



TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol 3, No. 37

MAY 16, 1949

PRICE: ONE PENNY

VALE . . . THE PIONEERS

The first session of College students have graduated. They have lived out the two fullest years of their lives. College life is only a memory to them now, but a memory to inspire them in their chosen profession.

"College Joys Are Behind Them Now"

When we sang those words on the night of the Graduation Ball many of those for whom we sang it found it hard to hold back their tears. It may have been humiliating, but they would have been hard-hearted, unfeeling, if they hadn't. This place and this life that had been theirs for two whole years was to be, from this day forward, only another memory either jotted down in the pages of their diaries or, in most cases, occupying that little spare corner of their hearts.

It had all meant so much to them because they were at that age when things do mean so much. And in those two short years they had learned to take their place, not in that school desk from which they had just come, but in front of it. It was a big step, but they had made the grade, and had a lot of fun as well.

So that was what it all meant, signing the Graduation register—I, so and so, have left my name as a record of another successful student to pass through this College. Of course, it would have been more in keeping with the idea behind it to have signed the register there and then, but unfortunately time would not permit, so it already contained the signatures of these graduating students when Mr. Murray Millar, as President of the Representative Council, handed the book to Mr. Blakemore with the words, "All graduating students have now signed this book."

Mr. Blakemore had given his address to the students, and Mr. Barrand had spoken of the lasting friendship between Wagga and the College. He also said that the last threads of the Pioneer Session were being woven into

their final pattern. Both we of the College and those parents and friends in the hall could feel the poignancy of it all.

The prizes were presented to those students most truly deserving them—the Principal's prize, books to the value of five guineas (the awarding of which had for so long kept us all guessing) going to Miss Barbara Bosler. Mr. J. Evans on behalf of the Education Department presented the prize for the best academic record in the College to Miss Gwen Roberts. Joan Armstrong and Tom Hodges received the inter-house trophy, which for 1948-49 went to Mari House. The three honours blues were presented to three students of the session who not only obtained the necessary number of points, but who passed consideration by the committee with a true sportsman's spirit. These people were Miss Marg. Welfare, Miss Marg. Fisher and Mr. Tom Hodges.

As Mr. Blakemore has said since in his first lecture of the new year, the choir's singing at the Graduation ceremony was even better than at any previous recital. Perhaps it was because Mr. Pople had said to them it was the last time he would conduct them as a choir; or perhaps it was the meaning they could put for the first time into words—

"Fare ye well, oh friends, I needs must leave you"

and—
"Oh, let me look on thee once more."

There lay the saddest part of all—the broken friendships. Shaking hands with Mr. Blakemore and Mr. Barrand meant saying "good-bye" to the College itself, and to the town of Wagga. But the farewells at the station were the saddest of all. Someone said then that the only disadvantage of a residential

College was that you made too many friends that you had to leave after the Graduation ceremony. The thoughts behind those streamers and the songs and last-minute handclaps were so sincere and so heart-breaking that it does not seem right that they should be repeated every year. From this respect we can only hope that we have not started a tradition. Let us hope that it was so because they were the "pioneers" and willingly we can let them boast of having had the saddest farewell at College.

In these two weeks we are to begin our second year's work, living perhaps in new rooms, perhaps studying in different sections with different lectures and lecturers. In that time we should be able to mix more with our own session, so that by the time the new first years appear we will have gathered confidence and force. We will know ourselves and what is expected of us and the traditional spirit of those Pioneers will be always with us.

We are the neo-pioneers, and are more proud of it than we admit, but you see if, by the time it is our turn to leave, next year, the incoming first years will not be resentful of the name and the tales of hardships, foundations and traditions. So now it is "Good-bye and good luck" to those "brave young pioneers," and "pull together, second year, you have something fine and precious handed down to you."

Graduation Day Address

By Principal G. L. Blakemore, M.A.

Students of the Pioneer Session,—Just two years ago, one hundred and fifty young men and women arrived at Wagga to take up residence in the new co-educational residential teachers' college. They had come from various parts of New South Wales to this city. Many had come from State High Schools; many, too, had come from various denominational high schools; some had won their scholarships by private study; a small select band, nine in number, had come from the fighting

forces, from the Army, from the Navy, and from the R.A.A.F. They had all decided to become teachers; they had come here in order that they might be prepared for their chosen vocation.

On the very first day you arrived you were asked to assemble in the College Assembly Hall, and from the very moment you met there together, as a body, the history of this College began. From that first assembly the tradition of this College commenced to grow and the spirit of the College—the spirit which is so vital to any establishment of this kind—commenced to develop. From that very first assembly the Wagga Teachers' College began to have a corporate life.

On that occasion I told you that your preparation for the work of teaching would follow four strands. First of all, an attempt would be made to lead you to acquire certain professional knowledge and to develop generally your knowledge of literature. Scholarship was to be a very important aim in teacher training. Secondly, you were informed that the College would aim to give you during your two years' stay, a certain degree of professional aptitude in the art of teaching. The third aim, you were told, was the development of the right attitudes, and this, it was stressed, was a very important aim indeed. Finally, it was pointed out that because of the unique nature of this establishment, an opportunity presented itself for the development of a social personality; for the development of wholesome community living; for the production of graduates who would be able to take their place, confidently and graciously, in the community, after their College days were over.

To-day is Graduation Day. It is stocktaking day. To what extent have we achieved our aims? First of all as regards scholarship. Have our studies in the various courses during College life merely prepared us for College examinations, or have we really developed a permanent reading habit? That is the question graduates to-day might ask themselves. Will you when you enter the teaching profession in the near future, keep yourselves abreast of the times in educational developments in other parts of the world? Will you be true professional men, keeping in touch with current educational literature at all times? And apart from the narrow professional field, have your lectures in Music, in Art and the Drama—has College work in these fields equipped you in such a way that you will be a force in the cultural life of the community? Have your College courses in English given you a thorough grasp of some of the best things in our literature? Have they taught you to realize that it is essential for everyone to read widely of the best books in our language, not so much that they might have relaxation, not only that they may have pleasure, but, to use the words of Ernest Raymond, "that they may have life and have it more abundantly."

Professional Skill

It was never claimed on that first assembly day that proficient teachers could be produced in two years; it was never denied that only long experience

in the classroom seeing the child's reactions to various learning situations day by day could produce a capable teacher. It was only hoped that during your stay here that we could prepare your minds, to use the words of Alexander Mackie, Australia's first Teachers' College Principal, "to prepare your minds for the teaching profession." During your two years at this College, you have had many lectures and discussions on Child Psychology. Have these courses given you such an understanding of the child's emotional make-up that you will realize the vital necessity for treating every pupil under your charge as a definite individual; that you will realize how important it is to make a study of each child. Particularly those whose behaviour in the classroom does not fit in with conventional standards and ideas; have these lectures and discussions enabled you to realize how important it is that every teacher should pay particular attention



Mr. G. L. BLAKEMORE, Principal

to the personality adjustment of his pupils? During your two years' stay with us it was hoped to give you through method lectures, through demonstration lessons, and through supervised practice teaching—it was hoped through these things to give you the initial skill that would enable you to commence the work of teaching with confidence. Do you feel to-day that you have this confidence?

Attitudes

One thing in the professional field this College did hope it could do with every one of its students—it did hope that it could develop the right professional attitudes. On that very first day of your College course you will remember I stressed this particular aim, that I regarded it as most vital. I felt

that the amount of training that could be given in two years in such an important vocation was limited, but I did feel that if we could not send you into the classroom an efficient practitioner, at least we should be able to develop such an attitude towards your profession that you could build in such a way on the foundations laid in College as to ensure success in the years that lay ahead. Now, to what extent have we succeeded in this important aim? Have we produced at Wagga a body of teachers with deep regard for the tremendous importance and responsibilities of their profession? Have we produced a body of teachers filled with professional zeal, determined to do well? Do all graduating students to-day believe with Sir Percy Nunn that "a nation's schools are an organ of its life, whose special function is to consolidate its spiritual strength, to maintain its historic continuity, to secure its best achievements, to guarantee its future"? If so, are you prepared to translate these ideals into practical classroom procedures? Are you prepared through your work in the classroom to help to build on the best things in the past to produce the brave new world of which all ages have dreamed?

Community Living

There were two alternatives when this College opened. One, to separate the establishment into College and Hostel, to accept all responsibility for the first, but to regard the second in a different category altogether; two, to regard the establishment as an integral unit with the residential side just as important, just as much the Principal's responsibility as the lecturing side, because the development of wholesome community life, of sound personality and personal character were just as important as the aims in the lecture rooms. I chose to accept the second alternative, and with the dual responsibility came the need for certain supervision and the need for a definite policy of guidance. You Pioneer students have gradually seen the development of the house-master and house system. With four residential house mistresses, and four residential housemasters it is hoped that something has been done of a permanent value, to the development of character, which, after all, must be regarded as the first aim in education. If it is accepted as the first aim in education, and this College does accept it as such, then it follows that the development of character in College students must be a fundamental aim of the College. It has been the fundamental aim during your two years' residence here. What lines should character training take with people at the tertiary level? It was felt that if young men and women were to be successful teachers in the schools of this State they should be allowed to live in an atmosphere of freedom, of democracy; that they should be allowed to live in a place where spiritual values were respected, where law and order were respected; that they should be allowed to live in harmony with their fellows. Its principles, it was felt were the principles that govern the best forms of the British way of life. It was en-

deavoured to develop the College spirit from the College motto: "Excel with Honour," in order that all students should feel that they had a definite purpose in life and that they should feel respect for the noble things in the accepted British way of life.

You were given freedom. There are as few College rules as possible. The only limitations of your freedom are for the smooth running of the establishment, the respect for law and order and the respect for the rights of others. Respect for womanhood, charity, humility, these things are basic in the British way of life, and have been, I hope, regarded as basic in the life of the good students of this College. Now this is the way we have attempted to give you graduation from your two years in residence with us. It may be termed indoctrination in the British way of life. To what extent is this part of College training successful? Do you feel that any change or development has taken place in your attitudes towards life, during your course at Wagga College? Will you lead your pupils to love these things that you have been taught to regard as fundamental? Has the College equipped you to be a force for good in the world outside the classroom?

I feel that on Graduation Day we should have such a stocktaking, that we should try to evaluate the work that has been done at College. I feel, too, that the Principal should give his Pioneers a personal message, and the note I wish to strike is this. Education is a great adventure. The spirit of adventure surely has been typical in this College. The unique atmosphere constructed and developed on the site of a R.A.A.F. hospital, with its unique factors of co-education and of students living together in residence, all these things were conducive to this spirit of adventure. You were not only the first students of this College, but don't you feel to-day that you have the real spirit of pioneers determined to blaze new trails in education? Do you feel to-day determined to do something new, to make a real contribution, to educational thought and practice in this State? Go out then with this spirit of adventure and when a difficult time comes, when you are surrounded by difficulties, when you get bitter disappointments, when you feel discouraged, then will be the time for the chief success of your training at Wagga Teachers' College to be truly estimated. In such times it may be well to remember the philosophy of Robert Browning, to whom I have referred from time to time in lectures, to whom courage was something that could never die. With this thought from Robert Browning I will close:

"What if I fail of my purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at a strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up and begin again."

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

Editorial

THE Pioneers have graduated. In a few days they are to take over their classes.

The College regrets their passing. We who are left remember them, not only because they were an outstanding body of students, but also because they were our mates.

The passing of the Pioneers has left a great gap in College life. The old faces have gone—many of them forever. There will be reunions, but reunions can only bring back memories and memories are poor consolation for a life full of youth and comradeship.

For the Pioneers the great days are over, but we, the new second years, have a year to go. One hundred and fifty first years arrive in June; for them arrival is the beginning of a great adventure.

And so life in the College completes its first cycle. Students come in and teachers go out. That is the function of this College—that is its life.

JOHN MITCHELL.

CLARK CAN DO IT!

On Thursday night of last week the elections for the new S.R.C. President and Secretary were held.

By preferential ballot Jack Clark and Irene Kind were elected to these positions respectively.

"Talkabout" extends its congratulations and expresses the wish for a closer relationship between the S.R.C. and "the publication of the students of the Teachers' College, Wagga."

Also "Talkabout" wishes to emphatically deny that Uncle Jack has already placed an order for wall-to-wall carpets for the Cave.

NEPHEW JOHN.

The Ball

Last-minute tucks and stitches (on the women's part, of course) and all the iron points fused in their laundry. Consequently, improvised ironing boards in every corner of the dormitories with females standing by wriggling under yards and yards of material. But, worst of all, the visitors popping up like gremlins from every nook and cranny. You laughed at another bailed up to meet the wide-eyed relatives with an "unsmileable" egg compact on the face, hair curlers adorning the scalp and hands and legs dripping with lotions, but your turn came at the next corner.

Then the men's preparations—they will, of course, deny such things, but what about all those shoe boxes that were brought through the College gates after 5 p.m. The shoe stores must have made their millions that day—or was it the florists?

Frills and flowers (this time not on girls but on the tables) were tampered with all afternoon, and it was easy to

see that some folk had missed their proper vocations—the interior decorators—solssors around their necks, tape measures over the shoulders and alimentary canals pierced with straight pins—not to mention Ken McLean in the typical style of a painter (big brush and scaffold type) lying flat on his back, elbow folded under his head, whistling and giving the flat base of his own creation (the Great Grand Mortar Board) an occasional splash of the brush. The balloon blowers certainly were "blow-hards," but they did not have to go so far that everyone in turn, at some stage, fell flat on his face feeling sure a bullet had pierced his anatomy.

"There goes more of my wind," winned one of the "blowers."

Preparation in all directions by every person with two legs and two hands.

The great hour arrived (later for some than for others) and the great herd went forth in smaller flocks, covering the distance on four wheels or Shanks's pony. By nine o'clock a reasonable crowd was assembled and Bob Collard announced the first novelty item—

"Vera Vine—and you can have her." Had she used the microphone we may have found it easier to know what it was all about, but as it was, she gave an excellent miming act.

The gentlemen (and so they were on that occasion) took silent delight in having the Lavendar lace touch in signing their names in the spaces on the ladies' dance cards. The dances, too, were enjoyed by all and the band played "Believe it if you like" (sorry, I don't know how that got in)—I mean, the band's efforts were highly appreciated, to say the least.

The great laugh of the night came in through the doors on either side of the stage. It was just as well that Merv Wright did not dash back and stocktake the Tennis Club's equipment. The riddle arriving—what has Darb Munro and a motor car got in common? Answer: A Spare tyre. Still, he has probably knocked that off with belly-busters into Manly surf by now. How goes it, Darb? Oh! that high kicking—those shapely legs and, O boys, those curves!

Supper—the subject nearest to hearts (that is, if you believe your Biology lecturers) was well prepared and served. I can only hope that the rest of the studes left more for the town folk at their tables than those surrounding me did.

Gaudeamus and the most solemn and glorious procedure of all was led down the hall by Joan Carey and Murray Millar. They, all in turn, received their mortar boards and soon after they were swinging into their Graduation Waltz. To give the final touch to make it a scene of melting hearts the first year rallied quite well and sang them their "Good-bye Song." "Auld Lang Syne" and the feeling of losing something we had not realised until when we had to go came suddenly to us all. The ball had ended and people in groups and couples were ambling back to College—the ceremonies were over and on the next day the Pioneer

Session would leave the College.

Well, Mr. Ed., you asked me to cover the ball, but having decided that "Talk-about" had neither enough paper or glue to perform the deed on the Kyeamba Smith, I think this must be what you meant. I can only hope so.

V.

The Gift of the Pioneers

At two o'clock on Wednesday, 3rd May, second year students assembled in the College Library for the ceremony of the opening of the new "Pioneer Room." This room has been specially designed as a model children's library, and furnished by the outgoing students, of whom Doreen Manwaring and Maureen Lane deserve special mention for their attention to, and careful arrangement of, decorations.

Mr. Murray Millar, President of the S.R.C., formally handed over the "Pioneer Room," as it has been named, to Mr. Blakemore, saying that he hoped the room, a token of gratitude by the second years, would be used to benefit the College, and thanking the students' committee responsible for arranging the room so tastefully.

Mr. Blakemore, on behalf of the College, then expressed his sincere appreciation of the Pioneers' generous gesture, stressing the fact that not only was the actual gift worth while, but that the spirit prompting the gift was highly estimable, and that the Pioneer Room, a fitting tribute to the Pioneers' memory, would be a comfort and an inspiration to succeeding generations of students. Here, he said, was something unique in a Teachers' College—a room set aside for the accommodation of children's books in an atmosphere creating a suitable setting; an atmosphere conducive to aesthetic appreciation. The Principal also expressed his appreciation to Miss Webb, College Librarian, to whom thanks are due for the evolution and efficient organisation of the scheme.

This short ceremony concluded with the College anthem.

The room itself fulfils a twofold purpose for the College in that it contains not only all the material by way of books and periodicals so much in demand during the prac. teaching periods, but also features built-in shelving, a standard guide of what could be achieved in the library of a small school. Such a library could be adapted to suit the school's requirements, and needs combine colour with utility to add to the general attractiveness of the room. These two factors, blended with an informal setting and arrangement of furniture and decorations, are destined to further an atmosphere conducive to interested voluntary reading by the young child.

The refreshing appearance of the "Pioneer Room" is enhanced by its well-chosen furnishings and tasteful, suggestive colour scheme. The entire library, built-in bookshelves included, is painted cream. This cream is offset by a sky-blue carpet and attractively

designed curtains, complemented by cushions of matching covers flung casually yet with charming artistic effect on a neatly-made, cream-painted window-seat. The material in the curtains reveals a woven wool design which is a modern adaptation of a conventional decoration, the resultant effect being most unusual. The background is a warm buff colour, which is enriched by tonings of bright orange, blue and black.

Round the wall are appropriate pictures chosen by the students, namely, Muriel Dawson's "Child Feeding a Calf," and a lithograph by Williamson, "Teddy Bears' Tea Party," while over the doorway is a plaque inscribed simply "Pioneer Room, 1947-49 Session."

The total effect of the room is very impressive, and by 1952 students should visualise a complete model library, as the Pioneers intend to add to their gift each year. This gesture of the Pioneers is a very fine one, and one which is surely appreciated by we first years as an example to forthcoming students.

Table Tennis

The College has entered two teams in the Wagga Table Tennis Association competition. The first round of the competition was played last Monday night and the results are as follows:—

Teachers' College I v. Night Owls.
Teachers' College won by 373 points to 337.

Teachers' College II v. Postal II.
Postal won by 405 points to 275.

In the first match for the Paull's Challenge Cup, Teachers' College I was drawn against Coles I. The match was played at Coles. Both teams were fairly even on the night, although the College team was suffering from the effects of the ball on the previous night. The result was a million to one chance. College were down by quite a large margin in the singles, but pulled up in the four sets of doubles at the end. The final points score was 344 each. The match will be replayed this week, and this time we hope to make sure of our win.

The second round of the competition is as follows:—

Teachers' College I v Postal I.

Teachers' College II v. Commonwealth Bank.

After a fairly successful start to the season with the former second year students not able to play, we are hopeful of an enjoyable round of matches if not a successful one. There is one team playing at home Monday night and when conditions come back to normal and the table tennis table is restored to the gym., all are cordially invited to attend the matches and see an exhibition of one of the fastest games known.

J. RILEY.

CARRY THE MAGIC OF MUSIC
WITH YOU

Breville Portable Radio



AVAILABLE FROM

HARDYS Hardware

BAYLIS STREET, WAGGA

PHONE 2071

BOX 143

CARMODY'S

ROYAL HOTEL

BAYLIS STREET — WAGGA

Phone 2135

BOB ASHTON'S SPORTS CENTRE

WHERE SPORTSMEN CONGREGATE

SPECIALIST IN ALL SPORTING
RESQUISITES

DAVIS CUP PLAYERS' STRINGER

87 Fitzmaurice St.

PHONE 2689



REMEMBER THE OFFICIAL OPENING!

Hail But Farewell

There can only be one first to all great events that mean to become repetitive, and the persons who become attached to that first trial, which is always a gamble for the many, and a great experiment for the few who are privileged to be its leaders, manage to draw to themselves certain stigmata of greatness.

The session of the Wagga Teachers' College that we first years have just said good-bye to have been the many to which the formation of this College must have appeared as a great gamble. The signs of having been members of a new Teachers' College in its most important and most harried and most frenzied stage of development appear twofold, both characteristic of a turbulent infancy. Firstly, the superficial tag that unfortunately stuck to them and became descriptive of their actions. "The Pioneers" they were, and that they stayed. It was a new way of saying, "By their works shall ye know them." Yet it was unfortunate that the more intolerant among us have at times felt very strongly near to adding that other very care-worn phrase of—"The lilies of the field toil not, And neither do they spin."

Although it would easily be noticed that our late-lamented friends would themselves not have been flattered by the description of "lilies of the field," and would probably have preferred (at least during the winter hot water shortage) the nom-de-plume of those ill-starred flowers, the 'Stinken Rogers.' And again, if we would change "spin" to "weave" it is really flatteringly descriptive of the typical year.

Secondly, however, when ever the most part of the second year student

body became known to us, as individual first years, it was quite easy to see that they had profited greatly by the experience they alone would have and that it was upon their own personalities that a change had been made; and most importantly this change had come from within, not from without. It was the answer of a group of people to a set of circumstances that to all of them were new and strange; an answer that was not forced upon them by artificial surroundings, but which they decided to answer as a challenge to fight and to win. If you want any justification for my unfortunately emotive prose we need only look to the records in the field of sports and athletics to see the victory that was won by them.

By now, my readers have probably built up a tolerance to me that will enable me to safely negotiate some more tortuous passages of partisan loyalties and unfortunate susceptibilities. The role of he who sets out to write a foreword to anything at all—and this is a foreword to what is to follow (and, even I am afraid, an epilogue in the tragic vein) is a very difficult one. The writer is by duty bound, to deliver some type of glowing panygyric to the matter in hand, and if he would do this effectively, he must make a choice of language from the now extremely circumscribed field of "acceptable" emotive words. When, however, the writer has a theme upon which he need not too blatantly lie in order to produce a true picture, then the bulk of words that slip through should be winked at, or the blame placed at the feet of a certain member of our English lecturing staff.

And so, back to the rose petals and confetti. They became friends with us soon after we arrived at Wagga, and when we passed unscathed through the rigours of a somewhat uninhibited

initiation ceremony, they ceased to regard us as interlopers, and to us they gave what was probably their most valuable contribution. They helped to orientate us in the new world of gowns and adulthood, and later, the terrifying spectacle of practical teaching.

What I would like to add is this. They did not form a tradition. It may be the word itself is at fault, but it is strongly suggestive of reaction and opaqueness—of a "stay-as-we-are-ishness" that must be, I think, far removed from the mental atmosphere of a Teachers' College. What they gave was a standard of conduct, and a standard of value that has fortunately stood as something for us to build upon.

We, as the second session, are quiet sure that we will prove as successful in an intellectual and social sphere as they did, but at the same time we remain gratefully conscious of the debt and service we owe to the first students of the Wagga Teachers' College.

To you all we wish good luck, happiness, and God's grace.

M.P.

Mata Hari

(2) AT THE BALL

The Graduation Ball . . . what a night! That very name conjures forth unforgettable memories of a smoothly organised function enhanced by the spectacular Graduation Waltz, and lent entertainment by the singing of Vera Vine and the performance of a men's ballet. But enough of prosaic details! Here is an opportunity for any person of even slight imagination to describe, in emotive prose studded with streaks of verbosity, a scene clamouring for a typical "Social Gossip Column" account of its highlights—and surely, after reading last week's effort, you will be the first to admit that your Mata Hari lacks neither imagination nor verbosity, two essential qualities for a reporter of ambition.

Agreed?

Then proceed to read this screed . . .

Imagine a spacious ballroom decorated with twinkling red, yellow and green lights, swaying clusters of soft-hued balloons, and a large, imitation mortarboard featuring scenes depicting the climaxes or catastrophes encountered by our Pioneers in an adventure-filled College life. To this festive formation add the fascinating facts that mellow lights, tables made gay by generous heaps of vivid flowers and streamers, and graceful whirling frocks of glowing iridescent colours combined to create a bright panorama of lights 'nd sights, girls 'nd pearls; a panorama made complete by the appropriate sentimental atmosphere subtly suggested by those haunting melodies flowing sweetly, floating lightly over all the merry chatter. (See what I mean—the writer of a Social Column has as much licence as the proverbial poet.) You'll realise just how much when you

commence to wade through the colourful but far from concise descriptions which you will discover after several more digressions, one of which is immediately dispensed with by a dissertation on Vera Vine's two novelty numbers. Clad in yellow knee-length socks, tartan skirt, yellow sloppy joe, and glasses, Vera careered about the stage in a most individual and consequently unique version of "Personality," followed by a similarly versatile rendition of "Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing," which had everyone on tiptoe trying to decipher the rapid flow of language and simultaneously absorb the neat footwork. After this energetic display of what a combination of vocal and physical talent can do, Vera departed in a grand finale of leg-shaking and noise, and the atmosphere again assumed its sentimental proportions as couples swept happily into the picturesque Maxina. I see no plausible excuse for further avoidance of the exploitation of an extensive vocabulary, so will describe a few of the more notable frocks in a way destined to cause their owners some doubt as to whether they really did wear such striking ensembles.

Point score for the night should be awarded to Mrs. MacLoughlan for her beautiful blue satin evening dress featuring the fashionable "off-the-shoulder" neckline. In this she looked as soignée as ever and attracted much attention, as did Miss Webb's smart black crepe dress enriched by scintillating sequins on shoulder and waist. Miss Waugh attained, as always, a charming effect in an artistic creation of navy water-wave taffeta with blue lace on the shoulders, offset by a complementing black necklace.

Miss Wylie upheld the high standard set by the staff and achieved a sophisticated result by combining a full, rich black velvet skirt with a contrasting white bodice, while Mr. Pople, Mr. Howe and Mr. Cornell looked very suave in "barber's" coats, starched shirts and oiled hair, plus the other necessities a conventional civilisation demands.

Points also to Nita Chidzey's unusual floral taffeta, in which she proved her claim to the title "irresistible charm" bestowed on her in "Lest You Forget"; Maureen O'Neill's shot taffeta of dull blues and greens turning to bronze 'neath the soft lights and featuring a becoming draped off-the-shoulder line united with a full flowing skirt; and Vera Vine's dark blue velvet topped

with silver lame and made unusual by a slash of blue velvet across the back. Pat Plowman, in a powder-blue dress revealing a frilly panel of white slitting the front of the circular folded skirt should not escape mention; nor should Barbara Spence in a warm gold water-wave taffeta of classic Grecian lines, shaped bodice and graceful swinging skirt.

Judy Hanns looked self-possessed in a frock of gold tulle and gold lame bodice, decorated by bows and deep yellow ribbon, over a gleaming yellow taffeta slip; while Marg. Welfare in green and Dawn Smith in pink both deserved a second look.

Many of the white frocks were breathtaking, particularly Shirley Williams' ravishing affair, Vera Adcock's devastating dress, and Barbara Bosler's frothy white lace concoction; while Pat Davies' youthful, crisp white organdie reminiscent of more stately days gave her a "dream-vision" status, enhanced by a carefree cakewalk of appliqued flowers waltzing light-heartedly around the hem of this exclusive model.

Miss Reedman, Jill Noble, Doreen Manwaring and Bonnie MacIntyre looked attractive in white frocks and mittens to match, adding that demure touch necessary to complete an occasion which will be recalled with mixed emotions—joy, regret and nostalgia whenever "I Love You Truly" is heard.

I almost forgot to hit the headlines with a startling account of the striking dresses worn by Don Westley, Darby Munro, Jack Clarke, Johnny Biscaya and Mick Yarham. These boys revealed hitherto unsuspected physical qualities and, clothed in frills and bows intentionally incongruous when contrasted with muscular hairy legs and arms, performed amazing feats of rhythmic skill and precision, aided by our talented pianist, Dorothy Gibson.

The impressive, memorable Graduation Waltz was touching in its stately solemnity and, after the first year "Farewell Song" was followed by an infectiously enthusiastic dash for the colourful balloons floating airily over everyone's heads. The time for singing the traditional "Auld Lang Syne" came all too soon, and couples experiencing that peculiar blend of happiness and sadness began to drift along the homeward road leading to a College which, in a few too short hours, many would be leaving forever.

Mata Hari is overcome at the sad remembrance. No more verbosity. No more tongue-stretching adjectives . . . till next week.

M.H.

Pioneer Cavalcade

Our College has come of age. With its coming of age we feel that the time has come to write the first chapters in its biography. Biography may seem out of place, but we look upon our College not as an institution but as a person—a person who is living, learning, experiencing joys, sorrows, setbacks, triumphs and all the emotions that are generally associated with a being that is not only maturing but living a full real life enhanced by real experience. The emotions of our College are the emotions of the students who make their final preparation for complete living and professional success in its lecture rooms, dormitories, its gymnasium and on its playing fields. In dealing with the biography of the Wagga Wagga Teachers' College, then, we are dealing with people. For this reason we choose to write the biography of the College—not its history.

Because we did not live that first wonderful year with the Pioneers we can relate only what we have been told. Perhaps we would lose in the telling and depth, warmth and significance of many seemingly simple anecdotes which we intruders were so wont to view with an unperceiving and unsympathetic eye, but which were of the greatest importance to students who were teaching a College to walk.

We are, therefore, going to turn to the pages of "Talkabout," the publication founded and nurtured through infancy by Al. Fryer and his staff. We know of no better way of reflecting the life in which they themselves reflected that life as they lived it. A great deal had happened before "Talkabout" first saw the light of day, but we have no exaggerated ideas of our capabilities, so we will not venture to write of a life that is so foreign to us.

"Talkabout" first appeared on October 8th, 1947. It was not easy to bring out the first College paper, of that you can be sure. Heaven knows, it is hard enough to produce now that it is established. We will let "Talkabout" tell its own story.

SNAPPY STYLES

IN

PULLOVERS

CARDIGANS

JACKETS

FOR GAY YOUNG LADIES

AT

Kelly & Cunningham
WAGGA

Camera & Photographic Supplies

We stock a complete range, comprising: Books, Albums, Velox Paper, Developers, Lamps, Dishes, etc., etc.

Our Developing and Printing is famous. No restriction on number of Prints. prompt and efficient. We put the "Snap" into your Snapshots.

Gissing's Pharmacy
FITZMAURICE STREET, WAGGA
Opposite Post Office

American Dry Cleaning and Laundry Co.

SPECIAL SERVICE TO ALL STUDENTS

Articles left with Mr. Logan on Tuesday morning, delivered on Friday morning; and parcels left on Friday will be delivered on Tuesday.



REMEMBER THE EDITORIAL STAFF!

"I look back upon the early days (forgive me if I become retrospective and sentimental); the days when the Art room was the meeting place (none of your mod. cons. in those days). Here Al gathered his "coterie" and sat among them—lord of lords. Arms folded behind his head, chair tilted back (now, Mr. Wilcox, you know who was responsible), he would discourse upon the possibility of a paper ever being produced. With what eagerness we waited upon news of Ron Redgrave's progress with the title block and the Watson block (for Watson was a feature even from the beginning). With what tenderness Al gathered his chicks under his wing (figuratively) and encouraged their spasmodic bursts into song. And the one source of inspiration for Al were the lights in the Art room which, at least, resembled those in a newspaper office."

"Talkabout eventually reached the students, as we have already mentioned, on October 6th, 1947. We will leave it to you to imagine the feelings of Al. and his "coterie" as they gazed upon Vol. 1 No. 1 of their brain-child. This is what met their proud eyes:

FOREWORD BY PRINCIPAL

"Many interesting things have happened since we opened on June 9, and I feel that the decision of the students to publish each week a record of our activities is a very important step in the development of the College. Every part of College life — cultural, professional, social, in the lecture room, in the school, on the playing field and in the community—can now be discussed freely by those most vitally

interested, the students themselves. But it is essential that the views expressed should be as representative as possible, so it is the duty of all students to contribute to their paper."

Beside this was the first of Al's editorials. Believe it or not, he did not have a hard word for anyone. Watson was in, of course. Let us look at just one short paragraph:

"Ray Poole has made a name for himself as one of the College's great lovers. He is certainly no normal person."

Remember it?

Exactly one week later—

"Pioneer Sports Parade—Kabl and Mari in Photo Finish"

confronted the eyes of the eager reader. Underneath was a full and accurate account of our first athletic carnival. It was big news then—to-day it is probably just another memory. How many of you remember who won the pioneers' tug-o-war? Who won the women's 100 yards? Remember the "wog"? Perhaps this will refresh your memory:

THAT CERTAIN FEELING

(By Colin Squires)

It started on the Tuesday,
When a few felt sick and weak;
And we took so little notice
Till the numbers reached their peak.

A few more victims soon were known,
The signs by no means vague;
As they fell (or ran from lectures)
In obedience to the "plague."

It went on, but we think that is

enough to refresh your memory. It was funny, wasn't it?

Sport just cannot be left out of "Talkabout." In the issue of October 20, 1947, we read:

"College II Enter Basketball Finals. The semi-finals basketball match between Mount Erin Ex-students' team and College II team was played on Saturday last at the High School courts. The victors were the College team with a score of 22 goals to 16 goals."

Remember the way you clapped the announcement at Saturday's tea?

We'd like to linger, but we've a long way to go. The following week saw the first of those vitriolic editorials. How many similar ones have you seen since? It could have come from almost any "Talkabout."

EDITORIAL

APATHY—AND YOU

"Are you, personally, doing all that you can to make 'Talkabout' a success—financially? It is realised that not everyone can help directly in compiling our paper, but we contend that it is your obligation to play your part in circulating 'Talkabout,' as widely as possible among your friends. We, of the Pioneer Session of this College, have the pleasant duty of establishing a precedent in student activities to which students of future years may aspire. As our paper records these activities, the standard of our precedent will be dependent upon the constructive criticism of people who have an opportunity of reading what we are attempting to do.

"We require money to finance 'Talkabout'—money which is provided by our advertisers and you. Our advertisers are doing more than their share—are YOU? Each week 500 copies of this paper are printed; of this number 50 are required for general distribution, leaving 450 to be sold to students. It is obvious that each student must, therefore, purchase three copies, in order to play his or her part. Will you co-operate, or do you consider threepence too much to pay for YOUR newspaper, which records YOUR ACTIVITIES?—Alan Fryer."

Feel guilty?

This appeared just one week later. Probably it brought a smile. Let's try it again:

THE HALL—

The College Hall
Is for Assembly,
But that's not all,
—namely:

Lessons phonic,
Solfa tonic,
Dancing sessions,
Music lessons.
—Named, without malice,
The "People's Palace."

J. M. AKHURST.

It'll take you a long time to lose your interest in things College, won't it?

The editorial staff had few prin-

ciples those days. The excuse for this was that the preceding article just failed to fill a column:

"Is this the brake?" she asked.

"No," he replied as he adjusted his halo.

In the same issue:

COLLEGE SCOOP POOL

"The College A team won their first match in the Sunday competition by a wide margin. After scoring 142 for the loss of one wicket in the second innings, they dismissed Turvey Park for 31, thus winning by 191 runs."

Al. made several attempts to shake the disciples of Watson from their apathy. Streamer of November 17:

"STUDENTS AND POLITICS—"

With a shudder we pass on. So did you, the disciples of Watson, and found the starters and prices in the Matrimonial Stakes:

Ralph and Marge, 5 to 4.

Kevin and Wyn, 2 to 1.

Max and Miriam, 3 to 1.

Jack and Shirley, 5 to 4.

Tom and Shirley, 3 to 1.

Gordon and Betty, 100 to 1
(scratched subsequent to going to press).

Harry and Jean, 10 to 1.

Ken and June, 25 to 1.

Paul and Beth, 8 to 1.

Nick and Shirley, 3 to 1.

The bookmakers sure had the right oil on that event.

Remember this, squeezed in between "Capitol Theatre as Cultural Centre" and "Physical Education Report"?:

Scene: The Art and Crafts Room.

A mark for this,

A mark for that;

No time to slack,

Just bend your back.

A mark for this,

A mark for that;

It seems very clear

At the end of the year,

When the marks are computed by

Mr. Wilcox

Each student will have 2000 (approx.).

Inspiring? Perhaps not, but it was read.

Something else that was read:

COLLEGE IN GOOD POSITION

"With 207 runs up the A team are in a good position for an outright win. But this hope may be dashed if Rees and Bree get settled in.

I can imagine the scene at tea when that was announced. Had sport sewn up, didn't you?

The following week Al. passed the buck and Mr. Blakemore wrote the editorial. Remember? It was about the time of your first practice. The editorial read, in part:

"In the years to come I know we shall all remember how much we

enjoyed these early days, and shall be eager to give all the details to succeeding generations of students. Then, too, when the pioneers have all become successful practitioners in the teaching profession—enthusiastic, confident, resourceful, skilful—they will have a special place in their memories for Monday, 24th November, the very first day they tried their hand at teaching—in the College practice schools. Good luck to you all in your first practice.—G. L. BLAKEMORE, Principal."

Al. tried hard to enlighten the unenlightened in the next issue:

"Wanted—A Revolution."

We'll shudder again. We'll forgive him. 'Twas the last issue for the year. Remember that photo of the A grade cricket team? Mr. Duncan? Mr. Hawcroft?

The new year, but the same old grouch and the same old hopes:

"At present the finances of this paper are rather strained, but, with your co-operation in purchasing each week as many copies as you are able, the financial position may be stabilised and a long-range plan put into effect. It is the objective of the Editorial Committee that 'Talkabout' should be the best publication of its kind in Australia. An unattainable goal—never! With your assistance this weekly of ours can, and will be—



REMEMBER THE PIONEER CRICKET TEAM!

come truly the mouthpiece of all shades of student opinion here at Wagga."

We've still got the grouch, but the hopes are wearing a little thin.

The new year didn't improve the staff's principles any:

"When asked about the method he used to rear so successful a garden, Bill the Gardener replied, 'Trowel and error'."

Films—7 p.m. or 9 p.m. That was the rather controversial subject that provided the fodder for the leading article that week. Remember this, Nita?

"N. Chidzey: Nine p.m. is definitely the only time to have the pictures. When they are held at 7 p.m. those people who desire to attend night services are not able to attend the pictures, when they should be given the opportunity also. When first-class pictures are shown, it draws people away from the church."

From Watson:

"The Loves of Erica Coles, Serial No. 1,509."

The following week and the College awaited "The Gondoliers." This was the first Gilbert and Sullivan the Musical Society staged. It was a big occasion and, for the preview, no less a personage than Dave Rummery was called upon to exercise his pen fingers. Listen to him:

WIT AND WARBLE

"For a limited season only, at the College Gymnasium, 'The Gondoliers,' presented by the College students under the capable direction of Miss J. Moore and Mr. R. F. Pople—(it looks excellent on the bill boards)—with Gilbert's most brilliant wit, Sullivan's most tuneful melodies, the combined genius of both of these well-loved musical-comedians, the gayest of dances, the most sparkling songs, the very ultimate in extravagant costuming, the absolute in lavish stage sets, the College's most glorious voices— Also, Dave Rummery has a part.

"Soon will this magnificent show be exhibited to the public, and while Wirth's Circus and the Royal Easter Show committee wonder at their sudden drop in attendances, plaudits of the ecstatic privileged who have managed to find a seat inside the hall, will shatter eardrums and windows for miles around. Wild and delirious will be the cries from the audience, deafening and long will be the applause, but fiat and prostrate will be our producers, for the energy with which this masterpiece of choral and dramatic effort is being prepared is so prodigious that surely exhaustion will follow the end of the task."

Nice work, Dave. However, there were people who looked to the hereafter. The "earth earthly" was not for them:

A school teacher stood at the pearly gate,

His face was worn and old;
He merely asked the Man of Fate
Admission to the fold.

"What have you done," St. Peter asked, "To seek admission here?"
"I've been a school teacher, sir," he said, "For many and many a year."

The Gates swung sharply open

As Peter touched the bell.

"Come in," he said, "and take a harp, 'You've had enough of Hell.'"

The things one comes across in these old papers. Here we are at April 19th and we're a little puzzled. Perhaps you can help us:

AND DELIVER US FROM LECTURES

"Ladies and Gentlemen. I am sorry I was delayed. Well! er—ah—yes—um. I thought to-day might be an appropriate time in which to find out just how much work of vahlue has been done towards your option.

"Miss 'X', have you completed ' yet? Can I help you?"

"No, I haven't completed it, Mr. —. I find it a bit confusing."

"Ah! Do you. Yes. Do you think it has any vahlue at all then?"

"No importance that I can see! What is your opinion of it?"

(Inane smirk.) "Well, you must remember it was produced by a person of unorthodox behaviour. It has its good points, and it has its bad. To some people it might appeal directly, while to others it might have no attraction. But perhaps some of these booklets I have brought down will provide some help for you.

"Can I help anyone else in a similar position? Well, then—the rest of the lecture you may spend in your own private work, which you will probably find of more vahlue to you than any further discussion right now."

Our problem? Just who was the helpful Mr. —?

Remember the College's first trophy? You don't. Well, perhaps we can refresh your memory. It's Dave again.

THANK YOU, MR. PAULL!

"Suddenly has our College aged. True, our Principal shows neither hoary beard nor venerable locks, nor have the Historical Society just paid a fabulous price for Mr. Wilcox's motor machine, but now can our establishment actually boast a tradition. The first seeds of a deeply rooted and 'traditional' tradition have been planted. The College has acquired its first trophy. Now can the redoubtable stalwarts of each of our four houses leap into a fierce hand-to-hand battle, now with an added incentive and a whetted appetite, for the College has acquired a trophy which will have engraved on it the name of the house scoring most points over a whole year's activities.

"The trophy itself is a magnificent one, being a racing figure poised at the finishing line, and the whole mounted on a large base. But to say that College 'acquired' it is to withhold the most important fact about it."

The donor? Why, Mr. Paull.

April 26th and Al's up to his capers

again. We won't shudder this time. Let's look at part of it. It was headed "Decentralisation of Education."

"While the Federation favours the decentralisation of educational opportunities and facilities by such methods as the erection of University Colleges in country centres, the extension of technical education and the provision of hostel accommodation at appropriate high schools for children from remote areas, this conference is of the opinion that because of the uneven distribution of natural resources and population, education in New South Wales must remain a service organised by and for the whole State."

That does it. I'm shuddering.

This was the issue that almost stopped "Talkabout." We won't quote the article responsible, but it was headed "Beautification—By Whom?" 'Twas inoffensive really, but it proves that our path is a narrow one and we've got to stay dead in the centre.

May 3rd and "The Gondoliers" was news. Remember the photos on the back page. Gianetta and Marco? You'd



probably know them by the names of Marje Abraham and Kev Quinn. Then there was the Duke of Plaza-Toro and his Duchess. Miriam Bowers was the Duchess and it says under the photo that the Duke was some fellow called Rummery. Dave Rummery, I think.

Yes, "The Gondoliers" was news. From page one:

AFTERMATH!

"A post mortem is usually a painful matter but, from our eavesdropping we conclude not on such a pleasant topic as "The Gondoliers." During the intervals we wandered among the crowds in search of opinions. Here is what came our way.



"Sgt. Kelly (of Forest Hill): Excellent performance, particularly on the part of the chorus. I enjoyed it very much.

"Mrs. Smith: The nicest and prettiest show I've seen since I left England.

"Mr. Young: I enjoyed it as much as the Balmain show. This chorus was more sparkling.

"Mr. Irvin: Excellently done. Chorus was fresh. (Really, Mr. Irvin!) The cast obviously enjoyed it as much as the audience. Congratulations to Miss Moore and Mr. Pople. Miss Moore is a wizard to have done what she did on such a small stage. There's only one complaint I have to make—I could only see the chorus from the knees up. (I repeat, really Mr. Irvin!)

"Mr. Couch: I saw 'The Gondoliers' done professionally in Sydney earlier this year. This compares very favorably.

"Lorrie: The show far surpassed my expectations. The success is a fine reward for the enthusiasm of Miss Moore, Mr. Pople and cast.

"Miss Moore: The cast might like to know that I sat in the audience on the second night, and even after having heard the show a thousand times, laughed as heartily as the rest.

"Incidentally, it seemed unlikely at one stage that Miss Moore was going to see her own show. At the beginning of the performance she seated herself in a spare seat in the front row which she presumed was her own, and was thoroughly enjoying the first bracket of songs, when a voice boomed out, 'You have my seat, Madame.' Miss Moore fled.

"Miss Moore also had a private message for the chorus. She said she had not realized how little space the

chorus had in the wings and thinks the entries were expert.

"We regret that Mr. Pople was not available. This, of course, had to be rushed to the printer, so . . ."

You were proud of that production, weren't you? Somehow no other College means quite so much to you. It hit page one the following week too.



REMEMBER "THE GONDOLIERS"!

"TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Mitchell.

Sub-Editors: Jim Butler, Barbara Hoare, Maurice Pitfield.

Sports Editors: Alan Buckingham, Geoff Speller.

Business Manager: Don Wyeburd.

Avor Quality Products

for all

AERATED WATERS & FRUIT SYRUPS
CAPPY'S TOMATO SAUCE

ASK FOR THEM AT ALL SHOPS

MORAN & CATO

GROCERY SPECIALISTS
WAGGA

FAIR STOCKS OF ENGLISH
CIGARETTES, 2/10 per pkt.

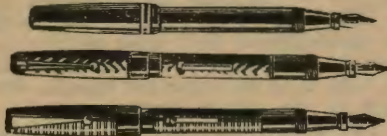
Paull's Pty. Ltd.

THE PREMIER DRAPERS,
WAGGA

(Opposite Plaza Theatre)

HUNTERS—THE GIFT CENTRE

CAN SUPPLY THE
FOUNTAIN PEN OR PROPELLING
PENCIL
YOU REQUIRE
ALL THE BEST MAKES STOCKED



Hunter Bros. Pty. Ltd.
STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.
WAGGA.

P. SWANSBOROUGH
232 BAYLIS STREET

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

ANSTICE & MACKAY



LADIES

Our Showroom carries the most up-to-date stocks of Frocks, Underwear, Millinery in town. But don't take our word for it—see for yourself.

GENTS

Comfortable Clothes for all weather—and prices as right as the garment—that's what you get from our Mercy Department.

SPORTS

A full range of all Sporting Requisites always on hand. Restrings and Repairs a speciality.

T. Edmondson
AND CO. LTD.

PHONE 2195, GURWOOD STREET

Remember those romances? You don't? Well, let's hear what the Doc. has to say:



"This week we present the most up-to-date true-to-life and wickedest (quite literally, of course) news ever read.

"Why the sudden high flying, girls—does the New Look go well with navy blue or are the College boys pulling their wings in?"

"Jim looks happy once again with no gondolier competition. Incidentally, I believe Ralph burnt a hole in his socks, Kev.

"Hot off the press! News of the week. Jack Collins went a-fishing for to catch a—

"Racing News. This week's favourite—Darb and His Dark Horse.

"Morton avows there is only one really nice girl in the College. What say you, Maureen—handy for Arts and Crafts, wot!"

"The saddest tale ever told. The gym. closes at 10 o'clock sharp.

"Where do we go from here, boys? Where do we go from here?"

To lecture rooms or out the gate But never in the gym.

"A-Tanner for your thoughts, Dave. "I see Bro has a Woody problem, or is it the man of the West(ley).

"A Leap Lear Bounce—a noble effort. 'Doreen and me, we bin to see a show. A swell two dollar touch.'—which one was it, Keith or Geoff?"

You'd better lay down your paper for a few moments while you think. They WERE the days, weren't they?

Look, Al, I hate to keep mentioning those principles, but what would you think if you suddenly were confronted with this:

Doctor: "The source of your trouble is this ear."

Patient: "This 'ere wot?"

Well, well! I've arrived at Wagga. I think this would be a good time to repeat Al's editorial on the occasion of our arriving. Much of it still applies. He's using that old vitriol again. Just listen:

EDITORIAL

"This issue marks the beginning of the second year of 'Talkabout's' publication. Looking back, I feel that our first year has been fairly successful, thanks to the loyal support of members of 'Talkabout's' staff, and the co-operation of most of the student body. Since its inception this paper has become increasingly representative of student opinion, and it is hoped that it will continue to give a true picture of life at this

College. Pioneers and freshers can combine to broaden the scope and thus increase the appeal of 'Talkabout': you can help by realizing from the start that, just as you form an integral part of our College community, so too is your opinion, your article or letter essential if this paper is to play its proper role as a students' publication.

"Occasionally ill-informed persons have asserted that 'Talkabout' is controlled by a clique. Without bothering to investigate the nature of that which they malign, they have always been ready to criticise destructively, and to sneer at the efforts of those who have made this publication possible every week. Unfortunately the writing of 'Talkabout' was confined in the early stages to a group of stalwarts, who of necessity contributed excessively. Latterly, however, the position has improved to a marked degree. Students have realised the opportunity which exists in these columns to air their views, and with such a realisation has come the representative contributions which make 'Talkabout' a vital force.

"We welcome contributions from all—any subject which you consider will be of interest to others will find a place in this paper. 'Talkabout' does not however accept short stories or work of a literary nature. It is hoped that a literary magazine will be produced some time this term; such original work as has been mentioned will find a place there.

"The publication or rejection of any article rests in the hands of the Editor, who will only reject articles in extreme circumstances; all manuscripts not used will be returned to their owners.

"Will you, the freshers, take up our challenge to make 'Talkabout' an even more effective mouthpiece for student views and thought than it is now?—ALAN FRYER."

I hate to talk business right now, but just read it again, you new second year students. Then take another look at it. Notice the part that reads, "the writing of early 'Talkabouts' was confined to a few stalwarts but lately, however, the position has improved to a marked degree. A representative collection of articles were received." How's your conscience?

However, back to the subject. The Freshers have arrived. We must have been nearly as important as "The Gondoliers." Anyhow—we got Rummery. Here he is, in all his glory:

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Exit, the Pioneer year,
Enter like bubbling beer,
Eager as a bounding deer,
Sweet little Second Year.

Blatant is the lordly sneer
Of the toll-worm Pioneer,
Who sees the Fresher now appear,
From taxi's maw, with loads of gear.

Too late the Fresher's eye is op'ed.
'Tis not the College he had hoped.
Too late he sees he has been roped.
The sugar-coated sweet is hoped.

He, started, stops and stands to peer
His heart at grips with chilling fear.
"Good grif, what means this fiendish leer
That from Admin. block cometh here.

"Who is this chap, who armed with pen,
Sits down to write in darkened den;
Long letters to lauded literary men,
His demeanor seems beyond my ken?
"These crosses white bring forth a tear.
Does Daphne Indica lie buried here
'Neath autumn leaves all brown and sere.
Hod did she die, O Pioneer?"

"Here lies her sister Myrtle, too,
Did she succumb to College stew
And Berkals, what did she do,
Was it College steak she tried to chew?"

"Who is this chap whose brand of ties
Have knots that are of stunning size?
Whose posture's pert, whose physique's
nice,
On him there seems to be no flies.

"On that there chap with face so drear
Is that red nose from frost or beer?"
(Editor's note: "The truth is clear,
This one's not bad, ash worth a cheer.")

"This fellow here with flutes and staves,
Does he pile on work like studes were
slaves?
Is he the chap who on Bach raves
And can play on piano 'Over the
Waves'?"

The blinded Fresher is a fool,
Unfit to teach in primary school
If he sees no more in College here
Than scattered huts and paddocks drear.

We Pioneers shall hear no moan
From Freshers fresh who look alone
At outside views and realize none
Our College does possess a TONE,
—D.R.

That is the first chapter of your wonder-
ful adventure. If enough people are
interested the biography will be con-
tinued.

Where the Money Went

During the past College year the Students' Representative Council has enjoyed considerable success from a financial point of view. This is due not only to the management of affairs by the Council itself, but also to the sound advice given by Mr. Lonsdale and Mr. Duncan last year and more recently by Mr. Verdon and Mr. Allen.

Considerable sums of money were paid out to all recognised clubs. Some clubs did not receive all that they asked for as the S.R.C.'s piggy bank did not rattle convincingly enough. However, all received what was considered a reasonable amount to carry on their activities. During the year, some clubs were given further grants to extend their activities.

S.R.C. funds are derived from students' dues and from the proceeds of all functions held in the College. This is pooled to form the subscriptions account. Clubs such as the Dramatic Art and Musical Societies provide large sums to this account and so provide

money for the advancement of other clubs which are not concerned with the making of money.

Some of the total allocations given to various clubs are: Sports Union, £353 (this includes £15 won by the football team); Maths. Club, £3; Visual Education Club, £25; Naturalists' Club, £4; Library Club, £2; Writers' Group, £100; Library, £90; Musical Society, £144/5/-; "Talkabout," £180/1/10; Social and Recreation Committee, £124/10/11; S.R.C. Committee Account, £16/15/4; Dramatic Art Option, £118/15/7; Piano fund, £75 (£25 of this amount was won by the choir at the Eisteddfod); Little Theatre Group, £23/16/8.

The reason for such large allocations to some clubs ("Talkabout" and the Musical Society) is that these clubs require large amounts of money to produce their particular form of art. However, these clubs are more than self-supporting.

From the above list it may be seen that the S.R.C. has paid out approximately £1,310 to the various clubs in the College.

The S.R.C.'s financial position is VERY sound, but would like to collect the £3/6/- still owed by students.

TRIAL BALANCE—EXPLANATIONS

| | £ | s. | d. |
|----------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Student Drs. | 3 | 6 | 0 |
| Subscriptions Account | 255 | 5 | 7 |
| Social and Recreation Club | 13 | 9 | |
| Sports Union | 122 | 16 | 5 |
| Visual Education Club | 8 | 1 | 3 |
| Library Club | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Principal's Contingency A/c .. | 147 | 3 | 6 |
| "Talkabout" Magazine | | | |
| Blues Committee | 55 | 0 | 0 |
| Dorm 7 Common Room A/c .. | 8 | 6 | 1 |
| Locker A/c | 19 | 18 | 0 |
| Medical Fund | 47 | 7 | 2 |
| Mathematics Association | 2 | 6 | 0 |
| Education Option Club | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Naturalist Club | 3 | 9 | 7 |
| Writers' Group | 4 | 10 | 0 |
| Library A/c | 31 | 10 | 1 |
| S.R.C. Telephone A/c | 3 | 19 | 1 |
| 2nd Year Dramatic Art Option | | | |
| Common Room A/c, 1947 men .. | 4 | 4 | 1 |
| Piano Fund | 75 | 0 | 0 |
| Art and Craft Fund | 52 | 18 | 0 |
| Dorm 9—Common Room A/c .. | 8 | 8 | 0 |
| Meldrum Prize | 2 | 2 | 0 |

Tennis

The men's A grade side had a convincing win over Railway in their second competition match, thus making amends for their defeat last week-end.

Jack Haines and Mick Harvey played their best tennis and won two of their three sets. Don Newman and Mr. Howe also won two of their three sets but, as holders of the June doubles championship and one of the strongest pairs in Wagga, did not play quite up to their usual high standard. Pat Limon and Ken Dunford played strongly to take one of their three sets, but found the opposition a little beyond them at times. However, with added experience in the top grade, they will doubtless improve as the season progresses.

The men's B reserve grade team had little difficulty in overcoming the opposition offered by Half Holiday Club.

John Wallace and Bill Grant and Des Hansaker and Col Williams were always on top and each pair took their three sets with ease. Jim Butler and Ron Walsh did not play as well as expected. Probably the two strongest were Des Hansaker and John Wallace, who both drove consistently deep into the court. This team should soon mould into one which will be hard to beat in this grade.

The women's first team, playing in the B grade competition, were decisively beaten with only our leading pair, Barbara Spence and Ann Broadhead, capable of matching the opposition of St. Patrick's. This team, however, will be strengthened next week by the return of June Mathews and the inclusion of Vera Vine following her capable display in the second team.

The second team, playing against St. Patrick's (2) in the same competition, had a very even match with the result finally favouring the College by nine games. The leading pair, Vera Vine and Essie Sempendorfer, played consistently throughout, winning their three sets. Vera, as a result of her performance, will probably be promoted to the first team for the next match. Joan Cox and Pat Ferguson won two of their sets, while Dorothy Williams and Win Sewell, after a shaky start, finished more strongly to defeated the St. Patrick's first pair.

The mixed A grade side found the opposition too difficult and were beaten easily. The women were completely outclassed, but in addition to June Mathews, who will return next week, it is hoped that added strength will be gained when the first years come in.

BLAMEYS

LEADING TAILORS
AND
MEN'S WEAR OUTFITTERS

SUPPORT YOUR TUCK SHOP

LOGAN'S

Distinctive Portraiture

ERNEST TOOLEY STUDIOS

Down Steps Lagoon Bridge

PHONE 2920, WAGGA.

EVERYTHING FOR THE CYCLIST

Jack Bance's Motor and Cycle Store

238 BAYLIS STREET, WAGGA

TEL. 3294