



# TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION  
OF THE STUDENTS OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

29th MARCH, 1957.

"TALKABOUT"

## Do You Want Initiation?

This year, true to customary form, second years donated their services to a rip-roaring initiation, and why not? Are there any in first year who refuse to admit it was terrific? According to censored opinions from first years, it was "Great," "We loved it," "It certainly helped us to get to know you horrors," "We took it all in good faith."

Yet, we had to put up a struggle to get any initiation, and even then we were limited as to what we could do; for this year it was hoped that second years would really make first years welcome, show them around and refrain from complaining too much about the place. Which of the two ways would you prefer, first year? It is up to you to decide, for on your decision will rest the welcome, or otherwise, of the 1958-59 session. Were you really miserable, or did you feel like organising a revolt against the high and mighty second years! Two days, after all, is insignificant when compared with the two years of College life which you may see through.

Think about it, or do you need to, because only the opinion of the majority, and strong reasoning, will win for you the same fun that we had. One first year stated, "There will be more of it." We say, "Long live that first year."

## Letters to the Editor

This year we hope to make a column of Letters to the Editor. They will have to come from you. We invite you to give student opinions on matters of interest to you and to the rest of the College. This is your paper, do something for it!

Leave your contributions in Talkabout office.

—STUDENT.

## Heard at 1st Year Welcome Dance

A certain dorm. 8 boy asked a charming young lady up for a quickish dance. As the dance progressed the young gallant asked the charming young lady whether she would like to hot it up a bit by a jive. Came the reply from the lady, "I'm sorry, but my friends wouldn't like it."

"Oh," said the young man, thinking inwardly of the new girls he was going to meet, "and who are your friends?" Came the reply, "Why! The lecturers, of course," and the young man shrank back into the floor.

## IPAI WOMEN

Ipai females begin to look like ladies as they get into a routine of bathing when, and wearing what they like, also more attractive from having nice curly hair, wearing bibs at the table (serves them right) and with only two to be converted from Infants.

Debate of the Month: City life is better than College life.

Those for: Mr. J. Burke, Miss M. Kirkwood.

Those against: Ipai women.

Hence Kirby has gone to Burke but we hope she'll be back sometime.

## EDITORIAL

It is my first duty to extend a hearty welcome to the 1957-58 session of students, who, we expect, will do their utmost to enhance the progress of this institution; both to the satisfaction of the College student body itself and to those who observe the College at work and play.

Talk of a land of golden opportunity! This place offers the student the springboard to one of the most vital vocations in this modern world! It is natural then, that we treat all components of this well-established machine as precious. This, of course, includes staff, older and perhaps more experienced students, as well as all training and recreational facilities. Amongst other opportunities at our disposal, lies that great chance of being free to express ourselves to a large group.

How can we find and take advantage of this chance? Discussion groups and clubs are of extreme value in this regard, but a bountiful pasture on which the writer and observer may graze is Talkabout itself.

Writers of articles, notes, sporting and social items receive a great morale boost to see their creation in full view of all. At the same time, they provide a source of interest, enjoyment, discussion and speculation for the minds of our community.

Talkabout staff members this year have indicated a determination to present student opinion on a large scale.

This can only be done with your support. Our fate is in your hands. Write . . . Write Mightily!

—EDITOR.

## Principal's Message to Incoming Students

The 1957-58 Session of 180 students is the largest ever to enter College. The increased enrolment has been made possible by the additional facilities that have been provided, and by the fact that a start has been made on the erection of permanent buildings that will eventually house an enrolment of 400.

We commence this year then with great possibilities. The College is expanding, up to date accommodation is being provided, more comforts are being enjoyed by both staff and students. If Government finance is available the permanent building programme will be continued in 1957 and 1958, so it is anticipated that your term here will be one of considerable progress as far as the development of your College is concerned.

It is customary that we ourselves make a contribution each year to these developments, and the great objective for this year will be the establishment of modern, standard playing fields. More help will be forthcoming from the Education Department, but a great effort will be required of student body. The cordial co-operation of all is essential if our objectives are to be realised.

With such an interesting programme ahead of you in so many directions, and having already received such a warm welcome from all second year students, your stay here promises to be a happy, purposeful and profitable one.

—G. L. BLAKEMORE.

## A Second Look, or the Real Eye-Opener

Walking around the brightly-lit campus, one is often presented with sights which would promote rapid recovery of even the most palsy-stricken invalid. Let the fresher come with us on a gay inspection of our Tertiary Institution.

The Library scene is one of fluorescent brilliance; where neatly attired individuals sit quietly quenching their insatiable thirst for knowledge. The clock whirrs comfortingly and the light tubes hum a workmanlike background to the contemporary symphony of scratching nibs and rasping pages. One is almost overcome by the unreality of this scene, when he is suddenly pitched into the stark present by the tearing scrape of rubber—or sponge-soled shoes being propelled very purposefully in diverse directions. Keen students peer shortsightedly at well-thumbed parchment and whisk the untouched pages of a 1930 edition until the letter writer in the corner frowns in annoyance.

We leave the noisy silence of the Library and press on to the shop. On the way, though, we meet the "cigarette smoker." He stands in the shadow of a building; his whole being focussed on his cigarette, and it seems that from it, he draws life itself.

The shop is our next stopping place. Here the rich boldly make outrageous deposits, while the poor slip a Withdrawal form furtively across the counter. It is here that many associations are formed and dissolved; where the last shilling is spent with a devil-may-care flick of the finger; where the shuffling youth meets his first love; and where exhausted dancers suck sweet-tasting refreshment from a bottle. This is the place where the sleepy-eyed obtain nutriment at a late Sunday morning hour and the place where lecturers oddities receive a free airing. In fact, the College Shop is the origin of the mysterious "grapevine," along which flash items of current interest and intrigue.

Leaving the shop we move to inspect the Bio. Lab. Here several mice rattle out their daily exercises, and fish blink in the gloom. The Bio. Lab. is the place from which come blood curdling screams at frequent intervals. Their origin is easily traced, but their cause remains a mystery. The sly grin on the face of a stuffed crocodile may

supply a few clues. Here is the place where openmouthed students grapple in a death struggle with Phylum Coelenterata, or swim clumsily in labelled bottles marked "Centipede." Now fully satisfied with our observations we lurch to the open air once more and slip into the Art Room.

Here is where the modern Gauguin or Picasso of tomorrow makes his breakneck plunge into the world of sponge-soled shoes and cravats. At last we find the place where we may say, the sun is big and round and . . . BLUE! Having committed the blunder of plastering a magnificent red sun in the corner of a portrait, we are ejected from that paradise for extroverts and shame aimfully towards the Craft Room.

The Craft Room . . . Paradise for the deft-fingered and gallows of the majority. A pleasant time is had by all, regardless of remarks passed when a press comes into crushing contact with a first digit. Where else can you give vent to your anger with a hammer, and be commended for "original work." This is the place from which circulate mysterious writings endorsed "Craft Room Pressure."

We leave the Craft Room followed by a threat-hurling Option plaster worker grasping a ruined masterpiece. Quite a journey has been made today, so we could well toddle off to our beds and rest awhile.

Essays can be and have been written on beds, but that is another story.

—N.M.C.P.

## SOCIAL

The splendid efforts of the Social Club and their many helpers culminated in one of the finest evenings ever had at the College. This was the first dance of the year, when our new fellow students were introduced to one of the many features of College life.

The overall pattern of entertainment was given added colour by the renditions of the male and the female quartettes. The cap and gown act was worth more than the ghost of a smile, and looks like being a popular feature in future entertainments.

Our little Amy added charm to the programme with her solo singing, but we hope that next time we shall be able to see Amy as well as the light that was shining behind her.

## Orientation — Too Long

Last year, after an entertaining Orientation programme, the then first years were asked to make suggestions concerning additions and alterations. Quite a few suggested perhaps a little more time should be spent on the whole procedure. Now we're not so sure.

Now that this year's Orientation is fading slightly from our physical and mental memories, perhaps it is time to call on student comment concerning this matter.

Consider such questions as—

1. Too short, too long, just right?
2. Too much, too little?
3. What important features do you think should be included next year?
4. What features do you believe should be omitted?

Your opinions, the materials which aid Talkabout as an organ of student opinion, will be welcomed in the office. We promise to air your views.

## Mari Major "Men"

Welcome Mr. Manley and first year students,

Well folks this dorm. certainly is quiet with six of our number in another force, by elimination that leaves Room 1 and Room 5, so it's virtually one end of the dorm. versus the other.

I believe Paul has had trouble with the mortar whilst building his Barnes and his mate Doug will soon be changing his name to Henry. Even Mac came true and will-soon become a Bright boy but of course Perk is a connoisseur in village Dinners. And now to include the Natives.

Frank is still playing 'bottles' with Tweedale but I doubt if he will Maguire anything from it (oop's slipped). Johnny still has his heart in Sutherland and Law abides with Pam. However, our Ken (alias Stirling Moss) is still Smashing hearts. This leaves room four, yes the Bachelors, "Carb" and "Rue," who wanted to change their number to sex (sorry, six).

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## WITH APOLOGIES TO VIRGIL

They laboured on incessantly underneath the boiling sun as it rose to its zenith in the fierce blue sky. They moved quickly from foliage to foliage, not hesitating, not resting, as they sought diligently for supplies for the community storehouse.

Here, one, a massive black fellow, garbed in his shiny mantle, sought desperately to move the huge carcase of fresh killed meat. A cry to his fellow labourers brought a quick response as they darted forward to aid him. As they gathered around the leader noticed their company was diminished by one, the lazy loafer.

Many times he had been caught under some gently swaying palm, pursuing no doubt, some damsel in his dreams. Then they spied him under the furthest tree across the clearing. With a cry of rage they burst forth running across the glade. Reaching him they seized him and dragged him to the edge of the precipice, whose bottom was lost in the darkness of eternal night, and hurled him to his destruction on the jagged rocks below. This would serve as a warning and an example to the rest of how the work of each man was so necessary if they were to gather the harvest, on which the settlement would depend during the cruel winter. Marching grimly over to the carcase, each with a determined look on his sweat-streaked face, with muscles bulging, sinews straining, the enormous load was slowly raised and supported on broad shoulders. Carefully the burden was carried down the tortuous path wandering down the side of the mountain, down, down, down to the settlement, nestled in the valley below.

Away at the settlement some way from the storehouse, could be seen the busy activity of the young, as they frolicked after the elusive "Black Beetle" as he scurried hurriedly through the gently waving sea of grass.

After placing the food in the storehouse, they swiftly set off once again for the hunting grounds; up the trail between the rocks over the peak into the glade. And so the day wore on until gradually the sun set in a blaze of crimson fire in the west. As the purple hue of twilight spread slowly over the darkening sky, the ants slowly filed back down the track to the settlement for the last time that day.

—K. SOLOMON

## KAMBU

We welcome many new and innocent faces (and figures) to the estimable Frustration Station. Owing to the ample amount of food for both body and mind, which is being supplied, there is likely to be a considerable broadening of beam and outlook in the near future.

Have you ever been had? Our first years were, but they were mighty sports. Sunday dinner inspection revealed that second year wardrobes are sadly depleted. First years have not yet graduated to the seamless stockings "seen" on most 2nd years, en route to Dems. During initiatory interviews there was a very tense moment when a mouse inspected second years under the bed.

Our dorm. party won very few members for the honoured Smokers' Club, but **TIME WILL TELL!!!** Er Possiblea second years starred with varied impersonations and performances. Dotty revived her weekend 412 for a discordant 5 minutes more shocks for first years. Amy rendered a moonlight serenade on the table—further shocks for first years. I notice Minty's Motors are selling shock absorbers at reduced rates. The Zoomba proceeded on dorm. inspection like a shunting train.

By the way, a gentle hint to first years. What's this racquet going on EVERY morning at 6 a.m.?

Second years object to first years arriving with ready made men. What HAVE first years got that second years haven't? Kadrie has taken a dive for big time tennis and Irma . . . well! How many is that, Irma? Second years survive on last years memories, but which will win, males or mails? Our second years perennial affairs provide thrills for novices and further frustration for professionals.

Cha - ti - cha! Cha?

## KABI

Before we get onto more important matters we would like to welcome our new inmates to "The Respectable Dorm." We hope they will continue our popularity and success with the opposite sex. Incidentally, some of them seem to be doing well already. However, we really hope you will enjoy your stay with us.

We also extend a very hearty welcome to Miss Ferguson, who

has already been encouraging us in our Folk Dancing. We might add that she set a high standard.

Hasn't Margaret been rude, eh? Her room mates appear to be angelic as yet.

We hope the Air Force are as quick to defend their country, Aileen.

Going out, Elizabeth? What about Margaret?

Quote, Room 4 during initiation, "This place wouldn't be too bad with a bath and no Miss Mills." Apparently the "old battle-axe," quote McCarthy, made quite an impression.

No need to fight over the baths, Anne, Anne, Anne and Anne.

Rooms 5 and 7 are anxious for the Natives to return owing to their ideal views (of the corner, we mean!).

Strangely, a Frustrated Female Club is flourishing in Room 6. Lack of Men?

Sandra is a sap no longer. Why is it that her room mates prefer to travel by train?

This year's Room 8 are doing better than their predecessors. Two are off to a flying start!

More weaving is going on in second year. Some are keen!

Terrill is a good Barryker.

Heather, the early bird may catch the worm, but even the worm will turn. Room 7 would appreciate it if you "find another window" Mike.

Everything comes to those who wait, Kath.

P.S.—Second years will need building up at the end of the year. Hint "Get it?"

## KAMBU MEN

Last night I strolled through Kambu and found it changed. In a room where once great Ariel held sway new faces looked up. No gentle clicking of a typewriter could be heard but along the corridor some gyrating figure was calling for his hound dog.

There was no laughing Wells, no "bopping" Nick, no Kev, no Bob, but new people, new friends.

Across the way I found rooms quiet and empty. As I stood in the stillness I thought I heard a distant click of rifles and the sound of marching feet, soft, soft and far away.

In the night I slept and dreamt of a year that is past and waking hoped for a year that is ahead.

## "TALKABOUT"

Editor: Neil McPherson.  
Sub-Editor: Barbara Carter.  
Sports' Editor: John McNeill.  
Publicity Officer: Roger O'Sullivan.  
Business Manager: Ralph Perrott.

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## Women's Sporting News

### HOCKEY

Hockey is one of our most popular sports and the College has a good reputation to uphold. Each year teams are entered in the district competition and our "firsts" are usually very successful. Last year we entered four teams and our "firsts" had not been beaten when the competition was abandoned owing to excessive wet weather. We hope to enter at least four teams this year and do even better.

The President, Irene Wilson, and Secretary, Jennifer Clark, of our Women's Hockey Club, will organise practice for teams and, being experts themselves, will help in the training. This club also sends two representatives to the Sports' Union. Helen Jordan is the second year representative and Aileen Phillips from first year.

Hockey season starts very soon, so let us see some women in training and keen to provide W.W.T.C. with many teams for district competition and an excellent team for our all-important Intercollegiate.

### SWIMMING

The Swimming Club has started the year with great enthusiasm. Early morning training has revealed a pre-dominance of women swimmers who promise to be of great benefit to the College during the Bendigo visit.

The second year women are still swimming well, but will need to train hard if they wish to represent the College as there are many promising first year women at 7 o'clock training every morning. Among these first years J. Perryman, Lea Myers and J. Sarcombe, have shown particular promise.

The Club is extremely grateful to Mr. Blakemore, Frank Wheatley, Frank Childs, who provide transport every morning, without which the training would be practically impossible. We are confident that intensive training will reveal profitable results when we swim against Bendigo.

### BASKETBALL

Officers of the Basketball Club this year are:—

President: Gwen Wild.  
Secretary: Madelaine Hayden.  
2nd Year Representative:  
Ruth Davies.

1st Year Representative:  
Jan Dinnerville.

Each year the College teams unite with the Wagga Basketball Association and very interesting A and B grade competitions are carried out. Matches are played on Saturday afternoons. Last year we did very well, but this year should show even better results because after all there are more women in College.

### TENNIS

There are obviously some very keen tennis players among the freshers this year. Rarely have the courts been vacant—morning or afternoon—but the boys seem to be providing competition for the courts!

As the intercollegiate visit is quickly approaching, the players who are really keen to make the team are consistently practising. We hope the first years will follow this example and not tire of practising.

At the inaugural meeting of the Club, there was a good roll-up of interested freshers, but second years were sadly lacking.

The officers elected are:—  
President: Bruce Ferguson.  
Secretary: Kath Gray.

Sports' Union representatives:  
Terry McCarthy, 2nd year;  
Kadrai Reiman, 1st year.

Good luck to the girls who reach the team and we hope some of the others will make it next time.

### SOFTBALL

As the Bendigo visit is drawing only too close the Softball enthusiasts are beginning to think about forming a team. Newly elected office bearers of the Softball Club are:—

President: Jenny Clark.  
Secretary: Dot Vance.  
Sports' Union Representatives: Robin Meale, Thea O'Donnell.

They are a very keen and able body of workers and no doubt the club will function smoothly throughout the year. Much 1st year talent has been noted and 2nd year members of the team last year are shakily surveying this talent. There is very little time to get a team into shape before intercollegiate but the club has no doubt that finally all will be well.

### New Dormitory Girls

Veitch girl did Miss New-march want?

Have you got a pane in your back, Judy?

Which girl lives D'easy way or have you changed your mind?

"Miss Whybrow, present in body at least."

Who fell off a moonbeam?  
Still training for athletics  
Ros?

Who was late for assembly  
... with a strange man!

Is-a-bel ringing for Elvis?  
Judy had a hard run from the Ag. College.

Does Peter know about John?  
Cynthia is young again!

Is he like Errol Flynn Ruth?  
Who's the Creamer Thelma's heart?

Bos thinks Tumut's worth it!  
Durex does shine at 1 a.m.  
Doesn't it Elaine?

Only 26 days to go!

### MARI

They came to us with muted sighs,

And peered around with frightened eyes,

Baths at 6, dress up to dine;  
Just look at the clothes they have to iron!

Red dresses? No! That goes too far.

We fooled you ther, I fear,  
(Ha! Ha!).

How is our Senior 2nd Year?  
We saw her Shepherding our poor 1st Years along!

Paddy wants action.

We see a Willoughby the Ag. College.

Which of Room 2 sings "Dear John?"

And Jan went to bed with a satisfied mind.

Who owns the torch?

So Kathy entertained Wol-longong on Sunday.

"Say, we haven't changed a bit . . . have we cats?"

Ah Jocelyn! (sigh) That man!

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# Men's Sporting News

## SPLASH!!

This year the Swimming Club has been very fortunate with regard to the influx of good swimmers. These swimmers will be of great assistance to us in our two intercollegiate clashes, firstly against our old rivals Bendigo and then later on against all the colleges, in Sydney.

The Swimming Club's intensive training campaign in the early hours of the morning has helped to bring these swimmers into shape. It is also pleasing to see that the attendance at these swims has been very high and I feel that this will reap the just reward in the near future.

One of the real assets to the Swimming Club and the College is Bob Ford, who hails from Cronulla. Bob has a very interesting past history in swimming. Earlier this year he swam in the State Backstroke titles and was second to Australia's Olympic representative John Monckton. Bob, at the present time, is the fastest swimmer in Wagga, which is something this College can well be proud. Warren Bingham is also another extremely strong swimmer who hails from North Narrabeen. Another first year man of quality is Graham Rowe.

The girls are also well forward with the services of Judy Steen, J. Perryman and others have not shown their capabilities. With the second years, this year could be really strong in swimming.

—G. HUTTON.

## BASKETBALL

Although no real matches have been played as yet, the promise shown by a number of first years, points to a very bright year for men's basketball.

At the inaugural meeting the officers were elected. They are: President: T. McCarthy.

Secretary and Delegate to Sports' Union: John McNeill.

1st Year Delegate to Sports' Union: B. Brewer.

The quality of players indicates the early formation of a classy combination which should be hard to toss in any company, including Bendigo T.C.

—GLOBETROTTER.

## TENNIS

Early indications suggest that 1957 will be a particularly successful year.

Outstanding among the first years is Bob Howse, and we look forward to his meeting with John Banting when he leaves N.S.T. Our first serious competition will be the intercollegiate matches against Bendigo.

—B. FERGUSON.

## CRICKET

First year will apparently form the backbone of this year's 1st XI. In the competition game just concluded Bob Howse made a hard hitting 28 in the first innings. K. Crittenden and B. Ferguson quickly set about Turvey Park's bowlers and hit 88 runs without loss of any wickets. Bob Gorman gave a wonderful display of accurate slow bowling to finish with 5/37 from 15 successive overs. I feel sure 1957 will prove a very successful year.

## RUGBY UNION

With the influx of a sporty lot of first year men, the Rugby Union competition is well within our grasp.

The Rugby Union competition is not a hard one to win and we can do it with team spirit and condition.

All players are expected to do the first portion of conditioning for themselves and within the next fortnight trials will begin.

Remember—there is no law against using the oval for training each day.

## THE PLAY'S THE THING

This year we are looking forward to a tasty fare of (h)amateur histrionics. Dram. Art Option people are laying the foundations for the production of Oscar Wilde's delightful comedy, "The Importance of bein Ernest," and they are in earnest.

F.M.W. and his patron have been looking over the new talent that the Department has sent, and not overlooking that already present, they have all sorts of plans for the Little Theatre during the months to come. Our Bendigo visitors will have with us the first opportunity to see this year's Little Theatre in action.

## APPOINTMENTS, 1957

Dillon, D. J., N.S.T.; Enever, R. D., Bilbul; Gass, R. S., N.S.T.; Grant, M. M., Rocks Crossing; Grant, R. K. J., Paurania North; Hanlon, R. M., N.S.T.; Hillerman, R. G., Coonah; Hoare, K. J., Wallendbeen; Corbett, M. F., Chester Hill North; Cox, E., Ainslie; Dalby, M. E., Griffith G.; Dickson, J. A., Bundarra; Downey, M., Parramatta West Inf.; Foley, P. M., Balranald; Frater, H. L., Wilberforce; Gallagher, J. L., Yowie Bay Primary; Gamble, J. R., Griffith Girls; Grimston, T. J., Goulburn Girls; Hastock, J. M., Gilgandra Inf.; Harper, D. M., Leeton Girls; Hatty, L. D., Mathoura; Henry, L., Adelong; Howe, V. M., Leeton Inf.; Hughes, J. C., Granville East; Hughes, B. G., Nimmitabel; Ingram, R. H. J., Seven Hills Primary; Johnston, R. P., Cronulla Boys; Kotlash, E. J., Bologamy; Lampert, R. J., Horsley Park; Lane, J. P., Stoke Farm; Limon, D. H., N.S.T.; McKinnon, G. C., Wollongong Relief; Hunt, P. J., Griffith Primary A.C.T.; Ingarfull, B. L., Berksley Infants; Jenkins, P. V., Mount Pritchard; Johanson, N. J., St. John's Park Pr.; Johnston, W. A., Lidcombe Boys; Kerrison, J. N. T., Tumut; Koth, F. I., Moulamein; Langridge, L. M., Mortdale Boys; Langton, B. P., Engadine; Locke, C. A., Ingleburn Infants; MacDonald, J. E., Bundarra; McLean, M. D. F., Balranald; Manwaring, E., Nynagan; O'Neill, P. H., Ganmurra; Phillips, G. R., Mittagong; Riolo, K. P., Engadine Primary; Ruskin, B., N.S.T.; Sainsbury, N. W., North Rocks; Shaw, R. W., Bagotville; Shorten, H., Wee Jasper; Silby, J. E. H., Comboyne; Sowter, P. C., Mongogarie Appex; Sparkes, P. J., N.S.T.; Millard, M., Humula; Miller, M. A. J., Oaklands; Moore, J. H., Kurrajong; Morrow, H. M., Murrumburrah Inf.; Morton, P. J., Tumbarumba Inf.; Mottram, P. J., Coledale; Murdoch, M. T., Shell Harbour; Myott, M. A., Sylvania Inf.; Newton, M. E., Finley I.H.S.; Norman, B. J., Corrimall; Northey, P., Sylvania Primary; O'Brien, M. F., Tarcutta; Palmer, L. R., Pende Hill; Parker, B. M., Tumut (Private Student); Parslow, A. J., Smithfield; Payne, G. D., Fairfield West; Potter, M. M., Penshurst Boys; Alcorn, G. F., Ryde North Primary; Anable, D. D., N.S.T.; Best, T. A., Matraville; Bellette, R. J., Tilba Tilba; Bentley, J., Punchbowl; Berrell, N. E., Girraween; Bolton, E. J., Parra-

matta East; Booth, C. A., Yalgogrin South; Braithwaite, R. J., N.S.T.; Brenchley, R. W., N.S.T.; Bridge, K. H., N.S.T.; Bunte, M. C., Holbrook; Cobbin, A. W., N.S.T.; Cohen, B. L., N.S.T.; Alexander, V. S., Goulburn East; Anderson, J. A., Walgett; Barnes, J. E. I., Bellambi; Bell, V. A., Connells Point; Bensley, L. J., Turvey Park; Bodinnar, L. E., Sylvania Heights; Brown, B. S. P., Liverpool Infants; Bruckner, E. E., Tocumwal; Burrows, W. M., Oakdale; Campbell, J., Albion Park; Carter, N. R., Emu Plains; Cass, J. F., Griffith Infants, N.S.W.; Chapman, H. L., Cabramatta Girls; Cope, M., Loftus; Spartalis, P., Yarrara; Stewart, W. H., N.S.T.; Tobin, L. J., N.S.T.; Tupper, A. G., Hernani; Tuxford, M. G., Coreimbob; Varnes, H. C., Mount Seaview; Veicherts, G., Wentworthville Boys; Wells, B., N.S.T.; Williams, R., N.S.T.; Robertson, A. S., Eastwood Girls; Schofield, P. A., Dapto Infants; Segal, E. R., Hammondville; Sheehan, G. F., Redfern Boys; Skidmore, D. M., Old Guildford; Smith, S. L., Granville South Inf.; Southwell, W. R., Merungle Hill; Taylor, M. A., Fairy Meadow Inf.; Thompson, D. F., Helensburgh; Timbs, P. J., Revesby South; Todd, J. L., Towradgi; Tutty, J. A., Kempsey West; Vanheems, Dawson-Parkes, D., Broken Hill North Boys; Wilkinson, B., Burnside Inf.; Wilson, J., Windsor.



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**"COLD POTATOES"**

"Er, excuse me, ahem, I'm the resident doctor heah. Dr. Solomon's the name. May I come in?" as he shuts the door behind him at the same time consulting a list held upside down.

"You must be Mr. er-er-er."

"That's not my name. It's —"

"Oh how do you do, Mr. —"

"May I sit down?" as he draws up a chair.

"This is just a little checkup to see if you're Al, O.K., fit, hale, hearty—well anyway, to prove you're not dead."

"But I had one in Sydney."

"Have to wait too long for that. Have to have details now—of course, of course! Ahem!"

"Name?"

"I told you."

"Oh that's right, Mr. —"

"Address?"

"70 Black Stump, Gilgambone."

"Oh, nice spot."

"Father's occupation?"

"Blacksmith."

"Any sisters or brothers?"

"Nineteen."

"Now a checkup on your heart beat."

"Hmmm," — applying wrong end of stethoscope while admiring suntan. "A little slow."

"Yeah! I've 'ad it."

"Anything else wrong?"

"Yeah! I'm knock-kneed, flat-footed, pigeon-toed, cross-eyed, bandy, deaf and dumb."

"And I don't doubt the last for one moment."

"Haw! How many girlfriends have you got?"

"I'm married."

"What!"

"Yeah! But I divorced em all."

"How many young ladies will you be corresponding with?"

"'Ere come off it — I ain't that kind of a bloke — me ol' man told me to watch meself down 'ere."

"No. I mean how many will you be writing to?"

"None — I can't write."

"Have you seen any of the 2nd year ladies yet?"

"Yeah! One. Struth! She was beaut."

"You know the girls down

here outnumber the boys two to one?"

"Yeah? It'll be just like 'ome."

"But there are certain rules, of course."

"Yeah? Such as?"

"Well, ahem, to mention one—Rule 17."

"Oh I know that one. 'Crows in rural districts must be shot on sight.'"

"No! No! I'm afraid you don't understand."

"Well, don't try to explain it, Doc. It's too flamin' 'ot."

"Well then! I think that will be all." As he disappears down the hall.

"Oh! Doc."

"What is it?"

"I forgot to tell you I've had rhizome."

"Oh! When?"

"Every night at tea."

"What'd you take for it?"

"Arf a gallon of water to wash the — stuff down!"

**FROM MARCH 'TIL NOVEMBER**

For the benefit and information of certain portions of our College population, namely those who refer to Section 565 as the "bubs" section, or more crudely from certain section of the male (N.B. not MEEN) population—the "nappy" section, we thirty-one young ladies do not dress in baby clothes for the appropriate lectures, have not yet acquired the art of moving around the room on our hands and knees, and do not indulge in what is frequently termed "baby talk."

In fact, this great honour which has been bestowed upon us has not as yet gone to our heads, although only time will tell as to whether we shall become so far embroiled in Infants' Method that a psychological effect will carry over into our every day College life.

If, however, during the next nine months or so, our general dress and behaviour take a marked change and begin to resemble that of a seven or eight-year-old, blame not us, not our able lecturer, but yourselves. After all, isn't there a saying that goes something like, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap?"

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More lectures and demonstrations

More assemblies and more sensations

College food and regulations  
New studes — initiation.

Introducing Edith Sitwell, Hopkins, Owens, Mr. Pearson; Final exams and graduation.

Make the best of it while you have it

Soon you'll lose it, and how we've missed it!

No more time for writing letters  
No more lectures, 40 winkers; Loneliness dogs our every foot-step

Seems that prac's gone on too long

Things seem to have all gone wrong.

Forty kids and much confusion  
Great ideals and disillusion

Programmes, rolls and now inspection

Would much prefer just supervision.

With haste and hope our lecture notes we scan

For help and guidance—

Curriculum,

Lecture notes

Bright ideas

Last year's programme--

Transfusion

Much confusion

Conclusion!

Isolation, contemplation

Bigger cheque, some consolation  
Kids seem to have become more dumb now

The '55 session has to teach them how.

—EX-STUDE.

I walked down the hall and gazed at the showers,

But at that time was "after hours,"

I lay on the bed—just for a brief rest,

Then sprang to my feet as in walked Miss 'pest."

—A meeting at seven, was the news she brought,

The presence of all the new first years was sought.

Nail polish and shorts were forbidden completely,

We were quite taken in, they did it so neatly.

But now that we know them we all do agree,

They're a jolly fine crowd, as you all will soon see.

—DAPHNE HUTCHENSON.

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