

# TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol 2, No. 10

JUNE 29, 1948

PRICE: ONE PENNY

## Representation

Towards the end of last term, members of the Writers' Group approached the S.R.C. with a view to gaining representation for "Talkabout" on that august body. A letter from the Writers' Group was "received" and was shelved for future attention. It is expected that this matter will be dealt with at the first S.R.C. meeting, probably some time this week.

It is of the utmost importance that "Talkabout" have a representative on the S.R.C. for the following reasons:

(a) As "Talkabout" claims to be "a publication of the students of Wagga Teachers' College," it is essential that it work in harmony with the student representative body. Such harmony can best be achieved by its having a member on the Council who can play a full part in the deliberations and who can, if necessary, fully report proceedings.

(b) The Writers' Group will require a considerable sum to finance the publication of a literary magazine which will be representative of the whole of the College. Supervision of such money as will be needed can best be effected per medium of a representative, who will act as a liaison officer between the Council and the committee responsible for the magazine.

(c) As the biggest commercial undertaking within the orbit of student activities it is important that students know exactly how their subscriptions are used. The Editorial Committee of "Talkabout" would welcome an opportunity to give an account of its management of matters financial.

If you feel, as we do, that representation for "Talkabout" is essential in the interests of closer Council-paper relationship, we should be obliged if you would approach your section representative and tell him so.

Wholly set up and printed at "The Daily Advertiser" Office, Trail Street, Wagga Wagga.

## Editorial

THE Editorial Committee of "Talkabout" desires to express its thanks to Mr. Blakemore and Mr. Lonsdale for their assistance in providing and furnishing an office for our use. Meetings of the Writers' Group and "Talkabout" staff will now be held regularly therein. It is confidently expected that a considerable improvement will be effected in the standard of this paper because contributors and staff will now have a refuge whither they can repair to write in an atmosphere unattainable elsewhere in the College. We invite you to avail yourself of our office if you wish to help us in the writing of "Talkabout;" you will be made welcome by our staff, a member of which will be in attendance most nights of the week.

Before the end of this term we expect to have sufficient material to publish a literary magazine. Mr. Levis has already made inquiries re printing and publishing; the onus is on us to provide the literary work, short stories, poems, reviews, narratives, one-act plays. In the temporary absence of a committee to handle this publication, all contributions should be given to Miss Comino, president of the Writers' Group.

It is essential that a suitable name for this publication be selected quickly, and that the quality of all work submitted should compare favorably with that of other contemporary magazines of the same nature: "Attica," from Armidale Teachers' College; "Dry Light" from Sydney, and "Words" from Balmain. By our words, as well as by our deeds, shall we be known, let us co-operate then and make our magazine the effective organ of our cultural life.

—ALAN FRYER.

## Life

It is an interesting thing this life we lead, and it can be looked at from many different angles. To Adam Lindsay Gor-

don, life was short, "the longest life a span." Perhaps some of you feel the same way. Each of you has your own idea of life and I have mine. To each and everyone of you life appears in a different way, but, to my way of thinking, there are three truly great things in life; love, faith and a desire for knowledge. The first I have chosen because I believe that from it come sympathy, understanding and companionship; the second because without faith we are as a bird without a nest, and the third because this only will lead us to a broad outlook and give us the power to appreciate love and faith.

Our ideas of life affect our thoughts and our actions. They influence our selection of friends. What, then, are your ideas of life? Is it a plaything? Do you live for today, forgetting tomorrow? Do you enjoy life? Or does it bore you? Have you ever seriously thought life over and decided why you enjoy or dislike it?

The "little" things in life are the really important things. They make or mar it. If you have love, faith and a desire for knowledge you will realise this. You will appreciate beauty and understand the cry of a startled bird. You will appreciate the hills that linger along the horizon like grey ghostlands, and the black trees that follow their line. You will be interested in life and want to know more about these things.

Even now I have not given you a clear idea of my views on life for each of you will, just as you differ in your ideas of life, differ in your idea of love and of faith, though you will probably all interpret a desire for knowledge in the same way. Love and faith are not easy to describe for they are felt, not seen. Each of us feels whether or not we love a fellow being and whether or not we have faith in a person. However, to love and have faith in one person or one thing is not sufficient. We must maintain a broader view. We must have many interests so that if one is lost we may turn to another.

Let me say then that love and faith are the unseen hands which pull our puppet strings and a desire for knowledge is the mind behind them.

—W.W.

Oswald called a hammer a hammer until he hit his finger with it.



Pride of place this week to Florence Nightingale's shade, our Matron, C-in-C. in the present 'flu campaign. Lighted lamps being out of date, this comforter of the sick carries a basket, chock full of gruesome, revolting patent poison potions carefully concocted for snivelling studes.

If Bradman gets another Test "duck" Mac is threatening to give up CRICKET and take on something less heartbreak-ing.

Our psych. lecturer, Mr. X., has been discovered living with the equally mysterious Miss Y. in the uncompleted Room 8. Or at least SOMEONE was in there the other night, reports our "nocturnal activities" correspondent.

Shirley R. was reviving some old techniques recently. Observing her buying an apple for the trainee-teacher at Doug Logan's, made us recall that fast young thing Atlanta who also dealt in apples.

Moirra S. is back in College, looking fit, well, and satisfied.

Actually seen using a shovel on the Kambu basketball court construction scheme, Editor Fryer:

O wondrous age we live in,  
When Wagga echoes to the awful din  
Of fuming Fryer fixing firm  
The Kambu goalposts in!!

Mr. Pople has aquired a quire. But most of the second years went along for the performance, not the singing.

That quiet industrious chappie, Max Cox, is still out of the news.

The B.M.A. has communicated with Allan Thomson re unregistered medial practice.

The College entertained with items at Forest Hill last week. Well received too. Congrats. all.

Curse that Pan chap if he it was that invented flutes. We take consolation, however, in the fact that Mr. Pople did choose flutes and not bagpipes.

Murray Mc. did some hi-pressure talking to win "Talkabout" some new advertisers. Good work, Murray!

Noticed Dora getting Browned off recently.

Beth and Arthur hitting the high spots and we'll say "No" more.

"Nickle," in a pickle with a Hawcroft-like leg affliction, is bearing up patiently.

This week's billing: Parson parade—and does she love it! More billing: Go slow, Sluggo.

We hear that a first year lass had a little trouble with prune seeds—you can Fay that again.

Des and Shirley co-educating on a well-known corner.

We hear that Marge gave a ring to a bonser chap.

Long Jack manages to be on time with at least one Lechie.

A prominent sporting man comes from Casino—no Kid(ding).

## Kareers Korner

Convinced of the necessity for an investigation of the world food crisis as it affects this College, "Talkabout" ever, first with last week's news tomorrow, despatched its most capable reporter to interview a man whose whole life is concerned with the handling of food for the people. Our correspondent has been faced with many difficult tasks in the past, but none so impossible as the one that now confronted him—that of investigating the means of food production, food distribution, food consumption and food disposal in the College. The assiduity of the reporter was prompted more by the proximity of the forthcoming social studies seminar-session that by the dictates of the Editor. Without further ado we give you a verbatim report of the interview for your deliberation.

Interviewer: G'day, mate. Wot price the favorite? Look 'ere, now. They sent me round 'ere to git some dope on this 'ere grub position. Where d'ya git it from; wot happens to it, and wot d'yer do with it yerself. Wife an' fam'ly, I suppose?

Spencer (adjusting portable horse support): Do you allude, fellow, to the omnipresent necessity for the efficacious vicitualling of masticulating mortals incarcerated and impaled within this institution? It behoves us to ascribe due recognition to the redoubtable reapers whose sweat of brow makes possible the replenishing of your refectory. Albeit, their efforts would be nugatory without the co-operation, initiative, enthusiasm, resourcefulness, enterprise and, in fact, help of those estimable teamsters, gallants all, who combine to convey the gleanings of the field from farm to Fresher, from wheatfield to Whittaker. Subsequently, mutatis mutandis, the delicious dishes, deferentially distributed by daintily draped domestics, find their way to the omniverous devotees of the culinary art.

Of necessity certain delectables will elude these machinations, and that is where your humble, if indispenserbull menial, plus Morphia my metamorphic mare, come into our own. Witness, serf, the dexterity with which I shot the insalubrious slops with salacious smirk and sangroid into their respective receptacles. If peradventure inadvertently my aim is errant, I defer to your castigation, for qui s'excuse, s'accuse. Just as too many cooks may spoil the cake by trying to have their broth and eat it, so I too, having buttered my bread must now lie on it, I genuflect unostentatiously to retrieve the fallen, revelling in that which I abhor (O sublime paradox).

Howsomever, this imbroglgio (for some think it thus), is rectified, for these gallons of goulash become MINE, all MINE, and I assure you I utilise them to the

limit of their potentialities. Since embarking upon this lucrative practice 42 years ago I have now paid in full my bond, and am the sole proprietor of "Spencer's Super Horse Rejuvenator," a product concocted, compounded, crushed and bottled from selected extracts of such matter as is collected here.

Bon jour, I'm sure. Let us adjourn, Morphia, "Advance Horse, trail yer fare."

Interviewer: "Gawd!!"

—FRAD.

1948

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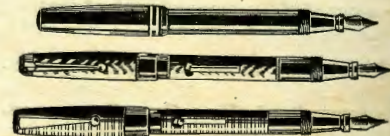
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# Salome

"But when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodia's danced before them, and pleased Herod. Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask.

And she, being before instructed of her mother, said, Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger.

And the king was sorry; nevertheless for the oath's sake, and them which sat with him at meat, he commanded IT to be given HER. . . .

. . . And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel. (Mathew, Chapter 14).

From this Biblical incident Oscar Wilde has created a one-act tragedy. Realising that the play would not appeal to British audiences, Wilde wrote it in French. It was later translated into English by Lord Alfred Douglas and corrected by Wilde. Wilde's supposition was correct, however, and a performing licence for the play was refused by the censor in England on religious grounds.

Wilde is in a sombre mood and the play, which is full of acrid epigrams, is set at night. His wit is illustrated in the following synopsis of the play:—

The curtain rises on a banquetting-hall. Pandemonium has broken out.

FIRST SOLDIER: What an uproar! Who are those wild beasts howling!

SECOND SOLDIER: The Jews. They are always like that. They are disputing about their religion.

THE CAPPADOCIAN: In my country there are no gods left. The Romans have driven them out. (Pointing to the cistern): What a strange prison! It must be very unhealthy.

SECOND SOLDIER: Oh, no! The Tetrarch's brother was imprisoned there for 12 years. It did not kill him. At the end of 12 years he had to be strangled."

Salome enters and requests to see the prisoner. Jokanaan is brought out of the cistern.

JOKANAAN: Daughter of Sodom, come not near me. But cover thy face with a veil and scatter ashes upon thy head, and get thee to the desert and seek out the Son of Man.

SALOME: Is he as beautiful as thou art, Jokanaan?

JOKANAAN: Cursed be thou! Daughter of an incestuous mother, be thou

accursed.

He goes down into the cistern. Enter Herod, Herodias and a young Roman Tigellinus.

THE VOICE OF JOKANAAN: So the day is come, the day of the Lord, and I hear upon the mountains the feet of Him who shall be the Saviour of the world.

HEROD: What does he mean? The Saviour of the world.

TIGELLINUS: It is a title that Caesar takes.

HEROD: But Caesar cannot come. He is too gouty.

FIRST NAZARENE: He hath come—Messias—and everywhere He worketh miracles.

HERODIAS: I do not believe in miracles. I have seen too many.

FIRST NAZARENE: He raiseth the dead.

HEROD: I forbid Him to do that. It would be terrible if the dead came back. . . . Fill with wine the goblets of silver. I will drink to Caesar. There are Romans here; we must drink to Caesar.

Jokanaan curses Herod.

HEROD: Never has he spoken word against me, this prophet, save that I sinned in taking to wife the wife of my brother. It may be he is right. For, of a truth, you are sterile."

Herod commands Salome to dance, and in return she demands the head of Jokanaan.

HEROD: Let her be given what she asks. Of a truth she is her mother's child.

. . . A huge black arm, the arm of the executioner, comes forth from the cistern, bearing on a silver shield the head of Jokanaan.

Salome seizes it.

SALOME: Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Jokanaan. I have kissed thy mouth. There was a bitter taste on thy lips. Was it the taste of blood . . . ? But perchance it is the taste of love . . . They say that love hath a bitter taste. . . . But what of that? I have kissed thy mouth, Jokanaan.

Wilde believed that his life would end in disaster. These thoughts are reflected in his tragedies, "Dorian Gray" and "Salome."

"Behind joy and laughter there may be a temperament, coarse, hard and callous. But behind sorrow there is always sorrow. Pain, unlike pleasure, wears no mask."

This credo of Wilde's is portrayed in

the characters of Salome and Jokanaan.

Later, when imprisoned, Wilde compared himself with Christ and Napoleon. Wilde believed that great art owed its existence to man's "supreme emotion"—sorrow.

"Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark, And has the nature of infinity."

These words of Wordsworth were indelibly impressed on Wilde's mind.

The state of his emotions when writing "Salome" may be realised when we read "De Profundis," an extract of which follows:—

"Failure, disgrace, poverty, sorrow, despair, suffering, tears even, the broken words that come from lips in pain, remorse that makes one walk on thorns, conscience that condemns, self-abasement that punishes, the misery that puts ashes on its head, the anguish that chooses sackcloth for its raiment and into its drink puts gall—all these were things of which I was afraid . . . Of course all this is foreshadowed and prefigured in my books. A deal of it is hidden away in the note of doom that like a purple thread runs through, the texture of 'Dorian Gray' . . . it is one of the refrains, whose recurring motifs make 'Salome' so like a piece of music and bind it together as a ballad."

(Oscar Wilde, "De Profundis.")

Suffering has always preoccupied Wilde. Even in prison he was shocked by the cruelties about him. His sympathies for his fellow prisoners led him to write the despairing "Ballad of Reading Gaol."

". . . We saw the greasy hempen rope Hooked to the blackened beam, And heard the prayer the hangman's snare Strangled into a scream. . . . They hanged him as a beast is hanged; They did not even toll A requiem that might have brought Rest to his startled soul . . .

. . . The warders stripped him of his clothes, And gave him to the flies; They mocked the swollen purple throat, And the stark and staring eyes, And with laughter loud they heaped the shroud In which the convict lies.

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The Chaplain would not kneel to pray  
By his dishonoured grave;  
Nor mark it with that blessed Cross  
That Christ for sinners gave,  
Because the man was one of those  
Who Christ came down to save."

The hanging man is synonymous with Jokanaan.

Modern society is as guilty as Judas. This is Wilde's message.

A tremendous gulf lay between the art of Wilde and the critics of his day. Of "Dorian Gray" they wrote (a parallel can be drawn here with "Salome"):

"It is a tale spawned from the leprous literature of the French Decadents—a poisonous book, the atmosphere of which is heavy with the mephitic odours of moral and spiritual putrefaction." ("Daily Chronicle").

Wilde summed up the criticism very neatly.

"Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

... No artist is ever morbid. The artist can express everything.

Vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art.

No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style.

All art is at once surface and symbol.

Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital.

When critics disagree the artist is in accord with himself."

(Preface to "Dorian Gray.")

## World Student Relief

In European and Asian countries war has in the last few years resulted in the material, moral and mental destitution of university communities. The task of rebuilding these communities has been undertaken by World Student Relief, an organisation which had grown from a lesser one functioning during and after the first World War.

### IN THE BEGINNING

After the first World War an autonomous organisation called International Student Service was launched to relieve the most urgent needs of students of every faith and race.

In 1940 I.S.S. joined forces with World Student Christian Federation and Pax Romana (the international secretariat of Roman Catholic student organisations), and under the title of European Student Relief continued to meet the needs of students disorganised by war. The principles of religious and racial non-discrimination and political neutrality were adopted as the basis of the work, and have continued to do so.

In 1943 similar work which had been going on under similar auspices in Asia was linked with the European work and World Student Relief came into being. There are now five partners in the work of W.S.R. instead of the original three. World Union of Jewish Students and In-

ternational Union of Students have recently joined W.S.R. after agreeing to the same principles of work. Each of the five partners appoints five delegates to the executive committee. This committee is representative of both giving and receiving countries, prepares a budget and allocates the percentages to go to areas according to the relative needs.

### W.S.R. PROGRAMME

Each national committee in the receiving countries develops its own schemes for helping its own students. These schemes depend partly, but not wholly, upon the help given from outside. In Poland, W.S.R. is supplying a shipment of text-books, duplicating machines and paper, whereby the text-books can be made available to students.

In China (where the National Student Relief Committee has been working for 10 years) it is a question of providing soya-bean milk to the undernourished, organising "work relief projects," whereby students can serve the community and earn their living and setting up student centres in damaged or temporary university sites.

There are important international projects, too, service to student P.O.W's and refugees, and the maintenance of chalets for restoration of health and the building up again of the international community of students.

Full-time and expert W.S.R. staff members are at work in many countries, for instance, Greece and Poland, and long visits are paid to more destitute areas.

### FUNDS—FROM WHOM? FOR WHOM?

The countries for which relief is planned in 1947-8 are China, Vietnam-Indonesia, Burma, Malaya, Siam, Philippines, India, Japan (Asia), and Poland, Italy, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Greece, Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, Finland (Europe).

The majority of the money comes from students and staff in the following countries: Australia, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Great Britain, Holland, Ireland, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, U.S.A. In addition, public funds from several sources have been channelled through W.S.R. to the relief of student need.

### WHAT CAN WE DO?

Obviously the most urgent need of W.S.R. is money to continue the programme. At the suggestion of National Union of Australian University Students £5000 has been set for the appeal in student communities in Australia in 1948.

If this target for 1948 is to be reached, the co-operation of every student will be required—and that includes you.

### "TALKABOUT"

Editor: Alan Fryer.

Sub-Editors:

June Scott, Dave Rummery

Business Manager: Jim O'Ryan.

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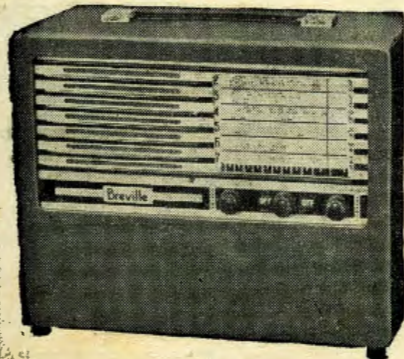
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The sporting staff of "Talkabout" take this opportunity of welcoming to this column any of the First Year students wishing to express their views on any phase of College sport. We wish to hear your ideas of the sport undertaken in the College.

Just what is your opinion of the standard attained by the competitors in our College sport? Do you consider you have been given fair opportunity to enter into our representative teams?

These are but a few of the questions about which we Second Year students are most interested to hear your opinion. Don't let this important matter rest here. Write your article now and give it to the sporting editor.

**FOOTBALL**

**CULCAIRN TRIP**

W.T.C. furthered its already valorous reputation as a College of true sportsmen by the Blake Cup team's most favorable display in the knockout competition held at Culcairn on King's Birthday weekend. Despite a great weight handicap, the team reached the semi-final where they were defeated by Burrows, Maher Cup holders, by the small margin of 7 points to 5—a most creditable performance.

The team's display against the best in the district substantiates the claim that we are capable of holding our own in Group 13 football. In the first two rounds the team defeated Henty-The Rock Combined 21-0, and Culcairn 5-0 respectively. The outstanding player of the day was Don Westley, whose kicking and faultless handling equalled any seen on the ground.

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This side suffered its first defeat of the current season at the hands of Y.C.W. by 2 points to nil. The match was a disappointment, but their enthusiastic coach, Mr. Dennison, assures all that the team will acquit itself well at its next outing.

Here's wishing you the best success!

**FRESHERS v HIGH SCHOOL**

A gallery of interested spectators comprising mainly members of present representative teams (we wonder why Graeme?) gathered at the Cricket Ground to review the talent of our newcomers as shown against the local High School, whom they defeated 22-0.

Selectors will have their eyes on Boris Sumsky, Barry Jackson, Alan Bucking-

ham, Merv Wright and Bob Collard should they retain or improve on the form shown in this match.

**INTER-COLLEGIATE**

A tentative programme for the coming Inter-Collegiate against Balmain was received by our committee and is of such a nature that, with the approval of the principal, it is hoped to send approximately 100 competitors to this all important event.

The following is an outline of the programme received: Men's and women's hockey, volley ball, softball and mixed tennis; also women's basketball; Rugby Union, debating and athletics, the whole proceedings to be rounded off by a ball on the Showboat.

Don't forget "you have to be in it to win it."

**REMINDER**

Watch this column for a big exclusive feature article, "straight from the horse's mouth," relevant to our prospects at Balmain.

**Letters to the Editor**

Dear Sir,—Last term I wrote an article "1848-1948;" several weeks later a criticism of this article, plus criticisms of other articles not mine, plus ungrounded and destructive criticisms of the paper in general appeared. The critic signed himself "The Carp," a fish which, I understand, is used for bait when fishing. All right, bait, come fishing.

The figures in my article were taken from the "Sydney Morning Herald," which printed a lengthy article on Education. I therefore accept no responsibility for their accuracy.

Apart from condemnation of my article, I think it is grossly unfair that the College paper should be thrown about. "The fish that swallowed Jonah cannot compare with the editorial staff of "Talkabout," so you say. I quite agree, in fact I was unaware that anyone would want to try a comparison of two so dissimilar subjects. Perhaps we could say that like the editorial staff the fish that swallowed Jonah also did a good job.

And who are you to suggest that articles should be scrapped in the wastepaper basket?—Yours faithfully,

—B.E.S.

Any contributions, articles, scandal, can be placed under the door of "Talkabout" office, if the office is closed. All articles should bear the name of the writer, whether intended for publication or not. Anyhow, drop in and see us some time—we shall only be too pleased to discuss matters literary and if possible help you to fit yourself for the task of taking over when we leave off.

**DINING HALL NOTE:**

"Before grace, just one short announcement. Owing to domestic shortages no table napkins will be available to-day. From time to time, however, a large woolly dog will pass among you.

## Marriage

### WITHIN OR WITHOUT OUR PROFESSION?

"The typical schoolmarm—a cliché which presented itself to many of us women students, no doubt, when in the fond days of the past, we announced our intention to enter "the noble profession."

Delighted relatives expressed their mock displeasure with such words—together with little remarks such as "Poor —, she'll never get married now," and "I can see her, in 30 years' time, a thin, sere, tight-lipped, dogmatic typical schoolmarm." Pleasant prospects!

Why has this attitude arisen? The very condescension of the remarks concerning the ill-luck of an unmarried woman teacher is a contentious point. Many women in all walks of life do not desire, need or search for the supposed strength of the broad shoulders of the opposite sex to make life bearable. True, many of them do "miss the male," but in so doing they have done only what many other women do—take a risk and lose on it.

Teachers are, on the whole, married to their jobs. A vast majority of them, male and female, enjoy the association with children, the cumulative knowledge and experience and the social standing which teaching affords. Male teachers can and have committed bigamy by taking unto themselves human wives, but for the most part, a woman teaching has to divorce herself from her job in order to become a wife. It is a big step for her to take.

Years of training and experience which she has accumulated must be cast aside and a new job—looking after husband, home and hatch has to be learnt. The pros and cons weigh delicately, and often the trained eye of the teacher sizes up her man, sees him psychologically naked before her and rejects him.

The love of her job, prohibiting her from cleaving to a man, thus capsizes her possibilities of marriage. This is the outlook of the career woman (and there are many in the profession). For either reasons, too numerous for consideration here, their less career-conscious colleagues have resigned themselves to spinsterhood.

### STATUS

How, then, have the married teachers, who have continued their careers, fared? Until recently, 25 per cent. of women teachers were subject to the Married Women Teachers' and Lecturers' Act, which denied them, regardless of service, the rights of promotion, and placed them almost on the same plane as ex-students. The only bar to their elevation to that exalted rank being their temporary status. This situation held little attraction for women teachers contemplating the combination of teaching and marriage.

Now, however, Education Departmentally secure, the married teacher still has to contend with her other employment—domestic management. There is little to be said regarding this aspect, as such a situation occurs of the woman's own choice and it is up to her to plan her course.

So far I have dealt only with the personal aspect of the question, ignoring completely the social or community aspect.

A correspondent to the "Sydney Morning Herald" of some weeks ago, in his opinions regarding the comparative dearth of marriageable male material in country areas and the Education Department's policy of sending young women teachers to the country, states:—

"I yield to no man in my belief in the paramount importance of the teacher, but what wise parent would send his daughter into the teaching service were he to reflect, that by so doing, he was jeopardising her social future? So long as our social and economic system makes the vast majority of eligible bachelors congregate in the big cities, surely it is the duty of the Education Department to see that none of its young women teachers are exiled in country towns for more than a few years. Of course it does not want to lose them by marriage, but would not such marriages be for the good of the State?"

Since the State is unable to provide all ex-students with city employment, then it must expect to be confronted with a certain percentage of unmarried women teachers.

### SOCIAL IMPLICATION

As well as the effect which this percentage and situation would have on the birth rate of our underpopulated Australia, there are other factors which bear consideration. Chief among these is the fact that marriage, without doubt, cements social and communal amity. Also to be considered is the important factor that since women teachers are now trained in the methods of understanding and controlling children, then will they be good mothers.

In conclusion, let me refute the popular axiom that women teachers comprise a third sex. We know, and we must impress most definitely on those about us, that we are rational, sensible beings rather than "thin, sere, tight-lipped, dogmatic, typical schoolmarms."

—MARJORIE E. ABRAHAM.

## Ode to the Pioneers

Like sleep, they came, in the dead of night,

With evil intent and knowing leers.  
With doors all opened by unseen hands,  
They entered; the pioneers.

The innocents slept, dreaming golden dreams,

Of coming joys, in two coming years.  
But sleep and dreams alike were shattered  
By the first assault of the pioneers.

Swift and terrible were the deeds they did,  
They applied the pillow and the shears.  
Upturned beds, and a host of F's,  
Marked the wake, of the pioneers.

With resistance shattered, the fresher hears,

The conqueror's mirth, and the conqueror's jeers,  
And so they departed in the early dawn,  
Our welcoming party—the pioneers.

J.M.

## Inter-Collegiate Questions

Soon we will have upon us Inter-Collegiate Week, but are we prepared to meet it with confidence and with the knowledge that we can put on a good showing?

What about the question of College songs? Personally I can't think of any songs that are really dignified enough to stand up to the test that tradition demands. Dignity does not mean formal, stuffy songs that everyone sings looking like a telegraph pole, but it does mean that the songs whilst carrying all the warmth of comradeship should have some form of solidity. There should be an element of pride in both words and music.

"Happy Jack, the Hangman," or some of the parodies would never pass as songs characteristic of this College. We haven't much time left to think about them—they have to be written and learnt in a very short time, so it's a case of NOW, not LATER.

Then there is the question of a College War Cry. We have our house war cries, but no College war cry. Somehow I always think a war cry helps to create a festive mood and gives added impetus to the event. Look how keen each House is to outdo the others in noise, and how well it must sound to the victorious participants. A war cry signifies victory and good sportsmanship—we shall achieve both. It should not be hard for a few wits to compose. All it has to have is a conglomeration of unintelligible words that make a lot of noise and gets everyone's throat sore.

"It's up to you, ladies and gentlemen."  
—B.E.S.

## Well! After That

Some came from far off coastal towns,  
And some from way down south.  
From east and west  
To do their best  
In Wagga's spacious grounds.

Full well they knew that they would find,  
Like others of their kind,  
A studious place  
And meals with grace.  
Oh, what a thought divine!

Well, some may feel they've had this place  
And others feel it's a rather sad case,  
'Cause when things look grim  
Like porridge thin,  
Some find it hard not to grimace.

But some folks bright  
Who see the light  
May say I'm right,  
'Cause it's not so bad after all.

"A BEGINNER."

"A bob's worth of rat poison," ordered the man at the chemist's. "Yes, sir," replied the assistant. "Shall I wrap it up for you?" "Oh, you needn't bother," the man said pleasantly, "I'll eat it here."