



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

VOL. 2, NO. 9.

JUNE 21, 1948

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Editorial

FOR a considerable period the Editorial Committee of this paper has desired the registration of this publication for transmission by post as a newspaper. Such registration would, if effected, considerably enhance the status of "Talkabout" and would facilitate the introduction of system of parent subscription which would materially assist in the replenishment of this paper's depleted finances. It was proposed that each student should be asked to solicit a subscription from a member of his family. This subscription would cover the cost of the paper and postage for each issue of the College year.

Such fond hopes have, however, been aborted—thanks to the intervention of the fates per medium of University Tutorial Classes Director, Dr. W. G. K. Duncan, who is also editor of a monthly publication which rejoices in the name of "Talkabout" also. Postal regulations preclude the registration of two publications of the same name unless the second applicant for registration obtains the permission of the proprietor of the original publication to use the title in dispute. For reasons known to Dr. Duncan and myself, such permission was refused.

Now, where do we stand? "Talkabout" cannot be registered unless its name be changed. Those who were associated with me in the selection of title "Talkabout" as one which we considered most suitable for a student paper, will agree that this selection was made only after numerous names more to be remembered for their pedantry than for their originality were discarded. Personally, I consider that "Talkabout" during the last 12 months has achieved some status, it is known by that name, and this very fact leads me to believe that a change of name would be disastrous not only to the paper but also to the cause of the body of students for whom it claims to be the mouthpiece. Stationery has been purchased bearing the word "Talkabout." Such stationery would be rendered valueless by a change of name.

Where does the solution lie? The Editorial Committee is prepared to change the name if the student body deems this advisable; but it thinks that the way out of "Talkabout's" difficulties lies not in emulating the chameleon, but in a realisation by every student that this is his paper. It is a matter for you as an individual. We expect you to buy several copies—otherwise the desired regular use of photographs and blocks will become impossible and the very existence of this publication may be jeopardised. Second year students generally are alive to their responsibilities; there is, however, scope for improvement. It is to first year students I wish chiefly to direct my remarks. Do you consider you have played your part if you buy one copy only? If so, you are doing not only yourself but your fellow students a grave disservice.

As has been often stated, Wagga is a new College, when compared with Armidale, Sydney and even Balmain, yet now, though, in an embryonic stage the basis of a tradition is being laid—laid by our behaviour, our academic and sporting activities and the way we react to the experiment of social living. Webster defines "tradition" as "the oral transmission of information, beliefs, customs from ancestors to posterity." "Talkabout" offers us just such an opportunity to disseminate our information, our beliefs and our customs to others, parents and friends. If you consider your doings to be of so little importance as to be of no interest to your friends it reflects a stunted intellectual and social development which should have no place in a student of a teachers' college.

This paper costs £7 per week to print; advertisers are doing their share, and it is doubtful whether any more advertising matter will be forthcoming. Unless you reconsider your attitude towards this paper, it is quite probable that it will die an unnatural death from APATHY.

ALAN FRYER.

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

Spencer

He comes as a god. Riding in his chariot, drawn by one fiery, prancing steed which has the endurance of six and the beauty of the king of horses himself. His trappings send forth strong incense upon the balmy air. The perfume, like that of—well, I leave it to you—is wafted forth upon the breeze. No words can describe the pomp, magnificence, indeed the splendour, with which he approaches that wrought-iron gateway.

Sharply his steed wheels and while the sun gleams on the steed, chariot, and indeed, on Spencer himself, all three sweep along the drive. Pride of purpose is a marked feature of their bearing. The steed, tossing his mane so that the sun spins his gold among its strands, and Spencer, the immortal, the inconceivably great, holds his head as though upon those dark, waving locks rests the crown of the king of all the world. His apparel has that marked appearance which so holds the eye (and little else), and around chariot, steed, and master rests a clear, gold light.

Those who see not this spectacle will never understand fully its appeal to the heart of the clear-minded, the thinkers, and, above all, those who dine on fine dishes, for Spencer is God of Food. He it is who cooks the fish on Fridays, for no other has yet acquired the art of the fish to such an extent. He only has learnt to extract carefully that which will be Saturday's kidney pie. Dans la cuisine, among his many cupboards, he searches, and makes his mixtures. How potent, how appetising are these mixtures! Truly, Spencer mixes well.

Students, sitting anxiously at meals, have oft times welcomed him, have felt throats tighten, pulses quicken and stomachs jump as he dashes past the window and draws his chariot to a halt at the kitchen door. Unfortunately his steeds, though each as I said, has the endurance of six and the beauty of the king of all horses, tire at the rate of one per week. Spencer also cooks steak.

Many and varied are the meals he can produce. Those who partake of these meals will realise fully their vitamin value, their decorative value, and their energy value. Truly, I have seen diners break all sprinting records after

only one course of "Spencer's Meal." (Kellogg's have been replaced!)

Have you ever met Spencer? Have you spoken with him? Then don your robes of purple and gold and wait by his chariot until he has finished his cooking. Then, as he steps forth once more from the door of the cuisine, bow the knee and fling the banners high. Proclaim him God of all Food and who knows but that he may rest gently his hand upon thy head. Then rise, O friend! Lift for him his goods into the chariot. Hold for him the head of his impatient steed and, who NOSE, but that he may let thee taste of those loaded delicacies.

Off he is seen to come. As oft to go. Yet his presence is felt mostly in those dishes, those delicate dishes, which he leaves behind.

P.S.—Mr. Renwick says: "We do not taste, we only smell."

If this epistle appears incomplete see Spencer's offside, Mr. Harry Gibbs, for further information.

—WYN WALSHAW.

On Getting Up in the Morning

After the tireless research of one year I place before you with great confidence a "Guide on Getting to Breakfast." This guide, I'm afraid, will be only useful to those students so situated as to be able to hear the men on their way to breakfast.

When in the early hours of the morning (roughly 7.50) you hear a crunch on the gravel path you know that Lindsay Clifford is going to breakfast. This is the time to get up. When the next crunch is heard (Max Cox) you must at least be at the stage of cleaning the teeth. On hearing excerpts from the "Gondoliers" it is decidedly time you were dressed. When a continuous crunch is being made you must put your face on and do your hair. When the crunch becomes a much more staccato sound (made by running feet) grab your hanky, dive for the door, and go for your life—hesitating only to do up your belt and buttons. All being well you should be able to slip through the door just as Mrs. Whittaker is about to close it.

These directions are subject, of course, to your at least being deaf in no more than one ear, and such disturbing influences as Test matches when a dual crunch at an early hour is likely to put you out of working order. (This is Mac and Jack, who rise only to the occasion of a century by Bradman).

These instructions have been very carefully planned and are guaranteed to get results. The writer, however, will accept no responsibility for the consequences, if Lindsay's alarm should not happen to go off one morning.

P.S.—Further illuminating and personal details may be obtained from Room 7, Phi Delta, the occupants of which have compiled these facts in an effort to aid Freshers.

—GWEN (7.50) ROBERTS.



"Watson," Freshers, tells you, how the other half lives and loves, and whether you live, love or neither, you're sure to get in sometime; so give us a break, and love.

Pam, June, Pat and Frank were standing in a very friendly little group on the covered way the other night. Being innocent and sociable, we asked, in the passing; "How are you going?" "Oh, we've covered a lot of ground," we were Frankly told.

As usual, a well-known lecturer is in the news. How has he effected the fresher women? With his ties or his pinafore? Apparently something has a screaming on one, anyway. Will he lead her a dance on Saturday nights, too?

Well! Vera's gone and Don it again! So that's "The First, Noel," Or is it? Don't Bor-us boys, let's have another maiden stakes and a-course we'll set you off on the right track, but not fur-long. If you wait and bel-ow, Kev, you will see Wydowg rung by rung.

FOR FRESHERS ONLY: The lights go out in the Hall when necessary. Take your own seat because there's always a queue, even on weak nights.

Also the sundial may be used by moon-light, if you have a satellite to accompany you.

"No Ken do,
No Ken do,
We almost thought we couldn't,
But our Ken could 'do.'"

Congratulations on your organisation of the "do," Ken. It was super.

We have been informed that owing to the financial embarrassment of "Talk-about," its office is to be hired out to approved persons for unsupervised practice. Mr. Fryer at present holds the key and is willing to interview intending customers immediately. The room has been tried and found to be wanting (everyone wants it). It has all mod. cons., including a sound-proof room, a blind, a switched off light and a key. It is to be let for a small consideration, for periods of no longer than one hour. The usual parking area is available, before becoming keyed up.

When I was bound an editor,
In fairest Wagga College,
Full well I served my students
For more than twelve months;
Till I took up to strolling
As you shall quickly hear,
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night
In the season of the year.

When I took up this strolling
I knew what I had missed;
And so from now till evermore
I must repeat this bliss.
I hope you will consent my dear,
Despite my blistered feet;
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night
In the season of the year.

It was very noticeable that an apparent mistake was made at the party the other night. Attenders were invited to come to a spread, not a spree. We have decided that "Whiskey Johnny" won the day!

In second year there is a student,
Who he is we all do know;
For a first year he has fallen,
Will she answer yes, or no?
Oh, yes, Keith; yes, Keith, yes!

Ray has been singing that old favorite, "Joan, Fence Me In," lately.

—A.E.



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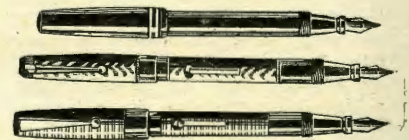
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Kosciusko Kapers

"Talkabout's" Kossie correspondent mailed the following report in a snow-encrusted envelope:—

Mr. Hawcroft's expedition into the icy wastes of the Australian Alps is returning with its full complement, little damaged, exhausted, but thoroughly satisfied that its mission has been a success. After a breathtaking week of snow, blizzards, skis, stocks, ice, chilling blasts, log fires, table tennis, warm beds, community singing, meals that rivalled College fare, and generally excelling with honour, the party is returning to civilisation again.

Let me describe what I see as I write: Soft snow padding on to the window in front of me, a dozen weary bodies draped indiscriminately about the room, some deep in the arms of luxuriously soft lounge chairs, some in the woolly thickness of the carpet, some in the arms of padded fireside stools, and all in the arms of Morpheus. Soft music filters through a lazy atmosphere of tranquillity, music conjured from a venerable Bluthner by the capable hands of one of the party; red glows the huge fire in the open grate where a log as thick as some people's waists burns contentedly; the whine of the blast outside the icicle-clad window is low and insistent but the sleepers hear none of it. I listen as I write.

BLEAK BEGINNING

The embers crumble and a picture forms. I see the bus leaving the College grounds on a bleak, foggy Friday. I see it speed through deserted Wagga streets, then an open road, miles of turns and straight runs, and still the fog. Tumut is on the horizon, the sun is shining. The fog is gone and the party fills a void long felt in a neat little cafe. The road is steep; Mt. Talbingo looms; progress is slow; down the other side on a twisting track wet with melted snow; a great cheer as a snow-capped peak springs into view, we are approaching the snow country at last; now the roads are covered with snow, the hills are white-coated, Kiandra and Adaminaby slip by, and at 8 o'clock in the evening the bus slides to a stop outside Hotel Kosciusko, 5000 feet, and snow deep underfoot. The impromptu meal supplied by the hotel was quickly disposed of and the glowing coals show now a waiter apologising for the poor meal, Vermicelli soup a la Mornay, roast chicken, chips and vegetables and

steamed London pudding de Colbert.

ON TO THE CHALET

Our destination, the Chalet (6000ft.), was still 16 miles away and 1000ft. more heavenward. Impassable roads forced an overnight stay at the hotel where, after a dance, etc., we slept comfortably in cosy bunks. The road would not permit the bus to continue, so on Saturday morning we piled into a powerful 10-wheel battle waggon and set off. We slipped and skidded, bogged and stalled a dozen times in a never-to-be-forgotten trip up to the Chalet, which we reached near lunch time. A most beautiful music instrument greeted our frozen ears. Sweet suggestive chimes, ringing and reverberating, danced through the building and led us to the dining room. The dinner gong called. The menu read like a French grammar. We asked for ample proportions of D'unqun de Plus Bulleau, but were politely informed that such was not a dish but the name of the chef. But what meals have followed that first one; sizzling chips swimming with grilled sausages in thick gravy, rich puddings in brandy sauce, York ham and ox tongue (excuse the dribble on this page, Mr. Editor).

SKI-ING !!

Ah! The time we first tried the skis! Kev Lyons pranged delightfully to begin a new fashion; Don Westley showed skill unsuspected, Margaret Welfare showed us how to land but we took a stern view of it. Eddie Keogh excelled at high speeds; Bette Lonergan gave the snow a hard time; Maureen O'Neill was worth watching, but Mr. Hawcroft was the main draw. He learnt so quickly that he was doing it sitting down after only one attempt. A ski instructor took us in hand on Sunday and gave us the main principles of the art. "Falling," says he, "is an art. Don't think of your HEAD, think of the ART of doing it properly." He gave us a little motto, which we kept in mind and ever after fell "ars super caput." Keith Brew surprised us with his rapid mastery of the difficult "snow plough;" Noel Davidson was equally surprising but did not surpass the gallant efforts of Lin Clifford and Jack Gleeson. Nita Chidzey showed promise; Barbara Lenny and Shirley Brodie were amazingly unorthodox, but they got there. Marie Hulme was really bright though, and managed a free ride down from Charlotte Pass by severely injuring her knee and claiming she couldn't walk. The rush of fellows to carry her back to the Chalet

was interesting, and Harry Gibbs was elbowed out by Jack Gleeson, who tied with Don Westley.

SHE-ING !!

Both ski-ing and she-ing were practiced with inexhaustible enthusiasm. Some of us of course preferred ski-ing; Col Taylor did, always asking for MOORE he was. Brew was true, and resorted to no STRONG-ARM tactics. Jack Collins FISHED with debatable success, while Merv did not change his TUNE. Harry did at NEATER jobs as possible, but his efforts were surpassed by Shirley Brown, who ensured that she had a good TOM, Shirley Brodie well survived the invigorating WESTLEY breezes. Bill Elliott tried all material available and became one serious rival for Mr. Hawcroft in his approach to the curvaceous Christiana. This captivating figure inspired great effort and subtle tactics on the part of Goog McMicking, who was observed on one occasion on a distant slope giving much attention to the fair Christiana. But one of the party, a real RUM fellow, giving such opposition no chance, after continued determined effort, was the only one to find real success. But statistics show that these holiday romances rarely last. Jim Hartnett seemed to FARE WELL, but no better than our redoubtable Lin Clifford, who showed rare form and "came to the cook-house" door more often than the dinner gong demanded. He always managed second helpings from a certain waitress too. And ask him who sat next to him in the pictures. Maureen O'Neill was well cared for and was given quite a good holiday by her most constant LYON.

EXCELLING WITH HONOUR

Ever mindful of their beloved "College of the Riverina," the Wagga folk excelled with honour in everything attempted. On Sunday evening a "Back to Wagga" was presented for the benefit of our fellow guests. Aided by the aforementioned piano, a vast repertoire of College songs was rendered, most of them part from part. The Chalet walls groaned under the strain as "Vicar of Bray," "Oh, No, John," "Whisky, Johnny," "Sally Brown" and company fairly shook the rafters. Ken McLean obliged with some topical parodies and Maureen O'Neil, Marg Fisher, Marg Welfare and Dave Rumery with June Scott at the piano presented "The Three Little Pigs," and followed it by "The Three Fishes." Kosciusko folk were overcome, but an even greater treat awaited them, for one en-

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thusiastic member of the party placed some copies of "Talkabout" in a prominent position in the lounge and so made the picture complete. Wagga was well and truly brought to Kosi. All we lacked was Mr. Blakemore and a Mr. Wilcox. Don Westley and Shirley Brodie introduced "Temptation," "Serenade to a Snake," and "Valse Triste" to an appreciative audience of guests who were finally entertained with the most soul-stirring excerpts from "The Gondoliers," "Philosophers May Sing," "Roses White and Red," "Dance a Cachuca" were lustily sung; the Duke supplied his parody and the chorus supplied the refrain.

UNUSUAL OCCUPATIONS

Time was easily filled. While not skiing the party busied itself in various fashions, each to his taste. Table tennis boomed and a competition was held. Marg Fisher and Merv Whittaker won the ladies' and gent's open singles, and after a trophy had been presented to each, a most entertaining exhibition match was played by the champions. The Chalet library was well used, and one College lecturer will be pleased to learn that Kath Pritchard's "Roaring Nineties" was in great demand; this mainly because the volume's thickness allowed its use as an excellent pillow while the borrower dozed before the fire. Tom Hodges spent his time keeping the fire well stocked with wood, or at least he spent a great deal of time in the woodshed. That fascinating art of knitting was avidly practiced; euchre enthusiasts found peace of mind, and the bazaar claimed much attention when its service was available. Cracker night was duly dealt with and the display was brilliant while it lasted. Although the skyrockets supplied the main highlights, the thrill of the evening came when one misguided missile disappeared with a flurry of sparks in an upstairs window. Our chaperone, Harold Fearne, insisted on the girls retiring at 1.30 a.m., and at times personally escorted them to their end of the building. Harold proved himself the most successful skier in the party, and once he was actually observed outside the Chalet door up to his ankles in snow. Harold's posture brought praise from Mr. Hawcroft, who eventually discovered that his beautifully straight back is the result of years of constant spine-bashing. Mr. Hawcroft showed excellent condition, his energy never sagging. Were it not for the fact that he is already married to Mrs. Hawcroft, one would be led to believe that he is certainly trying very hard. Eddie Keogh and Bill Elliot found variety in their fellow guests. Bill busied himself with one buxom, slacked beauty but found that her end did not justify her jeans. Eddie also enjoyed doubtful success, and although he found the bird had flown, times were anything but slack, weren't they, Ed?

FAREWELL!

My writing is rudely disturbed by what has become my favorite musical instrument—the dinner gong. The sleepers about the room are lazily and grudgingly coming back to reality.

Boiled alsacienne mangled with steamed canary pudding is waited through the now open dining room door. The ethereal atmosphere is being hustled out the back

door and my organic needs are making themselves felt, giving rise to a quasi need. Which means that my hunger has caused me to intend to retire immediately to the aforesaid hall.

Today is Wednesday and: "The Bird of Time has but a little way to fly—and lo! the bird is on the wing." The fun is nearly all gone; soon we will be taking off our skis for the last time, and some of us will never see snow again. But never will we forget one little incident of our trip. When I think back on Kosi, I will immediately recall the two desperate figures that crouched in a little green Vauxhall that sped at 60 m.p.h. past us on the Tarcutta highway. Kenny and Ray were keeping a date in Sydney. We counted three breakdowns in four miles, and who do you think sat in the car while the other wielded a spanner?

—DAVE.

P.S.—Things have happened since the last report, and I felt bound to list them:

ITEM: Jack Gleeson showed rare and unsuspected form in cheering up Marie Hulme after her accident.

ITEM: Latest casualty list—

Ken McLean—one ankle.

Mr. Hawcroft—one knee.

Goog McMicking—one foot.

Several people—several hearts.

ITEM: Snow-covered roads forced the party to set out in the blizzard in an attempt to ski to the hotel, 11 miles. Out into the elements rode the gallant band. Lin, Bill and Dave were first to finish by three-quarters of an hour, but the hounds cheated by accepting a lift over the last two miles. Kath Smith was the only girl to make the whole distance unaided and was among the first to arrive. Of the men, Arthur, Noel, Eddie and Jim were early finishers.

ITEM: Bette L. obtained some useful hints on painting which should help her in the arts and crafts exams.

B

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—In reply to a question posed in your last issue of "Talkabout" in Lent Term, I wish to inform you that the Teachers' Federation publication, "Education," is sent to the College, but owing to the shortage of paper they are unable to supply 150 copies. Consequently, the copy received is held by the secretary and is available to any student.

In future this copy, with other Federation correspondence, will be placed in a special box in the Library, where all may read it.—Yours faithfully,

G'WEN ROBERTS,
Sec. Teacher Trainees' Assoc.

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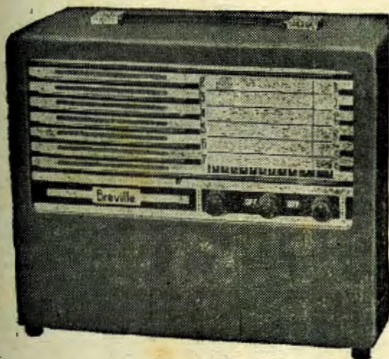
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The Style Spy at Kossie

At first glance an outsider would imagine that the spacious fire-lit lounge room at the Chalet was a stamping ground for not-so-timid deers, but when you notice that some of the animals possess long flowing locks and the general conclusion is that there are some does among the party.

Naturally the main type of dress is sweater, or wind-jacket, and slacks. As I gaze upon the scene now, Shirl Brown's tan corduroy velvet ensemble takes my eye, while last night Marg Welfare drew everybody's attention as she strolled into the dining room clad in a royal blue corduroy velvet slack suit, set off by unusual brass buttons. Bette Lonergan takes first place for evening wear when she appears in her bright red velvet slacks and sweater.

The "twins," Brodie and Lennie, are forever similarly clad, and seem inseparable except when its time to say "Good Night." On the whole, sloppy-joes are being given a fair flogging—strangers must surely be envious about the number of people here whose name begins with "P." Mrs. Hawcroft, dainty as ever in white sweater and black fitted slacks, with a brightly colored scarf thrown carelessly about her shoulders, takes most of the limelight away from her husband—Sherlock Holmes outfit and all.

SWEATERS

Arthur Smith's navy white-striped sweater opposite is just clamouring for mention, while Cath Smith's pretty jumper of tertiary shades makes the colours on even Mr. Wilcox's colour wheel look sick.

Twin suits have come into their own, modelled by Joan Armstrong and Marie Hulme. By the way, loud were the "Ah's" and "Ooh's" when Joan was seen with a pretty white angora jumper on at dinner last evening. Shirl and Barb seem to be her rivals in presenting the sweater with the most large and numerous dears thereon. Jack Collins' brown pullover with the unusual pattern called forth loud praise from Mrs. Hawcroft, while H. T. Hodges clad in all white apparently felt slightly conscientious and placed a small skier on each shoulder. Don Westley, Jim Hartnett and Mr. Hawcroft were all resplendent in turn in polar-necked sweaters. Oh! and don't miss the opportunity of seeing Marg Fisher's smart jumpers.

SLACKS

All shapes and sizes. Most original exhibited by Kev Lyons and "Goog" MacMicking. Kev's zippy outfit has one large prominent pocket which proves quite handy in times of stress. I hope you all noticed the drop-repeat design in Harold Fearn's slacks (quite suitable for 4th Class). It "dropped" so far at the back Harold had to "repeat" the length of his coat.

HATS AND SOX

Headgear among the women varied from Marie Hulme's snappy black peaked

ski-ing hat to Bette's fur-lined hood, to Marg Fisher's felt creation, to Maureen O'Neil's one-piece cape and hood, to Shirl Brown's tasseled dulacki.

Among the men, variations were from Noel Davidson's blue beret with feminine appeal to Merv Whittaker's flat English model, to Goog's Mickey Mouse styled Balaclava (most economic—not necessitating shaving and hair styling), to Mr. Hawcroft's model. Some one was heard to remark: "He's not really going to wear it, is he?"

TO MAKE UP: Take one adulterated white flat wash, marble it in the pure tones red and blue, paste grain it with yellow, edge stencil it with frill design and spatter it with snow—100 marks.

Lin Clifford's spaghetti au gratin sox were no doubt inspired by this entree, while Mrs. Hawcroft, Maureen O'Neil and Jack Collins adorned dainty feet with pinks, powder blues and lime greens. We recommend Mrs. Hawcroft to all students studying colour, especially pastel shades.

But why write on? You will probably see all these things sported around College when the winter brings the temperature down to 28 degrees. (Nevertheless I doubt if you will see Kev Lyons' essentially convenient drupe.)

—JUNE.

Professor Hap O'Connor, of the U.S., has concluded, after lengthy research, that the animal kingdom's greatest gift to mankind is the horse.

His arguments—

Without the horse Paul Revere and Dick Turpin would have been pedestrians.

The horse-fly would have no objective.

A man could only lose his shirt in a laundry.

The North-west Mounted Police would have callouses elsewhere.

Longfellow would never have written "The Village Blacksmith."

Lady Godiva's hair would have dragged on the ground.

There would be no horse-laugh to discourage mug comedians. (Ken McLean speaking.—Ed.)

Milk wouldn't be so popular—it took the horse to get it around.

Nobody would have horse-sense, hence there would be a lot more dumb people in the world.

That's enough to put a man in hospital.

CRIBBED BY K. McL.

MORE THAN AN APPLE FOR THE TEACHER

Proud Father: Are you the new teacher? Glad to meet you, Miss. I'm the father of the twins you are going to have next January.

Mrs. Billiam: What made you propose to me, Bill?

Mr. Billiam: Why, you did, my dear.

Knowledge Test

Archimedes is usually given the credit for having run out of his bath naked shouting "Eureka! Eureka!" which means "I have found it out," after he had discovered the specific gravity of gold. This is sometimes attributed to another famous Greek. Who was he, and what caused him to call out "Eureka?"

The word "natch" today is a slang term for "naturally," but there is such a thing as a natch. What is it?

A flagstaff is 105 feet high. A flag is raised 5 feet above the ground and is then set at half mast. How many feet did the flag travel?

During War II. a famous ship made her maiden voyage. What was her name?

How comes the word "file" in speaking of a file of papers?

Whence came the army terms of "taps" and "tattoo."

NOW YOU KNOW

Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher, mathematician, astronomer, etc., who is said to have been in the bath cogitating over Euclid's 47th theorem in his first book, when the solution occurred to him, and he ran into the streets of Athens crying "Eureka!"

The rump of an ox or bullock.

One hundred and five feet. To set a flag at half mast it is always run right to the top and is then brought down to half the height of the staff.

H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth.

The word "file" really means a row, and in olden days papers to be kept for reference were strung together on a wire and hung conveniently near the desk of the clerk.

In the C17, in order to get troops out of the inns and back to barracks or billets, drummers used to march through the towns and villages between 9.30 and 10 p.m. beating their drums as warning to innkeepers to turn off their beer taps. It is believed that the word "tattoo" comes from "Doe den tap toe," the Flemish for "Turn off the taps."

A Fresh Start

Freshers are advised that there will be, in future, an additional lecture, hitherto unmentioned in time-tables issued. These lectures will consist of practical demonstrations in the art of bed-making given to both men and women students by Mr. Ashworth and Miss Wylie respectively.

Aim: To introduce to pampered Freshers the correct routine for making up beds.

Motivation: (1) The powers of the lecturer during inspection; (2) the convincing of students of desirability of an occasional comfortable night's sleep.

Preparation: A number of iron bedsteads; an imitation horsehair mattress; two moth-ball scented sheets; four short blankets and a coverlet and pillow.

The following procedure has been written out and contributed by a certain group of second years, who already have the degree of O.I.M.O. (one o'clock in my office) after their names, in the fear that the demonstrators (whose beds are never inspected) might not possess the necessary qualifications for such a task.

Procedure: At 7.45 each morning you will rise and hygienically throw aside the covers on to the so-far unswept floor. The remaining quarter of an hour before breakfast will be divided into five minute periods; thus there will be five minutes for a bath, five minutes for dressing, and five minutes for bed-making. Of course, all this, with a year or so's practice may be done in half the time—and so far those new seven o'clock enthusiasts . . .

Naturally, the covers will be dropped to the side of the bed, allowing much scope for decorative treatment of sheets with a heel-toe motif, as you tramp over them in your frequent sojourns from one end of the bed to the other.

The mattress must not be tampered with in any way, as such a movement might disclose a broken spring leading to a guilty conscience. Apart from this, it would disturb the shapeless hollow which has taken you nights to develop.

No. 1 sheet is then placed on the mattress, with a 6in. margin on one side, and a 2ft. margin on the other (that is, of course, if you do not possess a serviette with which to scrub your hands after supper at night).

No. 2 sheet is then added and pinned to the mattress at the foot of the bed with two large short-sheet preventative safety pins. A similar precaution is taken with the application of blankets.

Now for the most difficult step—"tucking-in." First you must be rid of any of the following types of witnessed abnormalities—

(1) The Mt. Everest type discovered and climbed over each night by a certain new "creeper" in Theta-mu.

(2) Dead Man's Gully, in which the corpse is provided in the person of

(3) The slippery-dip type—a childish sport favoured by

(4) Over the waves type.

When both sides have been folded in, you must brace yourself for a strenuous race. With a mad rush you push the foot covers in and endeavour to reach all sides again before the reflex-action of springing out has begun. But nil desperandum—the coverlet will achieve that which you have failed to do.

Now a discerning student will have realised that his coverlet has no "right-side-up," and therefore 1.5 seconds each morning must be devoted to an examination from which you will decide which side is the shade lighter. You will then place this side uppermost, making sure that one side reaches almost to the floor, thus forming a curtain-barrier between the warder's eagle eye and boxes, shoes, books, empty lemonade bottles, etc.

Ode to White Sauce

School is out and I'm racing for home,
A dutiful husband I never do roam;
I must get the tea and wash up for my wife,

It's the only way I can keep out of strife.
If tea isn't ready she's sure to be wild,
Then she'll nag at her husband so gentle and mild;

The meat is so tough, it looks just like horse,

I think I will hide it underneath some white sauce.

Sauce! Sauce! I scream and moan,
And then I think of the telephone;
From the red hot stove, across the street
I dart to hear a voice so sweet.

Take a cup of milk and salt to taste,
And I'm listening close but I must make haste;

With a hurried thanks I tear back home,
Reciting the words from the telephone.

I reach the kitchen and all is well,
To the milk I add flour and then—Oh, hell!

The lumps jump up and spit in my eye,
The sauce is spoilt and I can't see why.
Smoke comes from the oven and I think of my cakes,

I open the door and find charcoal flakes;
As the potatoes boil all over the pan,
There's a knock at the door from the grocer man;

The Angelus tolls in dulcet tone,
And Deanna Durbin sings "Home Sweet Home."

Somehow it passes and we have our tea,
And I think of husbands so happy and free;

But straight to the washing up I go,
To do my wife's bidding—I daren't say no.

Then I dust and darn for my wife so sweet,
And hours crawl by on leaden feet.

As midnight chimes I'm off to bed,
But just the pillow touches my head;
A sleepy voice like a frog in a drain
Says "I'll bet you've forgotten the milk can again."

Up on my feet and out I go,
And a fresh young voice says Hello!
Hello!

It's the milkman on his morning round,
And he smiles so bright as he hurries around.

"You're up early today," he chortles at me,

And I try to count ten, but only reach three;

"Up early," I roar, "are you pulling my leg,

You silly young fool, I'm just going to bed."

How Ode to White Sauce came into our possession is not at all important, but who are the persons concerned? They are two young people, one of them well known to us, the other unknown. Their exploits in the domestic sphere are source of inspiration. "Ode to White Sauce" was written after an attempt at cooking which, like most amateurs' attempts, backfired.