



# TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol 3, No. 36

MAY 2, 1949

PRICE: ONE PENNY

## Pioneers Near Graduation . . .

The Pioneer session of the Wagga Teachers' College have now completed their training. Only a few eventful days remain. For those concerned the Graduation Ball marks the end of a long, yet all too short, road. It also marks the beginning of the main highway. Behind lies College life; before lies the teaching profession.

SOMEWHERE in New South Wales a thousand fortunate children have a treat in store for them. Somewhere there are thirty yellowed "one-teachers" waiting in the wilderness for blood transfusions; somewhere there are thirty classes of walling infants little realising that D Day is at hand; somewhere there are class-rooms, now drab and dull, that will soon gleam and quicken with a new life. The Pioneers are on the march!

### "THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH—"

The occasion of the first graduation of students from the College is one of great moment. It marks the achievement of a goal one hundred and fifty eager students accepted in the cheerless days of June, 1947, when the College first gulped (and coughed) the breath of life.

To-day the College is a live and lusty youngster celebrating its second birthday and its first family parting. On Wednesday, 4th May, the first session of students to complete the College course will graduate and begin their professional life. The ugly gaps their leaving will cause will be filled in June when the third session begins training. "The old order changeth and yieldeth place to new."

### A GREAT LOSS

The departure of the Pioneers is a genuine loss. They are called Pioneers not because they were simply "the first." Behind them they leave a page of history and tradition that makes them worthy of the title they bear. They built in their first year a Teachers' College. They saw buildings rise from the spacious playing fields, wardrobes appear in their first-class hotel style bedrooms, and ah, that memorable day

when the gentlemen gathered to witness the arrival of the first trickle of hot water from the cob-webbed rose of the shower! Such times as will never be forgotten were seen in those days.

### O TEMPORA, O MORES

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. Our Pioneers built much of this greatness. They still hold firmly many strands of activity in College life that the Freshers have never usurped. Their loss will be felt when they leave absolutely the running of the College to the present first years. There are individuals among the Pioneers whose passing on will leave a most jagged gash. There are, too, among the first years great leaders who will find opportunities available and their need imperative when they assume the senior section of the College in a few short days. We wish them, not lighter burdens, but stronger backs.

### 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, God, dispel our fear, And give us back the yesteryear, To live again, the yesteryear!

And to the Pioneers—  
Semper sint in flore.

D.R.

## Editorial

THIS issue is hereby formally dedicated to the Pioneer Session. I will lose many friends when the second years go and am not consoled by the thought that I will make a compensating number of friends among the new first years.

I shall always remember the Pioneers as a unique session, banded together, as no future session can ever be, because of the year they spent at College alone and because of the primitive conditions they overcame by sticking together.

Yet when I think of the Pioneer Session I do not think of a group but of individuals. This is not a paradox for the very nature of their first year at College accentuated their individuality as well as developing in them a splendid community spirit.

I will never quite throw off the feeling that this is their College and that I am only an intruder.

My thoughts drift back to my early days at College. My first vivid impression is of Col Squires attacking me savagely with a pillow.

Perhaps that is my only distinct memory—it stands out as an incident; since then my recollections are integrated to form the story of my College life. Yet my College life has been, to a considerable degree, structured about the Pioneer session and I do not feel over inclined to restructure it about a group of intruding first years.

As Editor I could not write such an Editorial as this without specific reference to the Pioneer Editor Al Fryer. Al did a splendid job and handed me a paper in perfect running order, but more important a paper with a definite tradition.

That perhaps sums up the whole significance of the Pioneers; they handed to us, the first years, a College with a definite tradition.

With this point in mind it occurs to me that in a sense the College will

retain all that is worthy in the Pioneers just as the Pioneers will take with them all that is worthy in the College.

Finally, as Editor, I feel I have some right to speak for the first years as a body. Therefore, I say, "Good luck, second years, think of us sometimes, for we will sometimes think of you."

JOHN MITCHELL.

## Moving Day

Second years will soon be leaving Wagga College. There are many things that they can and will be taking with them—both material and indefinable—and there are many things that will be left behind. One of the many problems facing many of them at present is that of fitting enough material to fill four suit-cases into the space provided by one. Everywhere books, shoes, and other odds and ends are blocking public thoroughfares and holding the lids of various garbage cans fully four feet above the cans themselves. Prominent among the debris are ancient colour wheels and toothpaste tubes, apparently accumulated over the past six years.

Many of the characters whom the present environment has made really desperate are frantically searching Wagga for a suitable second-hand shop wherein to deposit cast-off clothing and antique teaching aids. A great number of students are now in a position to buy out the College shop with Passiona bottles. What is to be the fate of the many soiled billies of Theta Mu? These vallant little reliables have stood the heat of the spirit-stove with remarkable fortitude.

What is to become of "Oscar Wilde," that landmark of many second year rooms? Where will the home-made bookcases go and will the clothes-lines still be full on Sundays? What will become of the flourishing courtyard gardens?

First years wait eagerly for the spoils, but what of those articles which the second years do not wish to leave behind? Some packing hints may be helpful, but who is qualified to give these hints?

Most of us appear to be using individual methods, the most noticeable of which is trial and error. Many times have the suit-cases been packed and just as many times unpacked, but this appears to be one of the times when even experience does not help. It becomes increasingly evident that there is a definite shortage of suit-cases. Even those who have already sent home cartons and fruit-cases are in difficulty.

"Would you PLEASE buy my last season's suit?" is a common question but, surprisingly enough, buyers are few.

Those who have parents coming to the Graduation ceremonies crow blithely, "Oh, most of my stuff can go home in the car," but many, I am afraid, will require a trailer. Oh, those poor unsuspecting parents! What a barrage

awaits them! The possibility of making two trips has, no doubt, entered the minds of some, but wouldn't it be cheaper to buy a new set of clothes and discard those which now bulge from suit-cases, drawers, wardrobes, and tin trunks?

What will become of the numerous radiators, irons, wirelesses and other electrical appliances which have given comfort to the multitude and caused consternation among the few? Will they be carried home as has been suggested? And if so, what will be the reaction of the civilised beings of that other world to the sight of a student with a wireless under one arm, a radiator under the other and an iron hanging from his neck to beat noisily against the immerser strapped around his waist? (By the way, where would such a student carry his rugs, suit-cases, overcoat and file of "Talkabouts"?)

Those who have any solutions to this problem should immediately contact the nearest second year and achieve world fame.

WYN WALSHAW.

## The Shape of Things to Come

The Compleat Student:

Deep down on the 33rd basement of the conditioning plant for Turvey Park (the new metropolis of Southern Asia) the last group of embryos for the current season were being given the induction of alcohol that would decide their future sphere of influence—a hundred per cent. alcohol injection will produce a student with the highest teaching capacity, since it seems to predispose him to that gregarious and social behaviour that is necessary: indeed, in the words of Dr. Arnold, is a concomitant for the correct development of the personality. All selection in the embryo room is scientific and natural—a blonde and a brunette alternately examine the foetus, but the breadth of shoulder (imaginary) carries the day, and the alpha-plus super-brain is produced with a hundred per cent. alcohol content.

The future student must be carefully conditioned, however, and soon the bottled miseries are on their way out of the twilit depths to the highly pleasant gardens of the conditioning centre. Above the portals to this haven of lost souls and future securities the powers have placed a steel status of the mystic three—the dog, the bell, and the saliva dish, with the inscription, "Upon these three rest all the words of the prophets."

The conditioning must last several years, since it has two great sub-headings for complete living—firstly, the physical conditioning, which is of tantamount importance and will be undertaken by the most expert of dogmatists and which employs, among others, the slogan, "Sport is love; god is sport."

After a million repetitions this stops

being unnatural and becomes divine dictum.

Mental conditioning is of lesser importance, but is undertaken in a commendably serious vein of thought, mind and action, or "attitude, thought and word." The first process is that of subservience to established might and will.

This is achieved by a notable development of the Chairman, in which the students are made to dream of themselves as sheep jumping over the proverbial "stile" and being carefully counted and docketed with an animated mortar-board; softly, in the distance, a langorous voice croons "I'll Walk Beside You."

At a number of instances there is a break in the progression and the sleeping infant (pardon, embryo, or do I mean delusion?) is shown a terrifying aspect of stairs and steps; steps descending into the seventh depth of the Inferno, where they are constantly being taken and moulded into electrical fittings of large and horrific aspect. The future educationist, then, has no urge to stray from the comfortable path of regimentation, and that is the be-all and end-all of . . .

Ladies and gentlemen, unfortunately the writer of the narrative was at that point discovered by the forces of order and was sent to Iceland to be reconditioned. He is being fed, we understand, on baked apples and wood spirit.

"ALDOUS."

## "There's a Track Winding Back"

We'll read this "Talkabout" for the last time at College. Then we are "out"—for good. We'll think of things in years to come—perhaps we'll meet an old clobber on our way up to collect the Government pension, and we'll lean on our stick and yarn—about the good old days—"when I was a Pioneer." I was as sharp a blade of grass as the rest of 'em then. Yes, I'd take that last-minute sprint to the dining hall without a gasp. Do you remember "Ashie" with his little book and pencil taking our names. "Twice Mr. Allen, three times the Principal." Read his book the other day. That Gobberslobber thing—truly terrifying. My little granddaughter takes an epileptic fit after every chapter.

Yes, I'll never forget him—and Mr. Couch—at the swimming carnival. Do you remember the figures they cut in those togs—ha, ha, ha. And "Ashie" taking those steps—his little love letters—"clean up or be cleaned up."

Yes, Kennedy collected a few.

I'll say, do you remember Arthur's seclusion?

A funny bird, alright. Wonder what's become of him?

Got married. Wife done wonders for him. A tidy man now I believe.

What do you know! Do you remember that Easter weather and those cane chairs in the sun, and those hills—how peaceful they were?

And Donnison in the lucerne patch? Oh, that footie practice—Yes. "Pick 'em up." But the boys carried off the cups. Damned good trainer, they reckoned.

Remember sunbaking in that lucerne patch?

I'll say, on Saturday afternoons—remember the dance in the Gym—h'm'n the jazz waltz—you know, they don't do it like that these days.

No, all this tomfoolin' hokus pokus! Remember the boys holding up the door?

Yes, and that backway trek to Doug's during supper break?

Yes, and at other times, too!

Yes!

Bet he's a millionaire now.

Oh, and will you ever forget that buzzer.

I've never heard a sound like it since.

Nor have I. It certainly was a beaut. I believe it's breakfast in bed at nine now—on a silver tray, chicken omelette and eggs to order.

And what about those Sunday pictures—always breaking down or sound wrong or something. Clifford fixed things.

Yes, I'll always remember that church crowd coming in late and floating across the screen. Do you remember the night "Rose Marie" was on—or off?

Ah, and how about Mr. Blakemore at Assembly.

Gosh, yes—and Mr. Pople's fluttering eye-lashes during Gaudeamus.

And those musicals he put on, "The Gondoliers"; do you remember Dave and Min!

The Duke and Duchess of Plaza Torro?

I'll say. And what about backstage in "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore.

M-m-m, yes! Did Mark ever make anything of his acting?

He could act alright. He's playing for the King.

He is?

"He is! Takes the part of the old chappie who makes passes at the young things. He's riotous I believe.

And what about "Pygmalion" and "Quiet Night"—Wilcox and Lonergan in that.

Yes, and Matron coming in and catching them. Bonnie was a good Matron all right.

Yes, and "Patsy." Maureen did that part well. She looked so . . . natural

. . . I can still remember her running to Mrs. Spanner.

"Ah and what about the old dances in the hall. Will you ever forget Colin Squires getting around the floor in a waltz in two steps?

And what about the "Back to Childhood Dance" up there, and the Mad Hatters' Dance in the Gym.

And the Infant Section's rhythm lesson in the Gym. A riotous routine to hit-tunes for Bob Howe.

Will I ever forget it.

And Mr. Young barrin' the door.

And the notice cases—that were never looked at.

And the epidemics—the Wagga Wag, that ghastly gastritis.

And those flutes. What a sweet sound it was?

And do you remember those evenings round the heater yarning and dreaming, and just dozing?

And do you remember the Saturday morning washing—singing round the tubs—it made washing light work those days.

Aw, you just had more brawn and muscle those days.

Will you ever forget those ironing queues, especially on a Saturday.

I remember Jean Hicks pressing every frill and flounce at least three times over.

Let's sit down. I get knocked up these days—what with my stomach ulcers and my nervous heart condition.

No, you are not looking as sprightly as you used to, but I can't see too well these days in these horn-rims. Perhaps . . .

Do you remember the good old days—the only time the boys ever stepped on female floors—hopping across to get those showers in the women's block?

And how we revelled in them—stone cold—but could we take 'em, without a grizzle—strong and muscly those days. Strapping figures. Yes, indeed.

Will you ever forget those Dems—by fatal femmes. And the singing in the buses.

My eyes are wet. I can't forget the joys I met at Wagga T.C.

Yes, they were the words, I'll never forget them either. Where's my hanky (sniff).

Here, use mine. Remember Mr. Wilcox and the washers and those colour wheels.

Hoh, yes, you've brightened me up (sniff). And that perspective.

I'll never forget it. Ha, ha, ha, ha . . ."

Remember the official opening day—those lovely girls all in white and Mr. Trout planting that tree?

Salmon, wasn't it?

I just forget. An impressive looking blue gum now though.

Never thought it'd sprout, did you?

Never! Will you ever forget Mr. Blakemore's speech that day?

Cracker, wasn't it.

And the early assembly speeches: "We are now beginning our ninth week of . . ."

"Each week marks a milestone in the development of Wagga College."

And how about, "This is the last announcement to be made from the staff table."

And those footie results every Sunday night.

Yes, and those bus trips. Remember the first one to Yanco.

I'll say—young and dashing we were those days.

Remember the Kosci one, and that snow fight on the way up at Kiandra?

Yes, and those train trips home. Will you ever forget?

How did we ever sleep? A head rest on somebody else's boot.

When I think of what a strong fellow I was those days.

Yes, we were, weren't we? After all these years in the service.

And do you remember the kitchen raids?

Yes, the lecturers were really glad we had such good appetites.

Yes, they were up to us, all right.

H-m-n. Miss Wylie—she was a card—knew every move—before we did.

One of the best.

I'll say.

Remember the girls' football match—Blake Cup versus 10.7?

Do I?

Do you remember those first "Talk-about" meetings—in the Art and Craft room? And that cane—remember?

And those feeds down at Peter Street?

Saw Mr. Levis the other day. You know, he's a bit rickety. No stick though, by jove.

Hope I can last as long. Strong little fellow.

Will you ever forget that first good feed we had at College. End of first term—15th August—always remembered it—the day before my birthday.

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Yes, you don't get the same wine in trifles these days. A high tea it was that night.

Will you come up to my little cottage and have a cuppa? I'm quite tired.

Yes, I'd love to. Is it very far from here?

Not any of these new-fangled glass houses—not far . . .

Do you remember the "bush" and . . .?

And the Prac. Will you ever forget those jam sandwiches and . . .

Here we are. You mightn't know her now. You know, she has changed a bit. She was the type that acquires a little weight. Still, she's the best little . . .

BETTE LONERGAN.

## The Lecturers

Many of us have sniggered and giggled at the joke regarding the life of the staff, but when we consider it seriously it is easily seen that they do work for their "dough."

Take, for instance, the wardens. Their job is a difficult undertaking, for how many of us have heard so perfect that we haven't at some time been affected by them. "Spring forth from between the sheets" is, I believe, the morning cry of Mr. A., whereas in the women's dorms. the warning is often, "Miss Wylie says not to come if you aren't ready now!"

But underneath and in between there is far more to a warden and his or her job than dragging somnolent students from beautiful beds. We've all admired their love letters and cherished them by pinning them up as decoration. Our best examples of the influence of such love letters were the classic "Make this room fit for a Christian to live in"—A.W.A., and the truly splendid response from A.A.K.; and Miss Moore's wordless yet significant query mark left on top of a stray saucy biscuit. Naturally the student who owned the saucy cleared this matter up by immediate disposal down the "little red lane."

Yes, the wardens come in for a lot. They have to be everything from Dorothy Dix to demonstrators of the gentle art of bed-making.

They certainly have at times inspired awe and terror into the hearts of some women students. The ominous figure of the Warrior in the corridor of good old Block 7 (known now as Phi-Delta) and the crystalline clarity of the beckoning bellow, have rooted many of us to the spot. But it's about as nasty for them as it is for their victims. We know they are not sadists and so have put it down to keenness.

Enough of the wardens—they, I guess, have had enough of us by this. It now remains for us to survey the remainder of the lecturing staff. Those sublime creatures, that happy breed who "live out"—I wonder if they know just how much they miss!

Somehow, though, we feel we know them as well as those who live in, because they make it their business to become our friends. There is a bond between the whole of the staff which

prevents any inequality of association with students. What the living-out lecturers miss in direct association with the students is more than made up for by the helpful aid of discussion in the staff-room over afternoon tea.

Generally, one of the most essential qualities of a good lecturer is his approachability. It is not difficult we have found to ask any of them for aid and advice, whether it be for academic pursuits, or how to deal with the latest lover's quarrel. If they don't know the answers, then they know where to find them.

Last but by no means least, there is the "man with the oil-can." It takes a lot to be a Principal of a Teachers' College, especially Principal of Wagga Teachers' College. Mr. Blakemore has made us feel that we are his own students. He knows us far better than we sometimes think. In short, he's got us "tabbed."

In conclusion I should like to express what I know is the thought of the majority of us. To the lecturers we give our grateful thanks; you have done far more than instructed us; you have lived and learnt and laughed with us. You have become friends whom we will never forget.

M. E. ABRAHAM.

## A Timely Warning

The ultimatum has gone forth  
That you will not be worth your worth  
And that you will incur much wrath  
If you don't get up early.

Immediately that hooter blows  
Each conscientious student knows  
That he will soon own many woes  
If he don't get there early.

The lecturers have all agreed  
That to be late there is no need  
And so your name goes on a screed  
If you don't get there early.

But if you enter after time  
You'll find that you must pass a line  
Of faces stern and dark as wine,  
So see you get there early.

I fear they my attempts decry—  
Miss Wylie looks me in the eye,  
Which means: "On you I can't rely,  
Please try to get here early."

Mr. Ashworth takes my name—  
I realise that it is no game  
And that I'll never attain fame  
If I don't get there early.

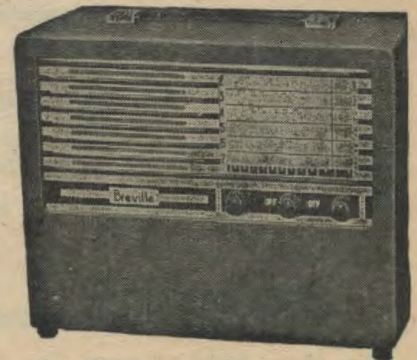
Then down the dining room L walk:  
Well-meaning friends put down their  
fork,  
A second cease their idle talk  
To make the usual remark—  
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## Mata Hari

### (1) IN "TALKABOUT" OFFICE

Scene of the week: "Talkabout" office on any Sunday.

Dramatis personae: John Mitchell, Jim Butler, one cadet reporter, and me—the unobtrusive spectator of an amazing scene of activity. "Amazing?" you query. I reiterate "amazing"—to the ninety per cent. who have neither any knowledge of the energy this writing process entails nor any inclination to discover its extent. (It is a fact which you must accept resignedly that both Hazlitt and I are prone to digress.)

Ever wondered just how John and Jim occupy themselves every Sunday, when it is their habit to retire from College life into the soothing aura of quietness which envelops "Talkabout" office? (For the uninitiated, read the above ironically; for the unperceiving, another digression is impending. From my observations I have concluded "quiet" and "serene" are two words excluded from the vocabulary and actions of "Talkabout's" devotees. If you're at all sceptical, wander in some time.) Don't wonder. Follow my example, carefully stow your person behind that door, and—observe. What follows will be a revelation.

N.B.: A catastrophe—from the introductory headings I have omitted setting, an important factor in any major work. If you're dubious on this point consult either page 33 of Lininsky's triumph, "Ode to Fame," or the words of wisdom from the scathing pen of that accepted literary authority, Butler, revealed in his masterly criticism of "The Masked Avenger"—a story containing possibilities of greatness that may endear it to posterity. Now you're convinced I'll proceed.

In case you've been slightly misled by any variations of theme representing digressions, I'll aid you to recollect that the scene is "Talkabout" office, the time Sunday afternoon and the atmosphere electric with "oaths and curses tipped with lightning, crackling flames of fierce abuse"—which justifies the instantaneous conclusion that Mitchell and Butler are trying to write "Talkabout." You may not be aware that the factors making possible the weekly production of "Talkabout" are the presence of M. and B., much paper, more talk, and a few ideas.

"Tis true, more's the pity,  
and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

I fear I am digressing to the extent of, to use a common expression, "getting off the track" (but look how much space I've filled!). I'll start again. The scene is "Talkabout" office, the time Sunday—I think you may have cultivated the habit of absorbing what you see sufficiently well to have gathered this. I'll assume you have enough perception to realise I am spying on these two potential geni, Mitchell and Butler, and subsequently committing to paper the scene confronting me.

Before commencing, however, I must warn you that if you contemplate visiting "Talkabout" when its occupants are in the throes of mental inspiration,

beware. Not only will your presence, unless accompanied by some hint of a working attitude, be unappreciated, but your entry will be considerably impeded by a seemingly impassable mass of paper which increases rapidly as does the feverish pace of writing—and which, unless you are wary, will result in your inability to inspire others to acclaim as appropriate Cowper's

"Graceful and useful all she does,  
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."

This is where the "News of Abuse" Spy really reveals what was spied. "What?" you ask. I repeat—much misuse of paper, time and language, apart from a gross exploitation of an invention called a cigarette. From two to six the atmosphere is one approaching levity: "Who cares—all night to write"—but as time flies desperation grows, and by eleven p.m. the office is in a state of chaos unrivalled by that of big Jake's wardrobe. Old copies of "Talkabout" are liberally strewn within a six-foot radius, while the floor, with the exception of a space sufficiently large to afford odd (very!) intervals of relaxation, is one inch deep in paper.

John (resignedly): "Suppose we'd better do Watson to impress—well, satisfy—those morons . . ."

Jim: "Yeah."

John: "Must do that Editorial—and a streamer . . . gosh I'm tired! Any-one come good yet?"

Jim: "No." (N.B.: the latter's monosyllabic replies are due only to an unusual burst of inspiration.)

John (after two pathetic attempts at verbosity): "It's no use. Trying to convert one thought into three pages of quarto for one column of print fails to impress. Oh, I can't write—give me that tobacco!"

Ecstatic grunt—lapse into silence broken only by the scratching of Jim's pen and the rustle of paper.

Ten minutes' interval.

Jim (unbelievably): "Fancy writing seven and a half pages on THAT!" Pause. "WHERE are those cigarettes?"

Ensues a brief hunt involving the removal of paper, articles, pens, cigarettes—he's got them! Confusion is restored and peace reigns as the two puff blissfully and meditate on the possible future of "Talkabout." "Wonder if we'll ever see the day when we'll sit back and say, 'ANOTHER article! Can't include it—we've got fourteen pages already?'"

"Huh. Likely!" (Scathing tone, reader.)

. . . "Or if we'll ever be reduced to rejecting articles?"

"Possibility! Back to work—ideaise me, Mitch."

"Well, Jim—we've done it again."

"Year, Mitch (musingly), finished till next Sunday. . . 'A Publication of the Students.' Hardly!"

Exit M and B. for a belated rest, muttering "curses not loud but deep," applicable to the entire situation, entertaining cynical thoughts on the extent of man's generosity, and nursing darker ones on his ultimate fate; and leaving the office looking like the Crafts room after Section Five have done it over. Likewise, exit a subdued, weary Spy.

I think I might try my hand at a letter to the Editor next week.

Final word: If ever you're bored, visit "Talkabout" office. I'd recommend Sunday as a particularly interesting time—and bring your pen.

M.H.

## Midnight Mission

The door opens silently on oiled hinges, and a sinister figure glides down the dim corridor, stealth in every movement. Furtive glances to either side, as she passes doors behind which the occupants, unsuspecting, sleep soundly. Very soundly, from the deep sighs and gentle snores from several rooms.

But what is this she is carrying? A toothbrush? Surely she is not going to . . . but, no, here is a box of paints and armfuls of newspaper. At the corner of the corridor a heater is encountered, and paints scatter. Newspaper follows these. Whispered curses, as she stands, poised to catch any sound of disturbed slumber. But all is quiet except for restless rustlings from Room —.

Still quivering, she gathers up her paraphernalia and moves steadfastly forward into the almost tangible blackness of the passage. She moves more confidently now, for she knows it would take an earthquake to wake the people snoring not-so-gently in these rooms.

At last courage is rewarded, and the goal is in sight. At the end of the corridor a door is outlined, light gleaming from beneath it. On seeing the light, the heroine trembles with foreboding, but she resolutely pushes on. The moment has arrived—and so has the door. Grasping the handle firmly she flings it open dramatically and gazes about the lighted room.

Victory! The common-room is empty, and the table almost unoccupied. The black cat and several dozen books are easily disposed of. The time has come! Carefully the paper is spread over the table—a protective measure. Paints are opened, gauze placed beside toothbrush, and all is ready to begin spattering. Yes, Mr. Donnison's ultimatum has been announced: "All spatter marks must be in by Friday." This is Thursday; hence the midnight pilgrimage—the only time when you can be reasonably certain of space on the common-room table.

"Well, now that I'm here, where do I start?" So run the thoughts of our heroine, as she stifles a yawn. "I have to do an edge stencil with a regular design. I could have triangles and squares for a mosque. Or perhaps semi-circles. No, triangles will do. Where's the—ah, d—, I've forgotten the scissors."

Hasty feet patter—er, I mean, thump, back to the room, where there is a hurried search for the elusive scissors, in the dark. These are duly found, after falling over a pile of tenthooks which should have been returned the previous week.

Back to the common-room, where several packets of pins are used to pin the masque in position. This accomplished, the toothbrush is scrubbed energetically over the paints, till it is covered with colour. Now, according to directions, you do not start spattering till hardly any colour remains in the brush, so being a conscientious student, our heroine removes excess colour by spattering a piece of newspaper. The blotches that do land on her paper won't make that much difference.

Now, everything should be perfect. Grasping the gauze firmly in one hand, our heroine enthusiast's ally rubs the toothbrush over it with the other. After several minutes of this, she lifts the masque to see the result. A faint, anaemic yellow tinge shows where the masque had been.

"That's no good," cries the heroine in despair. "I can't see it. It's no use removing all the colour from the brush. I'll fix it." So saying, she once more applies the brush to the paint, but this time she rubs it directly over the gauze. She forgot to pin the masque down again, so it moves as she starts to scrub the brush over the gauze. Great splotches of colour fall on to the paper, but our heroine is undisturbed. "Well, anyway, I can see it now," she murmurs.

The process is repeated, using different colours, which promptly mix with the previous ones. The ghastly effect of purple used next to yellow and pink is not lost on her, but is she worried? "That design has a story in it," she exclaims happily.

But ceaseless rubbing is beginning to tell. She finds difficulty now in lifting her right arm, but struggles manfully (sorry, womanfully) on. However, when after two hours she has spattered herself, the table, the wall and three inches of the paper, even her tremendous courage begins to wane. Another half-hour, and she succumbs.

"Spattering bed—" she cries in disgust as she flings down brush and gauze. "I'm going back to bed before I go completely mad."

B.J.H.

## Lest You Forget

Dempsey—tennis at St. Pat's,  
 Wiseman—"Puddy,"  
 Chidzey—irresistible charm,  
 Welfare—sport,  
 Carey—"Kessy" at Quiet Time,  
 Robinson, J.—impeccable appearance,  
 Wallbridge—swotting,  
 Williams—beautiful dreamer,  
 Smith Dawn—"hi, celery, let's stalk,"  
 Denton—"wow-ee!"  
 Scott—dainty little lass,  
 Wilkinson—"I couldn't care less,"  
 Comino—nightly dozen't,  
 Lonergan—"Sparrow."  
 Evans—"darling, oh hell!"  
 Debnam—"Scrub."  
 Mitcheson—waltzes on recorder flutes,  
 Sanders—witticisms,  
 Smith, Joan—the poster artist,  
 Noble—picture fiend,  
 Abraham—that laugh,

McIntyre—"Cuddles,"  
 Walshaw—"all the cowhands want to marry Harriet—Boom, boom!"  
 Moore—phys. ed. hanger on,  
 Nielsen—"Prieta, pass the . . ."  
 Lopez—heart of gold,  
 Grahame—bored expressions,  
 Armstrong—"hey- kiddo,"  
 O'Neill—"Patsy,"  
 Smith, Cathy—humour,  
 Perry—art appeal in letters,  
 McGee—College hair setter,  
 Ison—those beaut. midnight feeds,  
 Yonge—Yong-ee, the Girl Guide,  
 Fisher—the corridor songster,  
 Whitechurch—everyone else's art assignments,  
 Dominish—breakfast in bed,  
 Hicks—bluntness,  
 J. Johnston—washing her hair,  
 R. Johnston—College dressmaker,  
 Baker—pouring oil on troubled waters,  
 Kimber—riding pillion behind beaut. blonde,  
 Hinten—viz-ed aids,  
 Byrne—teaching "Little Bluebird,"  
 Lenny—"BRO,"  
 Brodie—Coming **BARB**,"  
 Coles—aesthetic sole,  
 Hulme—dimples and blue eyes,  
 McInerney—vocal gymnastics,  
 Hill—"Moby Dick" in option,  
 Adams—trick quicksteps,  
 Fealy—"the A-RABS,"  
 Keen—"Sh-hoo fly pie,"  
 McKerrow—reading at late hours,  
 Bosler—"not bloody likely,"  
 Andrew—"Annie Mildew,"  
 Mainwaring—"Honestly, Miss Hockey,"  
 Coddington—high jump,  
 Smyth—"good night, sleep tight, pleasant dreams, God bless you . . ."  
 Daniels—"Moira, kiss me good-night,"  
 Ferguson—giving Don his milk bath,  
 Adcock—"Kelly" being conscie,  
 Robinson, G.—extensive wardrobe,  
 Bowers—"the Duchess,"  
 Davies—that blue frock,  
 Roberts—superb knitted sweaters,  
 Fawcett—College tomboy,  
 Tanner—that smile!  
 McCulloch—"Fifi,"  
 Barber—"O Arty,"  
 Lane—keeper of the key,  
 Brown—yellow sloppy joe,  
 Erskine—Jean Erskine trophy,  
 McCloughlan—that voice,  
 Cowan—the little boy,  
 Fryer—"where did you get them words?"  
 Wilcox—"Dr. Mac,"  
 Hartnett—tough guy,  
 Collins—so suave,  
 Bieler—"Cuddles,"  
 Cox—a true gentleman,  
 Elliot—roof sitting,  
 Debenham—the flying winger,  
 T. Gleeson—"young 'un,"  
 G. Gleeson—"little bit of shush, please!"  
 Parsons—radios and inventions,  
 Davis—"Big George,"  
 Davis, D.—improvisation on piano,  
 Munro—"Darby eating . . ."  
 James—"Stick,"  
 Jones—"Bonesy,"  
 Quinn—"take a pair of sparkling eyes,"  
 Hutton—"J.C., A.Mus.A.,"  
 Brew—Hockey,  
 Wilson—verbosity,  
 McLean—"righto, boss!"  
 Kennedy—poker face,  
 Orange—similar to Kennedy but quieter,  
 Smith—the footballer,  
 Thompson—a wee bit o' Scotch,

Squires—the barber,  
 Westly—physique,  
 Hodges—goal kicking,  
 Whittaker—Japanese yarns,  
 Thorley—down the road a piece,  
 Hildebrand—the debater,  
 MacMicking—Goog,  
 Millar—Mussy the Pioneer President,  
 Thomas—little two-stroke "Unk,"  
 Williams—Bourke,  
 Akhurst—Art and Craft,  
 Fletcher—"Chiefy-pie,"  
 Rees—the beard,  
 Bell—Brunswick Heads,  
 Clifford—banana bending machine,  
 Skein—Barney the small schoolie,  
 Yabsley—coppertop cricketer,  
 Keough—gym boots,  
 Gibbs—Doolittle,  
 Rascall—Don Juan,  
 Poole—Yogi,  
 Robertson—the mile of first athletic carnival.  
 O'Sullivan—"Whisky Johnnie,"  
 O'Ryan—Higgins,  
 Logan—laryngitis in "Trial,"  
 Swan—"you filthy thing,"  
 Cullen—the basher,  
 Cummins—Claude.  
 Rummery—Duke and Sir Joseph,  
 Boyle—your grin,  
 Willard—tennis,  
 Brewster—"such a ladies' man,"  
 Webb—"Yackabluey,"  
 McEvoy—the red hornet,  
 Wallace—"I want a good 'un or I won't go,"  
 Wood—parallel bar work,  
 Bricknell—"Old Nick,"  
 Curren—"Excuse me, please,"  
 Taylor—Dr. Clayton,  
 Lyons—broad jump,  
 Hale—"Pillaga forever,"  
 Davidson—viz-ed interjections,  
 Nilon—ref. of girls' football.

"THE 5M's."

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 Maurice Pitfield.

Sports Editors: Alan Buckingham, Geoff Speiler.

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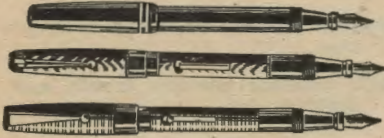
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## So Long, Smithy

This brief and I fear incomplete tribute to an old friend is long overdue.

We all know Smithy and though we have never shown it, have always appreciated his generosity and kindness.

Looking back we will more often think of the spectacular incidents in College life, but in quieter moments we will sometimes remember Smithy.

The student body thank you, Mr. Smith, for two year's loyal and efficient service.

So long, Smithy!

JOHN O.

## The Small Schools' Teacher

HE'S GIGANTIC; HE'S COLOSSAL;  
SUPER-HUMAN; SUPER-STRENGTH

It all began away back in his dim distant College career when the sound of "An All Men's Section" fell upon his trumpet-like ears. He was a meagre little fellow with a giant sense of inferiority, forever shunning the company of the opposite sex. Here was a shell he could crawl into—a "small man's" world, just the place for a man's man (three hearty slaps on his chest and he coughs violently).

That year soon passed and out he went into the wide, wide world—half an inch taller and with a chest expansion of at least three-quarters of an inch, but in body and soul he was still one of the "small men." Swinging his little legs (which incidentally don't anywhere near touch the floor) he is perched in a good sitting position on a N.S.W. train that is taking him to his first appointment—Lost Town, in Lost Valley, on the Lost River and it is the "lost" word in architecture.

Needless to describe the results of the first sight of the converted sheep shed to the little man, nor to the results of his first year out. They and the few ensuing years are best forgotten. Instead, let us consider that experienced man of fifteen years hence. Now at his second appointment—Muggins Town on Muggins Creek, and the delightful part of his teaching there is roll call. Half the class are Muggins and the other ten are his donation to the school's numbers.

By now he is not such a small man—his chest measurement is the same, but, oh! that waistline. But what can you expect since he married the best cook and bottlewasher in the town. She may not have refinery, as they say, but she certainly finds the way to his heart—through his stomach.

Experience, he has found, changes a man quite considerably—gone are those noble ambitions, gone are his broad horizons and gone too are all his College methods. At first he tried so hard—friezes, projects and patent methods. The rats ate through the friezes for the paste on their backs,

the possums ate the flour and salt in his projects and all his revised methods failed horribly. One of these was to try to give a narrative to the lower division and one to the upper division at the same time. There was only one way out and that was to talk through his ears and to listen with his mouth. He practised in front of the mirror each night. Talking through your ears was simple—there was nothing to it, but the whole system failed because his mouth was incapable of chewing gum, smoking tobacco and listening at the same time.

Bravely, too, he had persevered with his projects. He had built them up as fast as the possums had chewed them down, but when, one night, he had heard one possum say to the next, "You can't imagine how tired I am of this flour and salt, but I just can't deprive this poor fellow of his Class Activity." Well, I ask you, wouldn't that have been enough to have stopped you too from attempting any more.

With friezes, narratives, projects, music and singing (he was quite tone deaf) out of his time-table his teaching was made much simpler. For spelling he taught the names of the plants in his vegetable garden; for craft he had them print them on boards, and in nature study they went out matching the plants and the boards and leaving them there (somewhat handy for the teacher); for poetry they recited twenty times—

"Little deeds are like little weeds,  
They grow to flowers or to weeds,"  
and after that he would turn them out with a shovel in one hand, a packet of seeds in the other and told to learn by doing whether it was so or not. The results of their experiments—a splendid garden and most profitable (for who?).

In fact, the little man is so enrapt in his work that the Department have obligingly allotted him a house within the school grounds, so that he is never separated from his beloved profession.

And now we must say "good-bye" to that noble mortal set in his glorious florid dwelling in that ornate rural setting and return once more to our struggling diligent spheres, but perhaps on some sunny day in the distant future we may visit once more that twentieth century Utopia and who knows, but, by then, he may even have had a third appointment. That lucky man—that super-human—the small school teacher.

N.B.: All he-women intending to join the Small School Section—it is believed that the course is one of commando training, so take their motto and "look before you leap."

"v."

## Letters to the Editor

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.

Dear Sir—Recently (to be precise, on Wednesday) I was privileged, or, more correctly, unfortunate enough, to see, on the part of those students practicing teaching at Junee, a display of that apathy towards all things which are for their own betterment. I have often read in your excellent publication of this total lack of interest but, to be quite truthful, I found it hard to believe until, as I have said, I found it forcibly brought home to me. In this case, I am afraid, it was not merely apathy but actual belligerence.

I realise, of course, that there will be those who find this hard to believe. Had I not witnessed this disgusting incident myself I, too, would have experienced difficulty in bringing myself to believe that certain students of our College could be so lazy and so void of ambition.

I refer, Sir, to the incident of last Wednesday when the buses on the Junee route were forced to delay their journey to the practice schools for fear of becoming bogged. To make my meaning clearer—the road had become impassable, as it had been turned into a quagmire by the inclement weather of the previous day. Naturally I expected to hear groans of horror and dismay. After all, this is the reaction that one would expect from eager young students aspiring to achieve perfection in the noble profession they have chosen. However, after seeing and hearing that which I did, I can conclude only that these students are neither eager nor aspiring.

"And what," you might ask, "was the reaction to this lamentable incident—this reaction that left me so amazed? I saw with my own eyes, Sir, these students who will be the teachers of to-morrow—teachers who will be responsible for the outlook adopted by thousands of innocent children—actually dancing for joy, clapping hands, and making various other outward signs that are evidence of ecstasy within. I heard them laughing, cheering, and expressing the wish that we would not arrive at school at all. I have already said that this attitude shocked me, but I think it bears repeating. I was shocked.

I find it, as no doubt you will, hard to believe that students could so take advantage of an act of Providence. However, I have forced this realisation upon myself and, should you need confirmation of my startling disclosure, I feel sure that it will be readily forthcoming from the students concerned.

I have no doubt that they have seen the error of their ways, and the shame they must feel will make them confess for, in so doing, they will relieve their minds not a little. I feel sure that no one will put any complexion other than the one given by me on the situation.  
—Yours, etc,

J.A.B.

Dear Sir,—“A Student,” however carefully he has watched the first year issues of “Talkabout,” has not taken the trouble to listen to his English lectures. Writing an emotive, subjective criticism, without even putting down reasons for his conclusions. (Tut, tut—Mr. Ashworth.) Did he say in his letter on April 8 what the Editor's aims were, or even point out in what way he had failed to carry out these aims? We get merely the bald statement that the Editor obtained his post under false pretences. But perhaps the writer thought the well-known student interest would be so intense that everyone would rush to back copies of “Talkabout” to hunt up the Editorial as I did.

However, the main purpose of this letter is not to criticise “A Student's” method of writing, but to show how completely he is mistaken in what he says.

First, so as not to leave any doubt in the minds of students who have not as yet found the “Talkabout” of November 16, 1948, I will briefly recall the substance of the Editorial which appeared in it.

The main point of this Editorial is that “first year as a body must realise their obligations to themselves.” In other words, that student response to the plea for articles was disappointing. “Of the hundred and fifty first year students, how many even thought of contributing to this issue?”

Then, of course, there is the comment on the standard of articles that were sent in. They showed “almost without exception, lack of thought, time and care.”

Well, this Editorial, then, comments on the contributions received for that issue, and does not as “A Student” inferred, set down aims for running the paper based on student interests. And how is the Editor to know what the students' interests are, when apparently none of them is sufficiently interested in his activities to let the rest of the students know about them?

So much for the content of the Editorial. Now to what extent has the Editor carried out the suggestions made in it? Does he still complain about student apathy, and the standard of articles? Anyone who reads the paper knows the answer to that. I quote the Editorial of April 18 issue:

“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.” Obviously he is at least consistent.

It is absurd to suggest that he obtained the post by false pretences. No one, surely, is foolish enough to suggest that the Editor was chosen solely from the Editorials written. Many other things, such as character, creative skill, interest in the paper, were considered and the present Editor was judged the best candidate under these conditions.

Personally, I think the Editor is doing a fine job under trying conditions, and with practically no support from the student body.

Keep up the good work, Mitch!

“ANOTHER STUDENT.”

## I Wonder

Dull clouds are not so dull as a mind made so by fear

Hard is the word and bitter the thought of “insincere.”

Great love is hard to bear when it is vain,

Seeds of doubt, sown well, make one insane.

Mists don't clear 'til many tears are shed,

Their moisture nurtures growth and doubt is fed.

Kind words in sympathy given do little more

Than irritate the slowly growing sore,

But love and understanding 'twixt the pair

Succeeds above all else and skies grow fair.

Hope, love and faith are patient healers, true,

For on the dead yet deadly ghost life springs anew.

G.E.F.

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