



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

18th APRIL, 1957.

"TALKABOUT"

Drastic Prac. Reduction

During the past few weeks students of the 1957-58 session entered on a new stage in their training when they commenced their first practice teaching period.

This year practice teaching for 1st year students underwent a major change when the time of practice was reduced from the usual three week period to one week. This change has caused a certain amount of controversy in some sections of our college community and yet I feel such change was warranted and will prove an advance on our past system.

First practice comes very early in the student's training. After one month of lectures and observation of some eight or ten demonstration lessons school pupils of last year are asked to be teachers of today. The change has been far too hurried to expect any degree of success.

Why a 1st term practice at all then? This early entry into the classroom acquaints the new student with the difficulties of the situation. Problems in methods and discipline now take on new meaning in lectures for they are problems the student has personally experienced.

One week in the classroom should be quite sufficient for this purpose. Enough mistakes will have been made and enough problems encountered in this time to convince even the most confident that after all lectures and demonstration do have some purpose. Surely it is better for students to solve their problems in the lecture room under the guidance of an expert than by some system of trial and error in the classroom.

Supervision of students teaching over four days does pose a problem. However, I feel that basic weaknesses can be discovered after a short period of observation. After all how can a supervisor expect to see a student using techniques in which he or she has never been instructed?

Finally for those who felt a little disheartened with their efforts I ask you to remember the words of a headmaster of one of our schools, "It is not aptitude that makes the best teachers but rather attitude."

—C-RIT

EDITORIAL

Within the confines of this column allow me to express the views of the Talkabout staff, and perhaps too, the lecturing staff, on the matter of Dorm. notes in this college publication.

We are not suggesting, at present, the complete eradication of Dorm. news but would beg to be given a hearing on these points:—

1. This College, we have been told and should be proud to boast, is a Tertiary Institution of some considerable standing amongst its fellows. It is only reasonable therefore, to expect Dorm. notes of a standard worthy of ourselves and our position. Any reasoning being would be obviously aware that the notes presented for publication are worthy of no more than early High School grades.

2. It is realised, at the same time, that Dorm. news is a feature which should be included in a paper which claims

to present student news and views. Let us realise that at least one third of our time is spent in our dorms—learning how to live in harmony with our fellow man. Surely it is necessary that we should present a monthly report on our progress (and trials) in this direction?

3. But by the same token, we must maintain that the news of the College residential establishments should be presented in a manner worthy, not of adult ridicule but rather the pride of all associated with its presentation.

In short, we are failing to honour obligations by accepting material of child standard. Our aim is to levitate the literary and representative value of this publication.

Are we to be thwarted by student lethargy or will the standard be raised and our heads with it.

—EDITOR.

Music—Beethoven or Barbarism?

It has often been said that Art reflects the Age which produced it. If this be so—and indeed it is—what an onerous indictment is laid upon the shoulders of our Modern Age. Consider the musical "art" that the radio churns out for our consumption every waking minute of the day. A glance at the sales of any record shop will show an overwhelming preference for recorded rubbish.

Perhaps, reader, you may think that these are sweeping and biased statements. Let us look a little closer, then, at our musical "art".

Consider that form of music that has the longest history and the deepest human appeal—

the song. There are two essential components of the song, the lyric and the melody. In passing serious judgment upon the lyrics of our modern song, it must be admitted that they are characterised by imbecility. What DOES it mean to "shake, rattle and roll"? Does it, can it mean anything coherent? Nor are the melodies to which these lyrics are set less worthy of scorn. From the musical point of view they are unbelievably dull—nothing more or less than monotonous repetition of the same baneful note. And yet the adherents of the classics—the same musical listeners amongst us—are dogmatically denounced for supporting music that's tuneless, doleful and meaningless.

If it were said that ninety per cent of our listening population support this intellectually sub-normal music, it would indeed be a conservative estimate. What then of our Age, of which this is a reflection?

One final thought. Have you ever watched a group of these modern music lovers at a record party? Gathered in groups—usually squatting Ghandi-like around the floor—they face one another with expressionless faces, and with shoulders heaving and bodies jerking with monotonous, mesmeric motion to the jangling sounds issuing forth from the record player. Instinctively the mind flashes back, and one finds oneself musing upon Neanderthal man and the caves.

Heard on Prac.

You be a good boy, if you don't I'll hit you with a College lunch, worse still, I'll make you eat it.

How cruel can you get?

Ed.

THE STUDENT BODY

As a newcomer to this College, I feel I must express my extreme bewilderment in regard to a certain aspect of College life. I have examined every female student in this College as closely as Rule 17 allows, but I have yet to find this phantom of W.T.C. — the Female Student Body.

I visualised a Monroe-Russell type and, drooling at the mouth, I set forth to find her. First I asked a tall, gaunt, unhappy young man (an English lecturer):

"Please, could you tell me where I can find the Female Student Body?" His face registered his full gamut of two dramatic expressions and, throwing up his hands he fled, with tears in his eyes.

I turned next to a chap who was working in the garden (Do all the gardeners here wear suits?) and repeated my question.

"My boy," he said, "you have come here to embark on a Course of Education that is Tertiary to None. Forget these Frivolities Here, take this fork and Weed the Garden." I did.

Three days later when I was told to stop by a lady who was dressed for a part in some play depicting the life of Florence Ningingale, I continued with my search.

Suddenly I saw the light: There standing with her back towards me, in the middle of a lawn, surrounded by rose trees, was my hard-won goal. But once again I was doomed to disappointment. On closer inspection I realised that if this was the F.S. Body then there was much more of her exposed than was quite decent. Besides, she had a blotchy skin.

I realised I was using the wrong approach — I must ask a female lecturer. Turning, I went into a block of buildings behind me and waited. A lady with a vague face came in. She smiled, I blushed, and repeated my question. Her eyes glazed — she stood a minute and then, and then, she BIT ME ON THE EAR! Would you believe it? She bit me on the ear. I ran screaming.

Later that day, I came out from hiding and decided to have one last try. I saw a man with a Mephistophilean air. He

looked like a navigator — you can always tell a navigator they know where they're going. I sprang smartly to attention, saluted, and said, "Beg leave to ask, Sir, could you tell me, Sir, where I may find the Female Student Body, Sir?"

He smirked. "Young man," he said, "you must take a positive attitude. You may think that the rules don't apply to you, but they do. Is that perfectly clear? If you're going to act like a child then we'll have to treat you as one. Is that clear? Good. Now under this: If there's to be a relaxation of the rules you'll have to show you're capable of abiding by the present rules. Is that perfectly clear? Remember — be positive!"

He then knocked me to the ground with a good-natured grin, and left.

Am I discouraged? No. Another avenue of enquiry is opened to me. There's a Biology Lecturer here — I saw him speed past on a push-bike — and to-morrow I'm going to ask him where I'll find the . . .

— B. MCGOWAN.

A Yupunyu Dream

One day when I was YOUNG, after my SWANSONG, I just couldn't stand any-MUIR so I rode down to the ORCHARD on my FERGUSON tractor.

Coming back, I met the NATIOS who had been on a NEW MARCH: they had had to WADE through a stream and LATH AMselves down in a HAZLE WOOD. Having mis-LAHYED their sleeping bags their MATS-GAVE-ITCH They let out a PEARSON scream and moved to a new GRANT of land where they tried to make themselves COSIER. The sergeant, G.L.B., told them they couldn't stay there. So they burnt their BRIDGES behind them by telling him to go to GREGORY so he went to his lawyers SMITH, SMITH and SMITH at WORTHINGTON.

As they passed on we noticed that their legs had grown SPLINDER and their hair LANKER. It was later that we learned that DOC KEET had advised that they should eat more GAMMAGE.

Then we were surprised by a BULL EN a paddock. Making a MANLEV effort we squeaked TURN BULL, but our voices

were drowned by the GAIL ER wind which caught us un-awares, and so ends this sad tale of Life in the Heart of the Australian Bush or Another College Dinner Gone Wrong.

WANDOO WOMEN

As a welcome to our new first years, we took them bird-watching. Heather, our driving Queen us out there and Cynthia Shepherded us along until we came to a river where Lesley Donned waterwings. However Jan managed to Ford it quite well aftr some coaching.

We discovered that even a Child can catch a Robin, or is it a Lark? Of course Thelma spotted the bird in the (s)Bruce tree.

We returned by Moonlight because Pat had nearly Petered out and Nola was really Bush-ed.

— WANDOOING REPORTER

The activities our our members proves that they are determined not to be lonely in our opion patch.

One group nearly had the Willies when it wen Overland the other night, but prag, in the Hills has restored their bliss.

Ruth is falloring Mor rice, but Steph shows interest in another form of Eddie-cation.

The more up and coming among us have begun a diet of Nobletts — or is it Nibbles Jan?

Bev has been Mervin her things which Glynis Rexons is very wise. Even Welwin has her private "him." At present there is one urgent question: "Shall we Lette Brian claim the Dale? Perhaps the mature advise of J.S. will help solve that one.

The best view is seen from Room 6 — and it's not only of the Wollundry Hills, so those who lack vitamin C — low resistance — had better read their nutrition booklets.

— PITURI PUBLISHER.

"This space is for the article you should have written — shame!"

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What is this Millstone Round my Neck?

"The men in this college are getting sloppy!" so say the powers-that-are. The men in this college are getting sloppy and therefore must wear a tie (with the shirt done up at the neck IF YOU PLEASE!).

Let us examine the origin of this ungainly piece of material which, like a hangman's noose, constricts our weary necks. It originally came into being because the English "gentry" slobbered with their food and stained the front of the clothes which they changed once a month. Some of the more slovenly (who, by reason of their exalted position, their luxurious lives and their unbounded gluttony, never left the table) found it convenient not to remove these cumbersome slop-catchers. And for this reason, the students of this college must conform to a stupid, antiquated fashion that disregards both comfort and climate.

New standards are arising in the styling of men's wear. Must teachers and students be forever behind the times? And against THEIR WILL.

And now — Cravats. If we must cover our exposed and naked necks and so preserve the moral fibre of the college, at least we should have the right to wear cravats. How foolish are these sartorial paragons who set themselves up to say that a cravat is neither "De Rigueur" nor neat. Which came first, the tie or the cravat?

Whilst we are on the subject of college clothes, another protest has to be registered, for better or for worse. There is a faction in this college which frowns upon the wearing of bright clothes. In the name of all that's prudish — WHY? Apparently it is considered that this shows some signs of weakness of character, a leaning to abnormality, a tendency towards extroversion. What rot! Let's make our wearisome, rules and regulations life a little happier. Colours for the schoolroom — AND FOR THE TEACHER.

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

I would like to put forward a complaint about the use of the tennis courts. Everytime I go down to the women's

courts they are occupied. I wouldn't mind this at all if women were playing, but usually its the males in this place playing doubles or singles, and once every pink moon, mixed doubles. The men have their courts, why can't we have ours, especially at the weekends?"

—"FAIR GO"

Sir,

Lecture rooms, not classrooms. Not teachers of, but lecturers in; sections not classes. Philosophy of the world, not morals and ethics. Just who are they trying to convince, us or themselves?

The reality of the matter is that our college is nothing but a very high class boarding school, with more freedom, some attempt at student democracy, and a slightly higher standard of — intelligence.

To prove this point I quote "Women students may smoke only in their common rooms", the leave card system, the wearing of ties, the infamous Rule 17—and many more. Why is this? Why can't we be treated as adults? Because there is a moronic element in the student body who are virtually incapable of acting like adults for more than thirty per cent of the time. As a result, we must all be treated as children and suffer for the foolishness of a minority.

To be in accord with modern theories of pedagogy, the ideal situation would be one in which the rules were designed to cover the bare essentials, while the niceties of behaviour, dress, etc., would be left to the good sense of the student body, not individually, but as a whole.

It may be argued that if this were applied tomorrow, then the college would be a shambles before noon. I don't doubt it. But, given a gradual introduction, and with a re-orientation of the student's attitude, it could be achieved.

Disregard of the fundamental ethics of a co-educational establishment, such as has occurred, and will probably occur again, should be punishable by the student body in session. This system would work. It would entail a positive attitude not only by the students but by the staff as well. The punishment for a breach of regulations would not be more regulations.

This system would curtail the activities of the juvenile element in the college, a better relationship with the staff, and "incidents" would not occur. But if we are to achieve educational democracy we must first show ourselves to be capable, mature and sensible enough to administer it.

Tolerance must be practiced by all the college students and staff.

JIM.

(How did he get here? Ed.)

Kurrajong Hall of Residence (?)

Isn't Miss Ferg hard to get out of bed at 6.30? She isn't the only one who is glad prac is over.

Some of "Habi's" kids have become wandering onions in a "Peturia" patch. Has Mr. Blakemore noticed OUR garden, which Bev seems anxious to water.

Helen and Anne are revising last year's psychology for a topic for M.Y.F. — sudden interest wot!

Room 6, get cracking student amenities are empty, and isn't publicity sadly over emphasised in your room. Some second years sigh with relief, some with anticipation, in regard to the Natio's return — you are my sunshine?

Is one member of Room 9 still one missing or missing one? For our sake palm 'er off that accordian.

Room 5 —
We here you were painting
With colours frustrating,
Did your genii flare
Or is it a nightmare?

KABI FOREVER!

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BASEBALL NOTES

The first game of baseball was played on Sunday, 7th April. The team was defeated 7-5 but played well. Considering the boys had not played as a team before, they faced R.A.A.F. Forest Hill, an experienced team, with confidence and plenty of supporters. However, on the return of the fielded and we are hoping to Natio's a stronger team will be do well in our first year of baseball. We would like to thank the people who came out to Forest Hill to see our first trial game and hope to see them throughout the year.

—"STRIKE ONE."

SOCCER NOTES

Two Soccer matches have been played this season, both resulting in losses -- Army 2-7 and Park Rangers 0-2.

Although defeated, the sides were not disgraced, for the College played well considering scratch teams were fielded on both occasions.

We are awaiting the return of the natio's when we should field a strong combination and with good support could repeat last year's performance.

The competition is due to commence on the second Saturday in May, and we hope that the support of last year will be carried on during the coming season.

—"ON TOE."

RUGBY UNION

We took a thrashing at the hands of Ag. College on Saturday, April 6, 1957, and suffered badly with injuries. This should show our boys that there is great need for training both for conditioning and practising rucks, line-outs and scrums.

However, there were only two of last year's first XV in the team, Leon Rasselala and Terry McCarthy, both of whom were injured and the work was left to the newcomers.

Considering the amount of new blood in our team and the experience of Ag. College, we can look forward to a successful season as this match was a creditable performance and congratulations to the First Years.

Stars of the two matches against Ag. College were Leon Rasselala, Darrel Cavanaugh, Roger O'Sullivan, Keiran Hamilton, Brian Harrison, Terry Neville. Congratulations, boys --keep it up!

We would also like to thank our supporters; thanks for turning up -- sorry we could not win for you, but we promise to do better by the time the competition starts on 5th May.

By the end of the season we'll be on top of the competition table and give you something to cheer for. So please keep up your support and we'll bring home the trophies for the Green and Gold of W.W.T.C.

— J.N.

Student Faces Doom

I know that I shall meet my fate,
Somewhere among the chalk and charts;
Where they I fight I do not hate,
And those I mind throw cruel darts.
But yet, I needs must be content
Till at last my servitude is spent.

"You'll find hid the gold,
If you search deep the minds
Of the dirt-faced and the bold.
Don't despair at those dread signs
Of your failure and their success,
But grasping hope in gnarled hand,
Rise!
Lest by the waste of breath
the weel's behind
Your name be struck, you die unknown."

Panegyrist of Prac. farewell!
Your smiling felicitude doth splash,
Sliding o'er oblivious apathy,
Like so much stagnant water
Of a placid reed edged pond.
And I return to dull and pine:
For ever lost, the glory,
That may be yours but never mine.

— N.

Heard on Prac.

The teacher was drilling Kinder on the concept of one (1). One little darling insisted on calling it two. Each time he said this she would reply "Rubbish".

Finally in desperation the teacher made him write a blackboard full of 1's. When he had finished she again asked him what he was writing.

"Rubbish" came the prompt reply.

"This space is for the article you should have written — shame!"

To Life

What consolation
Is a life of damnation
From the endless routine —
Of prac and lectures
Dems and assemblies
Dreary faces
With fixed expressions
The same jokes cracked
With every section.

In all probability
I'll lose my ability
To think with agility
Which leads to futility
And a fit of hostility;
In a place like this
No respectability
For exploited students
And their incapacilities.

— B.C.

"TALKABOUT"

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T.T.A. What is it?

These letters stand for Teachers Trainees' Association, a student organisation embodied in the Teachers' Federation. In all Teachers' Colleges in this State there is this organisation to represent the students in the Federation. Thus T.T.A. may take advantage of the machinery that the Federation uses in its negotiations with the Department.

Thus the reason for the existence of T.T.A. is to protect and further the interests of the student body, as far as possible, in their dealings with the Department.

The T.T.A. in each College is recognised by the Department, as are its methods of procedure and its position.

The T.T.A. consists of an executive — a President, Secretary and Publicity Officer, elected at the end of the year. The general members are, in the ideal state, all of the student body.

Official business is carried out at general meetings and members have the power of moving motions upon which the President must act.

The most important matter which the association has to deal with this year, is the self same one of previous years, namely, allowances. Last year, the Association was able to obtain a small increase in the allowance given to students who lived outside of the College. This year we may be fortunate to obtain an increase in the allowance allotted to students living in residence. The programme for this campaign will be decided upon at a Claims Co-ordinating Committee meeting, to be held in Sydney within the next eight weeks or so.

Some students feel that the present allowance is quite adequate for their needs but I feel that this is not the opinion of the majority of the student body. When one considers the price of commodities which we must have, for example paper and so on, it requires little effort to see that we are not receiving an adequate allowance. Furthermore, in this and other colleges, students are expected to maintain a standard of dress which is expected of teachers. We receive approximately one-quarter of a teacher's salary yet clothes and cosmetics cost the same. While I don't expect that we should receive an excessive allowance,

I feel that we are being done an injustice. Not only are we being done an injustice, but also our parents to whom we must resort so often for financial assistance.

In a remote manner also, the taxpayers of New South Wales are being done an injustice because their children are forced to obtain their education in circumstances which are exceedingly trying on both child and teacher. Why? Because there are not sufficient teachers in the State. Again, why? Because allowances offered to students to enter the profession are so paltry that many prospective teachers turn to more lucrative fields of employment.

Now I know that most students feel that they are a great machine. But it is my contention that if the students show that they have a strong association in their college, then they will have all the resources of the Teachers' Federation put into action for them. How do you help to make your Association strong? By paying the sum of one shilling which is used to defray part of the cost of campaigns organised by the Federation for the benefit of students.

Since we are about to enter a profession in which a lot of us will spend the next forty years, we should make an effort to understand and participate in the working of our Federation. I cannot express too strongly the need for this interest in union affairs and I recommend to each and every one of you, that if ever the opportunity presents itself in which you can participate in any way, that you take advantage of it.

I would also like to take the opportunity of expressing to the administrative staff of this College, our sincere thanks for their help and co-operation they have given to us this year.

Remember, if we stand united in a close knit, consolidated Association, we must eventually achieve the aims for which we have been striving in the past.

JOHN P. CLARKE,
President.

MARI DOM NOTES

Alex and a promise for Di. She's always late.

Is he Young?

Has Jann gone bush (walking)?

Does little Richard sing Little Fruits to you, Barb?

Home was never like this, Judi.

Pam is still a Trewin faithful Knight, though she is going grey.

Marg's favourite colour is still White.

Marlene: Ag. . . . R.A.A.F. Ag. . . . R.A.A.F. . . . ?

Theme: from "Ape Call" to to "Gals with the Yalla shoes."

Darwin's a long way from Wagga, Karen.

Paddy's got action!

Welcome, Room 9 How is golf progressing, Amy?

☆

WHO'S HUE AT

How many weets has centipede, Rudi?

Has Elvis found a new hound dog?

Luckily Brian and Graham have a wall between them.

How do your curtains hang, Johnny?

Have you planted any monkey vines in our corner patch yet, Dennis?

Who is the crew square

Who doesn't care, for A certain sex fair,
And not passes them by

With his nose in the air?

Have you found a horse to fit the belt yet, Kenny?

Hey, Peaches! Where's your can?

Who told Elvis the answer for Mr. G., Terry?

Brian got lost in the Dale—oops! gale—now we all know that a woman's care is like her glove— all kid.

So Curly-Locks has been caught out at last. We wonder Lawes?

Distant notice from the far outback: How is Kelly enjoying the Wendy weather?

Sweet Potato Diet for Us?

We were recently honoured and privileged by a lecture on New Guinea from the (among other things) eminent Human Biologist, Professor Elkin, under the auspices of the W.E.A.

The lecture was one of profound interest and revelation, and featured the use of magnificent coloured slides, illustrating the cultural and geographic features of New Guinea life.

One most interesting fact which emerged from a subsequent discussion was that of the diet of many New Guinea natives—Sweet Potatoes. The professor, when questioned by an amazed audience member, stated that the natives were strong and long living in spite of their protein deficient diet. It appears that the New Guinea native has adapted himself to this diet quite effectively. All men are capable of this (say the biologists).

We discounted the plan of replacing our present diet with sweet potato, consoled only by the hope that we too can adapt ourselves to our diet in time, so that in the end, we too might thrive.



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AFTERMATH

In the light of the piccanninny dawn she waited. Her hair was hanging in whisps about her face, her eyes were dark and bloodshot, her frock grubby. How long she had been waiting she did not know, but the agony of it was torturing her and each minute seemed an eternity.

Yesterday the fire had raged through the forest, merciless in its destruction and fierce in its intensity. Her husband, Brad, and she had been out all day striving to save the bungalow which was their life. Somehow, in the endless fight against fury, their son, Mark, had disappeared. The anguish of the mother was pitiful, for the boy was just two, and knew nothing of the danger lurking in the smouldering tree stumps and shallow streams.

Time was standing still, then faintly she heard the slow clip-clop of Brad's horse, its plodding feet dragging out each tired step. She rushed to the door and watched his approach.

Fear grew in her heart as she saw his ashen face and drooped shoulders. She stumbled to him, uttering ::No, Brad, oh no!

Together they stood, the weeping woman and the man, waiting for the dawn of a day that must come.

— B.C.

DORM NOTES

KAMBU FOREVER !

April 1st caught many people, but we want to know how long the undercover man is holding out on Dot. Perhaps he was one of the linesmen so busy that weekend when noticeboards were the only things that had anything on.

The prophecied broadening of the beam has already begun. Could this be because of the busy night life in the party line for 2nd Years? — Any reason is good enough.

Our sympathy goes to Judy, another of the appendix clan, and also to the 1st Years, who vacated "Kings Cross" to take up residence in "Vaucluse." Also welcome to Thea and Norma — they are fast learners.

What happened to the 'ighbrows in Room 8? Let's hope they stay that way.

The Merry Widows started a bush walkers club, but gave up in disgust when no males enrolled.

BUT applications will still be received.

"Jordie scores a winner (unquote) WE ARE KAMBU,

Yarran is in the pooh.
CHA-TI-OHA! CHA?
(It's illegal . . . etc.)

IPAIR MINOR

Shakespeare once said, "If music be the food of love — play on." He didn't say on what, but the inmates of I.M. think it's a wonderful idea — well, that is, until the haunting strains (and it was a strain) of the immortal (darn it) of all melodies, "London-derry Air" came floating through this section of the "Tertiary Institution" in the middle of the night! I mean and say, dash it all, old chap, that's simply not done!

Then, of course, there is the other extreme — Mazart! There is one thing about Grand Opera, you can do anything so long as you sing it. And they certainly do sing it!

Now the human side. Have ou ever been frustrated? No. I haven't either but certain beaux around here are. Why don't you ask them about it, girls?

Warren, where did you get that laugh?

Not getting up so early now, Nev?

Two of the veterans wanted somewhere to put comics, old beer bottles, grapes and odd text books, but after a noisy time they shevled the idea.

So much for the aquarium!

No dorm is equipped without its "Saint" eh, Darryl.

Do Biology assignments mean gathering gumnuts?!

There are other ways of drawing young nurses' attention than "falling" off bikes outside hospitals, hardly ethical, Ron.

Has Room 9 taken to bird-watching?

That's all for now, greetings and halucinations.

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