

# TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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## S.R.C. President Speaks

Per medium of our College paper, "Talkabout," I should like to express my thanks to the student body for returning me to office as President of the Students' Representative Council. I have been granted the honour, by the Students' Union, of being representative of them. It will be my earnest endeavour to attempt to fulfil my obligations to you.

I do not regard my win at the elections a personal victory, but a strong vote of confidence in our first year's S.R.C. In this light I shall always regard it, for our first Council was a fine body. Their inexperience, noticeable at first, retired as their term of office neared its closing stages. Their judgments were shrewd and carefully weighed and it is my sincere hope that the new S.R.C. will have a strong core of experienced councillors.

It is with great pleasure on my part that the S.R.C. has such an able, secretary as Miss Lane. Her return to office unopposed speaks for itself. No task was too much for Miss Lane in her first term of office and my respect for her is great.

The first major duty of the S.R.C. will be allocations of money to the clubs requiring assistance. This task is by no means an easy one, but fortified by the lessons received due to mistakes which have been made, I feel certain that this task will be accomplished to the satisfaction of the Students' Union. It may be necessary to cut down certain amounts for various clubs, but I feel sure that if such steps are necessary that the club or clubs affected will realise that all pros and cons have been carefully weighed, and the judgment reached, an impartial one.

I will not enumerate any points of policy but this general one, and that is that the general interests of the Students' Union will always be placed first. However, we want the full blooded support of the student body and continued co-operation in the future. The two factors will make your S.R.C. all the more able to carry out its obligations and duties.

I feel certain that the new S.R.C. will be a very successful governing body and I heartily welcome all the new councillors to their office.

M. MILLAR,  
President, S.R.C.

## Editorial

THANKS to the increased support given "Talkabout" over the last few issues by first years, the financial position, once the cause of so much concern, would now seem assured. We of the Editorial Committee wish to express our thanks to those students, the majority, who are supporting this publication so loyally by buying a certain number of copies regularly. We are, however, bitterly disappointed that so few first or second year students ever attempt to write for "Talkabout."

Even if your literary ability enables you only to aspire to the writing of that calumnious column "Watson," your help in this direction will be appreciated. Remember, first years, it is you who will be responsible for the management of "Talkabout" from the beginning of next year; and I venture to say that you will find the task very difficult unless you realise now that the transfer of responsibility from second year can best be effected by your co-operation throughout the year rather than a rapid and unplanned transfer at the end of the year. The matter is in your hands.

## Salvador Dali

James Joyce's "Ulysses" is banned in this country, but Dali's "Life" ("Secret Life of Salvador Dali" (Dial Press, New York) is not. Why Dali's book is given preferential treatment over "Ulysses" is not clear.

Dali's book does not claim to be literature, but "Ulysses" has had a profound influence on modern writings. The incidents that occur in "Ulysses," and which were cited by the censor as grounds for the banning of that book, are repeated in Dali's "Life."

"The Decameron" is a book that has remained a best seller for centuries, not

because of its literary merits but because of its pornography. This book may be bought over the counter, but only in expensive editions.

The inference that may be drawn here is that the poorer classes may not read this work but that the upper classes may. The working man has to be told what to read because he has not the ability to choose his own literature, that is, his mind is more easily corrupted than the privileged rich.

The censor who has inflicted these conditions on the working class would be the first to deny that the Twentieth Century was not an enlightened age.

Dali's book may be purchased at all large bookshops. This may be for two reasons:

- (a) For the privileged classes to read only. (Price 52/6.)
- (b) The censor is not aware of Dali's existence, let alone of his autobiography.

The book is profusely illustrated with Dali's drawings and photographs. One of the photographs is taken from the Dali surrealist film, "Le Chien Andalou." It depicts two donkeys decaying on the tops of grand pianos. Dali gives an enthusiastic description of the making of this film.

"I made up the putrefaction of the donkeys with great pots of sticky glue which I poured over them. Also I emptied their eye-sockets and made them larger by hacking them out with scissors. In the same way I furiously cut their mouths open to make the rows of their teeth show to better advantage, and I added several jaws to each mouth, so that it would appear that although the donkeys were already rotting they were vomiting up a little more of their own death, above those other rows of teeth formed by the keys of the black pianos."

Dali, as the above quotation shows, is suffering from necrophilia. He admits this, but says he is now cured. He is also an extreme egoist.

"At the age of six I wanted to be a cook. At seven I wanted to be Napoleon. And my ambition has been growing ever since." This is the opening paragraph of an incredible book by an incredible man.

It has been said of Dali that he does not suffer from those convenient lapses of memory so common to most authors when they are faced with the problem of writing about themselves. "Dali has



held nothing back." In fact, Dali does not know when to stop, and, with his vivid imagination, enlarges on his biography with unbelievable and impossible fantasies. Picasso said of Dali that his imagination reminded him of an out-board motor continually running.

Unlike other biographies Dali's does not start at his birth but with his "intra-uterine memories." Some of Dali's purple passages excel Stella Gibbons' triple-asterisked gems of "Cold Comfort Farm." In describing the flesh of a shell fish, he writes: "...the soft and nutritive delirium of its insides, sheltered against all profanation."

Dali says of Della Porta's recipe for cooking a turkey without killing it ("Natural Magic")—"to achieve that supreme refinement: to make it possible to eat it cooked and living."

Dali at five years old: "I looked behind to make sure no one was watching us and gave the child a quick push off the bridge. He landed on some rocks fifteen feet below."

Dali at six years old: "I caught sight of my little three-year-old sister crawling unobtrusively through a doorway. I stopped, hesitated a second, then gave her a terrible kick in the head as though it had been a ball, and continued running, carried away with a delirious joy induced by this savage act."

Dali had lost the belt of his dressing gown, so he used an electric cord instead. Attached to the cord was a globe which he used for a buckle.

"No one yet noticed the lamp which dangled behind me, right against my buttocks. After a polite introduction I sat down, crushing the lamp against the chair and causing the bulb to burst like a bomb."

There is nothing that Dali has not done.

"I met a legless blind man sitting in his little cart. The street was deserted. I went up to the blind man and with a thrust of my foot against the back of his cart I gave him a kick that sent him scooting all the way across the Boulevard Edgar-Quinet. He became suddenly more humble and in keeping with the modesty which his state of physical degradation dictated, I saw the lemon-coloured spider of cowardice cross his absent gaze."

"Dali's book is a strange picture, made humorous, aggressive, offensive, fanatically provoking, yet unwillingly beautiful. Look for the conscious: you will find an intelligence respectful of tradition and a heart craving for faith" (Andre Maurois).

The last words of Dali are: "At this moment I do not yet have faith, and I fear I shall die without heaven."

If this book is a factual autobiography, which I very much doubt, Dali has renounced all claims to be ever classed as a rational human being.

It would be nearer the mark to say that Dali is a good showman and is aiming for some extra publicity to keep his name before the public eye.

J.M.A.

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

## Clancy's Vision

Do you remember Clancy? It was he who

"... saw the vision splendid  
Of the sunlit plains extended  
And at night the wondrous glory of  
the everlasting stars."

Do you see these things or do you unsuspectingly pass them by? Have you paused to survey the land sloping away to the horizon? Have you watched this horizon gradually unveil from a morning fog or fade quietly behind the curtain of twilight? Interesting and beautiful as the land itself may be, it is often surpassed by the sky. The pink and gold clouds of dawn cluster together for warmth. So do the red, gold and orange clouds of sunset. Each gathers round the fire. At dawn the fire is gradually growing. It gives a picture of the day to come. At sunset it is gradually dying and mirrors the day that has been.

Right through the day clouds form different pictures. Sometimes they are like masses of sheep and at other times like fine feathers, but always they are interesting and beautiful.

At night the clouds cannot be seen so clearly but are replaced by the stars. As some of you no doubt know, round Kosciusko

"... the air is clear as crystal  
And the white stars fairly blaze  
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky."

To me, the stars shine always as though they had a message to tell. They spatter the dark heavens like dew on a lawn. They tell stories like that of "The Milky Way" or "How the Southern Cross Was Formed." At night, too, the moon shines like a large yellow balloon. Sometimes it is streaked with red and still I see in it the pictures I saw as a child.

One of the most interesting and beautiful times to study the sky is during a thunderstorm. How many of you have been stirred by the sharp whip-cracks of thunder, followed by the bellowing of beasts whose nostrils breathe red, blue and gold fire. Even those of you who are frightened by it must surely appreciate its beauty.

Look then to the sky as well as the earth for pictures of true beauty. Look to its colours, its clouds and its stars.

WYN WALSHAW.

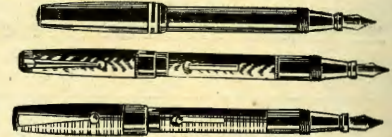
### ATTENTION, LITTLE THEATRE!

The asylum inmate borrowed three long books every morning and returned them at night. The librarian tested him with a telephone directory. Sure enough, he came back in two hours. "Don't tell me you've finished that book already!" gasped the librarian. "I certainly have," answered the touched one. "The plot was rotten, but boy, O boy, what a cast!"

A fool and his money get parted,  
Experience teaches us so.  
But where, oh where, in the first place  
Did the fool get hold of the dough?

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1948

## WAGGA SHOW

August 24<sup>th</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> 26<sup>th</sup>

Once there was a chap who didn't use the right kind of soap, the advertisements said. He wasn't popular with his friends, either of them. Nobody asked him to go places. So what! Nobody borrowed any money from him. And he could always get a seat in the Dem. bus. And nobody would come to his table till he had eaten his fill. What a life! He gives us his secret: If you want to be well and healthy, chew onions, but don't breathe it to a soul.





Latest in tennis fashions:

Margaret G. lightly clad in scarf, slacks and an outside sheepskin.

Arthur wore a loud red scarf topped by a dashing white panama.

Where was Scotty when called play her set—perhaps playing another love game with Merv.

We hear that Mick likes holding Hanns.

How are the Mullins biting, George?

Somebody mentioned that Claire McK's favourite colour is royal blue. Don't get your wings singed, Claire.

Believe Ray is Parson over all the second years in a Ruthless fashion. Let's Poole our resources, girls, and get crackin'.

Just can't find out what Society issues Ken's badge that he wears on his lapel.

Saw three lecturers at pictures the other night. One was a crafty fellow, one attended for psychological reasons, and the other was a hapless chap—perhaps because their three better halves were ??

Hallelujah! Effie seems to have recovered from her strenuous tennis.

Ted (you filthy thing) Swan apparently decided to let the other sports have a chance in the hurdles. Aw, shucks!

Boris sure is the freshair type, but Miss Wylie must have been worried lest he catch pneumonia the other morning at breakfast.

We note that Mr. P. is giving Mr. Wilcox some keen competition in the removing of students from the lecture rooms. Don't forget those manuscripts, they are just as important as washers.

Notice to all hungry students: Do not supplement your diet during lectures.

N.B.: "Swallow It" Meg Adams and "Surely you're not eating," Mr. Munroe.

G.E.M.

## Students' Christian Movement

Recently, Miss Leila Giles, travelling Secretary of A.S.C.M., addressed a group of students on the history, aims and work of the Student Christian Movement. After a brief yet capable survey of the history of the World Student Christian Federation, which was established in 1895 and of which A.S.C.M. is a member, Miss Giles explained the ideals of the S.C.M. "This movement is interdenominational, not undemoninational," the speaker emphasised. "God has chosen the ages to work through the Church, not without it. We must continually strive for reunion; we must study our own Church traditions and the result of its policy. Student Christian Movement conferences have been solidly behind the ecumenical movement which aims at reuniting all churches within Christendom."

### MESSAGE

"The message of the movement is no less than that of the Church itself," Miss Giles continued. "It is to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ." S.C.M. has very definite principles, but it offers all students an opportunity of bringing forward their problems to be discussed in an intellectual atmosphere. There is a fusion of intellect and emotion in will, and the movement offers an intellectual approach to religion, believing that students require "a reasonable faith," which can be applied not only to one's personal relationship with God, but which can be of value in helping the Christian student in forming attitudes towards his environment, and problems which occur in everyday life.

### COMMISSIONS

S.C.M. is represented on several international commissions. The International Commission on Christianity and Politics is concerned primarily with the attitude of the Christian to politics and public questions. The Christian student of necessity must be prepared to play his part in the community; he must be active in matters relevant to the physical, social, economic, intellectual and spiritual welfare of his fellows. "Christianity in practice" could well summarise the work of this commission. Another international body, the Universities Commission, is attempting to heal the breach in the student-lecturer or

student-professor relationship which has occurred over the years. Universities and colleges are prone to present the student with a surfeit of irrelevant material and have become mere "degree shops." S.C.M. contends that the real function of the tertiary institution is to present the fundamental issues of life and to assist the student to gain a philosophy of life embracing all that is valuable and noble in knowledge.

One of the most important aspects of S.C.M. influence in the international sphere was the recent World Youth Conference held at Oslo. Here students from 48 nations, some of which had recently been at war, some whose political and social philosophies were violently opposed, met together to exchange "a handshake beneath the Cross." Students had something in common—they were all Christians.

In the light of God's word they were prepared to meet and discuss the problems which would have been insoluble to any other approach. The World Youth Conference has shown that international co-operation between nations is possible and practicable if people throughout the world can become more sympathetic, more understanding, towards the other fellow. Here lies the task of the Christian in the community—can he accept this challenge to his faith and believing "that a little leaveneth the lump" set out to do everything in his power to work for international goodwill.

Miss Giles concluded her most interesting address by urging students to realise that a great bond of common beliefs and experience united students the world over.

Bruce Logan, President of S.C.M., thanked Miss Giles for her most interesting and instructive address, and the meeting assumed an air of informality whilst a discussion was held on the future work of the movement in the College. It was ultimately resolved that a weekly study group should be held and that later the implications of Christianity in social relationships should be considered.

Membership is open to all—the movement is interdenominational—so if you consider that its aims and ideals can be of assistance to you—or if you have any problems you wish to discuss—or if you are merely interested, we shall be pleased to welcome you at our meetings, which are held every Tuesday night in Room 5.

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The Wagga basket ball competition began in 1947 and so impressed were the competing teams by the attitude of Teachers' College that they decided to start the competition anew so that the newly formed College teams would not be handicapped. Superior skill combined with lusty barracking resulted in both teams having fairly easy victories in the first round. On meeting their opponents the second time it was quite obvious that these had benefited from regular competition, and although they did not succeed in defeating College, their defeats were not so obvious. College II, however, won the finals, scoring one goal more than the firsts and will be presented with a cup this season.

With the advent of the Freshers there were enough players for College to enter four teams in the local competition, and it is from these four teams that the inter-Collegiate team has been selected as follows: Edna Baker (goal thrower), Ronnie Reen (attack goal), Joan Cuskie (attack wing), Marg. Welfare (centre), Margaret Fisher (defence wing), Joan Armstrong (defence), Joyce Robinson (assistant defence), Marie Hulme and Cath Smith (reserves).

These girls lack nothing in ability to play basket ball, and with Miss Brown's coaching should mould into a first grade team able to acquit itself well at Sydney.

Our team lacks only one factor, and that is constant strong competition. They have never suffered defeat, and if their opponents do better than momentarily there is a tendency for the team's co-operation to become less smooth and assured.

If our new uniforms do justification to our girls we shall have an attractive and efficient team to represent us at Balmain, and perhaps they may find supporters among the alien men students. Some citizens of Wagga, students and townspeople, may regret the passing of the era of shorts.

Good luck for the inter-Collegiate match, girls!

This issue is privileged to include an article by that famed orator Brother Jackson (posterity shall ever remember his running commentary on the memorable Culcairn trip) on one aspect of the College annual sports, recently held.

It is necessary to mention here that

Brother Jackson is slightly prejudiced. Nevertheless—

The Gospel according to Rev. Brother Jackson.

Kambu wins tug o' war.

Verily, brothers, I say unto you that on the morning of June 29th a host of Hebrewites were seen to board one of those new-fangled motor chariots and were transported en masse to the battle arena in a most noxious manner.

Few were the cries of victorious Kambutes after entering the arena to do battle with the hosts of the Kabites, Marites and Ippites, but, brethren, the Kambu tribe were assembled on a hill overlooking the arena and many were the imprecations they did hurl forth upon the victors of the Kambutes. Yea, brethren, but then the host saw the light, and in the resulting trial of strength, the most brawny of the Kambutes did descend unto the arena to do combat with the assembled multitudes. And verily, brethren, they were followed by the whole Kambu tribe who did shout encouragement to their warriors. Yea, brethren, the Kabites did then try to pull the muscularis warriors of Kambu through the mire, but verily, brethren, I say unto you, our warriors did, by pulling one slender cord, ingloriously vanquish these Kabites, and verily, brethren, did one Cornellius, the most ferocious of all the Kabi host, rain curses upon his warriors, with cries of "Pull, heave, pull!" and so on.

And yea verily, brethren, did the Kambu host again and again rampage the battlefield, vanquishing both Ipai and Mari tribes, and so great was the strength of the Kambu host that the cord, which would have held ten chariot horses, did split into a thousand pieces, and they did truly drag the opposing warriors through the mire.

Then, brethren, the Kambu host did retire from the field and long did their victory-cry rend the air.

Here endeth the first lesson.

## Ode to Casanova

There is a young man called Davies  
Who over all women has rabies.

His bottle, 'twas proved,  
Was strangely removed,  
So he near broke out in scabies.

Where is that thing for hot water?  
Oh, wouldn't he love to know.

But Maurice is tough,  
His feet warm enough,  
As red bed-socks keep out the snow.

Of all the young wolves in first year  
Sir Maurice is greatest of all.

He leers and he smiles,  
Young freshers beguiles,  
This he ably proved at our ball.

Maurice goes in for great numbers  
Of gay ties and new girl friends both.

Don't take this too hard,  
It's meant in good part,  
But take care you don't give your oath.

"THE TWO JAYS."

## HOW STUNNING!

The fortune-teller gazed into his crystal ball then suddenly burst out laughing. The young lady client rose and smacked him on the face. "Why did you do that?" asked the astounded clairvoyant. "My mother," she said, "always told me to strike a happy medium."

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**Youth Service**

On Sunday, 27th June, it was very happily noted by the powers that be that the students—or a large body of them—had suddenly realised what was missing in their young lives—had felt the need of spiritual comfort and a general uplifting of their souls, as it were, was required. To this end there started an enthusiastic surge churchwards. In fact, it was also noted that so great was this feeling, most of the enthusiasts left the College several hours before the evening services were scheduled to commence, to ensure they didn't "miss out" (the service, of course!). It is to be deplored that some cynics thought that the Youth Tea which was to be held in the Presbyterian Church Hall was the real and only goal. Such a material outlook is depressing, for when all is said and done who could say that students think so highly of such earthly things especially when all the good things of life are lavished on them daily in the dining hall! Of course, they could not refuse refreshments offered en route—how could they offend such hospitality? And here again their enthusiasm is to be commended, for it was found when the munching had eventually died down there was no need to call for volunteer washer-uppers—truly a remarkable cleaning up job was done by all. A passing thought here is that if all efforts in College life are marked by a like energy and fervour what a future awaits the W.W.T.C.—even beyond Mr. Blakemore's hopes and dreams . . .

It was and is a rather puzzling fact that a few of the enthusiasts somehow lost their way between the hall and the church—it must have been very disappointing to them, and I think that signposts could be erected showing the way so that should the next revival of religious fervour happen to coincide with a monthly tea there will be no danger of disappointed students having to find their way townwards in error.

But to continue in more serious vein, the day was really an important one, as it marked the Students' Day of Prayer throughout the world, and in recognition of this Mr. Blakemore kindly gave his permission for students to take part in the church services of the day. Among those who notably took part were Bruce Logan and Mr. Donnison of the lecturing staff. Congratulations are due to Bruce for his competent handling of both the children's address and the evening sermon. He spoke clearly and with sincerity suiting his message in the morning to his young listeners and then in the evening changing his tactics to really drive home to the congregation how youth of to-day is really trying to bring some sort of order into this crazy world of ours, despite a shortage of youth leaders and many many discouragements in every-day life. It is heartening to feel that despite the many criticisms levelled at the heads of our young people to-day there are a large number really con-

cerned with the more vital and fundamental things of life and are attempting in their own small way to roll up their sleeves and really do something worth while.

Mr. Donnison's handling of a difficult prayer reading leads one to believe that should the Education Department fail him there will always be another vocation in which he could shine.

Another who also handled the reading of a prayer competently and sincerely was Ian Thomas, and before concluding, very definite mention must be made of the part that several of the women students played on this important day. Norma Nielsen rendered two really lovely solos that, forgetting one's surroundings, one felt inclined to applaud in appreciation. Pat Ferguson and Joan Cox seemed quite at home in the pulpit and although their voices didn't have quite the carrying quality necessary for the large congregations present at each service; nevertheless, they carried through what must have been rather an ordeal, when all is said and done, in a manner which augurs well for future public speaking.

An excellent job was done by all who participated, and it is occasions like this that really bring home to the people of Wagga Wagga that there is a Teachers' Training College in their midst—a college which is taking an increasingly important part in the cultural, spiritual and sporting life of the community, and this realisation is adding to the reputation that the College is slowly but surely building up—a reputation which even in its infancy it can be proud to pass on to each new batch of students as they enter into College file.

**"COLLEGE WIFE."**

**BIRTH**

To Sheba (nee—don't ask such questions), of "Doo Drop In," Teachers' College, Wagga, on 10/7/48—quadruplets. Both mother and four progeny are progressing favourably. Mr. Lonsdale requests that no more congratulatory telegrams be addressed to the office, as their translation into cat language without the assistance of \_\_\_\_\_, who is temporarily indisposed, constitutes a task which threatens the expeditious payment of the next student dole.

**DEATH**

To gloom in "Talkabout" office which now boasts a radiator, four glorious pictures and the inevitable bull's horns. For the pictures we have to thank Mary Comino, who chose "Thatched Cottages" and "Summer" during a recent visit to Sydney; for the horns the generosity of Duke of Plaza Toro—Dave Rummery.

**"TALKABOUT"**

Editor: Alan Fryer.

Sub-Editors:

June Scott, Dave Rummery

Business Manager: Jim O'Ryan.



## What Offers?

Perchance, in an idle hour or two you may wonder what to do. Then spend your time in an office new, "Talkabout," the target for review.

In a dingy office, but well heated by a radiator, the "big shots" labour at their arduous task of preparing the next issue. Really, it's an experience to see the difficulties under which these stalwarts work. Ah! but wait, it is not the only experience that can be gained by one adventurous for conversation and its broad avenues.

On entering, the Editor, "in stately garb," will probably cross-examine you to ascertain whether the article you promised to write is yet written. While answering no he will bluntly reply that it is not his wish to converse until that article is forthcoming. "And make it good!"

Do not be rebuffed by his abrupt and terse manner, but pull up a chair and hope for the best. After all, the Ed. is only a human and whether you be male or female, everybody has equal rights. In fact, I remember an article in the previous issue. Now contrary to expectation he doesn't say much for a short perior (?); he merely sits behind the table, flashing the blade of his mighty weapon or correcting the inaccurate incisions of the less skilful artists.

You may ask, "Does this silence last?" No, of course it doesn't. Almost immediately it is shattered by the reading of a misconstrued sentence that has appeared. The Ed. wishes to consult the Sub-Eds. on the matter.

This chap, an astute gent to look at, curiously asks the contributor's name. On receiving it he inquires if it is correct that he is "doing a line" with so-and-so, as he heard they were in the Arts and Crafts room on such-and-such a night. Thus the ball begins rolling. At first with little momentum, however gathering speed until no moss would dare to gather. As soon as one topic is exhausted a branch subject appears, then another, and another. The door opens and Miss A appears. Instantly she is literally pounced upon by the Ed. (sorry, metaphorically) and asked (courteously) if she would be so kind to find Misses X, Y and Z and have them present themselves at the office. He is informed that Misses X and Y are out, but Miss Z should not be hard to locate as it is yet afternoon. To this he merely stares at the closing door with that exclusive grin.

Whatever you do don't argue on an interesting subject, or else you will find yourself with pen in hand, scratching your head, frowning and cursing the person who caused you to have to put your views on paper. They are clever at this type of confidence work, so it would be an excellent idea if you took your own pen as the pen situation is not the best and your own would no doubt be much more comfortable than the one that would be placed at your disposal.

After a thorough review of the material on hand for the next issue the Ed. remarks casually that there is a dearth of jokes. Obligingly the Sub-Ed. replies, "Just a minute, Al, and I'll whip up a few." This will no doubt account for your ignorance in assessing their quality in previous issues.

I implore you to take this advice. Don't lean back on the chairs provided. You will mark the lino of the sanctus-sanctorum, and Al is responsible for it. Seemingly the words of the master have taken effect upon him, for he is not easy to "steady" if he finds you guilty of this capital offence.

Let it not enter your head that their duty is all drudgery. In my short period of observation at the office it was unanimous that if food were supplied they would live there. I don't doubt this, as they do everything there but eat; the only reason I can put forward why they don't eat is that financially the paper is not an absolute gold-mine. As yet.

They are very economical, especially where paper is concerned, and should only a quarter of a page be needed to finish off an article, then it is automatically lengthened so as to conserve the valuable wood pulp. This is where we get all our interesting facts from. I wonder?

If you are "not up to the intellectual pressure of the conversation," as you won't be on many occasions, don't be deterred from making your own deductions as to what their intended meaning is. From one such conversation I gathered that the main aim of the paper was to call objects by "anything but their name." This has a broad meaning, but with a little foresight I can visualise the Editor in a somewhat similar predicament as a character in "Winesburg Ohio," who, tired of life, retired to his room, invented imaginary people to whom he could talk and explain himself to, and stayed with his people of fancy, "playing with them, talking with them, happy as a child is happy." The foresight may be seventy or eighty years in length, but I'd give anything to see Al. playing leap frog in these circumstances.

"Balance," a word which I thought was exclusive to physical education, also enters into the running of this machine. What I refer to is the way they balance the wingeing in one issue with the praise in another. It is purely the work of artists.

Problems from simple addition to broken hearts are readily solved. Nothing is too difficult for the geni of this a-cad-amy.

Your education at this College is incomplete if on some idle occasion you don't saunter along to the office, take a seat under the pretence of writing an article, join in the merry gabble and take note of the expressions, puns, satires, equivocations and the avenues of exploration. The unintentional inconsistency of their statements is highly amusing, but their "dope" is good and up-to-date. "Watson" would need but half an hour to gather enough of the right information to furnish the column

for weeks to come, and like all good papers they are ahead of the news in most cases.

This office possesses a tone, that my small vocabulary would be inadequate to describe, but I shall say this, that it is set by the lone deserted ornament that decorates one wall, and to my distorted way of thinking every member observes the ornament for fifteen minutes before attempting to put pen to paper. In fact, Al has been having nightmares about it lately.

So go to where these oxometrists dwell, hear their conversations and in the course of events you will most assuredly find a topic which the Editor may receive as your contribution to his worthy paper.

J.H.

## A Challenge Accepted!

Dear Sirs,—In reply to your invitation to criticise on the way sport is run in the College, I would like to say I am impressed by the standard attained by the Rugby League teams, the Blake Cup team in particular, when it is considered that the selection of the team was limited to a mere 75 men, from whom numerous other sporting teams have also to be selected, but the difficulties Freshers must surmount to gain selection in League teams is most disheartening. Could not some petition be made to the responsible body for the waiving of the 28 days' residential ruling for future sessions? This seems to be the main bone of contention from the sporting Fresher's point of view. The standard of athletics in the College falls far below expectations, not being nearly as high, for example, as that in the High School which I attended. The rout of the Pioneers by the Freshers was well worthy of note—"Veni, vidi, vici." Did you note the walk-over? I would like to conclude by wishing those fortunate enough to be in the inter-Collegiate team best of luck.

"HEBREW."

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