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WAGGA TEACHERS

TALKABOUT



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The Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Lecturing Staff 1961

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Have you done your homework?

Please feel free to choose one (or all) of the following tasks:

Task 1: What have you been up to in these past decades?Date Due: November 2014

Task 2: Describe your most memorable teaching moment?Date Due: November 2014

Task 3: What is in your long term memory of those WWTC days?Date Due: November 2014



I have spent a bit of time perusing the past editions of *Talkabout* dating back to December 1997. The July edition of 2008 declared that “over 3800 students had graduated from WWTC over the 25 years of its existence from 1947 and entered the NSW Education Department”. The mailing list had reached 3500 by 2008. Another 8 years on, the task of maintaining and updating the mailing list continues. It has been an arduous task to keep the contact list current and adjust to the use of electronic mail as well as to maintain regular postal addresses. We encourage members to continue to

contribute articles and snippets for future publication and get in contact with other alumni we may have missed. We have just under 2000 listed addresses or emails but only 400 financial members. Following the May meeting, Lesley and I headed off to Wagga Wagga for the presentation of the Scholar-

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EDITOR'S COLUMN



Many thanks to those members who have sent along articles for this edition of *Talkabout*.

I am sure that those of us who get to read your stories, memories and see your photos will relive the very special times we shared on the Wagga Wagga campus.

To all other members, meet the challenge set by our president, do your homework and send something along as without your stories, memories, personal updates and photographs there will be nothing to *Talkabout*.

If you have any ideas on how we might make *Talkabout* more interesting and relevant please send them through to our secretary for inclusion in future editions .

Brian Powyer

REPORT FROM PRESIDENT Cont'd

ships to our two chosen recipients. Kate and Samara. Their letters of appreciation are included in this edition.

Over 70 scholarships were awarded at this ceremony and it was a chance to meet executive members of CSU and discuss relevant WWTCAA matters. We also met the President of the Bathurst Teachers College Alumni and compared a few notes.

After Wagga we headed to Bathurst and met up with Chris and Jenny Blake for a meeting with Stacey Fish who is the Education Faculty Advancement Officer with CSU Marketing. We held discussions relating to the CSU Scholarship Foundation Trust, past scholarship recipients, our draft constitution, the Education Faculty at CSU Wagga Campus, the WWTC Alumni Database and Fundrais-

ing. It was a most worthwhile meeting and as members we can be well assured that our interests and endeavours are truly appreciated.

Are you planning a Reunion? Are there groups out there who meet on a regular basis? There is a plan to be formulated for a Reunion in 2017 celebrating 70 years since the foundation of WWTC in 1947. Watch this space and mark your calendar.

Any member who wishes to attend a meeting of the committee is most welcome. They are held quarterly at Federation House at Surry Hills at 11.00am on the second Tuesday in February, May, August and November.

Enjoy this edition and don't forget your homework!

Bruce Forbes
President WWTAA

ACROSS THE SECRETARY'S DESK

How wonderful it has been to link up with some of my colleagues, some with whom I taught at various schools, taught with their parents or who was at College at the same time.

A big thank you to those of you

who have renewed your subscriptions and many of you who took the time to express your thanks for keeping the Association going.

Two of our members received acknowledgement in the recent Queen's Birthday Honours,

namely **Dr Brian Cambourne** (lecturer during the 60s) received an Order of Australia Medal for his significant service to education in the field of language and literacy, to professional development for teachers, and as an auth-

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Front Cover Photo

Back Row - R.Huntsman, B.A.; L Large, M.A., B.Ed., Dip.Ed.; J. Cosier A.S.T.C.; L. Orchard, D.S.C.M.; J. Hodgson, M.A. M. Smith, M.A.; L. Smith, M.A., Dip.Ed.; L. Gailer Dip. Art.

Third Row - N. Latham, B.A.; J. Cleverley, B.A.; Miss B. Keech; Miss R. Martin; Mrs J. Whittaker, B.A.; Mrs M. Goodwin B.Sc.; Miss V Moore, B.A. (Librarian)

Second Row - Mrs H. Smith, Dip. Phys. Ed.; Mrs E. Colman B.A., Dip.Ed.; Dr D. Mackiewicz, Ph.D., B.Sc., Dip. Ed.; Miss M. O'Dorrell; Miss J. Shaw, B.A.; Dip. Ed.; Dr A. Keet, M.B. B.Ch. D.P.H.; Miss A. Bunyan, B.A.; Mrs A. Smith, B.A.; G. Worthington, Dip. Phys. Ed.

Front Row - K. Swan, M.A.; J. Gammage, B.A., B.Sc./Agr.; Miss E. Bridges, B.Sc. Dip. Ed.; R. Wade; M.Hale, M.A.

The Christmas Concert is, always has been, and always will be the emotional and social focal point of the elementary school year.

Christmas 1962 is deeply etched in my memory as it was my first concert. I was excited, anxious, apprehensive, and borderline panic stricken. What if it flubbed? What if lines were forgotten? What if actors did not show up on that all important night? Regardless of all these factors, the show HAD to go on. The songs were learned, the plays rehearsed, the props assembled. Worst of all, the date, time, and venue had been set and advertised.

As can be expected with 'young actors', there were 'incidents' before and during the program. The first occurred during the dress rehearsal for a play. The young actress playing the part of a peddler became quite distraught. "How am I going to get my bike on stage?" she wailed. Once I had clarified the vocabulary and the commercial nature of the role, she was fine.

On THE night, there was an unscheduled comic relief moment. During a speech by an actor, his preschool sibling struggled on to the stage, wrapped his arms around big brother's leg and announced, while being dragged

across the stage as big brother continued his lines, "I love you Mike!" True to tradition, the show went on!

The laughter had hardly subsided when disaster struck, the power failed. Now, being in a rural school, this presented the ever resourceful farmers only a small challenge. Within minutes, they had rigged up battery powered lighting. No problem you say. The show could go on. Technically YES. Plays and songs were manageable. But for me it WAS disaster of the ultimate degree.

I had prepared a senior group to perform the LIMBO in the school's new track uniform, green T Shirt with a gold plastic B on the breast and gold satin shorts with green piping. Chubby Checker was to grace the concert via my brand new reel-to-reel Phillips tape recorder. Without power there could be no Limbo. To the rescue came my pianist. She had that God-given ability to adlib anything she had heard at least once. Marie (Scottish Pronunciation) Mac led those kids to a standing ovation performance. The night was saved by a combination of resourcefulness and sheer talent.

Being Christmas, the program finished with *Silent Night* in a dark-

ened hall. Just as the last note faded the lights came back! I dissolved in buckets of tears!!! I had survived my first Christmas concert.

To this day, *Silent Night* can and does reduce me to tears...tears of joy and sweet memory of that long ago Christmas Concert in a little bush school house on a hot summer night. That was the first of four wonderful concerts. I went on to teach another 36 years but NEVER again did I take on THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

P.S.

Gosh! I forgot to explain earlier that this all happened in a place called Buddigower, a little one-room school in western New South Wales. There was no town, just a school, a post office, a corrugated tin hall, railway siding ... and lots of wide open space.

Our school year was February to early December. I had been Teacher-in-Charge since January 1962... it was my first effort. Being summer, the temperature in that corrugated tin hall filled to capacity was unbearably hot. But nobody minded. The new "chalkie" had proved himself.

**Jim Walsh
1960-61**



Just some snaps from my memoir. Modern kids have no concept of rural schooling not so long ago.

WWTAA SCHOLARSHIP RECIPIENTS 2014

To the Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Alumni Association

What an amazing honour I feel in receiving such a special scholarship. I met with Mal, Lew, Bruce and Lesley at the CSU Administration Block for an interview all about me! At this point I still couldn't believe that I had even received an interview let alone would become one of the recipients.



To the Wagga Wagga Teachers College Alumni Association.

I am writing today to express my gratitude at getting to meet you all at my interview for the Wagga Teachers College Alumni Association Foundation Scholarship on Wednesday 26th of March 2014. I am so thankful for the opportunity to meet such experienced members of my chosen profession.

For me nothing comes easy and for my whole four years at University this is the first scholarship I ever received. It couldn't come at a more perfect time.

At the end of the four year degree pre-service teachers undertake a nine week internship, which may I add, is unpaid. This scholarship means the world to me as now I can focus all my energy on preparing for teaching.

Being a university student, living away from the immediate support of parents and managing such large commitments, is always a true juggling act. I'm looking forward to the relief of receiving financial support for the remaining six months of 2014.

There are many things that the younger generation teachers can learn from the teachers of WWTC. I hope later to share my experience with you all in my first years as a teacher and compare stories from now and then.

Until next time, all the best and thank you again.

Kate Cowdroy-Ling

I would also like to say a truly heartfelt thank you for allowing me to be a recipient of the Wagga Wagga Teachers College Alumni Association Foundation Scholarship for 2014. Your contribution has allowed me to finish this year, it has allowed me to be able to travel to schools outside the region for my final Professional Placement, and has also allowed me to purchase text books and materials I require for the remainder of this year. I am so truly grateful for your generosity.

I look forward to working with you all in the future and will be in touch soon about an appropriate contribution to your publication on my story so far, my aspirations for the future and how your contribution has helped me reach my personal and professional goals.

Thank you again for all the opportunities you have provided to me.

Yours sincerely

Samara Callaghan

Pictured Above - Award recipients Kate Cowdroy-Ling (left) President Bruce Forbes (centre) and Samara Callaghan (right) at the graduation ceremony

PLEASE CONTRIBUTE

Please forward your memories, life stories, personal anecdotes, reunions and photos.
C/o Secretary, Unit 5/185 Albany St, Point Frederick, NSW, 2250. bruceles@bigpond.com

FROM THE ARCHIVES: RECOLLECTIONS OF A PIONEER 47/48

On June 6th, 1947, Wagga Wagga Teachers' College was opened with G L Blakemore as principal and an enrolment of 146 students - 72 men and 74 women - to begin their two years of training. The college was then located on the very outskirts of town at Turvey Park, a place somewhat remote from the CBD and poorly served by public transport. Today, Charles Sturt University occupies the site.

The campus comprised lecture rooms, offices, dormitories (huts), a hall, a dining room/kitchen and as a later addition a gymnasium with stage.

These buildings (gym excepted) had formerly served as a RAAF hospital during the war and were only temporary so we were told, pending the erection of more permanent buildings. Anything more permanent was still a long way off and not in our time.

Wagga College was the first fully residential teachers' college to be established in New South Wales - an experiment - and it worked! It acted as a model for Newcastle and Bathurst teachers' colleges which opened in 1949 and 1951 respectively.

During this weekend some of those original "pioneers", along with spouses and students who followed in later years, will be returning to Wagga to celebrate the establishment of WWTC and to renew old friendships and remember colleagues and friends who are deceased.

Now grey and white-headed, some a little sparse on top, some

slightly stooped and others somewhat thicker around the waist, we will again go to college down memory lane.

My first memory of going to college was the actual getting there. After an 18 hour train trip (mail train) - mostly overnight - from my hometown, I arrived, along with others who had travelled even further from all parts of the State, rather dazed and bleary-eyed, in the sleepy town of Wagga on a cold winter's morning in 1947.

What a rude shock awaited us during that settling-in period. "Spartan" was the only word to use to describe those early conditions. It seemed as though we weren't expected, we'd arrived too early!

From the beginning I can still see so clearly the cold brown (or was it green?) linoleum that covered the floors of our huts.

In each room there were two or three iron-framed, wire-based beds and no other furniture. There were no wardrobes to hang our clothes in, no curtains or blinds on the windows, and no heating whatsoever.

Going to bed first involved the putting on of pullovers or dressing gowns over pyjamas. Everything else that suggested warmth then went on top of the bed, including floor rugs, so that we wouldn't freeze to death in the middle of the night.

Lecture rooms also lacked heating and it was often difficult to concentrate while shivering at the

same time.

Our very first early morning I can vividly recall. It was cold and foggy and our ablution/toilet block was outside, 20 metres away. So, it was a dash across the frosty ground to the showers, undressing, ducking under icy-cold water, screaming, diving out before turning to blocks of ice, lathering up, and then the final rinsing off amid more hollering and moans and groans. By then we were well and truly awake. The women suffered the same fate but they were the first to savour the joys of hot water a couple of days later.

Building activity, path laying and the establishment of gardens and lawns was the norm for these first few weeks.

At last we were able to move out of our suitcases and into wardrobes and onto desks. Heaters were installed and blinds went up and gradually we began to thaw out.

So clear in my recollection of college life was being hungry for most of the time, that is, when I was awake. There never seemed enough to eat and only on a rare occasion was a second helping possible.

Friday was always fish day and on Sundays the meals were a little more special, somewhat tastier roast lamb or beef with baked potatoes and pumpkin and good old fruit salad or jelly and trifle for sweets. Hunger often required desperate measures to be taken - raids on the kitchen in the

Cont'd next page

middle of the night, usually on a Saturday when a college dance (our main social outing) was in progress in the adjacent hall.

Sometimes we'd knock off the kitchen on our way home and have a late supper in our huts. To my knowledge no-one was ever caught but there were some narrow escapes.

A miserly allowance of a little over £2 (\$4) a week, paid to us every five weeks, went nowhere. Even allowing for the change in values over 50 years, the money we were expected to live on was a pittance. A lot of it was spent on food and the rest on essentials and tobacco, for some.

Being immediate post-war, cigarette papers to roll-your-own were as scarce as hen's teeth so we improvised by using either thin airline writing paper or toilet paper. By the end of five weeks most of us were broke, or nearly so.

Trainee police on a full adult wage and uniforms thrown in, certainly had it good compared to trainee teachers on a scholarship.

Most students (ex-servicemen excepted) had to rely on home to supplement their allowances and fill their bellies and so the arrival of a food parcel, especially containing a home-made fruit cake, was a very special occasion. It was always shared around the moment it hit the deck. There was no chance of keeping such an arrival secret - stashing it away in a wardrobe and hoping it would be safe, to make it last as long as possible.

Quite understandably, romance

flourished on the campus. For some, romance was as important as study, in fact, considered part of the curriculum. Many fell in and out of love during those carefree days but some of those love affairs ended in marriage later on and are still going strong.

There were only a few "downers" of college life that I can recall. Apart from the ongoing food problem and the college's inability to satisfy the voracious appetites of healthy and vigorous young men and women, the one thing that really rankled was being treated like children instead of intelligent, young adults.

However, we survived this treatment and the sarcasm of one or two of the lecturers and, for the most part, students and staff got on well with one another.

College days were not all fun and games. There was a deep commitment to the task of becoming teachers.

In the years ahead Wagga-trained teachers earned real respect within the teaching profession and many went on to become principals, school inspectors and university/college lecturers.

After college days, many undertook university degrees, part time, whether by correspondence or by attending university at night. Having gained their degrees, some changed over to secondary education and went on to hold executive positions in their schools.

There is no doubt that the founding of the college had quite an impact on Wagga. Apart from

the economic benefit to the city, the talented and enthusiastic students gave added stimulus to the sporting and cultural life of a town emerging from the dreariness of the war years.

Undoubtedly, Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and drama nights at the college will be remembered by long-time Wagga residents and on the sporting fields the college really made its presence felt, being highly successful and sometimes undefeated in sports such as Blake Cup rugby league, men's and women's hockey, netball, cricket, soccer and tennis.

Inevitably it all came to an end. The very first graduation day at Wagga Teachers' College arrived on a May day in 1949, followed by that final assembly the next day. That fateful day on which we learnt of our posting, scattered to all corners of NSW, some to places we'd never heard of, and so remote, isolated and small that the maps we had gave us no clue as to their whereabouts.

It was a time of relief and happiness but also a time of sadness and apprehension. For most it was a heart wrenching time - a parting of the ways, the severing of friendships, the end of love affairs, a going out into the unknown, the end of a most wonderful period in our lives.

Friendships forged at Wagga have endured over the ensuing years and the affection for one another and their Alma Mater will draw many of those "pioneers" and later students back to Wagga this weekend.

"A Pioneer" (1947-49).
(50th Anniversary 1997)

THE STUFF WE DID AT WWTC by Grahame Keast 1962-64

I was fortunate to spend three memorable years at WWTC - 1962-64.

There were numerous activities and pranks that the students were involved in during my time there. Probably one of the most memorable was during initiation at the start of the college year. Three days of initiation! The 2nd year students gave us 1st year folk

val Augustus Pymont. Guess what? Another student (2nd year posing as a 1st year) "died" during the cross country in 1962 and lo and behold it happened again in 1963! [No students were actually killed in the making of Initiation 1962 or 63!]

I believe initiation was valuable in that it bonded everybody together. In 1964 the principal

strip one of the blokes and put him in a clothes basket (they were pretty big), close the lid and then take the basket up and into the women's dorm. Thank goodness that never happened to me.

We had a lovely bronze sculpture of a young female outside the dining room. Her name was Myrtle. She had only one breast covered with her Grecian apparel. The men used to periodically shine the exposed breast till she fairly glowed. Other times she would be given an inappropriate bra. We returned from our holidays in 1964 (I think) only to find she had been removed and replaced with a light pole! Rumours abounded regarding what exactly had happened to her. Now, she adorns the new grounds of the CSU and probably gets far less attention.



First year boys ready for the cross country while Peter Crofts conducts a ceremony for the departed (but fictional) Percival.

heaps! Toilet paper was counted out, no rose on the shower, no seat on the toilet. We had to refer to them as Mr Smith, Mr Brown etc. Bow and scrape. We had morning exercises before breakfast.... In pyjamas with something on your head and heaps of buckets of water for fire drill.

I recall the 2nd year girls coming across to check out the "new boys on the block" while we were doing the compulsory morning exercises. They would point to you and say how scrawny you looked etc.

Just before the compulsory cross-country in Feb 1962 (during initiation) they had a ceremony, led by the late Peter Crofts as they "remembered" the student who "died" in the cross country the year before. His name was Perci-

val Augustus Pymont. Guess what? Another student (2nd year posing as a 1st year) "died" during the cross country in 1962 and lo and behold it happened again in 1963! [No students were actually killed in the making of Initiation 1962 or 63!]

One of the college "tricks" was



Stuart Ebrill (2nd year) puts girls through their paces 1963.

pole, the Myrtle replacement. I assured M Hale that indeed I was not responsible for that renovation.

Water fights (occasionally nude ones) were held in the grounds of the men's dorms. We used our waste paper bins and sometimes fire hoses.

We also played jerks where you had to throw a tennis ball underarm against the wall and try and get others "out" by different methods and rules. Broom throwing (or broom sliding) down the

"I'll bet you can't get Mary-Lou to go out with you on Friday night." (Name made up to protect the innocent.) Or, "I'll bet I can get more whizzes in a weekend than you can!"

A whizz was a beautiful word which covered a HUGE range of activities between a bloke and a girl. Basically if you asked a girl to the pictures or maybe even out for a coffee was classed as a whizz. Well, I classed it as a whizz anyway. If somebody asked you who you were whizzing it meant who are you dating

3 am anyway? I think it was Elwin's idea one night to go up and knock on some girls' windows and invite a couple to join us as we watched the train fly past. That incident damn near got a few of us chucked out of college. I mean, what was Fanny doing wandering around at four in the morning? Fortunately we didn't get sprung...on that occasion.

Sometimes students would skip assembly - compulsory assembly. You'd have to be unlucky to get caught. I recall putting on a pair of shoes and walking loudly through the dorm knocking on doors and making those who had decided to miss assembly petrified enough to jump into their cupboards. I would walk into the room, after knocking. Nobody there. Open a cupboard door. Surprise surprise! Of course I did receive quite a bit of offensive language fired back at me. But it was worth it.

The warden check. Yes, I remember the nightly warden checks. If you did want to sneak out after lights out (yes, it was done occasionally), you wanted the warden to come through early-ish. Of course often I was off visiting somebody else, so you'd get marked off when the warden arrived at the room where you were visiting. I really don't think I spent very much time in my room during the three years at college. I lived in Marinya and then Buuna dorms.

The most common reason (to my knowledge) for sneaking out after lights out was to buy hamburgers from Jock's - a roadhouse just out of town on the way to Forest Hill. You would need somebody who owned a car for starters. Then you'd go round and take orders...



Early Morning Exercises—The Girls Go Through Their Paces.

dorm hallway was also a near Olympic event. (Well it was in Marinya anyway.) I think the hall in the dorm was about 22 yards long. All went well till one strong guy actually threw it so hard it went through the reinforced glass door at the end of the corridor. That ended broom throwing. Hargreaves and maybe Donnelly introduced running the length of the corridor/hall brandishing swords and shouting. That was probably the only time our doors were closed! There were others who used to climb the walls like spiderman. Maybe Cafferky and possibly Baltaks.

Verbal challenges were common.

at the moment. There's always gotta be baddies hasn't there? They were the Aggies! The students at Wagga Wagga Agricultural College. Of course they weren't as good-looking as the college blokes, but they were dangerous and we learnt that the college "birds" could be drawn into their clutches all too easily. We (us blokes) were largely a protective bunch.

I had a mate Elwin who used to often slip out in the early morning to watch the Southern Aurora (high speed train) race past near the college. I think it was sometime after 3 am. I mean, who in his right mind would be asleep by

8 burgers, 4 drinks and For sport I was involved in baseball (Mr Hogan was our support lecturer), a few games of rugby union (college's big sport) and cricket. Baseballers I remember included Johnny Garrett (great cricketer), Jack Robbo, Billy Howitt, the Elphick and Dave Crowweller. In 1962 the WWTC cricket team did very well but in latter years the local cricket comp banned WWTC from having any teams in the comp because of the extended summer holidays. So then I played for West Wagga. I talked good cricketers Chittick and Jenkins into playing with Wests, but unfortunately for me, another WWTC student Graham Wright (a demon fast bowler I had known and played with and against since we were 11 years old) signed up with RSL which meant I had to face him. Not fair.

The college (read M Hale) wasn't too happy with students who wanted to drink alcohol. So, they firstly banned any alcohol in the college and then made students who so wished get a form signed by their parents giving them per-

mission to go on licensed AND drink alcoholic beverages. We had to pay some money for that, apparently to cover printing costs.

College trains - I do remember them! I recall once I decided to pretend to get off the train at Junee. All the students hung out the windows to see who was leaving at that station. Along you go and kiss all the girls goodbye. Then sneak back on the train. At Cootamundra, try it again. I think they woke up to it by the time I "got off" again in Goulburn. My station was Glenfield, near Liverpool.

The CCF (College Christian Fellowship) was a great group to belong to. Often on a Sunday night, students who had attended a variety of different churches headed to Gordon Young's for "after church fellowship." Gordon Young was a lecturer in Social Science. His wife Margaret (the one that cooked the cake and bikkies) taught at South Wagga school. That meant you got a cuppa, some home-baked treats

and had some beautiful fellowship. I met a bunch of people through CCF that I am still connected with today.

I think as I look back that we were extremely fortunate to have attended WWTC during those years. They were fun times. The events that we can't remember, somebody else will. And the events they can't remember, we make up.

Thanks fellow ex-students for helping to make our years at Wagga Wagga Teachers' College so memorable. Hope to see some of you and hear a few more stories in Canberra in October as we celebrate 50 years since we graduated.



Graham Celebrates Mardi Gras 2014

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO MERV OLSEN? 63/64



Merv Olsen (1963-64) I graduated from WWTC in 1964 - almost fifty years ago!

After leaving WWTC I taught for 11 years mainly in the Riverina - Book Book, Coolac, and Narrandera.

In 1976 my wife and I and our three children moved up to Queensland where I trained to be a Baptist minister. For my ordination thesis I actually wrote a

book about Mr L.G. (Gordon) Young, our Social Sciences lecturer at WWTC.

I went on to pastor 5 Baptist churches in Queensland - from Beaudesert in the south to Ayr in the north.

Since retiring near Brisbane I have done some relief primary school teaching to stay useful and youthful.

At the ripe old age of 64 years I found the hobby of a lifetime -

Toastmasters International. As well as improving the communication and leadership skills of others. I am one of the leading contributors in the Toastmasters forum on LinkedIn. Life is never dull!

My time was a little sad at WWTC- I failed two of the three exams so never officially graduated. Failure, however, is never final, as eventually I gained three Bachelor degrees, a Master's degree and a couple of other diplomas along the way.

LEX'S DEVOTION TO EDUCATION HONOURED (53-54)



WHEN Lex Bittar was a teenager, the only thing he wanted to be was a school teacher.

He bucked family tradition by not joining the business and instead pursued his dream of educating young minds.

Now, Mr Bittar's lifelong commitment to teaching and education has been honoured as he receives an Order of Australia Medal today.

"I'm totally dedicated to teaching, the Riverina and Wagga and I'm fortunate to have remained in the Riverina," Mr Bittar said.

"I'm thrilled to be able to have a

work situation that I have loved." Since retiring, Mr Bittar has continued his community involvement, heading the Wagga Branch of *Meals on Wheels*.

As well as delivering meals to the elderly, Mr Bittar also plays a vital role - providing social interaction and conversation for people who often spend the majority of their days alone.

"Quite often it's a quick chat - someone said to me recently 'I couldn't do without meals,'" Mr Bittar said.

Though always a community-minded person, Mr Bittar was not aware of the significant and important role *Meals on Wheels* played in the community until he volunteered.

Speaking about his career highlights, Mr Bittar said he was extremely proud to have been instrumental in the development and implementation of the Wagga Education Centre.

Mr Bittar recognised his family - wife Doreen and children Jenni An and Paul - saying he could not have achieved what he did without their support.

On receiving the honour, Mr Bittar said he was surprised and grateful. "To be quite honest I was surprised, I don't know who nominated me, I really was intensely honoured, these are not the reasons you do things, though."

Olivia Shying
Wagga Wagga
Daily Advertiser

ENID MONAGHAN (nee Carter) OAM (48/50)



Mrs Enid Monaghan was recognised for her service to the community and

in particular, those affected by arthritis.

Enid developed Rheumatoid Arthritis at aged 30 and has devoted much of her life supporting others suffering this disability.

She has a long and distinguished record of volunteer work, both in the local community and further afield.

During the 1960s, she volunteered at the Burnside Children's

Home and, in the 1970s, she performed volunteer work at the Parramatta Migrant Centre. She was also a volunteer at Parramatta Adult Literacy Education in 1975. Ms Monaghan has participated in Wyong Council's Disability Access Committee and was the president of adult fellowship at The Entrance - Long Jetty Uniting Church for 18 years.

Arthritis sufferers across NSW have particularly benefitted from her work. Ms Monaghan was the regional voluntary field officer of Arthritis NSW from 1990 to 2009. This role covered branches such as Gosford, Woy Woy, Kinchester, Long Jetty, Tuggerah Lakes, Charlestown, Maitland and Singleton.

She was the founding chair of the Long Jetty branch and has served as the branch's secretary. Gosford and Parramatta branches have also had the benefit of her leadership.

Mrs Monaghan was responsible for establishing the Woy Woy, Tuggerah and Charlestown branches of Arthritis NSW and was named by the state organisation as an honorary life member in 2009.

Edith is currently a resident at the Southern Cross Reynolds Court Nursing Home in Bateau Bay.

Editor
Southern Cross Newsletter

Dr BRIAN CAMBOURNE OAM



Dr. Brian Cambourne, associate professor, is currently a Principal Fellow at the University of Wollongong in NSW.

at the Harvard Graduate School of Education; a Fulbright Scholar; Research Fellow at the Centre for Studies in Reading at the University of Illinois and Research Fellow at the Learning Centre at Tucson.

He started his teaching career in NSW in 1956 and spent the next nine years working in a variety of small, mostly one-teacher primary schools before entering academic life. He has since become one of Australian's most eminent researchers of literacy and learning. He completed his PhD at James Cook University before becoming a post-doctoral Fellow

Returning to Australia and the University of Wollongong, Brian devoted his research to literacy learning and teaching. His major interest is in professional development for literacy education and he is committed to the idea of co-learning and co-researching with teachers. His *Seven Conditions of Learning* revolutionised the teaching of literacy in classrooms and remains current today. His

national and international scholarship has earned him many prestigious awards, including being inducted into the *International Reading Association's Reading Hall of Fame*, and the *Outstanding Educational Achievement Award by the Australian College of Educators*. Both awards recognize his long-term outstanding contribution over many years to education.

Brian now lives in a small seaside village 100kms south of Wollongong not far from the Shoalhaven Campus of the University Of Wollongong.

Editor PETAA

ACROSS THE SECRETARY'S DESK—Cont'd

Cont'd from p2 or for teachers, and **Lex Bittar** (1953-54) received an Order of Australia Medal for service to education, and to the community of Wagga Wagga (*see article p10*)

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Barry Higgins (1963-64) Thanks for *Talkabout*, - brought back some memories!!

Couldn't see myself in the photo of the cast of *The Gondoliers*. I was Luiz –attendant to the Duke of Plaza-Toro and I end up becoming prince and marrying Casilda my Princess!!!

I do recall having to fake a kiss (Brian Fone, Drama lecturer, taught us to kiss without having to kiss on the lips!!). The review from the Wagga Wagga Daily

Advertiser praised the performance - Luiz : had a nice singing voice but as a lover he was a trifle woody!! Imagine what that did to my future love life!!!

I got over it you will be pleased to know – I married Vicki in 1986 and we have one beautiful daughter living in Melbourne and three handsome boys still at home!!

I was appointed to Albert PS 500 miles from Sydney!!!! Taught at Woollahra Dem School for 8 years, principal of Chalmers Road School for Disabled students for 10 years and 2 years as boss at Kambora PS, Davidson.

I became an Inspector of Schools, District Superintendent Granville and finished my career as School Education Director, Mt Druitt.

Alan Monaghan

I am the husband of Enid Monaghan (nee Carter). Enid was in the first intake into WWTC 1948-50 and still enjoys receiving her copy of *Talkabout*.

Enid would like to let you know that she was honoured to receive an OAM in September 2013.

Best wishes as you prepare the next edition of *Talkabout*. (*See article (p10)*)

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Robin Ryan (1950-51) I have always treasured *Talkabout* as it was a wonderful experience to be at WWTC in 1950-51. I made many life-long friends who still keep in touch with me and I am saddened to hear of those who are no longer with us.

John Pankhurst (1954-55) suggested a Facebook page. He enjoyed the last edition with brief, interesting articles. He suggested some interviews might be fun, if they answered the question: "Whatever happened to ..."

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Allan Cobbin (1955-56) married Pat Jenkins of the same session in 1958. Thanks for the latest *Talkabout* and thanks too, to those who have taken over the reins to keep the organisation afloat!

You may be interested to know that our session has an annual reunion with attendances from 40-60 av. (including partners most of whom consider themselves part of the college group!) Organisation is rotated and venues change each year so the workload is shared.

This year we will meet in Coot-amundra. We try to keep the date as the first weekend after the long weekend in October each year (depending on the school holiday dates). The group does 'remember our college days' but we meet now as a group of long standing friends.

We had re-unions in 1986, 1987 and annually, from our 40th anniversary in 1996. We value the company of Laurie and Penny Orchard who attend regularly. Best wishes to the Committee.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Jenny Atkins (1956-57) Thank you for persevering ... I now have an iPad and so have an email address ... I enjoy *Talkabout* particularly this last one with Roy Strange's story (he and his wife were in my year).

Bill and Wendy Poole (1954-55) Thanks to you and your colleagues for keeping the spirit of WWTC alive.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Betty Sanders (1947-49) I was pleased to receive the *Talk-about* and have enclosed a cheque for this year. After that I think I will give it away. I'm a bit old now.

I was a writer for our old first *Talkabout* papers – sometimes in trouble for what I had written – old Georgie would tell me it should be kept in College. Griff Duncan would often agree with me. I'm in the editorial staff photo. Them's was the days!!

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Sally Barnes-Cooke (1962-63) I am writing to thank you for taking on the onerous task of becoming president and secretary of WWTAA and keeping *Talkabout* alive. I am sure everyone joins me in applauding your commitment to this time-consuming task.

PS I loved the photo of the gondoliers on the cover. It brought back many happy memories even though I wasn't part of the cast!"

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Toni Brewster (1956-57) Thank you for continuing the work of the Association.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Jan Saunders (1955-56) What a strange sensation it was for me, seeing your address on the back of the magazine. You see, I once lived at 135 Albany St Pt Frederick! My parents, Lloyd and Jessie, were both teachers and be-

fore the war, had lived in Department Houses, attached to schools, where Dad had been head. Dad joined the forces and after the war, they wished to settle in Gosford, as that was where Mum came from. Before building, at 14 Frederick St, they rented the house at 135 Albany St.

I was born in Gosford and was schooled there – married Alan in 1959 – we built our home at 22 Kendall St – raised 4 sons then in 1987, moved to Perth – (for an adventure!) [Dad was the first 'head' of the NEW! School in Mann St].

I have many treasured memories of my 2 years at WWTC – (a perfect environment for an unsophisticated country girl). Thank you again, for your letter, *Talkabout* and for taking the time to find me.

PS. My thanks to you, Bruce and all the members of the Committee, for your work and commitment, ensuring the continuation of WWTCAA.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Robin Robinson (1966-67) How lovely to receive your note on the bottom of the *Talkabout* letter. Seeing your maiden name brought you to mind quite clearly, and I am delighted to touch base again. I already know Lindsay Brockway from my first appointment to Bowral, so now I know two members of the new board, and am glad that *Talkabout* is continuing.

Thank you on behalf of the rest of us. It doesn't seem to be nearly fifty years since we left school after the Leaving Certificate and

Continued p13

headed off to WWTC. At sixteen, I felt quite grown up! I have enjoyed my teaching career enormously, and am still working one day a week as Chaplain at Sutton Public School and am doing some odd casual days there. One day I'll have to stop, but am not quite sure how to! A bit addicted to helping kids and enjoying their life and vitality!

Helen Kidd (1954-55) Congratulations to the new Committee and thank you for another interesting copy of *Talkabout*.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Frances Gavel, one of the pioneer group (1949-50), a regular subscriber and contributor to the Scholarship fund, writes from

Condobolin, "The only persons I am still in contact with is Sonia Phee (Hoffman) and Ruby Riach, past lecturer in College. I only taught for 6 years and then married a farmer. Our daughter is a maths teacher – her first job was in a private school and she is still in that system. **Secretary's note:** Would that be Caroline that I taught with at Abbotsleigh?"

IN MEMORIAM

STANMORE Miles (52-54)
I am writing to report the passing of Miles Poddy Stanmore on the 9th May, 2014.

Miles was a very popular member of the 1952 intake and was an above average sprinter, winger for the First Fifteen and fast bowler. Whilst sporting achievements always aid popularity it was his happy, helpful outgoing personality that made him universally popular.

He was educated at Hay High School and was joined at college by schoolmates Joan Moore and Robin Williams and they were the nucleus of a group of country kids who formed lasting friendships.

Miles pursued a very successful teaching career in Victoria and leaves behind his wife Peg and two daughters.

He phoned me a few days before his passing and told me his college days had been amongst the happiest of his life and expressed his gratitude to Bill Nye, Tony Davis, Bruce Taylor and Bruno Bunton for their support in his final days.

John Kjrklen

WEBB Wandella (Wandy) (nee Treverrow) 1932-2014.

Wandy attended Dubbo High School 1945 to 1949. She was the daughter of Harry and Edith Treverrow and the eldest of seven children. Harry was a teacher at Dubbo High School.

She trained at Wagga Wagga Teacher's College (1950-1951) and taught most of her life, becoming a headmistress.

Wandy had four children, David, Peter (dec), Graham and Kathy.

She passed away at Clarence River Nursing Home, Grafton, after a battle with dementia.

Marjie Bell

MANN Hazel Frances (nee Kaye) WWTC 48-50 Session.

Passed away peacefully, April 30th, 2014. Beloved wife of Anthony Sandow and Christopher Mann (both dec). Dearly loved mother of John, Kate, Rosemary and their families. Much loved Nanna of her grandchildren, Sarah, Michael, Eleanor, Louis, Wednesday. Loved sister of James (dec), Geoffrey (dec). Hazel will be sadly missed by her loving family and many dear friends. Aged 83 Years. A life well lived.

SMH May 2, 2014

The WWTAA has been advised of the passing of **Effie Young (McCulloch)** on 4 May 2014. (WWTC 47/49).

CONTACT US

All correspondence with the Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association should be directed to:
Secretary WWTAA
Unit 5/185 Albany St
Point Frederick NSW 2250
Ph: 0243225650 or Mob: 0408587065
Email: bruceles@bigpond.com

REUNION ROUNDUP

1957 – 1958 SESSION EVENTS

The 1957-1958 session of Wagga Wagga Teachers' College held its 50th anniversary reunion at Wagga Wagga in 2007. This reunion was so successful and enjoyed so much by the attendees that it was decided to hold regular events to help keep the group together.

The first of these events was a 3-day cruise of the Whitsunday Islands in the schooner "Whitsunday Magic" in 2009. This coincided with the 70th birthday of many of the attendees. What a spectacular way to celebrate a 70th birthday!

The following year, the reunion

was held at Binna Burra Lodge in the Gold Coast hinterland.

In 2012, the venue for the reunion was in a hotel at Katoomba in the Blue Mountains of NSW. Here we enjoyed the many attractions of the region.

A five day cruise on the passenger freighter "Trinity Bay" was the venue for the 2013 reunion. This vessel sails between Cairns and Cape York on a regular run each week.

Early this year, a group flew to Bali and spent 6 days at a beautiful resort at Seminyak, followed by 4 days in the highland area of Ubud by way of contrast. This intrepid Bali group consisted of

Cynthia Piper (nee Sutton) and Jim, Daphne Read (nee Hutchinson), Genelle Thomson (nee Pasman) and Ken, Coleen Anderson (wife of Bob who sadly passed away in 2012) and her 3 children, Len Winter and Bev, and Dale Hell (nee Lette) and Eric. These trips have been expertly organised by Dale and Eric who now run the Whitsunday Travel Centre at Airlie Beach, Queensland.

These reunions have enabled us to enjoy some interesting and relatively inexpensive travel, while maintaining contact with old friends and colleagues from WWTC.

Len Winter 57-58

FOR YOUR DIARY

Ex-Students of Wagga Wagga Teachers College

50 Year Reunion Years 1963-64

A fifty year re-union is planned for 1963 -1964 students of Wagga Wagga Teachers' College to be held in Canberra 24 -26 October 2014.

For updates and more information visit the reunion blog www.wwtc6364.blogspot.com

OR the reunion website www.wwtc6364.com

CONTACT

Graham Keast: 02 44410414 0411386814

Sue King: 02 62821086 0411046347

Marion Giddy: 0412817645

Ex-Students of Wagga Wagga Teachers College

50 Year Reunion Years 1965-66; 1966-67; 1967-68

A fifty year re-union is proposed for Sunday 15 May to Wednesday 18 May 2016 to be held in Wagga Wagga.

We need:

- Volunteers to join the organising committee – much organisation can be done by email
- Suggestions for interesting activities
- Collection of memorabilia
- **Most of all, please register your interest in being there** by contacting:

Bruce and Lesley Forbes
Unit 5/185 Albany St
Point Frederick NSW 2250
Ph: 0243225650
Mob: 0408587065
Email: bruceles@bigpond.com



The Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association

KEEPING THE SPIRIT ALIVE IN 2014 TO SECURE THE FUTURE



IMPORTANT NOTICE MEMBERSHIP CONTRIBUTIONS

To ensure the continued financial viability of the Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association the following membership contributions and services will apply from 1 January 2015.

a) Electronic Membership:

Receive all information and three (3) copies of *Talkabout* electronically. \$10.00 p.a.

b) Standard Membership

Receive all information and three (3) printed copies of *Talkabout* via standard mail \$20.00 p.a.

In addition to either Electronic or Standard Membership members may choose to make additional contributions from the options below.

c) Additional Contributions

- i. general donation to the Alumni for ongoing projects e.g. digitalising archives from \$10.00
- ii. specific donation to the WWTAA Scholarship Fund from \$10.00

For all members who have forwarded contributions this year the new rates will not apply until January 2015 when membership renewal is due. Below is a contribution slip for those not yet financial

ELECTRONIC PAYMENT TO WWTCAA

If you would prefer to pay your subscription/
contribution to Wagga Wagga Teachers' Col-
lege Alumni Association by electronic transfer,
here are the details.

ELECTRONIC FUNDS TRANSFER

To credit of : **WWTCAA**

Commonwealth Bank Casula NSW

BSB: 06 2329 A/C No: 10073789

Reference :

Member's First Initial, Surname and first year
at college e.g.BForbes65

Please send a Remittance Advice to
Email: bruceless@bigpond.com

Thank you to those who have already sent
through payments and donations.

Here is my annual subscription to TALKABOUT.

My subscription for 2014 is: \$10.00

Surname: _____

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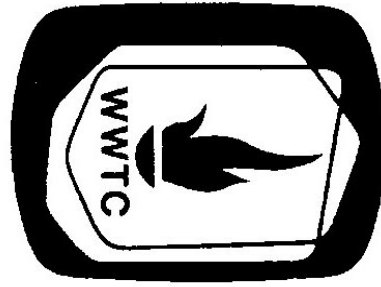
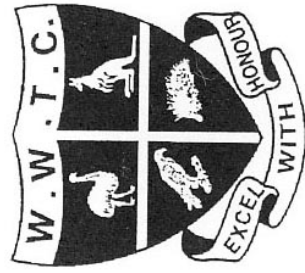
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Send Your Talkabout Contribution To:

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Unit 5/185 Albany St
Point Frederick NSW 2250

August 2014
Volume 17 No 2



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