



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

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EXAMINATIONS -- COMMENTS

Well, at last after three long weeks, our exam. results have been posted, and with their posting our fears have either been dispelled or fulfilled. A member of the "Talkabout" staff interviewed several of the lecturers and various members of the student body as to their opinions on the examination.

MR. ASHWORTH declared that his knowledge of Australian literature was considerably heightened after his reading of some of the papers, e.g., "Marcus Clarke's noel, 'For the Term of His Natural Life,' was quite gripping but full of floors."

Mr. Millar was quite enlightened when he was informed that "the English language in its early stages was highly infectious."

Mr. Pople wishes very sincerely to thank the student who, when asked to describe the Sol-Fa modulator, announced that "it was a piece of canvas nailed to two pieces of wood which could be purchased at any store for a reasonable sum."

Considerable imagination was displayed by the student who declared "that those who inhabit the uninhabited parts of Australia become conditioned to the climate."

From the students' angle there were marked differences of opinion as to whether the exams should be confined to one week or extended over a period of a fortnight. Several students were interviewed and these were the comments:—

Beth Seton:

"They were passable. It was too much for one week and there were days when there were too many subjects which prevented extensive night-before study. It would be much better if the twelve subjects were spread over a fortnight."

Beth secured 69 points.

Billy Emmerton:

The College's leading student when asked her opinion on extending the examinations over a period of a fortnight, replied that as far as she was concerned it was better that they be held in the one week, and in any case she failed to see why students should have to study the night before.

Billy secured 97 points.

Pam Jorgenson:

"I think the examinations were quite

reasonable as far as the standard went. I like the idea of them being all in the one week, and couldn't have lasted if they were spread over a fortnight."

Pam secured 80 points.

Lewis Crabtree:

"The exams were fair enough but they were too crowded and a new system should be evolved whereby they could be spaced over a longer period."

Lou gained 78 points.

Shirley Cooke:

"The exams were O.K. As far as having them in one week they're all over quickly, but it is a bit tiring. I'm not sure which I'd prefer."

James Hagan:

"I fail to be impressed."

James secured 70 points.

Continuing in a more serious vein, "Talkabout" offers its sincere congratulations to the students who gained a position on the order of merit list, and in fact to all students who acquitted themselves well at the examination. All first years can profit from the examination, since it gives an indication of what we will be facing at the yearly exam., and those who had their names on the coveted list would do well to look to their laurels since it is rumoured that when the results go up next year there will be several new names appearing.

Many of us now realise the necessity of a little serious study before the exam., since the last-minute effort the night before failed to have the desired results in some cases. Perhaps students would do well to formulate a plan for study dividing their time in proportion to the number of points each subject carries. These examinations should serve to remind College students of the importance of the academic side of their life, and while indulging in other activities in the College which justly demand a place of importance, they should not lose sight of their primary goal—certification.

THE STAFF.

Editorial

"TALKABOUT" has changed somewhat in the last two issues. The nature and length of some of the articles will be further changed as the staff drinks more deeply from the wells of experience. Some indication from you as to the type of paper you want to read would be appreciated, and would guide us along the road to presenting to you the paper you want.

J. RUMMERY.

Artful Craft Notes

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 realize 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.

It is felt firstly that the teacher himself should weigh about 13 stone, have very broad shoulders (padding can often produce this effect) and generally possess striking features—other striking points will be mentioned in the course of the lesson.

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 plans 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 of 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.

It Can Happen Here

On Sunday night, 6th November, most of one section was invited to tea and supper at the home of one of the lecturers. The lecturer concerned was Mr. Renwick and the section, 494.

Well, what about it? some will say. There is just this about it. What other College in New South Wales but a residential College can experience this lecturer-student attitude? I have no intention of describing the wonderful meal set before us except to say that it was wonderful and to praise Mrs. Renwick on her culinary ability. My intention is merely to use this event to show how really lucky we are to be in a residential College.

I know that all the lecturing staff entertain students occasionally, but I am taking Mr. Renwick as an example

as he is the only one with whom I have come in contact. The lecturer-student attitude at Wagga College is one of this College's greatest features. There is here a bond of friendship and fellowship between the two which non-residential colleges cannot have. The students are in daily contact with the staff. We do not see lecturers only for lectures. We live with them, speak to them, lose our self-consciousness with them. We could be described as one big family which like all other families has its rows and upsets.

The lecturers are real persons, not nebulous figures who appear on the rostrum at a certain hour and then disappear. The students are people, not row upon row of numbered faces out of this world. There is a personal relationship of a kind found only in such a place as this.

Co-operation of staff and students is possible here because we are here all the time, not just for a few hours a day. We can get together and talk far into the night if we so wish, argue all morning when we have time. Life here can be friendly and homely if we want to make it so. But the responsibility is ours. We can do a lot towards our own personal happiness here, the lecturers are doing their share.

It can happen here, but there are many places where it cannot happen. That is a point worth remembering by all of us.

E.V.O'B.

"TALKABOUT"

Editor: John Rummery.

Sub-Editors: Lou Morrell and Ted O'Brien.

Sports Editors: Kev Tye and Roger Clements.

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Personality of the Week

LOU CRABTREE: Had Laurence Binyon known him he (Binyon) would have rewritten his "Remembrance" to read "age shall weary them and the years condemn." The editor states succinctly that "Crabtree is a dried-up old wisp of humanity who exudes parental kindness and a beneficence for the physically weak and mentally bankrupt." He served in both wars (hating brutality) as a non-belligerent member of Staff Headquarters. He abandoned a brilliant University career in the belief that the only teacher is the College-educated man.

Woman's Angle: Loves sport, having contributed more to the gate receipts at sports meetings than most students. Is a wizard in the gym, can do a forward roll, crook lying and lying, with amazing aptitude arms upward bend, prone lying. Although repulsive to the eye he spends money like a man without arms, and has a personality that affects you like a long glass of mustard and water.

Favourite Books: "Let Your Mind Alone" (Thurber) and all of Wykeham Terris's work.

Favourite Songs: "We Are the Men of the Old Brigade," "Old Soldiers Never Die."

Favourite Musical Instrument: Aborted clarinet.

Sport: Brilliant in all fields. Of particular note as the noble defender of Kabi's third grade cricket team. Will be historically remembered for his heroic innings, in many of which he has averted defeat by the twist of an arm or the lash of a tongue.

Pet Aversion: Sparrow-brained females.

Ideal Woman: Huh!

Ambition: To pursue the even tenor of his way untroubled by editors, lovelorn students, amateur musicians and debtors. Hopes to retire soon and raise musquashes.

DOT COLLINS: Educated at Griffith High, where she attained the reputation of being able to catch anything on two legs—that wasn't confined to the running track either. However, at the moment she is out of condition and is carrying a few stone of surplus weight.

Men's Angle: Good sense of humour, good dancer and bullock driver. Cuts a good figure on the tennis court, particularly when attired in shorts. Has more intellect than most females. She is always neat in appearance and her hair has an unusual style—fuzzy wuzzy.

Favourite Book: Bank books—males.

Favourite Musical Instrument: Bass—upon which she has modelled her laugh.

Sport: L'Amour.

Pet Aversion: Leg being pinched under the table.

Favourite Songs: "See the Seagulls," "You Don't Say," "I Still Say I Suits Me."

Ideal Man: Tall, branzed, fair-headed, athletic god, intellectual, handsome, possessor of a good bank account, and obedient.

Ambition: To get down to 12 stone.

On Being Ill

Since coming to College, I have found that "being ill" has achieved a new significance. It is divided into two sections— isolation cases who have the pleasure of migrating to sick bay, and those who remain in their own rooms.

Isolation cases are fortunate in being visited by many friends of both sexes at every available opportunity. At one stage this proved a disadvantage because the patient had no one to talk to. However, this was compensated in part by the interesting view. This practice has since been abolished, much to the disappointment of some members of the College.

The patients who are confined to their own rooms have to be content with the usual view and with visitors who come in to borrow something, stop, and ask blankly, "Oh! You sick?"

Isolation cases have meals which arrive before the rest of the College go to meals, but the others have to wait for a room-mate to bring back a tray, only too often to find that he or she has forgotten it and must go back to collect it. Meanwhile, the patient is sure that death from starvation is imminent.

As the "stable mate" of someone ill, I used to be full of envy and wish for the day when I might be there and have meals brought to me, and not have to rush to meals or to lectures.

At last, one morning I awoke to feel an aching at the back of my neck, while the room performed a neat ballet. I lay there and felt sure I could not move. "Get up!" said my heartless room-mate.

"I'm sick," I groaned.

She merely pulled my bed clothes off and dragged me to the wash basin. I stood without moving or attempting to fight back.

"You are sick," she gasped, and raced off to breakfast, saying that she would see Matron.

I lay there for a long while, and after a time I began to think about breakfast. I wondered what it would be. I hoped she would remember to get me a tray. She didn't. Matron would be around later, she informed me, and hurried off to a lecture. I groaned. By now I was sure I had polio, and besides I was hungry.

Matron came and went, leaving me with a nasty taste after the vile concoction she gave me.

By lunch time I was starving. I could hardly wait for my lunch to arrive. My "stable-mate" came back at last.

"Ah, lunch," I croaked.

"Oh!" was all she said, as she rushed away again. I groaned and turned over. At last it arrived—and I could hardly eat any of it. For some reason I was no longer hungry.

The long afternoon dragged out and once again I was hungry, at least until tea came in. I looked at it, and felt ill.

"Take it away," I said, but no sound came. She stood there and laughed. Before long my room was full of heartless creatures who addressed remarks to me and laughed uproariously at my attempts at speech.

The next morning, I was up before the first hooter. My voice was still only a croak, but I was determined not to stay in bed. From now on, if I'm ill, it had better be measles.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,—During my research on our great leader Lininsky I have come upon facts fantastic, but nevertheless true, which will rock the very foundations of the Lininsky Society. There will be waged at the publication of these facts a bitter controversy in which the Lininsky camp will suffer an upheaval so drastic that there will be asplit into two factions.

I am amazed at the impertinence that I, such an insignificant junior member of the society, should endeavour to lower the high admiration for the great Lininsky amongst his multitude of faithful followers. But the inevitable has happened and I must, regardless of the disgrace and penalty, tell you of Peter Radojkovich in future articles.

To begin with Lininsky's immortal lines:

"The darkness yields to the rising of the sun"

are a prostitution of the words made by Radojkovich on his death bed:

"The darkness of the room yields to The lighting of the candle."

In future issues I shall write articles on Radojkovich and the influence he

played upon great philosophies such as: (1) Hegel's dictum of immaterial evolution; (2) the Kantian hypothesis of the transcendental; (3) Spencer's theory of the unknowable; (4) Bergsonian illusionism and why, if at all it differs from pure nothingness.

However, I shall have to go into hiding so these articles will come in sporadic bursts. I live in fear for the future, particularly from one of our lecturers who is the Chief Co-ordinator of the Lininsky Society for the Southern Area, but nevertheless I must sacrifice my freedom and life if necessary in giving you the facts.

"JUDAS."

Dear Sir,—In answer to Mr. McKilligan's letter in "Talkabout," October 25, I would like to inform him that he achieved the desired effect; his missile burst upon the "weak-kneed, self-interested people" of Wagga College with the force of a small atomic bomb. As I consider myself an average student, therefore I am automatically one of the "large proportion," which you seem to be so familiar with.

However, in defence of myself, I think that my home-life was on a par with most students, and should you care to cast your analytical mind back to your high school days, you may recall that you attended the same institution as myself. These two facts make us equals, I think, in breeding, yet I have been classified as one of the ill-bred rabble. This is indeed a paradox!

I defy you, Mr. McKilligan, to prove that you are my superior, physically, mentally, socially, and morally. Should you be unable to do so, then you are a hypocrite—a downright, unthinking hypocrite. Yes, Mr. McKilligan, I have a complaint, "a real complaint." Whenever you wish to throw off your mask of inoffensiveness again, make sure you do not insult the people who are trying to make their College life—your College life—a little more pleasant.

Thank you, Mr. Editor, for letting me loose off some steam in defence of my fellow students.—Yours apathetically,

Section 495.

KEVIN TYE.

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Our Heritage—the Soil

There is a little book by Elyne Mitchell called "Soil and Civilization" which all students would do well to read. It is an impassioned plea for preservation of our heritage—the soil.

The teacher in the country can do much for Australia in general and the immediate district in particular if he or she can realize the greatness of the danger hanging over Australia—soil erosion. As Elyne Mitchell says, the story of civilization is the story of soil.

The story of Australia is also the story of its soil if you think over the matter. Australia has a dead heart which through man's inability to see into the future is gradually encroaching on the pasture lands of our country.

The life blood of Australia, its soil, as Elyne Mitchell says, is staining red the New Zealand snow. We should all become aware of that and be prepared to do something about it. We cannot stop the winds from blowing, but we can prevent it from taking with it in the form of dust our soil.

You may be wondering what all this has to do with the teacher. Consider the teacher's position in a small rural area; he is regarded as a leader and a person with common sense. His words are listened to with interest and are noticed. If he can interest the people of the district in soil conservation he will be rendering a service to himself, to the community and the country as a whole.

Some may say, "But why should I worry, that is the work of the Department of Agriculture?" May I remind you that it is the work of the Education Department to educate the children of New South Wales. And also it is the duty of the teacher to produce future members of the community fitted in part for their place in that community. We are to produce Australian citizens worthy of the name. And is a person who is uninterested in the vital problem of soil erosion worthy of his citizenship? I say he is not. He is a parasite, a fool and a traitor.

A parasite in so far as he allows others to do the work while he enjoys the benefits. A fool because he throws away his livelihood by watching the red dust clouds pass overhead and doing nothing but curse them for spoiling his day's cricket. A traitor because he aids by his apathy our country's greatest enemy—desert.

Do you still think that soil erosion is not the problem of the teacher? If so do not read any further the rest of this article will be wasted on you.

Soil conservation is made a topic of interest in Soil Conservation Week. What does that mean to you? It should and could mean quite a lot. During that week the teacher could not only interest the children, but also the parents in the problem by arranging an exhibition as shown recently in the Bio. Lab.; by giving talks on the subject, or by arranging meetings to be addressed by farmers interested in the work of soil conservation. But the teachers' in-

terest should not only last for that week, he should show by his interest and words that something should be done. I am not thinking of the teacher as a national hero, but as an interested, land-conscious citizen ready to do his best to preserve his heritage.

The soil is our life blood. From it we obtain all. Should we stand by and watch it disappear because of man's ignorance and greed and do nothing? The soil supports the people, the people support us. Ergo. One does not need singular powers of logic to arrive at the correct conclusion there. The soil does support us. What are we going to do about it?

Again there will be objections. No man can give what he does not possess, so how are we to give knowledge we ourselves do not possess? Simply by acquiring that knowledge. There is a Soil Conservation Station at Wagga which is at the disposal of the public. Surely excursions for all students could be arranged to enable them to gain first-hand knowledge of soil erosion and its prevention. The women may object that such is not in the women's field. The soil is your heritage too, isn't it?

The Department of Agriculture is also ready to assist also with information, as also is the Rural Bank with its publications on soil erosion. These are yours for the asking.

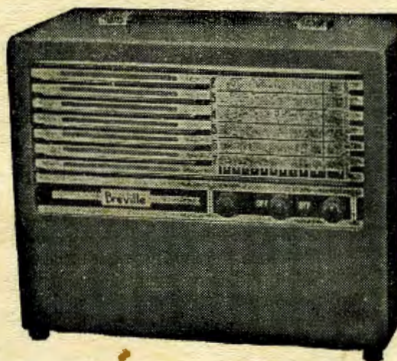
The result for the teacher concerned may never be seen by that teacher, but it will be there in—

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Sheep grazing, lazily moving
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"BODET."

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Sporting Personality

This week's personality in our sporting life has been chosen from the 1949 women's basketball team. She is a student who is well known to us all for her bright personality and charming disposition—Miss Olga Taylor.

Miss Taylor first took an interest in basketball when she commenced her High School course at Bega. Even at this early stage she was selected to represent the school in the A grade. She retained her position in the ensuing years and was finally elected as captain. The termination of each season found the Bega High team on top, but Olga has assured us that it is still winning, so not to take too much for granted. Olga's modesty and quiet unassuming manner are the keynote of her actions both physically and verbally, and they fit perfectly her sporting prowess.

Olga was quick to realize her capacity in the activity that came natural to her and she respected this factor. Although she participates in other sports her desires are focused on the game at which she excels. She realises that many sportsmen have ruined their chances in a certain field because of their efforts to be the leaders in others.

On entering College, Olga's basketball talent was quickly recognized, for she was accepted in the first grade. This year her ability in leadership was once again brought to prominence when she successfully led the same team to win the Wagga District Cup. Only one defeat was suffered by the team in the course of the season, but this took place after the competition had drawn to an end.

The greatest tribute to Miss Taylor's leadership, capacity and attitude was yet to be paid. She was selected by the Wagga Basketball Association as the best all-rounder in the district. This was a wonderful compliment and a great surprise to Olga, but we feel that the honours were placed justly.

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Soccer Doings

The followers of the round-ball game were treated to an excellent season of football this year, when, apart from competing in the district competition and the Maple Cup knockout competition, social games against Cootamundra and the new Australians also were played. In the district games, as was the case in the Maple Cup series, College was able to put two teams into the field, the Whites and the Golds. The latter, although playing well throughout the season, was consistently hampered by chopping and changing of the team owing to inavailability of players. The Golds were called on to replace injured men from the Whites from time to time and it was for these reasons that they were unable to gain any measure of co-operation in team play.

However, the Whites were fortunate in being able to field an almost identical team from game to game, and at the end of the season were placed second to the unbeaten R.A.A.F. XI in the Wagga district competition. When the third session entered College, the Whites had scored one win and a draw and had been defeated once, but four first-year men were included in the side, and the team then scored a series of wins. The new players were M. Nunn, R. Fitzgibbon, B. Harbick and K. Tye. The team now became fairly consistent in formation and for most of the season was as follows: S. Fulker (c.), C. Swan, F. Bejiak, M. Nunn, B. Harbick, R. Fitzgibbon, R. Collard, R. Hudson, R. Debenham, D. Hansaker and K. Tye. They were beaten on two occasions in the district series, once by June and once by R.A.F. With Ron Pickles replacing Roy Hudson in the half-back line, this team nominated for the Maple Cup and were successful in reaching the final, only to be beaten, once again, by the R.A.A.F. In this game, College forwards continually peppered the Air Force goals with powerful shots, but a phenomenal goal-keeping display by the R.A.A.F. custodian thwarted all the efforts of Max, Bob, Stan and "Blue" Spiller. The College soccer teams extend to the Air Force team the heartiest congratulations on their fine showing right throughout the season.

When the newly-formed Cootamundra Club requested a game with a leading Wagga team, the honour befel the College Whites, who were given a hard game by the inexperienced Cootamundra team. Although College was successful, 5-3, it was not until late in the game that they were able to prove their superiority.

At the conclusion of the season, the combined College XI travelled to Uranquinty and were able to manage a 1-0 victory. In this game, Lou Morrell, substituting for Kev Tye, who was "hors de combat," played creditably and was able to prevent the opponents from scoring.

During the season, several College players were selected to represent Wagga District in inter-district games. They were S. Fulker, M. Nunn, R. Fitzgibbon, B. Harbick, R. Collard, R. Pickles and G. Spiller.

In concluding this report, the members of both teams wish to thank the club's adviser, Mr. Ashworth, who represented them at Association meetings and once or twice was able to swing difficult points concerning game-draws the College's way by means of his gentle and persuasive reasoning.

Women's News

Kappa-Pi is the dormitory with the good view of the gym., men's dorms and the lucerne patch. This provides plenty of interest, but they also have inside interests.

For example, what is it about that Deller feller that makes him so popular in room two? What is more, he is rivalled by Col. in this respect.

In Kappa-Pi there is some conjecture about the appearance of our friend Ivan in a picture show—were his companions from Kappa-Pi? We believe so.

Where do Marie and Pat go so frequently? They always leave the College grounds alone.

Why does Alison come in the common door after tea now?

Enough of Kappa for now. Time for Time for another dorm.

Phi-Delta is the dorm with the view of the men's dorms, the admin. block and the lamp-post, where Des has frequently been noticed talking to himself.

There is a good deal of gossip there about Audrey. She has one grand passion—cats. She is always playing with one of Jezabel's kittens.

Barbara has lately been keen on a move to Bourke.

And Jeanette—comment is unnecessary.

Phi-Delta's inmates are proud of their prodigy—little Billie. Smart girl, Billie.

Now for Theta-Mu. It looks out on the lecture blocks, library and lucerne patch—what a view!

Despite rumours to the contrary, Shirley is still going strong. And as for Judy—

Who waits for Pat at the gate?

Social Line

So you believe that our new invitation card system is just another restriction. While you are worrying about this added weight to your chains—let me remind you to look under your bed to-night and see if there is a man with a bomb hiding there.

The Social and Recreation Committee has come under a short burst of fire lately, but it is not worried. Its members will start worrying when they see a lynching party storming the library doors when a meeting is in progress.

Let us tell you about these invitation cards.

The old system of invitation in operation was that the "inviter" had to approach the Vice-Principal about an invitation for an outsider. With the new cards in operation your approach will be much less formal since now you have

only to approach Bob Collard or Anne Broadhead.

A "word-of-mouth" invitation to any function is an empty one, having not so much positiveness as the formal card, a point which favours our decision to instigate this new form of invitation.

There is a possibility that we will be able to increase the numbers of males at each Saturday night function by extending a personal invitation to people recommended to us from local Church "Fellowships" or other such organisations.

Ex-students can also be extended a personal invitation to dance here whenever they are in Wagga in future years.

Now, you see it is simple. Our invitations are pure. We are giving ourselves a little more work in an endeavour to give your weekly dance a little push along its road of development. All that you have to do is give one of the two students mentioned the name of your guest and the committee does the rest.

You will see a copy of this controversial card up on the S.A.R.C. notice board, and I think you'll find it quite attractive to the eye.

You have all heard of the College dance band by now. It is hoped that with new recruits from each new session the College band will become a permanent unit. The band under the whip of Col. Williams is giving a lot of its time to practice in preparation for its first major appearance at the end of term.

The event of course will be the Christmas ball, which will be an entirely College affair. This function is being planned for now, by a Soc. and Rec. Committee which has been divided into so many sub-committees that I have had to hold two meetings with myself to settle the matter of advertising.

You will hear snippets of news on S.A.R.C. doings, particularly of the Christmas ball, in future issues of "Talkabout." Watch for this news.

FRANCOIS VILLAIN.

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Here and There

In the past, Gilbert and Sullivan, as interpreted by the College students, has been the entertainment feature of the year for Wagga. Indications are that this year's "Mikado" will be something to look forward to with pleasurable anticipation. Although the students participating have been asked to give up a lot of time for practice they have done so willingly, and their enthusiasm, coupled with the efforts of the producer and the music lecturers, are fast bearing fruit. "Talkabout" will be on the spot and hopes to bring out a special issue to cover the event.

Many comments are being expressed about that bogey "prac." This explains the worried frowns adorning the brows of many first years, who go to face this unknown terror for the first time. Some evidently believe in being well prepared and a most wide assortment of teaching aids is being manufactured in some quarters. Others apparently think that the issue will work itself out. No doubt it will—in about three weeks' time.

Members of the First Year Literature Option wish to extend their sincere thanks to Mr. Millar on his analysis of the short stories of Katherine Mansfield. It is felt that this valuable lecture should go far in stimulating an appreciation of the works of this great writer.

Rumour hath it that the Principal, Mr. Blakemore, will soon be back on active service after his recent illness. Already many students have seen the familiar figure around the house, and it should not be long before the main office is again occupied.

Great was the sorrow (?) when it was announced that certain lectures would be cancelled owing to the fact that the measles, having done the round of the students, laid low several lecturers. The epidemic seems to have spent its force, however, and no more will the common room of Hut 9 echo to the hollow groans of the quarantined. The only permanent damage caused by the epidemic was to a couple of beds—for information in this direction Mr. Ashworth is asked to "take steps" to Mr. Stanwell who can elucidate any obscure points as to how they became broken.

For the edification of certain members of the lecturing staff the intelligensia of Hut 9 are busy compiling a complete biography of Alexander von Schwartz, erroneously referred to as "The Baron" in the examination. It is felt that this biographical data will help dissipate any doubts as to the existence of this eminent educationist.

Over the last few weeks a group of students have been gathering together for the purpose of reading and appreciating poetry. The atmosphere is completely informal—one might even say, Bohemian, but there is every indication that lasting fruits will derive from these

meetings. That even the intellectual moribund derive benefit from these discussions is amply demonstrated by the presence of "Hebrew" Higgins, who appears quite absorbed—reviving, however, when supper is brought in. Mr. Higgins denies indignantly that he goes along for supper. It is to be hoped that many pleasant evenings will be held yet, leaving no doubt much fruit.

"Mikado"

We look forward to seeing the results of many months of untiring effort on the part of that group of students who are taking part in the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's musical comedy, "The Mikado." Mr. Pople and Miss Cornell have combined in giving many valuable hours to perfecting the musical talents of both soloists and chorus, while Mr. Ashworth, the producer, gives full scope to his field of melodrama. The principals are Bob Dellar as Mikado, Ted O'Brien as Nanky Poo, Maurice Pitfield as Ko Ko, Vicki Vine as Katisha, and Elaine Lance as Yum-Yum, with a chorus of thirty-six male and female voices.

First years are given a warning that the second evening, being the official one, will be undoubtedly crowded with visitors, so that it will be wise to distribute bookings over the two evenings and not place too much reliance on the unreserved seats.

A welcome goes out to all ex-students. They will remember the tradition of "The Gondoliers," "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial By Jury" they inspired, and we hope they will patronize this year's production.

The Student Committee, headed by Norma Walters and aided by Terry Higgins, Betty Stone, Jill Venables, as well as the publicity agents, Keith Dunn, John Pollock and Jill Venables, hope that every student will give his full support to make the production both entertaining and worthwhile. These people have the full organization of "The Mikado" to manage, including seating, decoration and finance, which under the capable direction of Miss Webb will ensure success.

Would those people wishing to make presentations to the cast hand them to the house managers, Ralph Waterson, Bruce Bowman and John Simpson, before each performance, clearly labelled for presentation.

"The Mikado" will be presented on Friday and Saturday, 18th and 19th November in the College Gymnasium. Seats are priced at 5/-, 3/- and 2/-, and from Friday 5th reservations may be made at the Lyric Music House, Baylis Street.

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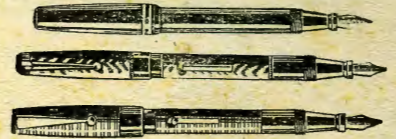
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