

TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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JULY 13, 1948

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Education for Educators

DIRECTOR MCKENZIE'S ADDRESS

The Director-General of Education (Mr. J. G. McKenzie) addressed the College at a full student assembly on Friday, 25th June.

Mr. McKenzie's address was a veritable education in itself. He threw a new light on the teaching profession and brought into focus the myriads of ideas and questions that have been constantly confronting us as future educators of Australia's youth.

Introducing this distinguished visitor to the student body, Mr. G. L. Blakemore made reference to the many outstanding figures the College has heard from the assembly hall rostrum. Dame Mary Gilmore, Lady Baden-Powell, Professor McRae, Mr. Hayes, and now the Director-General of Education himself. Mr. Blakemore's opening remarks were confined mainly to a brief resume of Mr. McKenzie's career in the Education Department and an enumeration of what he has accomplished since assuming his present position in 1940. Mr. Blakemore declared his extreme pleasure at being able to show Mr. McKenzie this new College, the site for which the Director-General selected himself in 1943. A high tribute was paid by the Principal to his staff and to the Pioneer session who stood so solidly behind him in the dark days of June 1947, when the Wagga Teachers' College was delivered into a cheerless world of Wagga winter.

SWORDS TO PLOUGHSHARES

Mr. McKenzie began by remarking at the progress our College has made since the site was selected in 1943. "By taking over the war-time hospital and converting it to an educational establishment was an excellent way of turning the sword to the ploughshare," stated Mr. McKenzie. "And the war," he continued, "has given us excellent raw material for teacher-training for there are now more among us who have a new wisdom, a new appreciation and a new understanding of other people and their lives. The shortage of teachers has been greatly eased with the opening of this new College of the Riverina," he declared. But he gave us the following figures for our consideration:—

By 1953 there will be 80,000 more

children requiring an education. To teach them 2,464 teachers are needed.

Librarians, school counsellors, staff for refresher schools for teachers, the hoped for rise in school leaving age (16 years), and the opening of nursery schools will require an additional 3,000 trained teachers.

TRAINED TEACHERS?

Mr. McKenzie emphasised the fact that trained teachers were required. In his travelling abroad and again back here in Australia, the Director recalled, a common opinion encountered held that "there is no need to train teachers; just teach them their subject." While he admitted that some people are gifted teachers, "teacher-artists," Mr. McKenzie would not concede that a teacher does not require a special training. Further, he denied that the necessary training can be given in two years. The training of a teacher is never completed, he added.

"But what we aim to give you" in a Teachers' Training College is a **vision of education**—to show you that education is the hope of the future, that it consists of more than class-room schooling and that education begins at birth and continues to the grave. We do not wish you to acquire a mere certificate. We want you to develop an attitude towards education."

THE REQUIREMENTS

"We require this of the teacher: Know your subject; have studious habits; love learning; speak well, clearly, fluently and intelligently, not pedantically; and most importantly, love people; be patient and tolerant; love the young people and learn to know them and their intimate variety. Be a leader in your community. Leadership to-day is getting things done by subtle suggestion. Acquire that capacity in College for here you have the opportunity.

"Living together in this College is an education in social living. You will all receive rebuffs; you will acknowledge 'I spoke out of turn'; but you will be wiser for your experience. You must here acquire social experience, learning that other people have other views, different opinions and that these people and their theories deserve respect."

IT'S UP TO YOU

Mr. Blakemore's tribute to the Pioneer session, Mr. McKenzie wholeheartedly

endorsed, saying that he had heard nothing but high praise from Wagga citizens for College students. He exhorted the new fresher students to "worthily uphold" the standard the Pioneers have given them. Mr. McKenzie also congratulated the ex-servicemen on their fine showing in their new life. "Of all of us," said Mr. McKenzie, "these ex-servicemen appreciate the meaning of liberty and freedom. That realize that freedom is not a gift, but a trophy and a prize to be won, he continued. "Nurse and nurture what you have—and win more!"

Mr. McKenzie concluded with some remarks on teaching as a profession. "Teaching is not an easy ride. Success comes only to the teacher who remains always a student. But be ahead of requirements, know your children, and continue to read and learn," was his advice. "Teaching is reasonably paid but richly rewarded. When your old pupils come back to you and recall old times you will feel a satisfaction and an assurance, a pride of achievement that comes only with a knowledge and conviction of a job well done."

STUDENT OPINION

Although a conference was claiming Mr. McKenzie's time and students were anxiously thinking of missed Art and Craft lectures, Mr. McKenzie agreed to cut his conference if the students would cut their lectures, the time to be used instead in conducting an open forum of discussion for students with opinions or problems that concerned them as teachers. As an example the Director-General raised the question of syllabus revision. The fact that young adults with Leaving Certificates were still ignorant of themselves, their responsibilities and their intentions for a career appalled and reflected on an inadequate syllabus. In America, he recalled, children were taught what interested them and always were they taught with a definite end in view, a career as a garage mechanic, an aviator, or as beauty specialists as was the intention of one class studying "cosmatology." But he also found that such education neglected the indispensable side of learning, the training in those things that really constitute an education for living. The happy medium he found lacking. Mr. McKenzie invited the assembly to give an opinion on this or any other topic of educational interest.

Alan Fryer was quick to spring to his feet, being aided by the cues of the mob and many willing hands. Alan commented on the syllabus question, but posed a question that, although it had as yet presented itself to few of us, was of paramount importance. "Is there a danger for the enthusiastic teacher of becoming intellectually stagnant in an isolated community where cultural companionship is lacking?"

Mr. McKenzie replied that the remedy lay in the teacher knowing sufficient about a variety of topics to be able to set aflame an enthusiasm and friendly co-operation.

Mr. Fryer nominated David Rummery as being one to add to his case and that worthy was protestingly put on his feet. He spoke on the necessity for courses in schools that would interest the scholars, courses, which after the American idea, were designed to lead to a career. But he insisted that we strike the happy medium and not neglect the true ends of education.

The assembly concluded at this point, but Mr. McKenzie's advice and remarks will long be remembered.

D.R.

My College

The love of vales and mountains,

Of small and winding lanes,
Of countless trees and gardens,
WAS running in my veins.

I loved the blue horizons,
The filmy, fleecy mist,
But now I'm told to change my love,
The PIONEERS insist!

I love a rambling College,
Surrounding, spacious grounds,
The paddocks and the lucerne;
There's nothing out of bounds!
I love her large gymnasium,
And her Assembly Hall,
And, oh, of course, the dining room,
That! I love best of all.

Core of my heart, my College,
The lecture rooms so dear,
Where I find I know less
Than I thought I knew, I fear;
But then I must not worry,
For thus were the PIONEERS.
They probably knew less than I,
Those bright, ingenious dears.

My great love is for morning;
That ghastly rising bell
Disturbs my peaceful slumbers,
And dreams of home, as well.
And then I'm most times greeted
With a grey and drizzly sky,
And mud and slush are waiting
To catch me bye and bye.

Love of my heart, my College,
I never will forget,
The fellowship and friendships
Of students I have met.
Together we will triumph,
As the Pioneers before,
And Freshers following after,
Will never lover her more.

"FRESHER."

N.B.: Any similarity in structure to any known poem is purely intentional.

Rogues' Gallery

Had it not been for a small band of hard-working enthusiastic students we would never have had the weekly publication of "Talkabout."

May I introduce to you first and foremost our well-known editor, Mr. Alan Fryer.

As we have discovered in the Pioneer Session students excelling in the teaching sphere in drama and in sport, so we find Alan distinguished in the field of literature. Is that not so, Mr. Levis?

As well as having literary ability an editor of any paper or magazine must have a broad outlook on life—and, perhaps because this is an important requirement of a good teacher we find that Alan possesses it.

As sub-editors of "Talkabout" we have June Scott and Dave Rummery.

June, perhaps, has a tendency towards the social side of "Talkabout," and she has done valuable work throughout the year in compiling the "Watson" and "Style Spy" columns.

Dave is the Editor's right-hand man—it is he who can always be relied upon to put the touch of humour to any article.

Mary Comino is one of those carefree, happy personalities who always has a cheery word for everyone—thus she has made a name for herself as a competent reporter. Mary has interviewed such distinguished visitors as Dame Mary Gilmore and Lady Baden-Powell. She also excels in the field of verse. It is she whom we congratulate for the words of the well-known Pioneer Song which I guess all you freshers have "had" already.

Merv. Whittaker has contributed a series of interesting articles on the educational system in Japan.

Towards the end of last term the staff of "Talkabout" welcomed Paul Rees, Betty Sanders, Bette Lonergan and Wyn Walshaw.

Paul and Betty, being of the very progressive type, had as their "pet" subject "Democracy" and the rights of students and several interesting articles were published during last term.

Wyn, who incidentally topped the College in Literature, favours Australian literature. If there is some poem of Adam Lindsay Gordon's you would like to know, or a story by Henry Lawson, see Wyn—she'll help you, I know.

Jim O'Ryan has controlled the financial side of "Talkabout" and must be congratulated for his efficiency.

Other students who have contributed articles at times (?) are H. Thomas Hodges, Beverley L. Dominish, Jack Ackhurst, Erica Coles, Don Westby, Ron Jones, Ken McLean, Gerry Cullen and Arthur Kennedy.

Jim Hartnett and Nick Bricknell act as sporting editors for our paper.

In conclusion, we must not forget Charlie Chappel. Besides helping to set the paper on its feet, we remember Charlie for his stories of King Billy.

Our congratulations to everyone by whose efforts "Talkabout" has met with outstanding success!

MAUREEN LANE.

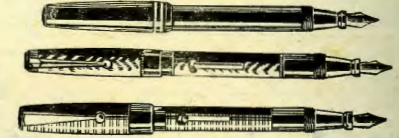
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WAGGA SHOW

August 24th 25th 26th

A member of the school committee asked a school mistress: "What was the seed from whence sprung the tree of good and evil?" The teacher answered meekly that she wasn't posted in the seed business, and the matter was allowed to drop.

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



"Take it off! Take it off!" came a voice from the rear. Always obliging, Nick did.

Tennis with Vera, dancing with Meg, pictures with Fay, and longing for Barbara. Full time job, Jamie boy. Eddie had better surrender his claim here and stick to conquests on the home front.

Saw Ron Jones Boltin' along gaily.

Don Newman seems good at tennis with (sorry) in June.

Keith has settled down at last and taken the same girl to supper twice. Did it require much taming to handle this Casanova, June?

Owing to a shortage of Flowers at W.T.C., Colin and Maurice have adopted our alternative motto of "share and share alike."

Seen along the covered way—Joan Foreman ar-Ray-ed against the weather. Shirl seems to have deserted Des for Tom. Fickle, isn't she?

Two blondes mean trouble if they are both directed at a third blonde. (It will dawn on you soon.)

Mr. Hawcraft is giving Kabi House a drawback by allotting a point for every mixed tennis pair. A pity Graeme couldn't follow Bill Parsons' lead.

It is only Wright that a ball should have been held to welcome the Freshers with open arms, isn't it, Noreen?

Comment must be made on Harry Gibbs' suit and on his renewed role of suitor.

The subconscious desires of some people for "a tropical moon, a sleepy lagoon," etc., was perhaps made manifest by their semi-formal dress at the ball. This illusion was Bett-ered by the presence of "Alan Ladd."

Ronnie's "Near You" at the R.A.A.F. recently was taken to heart and brought a ready response at the ball. Our "Miss

Hockey" candidate might also look in that direction for support.

Marcus is back to his old form after a series of Jazz Waltzes.

If Alan were to strengthen his language somewhat he could quite possibly become a very efficient men's warden. He is getting practice in the other duties and pleasures of such a position of late.

The Westley wind only blew a paper doll along to the pictures on Thursday night. Losing your touch, Don?

Should imagine that Alan Nilon is sorry he was out of action on such a bonnie night as that of the ball.

Jim thought that this ball provided more scope than did the last as the 'flu epidemic forced some people to lie LOW 'GIN their wills.

"Pretty Poll! Scratch Polly's comb!" Well, did she, John?

Current Affairs Club

A fortnight ago a new club was formed, and I venture to say that it will be a far greater success than any other in the College. It will materially assist its members in giving them confidence to discuss affairs and it is a means whereby students are able to discuss logically and fairly the various events taking place in the world to-day.

There is no club or group in the College so far which caters for and guides student thought and expression. The Current Affairs Club will provide the outlet and stimulate thought and free thinking.

Our aims are manifold, but firstly ours is an educational club of the highest standing. Secondly, it is thought-provoking; thirdly, it acquaints members with up-to-date news; fourthly, it provides confidence, because with the knowledge gained from discussion, members will be able to converse freely and intelligently with any person anywhere. Remember, knowledge of the times gives added prestige.

It is proposed to have as many means of discussion as possible—lectures, group talks, debates, broadcasts, individual talks, so that every one who wishes to say something can do so in any form he wishes.

The Club is unrestrictive and unlimited in resources and potentialities. Come along to Room 5 on Friday and see.

B.E.S.

Beautification

The Principal and students of this College desire to express publicly their appreciation of a gift of some ninety prints generously donated by Messrs. Hunter Bros. Many of these prints are copies of scenes painted by well-known artists and are in themselves quite valuable. Some depict pastoral pursuits, others the sea in all its various moods, whilst some show different treatments of indoor subjects. A particularly interesting group of three seascapes shows with great clarity the craftsmanship of the artist in painting a sailing ship wind-tossed upon the fuming ocean—gondolas gliding down a canal in Venice—and a beach scene showing small fishing vessels riding peacefully at anchor.

At present the prints are in the capable hands of Arts and Crafts Lecturer Wilcox, who is preparing an exhibition illustrative of various aspects of art method, composition and use of colour. This display will be hung in the corridor of the Art Room. Some of the pictures will be lent to students to be hung in Common Rooms, others have been set aside for the more complete furnishing of various rooms about the College.

Correspondence

Dear Sir,—I have been in the College several weeks and have been thoroughly bored most nights. The only distractions are going to the pictures (which costs 3/-), reading over our lecture notes, and gossiping. Most of the freshers would like to join more than one club, and very few are satisfied with just the compulsory clubs' period. Surely the compulsory tutorials need not interfere with clubs' activities and vice versa. If any club decided to meet on a particular night each week there would be only a few members away at tutorials and each member need only miss one meeting in five. So couldn't we have club meetings to brighten up our evenings?

ALISON HOFFMAN.

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"After the Ball"

The Freshers were socially welcomed to College at the ball held in the Gymnasium on Thursday, 1st July. The ball was a huge success with over four hundred dancers present, all of whom leapt quickly into the spirit of the occasion and combined to make the affair both merry and memorable.

Green and gold streamers darted crazily across the ceiling in a harmonious pattern and the five hundred multi-coloured balloons hung in a cluster in the centre of the hall. Three dummy figures, well stuffed and suitably garbed as College lecturers, swung grotesquely from a scaffold, placed there with immense satisfaction by the student body. A dozen humorous teaching aids, the work of Ken McLean (all hall, O worthy toiler) were displayed about the walls and added to the atmosphere.

OFFICIAL PARTY

A six-piece orchestra provided excellent music, and although dancing continued till two, activity proceeded till the much smaller wee hours.

Murray Millar, S.R.C. president, formally welcomed the Freshers on behalf of the Pioneer Session. The official party included Mr. G. L. Blakemore and Mrs. Blakemore, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Mason.

The girls' frocking was most attractive and colourful, blue and white being the most popular choice. The men too set a high standard of dress. The students' frocks were simple and youthful, while the official party and the lecturers provided the flavour of sophistication.

FLOOR SHOWS

The dancing was supplemented by two items, both presented by the College. The girls' ballet, Gloria Robinson, Maureen O'Neil, Pat Davies, Ruth Johnston, Billie Andrews, Gwen Roberts, Margaret Fisher and Beth Denton danced "An Apple for the Teacher," aided by Ronnie Reen and the vocal, and David Rummery with some topical verses. Shirley Brodie provided the music. Miss Webb directed the ballet and was rewarded with a very competent performance. The second item was presented by Ken McLean, Alan Fryer, Lin Clifford, Cath Smith, Arthur Kennedy, Maureen O'Neil, Morn Bowers, "Darky" Munro and Dave Rummery. The script was written by Ken and Dave and concerned the experiences of the student teacher confronting his new class.

SUPPER

Supper was served in the College dining hall by Mrs. Whittaker and a competent staff.

Mr. Cornell expresses his thanks to the Social and Recreational Committee, the small-school section and the other helpers who worked so enthusiastically and made the ball the success it was.

"CATE."



Decentralisation of the Viz-Ed Club is taking place and this, together with the planning of ambitious projects has, I feel, warranted an article in this week's "Talkabout."

The Viz-Ed Club has a nominal membership comprising two-thirds of the Pioneer Session. Club membership has been limited to thirty, however, in all clubs, and Viz-Ed has been decentralised into five clubs.

1. The Photographic Club.
2. The Projector Club.
3. The Duplicating Club.
4. The Advertising Club.
5. The Puppetry Club.

It is intended that the members of each club change their club once every two months, except perhaps the president and secretary, or people trained or knowledgeable in the particular field, who will have planned projects and activities for each batch of members as they move from one club to another.

This method may not allow each club to do any outstanding work because it will be pensioned off at two months, but everyone will in this way have at least a smattering of every aspect of Viz-Ed.

The Projector Group will be trained in the use of projectors, and this group will then proceed to instruct the rest of College. This group will probably receive concentrated attention from Mr. Renwick, who is in charge of the certification of movie-projector operators.

Doubtless Barbara Bosler and Kev Wilcox will undoubtedly assist in the initiation and maintenance of worthwhile work in the Puppetry Club.

Suggestions of my own for the Club have been endorsed (I think) by Mr. Renwick and possibly the activities of the Club will follow these lines. The Club period could be divided into short periods comprising:

1. Routine and formal aspects of Club life.
2. Lecture on some aspect of photography by Club members in turn, e.g., "Composition in Photography."
2. "Aperture and Focus."
3. Work of a practical nature, e.g., photographing the College from a central point (probably a water tower) and piecing the photographs together to give an over-all picture of the College.

Where possible, the use of photography in the teaching profession will be discussed. This aspect should provide ample scope for initiative and originality.

This scheme for the Viz-Ed Club has not been finalised, and alterations will

probably take place, but it is hoped that readers of "Talkabout" will have some indication of what is happening in Viz-Ed.

C.R.S.

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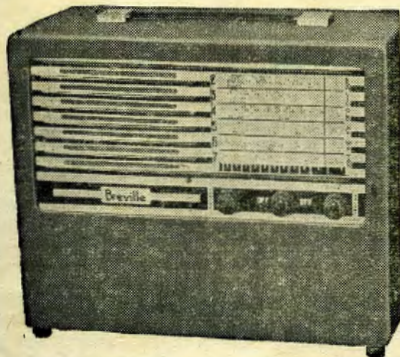
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Folk Dancing

Folk dancing is first and foremost a means of expression. Just as a writer may express his feelings in a story or a poem, so the folk-dance reflects the feelings of the people. Some will depict a gay happy mood and others may depict a sorrowful mood.

The term "folk-dance" is of comparatively modern origin. The word "folk" is taken as applying to the people who live or dwell outside the currents of urban culture and systematic education, the unlettered or little lettered inhabitants of village and countryside. In a community of the lower culture we are at liberty to say that all dancing is of the folk variety. In a developed civilisation it is said that folk-dancing, as a branch of folk lore, is that dancing which has slowly been evolved among the peasantry and which has been maintained by them in a fluid tradition without the aid of any professional dancer. In other words, the folk-dance has been built up gradually until it reached a point where it was considered to be perfect for its cause; this cause being, of course, to express either a mood or to imitate a profession, such as weaving. The Corroboree of the Australian natives contains a dance depicting a kangaroo hunt.

TWO TYPES

Merely the existence of folk-dances, and folk-music, implies a certain complexity of development in the social order of the people concerned and also a distinction based upon this complexity.

Folk-dances may be regarded in two categories. First, those social dances which are danced by all who choose, for entertainment at any time. Second, those ceremonial and spectacular dances which are danced in connection with seasonal festivals, by special, but by no means professional, dancers. It has also been said that these dances bear some connection with magico-religious functions, such as the pointing of the bone in the lore of the aborigine.

Though the art of folk-dancing is dying rapidly in Europe, there is no European nation which has lost it entirely. Before the recent war England, Belgium, the Scandinavian countries and the small Slav States all held periodic festivals which were devoted entirely to folk-dancing. Since the war Russia and England seem to be the only two countries to have renewed the interest in the art.

On comparing the divers dances of the European countries it appears that, with differences of spirit and detail the folk dances bear outstanding analogies and are parallel in origin and function.

COLLECTED DANCES

In order that the folk dances will not be forgotten several men have collected them. Cecil Sharp is one, and as well as folk dances he has also collected folk songs of England. It should be pointed out that, even to-day, the social dance of England is the country dance,

which is of folk origin. The latter part of this statement is borne out by Playford (1650-1728) in the book, "The English Dancing Master."

Of ceremonial dances there are three distinct types—the sword-dance (so well known in Scotland), the Morris and the processional. The sword dance is performed at or near to Christmas by teams of men only, and frequently in connection with a play. Both the morris and the processional are performed in the spring, by teams of men only, at Whitsuntide. The cause of the dancers being men probably arises from the rites of apolropaic magic.

We see, then, that folk-dances are the people's means of expression and as such they should afford the student of the art plenty of enjoyment.

RALPH J. C. HUTTON.

Guess Who?

Situated in a draughty passage, walled with cement, superficially covered with jaundiced paint, cold in winter, hot in summer, it is the messa of pseudo intellectuals. Thither they repair to spend a leisure hour with congenial company amid heaps of copy and journalistic junk. Draped now across one of the straight-backed wooden chairs is a caricature who knows no other home. Here he views the passing parade and envisages the loves and hates of the people who file by. Being a delicate soul, he sometimes fondly hopes that his environment might be made a little more compatible with his aesthetic ideals—that the damning debris of former failures might be swept away. Behind him, passed ominously above his head, is a pair of bullock's horns given him by a colleague in a generous moment, as a token of his esteem for oxometrical consistency.

Sometimes, in pensive wood, he wishes the floor were a little cleaner, the tables a little more accommodating, the room a little brighter; sometimes he loves the room for what it is, his home and his castle—loves the things which contribute to its disorder, its tattered newspapers, soiled copy and "ham" joke-books. He is as much a part of the room as they, and he realises that a change in what he sees about him can only be effected after he has changed his attitude towards it.

Somehow I don't think he'll change.

Patient: "Doctor, are you sure this is pneumonia? Sometimes doctors prescribe for one thing and patients die of something else."

Doctor (with dignity): "When I prescribe pneumonia, you die of pneumonia."

"TALKABOUT"

Editor: Alan Fryer.

Sub-Editors:

June Scott, Dave Rummery

Business Manager: Jim O'Ryan.

One for the Books

Dear Sir,—An article in "Talkabout" last term on book censorship made three points which I wish to question:

1. Does censorship safeguard literary or moral values?
2. What is the difference between clarity and crudity? and
3. Who is to decide this difference?

At present it is ludicrous to say the least when a book which is banned by the Victorian police is advertised for sale in New South Wales. The police, the self-appointed censors, are now free to ban books and arrest authors on the mere excuse of obscenity. The police are, no doubt, not preoccupied with literary standards. Even "Ulysses," which is considered a landmark in literature, was banned for years in Australia. Obviously not because of its literary worthlessness. If censorship does not safeguard literary standards, does it safeguard moral standards? Literature only reflects life as it is being lived. If it attempts to be sincere it will inevitably be realistic. What the reader must decide is whether it is artistic and truthful.

In contrast to these books is the syndicated American rubbish which is dumped in the Australian newspapers and widely circulated here. The type of reader who reads these magazines would obtain them in some way or discover something equally valueless to read.

The system, whereby a book is censored after publication, makes it impossible to stop the circulation. Anyone wishing to read the book in question will be able to find copies of it somewhere. As it exists now censorship only gives unsatisfactory publicity to the banned book.

The Hon. J. Woolsey in his motion dismissing the charge of obscenity against James Joyce for "Ulysses," made five points in its favour. They were:

1. That it was not written for the purpose of exploiting obscenity. "In 'Ulysses' I do not detect anywhere the leaf of the sensualist. I hold, therefore, that it is not pornographic."

2. That Joyce has been honest in developing a technique suitable for his purpose and has not funk'd its necessary implications. For his attempt to tell honestly what his characters think about, he has had to "use certain words which are generally considered 'dirty' words, and has led at times to what many think is a too poignant preoccupation with sex in the thoughts of his characters."

3. That "each word in the book contributes like a bit of mosaic to the detail of the picture which Joyce is seeking to construct for his readers. I have not found anything that I consider to be dirt for dirt's sake."

These points can be applied as well to any other book as to "Ulysses."

Even if a board of censors did exist, they would disagree on whether a writer was sincere or not. All sorts of personal prejudices would inevitably influence the decisions of these censors.

The insult to the general public that censorship involves is also humiliating to most of us. If the public is to distinguish between literature and trash they must be given the opportunity to read both and make up their own minds. Our liberty in such matters is much overrated.

All things considered, I believe it would be more satisfactory to abolish censorship of books.—Yours faithfully,

MARY COMINO.

A'pun My Word

Waitress: Hawaii, Mister? You must be Hungary?

Gent: Yes, Siam. And I can't Roumania long either. Venice lunch ready?

Waitress: I'll Russia table. What'll you Havre? Aix?

Gent: Whatever's ready. But can't Jamacia cook step on the gas.

Waitress: Odessa laugh! But Alaska.

Gent: Don't do me favours. Just put a Cuba sugar in my Java.

Waitress: Don't be so Sicily, big boy. Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Serbia.

Gent: Denmark my check and call the Bosphorus. I hope he'll Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am!

Waitress: Canada noise! I don't Carribean. You sure Ararat.

Gent: Somoa your wisecracks? What's got India? Do you think this arguing Alps business? Be Nice. Matter of fact, I gotta Smolensk for you!

Waitress: Attu! Don't Kiev me that Boulogne, Alamein do! Spain in the neck. Pay your check and scram. Abyssinia!

FINNISH

LADIES

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GENTS

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Supper

They drift in one, by one and squat at various angles around the room. Two or three land on my feet, at least one gets right into bed and asks me to "wriggle over a bit."

The height of fashion for these occasions appears to be sleeping attire (usually nightgown or pyjamas) topped off by one of those delightfully warm pieces of apparatus which reach from the ears to the floor. Colours this season are red, green, blue and pink, though various other shades steal through the door from time to time, having smelt the cheese and sardines (and possibly the bread) from the other side of the wall, for walls these days do not extend to the ceiling but end three parts of the way up.

Hair styles are especially important. They may even lead to your discovering the identity of at least one of your wraith-like visitors. Then again, they may not. Hair which is naturally curly has now become a mass of tangled curls, rather like an advertisement for the latest type of bottle opener. At least 50 per cent. of the room's inhabitants have bobby-pin kisses, while several are decked out in various coloured ribbons.

CALUMNY

Conversation resorts mainly to the latest scandal, and while the tongue works overtime, the hands do likewise on next week's new jumper. "But the discussions of other people's make-up is an essential part of our College education," says Maureen, one of the visitors, who came merely to borrow a hot water bottle, but who, nevertheless, has been here at least two hours and eaten the whole time. But, then, haven't we all?

At last, at long last, that very affectionate visitor, Betty Sanders, who has taken up at least three-quarters of my bed now, at any rate, unwillingly decides to leave.

Finally, the bits are cleared away by Prieta, Nell and Marg, each of whom, forgetting the three-quarter height wall, are slandering the rest of us most vehemently while washing up next door. They come back in with guilty, very guilty faces. "Did Nell get back her two cups?" Prieta asks innocently, for resources are pooled for these auspicious occasions. For evidence of this: We all used Prieta's butter.

One by one the visitors retire. Marg gets into bed and promises to wake me at seven in the morning so that I can be up by eight. So far as this night is concerned, the inhabitants of all rooms can sleep with what's left of their reputations.

No! No! We are not at rest yet, for Norma is next door telling Prieta of her experiences at the pictures, and remember, we have only three-quarter height walls.

WYN WALSHAW.

The average girl would rather have beauty than brains, because she knows that the average man can see much better than he can think.