

TALK ABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

Vol. 2, No. 14.

JULY 27, 1948

PRICE: ONE PENNY

S.R.C. Finance Fiasco

McLAUGHLIN MAKES MARK

With great temerity I descended into the dynamic midst of an extraordinary meeting of the extraordinary S.R.C. ready with tons of paper for any eventuality which might occur. I expected to see great teeth gnashing in verbal battle as this was the meeting for the allocation of funds to the various clubs and big sums were involved.

As a curtain-raiser minor points were discussed until, at long last, nothing remained except the question of profits from the Music Society and the allocations.

The Music Society problem caused a big stir. Mark McLaughlin presented the Society's views on the matter after a letter written by the Secretary of the Society (Mr. Fryer) has been read.

These are the aims of the Society:

- (1) To buy a piano.
- (2) To buy curtains for the gym stage.
- (3) To bring visiting artists to the College.

All these claims, as you can see, are very laudable—but the argument was on.

Mr. McLaughlin moved, "that all funds raised be given to the Music Society." He added that with these three main aims the Society had some incentive to function.

It was pointed out, however, that the Council should have some say in the matter of distribution, seeing that College productions were involved.

The bone of contention now turned to the piano. Miss Comino thought that, whilst the Music Society could buy the piano with funds raised, they should not have control of it. How that would work I don't know.

Miss Lane pointed out the S.R.C. makes purchases, not individual clubs, whilst Mr. Thomas went a step further and pointedly remarked that the student body can't look after the pianos already installed and further more won't look after them. Do you agree with that? He also went on to say that another piano was not necessary.

Mr. McLaughlin pointed out, however, that there are pianos and pianos with tones. Mr. Duncan helped out as usual with good advice, saying that the piano

in the gymnasium did not have the tonal quality suitable for Musical Society productions.

Miss Lane strongly objected to anybody except S.R.C. buying material on the grounds that if the Music Society bought the piano it would receive the credit, not the S.R.C. A trully terrible state of affairs, don't you think?

Mr. Duncan surprised the meeting by stating that plans for a music room with four sound-proofed practice rooms had already been submitted and in due course this room would be built.

Mark then began an compromise with a small percentage of the funds going to S.R.C. and the rest to the Music Society. When asked he stated that the small percentage was about 10 per cent. This motion lapsed for want of a seconder.

The percentage now held pride of place in the discussion, the piano having been temporarily deposed from its throne. Miss Comino here rocked the meeting by moving a motion that all profits be returned to the S.R.C., but Mark, quickly to the rescue, pointed out that the Music Society would be working for no ideal.

Mr. Fletcher now woke up and moved an amendment that 25 per cent. go to S.R.C. and the next to the Society if the last aim (the visiting artists) was deleted and the S.R.C. made responsible for these artists.

Seconded by Mr. Morgan.

Mark, still battling hard, used the argument that in a couple of years' time the Society would be putting money into the S.R.C. funds regularly and would be one of the main money-making concerns.

Miss Lane harked back to the old problem that the "Music Society wants to buy the piano itself but I feel that the S.R.C. should buy it, as the whole student body will get results. I think the Music Society has a selfish outlook."

Mr. Thomas concurred and thought that the curtains were enough to work for. Why each clause of the aims should be split up I don't know.

"What is the objection to S.R.C. buying a piano?" Miss Comino asked, to which the ever-ready Mr. McLaughlin replied that "the S.R.C. doesn't see fit to supply the piano."

INSURRECTION

"Are you suggesting that we don't represent the students," pugnaciously asked a first year. Really, how could

you suggest such a thing, Mark!

Mr. Nilon wished to know the membership of this difficult Society, to which Mark replied that it was approximately 120.

Promptly getting to work, Mr. Nilon moved a further amendment that: "That Music Society be given power to purchase curtains, and that upon receipt of a financial statement from the Society after performances they then apply for consideration of application re buying piano."

"They're still getting the chance to spend any amount of money on curtains," replied Mr. Thomas.

By this time everyone, including me, was getting a little tired of pianos and curtains; nevertheless, Mr. Nilon amended his amendment to the effect that the "Society can buy curtains up to certain amount and then give a financial statement." The "certain amount" about £40. The amendment lapsed for want of a vote.

Voting was taken on all amendments to Miss Comino's motion. "All money be returned to the S.R.C/" was passed by a big majority.

And that ended that. Mr. McLaughlin had put up good and forceful arguments but the opposition was too strong.

ALLOCATIONS TO CLUBS

Hereunder appear the amounts submitted by the various clubs:

Sports Club	£ 408
Mathematics Club	£ 3
Viz. Ed.	£ 60
Naturalists' Club	£ 10
Library Club	£ 2
Little Theatre Club	£ 20
Writers' Group	£ 100
Music Society	£ 60
Library	£ 100

Total

£ 763
As this amount was more than the money paid in fees by students, all accounts had to be cut. Furthermore, a reserve was necessary in case of unexpected needs. Taking the smaller amounts first and allowing £200 for reserve with the advice to use the large amount wisely. The Library Club was also given the full amount.

The Naturalists' Club had an order for £10, but due to a bombshell by the President of the Club, Mr. Nilon, was considerably cut to £4. Nice going, Alan—don't you consider you want the money now

Little Theatre Group missed out on any definite immediate grant as a full statement of needs had not been submitted.

Library was cut from £100 to £50 with the proviso that another £50 be considered in six months' time.

Viz. Ed. was likewise cut from £60 to £25.

The Writers' Group was given its full amount, mainly due to the eloquence of Miss Comino. Good show, Mary! A literary magazine worthy of this College can now be published without any financial worries.

This left about £216 for the Sports Club who had to be content with it.

Thus after three hours the meeting closed and our play ended. The characters you know, but what do you think of their acting?

B.E.S.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,—Allow me to correct the impression ("Talkabout" 6/7/48) that the feminist move has caused a war of the sexes. The war is between, not the male and female sex, but between the infantile and the intellectuals.

The "move" was initiated not to destroy women's confidence in the male sex but to develop their confidence in their own. Up to the time of the move, many of the women were not aware that the election of male section reps. (Infants' Section excepted) would mean an almost entirely male S.R.C.

Nor was the "move" supported by the women of the College. The men were wholeheartedly in favour of female representation on the S.R.C. The president, Murray Millar, was disappointed that there were not more women elected, and also that no woman had been nominated for president. Other male students who considered women equally as capable and responsible as men were Ian Thomas, Jack Gleeson, Noel Fletcher, Harry Gibbs, Keith Cowan, Des Bieler, Jim Hartnett, Dave Rummery, Alan Fryer, Lin Clifford, Noel Davidson, Kev Lyons, Jim O'Ryan, etc.

Might I suggest, at this stage, that when Mr. Duncan next year appoints the temporary section reps., he might choose women as well as men. A discussion with Miss Wylie on the merits of women students should enable him to make a suitable selection if he feels incapable of the responsibility alone.

My sympathies to you, Boris! Sorry that your feelings for the opposite sex aren't reciprocated. And, Graeme, we're not interested in the football selection committees.—Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) EMILY PANKHURST.

Dear Sir,—The whole question of section representation on the S.R.C. needs careful consideration. A suggestion was made in Assembly that it would be a good thing if the President of the College was one sex and the Secretary the opposite sex. By this

means, it is possible for the Council to have as senior members a representative of both the men and the women. This was merely a suggestion which was, it seems, taken up by the students. The idea might be carried still further by having a representative and deputy representative for each section, these two to represent, one the men and the other the women. Such a procedure might, however, become unwieldy, and certainly would be so if both were to attend Council meetings. However, I feel and feel quite strongly that the composition of the S.R.C. should be approximately equal numbers of men and women, and that the need for women on the Council is a real one. There are aspects of College life which the men, engrossed in such activities as sport, fail to appreciate fully. But women bring a different training and attitude towards a problem, and are more likely to appreciate it. In any case, I would like to know what students feel about the matter, because movements of this kind should, if possible, originate with the students. If it is considered a good idea, then it will be possible in the future to arrange that temporary section representatives chosen should be chosen from the men and women of the College.

Second year students, I feel, should always take the opportunity to encourage the incoming first year students to think deeply about the choice of section representatives before making the final decision, but it is impossible to delay the actual election too long or the affairs of the Council cannot be continued.—Yours faithfully,

G. DUNCAN.

Why?

This article concerns the lack of support given to the women's sporting activities over the week-end. How many times have we heard the announcement that the football team will be playing in such and such a place, that a bus is leaving at such and such a time and that supporters are expected to go? BUT how many times have you heard hockey and basket ball matches announced, the time the bus leaves (if any) and that supporters are expected to watch?

Apparently the College is expected to cheer on the men's teams but not the women's. Perhaps the reason is that the men NEED spurring on. However, the fact still remains that the women's teams receive little if any support. There is little incentive for them to play.

That women's sport should be of subordinate value to men's is grossly unfair in the democratic setup of this College. A little recognition would go a long way to boosting morale and confidence. At any rate, it's up to us to show interest in all sport, male or female.

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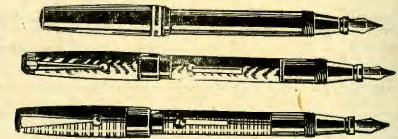
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CURRENT AFFAIRS

Students are asked to give the Librarian any newspaper or magazine cuttings which would be of value in building up a current affairs file. Better class magazines, both English and American, are especially welcomed. Needless to say, a file of this nature will be of inestimable value during practice teaching and in the preparation of assignments.



It is just as well Gordon can play hockey. The way we have seen him patting things around lately no one will serve against him.

Hear that a couple of freshers found something de-Vine about that hockey trip to Forest Hill. Perhaps she thinks Allport will Grant her refuge in a storm. Wats-on, Grant?

JUST A THING OR TWO OF INTEREST

Margot was Schipp-ed off to the High School dance.

That Arthur is trying to look after the WELFARE of his table. Be like the spider, Arthur.

It appears that Kind-ness is in Roy H's line.

We extend our sympathies to Maurie. He looks lost with the Flower of his life gone.

Little deeds are like little seeds; They grow to Flowers or to weeds.

Quotation from "Ronning Over the Countryside."

After the bisections the other day Joan wasn't too keen on the dining hall. Saw her prancing down the street looking for some Ham, but wonder was it Bucking like some specimens.

We notice that June M. seems to be aware of the snares in the Pit-field. Better tread carefully.

Nowadays we're all in suspense. Or is it just a Happiness Club.

We have been told—William's ticker is going again.

No matter how cold, Merle still gets her poor baby up every morning. Hoi! Hoi! Hoi!

What has happened to Norma lately? I hear she is taking great interest in the doings of the local church and no longer gets that little Ray of sunshine.

Ron is still the fastest man in the College. I wonder what will happen if he doesn't stop Boltin' soon.

What about the pugilistic display, Mitch—or is the writing of that novel taking too much of your valuable time?

Many embryonic writers recently initiated into the joys of a literary evening at Literature Lecturer Levis' domicile now entertain serious doubts about the validity of conventional morality. Never mind, chicks, puns, prognostication, puerility, putrescence, pugilism, poetry and our mutual friend Boso Mitchell are ill inflicted upon a long-suffering humanity. Bear up, children, for the day of doom fast approacheth.

A burning question: What made Mr. Renwick put his foot in it, and how did he accomplish this feat? It's just toe sad to talk about.

We believe that the 40-hour week so recently won is to be superseded by a much improved Wilcoxian adaptation—a 60-hour model. Members of the Infants' Sections are warned that any attempt to implement a longer working week by building "little plasticene ships" outside regular lecture hours will be regarded very seriously by the Ship-builders' Union.

It seemed that Ann's "Curran" admirer went by name of Noel, but Mark you, Bob has of late Collard her.

"Experiment"

SUBJECT—LUNACY

AIM: To discover whether College lecturers and students are or are not lunatics, in the terms of a select group, having a knowledge that the word "lunatic" means insane, eccentric, moon-struck (here there were murmurs and significant looks—in some directions more particularly) or a person irresponsible for his actions (more significant grins and mumbles).

PREPARATION: Guide the more docile and drag the more belligerent students, as yet of doubtful sanity, to the Assembly, where a select group, with brutal intentions, will carry out the painful experiment and decide the issue in full view of a large company. The group prowls about the stage ostentatiously ready to spring (or is that merely the result of nervousness).

PROCEDURE: The members of the group take up positions on either side

of the stage—all the while straining on the leash, with faces expressing the sentiments of the duel. They are ready to tussle over the victims to the death. The duel commences with participants dashing hither and thither over the stage making sharp little thrusts all the while. At last the uncertain thread of the argument escapes a little through the mire of verbiage. We, the victims, are all accused of lunacy—that, is the human race—though they admit that some are more afflicted than others, the students were relegated to one of the most afflicted groups. Suddenly it is clear that we are labouring under a misapprehension and that the whole object of the debate concerns whether lunatics should or should not be allowed to vote. The supposed victims emerge from the shattering disillusionment and sink into a woeful suspense, while they are bombarded with words, still being accused of numerous eccentricities. O what cruelty! And on Saturday night too—when girls wish to look their best for the hunt, and knowing what havoc suspense will work on their beauty, e.g., the frenzied looks of girls waiting to know whether Miss Wylie has or has not discovered their latest wrong, or if Miss Moore has found a shoe on the floor of the bedroom. Now the argument takes a turn for the worse and the group—both sides now referring to us as the "poor unfortunates"—gave each other will savage phrases.

"An end! An end!" the chairman cries for mercy. And the debate finishes.

RESULT: Weary debaters, feeble-minded victims, unsolved problem.

CONCLUSION: Cannot be reached owing to the incapacity of the adjudicator to decide whether she is a lunatic herself and therefore incapable of judging the arguments.

Woman

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her "wo-man;"
But when she wooed with love so kind
He then pronounced her "woo-man."

But now with folly and with pride,
'Their husbands' pockets trimmin';
The women are so full of whims
That men pronounce them "whimmin."

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The Australian Ballad

The Australian ballad is full of interesting pictures—pictures of a life that is gone. Have you seen them?

Have you seen
 "The camp-fire gleam resistance
 To every twinkling star," or
 "The still night wrap Macquarie,"
 "The white moon drifting slow
 Takes back her silver glory
 From watching waves below"?

Do you realise that you can conjure up such visions of beauty in your mind by reading a ballad? Have you seen the cattle "mute as milkers now" or the "nights upon the road when those same mild-eyed steers
 Went ringing round the river bend
 And through the scrub like spears."

Do you know "the tales of hut and camp, the tales of play and work, the wondrous tales that gild the road from Normanton to Bourke"?

You find all these in the Australian ballad. You feel the rhythm of life through its swift, racy style.

In 1946 Jack Moses, one of Australia's last balladists, died. He had done his "share of shearing sheep, of droving and all that, and bogged a bullock team as well on Murrumbidgee Flat." He saw "the bullock stretch and strain and bling his bleary eye, where the dog sits on the tucker box, nine miles from Gundagai."

The ballad, if it is not dead now, has certainly gradually become obscure. Why is this so? Is it because you have not appreciated the pictures or rhythm of the ballad, or is it because you have not explored it at all? What you read affects what is written since literature is written to be read.

If you have not explored the ballad begin now. You can revive it to its old popularity or leave it in its present obscurity. What will you do?

WYN WALSHAW.

"The Happy Medium"

"More hands make light work" and "too many cooks spoil the broth." Good advice, perhaps, but not good enough. How gladly I'd trade my kingdom (if I had one) for a proverb that will act as mediator between the two, and thus have, within the gross and scope of its line, the only worthwhile wisdom of the world.

We need that proverb, for counter, contrast, clash and contradiction are an integral part of our daily life, our actions, thoughts and words, especially the latter, whether they be spoken at an assembly or printed in a College newspaper.

APATHY?

One such word is apathy. It denotes lethargic indifference and as ascribed to College students because they seemingly exhibit this so-called undesirable and absolutely unworthy trait.

Think not of these people, however, for it seems as if they are the pith and petina of leaden thought, the penumbra of progress, the placid, passive, phlegmatic and impassible fetters of advancement.

This they may be, according to some, but when people are accused of being apathetic towards matters over which they have no control, then the appellation is perhaps unjustified.

Are we expected to tweek the nose of every politician because of the almost farcical nature of students' allowances, or bore an intelligent populace with entreaties to buy a College newspaper?

If apathy is indifference, and we are supposedly apathetic, then a toss of a penny would determine our attitude. I prefer to believe, however that the attitude, the feeling, and the concern are there; the means to improve many situations oft times unfortunately absent.

Let those who label us with the word "apathy" (even in politics), whether or not everyone has the power to effect change, do so! But rest assured, if you have been labelled by the liberal and careless use of such derogatory words, then you have at least one sympathiser (canvassed by such words), and an admirer of your good sense, for ardent and genuinely altruistic action for the welfare of your fellow men is the direct antithesis of a well-favoured trade mark!

"MOANERS"

Another such word is one describing those who are neither indifferent, nor over-conscious of shortcomings, over-careful or over-impressionable in their responses to conditions which do not meet with their full approval. They prefer to discuss problems and situations in hand before attempting aggressive proselytisation, and may even proffer an opinion in the hope of rousing intelligent discussion and effective comprehension.

Neither think of these, we are told, for they are the cynics, the over-passioned and seemingly perfidious paragons of the latest public peccadillo, or, if you prefer the term, they are, according to others of more direct diction "moaners."

Possibly, they are the worse type of the two; it is they who possess what I describe as a precious individuality— which individuality has been fostered through school life; it is they who have the ability to judge between subservience to incompetence, etc., and tolerance to accident and ill-fortune!

It is they who are prepared to voice an opinion, and sometimes, ironically enough, possess more knowledge and understanding of the situation than those who attach the label.

SOLUTION

Now, about that motto. May I suggest "don't moan, sweet mad, but let who will be apathetic," for blessed and fortunate indeed are those who can find the happy medium.

C.R.S.

(Note: This may appear extremely satirical, but I have been concerned with presenting the extremes of thought that I think exist.)

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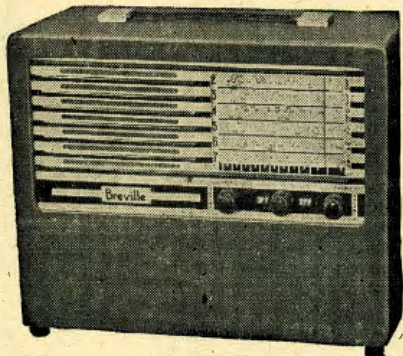
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Opinion?

Last week we witnessed a Scripture lesson given at the Demonstration School—the parable of the rich man and the unforgiving servant. It was this lesson which led me to picture myself in a situation like this: "Now, children, it is time for your Scripture lesson. I have selected the wonderful story of the Garden of Eden."

Then I began to wonder just how I'd go about it. I recognised the formal course of the lesson, but doubts assailed me at every point. Being young and idealistic, I have already decided upon the type of super-normal creature who will be the result of my enthusiastic teaching, and this was my conclusion.

The child who is given a Scripture lesson each week by the conscientious religious teacher will have a thorough knowledge of Biblical stories, plus an understanding (?) of all the eccentricities of such mythical conceptions as the soul, the spirit, the flesh and so on. If the teacher is a "good" one, in that he can sell to his class what he desires, every pupil, because of his impressionable mind, will leave school stuffed with Christian doctrine and convinced, as I was, that anyone who has the audacity to say he is not a Christian is a rare heathen creature, to be either pitied or abhorred. He will not be imbued with a desire for a knowledge and an understanding of other creeds.

However, the teacher who does not feel inclined to teach such beliefs will limit his scope of subject matter to a few moral stories from the Scriptures, and will tell the story for the story's sake.

PHILOSOPHY

I feel that if a little of the philosophies of life could supplement such Scripture lessons, we would be one step nearer to the idealist Happold's child of the new generation—"keen, analytical and unprejudiced . . ." In philosophies of life I include some of the importances of living, that is, facts which influence the character of human civilisation—facts which are obvious enough, but which nevertheless must be understood before we can understand ourselves and our civilisation.

For example, the child in sixth class would be interested in the other aspect of democracy—which starts out with the God-given fact that "all of us, princes and paupers alike, are limited to a body of five or six feet, and live a life of fifty or sixty years."

We are all transient guests of the earth . . .

"What pretty golden fields against a hill Newcomers harvest crops that others till.

Rejoice not, O newcomers, at your harvest.

One waits behind—a new newcomer still."

To teach, or rather tell the child of views of mankind, other than a traditional theological view. There is the Greek pagan view, the Darwinian

theory, the Chinese Taoist-Confucian view, the Buddhist view, etc. Deeper down in their allegorical sense, these creeds do not differ so much (except perhaps the Darwinian theory), especially as interpretations in modern times have become so much broader. But differences do exist.

Christian doctrine is centred around the belief of immortality—and the way to the Tree of Life, which for all we know, may still be guarded by cherubims, even as it was alleged to have been in the time of Adam and Eve's expulsion from Paradise. It was accepted by the Greeks that man's was a mortal lot. The Greeks loved this life and universe—their heaven was on earth, and they were interested in finding the beautiful, the good and the true on earth, besides a scientific understanding of the physical world. Their Gods are a jovial and a human lot. Greek fancy was beautiful. Even their explanation of Good and Evil lies in the comical, uncontrollable desire of Pandora to open a box of jewels. It was beautiful to be mortal; here was room for exercise in understanding and the free, speculative spirit, while ideal human life was the living together in harmony of desires, emotions and thought, under the guidance of wisdom. They did not spend their life span in contemplation of a possible immortality.

The Chinese view of mankind is similarly beautiful. Everything is alive and inhabited by a spirit; mountains, rivers, flowers. Every willow tree, fox or turtle that lives for 100 years on earth acquires immortality by that very fact, whereas the souls of cats and dogs are far too unworthy of this in the Christian world. In the Chinese philosophy nothing is either good or bad, but just something which has been given to, and is inseparable from, the characteristic human life. Therefore, they do not expect either perfect peace or perfect happiness. Mistakes in life are labelled "common human nature," and are always excusable. With a reasonable God supervising, everything is quite all right in the world. Contrarily, the Buddhist and Christian regard man's undesirable passions as nuisances to be done away with. All of which goes to prove the difficulty entailed in selecting the most beautiful and desirable creed.

Perhaps the child mind is incapable of grasping these approaches; but I feel that if he is expected to be capable of understanding the much-told stories of Ruth, Joseph, the Good Samaritan and others, plus the significance of each, he is also capable of understanding the stories of Zeus, Pandora, Queen of the Flowers, the King of Reincarnation, the Evolution of Man, etc., and the importance which they held, and which many still hold in the lives of so many in the world to-day.

Admittedly, it is most important that the child have a basis upon which his teachers can help build his character, and the Christian basis seems most successful and necessary, since we are for the most part a Christian community. Therefore, it is upon this section of the course that emphasis will be laid.

Fascinating stories told for their own

sake, with emphasis placed here, rather than on significances, which, after all, whether they be Greek, Christian, Buddhist or Confucian tales, are for the most part far beyond the child's conception, anyway.

With maturity will come an understanding of these significances, and because he will know and understand the outlooks and reasoning of all sects, he will be able to weigh the facts for what they are worth, draw his own conclusions, and rest contented in his own philosophy of life.

J.W.S.M.

"Kitchen Kapers"

From the sea of hungry faces
Two eyes shine like stars,
Fasten on our waitress Betty,
Frankly—she's some class!
And have you ever had your tea
Spilt o'er your Sunday frock
As Flossie jumps, her heart flame—
Ah! 'Tis Spencer's knock!
No more moans from famished men
Waiting for next course;
Forlorn faces follow close—
Joan's beauty is a force.
Plumpish studes should notice one
Enthusiastic pedler—
Who trains by dawn but eats all morn,
Singing hey-Barba-re-bah!
Lolly legs Lawson, Jean by name,
How your wheels do spin—
If only you could ride your bike
While taking dinners in.

The Black Watch

We were up very late last night, waiting for the water to boil for a cup and a bite.

Theta-Mu is our habitat, and fellow cave-women know that everything one says, does and thinks is heard by the next door neighbour. So that when people begin to talk in their sleep, there is a need for some remedy of this "three o'clock curse." Perhaps if we reveal the dreadful truth about those who talk in their sleep, they will see to it that we have peace through the night.

Evidently, Marcia was having a good time because she yelled a distinct "yes"—ask Marcia for a continuation.

Bet Sanders knows a certain theme song of some of the male Collegians, because she struck up a few bars of "Temptation," while Nell said a few words about "keeping it on"—tell us more, sweet Nell, tell us more.

Ed. Rascall was given honourable (?) mention by Joyce, and from the darkness down the corridor came a tender "O Terry"—or maybe that came from outside our window (ref. S.R. and I don't mean tooth paste).

An unidentifiable "I'm in the groove, Jackson," wafted down to our eager ears. So now all you have to do, brother, is find the groove.

"He missed the train," quoth Dawn, and allow us to finish it for you, Dawn—"Wow!"

Miss Williams has had dreams of the fiery furnaces, 'cause she was talking about Nick last night. (Shirl just threw her shoe at me, and missed—that was a close shave.)

I'm still in bed and a voice is saying, "Get up this minute." It is the voice of Miss Wylie, and believe me, she isn't talking in her sleep.

People I Know

Did you ever think what a serious thing romance is? Somebody's got to think about it because people in love can't. This romance happened right here, not two hundred yards from where you sit.

It happened to one boy and one girl, as it often does, the boy being at the same impressionable age as are the inhabitants of most tertiary institutions which consider themselves up to date, and the girl being the same chronologically, but a much later model as far as lots of other things are concerned. This chap and this girl, both of them, it appears, were in love. Don't ask me why or how, but their conduct would certainly lead the observer to believe that such was their lot.

They'd sit for hours, this pair, why and how I still can't imagine, but the facts are there and I'm just giving them to you for what they are worth. Perhaps you can learn something from them. Anyhow this sitting business went on for some time, until both sitters were chronic cases of heart trouble. His eyes took on a vacant look and he dribbled when he drank his tea in the morning and stared across the rows of tables at the girl who sat similarly possessed. Cold showers failed to restore this chap to his senses; he dreamed through lectures, slept through evening study and even had the audacity to snore during an assembly.

One night he found himself walking round the block with this divine thing on his arm. The lovebirds wandered aimlessly, just wandered and wandered and ended up getting crowded out on to the country lanes. Anyway there's a much better atmosphere for that sort of thing out there. So there they are, under the stars, the three of them; that Cupid chap's gone along too and his trigger finger's mighty itchy.

What happens to people who go walking through country lanes? No, it's too tragic to be a conundrum. This fellow's gone a million. So would you, and so would I probably, that's if we were such fools as to wind up in a country lane with a beautiful girl.

Well, anyway, they're out in the lane and the moon is shining.

"Say that you care for me," says he. "Do you love me?" she asks. "Gosh, you're beautiful!" he continues. "I know," says she, "but do you love me?"

Well, that sort of thing could go on all night, and it does. And the next night and the next and the next. The poor fish, he's had it. Of course, they don't always go down country lanes; once or twice they go to the flicks, once

only they went to a dance down town, but mostly it's this country lane business.

Soon he doesn't know whether he's in the Arts and Crafts Room or the Admin. Block. He gazes into her lovely brown eyes and says, "Will you help me with my option assignment, yes, yes, you are the only girl in the world for me and besides, how long do you think I can last at this pace, I'm broke and pay day's still three weeks off, I haven't done my Craft model and I'm all out of breath.

"Yes," says she, "but do you love me," and her voice is honey sweet like Sunday night coffee at Doug's.

But she capitulates at long length, which means that he's hooked. Well, now she realises that the fun's over, the hunt's done and the trophy's on the wall, that is, figuratively.

She starts getting cool all of a sudden. One day she goes walkabout with some cheap town-slicker, and our hero, i.e., this chap who's been having all the fun, clashes with this couple, i.e., this lovely brown-eyed girl and her new catch. What a blue! Such compliments as were exchanged!

So our hero totters home. I'm just sitting on my bed reading the April Gazette when in he staggers. "I've had it," says he and slumps down like a deflated balloon. Well, this bloke, he still walks around in a daze, he still drools over his tea, still cuts himself shaving, still dreams during lectures and snores even louder in assembly. Of course, I don't blame him for that.

But great jumping Jehosophat, how much longer must I stand him staggering in at night with that same frustrated, thwarted look on him. He oozes round the room like a lazy dinghy on an equally tired bay, half dead and generally half mad at everyone and everything.

Meanwhile, this fast and pretty creature is gadding about like a butterfly. Women! What fools they are. But men! What hopeless dead losses they are. Here he comes now. I'm getting out before I get morbid.

D.R.

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