



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol. 4, No. 8.

JUNE 20, 1950

PRICE: ONE PENNY

"The Old Order Changeth"

Before the present "Talkabout" staff secedes from office in the relatively near future there must be a first year staff ready to take on the responsibility of managing the affairs of the paper. Consequently the remarks of this article are addressed to you first years.

I must unfortunately begin by saying that the present second year session display little interest in the College paper. Most of them apparently fail to consider it worth spending threepence a week on. This may indeed be taken as an attitude of "laissez faire" rather than anything else, but this technical difference does little to ameliorate the position.

It is rather discouraging to the staff when students do not contribute to the paper and then do not buy it because it is not worth reading. To my mind everyone has a duty by the paper—to at least buy it when published. If every College student supported us each week we could expand the paper to eight pages and include many features that at present we think are lacking.

There are many students who could write regularly for us. Most could write at least occasionally, even if the effort were only a letter to the Editor giving points and opinions on what should constitute the reading matter each week.

You may think at present that the paper could be radically changed for the better. Write a letter to the Editor and put your ideas forward. We want to hear them. In this edition you will find a notice calling for nominations for the position of sub-editor. If you are interested, give your name in. You don't have to be a second James Joyce. The only qualification is interest. I might add here that the women for some unexplained reason are most reluctant to reveal their talents and fill the breach. Let us hope that in the '50 session this anomaly will be remedied. May we hear from you soon.

J. RUMMERY.

EDITORIAL

Once again the Editorial pen is raised to bespatter through the columns of this publication the perennial platitudes and clichés that from time to time are expected of asp—or persp—iring editors. Second Years may delicately shudder and turn to the scandal column. First Years being as yet unclued may read on.

"Talkabout" is your paper. An editorial staff exists for the purpose of editing the paper, i.e., selecting the material to be printed. This is a delightful illusion. We write ALL the paper. We then have it printed. We then sell it, listen to the complaints, then write the next one. This we do each week. Now, for the first time, our Editorial heart is warmed at the enthusiasm being displayed by you First Years in this

paper. And after all, if the paper has the backing of the students, it must of necessity be a good paper. Now, how does this concern YOU? At least, buy your three copies each week. Even penurious students can find threepence a week.

And now for my biggest point. Anyone of you who has passed L.C. English can write for this paper. No extraordinary qualifications are required. We presume that you understand the elementary usage of commas, full stops and capital letters. You are interested in College life—write about it. We want ten of you to interest yourselves ACTIVELY in the paper. Come round and talk it over with one of us. Make "Talkabout" as good as you want it to be.

REVELATION

He walks with a limp, yes, in many ways he resembles the Lone Ranger—he is always alone (no friends) and though he doesn't actually wear a mask, he could do and get away with it, with little loss of face. I am pointing to our old pal Lou Morrell, the man with the blood-stained fountain-pen, or as he is often called, "Old Heavy-handed." Lou has a good mind, slightly warped by a touch of sadism, and a laugh that would go well in Boris Karloff's acting equipment. Karloff doesn't know about Lou yet, but if he keeps on in the horror business he will.

Morrell has spent or rather squandered most of his life in towns like Gol Gol, Wentworth Wentworth and Mildura Mildura. He will sit for hours and lie about his old acquaintances with a disarming smile spread across that vast space just in front of his ears. The Editor and I have spent many interesting but uncomfortable moments placating the students who have suffered at the hand of this Rabelaisian individual. He is one man at least who believes that "sensitivity" is nothing more than a word of five syllables. And to add to this horror—he is interested in writing a social column in a newspaper.

When Lou joined the Editorial staff we tried to sidetrack him onto work like writing leaders or 'cleaning up the office, but how could he offend anybody doing either of these! He would not be sidetracked. And there he is to-day Crown Prince Faux Pas—heir to a thousand muttered curses ("The Voice of Harm"), the only man yet to cross my path with tactlessness, his One Great Talent.

May God have mercy on my treacherous soul for having written this piece of nonsense—but a word to you of the '50 session. No one is immune to the mallet smash of Lou's pen, but you can avoid trouble by—

- (1) Sitting elsewhere but at his table,
- (2) smiling when he smiles.
- (3) Praising his muscles.
- (4) When he is talking at you, blowing just a little harder than he does.

THREE WEEKS A TEACHER?

Three weeks! Yes, for three whole weeks I have been a teacher. Never before has three weeks felt so much like three years, but what is £362 sterling to a man like Father Time.

I am not a person who likes to stay put for long, and, the Department, acting on its own initiative, has bunged me to three different schools. I will admit, however, that they have been generous enough to have all those schools within a radius of a mere two hundred miles.

It is the third of these surprise packets that I am going to tell you about. The school is very pleasantly situated in an empty paddock and all day long I can sit and watch that only tree on the horizon. The school building is one of those nice portables on four posts and pleasantly painted with that beautiful brown paint that only the Department has sense enough to buy. The name of the school is South something or other. The something or other sounds like a squirt said between two fizzes with a bang and a phut put in somewhere along the line; actually, very pleasant, but, oh, so hard to say. Heaven knows where and what North, East and West are for. I find it hard enough to locate South.

Well, to get on with my narrative, I am awakened by my alarm clock (three non-adjustable squarking kids) at about 6.30 a.m. I arise from my camp stretcher, wipe the frost from my eyes, leave the verandah, fill the bucket, have a wash, get dressed and I am set for breakfast. I might mention here that there is no mirror in this household, and not liking my face over-much I have never bothered to study it, and therefore possess a seven days' growth of beard. I look like Chips Rafferty in the "Eureka Stockade."

After breakfasting on last week's meat and having ploughed through two miles of nice, soft, clinging mud, I finally arrive at school. (I should mention here that only one person walks to school; ME!)

Due to the scarcity of trees, the birds sleep on the rafters of the school verandah. Not that I mind birds sleeping in the rafters, of course, but I do wish that sewerage was installed here. You must admit it's tough having to go to school armed with a shovel.

Well, arriving at school I shovel my way to the door (drat those birds), put the key in the lock, give one soft and two hard kicks and I'm in. Having replaced the door and windows, I am now ready for work. At 9.30 a.m. when the horses are safely stabled you may see ten hats enter the school. The hats are left to the mercy of the birds on the verandah and the objects under them take their places at the desks.

I immediately start off in my best Wagga manner and say, "Good morning, children." The most encouraging remark comes from under the red hair in the back seat, "Warts good abut it, mug?" I ignore this.

"All set for a good day's work."

"Aw, go take a barf, ya mug."

"Now, Johnny, that's not the way to talk."

"Ow would ya know?"

"You mustn't be rude."

"Look 'ere mug, why don'cha blow frew. Ya ugly mug makes me feel crook."

A most affectionate child is Johnny, although at times I get the impression that he doesn't want me around.

My flute comes in handy at all times. It has been used successfully as a paper-weight, door-prop, knuckle-duster and blackboard pointer. Young Johnny, without regarding my feelings in the slightest, uses it for pea-shooter, pen, ink-well, hose and for cleaning mud off the sulky. Imagine my feelings, however, when he put the ghastly thing in an equally ghastly mouth and tried to blow it. Ugh! I don't mind Johnny, but it is a bit depressng when he fixes you with that glassy stare of his and says such things as:

"Couldn't ya fineja comb thes mornen?"

or—

"If'n I 'ad a nugly mug like yours I'd be glad o' th' hatom bomb. It might alter it."

Despite Johnny, the day finally passes and I am able to wend, i.e., slip and slide and get bogged on the way home.

After tea I talk for a while with the host. He has a three-track mind—the weather, the missus and the kids.

Lighting my lantern, I make my weary way for bed about eight o'clock. Each night I kneel in prayer and say just the one sentence, "Thank you, Lord, that is another day gone."

My one commiseration is that I only have eight terms, 13 weeks of my sentence to do. I don't mind the three years' sentence, but this solitary confinement is a bit solid.

A word of advice to aspiring, outgoing students who live in, and have accommodation in Sydney and who are thinking of applying for same. DON'T. LOOK WHAT I GOT!

"KILLER."

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PERSONALITY OF THE WEAK

DAGWOOD BOURKE has been plaguing the Editor to have his personality in the paper. John—we haven't got a sheet of paper small enough to write your personality on—but you've asked for it. He is blonde, standing permanently in a hole, has a squint in his right eye, and a monotonous voice. He educated (partially) at St. Pat's, Goulburn, where they play football, League, Rugby, footer and good old Rugger. Bourke was out of his depth at St. Pat's. He was interested in swimming, and the pool was at the shallowest end six feet deep. He is of grand old footballing stock, proof of which is the fact that his father's mother's sister represented Australia against the English. At which sport I am not sure. His great love is Phys. Ed. She was in the 1948 session. But he writes regularly. He can do a forward roll, back roll, cheese roll and a ham roll. He is trying hard to improve the basic principle of pyramid building. John thinks that the pyramid would be more spectacular if when the whole structure is built the men at the base were to lift their feet off the ground about six inches.

Women's Angle: So many women refused to comment that it was becoming embarrassing. However, it seems they like him for his modesty, which has endeared him to so many of us. At least John has no polished notions about himself as a chess player, if nothing else. In short, John was spoken of fondly by an ex-student. "I love to see his angular body climbing about the gymnasium walls and the massive creature at rest during lectures."

Favourite Song: "Nine Miles From Gundagal."

Favourite Book: Gregory's street directory—the chapter on Gundagal.

Ideal Woman: Muscular tendencies, but not muscular enough to bend his arm up his back.

Musical Instrument: The whistle.

Pet Aversion: People who hog the conversation.

POETRY COMPETITION

"Talkabout" staff wishes to announce that to promote activity in the important sphere of creative writing they are running a poetry competition. All verse submitted must be the original work of person concerned, and must be handed into the office no later than Saturday night, 17th June. A prize of £2/2/- will be paid to the student submitting the poem which the staff judge to be the best. A second and third prize of £1/1/- and 10/6 will be paid to those students submitting poems judged worthy of second and third places.

The whole field of poetry is open to you. Humorous verses, serious verses, parodies, will all be accepted. Here's your chance to coast until pay day. Go to it.

BATTLE ROYAL

Yes, dear readers, the game is over. The players able to walk staggered from the lucerne patch, while the dead and maimed have been disposed of by the R.S.P.C.A. and Red Cross.

Punchy Morrell distinguished himself by attempting to play with water on the knee. This might not sound like hot news, but he's the only player that suffers from water on the brain as well.

The field was specially ploughed for the momentous occasion. The Glamazons led by that charming Leslie (Tiger) Tucker could be seen practising dirty playing which included shin kicking, hair pulling, scratching and back-biting for half-an-hour before the great game. The efforts of that fine upstanding clean-cut gentleman coach, Mr. Ec (Python) Corrigan were not wasted. His final words were: "Get in there and kill." He was heard cackling when the first pygmy victim fell before the combined efforts of his Glamazons. This poor pygmy (not yet identified) was seen to go a pale yellow when he saw the advancing hordes of females. His fear did not last long, as he quickly succumbed to their charms administered by long nails and football boots. Had his comrades in arms not arrived he would have been rendered limb from limb, as it was the medical orderly worked very hard to restore him to his normal senses. (For general information, he used the Chinese water cure applied externally. This was used quite often and with amazing results.)

The pygmies were not expecting such an attack as they had gone back to bed after breakfast. However, when the sound of the Amazons' war cry rang out frightening the spectators, the pygmies rushed to the field of battle—truly they are born football players. Luckily, they had their football togs under their pyjamas. This method may seem strange to the uninitiated, but Trevor Broom, the pygmies' captain, assures me that this is done to enable them to sleep warm at night.

Mr. Bloomfield introduced me to Mr. Lou Crabtree, the unfortunate victim of Amazon slander. These vile creatures claimed that Lou was scared stiff of such a formidable array of femininity and had to be carried on to the field wrapped in a rug. "Snake-hips" himself states: "I was very tired this morning and had decided to sleep in, but when the war cry was heard my room-mates considerably carried me on to the field in a rug, as they did not want me to tire myself unnecessarily or to catch cold. Such slander is unwarranted."

The ball was kicked off by the Rt. Dishonorable ABCSYXTMNZEV O'Brien, who arrived in his limousine, "The B.S.A. Special." At this juncture the crowd was mad with excitement—I think—for this great personage is well known to Fresher students for his recent speech to them on Democracy, his favourite statement is: "Freshers have no rights." Some cad was for assassinating Mr. O'Brien, but when urged on by fellow students unfortunately backed down. Good old Ted was met by his faithful following, both of whom stag-

gered under his weight when they were carrying him across the football field. Again it is rumoured that he did not wish to dirty his shoes.

However, Mr. O'Brien was forced to wait a considerable time as the zeal for battle amongst the contestants was so great that they had decided to fight without wasting the legitimate excuse of "we were only playing football." In this battle "Punchy" again distinguished himself by aiming a kick at and actually hitting an exposed posterior and was immediately set upon by an enraged Amazon who attempted to bite that twisted lump of gristle that he uses for an ear.

Several cases of ear-biting, scratching, and hair-pulling were wrathfully reported to the umpire, who pointedly refused to observe or listen to any complaint against the ladies. This I think is because he wishes to appear as a gentleman before the ladies. (However, if further information is required write to Mr. Belvedere.)

Mr. O'Brien's kick-off was truly magnificent. Unfortunately some enemy twice moved the ball—I think. Finally peace was restored and the ball was given a terrific kick which caused it to land at least 15 feet away. The crowd roared.

From then on the ball was continually in motion. But quickly degenerated into a mixture of hair-pulling, scratching and forward passes (some were very forward). The pygmies, as some observer announced, played the girl and not the ball (or the game). Knock-ons and knock-outs were frequent. The water boys were kept busy. The medical orderly rushed from his bed when he was informed of the maiming and killing being carried on. His efforts were not always received in the same spirit in which they were given. It was noticed that when certain players slowed down they were amply lubricated with Sloan's and well rubbed. The effort was galvanizing, injured players leapt to their feet with glorious abandonment, forgetful of their injuries, so eager were they to rejoin the fray. Soon most of the players had been dropped, though many were dripping.

So great was the play that the line boys were often mixed up in the game. The pygmies developed a very bad fault. But who could blame the pygmies or the line boys for indiscriminate tackling. They were mad.

"Killer" Tucker led her women to first score. After this anything was possible.

The crowd twice asked for the removal of "Punchy" for his unethical playing. However, dressed as he was in his long supposedly white underpants and boxing helmet, he lacked the definite courage to walk back to his room. His disgusting exhibition in which he boo-ed the spectators was sheer bad temper. Never in my long and checkered career have I witnessed a more disgusting display.

But enough of this. My hand is cramped, my brain tired and "Phyllum" has smoked my last cigarette. The game came to an exciting close, scores a draw at 11 all, even though two balls were in motion at once. Two tries scored

simultaneously is a thing that I have never seen before.

The age of chivalry is not dead, otherwise the pygmies would have been the victors except for "Lugs" Morrell's fumbling with the ball, which he threw to the ground. The Amazons claimed they walked over the Pygmies. I agree. I witnessed several incidences of this particular form of attack.

A function was arranged by Mr. So-and-So O'Brien. The opposing teams had doffed their war-like garb to suitable clothes to fit the momentous occasion. Mr. O'Brien conducted himself in his usual suave and debonair style.

Marks of battle were displayed by the following victims:—

Trevor Broom: Two lovely black eyes.

John Burke: Broken arm.

Don Hatch: Broken nose, various patches of plaster, but was well received, looking like a "Hobo."

"Wog" Gallagher displayed twin shiners and sticking plaster.

Lou Morrell was bashing pash-iona.

The summing up by Mr. Allen completes this poor work of art. With due apologies for mentioning his name in connection with this article I shall use his speech: "If it were not for the referee and linesmen it would not have been a draw."

"E. PLURIBUS FOLEM."

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OBSERVATIONS OF MR. BELVEDERE

1. Because Sailor Broomfield and Black Eyes Bourke are football selectors Belvedere will not place the snippets he hears of them with those of the groundlings, but rather will endeavour to garnish them with his illustrious and subtle pen.

"Our noble selectors Trevor and John Went to the dance with the motto 'It's on.'"

Alas, poor Dot and Mary,
Please be cautious and wary
Before your reputation and hearts are gone."

2. The great old Wok is on the prowl and 'tis said he has some of the theories he has been working on to put into practice.

Be warned, Brenda, Wendy, Robin and the rest of you females who have been plagued by this "precious" ("We all think Wok is precious"—Fresher quotation) Casanova? At all times have some big strong man within beck and call.

3. Sonia stated that any female seen near John will suffer somewhat after Sonia PALMER off. Don't mention this to Bill though or there may be a HEAP of trouble.

5. It is said that Trevor is a firm believer in the theory that Ned KELLY always helped the poor. Was it "Joaner and the Wall," Trev?

6. Incidentally, our astute Business Manager Trev was heard to babble incessantly after selling "Talkabout" last week the following words:—

"My God, there's some good talent in this new stuff."

7. On his return from the LOST week-end. Crabtree stood before the College gates and uttered his most famous words to date:

"Veni, VEDA, Vinci."

8. Larry Lacey certainly gave a charming exhibition of his approaching form in the Matrimonial Stakes at our Freshers' dance this term. Smoo Morcambe and Janette Urquart share honours early in the race. However, Janette took command outside in the moonlight. An outsider, Nancy Rhodes, finally won out by displaying a brilliant burst in which she raced home neck in neck with him.

9. Accordion to Mr. Rowe "if music be the food of love, play on."

10. The great Bohemian of our society, JEAN Rummery still insists on parading the College grounds in an un-KEMPT state.

11. How is "Trix," Moira?

12. Poor Brian is getting more HIGH-BROW every day and Eric has SAUNDER-ed off again. Marj put in her grant this week for the copyright of CLEMENTINE.

13. Dawn and Effie were spotted making up for lost time over the long week-end. Meanwhile Errol is sampling his TUCKER again. It must be cold out Bathurst way, Leslie.

NOTICE

Applications are called for the position of Sub-Editor on the staff of "Talkabout." There are two vacancies to be filled, and the applicants must be First Years. One man and one woman will be chosen, and applications are to be lodged with either Mr. J. Rummery, Mr. L. Morrell, or Miss B. Seton, by the 21st June, 1950. Applications to be made in writing, the only qualification required is a desire to write for and be associated with the paper.

J. RUMMERY.

KOSCIUSKO KAPERS

The spirit of the whole trip could be expressed as in Mrs. Mac's cartwheel—a beauty at that on the very cold Saturday morning at 3 a.m.

When piling into the bus there seemed much rivalry over who was to have the back seat, but finally Moira, Pat and Moira won. Bad luck, Beth and Kev!

Thank you for the cases, Mrs. Donni-son, to support our legs, and even more for the puzzling that was done over who did the printing on your luggage labels.

How the three of us (non-sleepers) envied the rest of the bus, who slept. We are still wondering how Brendon failed to fall into the aisle. Thanks for the ash-trays, Shirl and Jill. After changing buses, the new bus warranted such popular classics as "Oh, a wibbley," and a warning to others who might ever ride in that bus, never sit in the back seat!

We are wondering how much target practice Mr. Smith did before the trip. Girls (and boys), is he dangerous when he has his hands full of snow!

Sunday dawned bright and clear. What, no snow Hiking therefore was the order of the day. Congratulations are due to Brendon and Nancy who "led" the party to "Blue Lake." Due to some inconsistency in the Brims' sense of direction, our finding is therefore dubbed "Spencer's Mistake," or, later, "Barnes' Triumph."

Deepest sympathy, Shirl. Our feet would be sore under those circumstances, so we did have to leave you the next day while we made for the Summit. The scenery here was much improved (for some minutes, anyway) by the formation of a typical pyramid. Miss Waugh now deserted for the more appealing sights of "Little Austria," but the remainder kept to where the food was. The return trip some people took easily in their stride, but others began to feel like splinters on route marches.

Still no snow. However, there was never a dull moment. Remember, "You must be nuts," and, oh, Moira Stacks on the Mill, the splitting of Lou's trousers, the Smith act concerning Kev's mattress and the luxurious sleep that resulted for him; the table for two; the Newcastle girls who seemed to be missing their mothers; those letter writing episodes; Miss Waugh's hat at the dance, and Mrs. Mac's ballet.

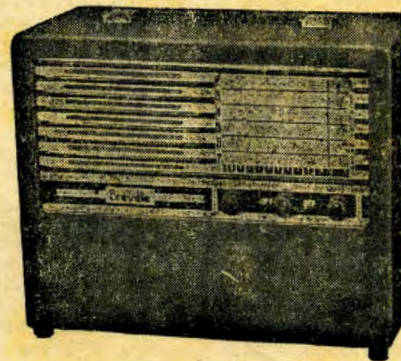
Snowed in! Ports gone! Panic, eh,

Moira! We all had our little ski, but outstanding skiers (for us, anyway) were Patty K., Marj, Moira, Mrs. Mac, Pat D. and Kev.

We seemed to welcome our seven-mile hike through snow the next morning, started very well with a good old "Yacka bluey." First to the bus were Mary, Nancy, Yvonne and Don. Not a bad effort. Lunch at the hotel was costly, but we seemed to make the best of it. A short chat with Miss Wylie and the Balmainites, another Yackabluey for their benefit and away we went. Moira, Pat, Beth and Jill especially had us worried on the return trip, but they seemed to recover, with the exception of Jill (how are those cows and tennis courts, anyway?), by the time we reached Yass. The general exodus at Yass was welcomed by the eight who remained, and so we slept on to Wagga.

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SPORTING PREVIEW

With the College's Athletic Carnival about to take place in the very near future, it should prove very interesting to investigate the prospects and potentialities of the Houses which will compete this year. Unlike last year, there is a notable keenness in the College regarding athletics. Perhaps it is due to the fact that Inter-Collegiate is hovering on the horizon, or that at last students realize there is a place for every stature, age and temperament in every athletic team.

The number of entries in each event proves that we have finally agreed that we must "be in it to win it." to enjoy ourselves and appreciate the atmosphere of competition and good sportsmanship.

It would be very difficult even to try and hazard a guess as to which will be the victorious team for two principal reasons—that we have not yet seen the true colours of the new arrivals and that many radical changes could take place in the course of a year regarding form and its components in the athlete.

If we study how the sprinting ability is spread through the Houses we would discover that there is practically remarkable equality in each group. In the men's sprints, for example, it is seen that the known fast men are all in differing Houses. Alan Quinn, who last year proved himself the fastest sprinter in College will represent Ipaí. Whilst such men as Ralph Bryant (Kabi), Jim Devlin (Ipaí), P. Butz (Kabi)—if his reputation proves correct—will be fighting him to the tape.

I've heard tell that Ralph, Jim and Alan take a portable gramophone with appropriate records with them when they train, to the strains of "Mule Train." Ralph executes his solo run through, after which Jim plays "Fairies on the Lawn" and goes through the actions, and when this is repeated Alan follows his routine, whilst the bars of "All Over the Place" spur him to greater effort. (This is written from a purely biased point of view.) But, seriously, all those men have little between them as far as speed is concerned. Ralph and Alan are terrifically powerful runners with a beautiful stride, and perhaps they are equal favourites.

It would be more difficult to discern who will play the role of leading lady at the sports. There is so much known talent and so many keen participants

in the battle that a very uncertain guess again rises.

It is my opinion that one of the '50 session will procure the blue baton in the dashes, but here again we have such notable competitors from the '49 session as Nancy Rhodes (Kambu) and M. Cameron (Ipaí).

In the women's jumps Yvonne Harbrow is the firm favourite and this choice has firm foundation. Yvonne proved her supremacy in this field last year when she gained first place in the broad jump.

Alan Weldrick (again if reputation is soundly based) is considered the most likely contender in the two long jumps, whilst Kev Tye and Terry Higgins may be the final couple in the high jump.

It will be interesting to see the results of the men's 880 yards and the mile events. Arthur Baillie seems to be the most logical choice. His style is easy, smooth and really good for these distances and besides this he is really keen—keen to train and keen to win.

That concludes a brief preview—many soaring hopes will be dashed to the ground, and many an ego will be inflated, but it is all in the cause of athletics and these are essentials if taken and given in the proper manner.

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Editor: John Rummery.

Sub-Editors: Lou Morrell and Ted O'Brien.

Sports Editors: Kev Tye and Roger Clements.

Business Manager: Trevor Felsch.

ORCHIDS AND ONIONS

ORCHIDS to the first years who have herbalised the Editor despite the slanders that were insinuated in the paper last week. "It is things like this which restore my faith in human nature," the Editor is reported to have said, accepting a cigarette.

ONIONS to those clueless logs in the small schools' section who shot through vigorously when a lecturer was delayed "in transitu." Messrs. Simpson and MacInerney warn that a recurrence will bring some strong words on the subject.

ORCHIDS to the freshmen who have so willingly and innocently supplied Mr. Belvedere with more fodder in a week than the cautious second years have displayed in a year.

ONIONS to those clods in Hut 2 who indulge their sub-moronic perverted sense of humour in placing defunct species of wild bird life in people's beds. Mr. Miller, the warden, has stated that should a recurrence reoccur he will consider himself obliged "to view the matter in no uncertain manner, and will consider the application of measures likely to check further activity of such a frivolous nature."

ORCHIDS to "Buddah" who has done in two months what L. Morrell has done in twelve. Further inquiries on this to be addressed to L. Crabtree.

ONIONS to persons who hand material in for the paper at 11.30 p.m. written in pencil and Japanese shorthand. R. Clements promises action should these people render themselves so obnoxious again in the future.

FOR SALE

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THE DOPE FOR MATING FRESHERS

This article has been prepared specially for Freshers who are about to fall in love with a Forty-niner. This is not scandal or propaganda, but is fact which has been revealed to the humanitarian who has delved into the deepest depths of research and prepared this article for you and your own good.

Take warning, dear stranger; take warning, dear friend, the people listed below may appear quite normal on the surface, but it has been revealed that they possess certain undesirable qualities which makes it most disadvantageous to strike up a courtship with them.

1. TREVOR BROOMFIELD

Several Freshers are casting their eyes towards our Trevor. Now, we don't think he's such a bad little guy, but he was a sailor, you know. Being a sailor and a footballer too this little guy is inclined to make a welter of it. Not an exhibitionist, Trevor is well on the way to achieving his goal of having a girl in every window.

2. LEW CRABTREE

Now Lew was a sailor also, but beware of him for he is not as senile and decrepit as his appearance would have him. Just at the moment he is passing through that dangerous age in life—that of the sugar daddy, and consequently he approaches the young ladies of College with one thought in mind—in his own words it is: "Ah, what pretty pickings have we here."

3. BETTY BANFIELD

Her technique is perhaps the most subtle, therefore the most dangerous of all. She professes absolutely no interest in men at all, but relies on her coiffure to attract the ever curious and searching male who dares determine whether this ice box blonde might perhaps melt, revealing herself as 90 per cent. woman instead of 90 per cent. ice.

4. JILL BARRY

Dear Jill, a lover of gaiety, frivolity and romance, but chaps don't plan anything for a long week-end, for it would be most embarrassing when her boy friend arrived.

5. LESLIE TUCKER

Sweet Leslie, so naive, so charming, so sincere, so tractable. We see that poor old Errol is still plugging away, and, chaps, it is hell for those who play second fiddle but worse for those who form only a string in that second fiddle.

6. BETTY KING

Alas, that we should be forced to say it. Betty hasn't retired from the field at all. She has merely sheathed her talons awaiting the lamb that will be led to the slaughter.

Let us hope that subjects of this article will accept our little criticisms in the vein in which they were intended.

P. SWANSBOROUGH

232 BAYLIS STREET

All repairs left with Mr. Kirk promptly and efficiently executed.

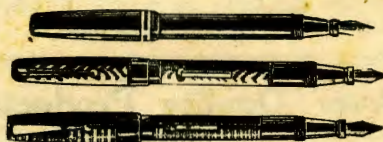
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TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir: I object to the extremely crude and vulgar way that your paper capitalises on the morbid curiosity of most people here in spewing up at regular intervals a peurile concoction of moronic pars on current romances, broken hearts, etc. It would seem that such fodder is relatively easy to write, and possibly fits perfectly into the mental level of the staff, i.e., those who write it, and those who use it to fill space. Personal feelings are apparently of no consequence to you. If you do not feel that you can produce your rag along more original lines get out of office and make way for someone who can.—E.K.

[The staff print this letter in the hope that others who feel in the same frame of mind as E.K. will voice their protests no less vigorously, and also to test the general feelings of the students on the point so thoughtfully brought up. We heartily invite correspondence.—Ed.]

Dear Sir: The manager of Kabu House, Mr. Bryant, has explained to me the arrangement of his house teams for last Tuesday's competition. Consequently I wish to withdraw remarks regarding "team stacking" by Kabu which I made at the recent Students' Union meeting.—Yours etc., T. BROOMFIELD

HERE AND THERE

The dynamic effect that first year women have had on the men of the College is remarkable. Cautious characters, who up till the 5th June had kept the even tenor of their ways, oblivious of all the second year talent, have become ravening wolves over night and every night. It is a curious but noteworthy fact that few second year women are seen in company of first year men. Being a mere male I wouldn't know why, but perhaps the women are feeling the restrictions of a convention that rules that the man do the asking; even so, women can be most eloquent in their silence, so perhaps it is the fault of the first year men.

Sessions come and sessions go, but students remain the same. Isn't it a funny thing that in every session you always have duplicated those types whose names remain legend long after they have passed on. In each session to enter the College there have always been those, who by common consent are just the ones to have their beds pulled to pieces, collect cups of cold water, have their doors barred, have cats introduced into bed with them, etc. Likewise there are always those who get the bright ideas in the first place. They are in our session, they were in the Pioneer Session. Likewise there are the Don Juans and the College sweethearts, while the supply of students like "Hebrew" Higgins, Barry Jackson, Bob Dellar and the like would seem inexhaustible.