

EPA



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

20th APRIL, 1956.

"TALKABOUT"

VISIT TO BENDIGO! A CHERISHED MEMORY

The final yacka bluey at the College gate rung down the curtain on another inter-State inter-collegiate.

The enthusiastic voices proved that the physical appearance of the thirty-five students bore no relation to the state of their spirits.

Apparently, the idea of being home for tea lent their limbs an unsuspected strength, and their voices a fresh lustiness. This last was noticeable when loud "rebops" echoed around the campus, and the many humorous stories of the trip were told.

The inter-coll. trip certainly gave material for many sessions of story telling. From the moment we loaded into our travelling coach, an upsurge of student spirit — the inter-coll. spirit — was obvious, and this set the tone for the trip.

The journey down was most interesting, but of course the highlight was the picnic lunch at Yarrowonga. Students waxed enthusiastic over the quality and quantity of the food.

A few miles from Bendigo a strange and odd-looking group of battered vehicles with streamers flying was parked by the side of the road. Fortunately, Mr. Blakemore recognised the Bendigo colours, so the bus was stopped, and we greeted the party with appropriate shouts.

On Wednesday night, Wagga was tendered an unofficial welcome in the Bendigo Hall, at which Mr. Pryor, the Bendigo College principal, told some of the history of the district and its College. After this, Wagga students, fired with spirit for the forthcoming sporting contests, went home for a good night's sleep.

Although on Thursday morning, some people found it difficult to leave their hotels (because of stiffness) once the effort had been made the planned visit began in earnest. Bendigo lecturers took parties of students around the district in their cars, and pointed out places of interest.

Students not participating in sport in the afternoon were given the chance of visiting the Oral School for deaf children, the Remedial School, for backward children, or the School of Mines (equivalent to our technical school).

Thursday drew to a close with the official welcome and a debate in the High School Hall. Although Wagga had two women in its team, and therefore could be said to have an advantage over Bendigo, with only one, the Bendigo team excelled, and emerged triumphant. Apparently the wagging tongues of Wagga women just couldn't do the trick this time, in spite of our president's lead.

The last full day, Friday, included a visit to East Leedon Consolidated School, the Swimming Carnival, and inter-coll. dance. Wagga covered itself with glory on this day. The swimmers, who had trained so enthusiastically each morning, scored very heavily, and easily defeated the Bendigo team. A certain well-known face was wreathed in smiles after this triumph. Ah yes—swimming is Wagga's sport!

The dance was a great success, and the tired but merry Wagga troupe was glad enough to see their hotels after the revelry.

By Saturday morning, most students were tired out, so the trip home was comparatively quiet.

Although Wagga did not win the sporting side of the visit, we were not too disappointed. We felt that on the educational and social sides we had gained a great deal. The visits to Bendigo schools gave some insight into the Victorian education system, and we gleaned some very interesting facts about College life from the Bendigo students. Apart from this, any visit away, and more so an inter-State visit, is a valuable experience in itself.

It remains now, only to see the inter-coll. film. Miss Lahy very conscientiously missed nothing (as directed), so it should be an excellent record of a most enjoyable and memorable visit.

Bendigo Sport Results

SOFTBALL

The game was close till the last two innings, when rain began to fall, making the ball very slippery. Bendigo won 22-15. Jenny Clarke, Lillis Hatty and Pam Northey played well.

TENNIS

Terril Schenk was the outstanding player, as she was the only one to win her singles.

Bendigo won 5 matches to 1.

SWIMMING

Cherie Hingee delighted on-lookers with her easy style. She starred for Wagga, while all men played their part in our win.

CRICKET

Wagga — 54.
Bendigo — 114.
Bentley and Clacher were the best bats for Wagga, while Williams and Johnson bowled well during Bendigo's innings.

LADIES!

Ladies, - are you in trouble with overweight? Do people gape at your shape? Is it years since you've seen your feet? Then stop the unfortunate situation from spreading by taking Doc. Bolton's Pills, the only pills that guarantee to deflate your rubber tyre in three short weeks.

It has been proved that one third of women students are overweight. These of course are lumpy figures. And, if you feel that you'd look more spick with less span, switch to Bolton's immediately and rest content that you're munching a pill that is unconditionally guaranteed to make you look slimmer within 21 days or your tummy back.

Take heed then, of this word to the wide. Girls, don't let yourselves go to waist. Be sensible! Purchase your pills from Doc. Bolton at once and watch yourself grow so thin, that people will have to look at you twice, to see you — once!

Finance Report

1956 grant for Social Union—£330— was allocated to this body, to be distributed among the various clubs as follows:—

- Little Theatre—£50.
- Music—£35.
- Chess—£20.
- Sketch—£60.
- Photography—£60.
- Garden—£65.
- Craft—£40.

The Sports' Union grant is £428. Separate allocations are still to be checked.

THE TURTLE

The turtle lives twixt plated decks which practically conceal its sex. I think it clever of the turtle in such a fix to be so fertile.

—OGDEN NASH

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**From a Small-School
Teacher First Year
Out**

Received recently was a letter from Don Whitbread, an ex-student now teaching a Beargamil, 12 miles from Parkes. The school is "a small weatherboard structure, a dusty orange-yellow colour, badly in need of a coat of paint. The grounds are a wilderness, but the interior is an improvement. Don likes his small school but is afraid that he might lose it, there being only 7 pupils and 3 more likely to enrol. On one occasion the whole school was driven to an A.B.C. concert in the backseat of a car. No T. model Ford this car; according to Don, most of the children and the teacher arrive "in a big Hudson or Customline, complete with chauffeur." In wet weather bad roads and flooded creeks maroon teacher and pupils alike.

Board, which is a major problem for many, is more than satisfactory for the pedagogue at Beargamil. Parents take turns at "having the teacher" for a term. In return for doing a few chores he is regarded as one of the family and is driven to school and to town in the family car. However, as farm life is rather lonely after college-life Don's purchase of a motorbike enabled him to make the acquaintance of young people in the town and so to participate in sport.

Being his own Headmaster involves the small-school teacher in much filling in of forms. By the beginning of the second week period Don found that he had things under control and that on the second attempt, programming was much easier. At this stage "I gave up my school choir and am now concentrating on a quintet to challenge the college (maybe)."

Although he was at sea for a while Don concludes "This form of teaching is rewarding, happy, worthwhile and interesting. My regards and best wishes for a very happy and successful year to you all, first and second year alike."

**SWIMMING
CARNIVAL**

The day was cloudy,
Rain was near
But W.C. was there to cheer.
The crowd was alive
As in they dived,
Onward ever to victory.
The Ipa's with a burst
Managed to come first.

Then Mari, Kabi and Kambu,
Showed us all what they could
do.

Three records broken by Cherie,
She made the day a victory.
Cur Wendy proved herself a
star,
An equal first she came, by far.
While in the boys, Leo did
shine.

First in points—well that's just
fine.

But don't let us forget
Those not mentioned yet,
You were the ones
Who laid the way
To make this such a happy day.
So thanks to those who came,
You all deserve acclaim.

POINT SCORE

First: Cherie Hingee and
Wendy Johnston.
First: Leo Tobin; Second,
Bruce McAllister.
House Competition: First,
Ipa; Second, Mari; Third,
Kabi; Fourth, Kambu.

—L. LANGRIDGE.

YOU KNOW!

By golly, huh? It is der great
big hullo und vellcum again to
der readers uff "Talkabout"
from me, Olaf Guttenspickel.

Me und my brudder Charlie
und me, ve vas haffink der
most enchoyable holiday. Ve
vent on der quick trip to der
Fadderland. It vas der beautiful
trip on our tricycles. Mein
brudder Charlie still maintains
der hills vas so steep, if der
handbrake he did not put on,
he would haf gone backwards
down them.

In truth, he did haff der vun
spill. Out cold he vas. I could
not bring him too, so I brought
him four. He sat dere mid his
head in his hands. (A remarkable
fellow he vas!) Mein
goot self said to him—

"Mein brudder, ve haff der
big task ahead of us." He says
"By golly, und I am thirsty!"
Veil vot could you do wit a
brudder like dot?

In der fadderland ve saw
many cowboy pictures like in
dere Vagga Vagga, und—

It isn't der shootink
Dat sets off der hootink—
Ve loves effery deafenink
volley,
Der action vich causes
Our loudish guffaws is
Der chase right before der
finale.

Ven all dere bad mens
Is finally sad mens
Surrounded by law and
order,
Der principal meanie
Escapes like Houdini
Und rides in der sweat for
der border.

Der hero howeffe
Is cunnink and cleffer—
Der getaway never defeats
him.

He chases der villain
Displaying much skill in
Der tackle vid vich he un-
seats him.

Dese untics are gettink
A little upsettink,
Und therefore, concernink
der action,

Ve've chosen to question
Ve haff der suggestion
Vich followed, vould end our
distraction.

Vith possemen doink
Der villain pursuink
Der hero could always give
thought to

Concluding der story
Off peril und glory
By chassink the girl as he
ought to.

—OLAF GUTTENSPICKEL

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Demonstration Lesson Notes

This article was taken from a 1948 Talkabout, and is the first in a "Gems from the Past" series.

The advent of practice teaching made it seem a good idea to present a sample set of lesson notes for students to examine and refer to. The following should be of considerable help.

AIM: To catch a man.

MOTIVATION: Children's normal desire for varied and interesting activity.

PREPARATION: Intense research on available subject matter. Choice of subject.

PRESENTATION:

1. Introduction: Short talk on the requirements of accuracy and speed.

2. Body of the lesson: (a) Preliminary practice of "come-closer" look; (b) application to model; (c) Correction and analysis of errors; (d) Further application to model. If unsatisfactory and unresponsive, take a new model.

3. Conclusion: Display of best work.

N.B.: All practice must be done in Syllabus style.

POINTS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. Note the method by which the rule of procedure is applied.

2. Was the time spent in perfecting the technique justified?

3. "Practice makes perfect." Discuss.

4. What provision was made

for different learning rates? How were the very bright catered for? How were the slow, grasping ones dealt with?

5. Did the class know the starting positions, and did they move lightly in change of position? Why is this necessary,

6. Do you think the aim of this lesson is too narrow,

EAST LODDON CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL

Students from Wagga College visited East Loddon School on the Friday morning of their Bendigo trip, and were highly impressed by what they saw.

The idea of consolidation is to give children who previously had attended small schools, the advantages enjoyed in a large school. To this end, the small schools in the district are closed down, and children brought in by bus to the one central school.

East Loddon School is unique in that it is not attached to any centre, but is found in a typical rural area where only a few families reside within a three-mile radius. It serves an area of 400 square miles, and 96% of the children travel on one of the five bus routes. The length of these routes vary from $9\frac{1}{2}$ to 25 miles.

When the school opened in February 1951, the enrolment was 118 pupils. This has grown to 232 in 1956, of whom 55 are doing post-primary courses. These courses do not follow the

strict curriculum, but are adapted to meet the needs of the child in the school. Thus emphasis is placed on agricultural science.

The school has its own Young Farmers' Club — a very active and enthusiastic body. Over the past year, they have been conducting experiments to find ways of producing better pastures without irrigation in the 14in. rainfall area. The pupils have added to their original area by purchasing five acres of land from a local grazier.

From their land, the Club raised nearly £400. Sheep raising contributed approximately £200; locally sold athel trees, £25; and a recent clover and rye seed harvest, £150.

It is in schools like East Loddon that the real aims of education come nearer to being achieved. Children from isolated places enjoy the social advantages of a large school, and have an opportunity to get the kind of education they need. New South Wales could well take note of these Victorian Consolidated Schools.

HEARD AROUND COLLEGE

"The greatest aid to woman's beauty is man's imagination."
—Dug.

"I've never heard of a child being bitten on the school excursion"—Mr. Gammage. (To tell the truth, neither had we!)

"Do it illegally, and take the chance of being caught!"—Marlowe.

(Women smokers—beware.)

"That beer. I knew it was a joke."

"Is it my mind, or your conversation?"—Brown.

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SHORT STORY

She was halfway home before she first noticed the man behind her. And even then she wasn't unduly worried. At ten o'clock on a Saturday night in the main street of a busy city, there was no cause for worry. Yet with all those cases she'd read about in the paper . . . it would pay to be careful. She took a furtive glance over her shoulder. That mouth. Those eyes. They seemed to pierce her through. She shuddered, and moved out to the street side of the footpath.

"Take hold of yourself," she thought. "Stop imagining things." Nevertheless, that little nagging worry inside her persisted, and made her slow down—stop at a shop window—and the man walked past.

From behind, she had a chance to study him. He was greasily dressed in old blue sports clothes, and his hair badly needed cutting. His face, as he gazed around was dark, with a sloppy weak mouth.

As he gazed around! That was it. Now she was really frightened. He kept looking back, to both sides, up and down the street. But particularly he directed his gaze at the shop windows opposite. Why? With a start the girl realised he was watching her reflection in them. That settled everything. Panic.

She looked about for the reassuring sight of headlights, or people walking. There was no sign of anything or anyone. It was just one of those traffic lulls when not a soul comes in sight.

Feverishly the girl groped in her bag for some weapon she could use. No torch, no hat pin—nothing. Only a chrome cigarette case. No use.

She walked on, keeping a steady pace behind the man. Her thoughts pounded in her brain like frantic footfalls. She felt her breath coming faster. She felt her colour rise. Fear seized her.

Home was still a block and a half away, past rows of bushes and empty shops. The man was now openly resting his dark gaze upon her, darting it back and forth, like a snake's flicking tongue.

A scream rose up in her as they passed by a clump of wildly waving bushes, each dipping branch seeming to warn her back. The shadows reached out to engulf her. The man slowed down. But they were walking along by the shops again.

A cold creeping numbness took possession of her. It welled up until her every movement was jerky with terror.

Another patch of bush signalled frantically just in front of them. The girl faltered in protesting terror. She stumbled along, every step a screaming defiance of will and muscle. The back of her neck ached with terror. Her eyes stared. Her courage failed. She screamed. And then he sprang.

On Jack Davey's show the other night a woman primary schoolteacher said that an hon-orarium was a person who lived a long time.

(Not a Wagga student surely!)

IS OUR PRACTICE PERIOD ADEQUATE?

What is of the greater importance to us as up-and-coming young teachers? Is it theoretical training in how and what to teach, or is it actual practical experience in teaching? Surely the latter is equally important, yet in a total of seventy-two weeks at College, only twelve weeks are devoted to supervised practice.

We are expected to learn how to plan, present and follow-up lessons; how to maintain discipline, establish interest and how to act calmly and think clearly when a thousand odd minor difficulties appear to strike us at once. At the end of two years, with inadequate practice period, we are expected to feel poised, confident and at home with the classroom situation . . . forty-odd eager, enthusiastic young angels each with a personality all his own.

Certain Victorian students are given an average of three weeks' practice teaching every six weeks of lectures. This would provide us with invaluable experience. Surely in our present day N.S.W. Teachers' Colleges place too much emphasis on examinations and assignments and not enough on the practical aspects of teaching.

In schools all over N.S.W. student teachers are finding themselves ill at ease, lacking in confidence before their classes. Is this because of some shortcoming in their own personality?

I have given you my ideas, what are your views on the matter?

KABI MEN

We want to know where 'Ariel' was the night Ron lost his £2; surely something could be allanged !!!

Keep singing the song men—the way the weather is shaping up Mr. Wilkkenstien certainly needs them.

No brass monkeys were present at the lecture last Tuesday night.

Someone thought they had the Jen in yellow cardigans but we found there was a bit of lemon there too.

No Mr. Warder, thats not bad language—its the environment that speaks to you !!!

If the hot water shortage keeps up white shirts will be staying dirty.

Doc has been getting around with an airy fairy look in his eye lately. We saw him buying "just friends" last Tuesday night.

A certain potterer in advising how to teach Craft to Sixth Class, said that we'd have to keep their bottoms straight.

Crockett still hasn't changed his socks.

—TRADMONK.

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IPAI MEN

Bruce has left for greener pastures and we wish him all the best and hope he makes Belfast in '58.

Our cricket captain strokes two days stubble and murmurs with an evil glint in his eyes—"Can be allanged." No don't think so—closs on head with meat-axe.

A certain girl has been trying to gaily whizz our harbour bridge off.

If any of you females have longing eyes for bobbie, "don't count your chickens before they're hatched"—you'll have to grant me that one.

Have you made the other side of the bridge yet Hap? The right side?

Who would like to bounce a lemon off a particular skull or bounce a brick off a lemon's skull?

Over in Ipai Minor our most ardent musician whose name will remain hidden after trying his hand at "the Reid" gave up music altogether and looked around and decided to take up singing songs of a "Hot" nature and he was "toddling" along at a very pleasing rate. But the campers did not seem to see eye to eye with him as far as the Hot songs were concerned.

Our abode of clay has also changed its period of existence and has moved into the western era and seems to be sheltering the infamous Jesse James (any reference to existing persons is entirely coincidental although I really fail to SEE any connection with a gal).

It seems as though even the milk might be standing up to the strain now as the mournful destitute has changed to a "brave man" (he would have to be to do what he's doing).

The wheat does not look as though it will bring in a good harvest although "the belles" seem to be ringing from the Singing Cow.

There seems to be a vacant Hutt on a nearby . . . field.

—ONHOJ and DNAL

MARI NOTES

Mari Major is once again restored to the mighty sum of four with the return of the intercoll. boys. The "forty footers" were sadly lacking for a while.

There is still a glimmer of hope for you "Forty Footer" Mari boys are quite proud of their sporting achievements. We are well represented in Union, tennis, swimming, golf, cricket and hockey.

Mari Minor boys have adopted the "go-cart" as a means of giving the girls a big thrill.

"Pooty Tat" is our ace driver in this field whilst "Smiler" and "Law" bring up the rear . . . "go little go-cart go" is now our motto.

Although "Pooty Tat" has reached perfection in the art of cornering in the "go-cart" his table manners are not so brilliant—he laps up all the milk . . .

A most recent and welcome addition to the mighty "Forty Footers" is Doug . . . We think he's taking up weaving by the number of yarns he spins.

We cannot close our notes without saying a few words about "the hick from Wongawilli. Ayseed him drinking a lot lately hick, hick, hick . . .

—YOU KNOW!

KAMBU NOTES

The Kambu boys are we As happy as could be Some are short some are thin Others don't know where to begin.

We like our women we like our beer

One likes swimming, for that we jeer

One is President and be-spectled

One is religious—oh how he is heckled

One plays soccer—for him good luck

Though all the games he tends to muck

One plays basketball and sings too

But whether he can we'll leave to you.

We have a warden who is tall and lean

Who kicks up a stink when our rooms arn't clean.

One is quiet and his name is Darry

A confirmed Bachelor he'll never marry.

KABI NOTES

No news from the home of the Trads, except that Crockett's feet still possess their peculiar . . . smell.

KAMBU MINOR

In the house of Kambu Minor Eight lads have come to dwell And they make the life of the warden

One miserable living hell. Now when the tea is over

And the campus is in quiet Down by Kambu Minor

The place is just a riot. The lecturers have advised us

That study is a must, But their wise words we'll spurn

As just so much grey dust. (until the exams)

MEN'S SOCCER

On the 28th April the official soccer season of the Wagga District Soccer Association will commence, and College is fielding a team in the First Division.

The standard of soccer football is expected to be high for a number of reasons:—

1.—Teachers' College has some valuable acquisitions from Wollongong and district in the persons of Don Learmont, John McNeil and Stafford Baird. Learmont's cousin plays centre-forward for Australia.

2.—Other teams from the R.A.A.F. at Uranquinty and Forest Hills have gained competent players.

3.—The inclusion of two teams from Ardlethan, 60 miles from Wagga, show that the standard of soccer in Wagga has been raised quite considerably.

The Soccer Club is hopeful of having the soccer oval at the College as its home ground. Games on this oval could provide some thrilling high class exhibitions which could be watched by students of the College.

It is hoped the students will roll up in force for the first game on the 28th of this month.

—D. DILLON.

Who Else?

Wife (to husband sneaking up the stairs): "Is that you, dear?"

Husband: "It had better be me."

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EDITORIAL

In the next three weeks, first year students will have their first taste of practice teaching. No doubt it will be with very mixed feelings that they face the scrutiny of eighty or so little eyes, and the problem of controlling the same number of little hands, and the volume of voices.

But it is necessary in this part of the course that we find the very essence of teacher training. It is here that students realise properly just what teaching means. It is here that they see just what it takes to make a good teacher. And although moans might be forthcoming about the lesson notes, and the quantity of other work expected, we feel that underneath students find practice a very satisfying experience. It will be this if entered into with the right spirit and willingness to learn.

First years, we wish you a most rewarding practice, and hope that your first real step towards your profession is both interesting and edifying.

—THE EDITORS.

EDUCATION IN FIJI

Here in Australia, to become an important figure in the community isn't very much more than going through the usual routine of equipping one's self for a profession.

In Fiji it is different.

Your chances of getting an education depend on many things, quite a good number of which are beyond our control.

Things like how close you are to the schools that supply the primary training, or how well can your parents afford to support you through secondary training, are both influences.

Children between 5 and 6 are required by law to attend primary schools, and parents usually manage to support them since the primary school expenses are little enough. They can continue training in such schools till the age of 14, when they are expected to enter Secondary Schools. They have no other choice but to leave school for good, if at 14 they are found unsuitable for such training.

If they succeed in overcoming these difficulties and wish to continue their studies after the secondary course, they have to look for places overseas where they can carry out their wishes.

For intending teachers, there is a Teachers' College organised

by the Fiji Government. But this was only established that Fiji might be able, in a little way, to cope with the ever increasing need for teachers in the Colony. But secondary students would be just as good as those who had gone through the College course, except for a few important qualities required of a teacher.

So much for teachers—but what of the others? Those who have other professions in view? If they succeed in finding a place outside Fiji, there still remains the question of, "Can their parents afford it?" Very likely they cannot, for most Fijians do not earn regular wages, and even more, have not developed the habit of saving "What then can the unfortunate students do?" Their only last hope is help from other sources, which are rather difficult to find. If such help cannot be found, their ambitions cannot be carried out, so they have to be contented with doing clerical work in the business towns, or going back to the villages and once more being bound by the old system of Fijian communal life.

On the other hand, if they succeed in finding help, they will go overseas to study, and then go back as treasures in the eyes of their beloved Fiji—their people and their benefactors.

—LEONE V. RASELALE

CURRENT AFFAIRS

The Stewart homewards Wends his weary way,

And leaves the path to couples of longer gassing.

Who is the fem for whom John Meede a line?

Brian wouldn't C'Aull liffe he wasn't interested, would he?

Someone wanted to go hunting so he Lev it till Easter but apparently one rabbit landed quite a way from the Warren.

It is good to see the ex-students coming back—shows they weren't thoroughly Browned off last year.

Is Hanlon Kydding the Burly blonde?

"Oh Sol mio" warbles one wee linnet.

One college sharpshooter prefers seagulls to clay pigeons.

Don't pine too long Pete, she is just a twit after all.

One student of psychology was impatient to discover her norm but on second thoughts she decided to wait.

Now I hask you, Veitch girl is a Mal content?

The lorry didn't spark so well but the Reids caught fire.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Answer to Worried Brunette: I am sorry that I cannot reply to such questions through the column, but I would advise that you see a reputable doctor or psychologist, or maybe you are just frustrated.

Dear Aunt Lizzie,

I am curious to know why so many students disappear so quickly after tea each night. I suppose it could be the result of the food or perhaps an intense interest in nature (?)

—CURIOUS.

Dear Curious,

Since College students have an intense and questioning interest in such matters, I feel that nature is a very likely cause.

Reply to Miserable Mary,

This kind of thing has happened on a countless number of occasions to young teachers, especially when they themselves are not much older than the pupils they teach. Don't fret too much over it. I know how frustrating it must be to gaze day after day at the object of your passion, without satisfaction. I sympathise with you. This passion will die in time, perhaps, when you are a little older. In the meantime, why not make a little catapult of your own, or ask the little boy for the loan of his for the weekend.

Dear Aunt Lizzie,

Who is your favourite man?

—INQUISITIVE.

Dear Inquisitive: The nearest.

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