

LAD



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

"TALKABOUT"

29th November, 1956.

A SOCIAL STUDY LESSON

DATE: Any female in College.

CLASS: Mammalia.

DEPARTMENT: Flying.

TIME OF LESSON: Differs according to circumstances.

SUBJECT: The How, Why and wherefore of running down College women.

AIM: To be hated by same.

CLASS ORGANISATION: Women divided into three groups, in accordance with mental and physical capabilities.

PROGRAMME LINK: The first (and last) of a series of lessons to teach future male students how to be hated as much as the Kambu men.

PREPARATION:—

1. Teacher is prepared for anything. ANYTHING?

2. Pupil is assumed unprepared.

PRESENTATION:—

Step 1a: Catch interest: Prolonged staring, heavy sarcasm, ostracism.

Step 1b: Link with present DISinterests: eg. Kabi women.

Step 1c: Link with past experiences: If you haven't had any, you're lucky.

Step 1d: Link with philosophy of world: They always were inferior.

Step 2: Convey material:—

(a) Characters introduced, plot begins. Start on women sitting nearest at table:—

1. Pull chairs from beneath them;
2. Refuse to "pass food."
3. Wear W.H.C.W. badges.

(b) Complications (of plot): Most of this is up to you, but such words as gullible, she-dog, ACTRESS (supreme insult), should be appropriate here.

(c) Climax: Extreme provocation—be prepared to dodge guided missiles. Careful Jack.

Step 3: Check learning:—

1. Emotional review: (Mr. Young mightn't think so, but it would be really emotional). Singing of known songs, e.g., "Anytime," "They Never Talk Much," "If You Knew Jessie," and "I'll Walk Alone."

2. Intellectual review: The answer to the only question is NO.

3. Practical review: Take photos of College girls and use them as dartboards—you will find this a great outlet for your emotions. If this doesn't satisfy you, use more concrete material.

Step 4: Confusion.

(Supervisor's Report: Congratulations!)

EDITORIAL

The Editors wish to apologise for the delay in printing this issue.

Exams—we are human too, and there were printing difficulties.

Nevertheless we are glad to be back and hope you enjoy this issue.

Big things are being planned for the next and final edition and we would like those with section photographs to contact Ted Bolton. If a series of these can be obtained they will appear soon.

We ask your co-operation in the contribution of articles for the next issue, which will have to go to press next week—a final "bumper issue" is planned and you are the only people who can make it materialise.

—The Editors.

GEMS FROM PAST

Our roving reporter, realising that some students were feeling diffident about craft, particularly about teaching it to a class, visited a Wagga institution recently and observed a few craft lessons, and also some lesson notes prepared by an expert in the subject. It is felt that the students referred to above will be considerably encouraged when they realise what can be done with this subject in the school. It is thought that a lesson on the lines suggested below would attract quite some attention from the supervisors if presented during Prac.

And now for the actual lesson:—

aim: To give the teacher time to mark the roll, bring his correspondence up to date, read any comics he may have confiscated for this purpose, read the paper, etc., etc.

Motivation: The teacher should not neglect the T square in the process of motivating the class—it can be most effective if swung correctly and accurately. Furthermore the teacher will find that he can generally reach fractious pupils even three or four desks from the front, thus saving the necessity of walking around the room.

Presentation—Step 1: With an air of triumph the teacher produces an empty chocolate box, saved from the night before. Having assured the class that they are most keen to make one, he next relies on activity methods to get the plan on the board, by asking different pupils to come out and attempt to draw it. This also saves the teacher the irksome necessity of drawing it himself.

Step 2: By this time half the lesson should be over and

some kind of a plan should be on the board. The class are then instructed to begin work. The teacher can now settle down to a few quiet minutes. If the class is noisy, a few well-executed strokes with the T square should produce the desired effect.

Step 3: When the teacher has completed his work, he may like to walk around the room to observe the pupils at work. He may even paternally assist some of the pupils in their efforts to interpret the sketch on the board. In the process of "rubbing out" and "firming in" he should admonish the class against using their fingers as a substitute for rubbers, and particularly watch out for that noxious character who rushes through the lesson to finish his work first—the teacher will find that the best method of dealing with these characters is to instruct them to make three drawings and three boxes to the class's one. Should this prove ineffective, the teacher should capitalise on their zeal and employ them in making for his own use in future lessons. This method is doubly valuable as it keeps these individuals quiet and saves the teacher a lot of work.

Conclusion: The teacher must be careful in his method of commending the pupils' work. A good plan is to praise alternate pupils and slate the next. The process can be changed next lesson so that all are equally encouraged. If the teacher feels like giving an art lesson the varied plans for the pupils can be taken and used as the basis of a lesson in pattern making. However, the subject of art will be dealt with in the near future.

A SALUTE TO THE VICE-PRINCIPAL

It was good to witness the solemnity and sincerity which gripped the students present at Assembly on 5th November.

Intense silence marked the official presentation of our token of gratitude to a person, who as Vice Principal, has won the loyalty of every student and who, as a man, has gained their best wishes.

Mr. Rowe's interests have been as numerous as his friendships and it is this breadth of interest which has enabled him to interest himself in the spiritual, mental and physical lot of Wagga students.

Glancing into the past we find a brilliant record of success in academic and sporting spheres.

From St. Joseph's College Mr Rowe went to the Sydney University, where he gained his Art Degree, majoring in Geography, and later completed his Dip.Ed. at Sydney Teachers' College, where he was outstanding in Physical Education and held the senior position on the Representative Council.

Mr. Rowe continued his academic work to win the degree of Master of Arts at Sydney University, and gained first class honours in the Melbourne Diploma and Bachelor of Education, winning the Dwight Prize for first place in the honours group.

Mr. Rowe's teaching experience included a formidable array of subjects at Murwillumbah High School, whence he was appointed to Sydney Teachers' College. For seven years he was Lecturer in Physical Education and then was appointed to Wagga as Vice-Principal.

At Wagga, Mr. Rowe has identified himself as a prominent figure in College organisation and in cultural and civic affairs in the city. He is responsible for the Inter-Collegiate Board, the work of the Social Union and Garden Club, and the effectiveness and prestige of the Students' Representative Council. Down town Mr. Rowe has figured in the Art Society, Geographic Society, Chamber of Commerce and the City Council.

Apart from his academic success and community interests, Mr. Rowe has an enviable sporting record. At St. Joseph's College he gained the G.P.S. Blues in Athletics, Cricket and Football, played in cricket teams with Stan McCabe,



Second Year Boys at the Inter-Collegiate Ball.

sprinted with Jim Carlton and was coached by the noted Brother Henry.

He developed into a champion sprinter and gained Athletic Blues for Sydney Teachers' College and the University of Sydney, Australia and also of his own state.

On excursions Mr. Rowe has entered into the spirit of the party to entertain us with the obscure significance of a landscape and obtained for us the wholehearted co-operation of our hosts. Ask anyone why a certain orchard at Leeton looked bare after thirty students had vowed they could never face another orange. And what were we told? To "Come back again anytime we felt like it."

His favourite expressions vary from "Operation sherbert," "Bright boys with the clues," "Glebe hash-house," "Moby Dick," and "Keep your nose out of trouble." But basically the sentiment is the same—a deep understanding of youth, an interest in their welfare and an appreciation of their gratitude.

On being asked to comment, Mr. Rowe, in his inimitable manner, expressed his sincere thanks to students for their wholehearted support, hard work and group loyalty. He admired Wagga students for their wide range of interests, sense of humour, activities and "the ability to come up smiling."

He hopes that the College does not become too big and lose that personal touch which has given students in residence training in organisation and

educated them to take a vital position in the community.

We thank Mr. Rowe for the vital part he has taken in our development as teachers, for the energy and enthusiasm he has devoted to our well being and for that solitary open door which was always there when a student was in need of help and understanding.

THE GRAPEVINE

If one wishes to know anything about himself it is of no use to analyse one's mind or to think about one's past. A man should never believe that he can understand his own emotions or that he has any knowledge of his activities over the last five years.

How then can a man find out anything about himself?

It is clear that it would be useless to ask any other human being as they most certainly are not competent to supply such information. The only other possible way of gaining the information needed is to ask a "plant." Yes—a "plant"—the grapevine.

It is with regret that we announce that one of these "knowledgeable plants" has taken up residence in Kambu Women's Dorm. Since its arrival we have learned more about ourselves than we have ever known before. However, the things we learn are beginning to give us an inferiority complex. One of us found that he was engaged even though he

had known nothing about it. (We wish to add that he does NOT drink.)

It is no great wonder that we are "bitter" or that we are often in "foul moods." All this is caused by the grapevine. So, if you want to rid us of these moods get rid of the grapevine. Kill it girls—even if it means committing suicide.

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GEOGRAPHY EXCUSSION

Acknowledgments:—
In charge of manoeuvres:
Mr. J. B. Rowe.
Bus driver: Joe.
Food: By courtesy of un-
breavant orange orchardists and
under direction of noble "com-
misariats."

Utensils: By courtesy "Cyp-
rus." ?

Photography: "See if you can
get the sun and stars in too,
please Graham?"

About the trip:—
A bus load of selected geog-
raphy students and members of
the biology option recently rav-
aged the Leeton-Griffith area.

Strategy and teamwork was
good—the "science of living"
boys being augmented by the
geographers, who were experts
in locating. Crete delighted
Schliemann, but Cyprus yield-
ed far superior pottery, digging
up waiters and partaking of
ancient victuals were other
activities we found worthwhile.
There was an abundance of
food but "keep this under the
table." Bill? Geoff?

Leeton Co-op. provided beds
in their fourteen roomed hostel
—after much discussion we
tossed to see where we would
spend the night.

Tobin won.
Cobbin lost.

Next morning strange things
were discovered in the showers
—nothing to speak of—in fact,
unmentionable, having no bones
and not being crustaceans they
were not considered of zoo-
logical interest and returned
(not personally) to their nat-
ural habitat.

Later in the day the group
visited an orange grove and was
told to help itself to the fruit—
a restriction of one orange each
was imposed.

"No Spartalis! Not one
orange tree."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Due to circumstances . . .
Aunt Lizzie has troubles, so
this month she left her column
to Uncle Joe, a VERY dear
friend.

Dear Uncle Joe,
I am a First Year male stud-
ent and I have come to this
College solely to become a good
primary school teacher. How
can I prevent the women from
trying to keep me from my de-
voted studies?

—Earnest.

Dear Earnest,
To answer your trying dil-
emma in a psychological and

philosophical manner in keep-
ing with the best traditions
(and all that rot), I would
venture to say that there comes
a time in every male's life when
he must give vent to his physio-
logical traits? My advice is give
them a go.

Dear Uncle Joe,
I am being constantly pest-
ered by College women.

—Pursued.

Dear Pursued,
Aren't we all.

Dear Uncle Joe,
I am a College woman with
one aim in life—to win a man
(even a College man). I am
very fat and am by no means
beautiful (my hobby is cracking
mirrors). I have no taste in
clothing, hairdos, and make-up,
My dancing is shocking. Having
a generous heart I always leave
a small portion of food for the
men at mealtimes. Sometimes
I ask some very good questions
in lectures and at Dems. Can
you help me?

—Venus.

Dear Venus,
You College women are all
alike.

Not being practised in the
art of Black Magic, I can offer
no remedy but suicide.

—Uncle Joe.

OOOO

'Tis Hopkins, Owens, House-
man, Hope;

Auden, Hope, Eliot T. S.

Tuesday at ten

The poet's pen.

What no order! Individuality?

No! just sensuous and sen-
suality.

And MURDER!

Where?

In the cathedral.

What! No carpets! Blinds
half drawn.

That charcoal suit and oh
that tie!

That charcoal suit and oh
that tie!

Oh what a lift to modern
poetry.

He's so elegant.

SO intelligent.

Between attention and atten-
tion

And attraction and distrac-
tion

Comes that moment of dis-
cretion

And of solmen contemplation
Concentration - explanation
Of that doubtful implication
Modern verse! Our education!
The women have come and
there they go

Still talking of Michelangelo;
The Deutchland has struck a
rock and is wrecked—

The knights have murdered
Sir Thomas a'Beckett.

Explaining worth retaining in
the minutes still remain-
ing—

Words of wisdom still per-
taining to all important
training

Remaining time is waning—
Hurry up please—it's time.

We've learned and are con-
taining

Works disdaining but sus-
taining.

—TOREA.

Important Notice

The Editors invite applica-
tions, and, for the more modest
types, nominations for staff
during 1957.

We will require:—

Co-Editors: Male and fe-
male (no certificates required).

Sports Editor.

Publicity Editor.

Business Manager.

We urge that you give this
matter your thoughtful consid-
eration and contact the Editors
if you have any ideas or sug-
gestions.

Formal written nominations
or applications will be received
by Mr. N. Berrell.

—THE EDITORS.

IPAI DORM. NOTES

Roy had the seal, but who's
got Cyril? Who picked Jimmy
Sharman and nearly got a by-
stander killed?

Favourite sayings:

Max: "Deal me in."

Grant: "Is it good?"

Roy: "Who's your cheeky
mate?"

Cheer up Bruce—others have
been caught in the same Barbed
fence.

Hey, Paul—how much are
those tin pants?

No Cassanovering for Joseph
Andrews Braithwaite.

John, you naughty old man.
Mackintosh, are you getting
the foreign correspondence?

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CURRENT AFFAIRS

This weather you can hardly liv ett all without a macintosh.

He'll bee by the camp later.

An' the rays of sunlight Myott shine.

An able ole man but he is slightly fey.

He was boltin' . . . I bet I've heard that before.

And all corn diet bodes well for the health.

Mac listlesley donned his pher jerkin.

What does one usually read in a phone booth?

One miss got a bill for a ton of clay so she started daulbing it around.

The inks,ot wishes to extend sincere sympathy to the former friends of the loved one J. Lane.

I believe there was a barn dance at the Ag.

If you follow a certain lane Northward you might find a penny.

In a gram of disconcern there is a lot of healing power.

Who let those wandering Jews loose in the Dining Room?

LEARNING TO PLAY

In this dawning age of automation the Play Centre movement has taken a lead in training people to use their leisure in a way that will benefit themselves and the community. Each year at the Play Centre Camp at Broken Bay, teachers are trained to become supervisors at play centres throughout the State, helping to mould the citizens of tomorrow.

This year's attendance at the Play Centre Camp was as high as ever, and included men and women from the Teachers' Colleges at Wagga, Newcastle, Balmain, Bathurst, Armidale and Sydney. The weather, an important factor, was perfect, and activity was the keynote. Not a minute of the week we spent in that haven of fun was lost to idleness. Our time was given to learning and conducting games and activities for use in Play Centre work, including craft, folk dancing, square and ballroom dancing, dramatic presentation, singing, junior, senior and infants' games, bushwalking and administration.

Not the least important factor in the learning that took place was that of social co-operation, living and working together, and at the end of the course we left with the conviction that play is an integral part of modern education. The parting them can be summed up in that song of friends at farewell: "So long, it's been good to know you."

—RALPH PERROTT

PUBLIC NOTICE

Because of the disgrace poured upon it by the "resignation" of Anable as president the W.W.T.C. Bachelors' Club decided to disband and start afresh with a new name and a new constitution.

The name chosen for the new Club was the Voluntary Bachelors' Club and the Constitution is characterised by the following items:—

1. All members must sign a bond for £300 guaranteeing that they will not be whizzed by a woman (or College female) during the next 95 years.

2. The president shall not use any moneys, collected as subscriptions, for his own personal use as did the last president.

3. The annual subscription will be £216 and this will be used to build a mental asylum for any man who is so unbalanced in mind as to associate with College women.

It is expected that the above club will become very popular if the men of the college belong to the intelligentsia as Mr. Rowe suggests. If the club is successful it will augment the already impressive list of college clubs which include:—

THE MUSIC CLUB—

Where people learn to knit to music.

THE SWIMMING CLUB—

For people who want to get along fast. (Not necessarily in the water.)

THE CONTROVERSY CLUB—

For young suckers.

THE CRAFT CLUB—

Which meets in the newly established Wagga Wagga Craft College amid pixies and long legged water birds.

THE SKETCH CLUB—

This is truly a model Club.

THE DEBATING CLUB—

(You can't beat them.) Have these young people thought yet of debating whether the club is worth while?

THE GARDEN CLUB—

Digging for worms — or worms digging.

THE CHESS CLUB—

Where people learn to make the right moves.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB—

For those who can afford to take photos of themselves instead of just looking in a mirror. (We know one person who wasted a 36 shot film on himself.)

CURRENT AFFAIRS CLUB—

As there have been no current affairs for some months this club has not met.

LITTLE THEATRE CLUB—

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Ted Bolton, Co-Editor of "Talkabout," shaking hands with Mr. Rowe prior to his departure.

REFLECTIONS ON EDITH SITWELL

When Sir Studes Brocius
 Called for his alcoholius
 By a rosebush in Georgia;
 When Myrtelone first fell
 Crepe paper draped blue
 enamel
 Seen by light bright each
 night
 This miss missed.
 His miss not missed in mist
 sun kist
 Hist foot gravel crunched
 whist
 Torch flashed, heart crashed,
 head bashed
 On a brick wall, light pockets.

ROCK A BYE

Rock a bye baby
 On the wire cot
 When the legs bend
 The cot will just drop,
 When it falls down on the
 foot of a Dot
 Down he will go with a skip
 and a hop.
 He kissed her once,
 He kissed her twice,
 He stroked her lovely curls.
 Then from a doorway long
 the path
 A Warden screamed out,
 Girls!!!

The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit

(A Note on poor characterisation)

The Man in the Grey Flannel
 Suit,
 Was a person of popular
 repute.
 His actions heroic inclined;
 He eventually found peace of
 mind.
 He objected to all types of
 tyranny,
 So here our allusions do fail,
 That's where we found the
 irony,
 The Grey-suited one was not
 So next time you're looking
 for laughs,
 Stick to the man with the
 Scarfs.

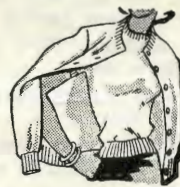
—TERESIAS.

THE CHOSEN ONES

(Dedicated to Colin Booth)
 Poor one by Nature; unen-
 dowed,
 Join the clique, be in the
 crowd,
 Wear clothes that are the
 body's shroud,
 Use no lipstick—ride a broom.
 Have a head like Pharoah's
 tomb,
 And "Of course, my dear"
 you'll be allowed
 To study in the Lecture
 Room.

—TIRESIAS.

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'ROO DES FEMMES**Dramatis Personae:**

Her Most Repugnant Majesty
Elizabeth the Worst.

Crusoe.

Porky Will.

The Black Shag.

Windy Complex.

Redanblack.

ACT I**The Rebel Camp**

Above the babble rising from the darkened rebel camp, Crusoe's voice was heard, bel- lowing "Comrades! After much debate, we have decided to attack the castle tonight. Pre- pare to mount." There was a rush to the broom cupboard. "Mount!" So saying, the leader leaping to the saddle, glanced in her cracked rear-vision mir- ror to see the rebellious multi- tude assembling on their brooms berind the co-leaders Redanblack and Windy Com- plex. With a hideous shriek they disappeared into the night.

ACT II**The Castle**

Meanwhile in the castle, Her Most Repugnant Majesty Eliza- beth the Worst, was reviewing her latest mechanised cavalry— fully automatic Mark VII vacuum cleaners when she re- ceived news through the grape- vine of the impending rebel attack. From underneath the bed, her quavering voice could be heard, "Summon my par- ticular generals, Porky Will and The Black Shag." However, these two with many others had been confined to barracks for some unknown (?) reason. Thus it was some time before her mechanised Army Sall'd forth to meet Defoe.

ACT III**The Battle**

Battle was immediately join- ed.

"Peel off for individual com- bat."

"Fasten safety belts."

"Heavy artillery to the rear."

"Prepare for heavy rearguard action."

Over the intercom, Black Shag's plaintive voice was heard. "Er . . . would you repeat that please."

But before the instructions reached her, the ungainly figure of Redanblack dived on her and chickened Black Shag into the ground. However, Redanblack was unable to pull out of her low dive, and crashed in flames. Such a horrible end!

Porky Will, bumping along in the rear, was an ideal sorte for Windy Complex. When an immovable objects meets an ir-

resistable force—well . . . r.i.p. (es).

But the Queen Bee (invert for obliteration) was still at large. But larger still Crusoe came on. The Queen, realising that she was out-gunned, pro- duced her secret weapon and smiled at her opponent, a blow which rocked Crusoe to her foundations. Thus unguarded, Crusoe fell victim to the final blow, and lost her most treas- ured possession, her life. How- ever, in making her final blow, the queen gazed upon the face of Crusoe. Here endeth the Queen.

"The evil that women do lives after them, the good is never there to be interested with their bones."

—Marcus Ulysses Defreudeky.

KAMBU MEN

Heard around the dorm: "We won't fall into the Tender Trap."

Our dark horse Darry has turned into quite a CASSanover heels.

If you kiss a girl twice, do you have to marry her?

Who's (Robyn) who? Ruskin.

Our company has been split by spots.

Poor Bruce is locked up in the box.

Peter "Fisno" Spartalis has a naughty violin—it swears.

Yes, we were listening to a Bible story, Mr. Hale.

Who spotted Bill leaving Col- lege?

Where, how and why do you go every morning, Leo???

Quote Ruskin: "We'll get it one of these days."

Bob's done his bearing again, but Jan is bearing up.

Who should have been the Queen in "The Idlings of the King?"

Nick got it but didn't get it (?).

Quote "The Sydney Morning Herald" (30th June):—

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I." One feels that - like Ariel - Mallee, the young hero- ine of Kylie Tennant's new novel, could willingly share that insect's passionate quest for sweetness. A refugee from the city . . .

Certainly we feel it is re- markable that she has survived.

Let's see who's left now: Judy, Jill, Marie, Joy, Pam, Lorraine, Joan, Veronica and Barbara. Only nine left, Nick. What happens when you run out of fingers?

KABI MINOR DORM. NOTES

We congratulate Mr. Russo on his recent engagement to Miss Nancy Thompson, of Hab- erfield Dem. School.

With all the dorm. medically fit, it looks as though the Army will be getting some excellent material next year. Rumour has it, however, that certain parties are trying for deferment. Per- haps they are just anxious to get back to the College women.

One of our men has had a slight accident, but he is keep- ing quiet about it. While he keeps off the toe, we cry "On the toe."

Gallagher has at last broken his vows of bachelorhood. An interest in astronomy did it.

Ken just Rolls along. He takes a gamble whenever he drives it.

There are two misogynists in the dorm. Would any girls care to rectify this serious posi- tion? If so, let me know.

Who got back late from a date? Apparently not everyone has attachments at College.

The remaining two come from Canberra. Enough said.

"TALKABOUT"

EDITORS: Anne Robertson and Ted Bolton.

SUB-EDITORS: Anne Myott and Gail Sheehan.

SPORTS' EDITOR: Peter Sparkes.

PUBLICITY OFFICER: Moyra Potter.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Noel Berrell.

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