



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

15th JUNE, 1956

"TALKABOUT"

COLLEGE ENTERS 10th YEAR

On the 25th April, 1947, a circular was forwarded to incoming students of Wagga Teachers' College. From the very beginning it was obvious that the Principal had the welfare of the students at heart, although the particular help here was directed to the males.

The circular concluded on the note—"You are requested not to arrive during the night," thus ensuring there were no bats in the first session.

This month the College enters its 10th year, and Mr. Blake-more can look on the achievements of the past nine years with a certain degree of pride. From a collection of old and drab army huts, surrounded by a prolific lucerne growth, there has evolved a Teachers' College, surrounded by carefully planned lawns, playing fields, and gardens. But more than just these outward signs—there has evolved a College with an atmosphere all its own, and a fine tradition and name. In two years here, the giggling creature emerging from school is set on the way to becoming a sane and mature person, capable of the responsibility of teaching other people's children. As you can see, this is no mean feat.

Even the College regulations have seen quite a few changes over the years. The 1948 Calendar states that "weekend hike and picnic parties may only be arranged with the approval of the wardens." This rule eventually fell into desuetude, and was omitted from other calendars. Apparently students didn't like the arrangement.

It is interesting to note the slogan, also recorded in the points of that first staff meeting—"Substitute, Improve, Cheerfulness, Optimism"—and it must have taken a lot of all four then, to get through the

two years in College, which had far less to offer in the way of accommodation and sporting facilities—not to mention lecture rooms—than now.

But although we tend to think of this early time as one of hardship for students, the local paper of June 10th, 1947, included a glowing report of existing conditions. It was greatly impressed by the "sleeping quarters, which rival the rooms of a first class hotel, with every modern convenience." It would appear that the reporter's acquaintance with first class hotels was strictly limited, because he failed to perceive the slight differences between these and Wagga Teachers' College rooms.

By 1950, Wagga students had so endeared themselves to the children of practice schools, that these children provided masses of flowers for the graduation day ceremony.

By 1951, the College's reputation for providing entertainment of great value had been made. In the Wagga paper during that year, it was recorded that "Wagga playgoers have come to regard Wagga Teachers' College productions as synonymous with first rate entertainment." The College has kept up the reputation this year with "Gioconda Smile," and looks forward to further honours with "The Gondoliers" and other plays to be performed during the year.

In other ways, too, 1951 was memorable. In this year there was a strong move organised in all Colleges to press for increas-

ed allowances. One sport afternoon, the Wagga students left the College in force, and marched down to the town, where they assembled on the bridge, and held up the traffic for some time. Meanwhile, "a trumpet played the funeral march out of tune," the Wagga paper tells us. "Students did not disperse till one of them had been struck on the side of the head by a police constable, and several names had been taken."

It would probably be entertaining to see the names given, but unfortunately, they weren't recorded for that purpose.

Eventually the gathering broke up when "a traffic constable took the wheel of a private car, and drove it through the mass of students, scattering them from the road.

From these brief notes on the College Dark Ages, it can be seen that students now are much better off than in former years. Perhaps the situation today could be described as the local paper said in 1951: "On the outskirts of Wagga, set up in a group of handsomely converted army huts, a self-contained community of almost 300 young men and women daily lives and learns in comfort—and gets paid for it." Almost too good to be true—isn't it? Yet we have certainly come a long way since the days when lucerne grew, and cooks set down and rolled cigarettes. The College now is a very attractive and well-planned place, with every opportunity for learning and broadening the mind.

Particularly on the cultural side has the College been lucky, since it has become possessor of some very fine paintings and objects d'art—not the least of which, of course, is the Recent Rotunda. This historical piece was written up in the local paper: "The curved top, outlined in iron lace, is believed to have come from an old gasometer." There are other theories, though, equally interesting.

The Rotunda joins the list of other objects of historic and cultural worth in the College. Among them are Myrtle, and several very old lights.

These points are evidence that Wagga College has progressed a long way, and is still progressing. Nine years have seen a lot of happy changes in the place, and these years have given it its character. The College enters its 10th year with a proud record. Let us hope that the next 10 years will show as much progress as the preceding ones, and bring Wagga even further to the educational front.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

Who nicked off with who at Dickson's party.

Much new jewellery has been observed around College.

Nan wait'ed not in vain. Clickety clock, clickety clack sang the train on the way to Hay.

What Love has Dunne to some people.

Cambell got Bruuced when she missed the cactus.

Efferything went off pat when she got round to kneeling down.

An' one fem wears Selby shoes.

Who is more cut up—Peter or Judy?

What is wrong with the men?

LEAVE OF ABSENCE

Sorry we kept you so busy handing out all those leave of absence cards for Thursday's lectures. It was something over which the student body had no control . . .

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Shakespeare for Teachers' College

- "Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and
filthy air."
Wander through the Biology
Room.
- "I will drain him dry as
hay:
Sleep shall neither night
nor day
Hang upon his pent-house
lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'n-nights nine
times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak
and pine;"
Fractise teaching period.
- "Stay, you imperfect speak-
ers, tell me more.
The usual lecturer's com-
ment.
- "What, can the devil speak
true?"
Sometimes lecturers are cor-
rect.
- "Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee,
and will labour to make
thee full of growing."
The usual blah!!
- "Stars, hide your faces;
Let not light see my black
and deep desires:"
The backpath lament.
- "If it were done when 'tis
done, then 'twere well it
were done quickly."
The Band Rotunda?
- "Was the hope drunk
wherein you dress'd your-
self? hath it slept since and
wakes it now, to look so
green and pale at what it
did so freely?"
After the ball.
- "Will I with wine and was-
sail so convince,
That memory, the warder
of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the
receipt of reason a
limbeck only:"
Did Shakespeare ever read
"Munn"?
- "I am so much a fool,
should I stay longer, it
would be my disgrace and
your discomfort:"
Another lecturer concludes.
- "Throw physic to the dogs,
I'll none of it."
Attention Mr. Hale!
- "It is a tale told by an
idiot, full of sound and
fury,
Signifying nothing."
The examiner's report.

- Methought I heard a voice
cry "Sleep no more!"
The 7.50 a.m. inspection.
- "Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I
see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision,
sensible
To feeling as to sight?"
Food in the dining room.
--DOUGLAS S. YEFF

RUGBY — JUNE

In the annual 1st Year v.
2nd Year game the veterans
won 21-9. The stars of the
match were Cohen, Kollash and
Tobin for 2nd Year and Land-
ers, Street, White and Clayton
stood out in the losing team.
Because of defeat at the
hands of Agricultural College

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PAULLS

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and City the Firsts have lost
their lead in the competition.
Injuries to Yeff, Berrell and
Cobbin have come at an in-
opportune time but we should
be at full strength again next
week.

Training will be at 4.15 each
Tuesday and Thursday from
now to the end of the term and
anyone who is absent without a
reasonable excuse will be re-
legated to Second Grade for the
following Saturday.

We were pleased to see last
year's captain, Ken Player,
selected for N.S.W. Colts in
a recent representative match in
Sydney.

—NOEL BERRELL.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Aunt Lizzie,
We have no gas heaters on in
the Common Room until four
o'clock in the afternoon. What
are we to do.

COLD GIRL.

Dear Cold Girl,
I believe the boys are having
the same difficulty. Maybe you
could come to some arrange-
ment . . .

Dear Aunt Lizzie,
I am a 2nd year girl in In-
fants' Option and when I go
out next year I would like In-
fants—how do I go about it.
—WORRIED.

Dear Worried,
Well . . . !

Dear Aunt Lizzie,
I am a First Year girl and
have been asked out by a terrific
Second Year male!!! who has
a reputation—should I go out
if I have no will power.
—WEAKLING.

Dear Weakling,
It's the won't power that
matters.

Women's Hockey

This year College has entered
four teams in the local com-
petition, which began on Sat-
urday, 5th May.

The first team is expected to
develop into as good a side as
the one which carried off the
premiership last year. The for-
ward line, with Jenny Clark
ably filling Barb Nagle's place
as centre, is already playing
well together, and with a little
early morning "figures in the
fog" practice, the attack will be
be outstanding.

The halves and backs, al-
though a bit rusty at this early
stage, have the makings of
some solid defences, while the
goalie, Vicky Alexander, is
playing an excellent game now,
so we can expect a good show-
ing as the season goes on.

MARI MAJOR

As one looks around the campus
 Into Mari Major's den,
 One sees eight young stalwarts,
 All up and coming men.
 First one seen is Huey
 The pride of Mari dorm.
 But now he's so dejected
 With no love to keep him warm.
 Then there's our tall streak of
 misery
 Old man Tupper is his name
 He is an old cow hunter
 Catching Todd's is his latest
 game.
 Have you seen our Chinese
 chapple
 The one that takes the blame
 He's in and out of everything
 But no one knows his name.
 Where on earth's the young
 'un?
 Is the cry that is set up
 He strained his eyes whilst
 Reiding
 And now he's all cut up.
 We've got our "married man"
 Who hates to be in fun
 He's got a "hot rod" Willys
 That takes off like a gun.
 There's also the good ole
 bachelor.
 Who hates College women and
 wine
 He likes to travel on trains
 though
 (now here I could . add a line)

KAMBU

After a year of intense study,
 the Gentlemen of Kambu have
 agreed that no College women
 attain to their high ideals. So
 we are now ten bachelors.
 A flying saucer with tele-
 scopic landing gear has landed
 near our main gate! We fear
 an invasion—perhaps of little
 men?
 One of our number, no doubt
 trying to raise the standard
 again, has to re-do an assign-
 ment. At last! A step in the
 right direction.
 You've heard of it raining
 cats and dogs, but yesterday it
 actually rained Hale.
 We are now lulled to sleep
 by the gentle strains of click-
 click-click-click, ding, whizz,
 click-click-click . . .
 It is rumoured that our dorm
 mascot has gone into the sten-
 ography trade. Any spare
 knees?
 No more shall The Men ride
 in Fearne's limousines: our
 Rolls has returned.

IPAI

We have a new chap in our
 dorm who wanders around
 (when we see him) with a
 toothbrush in his mouth and
 sometimes says "Ugg." We want
 one linguist to translate his
 Indian language for us.

Who's been doing the dirty
 around COL and who cwied
 and dwied his tears.

Who found other uses for
 umbrellas; I ask you?

That one was above average
 Greg!

Come! Come Ross! You can
 do better than that.

The poor dejected G.G.s are
 getting thinner and thinner.
 Their stomachs are full of air
 and their legs are nearly as
 hollow as their heads (believe
 it or not) while their position
 in the dining room is being
 forcibly snatched by rival clubs.
 On the other hand the "Scav-
 angers" are "having it turned
 on" and their stomachs are as
 full as boots. A sensational
 Scavenger War Cry is recruit-
 ing members right and left. Re-
 member G.G.s, "if you don't
 eat . . ." — you know the
 rest.

By the way what is the key
 to the pink eiderdowns. Is it "I
 haven't got my love to keep
 me warm."

Who can be blind and terri-
 fied at the same time?

Grant crossed the river in
 training.

KABI MEN

Our lucky number 500.
 We may not have a Bridge
 but it seems we will have to
 but there's plenty of pontoons,
 dice it in favour of a less nerve
 racking pastime.

Nunns out the two D's came
 from a long family of Socka-
 lofts (Russian name meaning
 high socks). Yes they came
 from the same family — ask
 Darwin.

Gallagher's got a sore ankle—
 What! Didn't he tell you?

Goat got lashed by the hill
 man.

Digger ran into a bank with
 women after him for breeches.

Kabi men have had a lot of
 trouble with Kabi women over
 a corner table.

Mully had to be dragged away
 from Dixon's party when he
 wanted to use chalk on the
 grandfather clock.

As for myself I'm still evad-
 ing Chinamen.

TERSE VERSE

One of the Conscientious
 Students, while serving her
 nightly spell in the library,
 came upon the following point-
 ed classics.

**TO WHOM IT MAY
 CONCERN**

There are several reasons for
 drinking
 And one has just entered my
 head

If a man cannot drink when
 he's living
 How the hell can he drink when
 he's dead.

NELL GWYNNE

When Charles II
 Beckoned

Nell

Fell!

JOHN BUN

Here lies John Bun,
 He was killed by a gun.
 His name was not Bun, but
 Wood,
 But Wood would not rhyme
 with Gun,
 But Bun would.

FEMALE LOGIC

As I was sitting in my chair
 I knew the bottom wasn't there
 Nor legs, nor back, but I just
 sat

Ignoring little things like that.

THE FLEA

An odd little thing is a flea—
 You can't tell a he from a she
 But he can, and she can—
 Whoopee!

MEN'S SOCCER

With the second term now in
 full swing, much can be expect-
 ed from the unbeaten College
 Soccer team, which has some
 hard matches in the near
 future. This is because—

1. The better teams from
 the town have not been played
 yet.

2. Two matches will have to
 be played each week, to make
 up for the matches missed dur-
 ing the holidays.

The next games should pro-
 vide some thrilling spectacles,
 as the College plays Kapooka,
 Park Rangers and Forest Hill.
 Nearly all these teams have
 only been beaten once.

The College team is also
 hopeful of having the use of
 the College ground, which, be-
 cause of its quick drying-off,
 can be regarded as one of the
 best football grounds in Wagga.

We hope to see you at the
 Soccer on Saturday afternoons.

—D. DILLON

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CINDERELLA FOR MODERNS

A Bedtime Story for Wide-Awake Kiddies

Once upon a time in the village of Cam-clatter-on-Thames there lived a lead-footed lass named Cinderella. She lived in an apartment over a garage with a hero-driver stepmother and a pair of real square stepsisters who were very mean to her. Everyone knew they were mean to her, because the stepmother drove a Mercedes and the stepsisters each drove a shiny new Jag, while Cindy had to tool round in a beat up old T.C. with bent wire wheels.

No wit came to pass that Hot Shoe Charlie, who was the local prince, decided to toss a bash to celebrate the delivery of his new 4.5 Ferrari, and Cindy's stepmother and stepsisters were invited to bend an axle with the blue bloods.

Cindy wanted to go very badly, but the old signal-jumper told her that she could not. "And furthermore," the stepmother said, "the girls are going in my job, and you better have the hub caps for their Jags polished when we get back."

After the three biddies had dug out for the clam-bake, Cindy sat by the fire sipping a cool brew and applying a chamois to a hub cap with little enthusiasm. Suddenly a figure appeared.

"I am your fairy godmother," the figure said.

"And I'm Alberto Ascari," replied Cindy.

"I'm not just gunning my engine," said the fairy godmother. "It's for real."

"You've been hitting this stuff harder than I have," replied Cindy, taking another slub from the bottle.

"I'll prove it to you," snapped the fairy. "Make a wish!"

"Whatta you think I've been sitting here doing? I want to take in the goings-on up to the Prince's diggings."

"It's as good as done!" So saying, the fairy godmother waved the gearshift lever she used as a wand and wonderful things began to happen. Cindy's rags turned into a white satin jumper with W. S. C. C. (Women's Sports Car Club) lettered across the back in crimson. Looking out the window, she saw her T.C. had been turned into a shining new Cad-Allard with chromium tail pipes.

"You're a living doll," gasped Cindy, giving her fairy godmother a fast hug. "But now I've got to dig out."

"Just remember," cautioned her godmother, "that at midnight you'd better hot shoe it home, because everything will go back to stock."

"I dig you, Grandmother," Cindy shouted as she slammed it into first gear and burned rubber away from the domicile.

Sliding into the parking lot of the Prince's hacienda, which was a 27-room shack with leather upholstered garages. Cindy ran into the big boy himself—that is to say, she clobbered his car as he paused to make a left-hand turn. And it was love at first sight.

After a few fast laps around

the parking lot, they curled up in the corner, and murmured sweet things about displacements, racing cams, rear end ratios, and other tender, foolish things which young lovers speak of.

Suddenly the clock in the steeple began a crazy perididdle and Cindy leaped to her feet. "I gotta buzz off, Prince," she murmured.

"Oh, don't be a flat tyre," the Prince whispered, "hang around and we'll crack a case of Castrol."

But Cinderella could not wait. So she bounded into her Allard and took off down the road like a rocket. The Prince piled into the Ferrari and took out after her, but missed the downshift into second, came into a corner too fast and spun out. Cinderella got away.

But in gettin away, Cinderella dropped a lass crash-helmet from the seat of her car. The Prince picked it up and vowed to find the girl whose lovely head it would fit.

One day Cindy was in the garage trying to explain to her angry stepmother and stepsisters why she hadn't gotten a set of valves ground yet, when a screech of brakes announced the coming of the Prince.

In he strode, splendid in his Perelli jumper and white leather helmet. "Fall in, dolls," the Prince yodelled. "We're going to try fitting this helmet on your curly locks."

The Prince tried the helmet on the stepmother but she had a pointed head, and the helmet spun round and round like a chopped flywheel. Neither would it fit the stepsisters, for one's head was flat and the other's was square, and the helmet would not go on.

At last the Prince approached Cinderella. Lifting the helmet tenderly, he slipped it onto her head. It fitted perfectly. "Dahling," the Prince shouted, "I've found you."

"It's about time, murmured Cindy. "If you'd been a day later I'd have been stuck with the lousy job of grinding these valves."

"My sweet, you will never have to grind another valve or resurface another cam lobe as long as you live," the Prince purred.

"Stop stalling. Let's find a preacher."

"Of course, my pet," replied the Prince, "for I see the glint of true love in your eyes."

"Glint-schmint," growled the stepmother, "that's the sunlight shining through the holes in her head!"

But the young couple paid no attention as they hopped lightly into the Ferrari and

blasted off into the sunset. And so they were married, bought an Ast-on-Martin, and spent many happy years raising a brood of super-charged specials . . .

—A-REEL-GONE-GUY

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S.R.C. CONGRESS

The S.R.C. Congress this year was held in History House in Sydney, on 21st May. Your representatives were Bob Ingram, Frank Wheatley and Nick Best.

All Colleges throughout the State were represented.

The motions passed by the Congress were as follows:—

(1) The Congress will apply for an increase in the book allowance—£5 was suggested.

(2) A "Teaching Aids" allowance of £5 will also be sought. This is only for use in Practice Teaching periods.

(3) The question of uniformity in the number of subjects taken by Second Year students in the respective colleges in the State was put before the Congress by your representative. It was discovered that in the Primary course, the number of subjects taken by second year students in the respective colleges were as follows:—

Armidale	13
Bathurst	16
Balmain	17
Newcastle	15
Sydney	24
Wagga	19

After much discussion, a motion was finally passed to the effect that the respective S.R.C.s approach their Principals on the matter and they in turn if deem this acceptable, will bring the matter up at the next Principal's Conference.

(4) It was decided that the summer inter-collegiate this year will be held at Sydney Teachers' College. Sports to be contested are as usual, but teams must find their own board in Sydney.

(5) It was also decided that S.R.C.s should approach their Principals and College librarians on the lending facilities of the College libraries for teachers for examinations.

The next Congress will be held annually at the same time.

MEN'S BASKETBALL

This year, the prospects of men's basketball in the College really look bright, and when I say bright, I mean really gleaming. Believe me, when they put on those new striped singlets, they will think the sun shines out of them—which it does.

The preliminary selection of the teams has been carried out,

and the First Grade team is as follows:—

Backs: Bob Hillermen, Graham Phillips, Terry McCarthy; Centre and Forward: Dick Enever; Forwards: John Banting, John McNeil, Ian Clacher; Centre and Forward: Nick Best (capt.).

So far this year, the boys are really on the ball, and after a few early setbacks, are now playing in fine style. Graham Phillips is defending well, and I think someone must have put a bomb under him; Bob Hillerman is playing a much tighter game this year and is shooting well, but still likes to dribble; Terry McCarthy is also defending well and gets that one in when needed; Ian Clacher, when he is there, proves most agile, and has had some spectacular spills; John McNeil has the most awkward style I have ever seen, but is still one of our most persistent scorers; Dick Enever has not yet struck last year's form, but should soon be bounding around like a hot-footed kangaroo; John Banting is throwing really well, and one of these days will put that corner shot in, and I hope he does; me (?), I'm still plodding along and am upholding my record of more misses than hits.

On the whole, the boys are really concentrating on that little ring and will soon have it worn out. I'd like to warn those Newcastle Giants to watch out for Wagga Wagga the Swifts, this year.

—PEDRO.

STUDENTS

Between the joy of leaving school, and the day when a white-faced, trembling piece of humanity walks into his class for the first time, there comes the magical creature—the Teachers' College Student.

Students are found everywhere—underneath, on top of, climbing up lamp posts. Lecturers tolerate them, school kids laugh at them, prac. teachers loathe them, charity workers love them.

They like food, members of the opposite sex, free lectures, back paths, demonstrations,

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pay day, and pictures. They are not much for examinations, prac. teaching, light bulbs, barb wire, dems, and no heaters.

Nobody else is so late to rise, yet so quick to breakfast. No-one else, in one lecture, can write two letters, do two lots of dem notes, play a round of noughts and crosses, have an argument with the lecturer, write three verses for a dorm song, and still have a 40-minute sleep.

A Teachers' College student is a magical creature. You can get him out of the library, but you can't get him out of bed. You can draw him away from a lecture, but you can't get him away from his food.

Might as well give up—his byword is "there's safety in numbers." Yet when your whole world seems to have been shattered, and Biology shee's come crashing around your ears, a fellow student can give you future a rosy hue by the words—"Don't worry—I didn't even look at those sheets, and I passed."

OVERHEARD IN BIOLOGY

"Ooh look! Is that a moth or a butterfly?"

"Have a look at its antennae."

"There antennae!" Touche!

**P. Swansborough
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EDITORIAL

"WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES"

The prospects of warm College life during our cold winter term aren't too promising. When they snipped our radiator leads, couldn't they have done likewise on the back path. We could gain on the merry-go-round (La Ronde) what we'd lost on the hurdy-gurdy.

Nor can we now enjoy the warm Saturday morning companionship of fellow professional people in the local pie bar.

Well, why not get together and make the best of a bad start with a bit of College fellowship and comradeship? What's happening at Wagga? The place is becoming strictly square. I even heard a prominent businessman complain that he'd spent a 'round pound on : square hole.'

Perhaps we can look to the girls to solve the problem, to promote a little warmth and understanding.

Surely we can forget our feuds, "daily dozens" and "love rituals" and conjure up some genuine friendship between the sexes.

I'm not advocating passion for passion's sake, it should be confined under these circumstances to locations outside College.

What could be advocated is a little College spirit, not so much for the glorification of the establishment, but for the mutual benefit of a team of men and women growing up together.

GEMS FROM THE PAST

"FRUSTRATION ADIEU"

The awesome cloud of apathy that hangs dolefully over the College is due in no small part to the fact that S.F.R. (Student Frustration Rate) is so inordinately high. Many of you shrug your shoulders and say it can't happen here, but like the famous "band rotunda" it can happen, it has happened and it will happen again, unless we unite to combat the hideous monster.

In this article, Ladies and Gentlemen, you may, at no extra charge, equip yourselves with the knowledge needed to lift yourselves from the mire into which you have sunk. Lift your noses from your books and prepare to cast off the slimy tentacles of frustration.

We have flung off the thin veil of prudency that shrouds the subject. We face the truth, starkly and stolidly, for this is

a definite demonstration of the infallibility of the scientific method. We will make revelations that Kinsey never gave thought to, and make them from the vast source of practical and experimental evidence at our fingertips.

Don't wait until people are saying "Life begins at 35." I don't want you to wait that long—you mightn't look so good then. Be rejuvenated without harmful pills or tablets. Start today!

Let us look at the present relationship between the sexes.

The average male thinks the average female is (a) a bat, (b) a harpy, or (c) a bag. The average female reciprocates to the extent that she regards the average male as (a) a ning-nong, (b) a tightwad, (c) a creep. The crux of our problem is now obvious.

The women don't like the men, but the men like the women, and so do the women. Therefore, it seems apparent that we need a catalytic reaction to stir up emotion in the breasts of the most primitive in our society. This then is the great plan (called the fruss-plan, behind the iron curtain). Here then is the swan song of apathy, and the salvation of the student body. The names of all the romantically minded and unattached students in College are placed in two hats—the boys' names in one hat, the girls' names in another hat. This is the last time the sexes will be segregated during the entire experiment. One name is drawn from each hat and the resultant couple applauded and blessed by all concerned. Thus could the whole College be paired off.

In fairness to interested parties, I must elaborate on the scheme. Firstly, every name would have to go into the hat and, with the exception of the woman unfortunate enough to draw Riolo, there would be no second dips, excuses or money back guarantee. We will provide the woman who gets Grant with handcuffs until she can train him to walk on a leash.

To keep the picnic rolling smoothly there would be an involved system of stars, points, block competitions, games and open nights. There would be no entry fees, but there would be monster prizes for the finalists (pink entry forms are available at Talkabout office).

Of course the affair would have to be rigidly supervised to that Second Years wouldn't take advantage of First Years' innocence. Those not available for the great adventure could become clerks of the course, Stipendiary Stewards, or Parking Police.

To ensure that all contestants kept to the straight and narrow, the following rules would apply—

1. The well known and popular Rule 17.
2. The "3 foot rule."
3. Men do their own washing, ironing and darning—this would ensure that their intentions were honourable.
4. Women not to knit in section. It worries the men.
5. The decisions of the committee are final and binding.

The men might grumble too. Fancy drawing lots for Myott when there are so many other women about. But, overall, the benefit would be, to put it mildly, simply immeasurable. I intend telling the Editor so that she can have a Co-ordinator elected forthwith.

(FOOTNOTE): The Editor has suicided. When the scheme was explained to her she realised that her chances of receiving Ariel could not be more than 100 to 1. As a result she shot herself.

(This article was taken from a 1948 Talkabout.)

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