



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

279

7th AUGUST, 1957

"TALKABOUT"

Education Conference June — 1957

Three thousand five hundred delegates from all parts of the State attended a monster conference at the Sydney Town Hall last month. A unanimous decision was made; to approach the Prime Minister, the Premier, Federal and State Opposition Leaders and Federal and State Parliament Members to demand an end to the financial starvation of education.

This huge gathering illustrates the importance of united action in order to design a plan of action in this vital matter.

At the beginning of the conference, the Minister for Education, the Hon. R. J. Heffron, M.L.A., pointed out to the gathering a long list of undeniable facts, among which was the fact that education receives a miserable handout from the £100-million surplus revenue each year (from the Federal Treasurer). Mr. Heffron pointed out however, that a good job is being done by the Education Department with the funds available at the present time.

The conference was able to arrive at four major decisions. The first concerns Building and Accommodation. A five year plan of replacement, modernisation and provision of well equipped school buildings, was decided on. Indeed, the extreme tardiness of this decision is well illustrated if one refers to the ambitious programme begun in England soon after the war. The effect of the conference's call on the Premier will not be judged until the next allocation of loan funds by the State. Highest possible priority must be given to demands of education.

The second decision, termed "Finance," had the same ideas in view and requested an early Special Premiers' Conference to the end that allocations from the Budget should commensurate with the basic requirements for State provision for education.

The third decision was a request for the provision of adequate staff as a basic necessity; deploring the fact that many Teachers' College Scholarship applications had been rejected. We must consider, however, the fact that the school buildings available at present do not allow for the provision of many more classes and their teachers.

The final decision of the conference was that all delegates should obtain endorsement in their organisations, of the resolutions and should cooperate with local Parents and Citizens' Associations in an effort to publicise local school requirements to secure the desired improvements.

This is where we, as teachers, can perform a valuable service to the education needs of the rapidly growing school population.

Two main points arise from this conference. They are:—

1. The value of united

action in education is undeniable.

2. While the help being obtained from other sources is so meagre; self-help is vital.

—Neil A. McPherson

EDITORIAL

This edition of Talkabout is again produced by that small loyal group of contributors who contribute to every issue. Our aim is to represent the news and views of the majority of the students of this college. How on earth is this possible when only a small group write for us? Advertisements for this edition were posted three weeks ago, yet so many would-be contributors say that they didn't know when their work was required.

Bird Brain (Talkabout, June) certainly stirred up some action. Whether Bird Brain was justified or not is a matter of student opinion, but this fact remains: The direct result of the letter was a statement of self-justification by the Social Union and a report of the term activities which, had it come earlier, would have saved a lot of distress for all concerned. Any other college association which fears unjustified attack would be well advised to submit regular and full reports on its activities.

—EDITOR.

Contributors

All correspondence should bear the name of the author—not necessarily for publication but as an act of good faith.

Any opinion expressed in Talkabout is not necessarily that of the Editors.

WHO'S TEACHING WHO

Psychology teaches us that, given sufficient motivation, we can learn anything. Unfortunately a certain student carried this principle a little too far in his last prac. With the outward confidence of a veteran he was endeavouring to stress the connection between the letters "q" and "u."

"Now boys," said the pedagogue, "in all words of the English language the letter "q" must be followed by the letter "u." Then came the fatal mistake.

"Anyone who can give an exception to this rule may go."

Almost immediately, a soft timid voice from the back row answered:—

"Please sir, Qantas, sir." Evidently the young lad had too strong a motive.

—EMBARRASSED O.S.

BASKETBALL

Well, after much discussion and consideration, the final squad of 10 for the intercol. has been selected and is as follows:—

McCarthy, McNeil, Banting, Learmonth, Ford, Anderson, Sommerville, Davison, Bingham, Walden.

Some fine potential exists in the squad, which under the guidance of Mr. Gailer, should develop into a formidable combination in any company, including Balmain T.C. The squad would like to thank the Principal for granting it permission to participate in the town competition, which will give it valuable match practice, and much-needed experience.

—"GLOBETROTTER"

STUDENTS WRITE

Dear Sir,

An anonymous contributor to the previous issue of Talkabout wrote that "Political clubs are the breeding grounds of bitter political fanaticism . . ." I doubt this. We have religious clubs. Do they lead to bitter religious fanaticism? Of course not. There are several inter-denominational organisations flourishing and there is generally a healthy and tolerant respect for the religious convictions of others. I see no reason why the same should not apply to politics.

The sooner we rid ourselves of the mistaken idea that our political feelings are something to be ashamed of and kept secret the better.

The formation of political clubs would be an active step towards the development of an informed public opinion and a reduction of uninformed intolerance.

—FRANK WHEATLEY

Dear Sir,

Having once been employed by a newspaper I am familiar with the keyboard of the machines used for setting the type. On these machines it is possible to type SHRDLU by just running along the line just as one can type qwertyuiop on a typewriter. Now, what I want to know is whether the author of the article of that name in last month's Talkabout, employed the same technique for the rest of it. I've looked at it sideways, upside-down, in a mirror and most other ways but am still unable to make any sense out of it. Could any student please interpret it for me?

—PUZZLED STUDENT.

(SHRDLU is all mixed up—so is the shrdlu. Whose fault is it that the Puzzled Student can get no sense from it?—Ed.

Dear Sir,

The Social Union voices its strong protest against the attack made by "Bird Brain" in Talkabout, 20th June. We believe it was a most unfair and unwarranted attack as we have this year allowed only two Saturday nights to pass without some kind of Social function.

Moreover, in past years the Social Union's function has simply to run a dance each Saturday in the gymnasium, which is no longer in existence.

The Social Union, 1957, has worked quite hard under these difficult conditions to provide a pleasurable social life for every member of the student body. If "Bird Brain" is so

dissatisfied with our efforts we invite him/her to attend our meetings and offer his/her help.

We think that someone making an attack of this type should show the courage of their convictions by signing their own name and not hide behind a pseudonym.

For, and on behalf of the Social Union,

G. HUTTON, Pres.,
IRENE WILSON, Sec.

LAST TERM PROGRAMME
AS CARRIED OUT

- 5/3/57 (Sat.): "Welcome to First Year" Dance.
16/3/57 (Sat.): "The Third Man" - film.
23/3/57 (Sat.): Dance in the Gymnasium.
23/3/57 (Tues.): Intercollegiate Dance.
30/3/57 (Sat.): Intercollegiate team in Sydney.
6/4/57 (Sat.): "The Cards" - film.
13/4/57 (Sat.): Barbecue.
20/4/57 (Easter holiday weekend.)
27/4/57 (Sat.): "Welcome to Natos" Dance.
4/5/57 (Sat.): "Importance of being Earnest."
11/5/57 (Sat.): Saturday before the First Year Examination.
17/5/57 (Fri.): End of First Term.

Dear Sir,

Although I have nothing to do with the organisation of the Social Union I feel that the criticism in the last Talkabout was quite unfounded. "Bird Brain" chose a very appropriate name because surely if he or she had thought about the question it would be clear that the Social Union has tried its utmost this year to provide entertainment for the students of this College.

With the demolition of the gymnasium and nowhere to hold frequent dance functions it has been very difficult for the Social Union to provide suitable functions. This year they have been faced with a task which did not present itself last year. All that had to be last year was to order the orchestra and ask for continued patronage at the Saturday evening dances. The Social Union did not have to test their ingenuity in any way to try to think of functions which would interest students.

I also feel that the support given to the Social Union is rather poor this year in some ways. Several picture nights have been arranged and the support given has been very disappointing.

Perhaps now, with the suggested use of the dining room

for dances, the Social Union will have an easier job to perform. Still it is up to us to give them the support they need, and also to give constructive ideas for future entertainment instead of sitting back and criticising the job which they are so ably carrying out.

—APPRECIATIVE.

Dear Sir,

On the front page of your last issue there was a leading article which went under the absurd title, "Politics—for Us?" This article, "the product of a wasted youth," is so full of garbled thinking and meaningless platitudes as to negate the very purpose for which it was written, namely, to make students more politically conscious. "If placed in close contact with political controversy," the writer says, "student groups are likely to get out of hand." Well now, isn't that terrible. These uncouth, boorish student lacking the supposed political insight of the author, become unruly. "Bravo!" say I.

Student groups all over the world have been the vanguard in the right against oppression and fascism. Hitler had to close the German Universities. In Singapore recently it was the students who reacted against Colonialism in close association with other sections of the community.

The author of the article seems to me very much like an aged politician summing up his life's work—he talks a lot about nothing. Disregarding the spacious ineptitudes contained in the prior section of the articles, let us consider the conclusions he draws.

"Am I to suggest political clubs?" Oh no! This is a far too mundane and sensible idea for our political vaguarist "Political Clubs," he mimes, "are the breeding grounds of bitter political fanaticism." I presume he would consider that our religious clubs are also breeding grounds for bitter religious fanaticism, and that The Little Theatre Club is disseminating dangerous theatrical propaganda.

Just what are his conclusions? He has two "humble suggestions" (very humble). The first is that we should listen to speakers at club controversy and there, presumably, in that beautifully sterile, unemotional air, when "both sides are represented with all fairness," (whatever that means) our political consciousness will bloom. This is carrying Bertram Russell's concept of scientific detachment to absurd extremes.

His second suggestion is that

we express our views in Talkabout in the pregnant words of so many famous, and infamous, politicians, I answer—No comment!

The only possible answer there is to the inanities inflicted upon us by this contributor is to throw back in his face his own superfluous aphorism by saying that if we had spent one minute's thought on the subject he would have made 60 less stupid mistakes.

To any up and coming political propagandists in the college I say, "Good luck." For the only thing that you can achieve is that you may make some students think for themselves.

—SAPPEUR POMPIER II

Having read Sappeur's letter, I've been looking through Talkabout Editions of the last ten years and have made certain observations:

Every year, there is at least one frequent contributor who delights in destructive criticism of Talkabout. This year the place is filled admirably by our worthy contributor, Sappeur No. don't get the wrong impression; Talkabout welcomes the contributions of this young writer with distinctly satiric inclinations. He is representative of a small (very small) group who haven't been affected by the sickening apathy which has overcome the majority of students in this College since the day it opened.

Sappeur and his colleague Mr. Wheatley have great literary potential and are capable of producing really interesting material. The problem is: When will they learn the meaning of the words "constructive criticism."

We would welcome your criticism accompanied by a few practical suggestions.

—N. McPHERSON

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It has come to notice, as our principle vice says, that since the first years have finished their psychology of learning there has been a severe outbreak of the virulent disease called conditioning. Students have been conditioning themselves, other students, dogs, cats and the lights on the back path. Where will it all end? No one can tell.

One of the most severe outbreaks has been in a dorm. which for the sake of anonymity we shall designate I.M. The situation is as follows:

One of two room mates in this dorm. snores excessively. The other had almost given up hope of sanity. He had developed insomnia. ceased to identify himself with a group and had taken up drinking to an excessive degree—three chocolate milk shakes, and four lemon squashes a day. He was fast losing control over his neurisis, his inner conflicts were coming out all over the place and his Motivational System was becoming so mixed up that he couldn't tell his Primary Drives from his Secondary Drives.

But—he has embarked upon a course of action. He is conditioning his snoring room mate. For the benefit of those students who are also afflicted with this type of pest, I hereby disclose, in full some of his guaranteed fool proof methods.

The first method he tried was that of Pavlov. Everytime he was awakened by the nasal noises of his recumbent room mate he rang a bell and sat there hoping that the ensuing flow of saliva would cause him to drown. This method did not work, however, and we have since been informed by our Psycho. consultant, Mr. Bass, that the ringing of bells only causes salivation in dogs. The College girls may try this method if they so desire.

The next method he attempted was also on the same level. He equipped himself with a spare pillow and when his room mate began his gurgling he yelled, "Shut up," and hit him with a pillow. The aim was, of course, to stop the snoring by the simple utterance of the words. Unfortunately the only result so far is that whenever anyone says, "shut up" our poor suffering boy feels impelled to pick up the nearest available pillow

and throw it. This is called "Backward Conditioning."

While he has not actually succeeded to date. there are several other methods which have been suggested to him which, as they are of interest, I shall here relate, even though they involve somewhat higher levels of learning — Trial and Error — the utilisation of this concept can be extremely invaluable. The sufferer staggers across the darkened room by means of random movements, locate the origin of the noise and stuffs it with the appropriate pages of Munn Imitation—another useful method which involves studying the opponent's style of snoring and then attempting to out-snore him. This is also called Imitation with Comprehension, that is, with full understanding and realisation of all that is involved.

Gestalt — this final method is probably the most effective there is, as it is the very essence of simplicity. After repeating the magic word "Aha!" several times you will be rewarded by a flash of insight. Thereupon you take a blunt instrument and hit the offender over the head a few times. This works, but it should not be carried to extremes. This happened recently and there is at least one student in the College who has suffered from a possible fractured jaw. Too much of a good thing and all that you know, besides, it upsets the administration terribly.

—B. MCGOWAN.

Letter to the Warden

KAMBU

Our Dear Warden,

Since our most honourable dormitory representative is at present, and will be for some considerable time in the future, recuperating from severe pains in the region of the heart, we have in his absence decided to acquaint you with the state of the various aspects of life in our famous dormitory.

To begin. We are lead to believe that presently we may have a vacant cot. If true, we regard the position seriously and wish its owner the best of luck. If not—then he certainly sucked some of us in. His "pitchin'" room mate and another young fellow, who possesses an erratic musical in-

strument—in keeping with his vocal attempts— have offered to donate the taxi cab fare to that spot of scenic beauty — Wagga Wagga Railway Station. We intend to accompany him there in a body and bid him our fond farewells.

Returning to a more happy theme we find that if a certain person enters your room with the intention of holding conversation with your room mate and you yourself have no immediate desire to see that certain person the only way to escape is to dive backwards through the wall, or hide oneself in the cupboard. Both these systems have been tried with diverous success.

We have been lead to believe, after an unconfined political discussion, that independence is the only way of expressing one's individuality, in a free democracy. The insinuations implied by this system, however, are unsavoury to us. Independence and individuality of this sort constitutes an ideal of oneness. A feeling of discomfort may easily arise in a person who is fenced into close proximity with the independent person.

Two fair-headed youngsters will, in the near future. be going in an outwards direction with the set purpose of enjoying the pleasure of hitherto uniformed young ladies. This, for them, will be a most novel experience. We wish them the best of luck.

We must close this report now for two reasons. Firstly, on our meagre student allowance we cannot use too much paper. Secondly, the time is three minutes to eight and since breakfast is at five minutes past the hour we must lay down our pens, rise, dress, and be off.

Yours respectfully,

—US.

P.S.: Kambu forever!

☆

A LATE LETTER . . .

Dear Sir,

We elected a Students' Representative Council at the beginning of last term and invested in those representatives the duty and responsibilities of making decisions relative to the whole student body. The minutes of each meeting of this council are pinned up in a notice case, but how many bother to read them? Every member of the

S.R.C. has been asked, "What do you do anyway, on the S.R.C.?"

As the mediator between the students and the administration of the College the work of the S.R.C. this year has included the revision and suggestion of amendments to the Residential Rules. As yet, these have not been accepted—nor have they been rejected. Would it be too much to ask a student to consider what he (or she) is going to do before deliberately breaking an existing rule. We have no chance of less "regimentation"—as it is termed by many students, while we continually fly in the face of these rules. Surely this is common sense; Instead of so much complaining about rules and fines, what about a bit of co-operation in this effort to do something positive?

—S.R.C. SUPPORTER

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RUGBY UNION

With a win of 28-0 against Leeton under its belt, the recently reshuffled team is looking forward to a very successful inter-collegiate. The team is very capably led by dashing centre John White; John always tries for 80 minutes and inspires his team to maximum effort.

Recently the team was reshuffled and the excellent feature of this is that the team is, for the first time this season, combining and playing together and every one is doing his job to the best of his ability — no-one can ask for more than that.

The forwards led by John Parker and Leon Rassalala are playing very well and pushing the heavier packs around. Roy Holmes continues to play his own tireless game.

In the re-shuffle we found the best half back combination the second years have seen at W.W.T.C. Warren Bingham and Roger O'Sullivan have worked up their combination and would compare very favourably with any other combination in Wagga.

One disappointing feature, though, is the pathetic attitude towards training. A team that does not train cannot hope nor deserves to win matches.

Well, that's all for Rugby Union for now—hope to see you on the line barracking for us!

—T. McCARTHY

SOCCER

From the round ball camp, things are rolling along, and, perhaps most pleasing is the recent successes of the 2nd team. This team has trained hard and their wins are well deserved and a just reward for their enthusiasm.

The first team, although having suffered two defeats, is in a handy position in the points table and with a regaining of their early form could greatly improve their chances of carrying out the premiership honours. After a disastrous slump the team is now regaining confidence and the 2nd round of the competition should produce better results for the College team.

Apart from the competition several trophies are to be played for on Sundays, for both first and second grade and here's hoping that on presentation of these the College is the receiver.

—"ON TOP"

Gentleman's Game

"Ow," he meant, but still they continued to kick viciously with their heavy-studded boots. "But how could it be?" I asked myself, "isn't this Rugby Union I'm watching." Perhaps they have just made a mistake and think the man is the ball. Although that's not likely since these are men of profession and consequently not likely to make such an irrational mistake. (By the way, I said 'men of profession' not 'professionals'—that would be a sacrilege). Either I must be seeing things or else what I have been told about this 'gentleman's game' is merely a myth.

I fail to understand why there is so much snobbery attached to such a simple game of football as Rugby Union. It does not differ a great deal from League yet by the attitude of most Union fans one would suspect that it was played only by the better half of society. Speaking to a chap who once worked in a certain private bank I was told that when he informed his superiors that he played Rugby League he was immediately treated with a distant reserve and looked down upon. Why this stupid, pointless snobbery?

Again I have been told that Rugby League, being a professional game, has developed into a barbaric contest of individual against individual. Such rot. This smacks of the childish jealousy shown by the L.T.A.A. when trying to keep its outstanding players under their amateur control. Does the fact that a man uses his ability in sport to provide a better home for himself and his family mean that he is any less a gentleman? I think not.

Finally, I cannot understand why Teachers' College students play Union rather than League. Most of them upon entering College are League players. When they leave College and take their classes for sport they are requested to teach League. Perhaps they work on the axiom that too much of a good thing and all that you know. Still I doubt if any of the thousands of true football fans can understand the meaningless snobbery prevalent among some so called Rugby Union followers. Can anyone suggest an answer.

—O.S.

PITURI WOMEN

Dancing — even every dance is the top entertainment up here nowadays. Miss Spindler has proved herself a teacher of more than handwork, and the latest crazy combination is melon, bear and can-can.

Rooms 2, 5 and 6 are getting into a groove, and advise all who get into tight spots not to go into cupboards or under beds.

The 1st years have taken up greatly intriguing hobbies.

Jenny's houlding a banting;
Bec colle(c)ts weeds;
Dale buys tucker for a bob;
Jill deals in Hutton's hams and warren-ts;

Monica combines American History with minding sheep.

With the example of our four models—no other dorm. has as many—there should be great reductions in consumption.

IPAI MINOR

How about a date tomorrow morning, 8.45? — bring some money along.

Who's that flighty fairy?
Who has turned canary?
Roger, is for it
Brian's against
What are they talking about?
Why Gestalt's recompense!
Why take the blame?
Come and see Ipai Minor
Mates Co.
For clues on parties see
ROOM 4.
Ah Phew you — Oh Phew.
Even on dark nights
John sees Sparks— mean stars
Careful when opening doors—
Ever seen a water fall?
All good things come in
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—THE SLEBER.



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Letter to a Young Lecturer

Since you've come to this College from—well, never mind—I think you should be warned of some of the difficulties that may beset you and the various steps you can take to counteract these difficulties. In other words, I am about to tell you how to stop students from asking questions.

One of the greatest problems facing a lecturer is the method of dealing with bright students or the facetious. Whether bright or facetious or facetiously—bright or brightly-facetious, the result may be the same and they must be skillfully dealt with.

An effective method for these types is to casually mention to the section that, "Mr. So. and So. seems to know more about the subject than I do." The incongruity of this statement appeals to the sense of humour of the vacuous members of the section and they laugh. This usually crushes said student most effectively. There is one drawback to this method and that is that the student may know more than you do.

A second method of quenching the fiery soul is sarcasm. Also most effective it comes usually in the following form, "Mr. So. and So., you have a genius for stating the obvious." This method can backfire, however, if the student can think of a suitable retort such as, "The ability to state the obvious is a characteristic of genius, for only the genius can make a thing obvious." Sarcasm is not a teaching technique to be recommended anyway, unless, of course you can get away with it. There are more subtle means.

Amongst the best of these is the "Fast and Furious" method. The idea behind this is that you talk at such a rate (even though what you say may be utter bilge) that the disruptive student doesn't have time to ask questions. The section is usually so busy taking notes that they don't know what you're talking about—this is one of the aims of Tertiary Education, and is widely practiced.

The most demoralising method yet devised is based on the average students intense dislike of work. In practice, it means that every time you are asked a question, to which you

do not know the answer, you smile suavely and tell the questioner to prepare a five minute talk on the subject. Alternatively, if you know the answer, or think you do, you can challenge him to a debate. This has the desired effect, of stopping all and sundry from asking questions or even looking as though they might.

Of course, if you want to be really nasty you may use this next method which is based on sound psychological principles and is aimed at that student who suffers from insomnia and stays awake during your lecture. Slowly you must lead the unsuspecting insomniac towards the position where the question that he asks must be of some length. Then, while he asks, you stand, with legs apart and hand clasped behind you, staring at the roof with an impatient smirk. The questioner, unless he is of a strong moral fibre, gradually grows red of face, hesitates, stumbles, loses track of what he is saying and is carried from the room a gibbering wreck. If he does manage to last the distance all that is necessary is a curt condescending reply, and said student's ignominious defeat is ensured. This last method has been called by experts the "mental isolation" method for it consists of conveying the idea to the section, that for the sake of one bright student, your flow of gibberish has been interrupted.

I think that I have outlined to you the outstanding methods and maintaining "discipline" and whilst there may be other methods these usually arise from the personality (or lack of personality) of the individual lecturer. Wishing you luck in your chosen career, I remain a

—SUFFERING STUDENT

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KABI MEN

Gallagher tels us the moon is not blue . . . its grey.

Writer's intentions are all down town. I wonder where.

For the love of a Christie which twin is it?

What price Nan, Harry?

What did Mr. Rennie say? "Nice shot-guns aren't they Roy!"

That Agricultural friend seems to take up some of the time of our boys lately. What had they done to cross a bridge?

Ever found that Chinese person you were mistaken for Mr. Smith? And, yes, the lights do have a habit of going out in the dorm. when they are switched off at the fuse box.

We have it from a reliable person that Frank has had a lot of experience in bussing and sowing wild iats. Replies please Frank.

Don't slide on the floor . . .

I don't.

Don't slam the door . . .

I don't.

"Don't shout out like that . . . I don't.

Don't . . . YES . . . WE

. . . KNOW . . . RALPH.

This old dorm. is so quiet We always do what is right Never in a raid, always paid Our reputations is in another way

Writer's clamour for what is his undisputed, taken!

Mr. Smith's our warden Reads psychology too Cries of oo..ouch..ah Freudinian complexes complicated

Cunningly cluttered couches, Now do you know . . .

Thats why Kabi gardens were dug!

—BLERKA!

KABI WOMEN

Kabi women are still plodding along in the same old way with a few minor deviations to brighten life.

Fire drill!

When the whistle blows you drop everything. Everything? Definitely not! Hope our spectators gained a knowledge of what to do in an emergency.

Creditable results of our education here were shown by some inmates whose first thoughts were to save their curricula and "yellow" books. Congratulations girls! Wagga has not left you untainted.

Two of our members seem be echoing Hamlet — "O!

That this too solid flesh would melt, thaw, resolve itself to dew." They sit at a special table!

Remember girls — with further apologies to "Hamlet" — "Tis an unweeded garden that grows to seed." HINT. Our flowers are doing well, but so are the weeds.

Eureka! Miss Ferg. has at last caught someone ironing in their room. Why does the wire-less crackle?

G. and S. has once more taken its toll—not of soloists, but of soloists' room-mates. "Dilemmas" echo in the corridor, as though we didn't have enough of our own without Gilbert and Sullivan's too.

Really, we are continuing to keep up our good reputations, with our noses to the grindstones. There are one or two differences.

Fowls are in favour.

More weaving is apparent,

and

Snow trips are the order of the day for some.

KABI MINOR

Once upon a windy night, There was a blackout grand. Some boys decied to have a fight,

But it got out of hand.

Into the common room you lads,

And I will give a solution.

How often have I told you cads This is a Tertiary Institution.

I see we have some old friends here,

To grace us with their presence.

"How old will you be next year?"

"I think I'm approaching senescence."

Get out of here before I fly, And lock yourselves in your rooms.

And for Pete's sake won't you try

Not to act like baboons?

I thought you were to stay in your den?

Instead you're losing your head.

But I'm as sold as a wet hen, Then how about getting to bed?

Has anyone heard, that's living out,

If there's a spare house by the road?

Because we are thinking about Changing our fixed abode.

—KATTA-GOR-GOR

KAMBU

"I don't appreciate that chaps! You see its different with Lyn and I." etc. etc. etc.

Dave had a terrific shot for goal — nearly knocked the keeper over and they scored twice from his throw-ins. He had cramps, too. What! Hasn't he told you?

The dark horse, Crit., looks like a gone coon after Buffalo. Seems a bit fishy to me.

Kambu's set for the exams. Our "Golden Wedding" has returned. Jack's going red-hot, cool and classical.

Often heard question: "But what do you call him 'Knocker' for?"

Heard from a staff bed: "I tell you, fellas, we're just friends." Yes! Yes! We've heard that one before.

The "sweeties" are coming along well according to Crit.

When are they going to connect our showers, Mr. Orch?

No! No! Jack! We'll give you the Maths assignment.

"Give us a grin, Don!"

11.30 Sat. night: Did you have a good night? Crazy!

After football: "Hey, there! King and Mac. clear the rubbish away from the door! I want to come in."

"Got a match, Don?"

Stafford seems to have taken an interest in the clerking profession. He's always talking about a Clark, anyway!

How's the Caramel flavouring Mac?

You're fairly Kyding Craig, Nev. isn't there another one too?

"If you knew Susie, like I know Susie." Guess who?

Ten to eight, and not a footfall,

Five to eight, Crit's off down the hall,

Three to eight, a tentative call,

A hurry, a flurry, a curse and a fall,

A scamper, a flash and lastly a pall

Of silence descends on the dorm. once more.

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