



TALK ABOUT

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WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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WAGGA'S FORMAL WELCOME TO ARMIDALE



Mr. Blakemore welcomes visitors on first day of Intercollegiate, after Wagga had informally met Armidale at the front gates. Near him are Miss Faux and Mr. Moran (Armidale)

CHARIVARIA

Last term and Intercollegiate are left behind; this statistical point marks and a few memories of the brighter spots are all that remains. To talk about it now seems as if to drag a skeleton out of a cupboard to tell its life story. Even though the event has slipped from our minds and from the sphere of College life, there are a few things which we will remember. We were proud of those teams which ried so hard to keep the Cup.

Most of us probably forgot a handful of people whose only enjoyment must have been the satisfaction gained from helping the rest of us. Muriel Hilton is representative of such students, who missed seeing most of the contests in order to work for the success of Intercollegiate. Representative of so many of the lecturing staff, whose advice and help were freely given, was Mr. Latham, who spent most of the two days securing photographers of events.

see only the charred remains of the rose pergola—lately, lovers' walk—standing abjectly against the background of the smoking craft room.

I have several suggestions handed to me from students for future fires. They are:

I If warden cannot be found to raise alarm, students should work on their own initiative, and leave burning buildings without an alarm. II Signing of forms and returning of irons should be ignored: if a dorm was burnt down, it would be foolish to obtain a clearance from it. III Fire should have been taken more seriously by students. IV Call fire brigade.

COLLEGE GOES TO BLAZERS

Smoke was billowing from the bathroom windows in dorm. 9, and issuing from the doors, which had been carefully locked so that dormitory denizens could get out of the windows. Further down, in Mari, the same situation had forced residents to bail out of their windows. By then the word had passed around that some of Tony Davis' jokes had set fire to his bedroom curtains. In the women's dorms, opposite, the alarm had not been raised; most of the women thought it was only Fletcher smoking a cigar.

Fire had caught hold of the ablution block, and through the dense smoke,

Harry Smith and several of his colleagues could be seen throwing sticks on to the blaze, to insure complete demolition. Livissianos was in the background keeping time with "The Destruction of Sennacherib."

From Dorm 8 a rather obese person was being helped from the window, his progress being somewhat impeded by a load of radios, electric cuckoo clocks, luminous bath towels, patent hair restorer and sixty-seven ounces of Woodbine tobacco.

Near Dorm 9, a struggle was carried out between a slightly built type and several others who were restraining the first from en-

tering the blazing building, to retrieve a clock-cum-adding machine maths aid. Fire hoses were then spraying around the building, but the general alarm had not been given in the women's dormitories—the warden had everybody searching for it. Charles Barnes and his inoffensive crew made a daring dash to the hydrant near the maids' quarters, while in a couple of the dorms students were signing clearance forms after room inspection.

From one end of dorm 2 a figure, dressed in ephemeral robes, albeit a dressing-gown, could be seen hurrying with a glass of water, to quench the blaze.

As I write from this hole in the big gumtree, I can

THE LOWING HERD

The staff commonroom at Far - Twittering - In - The Hollow College throbbled with the sound of people sleeping. In the corner facing me Mr. Ronnison snored in short bursts, raising his hand to grasp some imaginery tool, emitting a noise which vaguely resembled sand-paper being rubbed over T-Ko-bonded plywood. From Mr. Duck, seated next to him there came a series of highpitched warbling notes, which with some careful editing from Dr. Dorothy Slope, could have gone well into the programmes as Recorded Bird Calls For Primary School Bird Days. In the far corner Mr. Dolland was droning away at an organ voluntary, interspersed with some half-remembered lines from "Othello."

In desperation I turned to the fashion magazine I was taking home to my wife, and sought refuge in the pages of Women's Day. Almost immediately a sentence sprang at me from the printed page. "Boleros," I read, "are running like wildfire through the Paris collections." I looked at Ronnison. Would he ever forgive me, I asked myself, for allowing him to sleep on in ignorance of such things? It was not a risk I was prepared to take. I leaned over and shook him by the arm. He roared loudly, like a buzzsaw, twice in quick succession and then opened his eyes.

"What's up, Potts?" he asked thickly.

"The news looks pretty bad, Sir," I said. "It says here that boleros are running like wildfire through the Paris collections."

"Boleros, eh?" Ronnison made a gallant attempt to bring me into focus. "Thin edge of the wedge when they start using that screw. First - class for mobile models, but a packet of trouble as soon as you get 'em in the little fellows' hands . . ." His voice trailed off and he began to nod.

"Don't you think that we ought to tell Duck about this?" I asked rather loudly.

Ronnison opened his eyes and stared vaguely at Duck. Duck chose that moment to start on a reprise of the

TALKABOUT PANEL

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smokehawk noises which had practically caused the room to be emptied one day last term, after afternoon tea.

"Yes," said Ronnison, in a definite voice, "I think we should." He nudged Duck in the ribs. The birdsong stopped, and Duck awoke.

"Anything wrong?" he mumbled.

"Quite a lot," said Ronnison, tartly. "Potts here tells me that boleros are running like wildfire through the Paris collections."

"Are they, by jove!" Marriott blinked at us. "We had a plague of 'em once, under the floorboards. Little beggars had eaten clean through the joists and were starting on the foundations. Boleros, eh?" He undid another button on his waistcoat and closed his eyes.

Ronnison nudged him again. "Better tell Dolland," he said.

Duck opened one eye and peered at Dolland, who had just embarked on a tremulous vox humana passage. "I quite agree, Sir," he said. He shook Dolland's knee and woke him up.

"We thought you ought to know, Dolland," said Duck, "that boleros are running like wildfire through the Paris collections."

Dolland yawned. "I can quite believe it," he said. "Mr. Lurk was telling me he's finding an alarming number of foreign coins in his own till."

He settled back in his corner and closed his eyes. In a few moments the staff commonroom at Far-Twittering-In - The - Hollow College throbbled with the sound of people sleeping.

JOTTINGS FROM A WARDEN'S NOTEBOOK

DORMITORY EIGHT

PETER CURRAN: "Here comes the bride, Fair (-) and —." Can be relied upon for playing table tennis wrongly and having Australian cigarettes—plays around with cameras and things—has much in common with George Stanley—His table tennis balls are overworked; rather a bestial type—has a supibble sense of humor and a monstrosous desire for playing practical and impractical jokes.

ALAN ASHCROFT: Rather like a Teddy Bear to look at—has a lot more in common with a Teddy Bear as well—plays table tennis with Keed Curran—drinks water—"Twinkle twinkle little Ash, How I wonder how you pash!" was a love lyric specially composed in his favour. Has two jackets, one grey and one green—has a passion for Mary Webb.

IAN BREWSTER: This is the man with a past.

KEVIN O'CALLAGHAN: This is the man with a future.

GEORGE TORR: Plays football well and has correlated marks in Craft—Is good at Art (?) and at French knitting—his blonde-blue-eyes-Viking look makes him appear a Nordic God, and keeps him right with the Dot . . . Is in maths option, can be contacted in Room Five on Tuesday mornings—at all other times is in the Craft Room.

FREDDIE RICE: This is the man who flies by air—no other way. He asked me to insert an ad for ANA, but I had to refuse him, though it broke my heart . . . was attached to Mmille Zeigler, is now detached—had affair with Miss Hunt last year, one with Miss Lutton this year. Evidently an annual worker—handy for 'plane schedules—Is in Geography Option, and at most hours of the day.

CECIL WILLIAMS: Commissar of Corn—Wielder of Witt—Czar of Zany Sayings—he cracks jokes, he thinks. Comes from Broken Hill—he broke it—has an annoying habit of knowing everything—and telling one so—performed well in

PATIENCE — not very bright, but quite a bright lad. (Exactly so!—Ass't. Editor.)

ROY PARKER: Nickname is Mat, and not for nothing—rugged type—is hungry, constantly desiring moore and moore—can be trusted—Oi don't know who with—member of the Parker—Hagan - Rosegren - Schliebs-Irvine Clique — click-clack—is useless for most things, but is very competent at saving Yellow Books and training hoses on fires.

FRED ARMSTRONG: This is the man with a girl in very port—though the number of female sycophants is steadily decreasing—plays football—and does all the things which are, therefore, inevitable — Is good at Crafts—has to be—Jan Weir and Margaret Stewart—a lady in Leeton typed out all his assignments for him—likes Steele Rudd and Apuleius.

ROBERT LANG: Can be distinguished by the amount of hair on his head—lives in a state of extreme susceptibility—has NeoClassic meanderings and PreRaphaelite extrasyes—is found of loud music and soft voices—has attempted to act—result discouraging—on the staff of the rag I'm writing for—hope he won't use the blue pencil on this. (I won't—Ass't. Editor.)

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FURTHER NOTES FROM CALLAN PARK

FURTHER FANTASY FROM A DELIRIOUS BRAIN

Once upon a time there were two little students whose names were Hands and Gretta. Hands was a boy and Gretta was a girl. She was Hands's girl, and no other Hands went near her. They lived in a big, grey building near the tall blue mountains, close by the thick woods.

• Then, one day, their father and mother went out to make the nightly rounds of the college. The mother, whose name was Chorale, said to them: "Children, here are three skeins of wool, eight nails and two hairpins. By the time I return, I wish to see fifteen yards of French knitting."

And the father, who was a kindly man, and whose name was Laks, said to them: "The environs of your room are rather untidy. All I want you to do is to clean them up. There is an incinerator at the bottom of the paddock. Don't put any more than three tons of rubbish in at one time." And with that the two parents went out with their torches and a box of little black books.

The two children, whose names were Hands and Gretta, were quite bright children, so they decided to clean up the environs of rooms first, then to make their coils.

They were cleaning up the passageway when they found, hidden under some other rubbish, a copy of Meyer. Hands said: "Ho! this is in truth a funny book, Gretta! Let us sit here and read it, using the phonetic method. As you smoke, be careful not to drop ash on the spotless floor, because Papa does not like it. Have a 'Craven A'?"

The two children were soon so absorbed, intelligently reading the fascinating book, that they forgot all account of time. They had just finished reading the book, three years later, when their parents finally walked in, having finished their rounds at last.

Chorale and Laks were furious. Laks said: "But it does not really matter, Chorale. Instead, we must

arrange the environment so that they will want to clean up."

Chorale said: "It does not matter. You make a mess of everything. If you start mucking around with the environment you'll only make it more untidy. No! I shall follow the advice of Cole and Morgan and will now punish the children. Hands! Gretta! Out into the forest you go, and don't come back until you have picked a basket each of sprigs from *Acacia Baileyana*." And out the children went. They went out past a little patch of ground known, for some reason, as O'Callaghan-Wood Park, through the Hagan-Baines Cemetery, into the woods. There they began picking their sprigs.

Hands and Gretta picked and picked at each other. They had a brawl and a battle. Then they ran into the woods, further, and began playing the sort of games which boys and girls play in woods. When they stopped their game, panting, out of breath, they found that Hands had chased Gretta so far into the forest that they were completely lost. Fatalists, they lay down where they were and went to sleep till Dawn should wake them.

Dawn did wake them up. It came with a whistle in one hand, shouting "Ten to eight! Everybody awake, please!"

The first thing the children saw when they awoke was a building, some yards away. On moving closer they saw that this building was really a shop of some kind; a canteen, it appeared. There was a notice artistically done in grey and pink, announcing the hours of business. And there was another notice, not so artistic, but easier to read, which stated that this was a "College Shop."

"I've heard Papa speak about this place, Gretta," said Hands. "The man is a nasty one. We'll have to try to look grown up. We'll ask him the way to Pergola Avenue. That's where we

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live, the fifth rathole on the right."

Even before they had time to go up to the counter, a shadow fell between them and the sun. They both looked up. There, staring at them, was a little man. He was very dark, with a thin face, a red nose and a thin body. He was the owner of the shop. He leaned forward.

"Did you have much to eat where you came from?" He asked.

Always polite, Hands answered. "O! Yes, Sir! However, we haven't any money to buy anything. We only want to know the way to—!"

The little man leaned a little further forward and gathered them up into his hands. Then he said:

"Aha! Hee! Hoe! The pie season is just beginning. You'll do very nicely for fillings for pies. The students will never know." And with that, the slimy little ogre disappeared into a dark space at the back of his shop, carrying the two terrified tots tucked in a towel under his arm.

Having got to the back of the shop, this nasty character proceeded like a well-known character. He dumped the two brawling brats into a saucepan and clamped the lid on over them. Then he cut up onions, swedes, potatoes, turnips, carrots and spinach. Then he boiled the lot together until the mess was absolutely tasteless.

"Oboy!" he said, "a real College meal." Then he opened an antique tin of peaches, and destroyed the taste of the contents by flavouring with an equally

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antique piece of custard. "Second course. Now to cook the meat." He opened the pot where the two tots were, and brought them to the light of day. He prodded Hands to see whether he had any fat. Hands giggled. "Humm! Not so hot, as the Archbishop said to Satan," mumbled the ogre. "Still, you'll do." He switched on the electric cooker. He had previously filled the thing with cold water, and intended to boil the children in the water, allowing them to get hot under the collar at the same rate as the water did.

Then the Ogre gave an unhappy groan. "Goodness me," he said, "I fear that I just cannot continue with this."

"What's wrong?" asked Gretta, "Conscience pricking you?"

"O, no," answered the Ogre, grimly. "It's that wretched warden again. He's switched off the power. It's eleven o'clock."

With that, all the saveloys and American cigarettes came to life. They picked up the wicked Ogre and shoved him into the cooker. Then they locked the lid on, and sat down to wait for the power to come on as soon as the warden had left the college campus.

With the pie filling that was obtained from the boiled-down ogre, Hands and Gretta set up a shop, with the children to do all the work. When they had made a fortune, Gretta got married, Hands got married, and everybody lived happily ever after.

And Hands always used beef in his pies after that.

THE MATTER OF GETTING TO BREAKFAST ON TIME

There is no doubt about it—you MUST get there on time. As an old hand at this game and no other, I feel it my duty to drop a few clues on how to get there in time—Breakfast, I mean.

Clocks are, of course, a very necessary article for the kit of every student. You can set them for three o'clock and then, in the middle of the night, place them under someone else's bed—not your roommate. The only disadvantage is that you're bound to be found out.

Apart from this, you can also use a clock yourself. If you lend the thing, you may not expect to get it back whole—the spring will be broken most likely, since clocks are easy things to drop or overwind. Don't lend it, because if it's broken, and nobody else has had it, you'll know whom to blame, and so avoid that sense of frustration when looking for a victim. Set the alarm for thirty seconds to eight; that gives you seven and a half seconds to shower, seven and a half seconds to shave, seven and a half seconds to make your bed, and seven and a half seconds to stand in the hall waiting for the meal to begin.

That's a very good method, and David Lyons can guarantee that it works. There is another method, however, for those not quite so agile. This is it.

Arise (through the help of an alarm clock, at seven o'clock). You will find yourself with seven and a half minutes to shower, seven and a half minutes to shave, seven and a half minutes to make your bed, seven and a half minutes to walk to the Hall, and half an hour to wait for the Thirty-second-to-eighters. There is nobody who can guarantee this method.

One person, a warder, last term, dispensed with the last seven and a half minutes, and rode to breakfast on a bicycle. I cannot in any way be responsible for any fleet of bicycles which might spring into ex-

istence as the result of this suggestion.

Probably, these suggestions will forever remain in the files of Talkabout as mere fancies, things which will never eventuate because the people who read them will not take them seriously. What really has happened, will happen, and will happen is something like this; this is actually a slice of life—not mine, slice OR life:

7 a.m.: Student wakes for several seconds, waits for hooter, then turns over and goes to sleep again. Conscientious objectors rise and begin working. Roommates find it difficult to get to sleep again with the light.

7.15 a.m.: All quiet. A consh somewhere turns a wireless on, but is quickly silenced. Conshes still working.

7.30 a.m.: Students wake again and listen for hooter. Turns over again and goes back to sleep. Conches are tired and go for a walk.

7.45 a.m.: Somebody turns the news on. People wake others according to a prearranged plan. 50 per cent. of population awake and considering showers.

7.50 a.m.: Most (approx. 80 per cent.) of population awake, showering or showering or showered, well on the way to dressing. Several still sleep on regardless.

7.55 a.m.: Those dressed awake the sleepers-in. They wake and get ready just before the warden comes around at four minutes to.

8.00 a.m.: General exodus from dorm in the wake of the warden. Wireless going. Somebody who should be in sick bay is turning over in bed. A door slams. From the Dining Hall comes a confused murmur followed by a scraping of chairs.

P. SWANSBOROUGH

232 Baylis St., Wagga

ALL BOOT AND SHOE

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MR. KIRK

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

YOUR WEEK BY THE STARS

Lots of people have been spending lots of time gazing at the stars of late. In this new article we present their findings.

ARIES: (Sept. 21 - Oct. 22) This is your week for expansion, Miss Aries. You will have success in any new venture you may undertake. Money, business, love affairs will prosper as you may wish them to. But you had better make sure that you have handed in your assignments by the 25th Oct., or there may be trouble as your star passes to the second house of Mars.

TAURUS: (Mar. 21-Apr. 22) You will have complete success in any literary competitions you may enter into. SRC is offering a prize of £2/2/- for the best piece of work. Closing soon. Also, your financial position seems assured from next Thursday on.

GEMINI: (Dec. 21-Jan 22) Any architectural work you may undertake during the next fourteen weeks will not be without cause. Pastel colours are advised. Any new hats you may buy will appear as ridiculous as ever. Matters of the heart fall away considerably in about 8 weeks time, to be replaced by something more substantial, less important.

PISCES: (Apr. 21 - May 22) Any skuldiggery you might begin this term will not be completely successful. However, you will receive at least three credits, no distinctions. Biological ventures will be especially rewarding.

AQUARIUS: (June 21 - July 22) If you belong to a club of women, and you are lonely, and your last initial is F and your first initial is V you would do well to undertake a romantic venture with a tall dark man from last Saturday on. If you do not, you will have an outstanding success as a Kindergarten teacher.

CANCER: (Oct. 21-Nov. 22) If you are a man and play football, I should advise you to drop football from Sixth September onwards. There will be more intelligent forms of "sport" to

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occupy your mind from then on.

LIBERA: (Nov. 21-Dec. 22). Around about the third of November you will be weighed in the balance and found wanting. About the tenth of September you will receive an enormous and not very gratifying surprise.

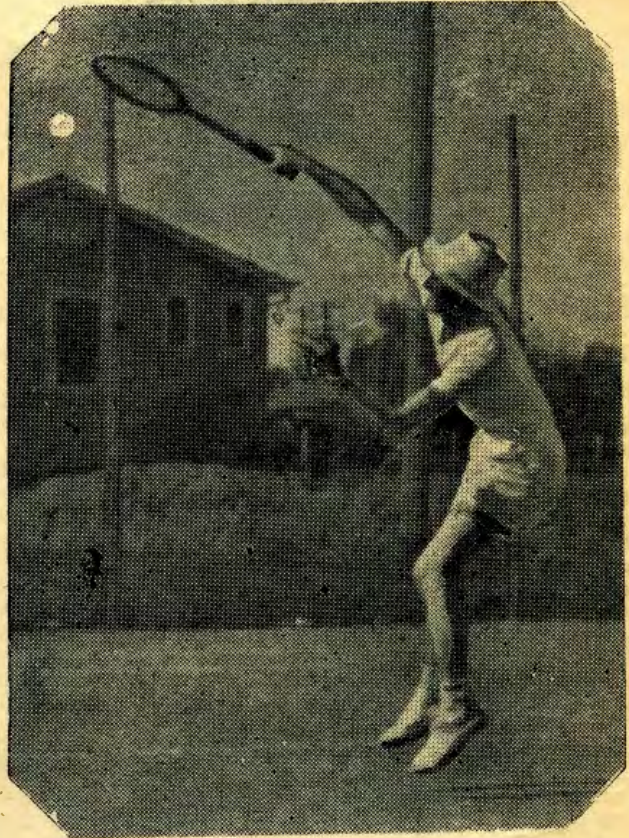
LEO: (Jan. 21-Feb. 22). The time will come in the very near future when a woman will glare down at you with triumph written all over her evil face. She will gloat. She will accuse you of being one minute early for Lunch. She will fine you 10/- and keep you in after lectures. You will be fed strained vegetables on the 23rd and Farex on the 24th.

GEMINI: (May 21-June 21). You will, on the second of October next year receive a very pleasant surprise. Until then, you may not find anything particularly exciting happening to you. If you go to Sydney during the holidays, do not go to Waverley or to Bondi. The young lady mentioned in Aquarius should stay well away from Lane Cove and from Chatswood

YE OLDE SOOTHSAYER.

**SERIAL . . . TO STAY THE EVENING
STAR . . . CONCLUDING CHAPTER . . .
WHEEL OF FORTUNE**

THE SMASH OF VICTORY



Ted Fowler smashes home another shot, to make an Intercollegiate tennis victory, during the men's singles. Ted is the college's best tennis player.

SYNOPSIS: Claribel Anterton has come to college; she rooms with a loose type named Ess Kentish. Ess is suggesting they go on a barbecue, and just quietly, it looks as though young Claribel will go the way of all flesh . . .

Now, read on . . .

"Who's going?"

"Me and a chap I know. He's got a friend, too."

But Ess, only four of us?"

"Well, you are the good little girl, aren't you?"

"No I'm not . . . but Heavens, what will the wardens do if they find out?"

"We'll say we're going to church on our leave cards. The wardens are good sticks if you rub 'em the right way."

"I don't want to go around rubbing wardens."

"A second year told me that she was too disinterested in the rules to break them. But she'd never tell her warden that because the warden would never believe her. If rules ever got in my way I'd just ignore them."

"Alright. I'll go. Just to see what it's like. Is it like the garden gate?"

"Yes, only don't open that summerhouse. Come along and see what everyone's doing."

:: :: ::

The fire was burning down. His hands are cool. His kisses are moist and exciting. Ess is outside with Trevor. This is Terry. This is love. The difference was not great. You can do anything you like when you're in love, you can't when you're not. Lean back against his shoulder and wonder if there are stars in your eyes as there are in his. It seems that Terry was young, too. Trevor seemed to be just the sort of boy for Ess, whom you liked, though she was awfully rough at times. What happens when they are left alone? Do they act the same as you and Terry do? You couldn't ask Ess, she'd laugh at you as though you were a child, which you were. What is he doing now. Terry! If he doesn't behave, you'll walk home on your own, only you can't because the town is a long

way away and you haven't got a truck.

Leaves were turning brown—it was autumn. Reds, yellows, browns, greens—all those colors which you automatically associated with autumn, were around—everywhere, especially in the air. And as you walked through the park with his hand on shoulder, you wondered why people thought life was nasty and why people wrote books. And you thought of what a terrible little fool you were when you first came to college. You asked yourself the reason Terry put up with you for so long, but you knew the reason all along. And John was nicer than Terry, and Bill was nicer than John, and Ken was nicer than Bill, and Ron was nicer than Ken, and so it went on. In a little while, after winter, Spring would be here, and life was wonderful. You thought of the song "If Winter Comes," and you thought: It won't be long till Spring.

:: :: ::

You put your arm on her shoulder, because she expected you to, but it was too thin anyway, and you were tired of this girl who could only think in terms of herself, who didn't consider you. And you were tired of her lipstick and her nail polish, and the way she kept waiting for Spring, and insisting that it was all right. You liked some of the other women you knew better, though this one was the best you had been with here. Hell! How to get rid of this one. You said that you wouldn't go to a barbecue ever again after this and you meant it. Women were the devil, anyway. How the devil did I get rid of the last one. You thought you'd tell Ess to tell Claribel that it was all off. It was better that way because you were tired of her.

Spring comes. Everyone is happy, because happiness is in the air. Nobody can wait until the weekend, but everyone does. You have picked your girl, and she is yours. It's lovely to sit near a splash of yellow wattle in such a season as this. And who else can resist Spring?

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POISONING THE WEAK

ITS NAME IS LES IRVINE

MAN'S ANGLE: He plays football (what go-ahead doesn't?) for the same reasons as they all do. Is fond of women and song, smoking and swearing, though at least he does not eat the cake in the editorial office. But then of course he's never had the key. Was observed during the last fire drill to be staggering under the weight of 23 Meyers and one Cubberley. Is a member of the Hagan-Parker-Rosengren-Schliebs - Irvine Cliques. Cliques a lot. A fearful consh. Never has any cigarettes to spare. Always is out of smokes — when other people have them.

WOMAN'S ANGLE: Tall, fairhaired, blueyed, casual. Has a serious manner which is very untrue to life. Can usually be depended upon to have a few spare shillings — for the opposite sex to his. Quite handsome. Immature look on his face is, of course, only a bait. Since most women like that Little Boy Lost look, Les is reasonably successful. Was attached to Miss Helen Wrigley, though current values change. No orchids for a Miss with a blemish. Loves at barbecues.

INTERESTS: Little hard to fathom. That disinterested air can be very confusing, girls. Likes smoking, and sitting in the sun. Plays tennis well. Is very fond of collecting beetles of the rare Mysonanee family, and Pete Curran funny (Huh!) sayings. Also collects beanies.

FAVORITE BOOKS: F. J. Thwaites' books, Marie Correlle's works. Has a mild passion for the waltzes of Waltdeufel and the marches of Sousa which he gratifies by reading immense volumes

dedicated to their explanation.

FAVORITE FILM: Baby Makes Three, Father Was A Bachelor.

PET PEEVES: Cadgers, bludgers, scroungers, and all those nasty types who borrow with or without permission.

PAST LIFE: Relatively unexciting. Has never had to Miss a thing. Likes all forms of excitement, but until he came to College was never able to gratify this liking.

TO SUM UP: Supibble dribble.

COLLEGE LAUNDRY: Some Dirty Linen Washed in Public.

Ian Brewster seems to have turned over a new sheet.

Musical Note: Carol Lutton doesn't like people who fiddle.

Word is being passed around that Jackie has her Eye on Maurice R. Best of luck, Jack! You deserve each other.

On holidays in Sydney recently, Dr. Watson observed fight ensuing in the sand dunes near a well-known beach. Carol Lutton was matched against Kevin O'C., Berenice Godfrey against Anthony Sh.

There was a young lady named Mag,

Oftimes described as a bag,

Said: "My moosh, Mr. Bissett,

For heaven's sake kiss it, Or in preference give me a flag"! ... Contributed by an anonymous person whose nom-de-plume is Hopalong.

LADIES

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:: :: ::

Mary (Harris) had a little And everywhere that Mary

beard,
The nicest you could find,
went,
Diddydar, d i d d y d a r,
didah!

:: :: ::

Apparently the football team needed more than steak 'n' eggs, rest, massages, supportings etc, to create a surplus of energy. Cf the Hockey teams.

:: :: ::

Apparently finances around college are low, in certain quarters. The latest method of bleeding students is by fining them for being late. I must mention it to the Editor. We may be able to work out some scheme for fining people who don't buy copies of Talkabout. The only flaw is, both of those situations are thoroughly illegal and criminal. O! for a strong Wagga Police Force — strong enough, that is.

:: :: ::

And now, off to my French Knitting and my PomPoms, with just one long, departing sigh, and a little whisper....

ARS GRATIA ARTIS ...
Singing off Dr. James Watson, M.D.

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LITERARY MAGAZINE

This year, it was decided to make the College Magazine both expressive of College literary experiment, and a record of the activities of the students during 1952. The literary section concerns every student who is interested in writing, and this includes short stories, original verse and critical prose.

For the short story, a high standard has been set in magazines of previous years. Last year, finance prevented the production of a Magazine. This year will probably find the writers unprepared. The short story, as it has been presented in the last half-century, has often dealt with situations which, though commonplace, do not carry a commonplace sentiment. It is not expected that the short stories will deal with an outworn theme. Poetry will come under the same consideration.

The critical prose will be most useful if it is a survey of one particular sphere in art. This will include Art, Music and Literature. Reviews, though often good, do not merit inclusion in the Magazine. Subjects like Literature and Radio, or The Study Of The Whole of One Writer's Works are the most suitable.

Everybody has attempted to write at some time in college. This is the first opportunity for first years, and the last for second years, to write for the College Magazine. Contributions should be handed in as soon as possible.

SRC offers a further bait—a £2/2/ prize.