

J. RUMMERY

147 Barney St
arrmidale NSW, 2350



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol. 4. No. 10.

JULY 25, 1950

PRICE: ONE PENNY

LEGACY DU RUMMERY

And now there was silence. The old runner spoke. "My friends", he said at them, "we are gathered here today in such numbers to pass the torch to the new staff of our College paper. I daresay very few have any idea of our paper, as all I seem to have done is write articles, but dear friends, I assure you that it is your paper for your articles. I liked you all but I liked your articles better."

Here this brilliant oratory was interrupted by soundless applause, but by assuring all he had reams of speech to read yet, he continued, "in continuing the college relay of literature I am sure that the new staff will take up the torch and illuminate student opinion, poetry and short stories and bring forward our standard of literature, even if they have to write it themselves." Once again he was interrupted, this time by a clap—just one. Have you readers ever had a consistent audience? No, of course you haven't! Well neither did John Rummery. Some of the audience showed signs of martyrdom, nay, nausea; and this experienced speaker sensed their emotions and kept going. "These learned people are taking over our journal. They have the opportunity of continuing this famous College paper—a symbol of democratic rights extended to students of Wagga College! Much more acclamation, before he terminated his harangue with this: "I have much pleasure in commencing ceremonies". From this pocket he then produced a carved box (craft work) saying, "to you our new editor I present you with the key—my prized possession (until it was lost). This key opens the gate to great traditions, which I am sure you will try to obtain. High standards of literature must be maintained!" With these remarks our dear old editor faded into illiterate oblivion. He drifted, esteemed and mourned, into the apathetic populace. He left quietly, reminiscently.

In case we are becoming sentimental there was just one thing, the merest trifle mind, that marred the otherwise brilliant ceremony. You realise, of course you do, the crowd that was crammed into the narrow hallway and lockers outside "Talkabout"; all was going well until "mallet smash Morrell" announced that he was continuing as assistant editor. This disturbance having been quelled we expressed appreciation for his wonderful work and pointed out it would

be hard to reach his standard. Yes, indeed, it was a very cold morning about one a.m. as John gave me the key, and now I come to think of it, I didn't see any crowd, not even "Mallet-smash". Still one can dream. Well, cheerio, John, thanks. Patience readers, patience!

BILL BENNETT, Ed.

IMPRESSIONS

By a First Year Student

The first aspect which strikes me as being outstanding is the continual lack of money. For a week, at the most, after pay-day, all inmates of Wagga Teachers' College proceed from meal to lecture, lecture to meal with self-satisfied looks on their countenances. What is this queer bug which affects them all so strongly. When the week is over, there are very noticeable signs of depression and hollow cheeks (or is that a natural characteristic of some notable second year men?). However on looking around I see some students have dotting parents who keep either their pockets or stomachs full with periodical supplies of necessities.

The first year women (on the whole) are wondering what it is that makes the occupants of Dorm 9 so notorious. So far we have found them respectable and gentlemanly. Why is it that other college students (that is, second year women) tend to drum it into us that they are THE men of the college and that our best policy is to avoid them? Is there a mystery or is it merely a connection on the part of the ladies.

The College newspaper is my one delight. It is refreshing to be able to laugh at the victims of Mr. Belvedere's merciless hand. One thing I noticed particularly in Talkabout of July 11, was that the scandal columns were full of first years. You seemed to have picked

the ones who are on everyone's tongues, but we don't mind really.

A noticeable point concerning lectures is the fact that there is such a wide variety amongst them. There are the interesting ones who completely absorb their listeners and the students are quite surprised when the lectures suddenly stop at the conclusion of the lecture. Then there are the types who fire questions at unsuspecting creatures who haven't the slightest idea what the lecturer has been saying. Last but not least are the amusing ones who tell funny stories about their own childhood or children connected with their home life. These endear themselves to the students by brightening up the lectures with laughter.

Lastly, I will endeavour to enumerate daily occurrences in dormitory life. Every morning regularly, I can rely on my "special alarm clock" to wake me up at 7.45 a.m. The voice of this student is penetrating enough to wake Rip Van Winkle himself. Same student usually serenades us to sleep about 11.30 at night, although quiet time begins at 10.30. The heater just outside my room seems to be the favourite dwelling place of all the love-sick maidens. (Boys, shame on you).

At all, including unearthly hours, we hear those wonderful instruments, the flutes, being played(?) throughout, not only our dorms, but the whole College. What agony you second years must go through blowing those things.

On the whole, despite minor difficulties and "frustrations", I find College life wholesome, interesting and thoroughly enjoyable.

"Merley"

A PASSING THOUGHT

The job of a teacher is a tedious one which doesn't appeal to everyone. It seems some think his day's so long that he never has time for wine, women and song.

But I contend that a teacher's job is similar to that of our own Lord God. Year in, year out, he does his duty. To foster within us a love of beauty.

BARRY BEED

THE STAFF MOVES ON

The present editorial staff is growing old—they are on the other side of the hill as far as Talkabout is concerned, because the approach of last term for the '49-ers means that they are to part company from their brain child. As it is with the usual parent and child so it is with the Ed. Staff and the paper. The parent will leave with mixed feelings and the child will pass into new hands, and childlike will show no emotion for either guardian.

All this is mushy and sentimental. Now rather than take out my newly laundered handkerchief to wipe away the tear that might easily appear in the corner of my eye, I'm going to bite back my emotion, and holding my pen by the business end, I'll give these syntactical urgers a rousing farewell.

Let us look at them individually—and then allowing for the usual amount of human frailty, toss them into one of the pigeon-holes in our as yet uncrowded minds and remember them.

JOHN RUMMERY: He should be first—he is editor and grand father of the paper. He has worked and worried prodigiously, maintaining a calmness tho' all be chaotic about him. John is noted for two outstanding characteristics:

1. His heavy smoking of your tobacco.

2. A leather jacket which it is said is his general-purpose garment.

After seeing him get up one morning with it on and then take a shower with it still on, I have ceased pestering him about its designed use. At the end of next year, 1951, John has promised me that I may be the one to turn the first sod on his jacket when we cut it off his back.

Well informed judges are reported to have made the following comments when asked how they would sum up John Rummery:—

"A brilliant craft student, weak in cover defence".

"A Leninskyite, who would be shot in another country."

"Has excellent motivating power with only words."

"You know, come to think of it . . ."

"Would have been a singer, had he found the doh."

"Now I don't say he's not a good chap, nor do I say he is a decent chap, but . . ."

"The moment his kyphosis is cured, he will be a boon to the community."

LEWIS G. MORRELL: A sub-editor accomplice of Mr. Belvedere, a boxer, punching-bag, wind bag, issuer of empty threats, and the reason for Rummery's greying temples. He is distinguished by his row of broken teeth, his broken nose (movable from the left side of the face to the other side) and his unbroken spirit.

The judges almost knocked me flat trying to comment:

"Even the 10.7 selectors don't want him."

"A bomb-thrower—a dirty Red."

"An interesting child study."

"If I were asked, I'd say that he has definite . . ."

"At times he has gone too fah."

"It's really difficult to say with certainty just what . . ."

"He will die violently at an early age."

ROGER CLEMENTS: Another sub-editor, Roger has looked after the paper's sporting section with Kev Tye. He has worked hard to keep those back pages of some interest—a difficult job when sports news is often some days old. Roger is distinguishable by (let me think now):

1. His light, flaxen coloured hair.

2. The brunette he is seen talking to often.

3. The heavy blush on his face.

The judges say:

"A great runner; asset to any team, but his spatterwork looks like the work of a demented artist."

"A quiet one—of course he's a revolutionary."

"You mean Roger Clements; now let me see, oh yes, he's one of those types who . . ."

"He's just soh soh."

"A typical temper tantrum case."

"There are many factors which must be considered before we decide finally . . ."

"He might be a good athlete, but collapsed taking notes in one of my lectures recently."

KEVIN TYE: Has worked hard along with Roger to boost College sport. Key's three chief interests are be-bop, Rugby Union, and sleeping-in, or in reverse order, sleeping-in, Rugby Union and be-bop, depending largely on the radio programme and the time of day. He is known to all by his:

1. Squinting eyes.

2. Large, but well-shaped nose.

3. Quotations from "Much Binding in the Marsh".

Lecturers remarks:

"Who, Tye, Oh! he belongs to the other code—Union."

"Definitely a Communist spy, looking for talent for the Russian Dynamo Soccer Team."

"He shall grow old and wear his trousers rolled . . ."

"A bass character."

"He is clearly introactively retrohibited."

"I'd say he needs glasses."

TREVOR FELSCH: "Freddie" Felsch has been the silent man of the paper, handling the financial side of Talkabout very capably. I "dips me lid" to you Freddie, for tackling the uninspiring job of making the credits equal the debits. His silence was broken recently with a beautifully pointed remark in appraisal of the '50 women.

Lecturers remark:

"Showed some talent as a lock reyes—ha ha—yes, ha ha!"

"At last—a bloated Capitalist."

"Ah! yes Trevor Felsch; now there's an interesting chap—reminds me of Sweeney."

"The only man with a starcats laugh

in C minor, capable of laughing an ascending scale passage."

"It's difficult to decide, however, in one way . . ."

"An introvert if ever I've seen one."

"A perfect physical specimen—or he will be as soon as he brings his chest measurement up to that of his waist."

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OBSERVATIONS OF MR. BELVEDERE

1. Be not dismayed my loyal subjects, I am not retiring with our noble editor, John, who is taking his curtain call, although the new editor has made the suggestion that I too should retire, however I assured him that my pen would continue to contribute the illustrious prose and verse which has brought me such a multitude of admirers.

I am sorry to see John go and sorrier to see Morrell stay; however if the latter had gone I should have to find some other scrapegot upon whom to direct the blame and shame of this column.

To commemorate the resignation of our noble editor I have composed an official piece of verse for the celebration which will be duly gazetted.

Due to work and such I wish to retire
My newest and biggest task sets me afire
You see its a certain gal
Not Jane or Jean, but Val
Though not a Juan I am a trier.

2. Sweet Wendy has been going round with glazed eyes and muttering "Ohs" and "Ahs" of ecstasy since she received a letter from her favorite admirer recently. He is nearly 14 (she told me 13½) and recently won his house the shield at the primary school sports.

Talkabout psychologists fear that this communication from her lover and his environment may seriously effect the adjustment she is making to college life.

3. Fancy running into the sinister six on Saturday night or was it Sunday morning; they could be labelled the terrible trio (of couples, of course).

Guess how they were coupled, "Figure O." Flynn with our old friend "Luscious" Daley. Of course Wog and Margaret. Kunkley was with June Mathieson. Pie on you Dunc, how do you get two girls? Or is it that you and Karen had had a little difference.

4. It is rumoured that Bessie is going to help us to complete the playing fields. She came to the office door and boasted that she knew all about grassing. Could you imagine Bessie with a rake.

5. Gladys and Grant feud, fuss and raise a din
Over one boy whom they both hope to win.
But in the new match
There is a new catch
Bert is too early a worm for feathery Robin.

6. Dear old Cecily Brownlow of the haggard coiffure certainly retains her reputation as the champion tale spinner—you should hear some of the ones she is spinning about Brian. Orr shall we keep them secret.

7. Belvedere is wondering whether Moira has finished Jane Lucas's "Mother Natures Babies" and if she has would she

lend it to us. Three of us have to give seminars on the birds, bees and butterflies. By the way Moira how's Twix and the chickens.

8. For those who are suffering seared souls through this puerile column voice your complaint to Pat Kiely and she will bear the brunt of your sorrows as well as champion your cause. She tells me that she is forming the B.H.C. (Belvedere Hating Club).

THE CHRONICLES OF WAGGA COLLEGE

CHAPTER I

1. There came to pass that there was once a college of professors built in the land of Wagga.

2. There was an array of those who did teach; a learned gathering in all.

3. Lo! There was one who was king of the college; one more, the son of Blake. He was indeed a man of great ambition, who lead his college to great triumphs.

4. There was also one who was the companion of the king, he was hard of mien but concealed great mirth beneath his outward face.

5. There was one of full two cubits of height who was indeed a great master of games.

6. Another there was who did carry an instrument of music and did produce sweet sounds withal.

7. A man there was and his wife who did teach of nature and did cut out the bowels of beasts and show to all their workings.

8. There was one of golden voice who did sing in the hall of the town.

9. Also there was one of a smiling countenance who did wear windows on his eyes and did tell strange stories of recorded time.

10. One there was who did make fine things and all were amazed by the beauty thereof.

11. Another, a man of great beauty was captain of the men, he was son of a miller and a truly good man.

12. One there was who spake of language of men and did speak of tongues and history thereof. Men did say, each to his neighbour "Truly a learned man".

13. A man there was who did wonderous things with a box of lights and did make strange object on a screen.

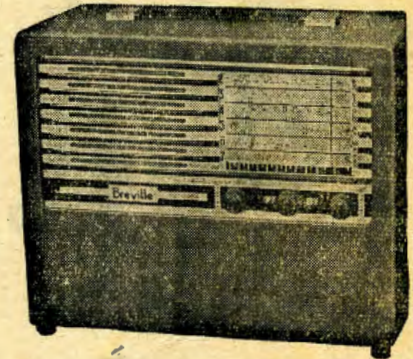
They were in all a goodly crowd.
Ye Olde Soothe Sayer—M.A.

"TALKABOUT" STAFF

- Editor: Bill Bennett.
- Assist Editor: Lou Morrell
- Sub-Editors: Beth Seton, Rus Seton, Paul Butz.
- Sports Editors: Kev. Tye, Roger Clements.
- Business Manager: Trevor Felsch.

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ATHLETIC FINALS

14th July, 1950

After patiently waiting for a satisfactory day on which to run-off our finals, we finally arrived at the above day, and settled down to alter the record-sheet of the programme. The main agents were R. Clements with three new records and Y. Harbrow with two; Paul Butz ran exceptionally well to smash two old records and equal another.

The introduction of handicap event proved a highly successful venture, even though it did lengthen the programme considerably. It was unfortunate that the relays were postponed owing to lack of time; however, I feel that with a greater degree of student co-operation this factor may have been obliterated. An example of this occurred when volunteers were called for to assist in clearing the oval of equipment for transport back to the college. Of the seven men who turned up, four had been actively participating in the afternoon's sports. College sport will never be highly successful until the necessary spirit of co-operation is forthcoming.

Of the many highlights in the day's full programme, (to revert to lighter topics), some are worthy of mention; notably Ipa's superiority in the "A" grade Ball Games, Ravey and Bailley "foxing" each other in the running of the mile, Mary Kellert's display of indefatigable energy in races which followed one another, and Al Quinn's broadcast of the mile handicap.

Results and points:

WOMEN

75 yards Championship: Y. Harbrow (Ka.) and N. Rhodes (Ku.) 10.5 secs, dead-heat for 1, M. King (I) 3.

75 yard Handicap: S. Angrace (M.) 1, P. Kelly (Ku.) 2, B. Madden (Ku.) 3.

100 yards Championship: Y. Harbrow (Ka.) 12.6 secs. 1, N. Rhodes (Ku.) 2, M. King (I) 3.

100 Yards Handicap: M. Kellert (Ka.) 1, P. Kelly (Ku.) 2, N. Cummins (M.) 3.

High Jump: Y. Harbrow (Ka.) 4ft. 3½in., record 1, M. Priest (Ku.) 2, M. Baines (I) 3.

Broad Jump: Y. Harbrow (Ka.) 14ft. 6½ins. record 1, N. Rhodes (Ku.) 2, M. Priest (Ku.) 3.

Orange Race: C. Coelli (M.) 1, L. Tucker (M.) 2, J. Bouchier (M.) 3.

Ball Games, A. grade: Ipa 1, Kabi 2, Mari 3.

B grade: Ipa 1, Mari 2, Kabi and Kambu (dead-heat) 3.

C grade: Kambu 1, Kabi 2, Mari 3.

MEN

100 yards Championship: P. Butz (Ka.) 10.6 secs. record 1, R. Clements (Ku.) 2, R. Bryant (Ka.) 3.

100 yards Handicap: J. Bourge (I) 1, K. Tye (I) and L. Stanton (Ka.) dead-heat 2.

220 yards Championship: P. Butz (Ka.) 23.9 secs. record 1, R. Clements (Ku.) 2, R. Bryant (Ka.) 3.

220 yards Handicap: J. Simpson (I) 1, R. Pickles (Ku.) 2, B. Fletcher (M.) 3.

440 yards Championship: P. Butz (Ka.) 55.2 secs. record 1, J. Heffernan (I) 2, J. Kennedy (M.) 3.

880 yards Championship: L. Davey (.) 2 mins. 14.1 secs. record 1, A. Baillie (M.) 2, M. Gaudry (Ka.) 3.

Mile Championship: L. Davey (I) 5 mins. 9.8 secs. 1, A. Baillie (M.) 2, M. Gaudry (Ka.) 3.

Mile Handicap: T. Broomfield (Ku.) 1, C. O'Grady (Ku.) 2, C. Thomas (Ka.) 3.

120 yards Hurdles: R. Whittaker (M.) 18.6 secs. 1.

High Jump Championship: K. Tye (I) 5ft. 5in. 1, T. Higgins (Ku.) 2, R. Clements (Ku.) 3. R. Clement's previous jump of 5ft. 9in. now stands as a college record.

Broad Jump Championship: R. Clements (Ku.) 20ft. 4½ins. record 1, A. Quinn (I) 2, A. Weldrick (M.) 3.

Hop, Step and Jump: R. Clements (Ku.) 42ft. 7½ins. record 1, A. Quinn (I) 2, A. Roberts (Ku.) 3.

Shot Putt: R. Cantrill (M.) 30ft. 7ins. 1, P. Howard (Ka.) 2, A. King (Ku.) 3.

POINT SCORE: Kambu, 79 points 1; Kabi, 75 points 2; Ipa, 64 points 3; Mari, 54½ points 4.

SECTION 501

Bill Bennett is our section rep, the Ed of Talkabout.

Whatever section news we give, we must leave William out.

For if we should upset that calm, or tread upon his corn,

In his post, he'll make us rue the day that we were born.

Phil Bastick is a lady's man, a model of physique

At least he gets his curtains made (now Phil, what's your technique?)

Now Kathleen has a heart of gold, she's always doing good,

"Bring over your material". (The rest is understood.)

Bill Brien hates all women (so he'd have us believe)

Think what experience you will lack when you our College leave.

Pamela has a pass time, match-making is her line,

Because she's so experienced, so look her up sometime.

Myra is a noisy girl who'd better make less sound,

Or Trevor may expect to find a headless body 'round.

Arthur is a renegade, Marge has made him so,

I bet he wishes in his heart he'd come a year ago.

Lindsay Budd's another one who causes such a row,

Some day we'll kick you out the door, so take a warning now.

Barry Beed is quite a guy (The girls all swoon and pine)

But we all miss his modern hat now that the weather's fine.

If, perchance, it's fame you seek,
Just wait, and girls don't pout,
In a feature you'll see next week
Your name in Talkabout.

"Go West Young Man"

LAISSEZ-FAIRE

The covered way
Leaves a part where I see feet.
Pistons driving up and down
Conveying men.
Black casts paddling with long tails,
No tails.
Leaving shadows of wetness—
Feet,

And the rain comes down to make the mud—

The mud that reddens, follows, clings.
And steps squelch stickily
And tracks are drowned
And through the rain tramp many feet.

Checks of black and white
Where path and feet unite—
Feet.

"ELANCE"

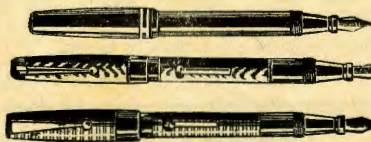
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A PRESS-ING REVIEW

The woman with the hips that make you sea-sick is you look at them while she is walking, who bobs up, smiling coyly, when you least expect her, is our "Perso" for the week. Bernice has just celebrated her birthday. Someone thinks she is only 19, but maybe he's a few years behind.

She comes from a small country village called Forbes where her family heritage is Health and Sewerage. Bernice went to school—yes! its true, and while there she confounded all her critics by passing the Leaving. The Leaving was a God-send to this spirited young woman in some ways, because it occurred as a fitting end to a chaotic school career.

Some of the highlights of which were the partial wrecking of the school library each Thursday and the smashing of windows (which she repaired) as well as leaving butter on the floor upon which the headmaster slipped. Her delight was toasted crumpets and butter at recess. Also we believe it was during the latter end of her school career that Bern learnt to climb through windows. For her attempts while at College we award her first class honours in that field.

Bern's great failing is in her choice of men. The specimen that she has chosen is a big awkward type of youth, who wears a perpetual smile and other people's clothes as well as a thatch of thin hair, and is constantly "just fixing" Crabtree's bed.

Man's Angle: Lean and hungry looking, Bern is a wonderful type to be attached to, as she pats very little (you should see her bill at Websters). Also this gay young lass has a sweet quiet temperament as long as you don't disagree with her. Her tongue is like a whip lash—notice the lash marks on John Rath's cheeks and neck.

Bernice is a girl with whom it is easy to become acquainted. All you have to do is buy a big club, and with it, pound Rathy over the head; then fill the gap thus caused, and promise to buy her a new Hudson car.

Bernice has proved herself to be one of college's most outstanding Hockey players, and is almost certain to represent the College in Intercollegiate. So far, in the weekend competition this "gentle" young lass has handed out 5 "shinners" and 3 whacks on the toes of various opponents as well as a stream of abuse. As yet she has not properly got going.

Favourite song: I'd rather be me than you or anyone else.

Aim in Life: To get John to sing to her and buy a new Hudson car.

Favourite Book: The Grapes of Rath.

Pet Aversions: A man with no dough and her having to ride a bicycle up Turvey Park Hill.

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

"FOLLOW ME SPEED"

(Into the Dark Dark Past)

Mr. Belvedere's resume of present social events is so interesting that we quite forgot the little-known past of our so-called First Year socialites. But here we endeavour to enlighten those misguided souls.

Jenny has been known, before retiring to kiss that photo of the BEST from Goulburn.

Jeannette also receives letters from a certain BUTTS's brother.

The Three Musketeers from Central Station still wish they were back on Central waiting for specials to come in.

We find broken hearts everywhere but little would we dream of the ones left at Wardell or S.M.C.

Was it a coincidence that the Ag. College is situated so close for Judy? There are others including Shirl who wishes that Barmedmond wasn't so far away. But whoopee when Temora puts on its Gilbert and Sullivan Opera, eh, Shirl.

Sims and Breed are known to be dark horses. Perhaps they have some startling connections (bad luck for the Swooners Club—some say he's married).

Cecile, don't forget OATES need a lot of attention.

Laura May picked up her man at the Interview at the Uni. Vacs aren't so far off now, but don't forget that frusso's at Broken Hill.

That much discussed Alistair has left a string of pot-holes in Deep Water but there's no drought here as the Swooners' Club is up to their necks.

As a parting thrust we warn the Second Years that their pasts are not altogether unknown to us. Your turn might be next.

Two Anne-Ominous Studes

P. SWANSBOROUGH

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SPORTING PERSONALITY

With the advent of a new session, the College sporting fraternity eagerly waited for the emergence of some outstanding sportsman who would be the college leaders on the playing-fields next year. From those who have made their presence felt in College teams, by far one of the most outstanding is Peter Howard.

Born in the great soccer centre of Manchester, England, Peter naturally played this code while at school. His collection of smart blazers bear testimony to his ability in this sphere of football. Not content to be a "one-sport man", he played cricket with his college, while at the same time distinguishing himself by winning the Individual Swimming Championship for four consecutive years. Although having the build of a middle-distance swimmer, he concentrates on the shorter sprints, the 55 and 110 yards.

While holidaying in South Africa, Peter was stranded by the outbreak of war and so was forced to re-commence school, where he again took up soccer, this time playing for the East London District XI as well as his school. In 1942, he joined the British Army in the Middle East, and it was here that he took up the "curved stick" game and ever since, has been a devotee of the sport.

When he was de-mobbed later in 1945, Peter voyaged to the States, where he took on an assortment of jobs, one of which was Soccer and Swimming Coach of Ridgewood University, New Jersey. We don't know whether this has any significance, but recently U.S.A. defeated the English soccer team in the greatest football upset of all time.

In 1949, the Howard man returned to South Africa, where he attempted to make a living of farming. However, this venture proved unsuccessful and he came to Australia in March, 1950, and thence to W.T.C. Since arriving at College, Peter has gained places in both the soccer and hockey XI's and has not so far turned in a bad performance. We will be looking forward to more of Peter's sporting achievements in the future and wish the best of luck to Peter Howard:—

"Sportsman of the Week"

LACRIMA RERUM

The ripe, vermilion symphony of haze,
Around twilight hills autumnal muted
low,
Steals lightly down, the reverent sense to
raise
A winged enchantment in the heart below.
Primordial dreams of home, would burst
their wall of solid flesh,
But darkness drains earth dumb,
And left of loveliness, I know the stings,
The age long burden and the tears of
things.

ZELIE BYRNE.

LADIES

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

The attitude of most people in this college towards gambling, has prompted me to write this article.

To them gambling is a sin; a sin of most foul and despicable nature; a sin which causes worry and heartbreak; a sin which is typified by destruction and vagrancy; a sin which has been a curse for centuries; a sin which can only lead to one possible conclusion, Hell!

Thus they picture gambling as a family living in filth and squalor while the husband is losing the weekly wage backing racehorses. But how narrow minded these people are. They have no understanding, no worldly knowledge and absolutely no intelligence. What right has any ordinary person with all his faults to condemn others for gambling.

I have not yet met a person who doesn't partake in the noble art of gambling. Some gamble on horses, others on football and there are some people I know who even bet whether a soccer ball would stay on a small ledge. Some, the largest majority, gamble in business ventures and everyday occurrences.

Every time a person leaves some set work unprepared he is gambling. If the lecturer questions him on it then he has lost. I see no noticeable difference between this and losing a few shillings on racehorses. Gambling can be merely summed up by saying it is taking a chance.

Some people still do not believe in the rightness of gambling; this may be remedied by examining that all important chronicle, the bible. Adam and Eve's adventure in the Garden of Eden was a gamble, the advent of Christianity was an even greater gamble and Christ's death was due solely to the unforgivable curse, he lost at gambling.

There is nothing wrong with gambling unless it is abused. Perhaps in time we may see that our life at college is a gamble. Some may win and others may lose. But, whatever the result one fact is certain and that is that we shall continue to gamble for the rest of our days.

C.R.O.

[Views expressed herein are not necessarily those of Talkabout.]

Dear Sir,

I wish to record my appreciation of the acknowledgement made to me in "Orchids and Onions". I have always read that column assiduously but have never expected any recognition of my doing so.

I know it is a little-read column so I feel it incumbent on me to recommend it to the Student Body. Being both educative and informative, it may prove of some interest to them.

Orchids to the kind soul who mentioned me.

Yours etc.

"Ardent Reader"

Dear Sir,

I should like to say how much I enjoy Talkabout lately. The acquisition of first year writers had done much for the paper.

However, I think it is very unfortunate that we do not see it more often. I think all the students look forward to each copy and buy at least one.

I should also like to wish the first years who are assuming editorial duties the best of luck and keep up the good work.

Yours etc.,

Notes.

Dear Sir,

In the second year literature option, the course requires some creative writing (poems, stories, essays etc.) from members of the option.

Recently it was suggested that some of this work be contributed to "Talkabout" in order to help raise the cultural standard of the paper. However, some students present offered the option that such articles would not be read be-

cause students do not appreciate culture but would prefer "scandal columns", etc.

If this is true, I suggest that it is a lamentable state of affairs when tertiary students prefer their reading to be hurtful to others and of no value to themselves. This I can scarcely credit, but from casual observation it would seem to be the case.

Perhaps a wrong construction is being put upon the attitude of students and that may be the reason for the failure of some to support "Talkabout". For myself, I think that the paper would be improved by such articles.

I am not trying to dictate your policy, but merely accepting the invitation to "Talkabout". I am surprised to see that others have not taken it up. Is this yet another indication of what has been termed "student apathy"?

I hope this will prompt students to defend themselves or otherwise. If not, I shall be forced to agree with those who say students "just don't care".

Yours etc.

Esit.

Dear Sir,

I have been following with interest the announcements concerning the progress of the "common" Common Room, and I was rather perturbed when I heard that it had been suggested that the decorations for the walls were to consist of photos of successive session students.

While I feel that the idea is quite good from the traditional aspect, what will be its effect from the artistic point of view? We want our Common Room to be set out with an eye firstly to the utilitarian and aesthetic standpoint.

There are several ways in which these photos of historic and traditional interest could be kept available for inspection without the necessity for arranging them around the walls. I will not enlarge upon the methods here, but they may be seen in any large public library or museum.

For my part I would like to see the walls of our Common Room as tastefully covered as those in the Administrative block.

K.J.H.

Dear Sir,

The recent meeting called by the Mayor of Wagga to formulate plans for aiding in the settling of New Australians has engaged quite a deal of discussion among the students of this college as to the worth of the migrants as future citizens.

On several occasions I have been heartily sickened by the stupid thoughtless slurs cast upon the character of these people by students who speak not from facts or experience, but from an emotional hatred of everyone who is different or whom they do not understand, and in so doing express an attitude completely unworthy of students of a tertiary institution.

Let us realise that behind this mask of language and custom difference is a fellow human being, desiring only the chance of a renewed opportunity and that, whether he stays a foreigner or becomes a friend is up to us.

K.J.H.