



TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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Vale, The Second Session!

Writing a valedictory on 150 students who shortly are to "storm the bastions of education" is no easy task. As a whole, you, the second session to graduate from Wagga College, will leave with mixed feelings—most no doubt glad to be going at last; some genuinely sorry and anxious to stay; all realising that in some degree they are going to miss something that for two years has been part of the life lived each day.

Whether you are glad to be leaving College or sad at leaving you will find on reflection that the time spent here has been advantageous and valuable at least in some respect. I do not intend making any reference to the academic side of College, as sufficient has been said in the last two years to more than adequately cover the point.

It is the after side of College life that in the long run will prove most valuable to you—perhaps you may refer to it as the social side of the life, but it compasses more than is expressed by the conventional meaning of social. The life in the dormitories or huts, participating in College activities, attending meetings, giving your share of time and ability to ensure the success of intra-College functions—all these things have much more significance for the graduating student than I think is generally realised.

You are standing now on the threshold of a career—that is true in the majority of cases, and perhaps a mental stocktaking and review of values may be of interest to those of you who are willing to take the trouble to do it.

Let us see whether you have had a chance whilst here to develop qualities that will ensure success in the career you are about to enter on. What qualities do you expect to find in a person whom you consider to be a "good" teacher? You have seen many teachers at demonstrations and practice. Some you frankly "wipe" as poor pedagogues, some you consider good. On what do you base your findings?

Possibly some of these qualities are the attributes of the personality and nature of the teacher, such as sympathy, patience, understanding and tact, although they can be cultivated to a certain extent. There are other qualities, however, that can be developed here in the individual, qualities in fact that the

successful teacher must possess to justify the title "successful." Perhaps in this list we could first place self-confidence, then the ability to mix with people of all classes and creeds, tolerance of others' opinions, and the ability to use one's leisure time profitably and satisfyingly, or to put the same thing round in other words, the ability to entertain oneself without dying of boredom.

It could be argued that these apply to anyone who is to be a success in life, but this in no way detracts from their value to you as a successful teacher. Let us see then whether you have had an opportunity to develop these desirable qualities during your stay here.

It may be pertinent to point out here that some may consider that under the set-up of the College the development of these qualities is hindered if not prevented. It is not intended here to delve into that highly controversial question, but rather to show that the acquisition and practice of habits as outlined above depend to a large degree on the individual himself and not in any external circumstances with which he may have to contend.

Firstly, self-confidence, the ability to know what one wants, to know how to get it, to be confident of one's judgment. In short, to be able to stand on one's two feet and face the world with confidence. Now, self-confidence is a value that a person develops only by trial and error. Here in the College there have been countless occasions when the resources and ingenuity of the students have been called on to render a particular function a success—for example, the Athletic Carnival and Swimming Carnival pay tribute to the students who co-operated with lecturers and gave of their best; the stage and lighting crew of "The Mikado" took over the work of professionals competently; the forth-

coming Inter-Collegiate is in the hands of the students; the sporting clubs and similar other bodies in the College speak volumes for those amongst us who are developing their native ability to organise and manage.

The existence of a Teacher Trainees' Association in the College, a Representative Council and the various clubs organised for the benefit of the students supply abundant opportunity for you to have developed a confident attitude to handling authority and responsibility. College then here has had much to offer you—it has been yours for the asking and taking.

Whilst here you lived among your fellow students in the huts and dormitories in possibly as perfect a democracy as obtainable. There you have learned tolerance and restraint. For so many people to live harmoniously together for so long these social virtues are a necessity. Indeed, who could conceive of people living as they do here without these all-important qualities manifesting themselves. Possibly when welcomed in the near future to the joys of boarding house existence these above qualities could be the means of easy adjustment to new surroundings.

A teacher, no matter what community he finds himself associated with, will be obliged to meet on common ground all types of people, from the refined, educated group to those at the other extreme—indeed, the children he teaches will be from corresponding types of homes. The ability to meet all types of people affably will be the measuring stick of the teacher's success, particularly in a small community.

The clubs and options at College help a person to acquire that rare art of occupying his time in a way to benefit and satisfy himself. Whether that interest be sporting or another such as reading or expression through writing, its value later on will be of paramount importance. So many people to-day are "bored" with life, probably because all their entertainments have been artificial or second-hand. It is the person who has learned to develop his own particular interests and who has learned to be independent of others for his recrea-

tion and pleasure who never finds in life that soul-destroying ennui that has been called "the sickness of civilisation."

You have had an opportunity to develop your interests here—you have been given the chance to prepare something for yourself that will stand the test of time. In this as in other aspects of your career the onus has been on you—not on the administration of the College, no matter what your personal outlook on the administration may be.

You have been given the opportunity to set yourself up in a profession equipped with the qualities and the knowledge to make the best possible success. Even when your name is all that remains on the College register the more permanent things that go to make a full life can still be yours. Go ahead then, Second Year, and prove at least to yourselves that you have what it takes. Our good wishes go with you—sincere good wishes. We have lived with you and liked you, enjoyed your company, so by going now pave the way for us in six months time.

J.R.

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College sport has terminated for those students who must now blaze trails into the activities of the outside world. Their College sporting past must be left behind but will never be forgotten. Those who have participated must have gained from their experiences for the College has provided them with similar competition which they will encounter in the ensuing years.

These will be the last results recorded in "Talkabout" for these outgoing students, so we give you a review and summary of last year's competitions.

CRICKET

The cricket team experienced a most favourable and successful season wherein the Hedditch Cup was brought back to the College. The competition opened with a trip to The Rock, resulting in a convincing win for our boys. In that match the batsmen who figured prominently were J. Simpson 60, J. Haines 39, and D. Newman 57, and our outstanding bowlers were J. Stuckings and P. Dalton who captured four wickets and two wickets respectively.

The second game was to be played at Gundagai, but unfortunately rain interrupted play and the match was abandoned. During the next three games the College was defeated once by Gundagai, the margin being 10 runs, and proved victorious against Mangoplah twice. It was in the final match with Mangoplah that the Hedditch Cup was won. In this tussle, fine work was done with the bat by J. Haines who scored 77 and J. Wallace who scored 41. J. Wallace's activities were also a great asset in the dismissal of the opposing batsmen, too, for he forced six of the opposition to return to the pavilion for the loss of 72 runs, a creditable achievement for a spin bowler. B. Bowman proved his worth also for he held four catches from the former's bowling.

The concluding game was played at Leeton, and it was this side that had defeated us previously. Leeton, however, once again proved too strong for the College team to topple, thus bringing the College's losses to a total of three for the entire season.

Hearty thanks are conveyed to Mr. Couch for his sincere interest and competent umpiring.

Four of our prominent cricketing personalities reached the ultimate of success during that summer. Messrs. J. Haines, J. Stuckings, J. Simpson and G. Spiller were chosen as representa-

tives to attend the Country Week Carnival. It was said that J. Haines was "the backbone of the team," his most creditable performance being 60 not out. It was at this time that John ("Sluggo") Stuckings gained a position in the combined country team. His greatest achievement was perhaps when he captured nine wickets for only 25 runs against Broken Hill.

RUGBY LEAGUE

Our Rugby footballers did a great deal in establishing the Wagga Teachers' College as a first-class sporting institution. It was probably through them that the people of the surrounding districts first came to realise that there was a College in Wagga Wagga.

This was the first season for a Group team to have been entered from the College and incredible results followed. Both Firsts and Reserves were runners-up in the Group 13 competition. Of a total of 17 games the College boys won 10 of them, drew two and lost five. But of these losses three were the results of battles with Wagga which finally proved its superiority in the Group.

The second encounter with Adelong proved to be the first really hard match of the round. Merv Wright deserves special mention for his sterling performance in this game. The final score was 5-4 in Adelong's favour, but it was anybody's game until the final bell. The College's second match with Wagga was also a severe test and the final score of 12 all pictures a true indication of the equality of strength of both sides. Elton Lindsay warrants commendation for his play during this battle.

It wasn't until the final that the next really difficult task confronted the team. Wagga at last proved itself the better team on the day, but once again the scores revealed the evenness of the opponents. Blake Lewin was perhaps the outstanding player for the College.

The College team was endowed with perhaps the best hooker in Group 13 in Jack Clarke, the fastest man through John Biscaya, one of the best wingers in the form of John Stuckings and one of the cleverest backs in Elton Lindsay.

Our College boys displayed their superiority when the combined Wagga team was chosen to play Tumut. In it six College players appeared. They were E. Lindsay, J. Biscaya, C. Yarham, B. Lewin, M. Wright and J. Clarke.

These fellows and many others will go a long way in their sport and to them we offer our best wishes and success in the future.

SNAPPY STYLES

IN

PULLOVERS

CARDIGANS

JACKETS

FOR GAY YOUNG LADIES

AT

Kelly & Cunningham

WAGGA



The (mad and/or genial) Dr. dropped into the office quite unexpectedly recently in time to hear that insidious character, Mr. Belvedere, diagoging the choicest and fruitiest of his observations, shortly to grace the columns of this paper, to the intense discomfort of certain people here. However, the (mad and/or genial) Dr. was prevailed on to draw from his most retentive memory and harken back to the days when with malicious pleasure he made his noiseless way around the College and dragged into the light of day many a rare item to the delight of the insatiable multitude.

We think it only fair to the graduating students to rake over the dead ashes and, as it were, again delight you with those choice scandals that you have avidly devoured from this column these last two years.

Going back to the early days when you were just starting to get known in College the Dr. remarked, "Hopalong Haddrill getting quite a lot of sympathy from Barbara Hoare." What a field of speculation there, my friends, especially in the light of subsequent events. But as the Doctor remarked, "Frail indeed are the frails." Then the interesting note on the two evergreens. "What has Gilbert got that no one else has? Let's co(a)x it out of him." Two years and still going. Well, well. Congratulations, Gil and Joan. Someone must break the rules.

Moving a little further through the field we find many references to "The College Sweetheart," Margot, one of the chief providers of fodder for the Dr. The following rather cryptic announcement, "Keep ropin' 'em in, Margot! Every clown has a silver lining, Margot!"

And has Bob forgotten this:

"A certain body has Bob well Collard, and he seems to think there's nothing Nita." Does Olga know about that one, Bob?

"Maurice Pitfield has just arrived. His singlet looked awfully grubby on the line last Saturday. He says, 'Such is man's vanity torn to pieces by the claws of women.'" The reference is a trifle vague, Maurice, but it shows that the most well ordered lives are apt to abberate at times.

"Is the Hebrew training for a race? Every time I see him he's Bolton." What happened, Hebe?

Even Frankie Charles didn't escape the Doctor's jaundiced eye in those days. Quote: "Congratulations to Frank (you coots) Charles. Already repaired two bikes, and now doing a good job on a broken heart." Whose heart, Frank?

Ah, yes. Shirley Rolfe has come a long way since this: "Who is the Second Year who fascinates Shirley (the Smile) Rolfe." Couldn't do any good, eh, Shirl?

Who used to room with Mick Harvey and Ken Dunford? The Doctor remarked that in the room "three smoke but two buy the tobacco." Could one have a guess, Don?

Then the occasion when "Pat Hammond gave in to the Law." Good work, Len and Pat.

Apparently too we find a change of heart on the behalf of Allan Christensen, for the Doctor remarked once, "Even his (Allan's) discerning eye had to look beyond the College. And to think," said the Doctor, "that Allan is now a one-girl man."

And the two Temora girls (guess who?) who, as the Doctor said, "have a fondness for certain Novascastrians." I can't work that out, but half of it has suddenly come true, eh, Elton?

"Fred has been booling all his resources but does not Stanwell yet. (I can't keep track of this boy). Never mind, Freddie, it's even more difficult now.

Then the Doctor's old friend, Bob (call me dynamite common room) Henderson. Well, Bob, the Doctor offers his sympathies. You nearly had the record, but at least the hut roof doesn't leak even if there's no furniture for it to leak on.

About November, 1948, we find the Doctor in rather a serious frame of mind—the two points that engaged his interest could be used for any session any year. Said the Doctor: "Before entering the huts late at night, take a large cudgel and a packet of fireworks and thus prepared, open the door, and walking in slam it as vigorously as possible. Then walk down the corridor, striking the walls with the cudgel, and exploding the fireworks outside each door. If people still persist in sleeping then a few prods with the cudgel should do the trick."

And again: "Do not bother returning stuff you borrow from me, because if you do someone else will borrow it and keep it. Let me borrow my stuff from you."

Poor old Newman! Didn't the Doctor give you a caning, Don. And quite unjustified too. However, we find reports such as: "Don Newman, the man who does the most to prevent College students getting smokers' cough." And then this veritable gem. I quote in full: "In the course of the holidays (Xmas '48)," said the Doctor, "I ran into Mitchell and Newman. Of course the boys were 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 Mitch had carried in his pocket since June '48. Mitch conceded the 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 philosophising over the fact that he was two cigarettes short.

Then the Doctor's tour of the B.H.P. After seeing all the faces he thought he was back in Wagga.

Ralph (look me over) Waterson occupied the Doctor's attention. Said the Doctor: "Ralph has changed his brand of toothpaste. After all, S.R. has done so much for others."

Maurice (mind my bike) Davies in the news: "Sporting men admire the advertisement for a well-known sewing club on his blazer, but consider sandwich boards more effective."

"Congratulations to 'Uncle Jack' for his valuable work in Rugby League, and also to Col Yarham, who wishes it to be known that the rest of the team greatly assisted him in his match against Barmedman."

"Pete Jacobs was interested in angling," said the Doctor in April last year, "and he had a mullin on the line." However, the Doctor thought that the fish would get away.

Then the "Alison Nixon" Handicap and the Doctor's list of favourites—first on the list Frank Ley. We'd like to know the full story.

Then follows the rather turbulent period when speculation was rife when romances were "on" and "off" like the hot water in some the huts, e.g.: "Who would guess that Don Gunter would gain Bessie's favour per medium of the Jazz Waltz." "Col Yarham and Shirl." Then the Doctor's prognosis that failed to come off. "The week's most eligible girl, Miss S. Armour, and the week's most eligible bachelor, Mr. Pat Limon." Bad luck, Bas.

However, even then we see that there were still some whose romances even then, and now, stood the test of time. "Hudson and Shirl," "Jim (no longer 'The Hair') and Spence," "Walslie and Jean," "Merv and Ces," "Biscay and Young Eff," and that grand old man of the lane, Mitchell. Incidentally, the rumour that Mitch has placed an order for orange blossoms is quite true.

Somewhat wearied at this diatribe on human frailty the Doctor swallowed his his successor will have just as much to do in future years. Students change so little.

"The Mad Doctor of Gurwood St."

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EDITORIAL

"Vale, the Second Session," says the streamer to this your final issue of "Talkabout." The Second Session to pass through the now established and flourishing W.W.T.C. are on the verge of going, with College a thing of the past and an entirely new life starting. It is an axiom that we do not appreciate the value of anything until we have to do without it. The graduating students will miss College, some perhaps after they have been loaded with worries and cares of the teacher, some realizing the fact even as they go.

The Second Session have been in some ways unfortunate, and due to circumstances their period of training was beset with difficulties that neither the First or Third Session encountered. However, when the time comes and things are seen in perspective and judged objectively many will be reasons for the nostalgic wish for another association with Wagga.

It is an interesting fact that in ten or twenty years' time the students here will be living or re-living our experiences again, and life will flow on as it has done for you during your period here.

Don't lose your contacts with the College. It is inevitable that many friendships and pleasant associations must be sundered on graduation, but some can yet be maintained. Each year we trust that Reunion will see many of you back here to tread again the familiar haunts, renew acquaintances, and pick up for a short time at least what you will leave behind you.

Through "Talkabout" particularly can you keep in touch with College affairs, and if you so wish you can add your name to the subscription list and receive a copy per post.

Also we here on the paper would like to hear from you, and readily promise to publish in future any articles you would like to send in.

We here look forward to seeing you all again next year at Reunion when we too shall have joined the ranks of Wagga trained.

J. RUMMERY.

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THE UNIQUE UNTOUCHABLES

"Ah, Love, could thou and I with Him
conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things
entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and
then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's
desire."

—Omar Khayyam.

The above sentiment influenced the history of the session of 1948-50.

Let us look at that history, as once before, through the pages of "Talkabout," the voice of the student body.

November, 1948, and we have that memorable trial issue, headed with the confidence of youth, "The New Look" and the leader.

"First Year Fumbles, Join the First Year Editorial Staff—you too can have a nervous breakdown."

How true, how true, how very true. Inside, sport, dems, prac, the orchestral concert and, Heaven forbid, three editorials.

With a shudder we pass on to March, 1949, to find the "Studes Welcoming New Lecturers." Dave Rummery held forth in the best Dave Rummery style on the inevitability of losing old friends (here he managed appropriate tears) and the promise shown by the new lecturers. (This part could be sung to the tune of "Land of Hope and Glory.")

Inside was the Mighty Mitch's first editorial. It was the first of many new eras. But let's look at it all.

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."

Cynical laughter from those in the know is quite in order.

From Watson, an unwanted legacy from a past glory, comes:

"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."
"Rusty Bugles" from Al Fryer, "Equal Pay," "Overcrowding in Schools," a farewell from Mr. Levis and a New Year message from the Principal. Ah, yes. Those were the days.

Miraculously, the next issue appeared exactly one week later. Probably a certain pioneer wishes it had never appeared. Remember a report of a Writers' Group meeting headed "Critics on Joyce," etc.

Mitch got proud and put his editorial on the front page. It's short enough to bear with him awhile: "Things are looking up in the world of journalism; I received this week an unsolicited contribution."

That was one of those lucky weeks. The contribution

GROSS FAILURE TO IMPRESS

Now listen, men,
To the yarn I have to tell.
Wrong or right, each night
At ten,
Raising hell
Must cease, and then, peace, perfect
peace,
For, you see, this is to be
A term of quiet,
For every single body
Has his mind made up to study,
And so it behoves
Every other body.
(Which means you other coves)
To do what's only right
And give us our term of quiet,
And in the dorms, start noise reform.

But it won't be reformation, boys,
'Twill be incarceration, boys;
A place of concentration, boys,
And there'll be a revolution, boys,
Demanding the restoration of our noise.
And there'll be a roar from men
Who settle down with pen
When things close down at ten,
And they're sure to cause a riot
As their yell floats through the night.
"Shut up that noxious silence,
Cut out that lack of violence.
Good Lord!
How can anybody study
In a morgue?"

was signed, with a flourish, "J.A.B." Those were the days when doggerel WAS doggerel, despite an effort headed "Conscription," which dealt with—of all things—the Grad. Waltz, held that year in the Kyeamba Smith Hall.

In the same issue—instalment one of the greatest saga ever written, "A Day in the Golden Age." This was about the time when the 1948 session was not suspected of a number of untoward happenings round College, but—

And "The Black Cat" was not one to miss a thing like that. He winds up with: "In closing I'd like to say that things happening in the Golden Age never happened before June, 1948. As it is 10.30 and time for quiet it is with sad regret that we say farewell to sunny Aggaw, haven of good meals, study and solitude. Until a future date this is your Golden Age reporter saying cheerio!—"The Black Cat."

Mitch or his side-kick through enter the first of many appeals for "new ideals," etc., and the forerunner of a much-flagged attack on "student apathy." Remember this sort of thing?: "We want new ideas, new opinions, different articles. Unfortunately, this College is full of lazy grumblers. You will find them all over the grounds. People who stand in groups and tell each other that 'they are getting a raw deal,' that 'such and such is unfair,' and that 'things is crook.' The last thing any of them would think of is bringing their grievances to the proper authorities through their own paper. Write us letters, articles or poems on your interests and grievances. Make 'Talkabout' an audible voice of student opinion."

To alleviate the serious note, re-enter the "Black Cat" with "More About the Golden Age." (You couldn't put him off with that talk about apathy. New ideas? He has plenty.) Here he is being flippant: "In our visits to the

Golden Age we've met the lecturers, seen the dining hall, etc., so now we'll meet some of the students who make up the College. Firstly, there is the Editor of 'Talkabout,' John Mitchell, who fails to have graduated yet. He still talks about the old days and the Northern Territory. Oh! Excuse me a moment. 'No, I haven't a smoke. Sorry. What's your name?' 'Newman.' (Sounds familiar.) Then of course there is the son of an ex-student from Lake Cargelligo, who, like his father, bashes about Jacky Thompson all day."

And here's a further episode of that imaginative series, "The Shape of Things to Come"—this time "The Silent War." Want to know the author? Who else but Maurice?

Exit the staff of "Talkabout" to do in one week the study the rest of the College did in one term, this next issue being written entirely by the staff. Capable staff too—paper showed a little promise. Blossomed out with the daring challenge: "Thought, Attitude or Action" and continued with the expected bias towards the intellectual. Wild, aren't we?

April 18 brought that best seller, which bore as its streamer, "Short Story Results—Butler Reviews." If the heading counts for anything it deserved to bring in the coppers. For the benefit of those who are still wondering, the whole affair was a hoax, there was no prize and no short stories other than those written by Mitch. These were awarded the imagined prizes without any hesitation. Still, it will do no harm to look at

IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE

"It was hot. It was hot because it was Australia and December. Had he been at the North Pole it would have been cold. But hot or cold it would have made no difference.

"He was twenty. He was twenty because it was 1945 and he was born in 1925. But 1945 or 1995 it would have made no difference.

"Within himself he had a range of emotions which on contact with life would produce a chain of incidents, possibly a plot.

"He died, however, and with him passed the possibilities that could have made a novel but only produced a short story.

"It was hot, it was December, it was Australia, it was 1945—but it made no difference."

It was brilliant.

Unaccountably, a note of cynicism was creeping into the editorials. At least—well, judge for yourself:

EDITORIAL

"The Editorial staff are pleased to announce that despite the support of the student body they are still able to maintain the paper at eight pages. It also announces that it is considering the suggestion to change the title-block from 'a publication of the students of Wagga Teachers' College' to 'a publication for the students of Wagga Teachers College.' This, of course, would involve some expense, but who are we to measure expense against truth?—John Mitchell.

backs to the wall. A toss of the coin saw "Eugene Ormandy" appear in lieu of a blank space. At all events, he was safely out of the way.

In that issue the Curtain Rose. It has since been lowered.

May 2 and the "Pioneers Near Graduation."

"If our College has now a greatness it has achieved it. It was certainly not born with it and was thrust upon it only when it had won its laurels."

That was written by a Pioneer on leaving. Now I wonder what—

But—

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

"Let us then rejoice, while we are still young. Long may our College prosper, good fortune to our lecturers and on every one of us. Vivant, Pioneers!" The parting of the ways is near, We fear the world that we must meet, We'll miss the hand that guided us, We'll need a torch to guide our feet; So spare us, Gqd, dispel our fear, And give us back the yesteryear, To live again, the yesteryear!

And to the Pioneers—

Semper sint in flore.

D.R.

Somehow things must have been different for them. If you'd like to check, drag out that issue and read, "There's a Track Winding Back." Possibly, it will bring tears to the eyes of a few. But, then, there are some people I never could understand. And then Barbara Spence donned a cloak, took up a dagger, and became "Mata Hari." That first week she gave you the inside dope on the writing of "Talkabout." It was, though slightly exaggerated, a realistic account of the old days when a few stalwarts wrote the entire paper and when "Talkabout" office was the refuge of the intellectuals.

Before leaving, we give you without comment:

"Dear Sir,—Contrary to Editorial opinion Limon is a good bloke. Each week he buys three copies of 'Talkabout' and what he does with them is his own affair. Also I would like to point out a major flaw in your recent prize-winning short story. Thirteen men went after The Masked Avenger, yet only twelve bodies hit the ground. I would like to know where the last man went to and don't tell me he went to Gowing's. Yours faithfully, Patrick Limon."

Almost forgot the hastily-filled issue, "Wagga Trained," containing a leader which doubtless filled each Pioneer with an ambition to "blaze new trails" and live up to his deathless reputation. Enough of that. Suffice it to mention the only worthwhile literature therein was a discourse on the merits of Robert Browning and an intellectual approach to attitude during Prac.—both written by a student who kept "Talkabout" going—J. A. Butler. Sorry, also "Unofficial History," which gave an amusing review of the Writers' Group farewell. Also by that fellow J.A.B.

And then another of those duty issues which are the bane of editors. It was "Vale, the Pioneers," a really tear-jerking effort, opening with a nostalgic discourse on the fact that College Joys

Are Behind Them Now." Incidentally, that same discourse closed with the inspiring message: "Pull together, Second Year (we didn't) you have something fine and precious handed down to you." Did we? What happened to it?

What's this? "Clark Can Do It." He certainly tried—however, a leader always needs supporters. Just to remind you of our high hopes:

CLARK CAN DO IT!

"On Thursday night of last week the elections for the new S.R.C. President and Secretary were held. By preferential ballot Jack Clark and Irene Kind were elected to these positions respectively. 'Talkabout' extends its congratulations and expresses the wish for a closer relationship between the S.R.C. and the publication of the students of the Teachers' College, Wagga.' Also 'Talkabout' wishes to emphatically deny that Uncle Jack has already placed an order for wall-to-wall carpets for the Cave.—'Nephew John.'"

On the Gift of the Pioneers—namely, a Children's Library. Apparently they considered what they had got out of College merited putting something back.

Ah! Here's something more interesting. An account of the Graduation Ball in all its glory. Wonderful night. Good hall, too. Remember Vera's antics when: "Clad in yellow knee-length socks, tartan skirt; yellow sloppy joe, and glasses, Vera careered about the stage in a most individual and consequently unique version of 'Personality,' followed by a similarly versatile rendition of 'Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing,' which had everyone on tiptoe trying to decipher the rapid flow of language and simultaneously absorb the neat footwork. After this energetic display of what a combination of vocal and physical talent can do, Vera departed in a grand finale of leg-shaking and noise, and the atmosphere again assumed its sentimental proportions as couples swept happily into the picturesque Maxina.

And who could forget that men's ballet? In case you have: "I almost forgot to hit the headlines with a startling account of the striking dresses worn by Don Westley, Darby Munro, Jack Clarke, Johnny Biscaya and Mick Yarham. These boys revealed hitherto unsuspected physical qualities and, clothed in frills and bows intentionally incongruous when contrasted with muscular hairy legs and arms, performed amazing feats of rhythmical skill and precision, aided by our talented pianist, Dorothy Gibson."

Next? Of course. That able review of a year's 'Talkabouts,' the "Pioneer Cavalcade," written in a most original way by an original person, Jim Butler. In fact, this review helped to make the whole issue one which Mr. Blakemore described as "the best ever."

Thus were the Pioneers laid to rest in true and honoured style, although we certainly had not heard the last of them. Nor had we heard the last of the Freshers—enter the first issue of their first term, "Freshers Settling In." What was in it? Well, to be candid, merely a host of friendly warnings and well-meant suggestions, such as the

"Fresher's Guide," an (ironic) "Kindly Message from Wardens," a very revealing "Who's Who," and several attempts to coerce would-be authors into the much-needed support of the paper and of the Writers' Group.

Let's look at the Fresher's Guide. What a joke! If you didn't heed that word of advice about smokers, we bet you wish you had. Remember?

"Here, then, are the main points which we have learned through a year's experience: Firstly, a word to the smokers among you. Keep well away from Newman. Despite vigorous support from Uncle Jack and nephew John, a motion before the S.R.C. which aimed at making friend Donald wear a sign reading, "Smokers Beware—this is Newman," was defeated, due mainly to a preponderance of non-smokers on the council: He's easily recognised, however. He is good looking, plays excellent tennis and football, and—but he'll tell you all that. For the smokers again: There are two distinct groups in the College, those who borrow cigarettes, and the non-smokers."

Yes. That's enough of that.

The next issue, "College Still Progressing," achieves a rather dubious note by virtue of the "still," but ends on a note of reassurance that "the College's future will be one of progress." Perhaps. Who can say? Certainly little promise of progress revealed itself in that paper—inside we find the suggestion that the College football team were stale, the fact that our baseball team was beaten "in typical fashion" (surely not), several mediocre letters, and very little else deserving of comment. (Don't be disgusted, "Clueless Lou." Your memoirs of the Bar-Bar-Q were very touching.)

Came strife, both inside and outside. Coal strikes outside—breakfast strike inside. In the words of the prophet it was on for young and old. Remember that emergency issue? No? Well, read from it:

"There is not a student among us who does not realise the gravity of the situation. It is sufficient explanation to say that power is drastically restricted and until restrictions are lifted 'Talkabout' cannot be printed. At this moment our College faces, perhaps, the greatest crisis in its career. Never before in its history has student support and co-operation been so essential." That you all read—every man in his humour.

Well, the strife continued over most of that term, and towards the end a paper bearing the streamer "Looking Things Over" appeared. Writing for "Talkabout" makes one adept at saying just what one intends to say without obviously treading on the toes of the powers that be. The process involves much thought, considerable watering down of facts and the use of words with a double or even triple meaning. As an illustration let's look at:

"On principle I must claim that not even the Prime Minister has the right to search my wardrobe and that nobody but myself has the right to decide on the final balance of my diet.

"However, there are two sides to every question, and I am forced to admit that both points of contention, although wrong

in principle, are both reasonable and practical.

In both instances there has been a definite detraction from individual rights but there has also been a preceding abuse of these rights by students.

"If anything, we have learned a lesson from this term. That with the assumption of our status as individuals we must also assume the responsibilities of our unique little society.

"This term certain privileges have been abused by the students and restrictions have followed which, as individuals, we dislike.

"Let us, in the next term, show that we are responsible people, and it will follow that our assertion of individuality is justified and undeniable.—'Demos.'"

Even so there were some people who still wondered.

Again, under the guise of a weak defence we find "This Is Why"—to the initiate a full-blooded offensive.

The term ended with the power of right slowly but surely being overwhelmed by the power of power.

A new term found the "Talkabout" crew clear-eyed and heroic, but . . .

EDITORIAL

"It is regretted that the publication of this issue did not coincide with the resumption of College activities last week. As usual there is a reason for the delay, but I refrain from explanation as elucidation could offer nothing but sure proof of the frailty of human nature in general and of certain students specifically. Even so, this issue marks the beginning of a new era for 'Talkabout,' and henceforth this paper will appear every seven days."

Still, you've got to admit that each of these new eras held promise of something new—and impossible.

From the leading article you learned that.

" . . . it is impossible to go through College and be successful in the specific academic field and be no more 'educated' than you were on entering," which only goes to prove that many a word spoken to fill up space is, too often, all too true.

Over the page, "Modern Developments in Lecturing" wound up with the amazingly intellectual: "Well, which are we to have? Are we to continue as we have in the past (and are now) or are we going to make progress? Are we to have facts dished up to us—to be learnt by those willing to pervert their minds, those who can see no farther than the much-coveted certificate? Or are we to be turned into clear logical thinkers? A lot rests with the decision."

Followed by the first of many promises of an article entitled "Demos—Their Value." Such is life.

New influences were bringing new ideas, and so you read:

POISONALITY OF THE WEAK

Born 1936 with dark curly hair, Peter Jacobs, that well-known man-about-town and connoisseur of good tobaccos, grew to school age and was educated at St. Joseph's College (Sydney). His academic brilliance won him high honours at his Leaving Certificate exam.

and he had three blues in his final year.

It has often been said that his brilliance lies in the fields of economics and politics, but to the astonishment of his parents and school colleagues he turned his genius to education.

Woman's Angle: Has a winning smile, is tall, dark and distinctly athletic. After all, who wouldn't be athletic with a 30-inch chest and 36-inch waist.

Hobby: Possesses a keen inventive mind. Among other things he has constructed a combined tobacco and cigarette paper tin. This and his papiere mache lampshades have been termed minor engineering masterpieces.

Favourite Song: "Golden Slumbers."

Favourite Musical Instrument: Triangle. Until recently played fifteenth triangle for Bexley Bagpipe Band. Now plays only jew's harp and recorder flute for relaxation.

Favourite Books: "Now We Are Six" by A. A. Milne and all of Naomi Jacobs' works.

Sport: Cricket scorer. Once ran the first 440 yards of an inter-collegiate meeting 890 heat.

Pet Aversion: Badly dressed women. Women with dirty fingernails. Women with untidy hair. Women.

Ideal Woman: One who, holds herself erect and who would countenance his sleeping in until 8.55 a.m.

Ambition: To be able to sleep in until 8.55 a.m. every morning. In keeping with his ambition he recently woke up on a train 40 miles beyond his destination.

If you were still reading you found Daniel Dix and "The Skeleton in the Bucket." I doubt if many read on after that. P.S.: I did—it was clever. Nearly as good as O. Henry.

September 20 brought "More Pay—Are You Interested?" Weren't we all? But not sufficiently interested to attend these Federation meetings, so we see a full page diatribe by Don Morgan on the aims and scope of that Federation, followed by yet another vitriolic editorial by the renowned Mitchell. This tried to state once more the policy of "Talk-about": "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."

But still some people didn't see light—and to support Don's attack on lack of interest in student affairs:

"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."

And that Editorial is followed by yet another attack on apathy—this time by the Editor of 1949. She certainly sounded desperate—judge for yourself.

"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, 20 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!

Let's look at the lighter side of life. Here we are, two moving letters on that disease-spreading, headache-creating invention, the flute. Here's a sample of an imaginative effort which put me off the flute for good:

"Dear Sir,—We no longer are given cracked and handleless cups; our cutlery is no longer greasy nor covered with the residue of several weeks' 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.'"

And an appeal for anecdotes which concern the College, and which would help create that long-awaited novel of Mitchell and Butler. (Note: They even got some replies to this appeal—as witness the following):

"Messrs. Mitchell and Butler wish to thank the following students who responded so well to the appeal they made for material to be used in their proposed novel: Jack Clark, Geoff Spiller, Keith Dunn, Merv Wright, Lance Giddings, Ralph Waterson, Roy Hudson, Col Swan, Bruce Phillips. The response has been most gratifying, but they are still wait-

ing for more amusing anecdotes."

However, I remember seeing those replies myself. Believe me, those "amusing" anecdotes were scarce.

Well, look what's next. "The Red Revolution," but wait—don't you remember? It was all about the Phys. Ed. Display, and that leader was just a misleader. The depths to which some people fall to rake in the pennies! Still, we chalked up a record sale that week, thanks to said leader.

This time the Editorial was the shortest ever:

EDITORIAL

"This issue is dedicated to Bill Smith, average student, so-called democrat and son of the people.—John Mitchell."

No comment is needed. We pass on to our first novel—the end is enough.

"Violet turned hot then cold."

(To be continued)

[Why did Violet turn hot, then cold? Will she get Angry] Discuss.

Will Deadshot search for and do for Scarface? Tune in at the same time next week and find out for yourself. Good-night, childer.]

Our third (and last episode) of Mata Hari, this time at the dance, and a typical letter to the Editor:

"Sir,—I hate you, I hate you, I hate you! When will you learn that I too like to smoke some of my pipe tobacco ration.—Yours beseechingly, Lewis James Crabtree (failed B.A., Sydney)."

October 18 brings a difficulty. Looking for suitable excerpts I browsed through a much blue-pencilled copy left to the office by a couple of obliging ex-members of the staff as a warning to future Editors. I took it for granted that anything with a blue-pencil mark under it would not meet with official approval. As a result, there is little to choose from. However, for the sake of the record it was headed "College Students and Politics" and carried—let me see—ah, yes:

"NEWS FLASH: A most important omission has just been noted—that of the dynamic 'Dynamite' Henderson and Miss Ferguson, fast classifying for membership of the 'Old Faithfuls,' while a pair evidently desirous of being known as 'Up and Coming' are Ian Mac and Dawn; and that is 'finis' to a complete romance to romance description."

On to October 25 and unknowingly the Editorial staff had reached the end of the road. The streamer, "Past, Worrin' and Past Carin'" (who'll ever forget that misprint?) speaks for itself. Still, let us look at that last Editorial:

EDITORIAL

"It is hoped that this issue is received by our fellow students in the same vein in which it has been written.

"In the articles comprising this particular issue we have been addressing ourselves to the students as a body. It is, therefore, fitting that in the Editorial we make some allowance for individual differences.

"If you as an individual feel that you are not included by the critical elements of our articles then, of course, you are an exception, and the articles do not apply to you.—John Mitchell, Jim Butler."

The issue contained as much of the

story of the so-called democrats as the staff were prepared and felt safe in telling. For the full story, we are told, you will have to wait for that previously mentioned novel.

But to round off, here is Neil:

"Dear Sir,—At last someone has endeavoured to awaken the College students from the extreme state of apathy into which they have drifted. My congratulations to this Horatius in our midst, but I'm sorry it hasn't happened sooner. Another point dealing with College students is the cowardice and ill-breeding of a large proportion.

"Of course you may not be included in this large proportion. If not, your job is to help stamp this rot out of the lives and systems of your friends and companions. I cannot but help notice the general ill-feeling of the student body towards the administrators of the College. Everyone is entitled to his own opinion in this as in any other matter, but it is questionable whether it is advisable to go shouting it hither and thither.

"If anyone has a complaint, a real complaint, not something typical of a bunch of weak-kneed, self-interested people, he can take it to the proper person, if he dare. The trouble lies in the fact that most of the students haven't enough guts to do this; they prefer to snigger, and talk behind people's backs.

"Such expressions, which bring disrespect to members of the staff, are unworthy of a Teachers' College where we are being trained so that the public will look up to us. A respect for every member of the staff should be maintained outwardly at least. If you want to do disrespectful, do it inwardly and you'll be the only sufferer. One of the great things in life is to be tolerant of the other person.—Neil McKilligan."

Followed without comment by Blue:

"Dear Sir,—So you have at last awakened to the impossibility of struggling towards democratic ideals on behalf of spineless, apathetic students. I heartily endorse this alteration of policy and commend you on your earlier efforts. Against impossible odds you have staged a stirring fight and only reasonably you have seen fit to take this action. Doubtless the new policy of publicising only "openly expressed" student opinion will make for the greater safety of your own necks and greater appreciation of the above-mentioned spineless students in their desire for 'empty articles.' Wishing you every success in your new order, I am, yours sympathetically, Geoff Spiller."

It would be redundant to reproduce the letters of Len Sheriff and Uncle Jack.

And here, unfortunately, was cut short one of the liveliest periods in the life of this College.

And here we relent and give you:

"Dear Sir,—I have heard of the change of policy of your paper, and as President of the S.R.C., I regret it very much.

"The paper, especially in the latter stages, expressed views on College life and politics which to my mind were true and which should have done much to awaken interest in student affairs

within the College. I thank you and your staff for this.

I know, Mr. Editor, that you realise your efforts to awaken students to the realisation of their responsibilities as individuals, and of their responsibilities and untold power as a body, have failed due to the immaturity and general apathy of the students as a group.

"I know, too, that you and your staff were regarded by a large section of the College as radical freebooters who wrote the paper for their own selfish ends—you and your staff came into that famous band of outlaws, "the so-called democrats," which was responsible for causing a faint stirring of the student body—oh, so faint.

"However, it is my opinion that the aims of "the so-called democrats," with whom I am proud to have had close association, were constructive in so far as they were intended to raise the status, increase the responsibility, and extend the freedom of the individual.

I am able to realise fully the feeling of frustration that you and your staff must have experienced. To use a simple phrase, "you have been knocking your head against a brick wall," and although it is regrettable that you were unable to achieve your goal I can see that your reversal of policy to one of 'laissez-faire' is a wise move. Why should you strive to attain a better life for those who do not support you? Congratulations on your past efforts—best wishes in your new era. Yours understandingly, Jack Clark."

And that is that.

You will next see the students of this College as they are dragged—with tears in their eyes—from their beloved College.

"DEAN SWIFT."

"TALKABOUT"

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Sub-Editors: Lou Morrell and Ted O'Brien.

Sports Editors: Kev Tye and Roger Clements.

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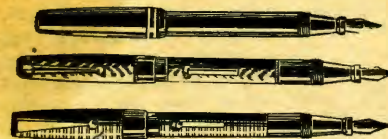
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IN MEMORIAM

I feel that as Editor of "Talkabout" this edition, compiled to give Second Years a final "something" to remember College by, would be incomplete without a mention of those who preceded me in office, and particularly of John Mitchell and Jim Butler, who probably in their own sphere worked as hard for College as anyone else to have so far passed through it. I realise as I write that opinions may differ on some points, but none will deny that Mitch and Jim deserve at least some recognition for the marathon work of practically lone handed carrying the paper for almost twelve months, when from 80 to 100 quarto sheets each week were required to fill it. Possibly few know that in conjunction with Barbara Spence the pair often worked until two or three a.m. to ensure that the paper would be out on time.

Perhaps knowing this you may condone the periodic vitriolic "outbursts" that flowed from Mitch's pen. At present, with an energetic staff of six or so, the work involved in producing a paper each week is such that few among you would feel disposed to take it on—and this when the paper has been reduced to six pages.

I think the most sincere tribute I can pay Mitch and Jim is to say that they really had an ideal, inspired by unselfish motives that they tried to live up to. For this reason I feel that if they bring to their profession the tenacity and hard work they put into this paper, as indeed they will, they cannot but succeed.

Good luck, Mitch and Jim, we are sorry to see you go, but will try to live up to the ideal you have created.

J. RUMMERY.