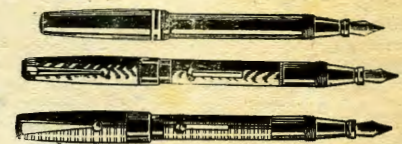
The universal feeling on the subject of inadequacy of book allowances has not escaped the attention of "Talk-about" S.R.C. representative, Mary Comino, who intends pressing for remedial action at the next S.R.C. meeting.

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It was just after lights out, though mark you, the night was still young, when he left the dance. But all ports were barred to him in the Gym.

Terry, I saw yeR ol' Friend being careyed away by an ardent admirer some nights back, but I think it will son peter out.

Now Tull-ye-me, the things we hear about a first year student of Block Nine.

Question: "Did he, or did he not?" Wat-a-son to have.

Good Evans, the command of the vernacular of some girls is amazing.

Henry Thomas tells me his principal source of food comes from the kitchen by a roundabout route. And its not all staff and nonsense, either!

He was in a bad humour,

Or so goes the rumour

(Some said a floating kidney).

It came to dead-lock;

He decided on wedlock,

And immediately blew through to Sydney.

(It's a pity such an art-ful rumour had to prove false.)

We now learn that he went down to see "School for Scandal." Ye Olde Corner Lighte must be falling down on the job.

Take a trick from Thompson (Zambuck, to you). Smith's chips to Sloane's linement—ver'a vine stuff, isn't it?

Joe Pestell learns his love life off pat!

It is rumoured that J.G. is applying for a transfer to Mari House. It should steer a straight course with Jack at the helm.

The bucket seats tricked you, eh, Lin?

Plea for Assistance Dept. (Biological Branch). Bev Dominish seems in some doubt about her status—according to Income Tax return, she cannot classify herself adequately under any one or

combination of the three types usually embracing mere mortals, Mr., Mrs. or Miss. Perhaps Mr. Cornell could help.

Also hear that the butter is no longer left in the frig. for Bev's table, since the cool atmosphere surrounding a couple of the members keeps it hard. Such a queer table. I am told that one lass drinks milk from saucers—that sort of thing ought to be cat out.

Saw Margot taking a Morris out recently. Does Davies co-op.—make this car? And a Bonney game you play, Don. But are you a new-man to the game, Mac?

Those hardy perennials, Ron and Jean—Pervect Strangers ? ? ?

T.G.H.R.A.F. (2nd Year).

The Centuries' Poetry

Modern poetry is like modern music. Some modern poems will appeal to you, others will not. Some of you will appreciate Wilfred Owen's "Futility." You will understand the feeling of the poem, but you may not appreciate Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier." These two poets have expressed different views on war. Owen feels an angered pity that man grows only to die, "Was it for this the clay grew tall?" while Brooke feels a nostalgic longing for England's "Sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day:

And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness

In hearts at peace under as English heaven."

A poet, like all other writers, must live the life he is portraying. But he can live that life in reality or as an imaginary experience. Feeling is strong in both "Futility" and "The Soldier." Both poems, to me, are of the type that grow rather than fade, with each reading, but to some of you one may appeal far more than the other. Which one appeals most will depend on many things, particularly your outlook towards life. One may seem too noble or nostalgic a portrayal of war, or the other may appear too hard and masculine.

Gordon Bottomley in "Eager Spring," has expressed a sense of quickly passing life, and the

"East wind, sleepless, who cannot scatter

Quince-bud, almond-bud,
Little grape-hyacinth's,

Clustering brood,
Nor unfurl the tips of the plum."
He regrets that writer should leave even less time for the springs of a short life and

"Would hold the night and the frost,

To save for us one more Spring."

This is an expression of thought in the modern world where life passes quickly. Bottomley's feeling is sincere, and by his careful description, we are given the pictures that led to his mood.

Andrew Young's short poem, "Last Snow," is also very descriptive, expressing the feeling of spring's conquest of winter for,

"Although the snow still lingers
Heaped on the ivy's blunt webbed fingers,

And painting tree-trunks on one side,

Here in this sunlit side

The fresh, unchristened things appear."

and—

"One green spear,
Stabbing a dead leaf from below,
Kills winter at a blow."

The "Seagulls on the Serpentine" find Alfred Moyes in a very reflective mood, when

"Memory, out of the mist, in a long slow ripple

Breaks, blindly, against the shore."

They "wheel overhead, and cry,
Snatching the bread from his hand;
Brushing his hand with their breasts
in swift caresses,

To show that they understand." for like Noyes, they are exiles. They have all "lost the sea and they all remember" but, and here Noyes adds a last note of regret, unlike the gulls, he has no wings.

Let us say, then, that modern poetry cannot be explained to us. We can only be given a view on a poem and then be left to interpret it in our own way. Poetry is feeling and our appreciation of it depends largely on our own individual feelings for the combination of subject and rhythm in the poem.

WYN WALSHAW.

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Soccer Notes

A very pleasing rise in membership of the Soccer Club has come mainly as a result of interest aroused by Tuesday afternoon matches, and by the enthusiasm of the members of the old club in canvassing supporters from among the new students.

The last two matches played have been against Junee and R.A.A.F.—the first against Junee was won by the College 5-1 after a very creditable performance by all members of the team; the second match, against R.A.A.F., resulted in a nil-all draw. The team lacked the combination of the previous game, but were opposed by a stronger team and so performed reasonably well.

SOCCKER IN THE LUCERNE

At the time of writing much enthusiasm is being displayed by members of the club in preparation of the lucerne patch for the matches to be held this week-end against Wagga United and R.A.A.F. This marks a new era in College history—it is the first time the College has played a visiting team on its own grounds.

The Soccer Club extends a warm welcome to any other students interested in the code to try for inclusion in one of the teams.

Syllabus Stupor

From the prolific pages of the Course of Instruction for Primary Schools comes the following statement, which I feel is hardly consistent with the policy of the Department of Public Instruction.

"If the teacher constantly endeavours to give effect to these suggestions he will grow in power and usefulness and will steadily but surely become a capable servant of the Department and a worthy member of a great profession."

This small paragraph forms the very stirring conclusion to a most helpful section within the Appendix 2 of the omnipotent syllabus on the Administration of a One-Teacher School.

If you bother to read this section you will find that the suggestions re-

ferred to in the above quotations include duties, such as chasing horses out of the playground, incumbent on the teacher. There is no specified or suggested method of ejecting stray pigs, cows, hens, bulls or tramps, so we must assume that horses are the only bipeds, tripeds or quadrupeds decidedly taboo. (After consultation with one of my advisers, we have decided that horses' wynnies would not be nearly so disturbing to the quiet of the school as the oinks, moos, chucks, bellows and snores likely to be heard respectively from the abovementioned creature.)

SOUND ADVICE.

If the school is broken into and the teacher is divested of some of his "teaching aids," then it is his duty to set the local constabulary on the trail of the thief and "bring the matter under official notice as soon as possible. Many other things must also be brought under official notice—such things as "disconnected tanks, dangerous steps, weak flooring boards, unsatisfactory outhouses and the presence of white ants." All very normal conditions departmentally it seems, but nevertheless rather unnerving and unbalancing to the teacher were the steps suddenly to cave in and the white ants to increase their rate of destruction while the "bureaucrats of Bridge Street" debate as to whether it is more convenient for them to send you a bottle of "Pym's Perfect Patented White Ant and Borer Exterminator" or let your little school tumble about your ears like the ruins of Pompeii. (Of course in the latter case there would always be the pedagogical loyalist who would announce to all that the ruin of his building was really a good thing anyway as he was the outdoor type.)

There is also a somewhat one-sided proviso as regards illness. Since there is a rule of the department which delegates the power of closing a school, during normal hours, to a certain man in Sydney and since this man is not in a position to know at all times the local conditions under which his teachers are working, there often occur rather laughable situations.

EPIDEMICS

If a local epidemic of—What-have-you(?) is raging, a teacher, regardless of whether his school is bereft of pupils, must stay "at his post," but if this same epidemic sweeps the teacher off his feet and leaves half of his class untouched, what is to happen? The foresight of the compilers of the syllabus apparently has not explored this possibility and therefore no covering provision has been made. Perhaps, however, the small-school teacher has been protected by immunisation, vaccination and inoculation against all probable or possible infections!

A teacher in a small school must be daily imbued with beautiful sentiments as he watches his charges enter the playground and his thoughts most engrossed with methods for their moral, physical and intellectual uplift. This may be a very good and true teaching precept, but surely it is more in mar-

mony with the men of learning rather than the slaves to rules and regulations.

But since it is the observance of these rules and regulations which will guide our careers in our "great profession," then we would do well to abide by the advice that "much time and worry would be saved if every teacher were to become conversant with the regulations. (Ignorance of the existence of any regulation will not be accepted by the department as a valid excuse in case of infringement.)

This is a warning—so, aspire, oh intending "capable servants," "worthy members" and—read your syllabus.

—M.E.A. (2nd Year).

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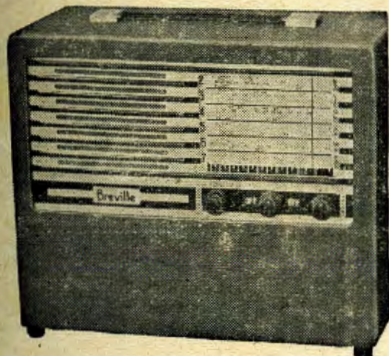
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Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,—Recently I received a letter from a friend who is very interested in the College, and therefore reads our paper every week. Here is an extract from this letter which may be of interest:—

"Which reminds me about an article in 'Talkabout' by Mary Comino on censorship of literature. She states 'The police, the self-appointed censors, are now free to ban books and arrest authors on the mere excuse of obscenity. The police are, no doubt, not preoccupied with literary standards.' (I don't think that quoting this passage out of context changes its meaning in any way.) Mary is apparently uninformed regarding police procedure. Firstly, the police are not 'self-appointed censors,' as the government of the land vests them with the necessary authority by way of legislation under a particular Act which has to be passed in its various stages by Parliament. Secondly, they are not free to ban books and arrest authors on the mere excuse (??) of obscenity. (Question marks are mine.) If a member of the special squad detailed to do this, amongst other duties, finds or has a publication brought under his notice, he must submit a report quoting the passages or words to which objection has been made and submit this, together with the book, pamphlet, etc., to the Crown Solicitor's office for, shall I say, judgement. The Crown Solicitor then authorises proceedings to be instituted against the author and publishers, usually by way of summons. The author then has a trial before a magistrate and may appeal against his finding to a higher court if he so desires. Police have no power in New South Wales to arrest an author or publisher under this particular Act. As to police not being 'preoccupied with literary standards,' I fail to see what this has to do with censorship. You see, they only prepare this particular case and do not have the final say as to whether proceedings are to be instituted against a person or not. They read the particular book merely from the standing of a layman, who after all in most cases, is the person finally affected.

As one interested in your publication, "Talkabout," and its readers, if you would bring the foregoing under the notice of Miss Comino I would be obliged, as a member of the body referred to. She really places us in an unfair light which is entirely erroneous. She is of course entitled to her opinion on censorship, but should be sure of her facts before making public statements regarding the police of this State."

"P.S.—The Act referred to is "Obscene and Indecent Publications Act, 1901." Obscene is 'whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall'"

In giving these extracts to you for

printing, Mr. Editor, I'm hoping there's no law against printing other people's letters, and if there is I'm appealing to Mary to come and bail me out.

Yours faithfully,

GWEN ROBERTS.

A LOVE LETTER

Dear Jack (and other S.R.C. members),—Well, well, well, at last someone has dared to object to something published in "Talkabout"—nice going, Jack. At last some mighty flaw has appeared in one of its renowned reporters—I'm biased!

Perhaps I should apologise for having omitted to thank the S.R.C. for allowing an account of their "doings" to be published in our lowly paper.

So you're disappointed in me, Jack, you and the other S.R.C. members, I mean. So sorry, but according to an authoritative person to whom the report was shown before publication, it was almost taken down word for word. If the report was incorrect it can't be helped because that was what was said by you and the others present.

Incidentally, I went there with the primary purpose of reporting on the financial position, so that to me the other motions were "minor points." Besides that fact, think how much space these "minor points" would take up in valuable space. Perhaps "Watson" would have to be omitted.

Woe on me for satirical remarks. How can I refer to "a truly terrible state of affairs," and fancy calling a first year a first year. Perhaps "primus annus" would be more appropriate.

Before I proceed I must declare all knowledge of the title as being entirely out of my hands. I simply called it "Reportage," but our unbiased scholarly editor saw fit to give the S.R.C. a much bigger write-up than my simple caption.

About the criticism, Jack. As I've said before it was practically word for word spoken, so that if you like to criticise each other, can I help it? Quite frankly, I was unaware that it was criticism, but being a prominent member of last year's literature option, perhaps you read much deeper than I.

I did mean the article to be slightly humorous and upon having taken a census I find that I did achieve that end. In fact, several readers remarked that if it had not been written the way it was it would not have been read at all. One reader remarked that as soon as she saw an S.R.C. report she wasn't going to read it at all, but she did.

In conclusion, I'm frightfully sorry to have disappointed all and sundry (you said twice I'd disappointed the S.R.C., so I guess repetition lends force) by my, BIASED, yet TRUE report. Terribly sorry also that it was so FRIGHTFULLY UNFRIENDLY ???

Love,

B.E.S.

[Whilst accepting responsibility for the printing of "B.E.S.'s" original article, I am sorry that any member of the S.R.C. should feel that he has

been misquoted, or that an erroneous impression if the atmosphere is characteristic of S.R.C. meetings should have been given. Perhaps if S.R.C. meetings were open to the public, as has long been advocated by this paper, misconceptions similar to those alleged to have been caused by "B.E.S.'s" article, could not occur.

The factors which determined the publication of "S.R.C. Finance Fiasco" (I accept responsibility for the headlines, behoving them to be compatible with the general tenor of the article which, at the time, seemed to be an accurate, if personal, report of proceedings):

(1) The article came from a reporter in whom I have the highest trust. It appeared obvious by the interpolation of such subjective writing as "Why each clause of the aims should be split up, I don't know," that the article was primarily a personal opinion of matters dealt with at the meeting.

(2) I was not aware at the time that any of the matters referred to in Mr. Gleeson's protest had been dealt with. I concede, however, that such matters should have been mentioned by B.E.S. in passing, although her specific objective was to deal with the Musical Society finance and club allocations.

(3) The report was seen by the vice-Principal before going to Press. Had significant alterations been deemed necessary, I felt sure that Mr. Duncan would have made suggestions in this direction.

(4) The element of humor (which now appears to be a moot point), I welcomed as something calculated to enliven the mere factual reporting of things achieved, which characterised S.R.C. reports heretofore. It is common knowledge that few students bothered to read the "S.R.C. Report" which so frequently appeared in preceding issues of this paper—now I think most students read "B.E.S.'s" article, some may not have agreed, as did Mr. Gleeson, but the article stimulated thought and, perhaps more important, criticism, which is so essential if this paper is to flourish.

If the S.R.C. desires publicity, "Talk-about" is only too willing to provide an opportunity of disseminating facts about its accomplishments. We, for our part, will submit our reports to a member of S.R.C. prior to their publication, but in the interests of a free Press, we should hate to see the implementation by the S.R.C. of a policy that "the man who pays the piper calls the tune.—Ed.]

The Oracle on Osculation

A kiss is a peculiar proposition of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing; the young man has to steal it; the old man has to buy it. The baby's right; the lover's privilege; the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; to an old maid, charity . . . in fact,

Of kisses I have had a few, but still don't think them ample; I am sending you along a few, Maybe you'll like the sample.

There's the gay kiss, the day kiss,
the pass the time away kiss.
The strong kiss, the wrong kiss, the
dcscn't take you long kiss,
The vain kiss, the plain kiss, the
don't you do it again kiss,
The sweet kiss, the neat kiss, the
feel inclined to eat kiss,
The least kiss, the feast kiss, the
oh! you horrid beast kiss,
The dear kiss, the queer kiss, the
nobody near kiss,
The funny kiss, the honey kiss, the
think your's worth some money
kiss,

The first kiss, the worst kiss, the
feel as if you burst kiss,
The new kiss, the chew kiss, the
kind of stick like glue kiss,
The bought kiss, the taught kiss, the
like a loud report kiss,
The rave kiss, the grave kiss, the have
you had a shave kiss,
The hot kiss, the rot kiss, the drive
you off your dot kiss,
The light kiss, the bright kiss, the
feel inclined to bite kiss,
The fate kiss, the late kiss, the part-
ing at the gate kiss,
The Gym. kiss, the grim kiss, the
feel your head's aswim kiss,
The last kiss, the fast kiss, the one
that tells a past kiss,
Room 8 kiss, the gate kiss, the no-
or-I'll-be late kiss,

The hall kiss, the maul kiss, the all
or nothing at all kiss,
The grab kiss, the dab kiss, behind
the Bio-lab. kiss,
The tight kiss, good-night kiss, the
underneath the light kiss,
The thrill kiss, the chill kiss, the up
on Willans Hill kiss,
The kind kiss, the fine kiss, round
behind Block 9 kiss,
The play kiss, the gay kiss, the on
the covered way kiss,
The lark's kiss, the dark's kiss, the
round where Spencer parks kiss,
The hep iss, the pep iss, late on the
Library step kiss,
The pander kiss, meander kiss, on
the Dining Hall verandah kiss,
The swoon kiss, the moon kiss, and
in the lecture room kiss,
A near kiss, a mere kiss, a really
pioneer kiss,

There are lots of other places—no doubt you know them well. I'll leave the rest for you to find and someone else to tell.

F.R.A.D.

[Editor's Note: For demonstration, elucidation, explanation or participation, apply to the Editorial Staff, after 9 a.m., Mon. to Mon.]

THE SENTINEL

The night is cold and dark, swirling mists occasionally dim those three yellow lights before me. From my position, they are the only signs of fellow-humans, and though they call and offer safety, I cannot move. Watch must be kept at this crucial position. The buildings stand gaunt and bare,

and I feel a shiver run down my spine, but perhaps it is only the cold of the night.

No blinds or glass adorn the openings through which I look upon the lights, and quite clearly I can see a heavily-built man, dark of complexion and of dress, pass quickly across the room. The sound of his heavy footsteps ceases abruptly and a dull humming sound takes its place. Down the path, to my right, a door is furtively opened from within, and the rays of light the small opening throws forth, are soon blocked as a tall figure, swathed in heavy coat and scarf, emerges.

Glancing quickly to his right, he advances four hurried paces, turns as another figure of similar appearance slides through the still half-opened door.

Relief is apparent in his voice, for he has not noticed my presence, here in the shadows, as he calls softly to his companion:

"Needn't have hurried. The study crowd aren't around yet. I want two pies and a bottle of Pash., so what do you want?"

I turn quickly at the sound of approaching footsteps, and do not wait for the muffled and hurried reply. Moving out of the shadows I greet the girl who had come by means of the covered way.

I, too, am glad that "the study crowd hasn't come around yet."

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Aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think; rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.