



# TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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## LOOKING THINGS OVER . . .

This term is drawing to a close. It has been eventful for all of us, and because of this it seems logical that we, the students, should pause a moment in retrospect before writing "finis" to this chapter of our College career.

**T**HE power shortage has caused great personal discomfort to all of us, but we have been more fortunate in this respect than the people outside who have been restricted far more drastically.

Credit must go to Mrs. Whittaker for her work in the preparation of meals. We must consider ourselves fortunate that the College has been kept open, for we would have been unable to find employment had we been forced to return home.

Along with the discomfort caused by the power shortage we have witnessed heated discussions on the necessity of greeting the day by assimilating a balanced breakfast and the ethical problem of wardrobe-inspections.

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

However, there are two sides to every question, and I am forced to admit that both points of contention, although wrong in principle, are both reasonable and practical.

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

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

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

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

"DEMOS."

### EDITORIAL

**I**T is with regret that I announce that future issues of this publication must be limited to six pages.

In practice, however this will not mean any loss of prestige or lowering of standard. In fact, due to strong support from first year students, I feel confident that future issues of "Talkabout" will set a new standard of interest and efficiency.

No doubt it will be noticed that this particular issue has a number of new features. These may or may not have the desired appeal, but they will give those concerned an indication of the type of article most likely to be accepted by the student body.

This has been a term of great trial. There has been dissention caused not only by the industrial unrest but also from other causes best described as the growing pains of a new and maturing institution. "Talkabout" has been affected by both disturbances, and because of them has been almost non-existent this term.

Next term, however, promises a new era not only for "Talkabout" specifically but for the College in general.

The Editorial staff look forward with great interest. We feel that the period of turbulence has passed and that the future augurs well for the College as a whole.

Those concerned will earnestly strive to produce a paper worthy of a Teachers' College.

JOHN MITCHELL.

### This Is Why

After the sale of the last paper many people asked us why we made no mention of certain matters which have recently caused a deal of discussion among a section of the students.

We were accused, among other things, of not expressing the feelings and attitudes of the students and of actually writing things which were altogether contrary to these attitudes.

We cannot deny that what we did write was not in accordance with what a section, and a large section, of the students wanted. However, we think that we can defend ourselves against the charges which many people made.

Firstly, it is our duty as the Editorial staff to put forward the policy of a majority of the students. We will do this, even, though, personally we may think that the majority is wrong.

With regard to recent issues, events showed that a majority of the students felt that they had no reason to complain. From then on the policy of "Talkabout" on this issue was decided. It must be in compliance with the wishes of these people. Officially, then, our views were the same as those of this majority.

However, we are still entitled to our personal opinions. We are entitled, then, to put forth our own views in the paper as long as we write purely as individuals. If our writing is legible, the matter free of spelling and punctuation mistakes and no grammatical errors glare forth, then the Editor will accept it. If nothing better comes to hand, then it will be printed. However, we might point out that all this applies to every student in the College. If you as an individual have something to tell the world about then tell it, or a small part of it, through the pages of "Talkabout."

Remember, it is easy to criticise. If you really feel strongly about any point, do not wait till we track you down and criticise us while we are doing so. Write to us. If your article fulfils the above

conditions we will print it. We will be glad to hear your views on any subject. We do not want this paper to remain a literary magazine. We want to make it a newspaper in the real sense of the word.

That, then, is our defence. Firstly, as the Editorial staff, our policy was fixed by public opinion. Secondly, as individuals we experienced the same apathy as you, our critics.

JAMES A. BUTLER.

## Don't Read This!

Since you have taken no notice of the warning above, I may as well keep writing. However, once more I say do not go any further. Go to one of the other articles in this issue or close the paper altogether and continue with your study (?).

Curiosity is said to have once killed a cat; it has killed a few people too, as through it they came to know "too much." Most people are possessed of curiosity to some degree; it is innate in us to want to know "why?" to many of the every-day things around us. Happy is the person who has not been dragged around by a child and plagued with questions, quite often of a most embarrassing nature. "What's that?" "What's that man doing?" "Why?" "Gee, isn't she fat?" and the poor woman pulls her maternity coat closer to her body. Ah, yes, happy is that person!

How many times have you, dear reader, gone to the pictures or started to read a book and very soon became quiet bored? How many times, also, have you continued to watch or to read "just to see what happens"? Why do so many women put down their brooms, take off their aprons and turn on the radio to hear their soap-operas? Certainly not to be told, at 9.15, that Rinso washes whites whiter; at 10 a.m., that Persil makes clothes cleaner; at 11 a.m., that Velvet soap makes washing day a holiday; at 2 p.m., that Scram does a better job than all other soaps put together. No, they listen because the heroine is in love with another woman's husband or because Dr. so and so's father's brother's wife is unfaithful and they must hear what happens. Then they turn off the radio and prepare to listen to the morrow's thrilling and absorbing chapters of these "true-to-life" stories. Pure curiosity is the reason for so much interest being displayed and it must be said—to the credit of the authors of these stories—that they succeed in holding interest.

If your curiosity has prevailed so far, I again advise you to stop reading and study your lecture notes. The curiosity of the public is responsible for the popularity of some pictures and some books. Remember that highly noted, super-colossal, super-magnificent and super-everything-else production, "Duel in the Sun"? Or maybe, "Forever Amber"? They were popular because the morbid curiosity of people was roused when they were banned in cer-

tain countries and cities. To be candid, I was never so unimpressed by anything as I was by Lust in the—"I mean "Duel in the Sun."

Do you also remember how overseas sales of "Love Me, Sallor" jumped when Close was jailed? Why? As a matter of fact, I am still trying to get a copy.

Why have you read so far, reader? For the same reason, no doubt, people run to see a fire or a wedding. Speaking of weddings, remember the world interest—actually curiosity—in Rita's wedding, and truly Rita played her best performance for the gallery. We all read the gossip columns, we all want to know the scandal; in fact, we all want to know those things which do not concern us—what business is it of ours if Rita Hayworth wants to marry Aly or anybody else? Thank God I am just ordinary—and have not to pay the price of public life. Yesterday's paper had a small paragraph headed "Twin Beds for Princess and Duke." Of course I read the article, as I suppose did the rest of the paper's subscribers. But why should we want to know how long the twin beds are or whether the famous couple slept in twin beds or on the floor?

By now your curiosity is thoroughly aroused and you should be wondering what in — this is all about. That is, of course, if you have not already seen the point. Curiosity is one of our greatest possessions if used correctly—and by that I don't mean the question asked by many of the men here, "What are the women like?" and vice versa. To gain the full benefit of our innate search for truth and knowledge we must seek in the right directions—the right directions being in the opposite path to our morbid interest in films that are not just so-so and in books that treat of bad women and compromising situations.

Pilate asked, "What is truth?" and then changed the subject; we ask "What is truth?" and follow falsehood. Do not read on if you think I am not going to start to preach because you will be right. Knowledge is our goal, for how are we to teach if we know nothing ourselves. An old maxim is "nemo dat quod nota habet"—no one can give what he does not possess. We must ask to receive, we must seek to find, we must knock to have the door opened. The questions we ask have been asked millions of times and will continue to be asked for generations to come. We must know the answers for the children's questions. Here we should try to learn them and to discover the answer to why? how? what? when? where?

Having persevered thus far you may as well put your paper down. This whole work has been a test of your powers of enquiry. If you have lasted this out you should do well, for I have proved my point—curiosity is innate in man. Well, that's the lot, having satisfied your curiosity now you can stop. By the way, is it time to go to bed? What is the time?

P.S.: Did you look at your watch to find the time?

## Achtung!!

There will be a special dance in the Gym. for the end of term. The Social and Rec. Committee promises an excellent night's fun with lavish prizes for novelties. The date is August 6th—WATCH FOR PUBLICITY.

Some students have been confused by the affairs of Mr. Quinn and Mr. McInerney. The truth is simple. The boys work from a roster.

Are footballers human? This is a poignant question. It will be answered in next week's "Talkabout" by Barry Jackson.

There is no truth in the statement that a well-known second year student wishes to hire out his hot water bottle.

The big duel to be fought out behind the Gym. at fifteen paces—Miss M. Wilson and Miss P. Jorgenson. Mr. C. Yarham, who is familiar with the affair, is to officiate.

## "TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell.

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Sports Editors: Alan Buckingham, Geoff Spiller.

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## Retrospection

The eminent archiologist adjusted his pinc-nez and peered short-sightedly at the book which lap on the table. That the eminent man was in a state of extreme joy, and furthermore that his joy emanated from his possession of the little black book was quite obvious.

"Gentlemen," he said, rubbing his thin hands together (NOTE: Eminent men who wear pinc-nez are generally fussy, and hence they rub their hands when they are extremely pleased.), "I am happy, nay, even delighted, to announce that our earlier pessimistic forebodings have been, in very truth proved to be ill-founded."

The old man's eyes beamed behind his glasses, his face became animated and suffused with a vitality that many would have thought long since dead, and he raised his hand to quell the tumultuous burst of applause that swelled spontaneously and unevoked from the hearts of his distinguished audience. (Naturally, distinguished men address only distinguished audiences.)

At the gesture of the Master, the lesser spirits became quiet and waited as the Great Man picked up the book.

"I repeat," said he, "our former fears, well founded though they seemed, have, owing to the unselfish, unremitting zeal of myself, and others, been proved to be as evanescent as the unsubstantial wraiths of mist which silently melt before the effulgence of the sun.

"This authentic record, recovered after weeks and months of fruitless yet untiring search, has at last, after so long, thrust into the darkened recesses of our minds the candle of knowledge, guiding our hitherto groping steps to a real appreciation of the actual living conditions of the students, in what so long ago was an academy for training young men and women in the acquisition of pedagogical science."

"We," continued the Great Man, "we, the direct descendants of those students; we, who are proud, even honoured to number among our forefathers those enterprising, dauntless young men and women of 1949, who carried on in spite of cold and discomfort during that troubled year; we, I say, realise the full implication of this volume, which alone has survived of all the public records, the disastrous conflagration that incinerated the whole establish-

ment, emanating, it is believed, from room two, Kappa Pi, where a spark was inadvertently allowed to fall on a pile of letters, and these, by reason of their contents, burst into flames, causing the whole establishment to be razed to the ground."

"Such is the legend that has survived, but here," and with a gesture more eloquent than speech could have been, the Master reverently indicated the little book and, his voice charged with emotion, he continued: "There we have the only authentic record, written in the hands of a student from Dormitory 9, of how life proceeded so long ago."

At this juncture the Great Man paused for breath, for even men as great as he do breathe, and yet again the unelicited burst of approbation that swelled from the throats of his hearers, caused the Master to smile with paternal indulgence at the enthusiasm of his supporters. Motioning for silence, he continued: "Let I should weary you with further discussion, I would call on Mr. Lawson, descendant of that once, nay yet famous student of 1949, to read to you excerpts from the diary of his illustrious forefather."

Had we been present at that historic convention, dear reader, I do not doubt we should have questioned the presence of the gentleman referred to, for first impressions seemed to tell one that here was no scholar; here was a mere youth among intellectual giants, but one glance at the eyes would have sufficed to see that there was one whose mental maturity far outstripped the physical, and the bloom of the cheeks, untouched by razor or shaving brush, was belied by the expression of determination, erudition and singleness of purpose shown in his whole demeanour, as he rose to take the proffered volume.

Being unable to reproduce such a distinguished voice, I your chronicler, humbly beg leave to reproduce for you a few of the excerpts from the diary, and if the Editor's munificence be as I have heard, I trust that these precious records will continue to be printed regularly.

DIARY OF WILLIAM LAWSON, AS FROM JUNE 6th, 1949

Week ending June 14th: Well, at last I have arrived at Wagga, and spent a full week at the College. I have been put into Hut 9 with a lot of other students. We are allowed to study every night, and I feel that I shall put in a

very pleasant two years here. On some things I am a little confused, however. I don't think that some of the boys in Hut 9 will do very well at the exams, because when they see me going to study each night, some of them tease me, but I know they'll be sorry when the exams come round. Sometimes they even go to the pictures at night time, when they should be doing assignments, and are very surprised when I refuse to go. Some of them call me "Sonny," and although I have told them my name is Bill they don't take any notice. I don't think they have much sense.

I have had a very bad week. Firstly, I have been woken up each morning at six a.m. by one of the boys who, I think, stands outside my door and sings "The Road to Mandalay." His voice is awful. I think the other boys call him "Wok," but I don't think that's his real name. Then again the other night I had a terrible fright. One of the boys, who wears a false moustache to make him look older, acted in a strange way. Thinking that he was short of razor blades, I told him that Father had plenty of old ones at home that I could get for him, and he shouted, "Fool," and chased me around the room several times. In future I'm going to study hard, and hope to influence the other boys by my good example. One of the boys from room six, who is a section rep., told me that he hadn't got to study once. I was very surprised and asked him why he came here, if not to study. He opened his mouth and gave a peculiar whistle that made the others laugh very loudly. I can't understand it.

Week ending June 30th: One of the boys came to me during the week (I think his name is Alan Quinn) and asked me if I could lend him a cake of soap. I actually gave him a new cake of Johnson's soap (I always use it, because Mother says it will keep my complexion clear), and he promised to bring it straight back. Well, imagine my surprise when he didn't turn up—and that's not all. The very next morning he woke me up, even before the other boy began singing, and asked me for another cake! I was very annoyed, because our dormitory representative, who is a very nice boy, told me that he has hoards of borrowed soap, from every room in the dormitory.

Week ending July 8th: I am really surprised at the number of funny people

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one meets here. I was reading in front of the fire (the others were there, too, but they weren't reading), when a person came in and told me he was the Editor of the paper. He then asked me for a smoke. (I think that I must remark here that the boy from room six who doesn't study is always asking for cigarettes. I think that if he is silly enough to smoke he ought to buy his own.) I told the Editor that I didn't smoke because it was bad for me and he only gave me a pitying smile. I offered to write an article on "The Development of the Sonnet" for the paper, but he laughed very rudely. I think he is a very strange boy.

In our common room we have a big fireplace and each night the boys sit round the fire. It is really very pleasant but I have noticed that a lot of other students often come in quite frequently these nights, whom we never saw before. They saw that the atmosphere is conducive to serious reflection and intellectual discussion, but I don't think they come for that reason at all. In fact, the whole thing is very puzzling.

Week ending July 16th: Some of the boys here, among them a nice boy named Jim Develin, and another boy named Ian McInerney, have been going around with very peculiar expressions on their faces during the last week or so. I have frequently seen them standing under the light at night time talking to two of the girls. This is very strange, because I can't think what they can be talking about for such a long time. I decided to ask Ian one day about it, but he became very annoyed with me and even made references to punching someone on the nose. I was inclined to think that he meant me, so I didn't ask him any more questions.

Another boy named Kevin Tye, whom I have often seen talking to one of the girls, has made up a song which the boys often sing around the fire. This chap actually made up a verse about me, and I was very annoyed, but they only sing it more loudly when I protest, so I simply have to put up with it. This boy, Kevin Tye, is often in the library, but Beth is always there, too, whenever he is there. I suppose that when they talk together they are helping each other with their work. I think it is very nice to see them both so eager.

"CALAMUS."

(To be continued)

## Our First Novel

"Talkabout," being a progressive newspaper, has long felt that a serialised novel would greatly enhance its status as the vanguard of frustrated literature.

It was thought that the novel selected should be at the reading level of the average College student; therefore an eminent College novelist gave his valuable time to the writing of this epic of conflict and emotion.

## REVENGE IN THE RIVERINA

[Adapted from the radio play. Any resemblance between persons living, dying or dead and characters in this story is purely intentional.]

The Riverina. I can see it now as I saw it then. A place of great beauty, rich in natural resources, yet untamed, a panorama of unpredictable passion.

Two-gun Quinn, better known as "Dead Shot" Quinn, carefully adjusted the Martingale of his faithful steed and cantered down towards the peaceful town of Aggaw Aggaw.

Deadshot cast his keen eyes (one after the other) over the town, noting the places of strategic importance, then having dropped his horse in at Deadly Dud's the Dry Cleaners, headed for the Purple Violet.

She turned as he approached her.

"Violet," he simpered, "is it true what they say about Dixie?"

With averted gaze and a reluctance shown by her twitching lips, Violet Georgousone nodded affirmation.

Violet loved her cousin with the tender passion that a child shows her macaroon, her all-day sucker. She had watched Dixie Cook grow from the ugly, plaited little brute of her infancy to the languid lovely of eighteen who was being followed, nay, haunted by Scarface Hudson.

Hudson had been relentless in his pursuit of Dixie. He had even bought her tepid coffee, an occasional sandwich at Deadly Dud's night spot. He had in fact shown her the town.

For Violet (of para. 1) the horror of it all was that Dixie was beginning to fall for Hudson (scar and all), and in view of his lurid past Violet regarded her cousin's future as being in jeopardy.

Deadshot was furious to see his little (Gentian) Violet upset, and with a quick twist of his massive body he stumbled, cursed and strove towards "Fetlox" his horse, muttering curses that stirred memories in Violet's mind of her days at St. Agnostica's College.

Then Vile (he called her this for short), realising that Deadshot was in earnest, put down her copy of Lininsky and pleaded passionately for Scarface. In her childish tones she whispered into the mangled gristle that Deadshot used as an ear, "Don't be a sucker, don't waste yer lead on the varmit!"

Deadshot, overwhelmed with emotion, shortened his strides (he was always tripping on them anyway).

Vile looked into his face. Deadshot was crying. The tears trickled from under his eyeshade and dried on his sunburnt nose.

He went as if to speak, but Vile gently placed a finger to his lips and knocked two of his teeth out. He spat them in her face and said: "Get your horse, Angry!"

Violet turned hot then cold.

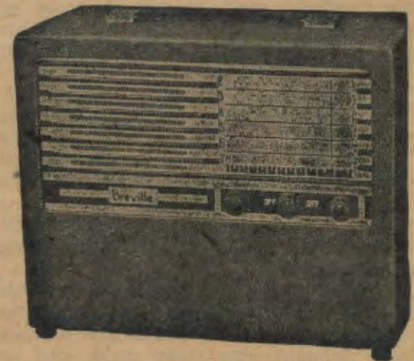
(To be continued)

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

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

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## Mata Hari (3) at the Dance

Saturday night—the wall of the saxophone floats across to scenes of noisy activity where girls and boys alike struggle to gain access to irons, clothes, and showers. Presumably its mournful and familiar rendition of "You Don't Know How Lucky You Are" is sufficient incentive, for already a steady jingle at the door foretells much toe-crushing. "My fault—I'm sorry," in that ingenious horseshoe arrangement of the barn dance, as bright dresses and brighter ties drift in groups towards the gym.

Inside all is chatter, animation, and soft lights, while the usual weekly gossip about clothes and girls adds to the carefree atmosphere. What an opportunity for imitating the Style Spy of "Sunday Sun" fame! . . . "You looked like a dash of the East with your gally-coloured scarf, sophisticated coiffure, and swathed beige dress . . ." H'mm. Opportunity resignedly dismissed as futile. To write convincingly of such trifling matters, requires the ability to sketch or caricature a' la Brodie Mack. "Then why not?" queries the bewildered reader. Draw your own conclusions, ignore this digression and absorb the following facts:—

Note the lucky owner of a ravishing lightweight wool two-tone frock of beige and lime calculated to sustain this charming femme's coveted reputation of continual smartness. Even if you're not well up in the gentle art of guessing, you'll soon crack the jackpot after reading that she consistently sets a high standard in not only dressing but dancing, displaying an inspiring sense of rhythm and the ability to look "clueised"

Mrs. MacCloughan,  
Come more often.

Eileen Ryan achieved a smart effect in a brown dress combining a full swinging skirt with the new dolman sleeves and a V neckline, offset by a circular yoke of dark brown piping. Miss Eileen Ryan, I wish it were mine.

Nor could Marg Welfare, Shirley Rolfe, and Fay Mullen escape mention. Marg with her unusual nigger brown jerkin suit over a white long-sleeved blouse; Shirl in a green frock whose skirt featured diagonal brown stripes, and whose zipped front caused not a little comment; and Fay Mullen in a black skirt, white blouse and low-heeled black sandals.

Margo Wilson appeared as self-possessed as ever in a soft green frock showing elbow-length sleeves and gathered skirt, offset by a pair of ankle-strap, low-heeled black sandals, while Pat Hammond claimed many admiring glances in a fluffy pink jumper of Angora wool, which harmonised perfectly with a flared grey skirt. So too did Judy Newman, clad in a black and white dogstooth check whose outstanding points were its white roll collar, black taffeta bows, and well-cut dolman sleeves; and Barbara Spence in a light grey creation whose high neckline was relieved by a demure tartan taffeta bow,

and whose graceful pleated skirt was shown to advantage in those syncopated variations of the conservative Quickstep performed with Bill ("The Hair") Higgins.

Many of the Freshers set a precedent in stylish clothes which Second Years will strive to rival. Pam Jorgensen proved herself an able leader in the fashion field in a pretty floral frock and brown ankle-straps of the latest decree; while Shirley Poole, Ann Ward, Sue Renwick and Shirley Mawcombe all gained many a wistful look and even more favourable comments.

As for a certain pair of yellow socks decorated by a complicated pattern of diamonds 'n stripes in red and green! And their wearer had the audacity to air them conspicuously via: San@als! (N.B.: Brave man! Perhaps he already has corns). I'm sure you remember this stoic, as you no doubt remember also a floral tie of unusual (thank goodness) design and American flavour. The current motto of this proud possessor is obviously "Basil, dazzle"—Freshers, beware.

Mentioning unusual designs—Murray MacMillan looked really debonair in a navy blue pin-stripe suit elevated to the realm of the distinguished by the deft addition of a smart red and white striped bow tie, while Ken Carlson attained the ultimate in suaveness in his black trousers and persil-white barber's coat enhanced by silk embroidered applique work on each lapel.

At this point it is more than opportune to briefly describe Mr. Jackson's delightful correlation of nut brown curls, stately Grecian physique emphasised by a sweet pink floral frock, and long red socks topped with yellow, revealing even more shapely legs. Enough! said. I'm willing to bet Barry will readily see next Saturday that the girls, with one accord, have realised his indubitable charms. Wait till that Ladies' Tap, you lucky man.

The Progressive Barn Dance afforded the usual opportunity of much light-hearted chatter, gay laughter, a few necessary introductions, and the unobtrusive observance by an experienced band of several budding romances. Perhaps Shirley and Roy, noting the doctor's absence from the weekly social event, thought they would avoid his all-seeing eye, but they should remember his aim—to be "the eyes and ears of the College." Certain it is they have at least gained honourable mention by Mata Hari, as have Alan and Pam, who were angling hard for a lead in "Watsons." If Tony isn't careful, however, he'll supersede both pairs by his consistent monopoly of Moira, who looked attractive in a flared, belted check skirt and long-sleeved blouse. Alan Dunkley was seen to divide his attention between Dawn and Moira (competition, Tony!), though he and Pat seemed to hit it off in a big way; while Tom and Jack didn't give anyone else a chance with Bev and Marg.

That "man-about-College" Trevor enjoyed himself supervising the Statue Dance and also the antics of young Effie and certainly won't require a name tag in future; while Bob, Don and Frank all deserted the Second Year ranks and

proved themselves gallant admirers of three charming Freshers; these three pairs since seen in intimate conversation at the tuck-shop, down the gym, and at the football.

Enough gossip. You'll be deluded into believing this a half-hearted attempt to replace Watson. The medley is just ending, the inspiring strains of "God Save the King" grind out, and one more dance is over. Slow footsteps up the path . . . the crunch of gravel . . . "Goodnights" in order . . . and on to a welcome supper and congenial converse in the beloved and recognised "Meet 'nd Eat" Common Room.

Time: 12.30 p.m.

Scene: Common Room. All present are actively concerned in munching hot buttered toast and interjecting indistinct remarks simultaneously without the effort amounting to "conversational suicide."

"Isn't this fire beaut? Golly, I'm hungry—throw some more toast at me, Ryan!"

"Say, Marg, did you see Alan? Three dances with that Fresher and . . ."

"Did I what? Don't worry, I watched every . . ."

. . . "And her eyes positively ooze that "femme fatale" look—she's certainly . . ."

. . . "No, I don't like him, either—though he has got personality plus and I wouldn't mind . . ."

"Hazel, d' you notice that new fella with very dark hair and an engaging sort of grin—what's his name—he had nearly every dance with . . ."

. . . "Don't be a drip! Don's just like that, and anyway . . ."

. . . "Oh, no! She's just his type, though . . ."

"Barb, who did Lou go for in the Medley?"

"Why are you so interested, anyway?"

"Oh, nothin'—just wondered. He's a bit nuts if you ask me"—dry voice.

"Oh, Cox, you're just biased—what about that night you . . ."

Even Mata Hari can see that it's time to stop spying—the secrets revealed in that Common Room are becoming too hot for publication. Besides, the girls are on to me. However, here's to another gossip session next week—that's if I can escape their revengeful grasp. I . . .

P.S.—There won't be any more gossip sessions.

## Letters to the Editor

Sir,—As an old student of P.B.H. (Parramatta Boys Home.—Ed.) I long for the chiding of my school companions; the twisting of an arm, the crunch of a broken bone, and most of all the happy screams of agony during club periods. (cf. "The Rack in the Boarding School," Mack E. Ovelly Anguish & Splattergore, 1/6.)

I felt almost nostalgic the night after I arrived here. Some chaps visited me and told me to have a cold shower. The following Monday night I awaited their arrival rather excitedly but they didn't come. There went my first pleasure. I've been told since that the

cold shower is not part of College routine.

I notice a certain laxity on the part of the executive staff which unnerves me. I refer to the students being allowed to own cut-throat razors, but I observe that shrewdly enough the warders have impounded the deadly radiator. I have seen strong P.B.H. boys faint from having a hand lashed to a hot element.

Sportsmanship is lacking here. One student actually complained when I struck him after a game of ping-pong recently.

I have many varied questions to ask but space limits me. Briefly, what is an assignment (and why), when are the students given their hosing down, and from a disciplinary angle has the lash been abandoned? I look to second term, when I expect this place to improve.

Your newspaper is a good one, showing traces of rare brilliance. Keep it up!—Yours undyingly,  
CHARNAL MORTWANGLER.

Sir,—I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!

When will you learn that I too like to smoke some of my pipe tobacco ration.—Yours beseechingly,

LEWIS JAMES CRABTREE.  
(Failed B.A., Sydney.)

Dear Sir,—I am writing on the eve of my retirement from office, first of all to congratulate you on the fine paper which you produce at your College, and secondly to thank you for sending copies regularly to me.

I read "Talkabout" with great interest and I'm sure you'll be pleased to know that copies are also greatly sought after and enjoyed by our students when placed in the College library.

It is indicative of hard work and grand College spirit that you, your staff, and a College as young as Wagga are able to produce such a fine paper, sufficient both in quality and quantity.

Wishing you all the best for a successful College and teaching career.—Yours sincerely,

JACK CROSS,  
President,

Armidale Teachers' College  
Students' Council.

Dear Sir,—For some time past I have watched with cynical amusement your abortive attempts to produce a publication to which you are pleased, in your ignorance, to apply the misnomer newspaper. I trust, sir, that without undue self-aggrandisement I may term myself a person of no common erudition, and my natural reaction on first seeing your publication was a sense of strained amusement, tinged with wonder that the general student body could be induced, in a tertiary institution such as this, to support a "paper" in which the faults are so blatantly obvious. I suggest, sir, that the general student body is, by a concerted effort on the part of a bloc or clique, actually barred from publishing items which would in effect raise, or should I say, set or

establish a standard, as at present the so-called standard is non-existent. I picture you, sir, safe as you think in your stronghold, deliberately rejecting the many articles which come in from the body, so that you and your minions may use the paper to further your own ends. But, sir, may I point out that the masses are not a body to be trifled with indefinitely, and though their patience is long-lived it is not eternal, and I have noted with mounting satisfaction that the murmur of discontent which was inaudible to those who would close their ears to it, has now grown to an organised roar that, sir, you would do well to heed. If a drastic change in your policy is not forthcoming, I promise you that you will rue the day you ignored my timely admonitions. Trusting, sir, that this missal will find you in a suitably receptive frame of mind. I remain, yours faithfully,

"CALAMUS."

## Reference Works!

Children's Encyclopaedia (Mee's), 10 vols.  
Pictorial Knowledge, 8 vols. (Newne's).  
Popular Science Library, 12 vols.  
Richards' Topical Encyclopaedia, 15 vols.  
Story of the Bible, 4 vols.  
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## Lininsky Revalued

(A summary of discussion held at last meeting of Lininsky Society)

It was Lininsky, during the period of transition influenced by Shastar, who first gave voice to these new movements now threatening the very foundations of our modern society.

Lininsky, however, despite all criticism levied by those who would rather ignore the growing threat of successful spadework achieved by the Oxometrical Society, was far more than a gloomy prophet. There is hope, as well as confidence and determination in his famous lines . . . .

"The darkness yields to the rising of the sun."

It is easy for us here to ignore the teachings of the great sages whose courage made possible the glorious destiny of our modern age, easy that is, if we are prepared to accept without any attempt to understand those vital issues which are, after all, the very basis of the society which in our ignorance and apathy we are sufficiently deceitful to identify as ourselves.

We are, after all, the direct product of the age in which we live.

It was therefore no accident, no coincidence, that Lininsky made his dramatic entrance and won his place as a giant in the realms of Modern Speculative Philosophy. As students of a tertiary institution we are, I believe, sufficiently enlightened to assume the twin rights of discrimination and selection. It is then permissible to ignore his early cynicism as the reflection of his frustrated youth. We move to grander moments and thrill to the power of his intellect expressed with all the vigour of his new-found manhood . . . .

"It is not dust that to the earth returneth, else man's destiny die vagrant upon some lonely tract of time, I shall rise again and triumph not in vain. My destiny is nurtured by the morrow. It is not dust. It is not death. It lives, It lives. It lives!

Can we really escape the influence of Lininsky? Can we possibly escape the dreadful certainty that man is the absolute product of his era. We are intellectually bound to answer no but of one thing we may be sure. Again I quote from the master.

" . . . man has never been instrumental in the growth of his destiny but has always been catalytic to its structure. In the complete situation time is the only constant factor. That is, man may assume greater power over the influences, that, by exploitation of his early ignorance, dare stand between the being and the ultimate."

We, today, tend to accept much of this and often consider the being and not the man without realising that in neither is reflected the ultimate. That Lininsky foresaw this is apparent . . . .

"There is within all of us those hidden powers which should be our greatest strength but suppressed leave nought but hope."

What is your personal attitude, as a student, to the issues discussed in this article? Are you perplexed? If so, there is little hope.

## Talent Quest

At a recent meeting the student body elected the Editorial staff for this year's Literary Journal.

Miss Barbara Spence, one of the outstanding students of our College, was voted in as editor; Mr. Maurice Pitfield, Mr. Ralph Waterson and Mr. Lew Crabtree were elected as sub-editors, while the difficult position of business manager was filled by the redoubtable Don Wiburd.

The staff elected are enthusiastic and efficient, but they can make the publication no better than the contributions received.

Now is the time to begin writing if the final production is to be worthy of this institution.

Watch the notice cases for further details.

"INTERESTED."

## How The Coal Strike Struck Us

I must confess that my first impression of the coal strike was a sinking feeling about 10.30 p.m., when we lay shivering in two of everything under our blankets. Our bath had been cold, our jug and radiator had gone where all good electrical appliances go, our hot water bottles were cold—and we had had no supper. No doubt, equal discomfort was felt throughout the College. However, we appreciate the lecturing staff's consideration for us.

We certainly missed our suppers. After an evening of study, it was hard to reconcile ourselves to coming in and not finding the jug waiting to be boiled. Our water bottles lay in their places looking flat and dejected at their uselessness. There was no gay circle around the common room gas fire and no race to be first into the hot bath—it was cold anyway, despite all efforts to keep a continuous hot water service.

We will not forget our washing roster. The alert troupe raced to be first to the laundry at 6.30 a.m., and proceeded to follow Miss Wylie's illustrated instructions. Who will forget the thrill of finding hot water in the laundry and deciding to seize the opportunity for a hot bath? Who will forget how cold it was after half a bucket had been taken? The women are still curious as to how the men's sheets and towels looked.

Most of us had the experience of coming from the local picture show to find our beds in confusion. We know what it is to remake them without the anticipation of a hot water bottle to console our frozen toes. All we could do was to await an opportunity to retaliate on our companions who slept too soundly for normal humans.

There is no doubt about our kitchen staff. They did well in continuing to produce good meals despite all diffi-

culties. We do not like to think what we would have done without food.

Perhaps some of us will feel regret when conditions return to normal. Think of the fun we had during the strike, and how it brought us more closely together in a common cause. It will be better next year, when, sitting by our radiators, we can look back and say, "Remember what we did during the strike?"

We will remember all that was done in an effort to alleviate our discomforts, and recall how our Principal encouraged us to bear these conditions with his assurance that the College would carry on as usual. And we have carried on. However, at the moment, won't you be glad when this strike is over.

E.A.S.

## Rugby League

In the last issue of "Talkabout" you read how College First fared against Adelong and Wagga over the King's Birthday week-end. Here now is the result of games played since then.

The picture, when looked at without taking into consideration how the other teams in the group fared, is not too bright. Of the five games played College has won only one, drawn two and lost two.

The game at Batlow was played on a mud-heap, but College triumphed over conditions and Batlow and won the game by a considerable margin. Credit must go to all the team but especially to the forwards who played as a solid pack throughout the game.

The next match was the one where we had "to regain the College prestige in Wagga" and you all know how the team fought back with great vigour in the second half to force a draw on the full-time bell after being down 10-0 at half-time.

The following game at Tarcutta resulted in another draw, 8-8. The team was unlucky and didn't get any of the breaks, but nevertheless they just didn't seem to click.

The following week-end College again played Tumbarumba in the rain. This time they could not hold the locals and went down 8-5.

Then came the big defeat. Wagga downed College 27-5. Wagga played an excellent game and were outstanding in their handling, while College made all the mistakes.

"Will College rise again?" is the question in the minds of most football fans. There are still three matches to be played before the semi-finals and none of these will be easy.

The Reserves definitely merit mention here and will get a full write-up at the end of the season. The first years have given this team a new lease of life and at the moment are playing splendid football. Their defeat of the tough Tumbarumba and Wagga Reserves indicates that they are, at the moment, perhaps the best reserve grade side in the competition. Their matches against Batlow and Adelong will tell.

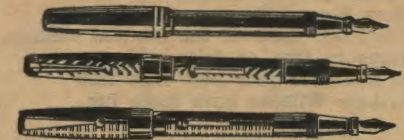
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## Second Year—Court Tea

When first you see their faces,  
Glowing childish wonder when  
They see our old familiar places,  
Then Second Year—count ten.  
Don't tell them of the other side,  
Diplomacy's the best;  
Just tell them what's expected  
And they'll find out the rest.

When you sense the hidden pleasure,  
When they know there's handsome men;  
At College and in section  
Then Second Year—count ten.  
Don't tell them of the scandal column,  
Rumours true or false will run;  
So after one year here they find  
Graeme Wilsons have more fun.

"A tuck bill comes in handy, too,  
When you haven't got a sen;"  
And they say "Oh! that will never do,"  
Then Second Year—count ten.  
Don't tell them next pay's five weeks off,  
Till then it's starve or sink;  
Just let them think they'll get a loan  
From Verdon if they wink.

When through the dorms. the good old  
Gaudeamus and the anthem  
Are done to death seven days a week,  
Then Second Year—count ten.  
Don't say that word,  
Don't slam that door;  
Remember—this time last year,  
You were just as big a bore.

And when they've knuckled under,  
And they're just a "one of us;"  
You'll be glad you kept your patience  
And you didn't make a fuss.

—By V.

## Here and There

A crash of the cymbals, and they are lining up at the barrier. Stretching four deep almost across the gym., they present a formidable array. Looks of fierce concentration and determination darken all faces. They (not the faces, of course) drop into a semi-crouch position, ready for that lightning breakaway when the signal is given.

This is it. The raucous voice of the announcer, through the mighty chord from the piano. The stampede is on. First to jump away is the first now, followed a split second later by the second row. The more speedy members of this soon overtake the stragglers, who are trampel mercilessly underfoot.

A few have already reached their goals. Smiles of snug satisfaction testify their victory. Although most rush straight to their chosen goal, a few make a more leisurely survey of the rows of anxious females. They know that the surplus of women makes it possible for them to make this more leisurely choice. There seems to be a little congestion in this corner. Quite a knot of queuing menfolk. I thought Margot went to the pictures. But I'm forgetting. She told me she's reformed.

A short delay while they scrape up the few unfortunates tramped into the floor. Now they are away. To the ill-

ing strains of "Jealousy," the ecouples swing gracefully (that's what I said) into La Bomba. Animated chatter flows from the dancers, and interest tinged with just a shade of envy lights the faces of the onlookers. (Anyway, what's she got that I haven't?) The band is still playing "Jealousy."

I see — has rather a strained look on her face. Don't blame her dancing with him. All 15 stone of him. And he lets your toes know it frequently. And poor — ? ? ? has got—Awfully well-meaning chap, but frightfully stiff—he's a scream to watch when he tries to bend backwards. I'm afraid I'll hear him snap.

La Bomba draws slowly to its close. That stampede is on again, but this time the women too participate. Elbowing and shouldering through the crush; anything that will get you back to your seat before that fresher who is making straight for it. Ah, made it. Now the men begin again their periodical trek to the door, to stand clustered around it, pouring forth words of wisdom and streams of smoke.

The next dance is a jazz waltz. Sure to get a partner for this. It's my favorite dance. Here comes —; no, he doesn't, he's asking that blonde girl down further. Wonder what he sees in her? (Purr, purr.)

The floor fills quickly, but somehow my partner must have got mixed up somewhere. Oh, well, I'm too tired to dance, anyway. And I must save up for the Canadian Three-step next. Well, here I go—er, no I don't. Who wants to do a silly old Canadian Three-step anyway? Besides me, that is?

The medley should be on next. Sweet smile turns to cynical sneer as it is passed by for the dazzling S.R. smile further on. Glad it's the medley, I'm tired.

Sat out three dances in a row! Can anyone lend me a torch? I'm joining Pat Hammond's Man Haters' Club right away. What do you mean, "frusso?"

—SYBIL.

## Answer?

Here's a quiz: If you can answer you're a very clever fella—

'Tis a query should force your grey matter to behave;

You'll admit you came to College in the hope you'd gain some knowledge,  
So just peruse this poem and don't let your brainbox rave.

In this place there are four boys who possess some names outlandish,  
But these they keep obscure, and the secret won't divulge:

Of it your acquisition might endanger their position,

So they act the "grim and silent" and in talking don't indulge.

Who's the proud possessor of the blighting name of Brompton?

He's tall 'nd dark 'nd active and he's always got a grin—

But if you care to ask 'im how his betting system's lastin',

You'll find his usual patience is fast wearin' very thin.

The second labours under the revealing name of Ogsten,

He reads and writes a great deal and he doesn't care for sport;

If you'd care to know of Tolstoy you may just depend on this boy,

But don't mention Lininsky or you'll probably be caught.

Another's name is Algernon, but some prefer just Smithy—

Tho' in a place where students wear the unbaptismal tag,

By frequent repetition of a well-known requisition,

He will soon be better known by the title "Got-a-fag?"

The last is simple: he was called by hopeful parents "Basil"—

He's like a streak of lightning and he'll always take a bet,

Avoid this gambling owner or you'll soon become a donor

To a fund as everlasting as the fact, that you're in debt.

Well, have you found their names or is this quiz beyond your powers?

Just take your time and meditate as on a crossword puzzle;

If of your man you're sure just go and see that Editor,

But mind you're not entangled in a complex verbal tussle.

## "A Medley of Initiation"

The path was a pool of water,  
Over the bathroom floor;  
As Jackson drew on his black cap  
And uttered solemn words.

The jury all sat silent, in a line  
Beside the door,  
While the wily old judge in the black cap  
Proceeded to pass the law.

"Thou shalt not wear slippers,  
Thou should sleep in woollen socks;  
And by the law of a warden,  
'Thou'll not wander from block to block."

The showers sprayed cold warnings,  
The lights were blackened dim;  
The hour was close to midnight,  
As another was ushered in.

This monster struggled valiantly,  
And gave an explanation,  
But forced by a pre-trained jury,  
The sentence was "damnation."

He did not know the meaning  
Until he saw the dam;  
Then straightway like a maddened  
beast let loose,  
He acted like a man.

The others acted tamely, as they sought  
their beds,  
For they were given showers, and the  
choice of black or brown;

And as the Padre said:  
"Men, we really went to town." We  
then saw red.)

Court adjourned! I'm sorry too,  
In the middle of the night;  
But if we had been a year before  
We would still be in the fight.

BODLEY.