



TALKABOUT

A PUBLICATION
OF THE STUDENTS OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

8th JUNE, 1958

"TALKABOUT"

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

The students of this College are not what they should be, says the writer of this article.

It is obvious that certain students in this College should not be here. Not considering examination results which, after all, prove nothing except ability to cram and extemporise (ad lib, ad nauseam), but what may be termed definite character weaknesses of certain students.

The College course is solely a training in the arts of teaching—it does not attempt to remedy serious defects which could cause irreparable harm later.

Upon leaving College an "ex-student" is in charge of 30-50 impressionable children: what havoc could be caused, therefore, by a teacher with an immature outlook. Many may "grow out of it" but at the rate of 30-50 victims a year this process could involve hundreds of children.

STUDENTS IMMATURE

Immaturity of some students is constantly apparent: from defacing of student property to petty "borrowing," from outright rudeness (en masse de course) to certain lecturers, to the "cat sessions" which go on in Dorms—both male and female.

As soon as an individual steps too far out of line he (or she) is fined and usually pays up with the jocular remark later, "Well, it was worth five bob; think of all the other times I haven't been caught."

REPEAT: "WHY ARE YOU HERE?"

Just why are you here? A frustrated University student perhaps? Attracted by the thought of good wages and long holidays (sic) when you are a teacher? Filling in time until you catch a husband? Or did you just plump for the profession with the shortest training period?

Whatever your reason, it is about time you realised that you ARE here and, probably will complete the course. But, most important of all—when the two

years are up you will be on your own (many of the men completely so in small schools) and will be spending most of your working day with large classes of children.

MOB IDENTITY

You will NOT be one of a crowd—possibly you will never again find yourself one of such a large crowd—and your misdemeanours will be your own responsibility. There will no

longer be the chance to merge into the "mob" identity with blame for individual errors, being put onto the mob; there will be no wardens to constantly guard and advise or punish you, and the punishment will not be a lecture or a five bob fine—it will range from the active dislike of your pupils (or worse still, slavish imitation) to the active dislike of the whole community.

EDITORIAL

Some embarrassment has been caused to the members of the staff of the Publications Club by students (and lecturers) presuming that articles published are the opinions of the Editorial staff. They're not. So don't.

The BARINGA Exhibition was a great success. Nearly every student in College seems to have invaded the sacrosanct area of the Editor's Office at some time or another during the week. The aim of the Exhibition was to let students know just what BARINGA is, in the hope that they would write. The aim (as is said in self criticism) was achieved and already contributions are coming in. It looks like a good year for Baringa.

Potted Biography

or Ways to Get Even

Obscured in the following article are details about a competition that is being run by "Talkabout." The prize for the best entry will be a collection of almost current issues of a popular magazine.

Do you suffer from a personal grudge? Is there someone who is causing you frustration because you can't get your own back? This month "Talkabout" introduces you to one of the most effective means for releasing tensions known to modern psychology—the clerihew—and to its inventor—E. Clerihew Bentley.

E. Clerihew Bentley is one of the unacknowledged psychiatrists of the age. Not only has the writing of a clerihew been of inestimable benefit to countless sufferers from maladjustment and other complaints of this fever-ridden world, but also the reading of Bentley's books has frequently been efficacious

in similar circumstances. Even today you will find on all book-stalls a paper-backed edition of the exploits of his ineffectual sleuth, Trent. What could be more soothing to those whose lives lack fulfilment than the reading of the adventures of a detective who, while still being a hero, is permitted to arrive at the wrong solution?

But if we are to progress beyond rhetorical questions, we must regress from our digression. Bentley was a psychiatrist; and an inventor, too. His invention was launched on an unsuspecting world in 1901 with the publication of a seemingly innocuous book, "Biography for Beginners." This contained the famous lines—

Sir Christopher Wren Said, "I am going to dine with some men.

"If anybody calls
"Say I'm designing St. Pau's"
This was a clerihew. Bentley

described the clerihew as 'a formless four-line verse,' but in fact his nonchalant modesty conceals the inherent structural complexity of his invention.

The complexity consists in the variation possible within the form. The only inflexible rules for clerihews are that they must contain four lines, and that these must rhyme in couplets. (These rules concern the product; the rules for inducing the condition of mind required to produce a clerihew are too complicated to follow for some people, and unnecessary for other people.)

All of Bentley's own clerihews are biographical. His subjects range from classical personages to contemporary personalities, and may refer to historical or to possibly-historical events. Here are some examples:

It was rather disconcerting
for Hannabal,
To be introduced to a cannibal;
Who expressed the very highest opinion,

(Contd. on Page 2)

Communist Confesses

TO MEIN FELLOW KARL
MARXIANS

I, Olaf Guttenspickel am about to commit vat der Japanese call Hari-skari. I haff failed. I vas wer only person in wer vide world who could haff saffed mein fellow communists (Hail Marx!) from exterminatijn. I haff failed because of two factors—vun, I fell prey to dis Collich women und two, der Collich cook, he vas too sharp for me. But let me tell der story:—

Many Moons ago I vas secreted into Australia mit der aid off der false identity off a full und bright young teacher collich student. Der luck vas mit me ven I comes in. Mein bags vas searched but dey did not see der filse bottom in mein drawers und so mein secret instructions vas safe.

I vas der vun chosen from hundreds off odders und it vas after der written examination ven mein superiors came up, gave me der hundred percent, patted me on der head, und told me I vas a goot communist, dat I realised I had been selected. How mein head it did race und how der heart it did fill mit pride—vat? this is not so. A true communist has no feelings. Hail Marx! Mein job?—"See if der Australians vas planning ti overthrow all communists, as rumored!"

Vunce in der country I vas transported to a place called Vagga Vagga.

I think der luck is vit me. I tink it is der big secret training place for something. I tink der name Vagga Vagga is a secret code for something. I tink.

I had not been here long before I soon began to smell something very unpleasant in der vind. I traced it to der cookhouse und der mit mein ears opened I heard a promising conversation:—

She: "You promised you wouldn't."

He: "Yes, but this is a promising situation."

She: "I promise you I won't speak to you agaln."

He: "Why waste words?"

She: "I promised you that!" (Slap!)

He: "I won't do it again, I promise."

I slipped away. But suddenly vas more voices. Annodder promising situation. I listened und den I realised I vas onto something. I got off der tail off der cat und listened Dey vas talking about something called "Mikado." I listened further:—

"I think it will be pretty heavy, by what I saw of the plan," said one.

(?) I thought ti myself.
"Ye, it should be most successful."

(!)
"They'll start on time, I suppose?"

(!!)
"Oh yes, we musn't keep behind schedule."

(?)
"Of course not. But do you think Foo-bah will be alright?"

(!!!)
"Of course. It's the Mikado I'm worried about."

Ha, I haff it! I haff it! Dat word "Mikado" is der fiendish, ingenious vay off describing der huge army dey haff to overcome us communists. I must hurry und get this vital information to der superiors.

Oh, it has all come perfectly clear in mein head like a crystal ball. Dis is not a teachers' collich at all, but a vast training camp Now I know why dey all stands up at der dinner table while dat big fat man with heavy eyebrows indoctrinates them. Now I know why dey all go to lecture rooms to be giffen secret instructions. Now I know why dey haff strange air ship called "Retunda" at der front gates—ha! It is all so clear to mein ingenious brain.

Dat night I wrote efferything down in a special communist highway code, on a band-aid. Der next day I put der band aid on mein finger but unfortunately it dropped off into der soup und before I could do anything der students had taken it to der cook. He knew at der vunce dat it was not his band aid because der vuns he uses do not haff writing on them. He immediately suspected sabotage.

(Sabotage vas a lecturer!)
Little did I know how sharp he vas He got a copy off all der handwritings in der collich und also translated der code

Der next day I vent to der breakfast thinking mein goot self to be safe Suddenly der cook came charging at me mit a meat axe and crying, "Communist Dirty band aid Communist"

I knew der game vas up so I ran Der cook chased me I ran into der common room but der cook vas close behind me.

I escaped him by hiding in da dark room with all der couples with vich I vas embarrassed.

But vat for? I haff failed my superiors. I haff failed mein self. I haff failed Marx. I haff failed der great cause of communism. I haff failed.

Und so I end mein life nobly, by running mein self through mit mein revolver. Hail Marx! May he forgiif me.

—Olaf Guttenspickel.

B ARINGA

A

R EQUIRES

I

N EOTERIC

G

A RTICLES

CLOSING DATE: 21st JULY

(Contd. from Page 1)

Of cold pickled Carthaginian.

Henry the Eighth,
Took a thuctheththion of mateth;

He inthithted that the monkth,
Were a lathy lot of thkunkth.

It was a weakness of Voltaire's,

To forget to say his prayers;
And one which to his shame,
He never overcame.

Dr. W. G. Grace,
Had hair all over his face;
Lord! How the people
cheered,

When a ball got lost in his beard!

Other authors have written clerihews about subjects apart from people. Some of their work is scattered through this issue of "Talkabout."

You will realise that the wirting one of these miniature effort of release required for case-histories is quite considerable. This paper urges you to let go of your inhibitions, to diagnose your grudge and to purge it in this literary form. And there is the prize to be considered.

Authors who feel that their work in its original form may be libellous are assured that the personnel of the "Talk-

about" staff are people of the highest degree of discretion. Initials may be used for proper names occurring within clerihews.

Entries close a fortnight after the publication date of this issue.

When her nephew said he'd been in the "drink,"
What was Aunt Martha to think?

But it was a bitter pill,
When she cut him out of her will.

Ornamental "undies,"
If they are not observed,
Are like Sundays:
No purpose is served.

ODE TO "COLLEGE BOYS"

Back in High School days,
We heard of College boys;
But now we're here in person,
They're just a lot of noise.
They go for Kambu, Ipai, Kabi
Both the news dorms too;
But guess who are the spinsters
Who are left with nought to do?
We may be short and tall and fat,

But so are the others too;
Its lovely at the movies,
But better still with two!
The back path is a-calling,
The stock route is at hand;
The boys at home are far away,
So come boys take your stand!

—(?)

PRINCIPAL OPENS "BARINGA" EXHIBITION



IT'S FRUSTRATION!

We have a College full of supposedly "above average,"
 "cream of youth," "salt of the earth" students - - -
 Everyone has an L.C. pass in English - - -
 Our plight is desperate - - -
 The magazine is yours - - -

PLEASE WRITE FOR BARINGA!

It is not a magazine in the sense of those senseless "school rags" of our past years. Actually it is a record, more to convince ourselves than anyone else, that here, within these wrought iron portals, there remains some vestige of culture—the kind not even spelt with a capital C!

Write about your room mate's snores—write about College meals, write a composition, a play, a poem, or if you're really enthusiastic an essay—on anything!

And here's a carrot to hold in front of those twitching noses:—

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TWO R's

Dear Sir,

School teachers and parents are aware that the three R's are essential to the stability of the mind. However are they aware that physical exercise is essential to the stability of the body. We can dispense with one of the essential R's of the mind and introduce a new concept viz., r'n'r.

R'n'r consists of two machines in perfect co-ordination. One machine is the manipulator, the other machine is the combustion or working part of such a complex piece of machinery.

Often we as teachers, will hear a parent say that rock and roll (r'n'r) is immoral. This statement is ridiculous and shows lack of intelligence. As was stated earlier in this "summa dancae" r'n'r partners are mechanical robots; although a man can make love to a woman as a woman think how ridiculous you would look making advances to a piece of machinery.

Puritans who think r'n'r is immoral should take a course in mechanical engineering; nowhere does the course state the possibility of seduction.

—SAINT.

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1st Year - - -

Letters to the Editor



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COMPULSORY SPORT

Dear Sir

Regarding the new attitude towards women's sport I would like to voice what I consider to be the opinion of most women students.

While I do feel that organised sport for those girls who wish to participate in it is essential, the proposed compulsory nature of Tuesday sport is, to say the least a return to primary days. (Girls of between late teens and early twenties do not appreciate having their names marked on and off a roll before each game.)

Contrary to one belief, the girls in question fall to play sport not because they are "too lazy" or wish to "shop down the town," but rather because it is, as is art, craft or music, a matter of personal taste, based on personal ability and personal interest.

It has been emphasised that this is a tertiary and democratic institution, but where else do we find such conditions in any such place?

Another question connected with this new sporting attitude is one which girls in sporting teams particularly feel very strongly.

This is the question of whether girls who wish to train on their own must wear either track suits or P.T. tunics. No one will deny that on Tuesdays and Fridays when regulation sport is being held, regulation uniforms should be worn. However, girls who, of their own accord and in their own time wish to train on, we are told, our own grounds should be, and indeed have been up till this year, allowed to wear what they consider suitable for this purpose.

Unlike boys, most of the girls do not possess track suits, not seeing the necessity for using them after College days and hence, as the position now stands, they must wear P.T. tunics which, owing to their construction are rather chilly on winter days.

The punishment for girls who train in anything but the prescribed attire is "total banishment from teams."

This is my opinion. What is yours?

—NON-CONFORMIST.

Sorry, it is not called "compulsory," yet, but it amounts to the same thing. If a student does not turn up for sport on Tuesdays or Fridays she is reported, so we have been told. The only thing not done is the roll marking in some sports.

I am not saying we should not play sport, but surely most of us are adult enough to decide whether we want to play or not. Some people consider their hour's physical education sufficient, and they should be allowed to decide the matter for themselves.

Last year, I must admit, the numbers playing sport fell away considerably, but this was because there was no provision made for those not in teams. However, this year, with time made available for those not in teams, many more will automatically play sport.

Why then must the women students be treated as children, and compelled to play sport, no matter how they feel about the matter themselves?

—L.G.

Dear Sir

The administration of the College has virtually issued us, the students, with an ultimatum. Either more students participate in games on a Tuesday afternoon, or, if in their opinion there are not the required numbers actively participating, sport is going to be a compulsory lecture. This would involve us in lining up like a lot of school pupils and having our names marked off from a class roll, or, in this instance, a section roll.

This is supposed to be a tertiary institution, or so we are told time and time again. I do not know of any real such institutions where sport is a compulsory activity. If a student normally did not want to participate in sport then he just goes his way.

Students attending this College are supposed to be treated like responsible adults going into a responsible profession. But does this compulsion, even any thought of it show us that we are adults or does it put us back to school where the teacher raps you over the knuckles if you don't follow his line of thinking?

When I play in a sporting team I like to feel that the team is acting as a team for the team. This has been the case when those who have had the interest to train and try for selection have played. Any compulsion making people play a sport removes from the game that extra bit of vitality that it had beforehand.

In a tertiary institution a person should be capable of making up his own mind as to what sport he shall play, or indeed if he shall play at all.

If compulsion is brought in what do the administration think of us, and what type of place is this College?

—U.B.

CERTIFICATE - OR DEGREE

Dear Sir,

I have of late, been thinking over my course and the lecturers' attitudes to their subjects. In doing so I find lecturers are of two types—those who think of our teaching career at this level and those who look years ahead to a university degree.

In coming to this College my sole aim was to become a certificated teacher with, perhaps in later years an attempt at a degree course.

I am now in my second year in this institution. And with a great deal of work yet to be done, I have hopes of passing my exam at the end of the year and not having any "posts." But my hopes have been rather jeopardised by the rather startling announcement of some of my lecturers.

Those lecturers have announced that their courses have been designed on a university course of the same subjects. They have prepared a certain number of lectures that have to be given come what may, by the end of the lecturing year. In open lectures they have stated this fact. Also they say that they recognised there are three "levels of intelligence existing among the students, and that the lower group would have to work just that little bit harder."

When I happen to want a point clarified this cannot be done because it would break up the proper flow of the lectures. So it is put to me to go and do extra reading. But how am I to understand what I am reading if I don't know what to look for because I became lost at the lecture's beginning. And my case is not uncommon.

It's quite all right for those types of lecturers to say that they are fitting us for a future degree course. But this is a Teachers' College where we come to learn to be primary and infant teachers and not to act as a preparatory course for a university degree. If this were the case we would all have gone to a university, but on our exam passes we were forced to come here.

I am all for teachers doing degree work once they are established in their career. But I think it poor that they may have their career ruined by the ideals of lecturers who in my opinion, are approaching their subjects with wrong ends in mind.

ALCOHOL

Dear Sir,

Despite what the administration may think about students, their morals, ethics and ideals, I think that apologies are demanded in some cases. In the minds of lecturers, don't the students ever tell the truth?

Just because women return after the pictures in a gay, happy mood; or even considerably moved by films, is this enough just evidence to accuse them of having been drinking all night? And even then, doubting if the students have told the truth?

Before such accusations can be made some inquiry into the matter should be made before the students are called up on a warden's supposition that merriment on a Friday night necessarily determined that a student has been—to put it crudely—on a "pub crawl."

It is time, I think, that something be done to relieve the position that leads to false accusations without any evidence.

Yours in justice,

DISGUSTED STUDENT.

METHOD MAKES FOR MONOMANIA

Dear Sir,

After sitting through one year of Method Lectures I find my illusions now being shattered. We are told all the many "do's" and "don'ts" of discipline, teaching, testing, etc., but are these principles demonstrated in Second Year? They are not. Lecturers seem to go out of their way to use all the "don'ts" possible. Rapport is almost non-existent and the overall aim seems to be one of authoritarian "sit - stilleries" with the students expected to accept as gospel all statements made. In the words of the Bendigo Anthem, "Here's to the dear old College, where loads and loads of knowledge are rammed into the hollows of our brain."

—PERCE.

LONG SOCKS

I look around and all I see From tip of toe to base of knee Are socks of reds stripes and plaids

Having strange effects on College lads.

Their eyes grow wide, their minds go blank,

Their think these socks are just a prank,

The girls all say socks keep them warm.

To take them off needs chloroform.

2nd Year - - -



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SPORTING NOTES

By SPORTS EDITOR

RUGBY UNION

The topic of interest in the news at present is inter-house football. It is good to see the enthusiasm in which it was taken up amongst the men. There was no difficulty in getting four House teams, but on the contrary everyone wanted a game. The first game in which Kambu (18) defeated Ipai (3) was a fast, rough game and the second half was football of a good standard. Mr. Pearson showed many forwards how to ruck but Teddy Kaye would get the prize for the best player. His tricky dashes from the base of the scrum, that

set his backline moving, was a highlight of the game. It was a pity Ipai could not field its strongest team, and if they had, the result may have been different. P. Pryor had a good goal kicking day. It was interesting to see the hidden talent in some of the new players. R. Duffy could be included in this group. We wonder whether R. O'Sullivan's talent is only going to be exposed of a Wednesday. Many people were glad to see this old war horse don the Rugby gear to take the field once again. A good game, Roger.

The game against St. Michaels (although we lost 9-3) showed many people, including the team itself, that when it comes to tackling, Teachers College are definitely a team to reckon with.

Although we had little of the ball in this game, we were more dangerous in attack than St. Michaels and were unlucky not to score on a few occasions. This was so because of the solid tackling of every Teachers' player and the initiative to or an upset in the opposing make the most of any loose ball team's play. The Maoris showed us that even though they lost the majority of the lineouts and scrums, they could still beat the Barbarians quite decisively by continually seizing the initiative and turning defense into attack. After observing Teachers' two teams on the field we think that they could learn a lesson from this particular type of football.

The characteristics necessary are in the first place (as always) consistent low tackling, but above all consistent backing up, particularly of the forwards. For instance if a back is tackled with the ball, instead of suggesting for a moment that the opposing team has the upper hand, these forwards can pick up the ball if it is loose and carry on the passing movement, before the opposition can realise what has happened.

As Teachers in general are lighter than most packs, what we lack in weight we can make up for in speed. Thus speed is the essence in our forwards, and speed has and will win games. The new rules cater for a fast, open game of football and this again emphasises the so we can make the most of a need for speed in our forwards loose ball. The above will apply in all phases of Rugby, but is particularly important when the opposing team has the advantage in scrums and lineouts,

due to their advantage in weight.

Teachers were easily defeated by Ag. College and except on a few occasions when Teachers were on top of play, we seemed satisfied to let Ag. College have it all their way. We are glad to say that this attitude was not shown by all players. Stan Melville tackled very well in this game.

We won the game against Leeton 13-3 but the score is no true measure of the game. It was a hard fought game and a credit to the College who deserved their win. City did not have a full team and Teachers took the game too easily but nevertheless won 24-12.

—K. S. Hamilton.

THE OVERALL PATTERN

(At least from the knees downward)

In '57 we thort dark thorts When we were restricted in the wearing of short or long shorts.

Too soon to go completely off the tracks

When we were told that in the dorm and not down down, to the shop or on bikes could we wear our slacks.

And many of us felt like acting as irresponsible vandals

When the overall ban was placed on our sandals.

The state of our wardrobes slowly decayed,

As each casual outfit we produced was effectively flayed.

So we searched "Woman's Day" "Milady" and "Flair"

"Seventeen," "Ladies' Home" and "Vanity Fair"

And at last from Bermuda the answer we discovered

As to how to go around looking casual without being too covered or, alternately, uncovered.

So now we wear zealon, woollen, silk and/or cotton socks

Which from foot to knee dazzle the eye, keep us warm, strike a blow for freedom and effectively cover our otherwise unattractive hocks.

—OGDENA GNASH.

The Windmill Cafe

Students' Rendezvous
9 GURWOOD STREET
WAGGA
(just off Fitzmaurice St.)

- - - DORM

MARI

Hic! O! I say girls, pardon me.

We all know that sad films are very moving but some people think they move you to the most "unethical" places, don't they Narelle, Pat, Jennifer and Heather?

CARDBOARD USERS CLUB

Pat Brown, President, wishes to congratulate a new member, Frances, for making the grade. She offers Judy Laurie encouragement and suggests she persevere What about Kathy?

At last we have a rival for Myrtle. But why stand at the window, James?

Prior to her filling up with Ampol, Judi . . .

Bev and Marlene have begun an anonymous letters' club to be picked by tom-toms(on).

Congratulations to the seven new dorm members who have reached the Inner Sanctum. Whispering preferable, but track suits are essential.

Let this be a sign unto you.

—ULVA.

IPAII

After living through a summer with the types of clothes we wear being dictated to us, we emerge, in winter, in the latest Fifth Avenue styles—Bermuda socks and B. Boots. Though our male friends may not agree, we think they are "chic."

We are very sorry to have lost one of members, Joan, who will not be returning this year because of a family illness. But she certainly gets her share of College news, not only from Ipai women either ("Abbotsford," Picton).

The "would be sophisticates" are in full force—always the Common Room, mind you.

Our Saturday night "Happiness Club," Jan's, in fact, was nearly disbanded, but is already in full swing for the second term.

The second years seemed to have settled down to hard work—Is it Dewey or Meiklejohn?

Nearly everyone is "settling down" well—and has already found that it 'takes two to get in strife.'

To end our monthly (?) tit-bits may we advise:—"The railway is the safe way."

P.S.: How about some match making for a few old second years! First years have certainly achieved something with it.

—R.R.R.

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NOTES - - -

QUINTESENCE

(or a fair average sample of Dorm Notes)

Oh Boo-Boo, you've been a ba-a-a-d boy!
 Is Icky Wicky Vicky going icky over Nicky?
 Whot put the ashes on Noddy's bedsocks, Fooopsy?
 Room 49 is having a man-nish on the Back Path!!!
 Mr. Thomo your just dee-vine but def!
 All the girlies are going ga-gal
 Why can't we wear our night-caps to lectures?
 Late for breakfast Chickie Wickie? Were you reading your male?
 Yak, yak, yak, yak, yak, yak.
 Boop-boop-a-doo.

How about something of a slightly better standard? We will not print any more such drivels. Ed.

Kurrajong Kapers

Heard tell we have a Newman in the dorm and that he has turned out trumps.

The Dorm is becoming Browned off by an excessive Bill of late. Watts this about a Bond?

Our whirly wind is becoming partial to sausages. Watch out for snags kiddo!

The iceberg seems to be experiencing the joys of Makin up. She doesn't appear to melt under flattery.

Heard tell our big brother is becoming quite a Walker. Watch your step brother!

Mary seems to have a passion for the moonlight of late.

Moya is becoming quite a school ma'am. It appears she is practising with a Kane already. Seems to be the best way to deal with the Riff Raaf.

Idio seems to have done her dash. The dorm doesn't seem to be Bobbing along so well lately. Oh well! Watts the use of Grieving?

Expedition Mulga seems very uninviting; perhaps we will be comforted by letters and fan mail from afar. Looks like the view from the new infants' block will be most panoramic. Here's hoping the administration will supply new driers.

That's all for now.
 —Kurrajong Kats.

KAMBU

Kambu takes the Fashion Lead with Bermuda (quite the latest thing in Sydney my deah) and the highest propor-

tion of Sack frocks. With the present circulating wardrobe system we should all have a turn at looking really square this winter.

The number of Kambu reps. on the Myrtle Walk remains constant and most of the First Years seem to have discovered the pine trees in our backyard.

Second Years have their and the Common Room is be-thoughts on far higher things ginning to look like Mitchell or Fisher. Our Infants are leaving a trail of blue tape and flash cards.

**Shakespeare gave Juliet scope, To elope;
 He'd never have allowed her, To "take a powder."**

**Jonathan Swift,
 Never went up in a lift;
 Neither did the author of Robinson Crusoe,
 Do so.**

Next year when you are stomping in the gym spare a thought for us. A Souvenir Department is being organised and any one requiring a wall can send a stamped addressed envelope to Kambu er-common room, ex-Kambu, with a postal note for 1/6 to cover packaging and registration.

The snap inspection caught Room 1 unprepared but left them unscared; they still use the bull's skull on the wall as a clothes horse.

The path to the playing field is paved with bad deeds. So far we've paid for about ten yards of cement. However, we shall pull up our socks from now on.

KABI

It is not every dorm that can boast of having introduced a new clothing fashion, but this dorm can. For those interested, fashions for men this winter on the back path demand a "whiz-ging" jacket. If you are uncertain as to what this might be, our three gallant musketeers—Butch, Bill and Harry—parade nightly on crepe myrtle walk between 6.30 and 10.30 p.m.

A new religion has started in the dormitory, called Lumeah-ism. It is a religion based on capuccino and many of the boys are devout addicts.

Girls dig this! It has been proposed that the J.T. fan club be formed. By special arrangement with "Kabi" autographed photos of this adorable hunk of man may be obtained at a moderate fee; just ask any Kabi boy.

WANDOO

Unfortunately our dorm rep. is unfit to write these notes as, at the moment, she is waxing lyrical on an "airy plane!"

As for the rest of the dorm, they Wandoo round warbling this little ditty:

Who likes long socks?
 We like long socks!
 Who likes taking Fitz? (sorry Fits)
 Boz likes taking — (?)
 Who likes getting Bills?
 Cynthia likes getting Bills.
 Who likes writing letters?
 —But then, let's be frank,
 Robin likes writing letters!

Robby, we must shay (l?) that we're not exactly children!

ODE TO A TYRANT

Man is continually growing old
 So old

Friends are not his, though
 He doesn't realise.

Breakdown and turmoil
 Are closely approaching,
 Closer ever closer
 He doesn't realise.

Rockets are fired one by one
 Little notice taken,
 All in fun
 Hell is approaching, Heaven is far

He doesn't realise.
 God condemns him we criticise
 He will not believe us,
 He doesn't realise.

—SAINT.

MASCOT

Dear Sir,

Since the demise of the Beloved Butch the College has been sadly lacking in a mascot —official or otherwise.

I would therefore like to suggest that four official mascots be bought from the Students Amenities Fund, viz., a kangaroo, an emu, an echidna and a hawk. A perfect place to keep them could be provided by locking the Women's Tennis Courts, cementing them over (to prevent the Echidna burrowing out of sight) and roofing them with wire netting (to prevent the hawk flying away).

For obvious reasons I recommend the purchase of only one of each type of animal.

I believe this procedure would greatly add to College morale, and have no doubt that the mascots would add greatly to the House Spirits. They could also be trained to act as valuable adjuncts to barracking groups.

Yours truly,

NATURE LOVER.

Sir Thomas More,
 Thought the Reformation a bore;
 He said, "If we had the Pope here,
 It would be "Utopia."
 The Venerable Bede,
 Could read.
 It's a pity he couldn't spel
 As wel.

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Don't you wish it was still Summer?