

A PUBLICATION
OF THE ALUMNI OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE

TALKABOUT



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FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Wagga Wagga Teachers' College began in 1947 and became the School of Teacher Education of Riverina C.A.E at the commencement of 1972 and eventually Charles Sturt University. For twenty five years W.W.T.C. supplied the N.S.W. Department of Education with between two and three thousand teachers. If we were to assume that all students graduated at the age of twenty and spent forty years in the teaching service, then the last graduating student will retire in 2012.

That is not so very far away.

The Alumni Association was formed in 1997 and since that time we feel that much has been accomplished.

Let us look at some of our accomplishments.

SCHOLARSHIP FUND

To date over 800 contributors have donated the magnificent sum of \$30,786. Much of this is not from single donations. Many members donate annually and whilst donations vary from \$10 to \$50 the fund has grown to the present figure. One generous donor contributed \$1,500 in memory of her late husband.

Our original goal of \$25,000 was achieved giving an annual scholarship of \$1,500. At present the general feeling is that we should retain one scholarship and make it a more prestigious one as the fund grows. It will remain at \$1,500 for 2003



Reproduced from a slide taken by Ray Osmotherly in 1961.

but it may be increased to \$2,000 or perhaps \$2,500 by 2004. Whatever happens, YOUR scholarship continues to grow. Perhaps its format could change in future years.

TALKABOUT

Our official publication Talkabout continues to grow and with the \$10 per year subscription plus the generosity of Charles Sturt University we hope to maintain the quality of our magazine.

We do however invite YOU to submit articles to YOUR magazine.

These will be published to be enjoyed by all.

Our very able Secretary, Ann contributes a most comprehensive article containing snippets from the correspondence she receives. Ann keeps a record of all correspondence in a bound form which is presented at each Committee Meeting.

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A sheet is presented to each member giving the surname, first name, year, letter or e-mail, inward or outward and subject, and members are able to refer specifically to any one piece of correspondence. These documents will indeed become valuable archival material.

Our Treasurer and Co Editor Lindsay has the onerous task of arranging the layout of Talkabout and to assist him in this task the Committee has approved the purchase of the Desktop Publishing program PageMaker.

This will simplify the setting up of Talkabout and facilitate the transition from Computer to Printer.

It is also proposed to convert Talkabout to a PDF file and publish it on the Charles Sturt University's website.

(The CSU website can be accessed from the link www.csu.edu.au)

REUNIONS

Reunions for various sessions continue to be held at various places and various times. Please do not hesitate to use Talkabout to publicise your reunions and please report on the good times had by all.

It has been suggested that our next bi-annual reunion be held in Bathurst in September 2003. This will be open to ex-students from ANY year.

I suppose we are a bit like the dinosaurs and face extinction in the future so let us go out with a bang and not a whimper.

It has also been suggested that at this reunion nominations for the Alumni Committee be taken. We are in need of new and younger Committee members. These nominations will be read out at the Annual General Meeting in February, 2004 and those present who have been nominated will stand for election to the Committee

OUR PLACE IN THE HISTORY OF WAGGA

Two years ago at a working seminar at the Charles Sturt University Bathurst Campus some suggestions were made with regards to the housing of objects, articles, photographs, etc as

a permanent historical display of the now defunct Wagga Wagga Teachers' College. It appears those seeds planted expired or perhaps the fruit withered on the vine.

During the Committee visit to the Scholarship Presentation this year we were most impressed with the Charles Sturt University Regional Archives in the Blakemore Building on the old College Campus.

The staff was most obliging and generous in giving us a most comprehensive tour of this amazing repository. We were told that it would be possible to put on an historical display of the history of our College for a week or so, but, as they have continual displays a permanent display was out of the question. However we were informed that certain artefacts concerning our College could be duplicated for our use. For this offer we are most grateful.

It would be nice to have a permanent display of the history of our College. There may be two alternatives that we could pursue: one at Charles Sturt University or the Wagga Wagga Museum at Willans Hill.

Recently whilst visiting Wagga I visited the Wagga Wagga Museum at Willans Hill. Originally it was founded, I believe, by the Wagga Wagga Historical Society and mainly consisted of farming machinery etc.

It is now sponsored by the Wagga Wagga City Council and has been expanded into an excellent exhibition Of Wagga Wagga's early history and evolution to this modern country city.

I complimented the staff on the excellent job they were doing and

suggested that there was one important aspect lacking. I told them that for twenty five years there had been a Teachers' College in Wagga Wagga that had supplied between two and three thousand teachers to the N.S.W. Education Department. During that twenty five years it had participated in a variety of ways in the life of the community. Its members were associated with local groups and societies concerned with education, science, art, music, drama and the like as well as service groups and churches, and with social, sporting and recreational pursuits. Over the years it had made an impressive contribution to the life of the district and there is no mention of it in their history.

The Executive Officer of the Museum, Mr Thomas Graham, granted me an interview and I spoke to him about the large school building which was on the site. It looked like the old two roomer style building. One half of it was a typical old style classroom and the other half was called "The Carpentry Shop".

Mr Graham said that the Carpentry Shop should not really be there and at some stage it would probably be shifted. I suggested that it would make a wonderful site for Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Museum.

He did not seem to be impressed but he did agree to accept a formal approach from the Alumni Association.

Our President, Bob is going to write to Mr Graham and I'm keeping my fingers crossed as this would be a truly wonderful place to house the history of our College

Lew Morrell (1949-50)

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REUNION IN BALLINA CLASS OF 1957-58



A small but enthusiastic group of students from the Wagga College Class of '58, together with wives and husbands, gathered in Ballina over the weekend of August 2, 3 and 4.

Friday.

After booking into the very comfortable Ballina Motor Inn, 31 of us met for registration and a buffet dinner at the Ballina RSL Club. Alterations to hair styles and colouring, and body profiles were compared as old friendships were renewed. It was an unexpected pleasure to be able to chat with Lionel Gailer, our Art lecturer, who has a remarkable memory for past students and their misdemeanours.

Saturday.

In the morning we boarded the M V Bennelong for a cruise up the beautiful Richmond River in glorious sunshine.

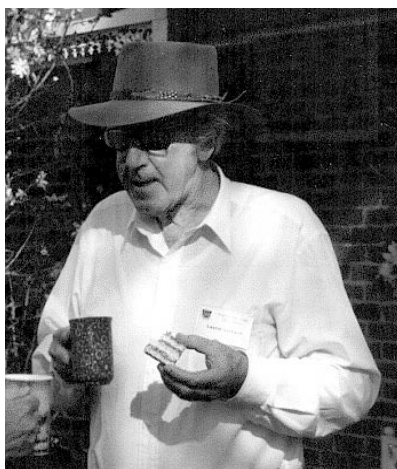
College, teaching and working memories were exchanged over Devonshire Tea as we travelled up to the traffic bridge at Wardell.

After the cruise we drove through Alstonville to the picturesque home and property of Coleen and Bob Anderson. We enjoyed lunch in a beautiful garden setting and were visited by "George Blake", the Andersons' resident carpet snake / mouse control expert. Bob showed us through their Macadamia plantation and husking plant and Coleen explained her fascinating Porcelain

Doll Studio where modern and antique porcelain dolls are reproduced.

We returned to Ballina for the semi-formal dinner in the restaurant at the Ballina Island Motor Inn which is partly owned by Jacqui and Neville (Elvis) Smith. The meal, the service and the company were first class. We looked through nostalgic photographs and exchanged more memories of WWTC.

Nancy Munro enlightened us, Alan Twomey would have done a song and dance but surely Tom Prendergast took the award for his 'speech'. Champagne flowed as the gathering celebrated Margaret and Sam Priest's 40 wedding anniversary.



Laurie Orchard enjoying a cuppa and a chat.

The highlight of the evening came when Laurie Orchard, who, with his wife, had joined in all the activities of the weekend, was persuaded to grace

the keyboard and play "Summertime", "College of the Riverina", "Gaudeamus" and other favourites from college days. We remembered the words and sang with great gusto. Due to the wonderful meal we had just completed we refrained from holding knife and fork upright in our fists while singing, "Here we sit like birds in the wilderness ... Waiting to be fed. (Chorus: Tap, Tap Taperty Tap.)"

Sunday.

After breakfast at the Motor Inn we sadly said our farewells, vowed to do it all again in a few years time, and most of us headed off in the direction of winter.

All participants would like to thank the organising committee of Brian and Margaret Priest, Bev and Ian Baulch, Neville and Jacqui Smith, Graham and Dorothy Shea and Bob and Colleen Anderson. Special thanks to Neville and Jacqui and Bob and Coleen for their wonderful hospitality at the Motor Inn and the Macadamia plantation. Thanks also to Michelle Fawkes for all her administrative work and to Laurie Orchard and Lionel Gailer for their participation.

Attendees were:

Tom & Marie Prendergast, Margaret De La Garde, Nancy Munro, Jenny & David Reynolds, Bill & Bev Atkinson, Bev & Ian Baulch, Jenny & Barry Briggs, Bob & Coleen Anderson, Len & Bev Anderson, Kerry & Alan Twomey, Neville & Jacquie Smith, Wendy & Peter Rogers, Rhonda & Neville Parnell, Cynthia & James Piper, Sam & Margaret Priest, Michelle Fawkes, Lionel Gailer, Laurie & Penny Orchard.

Bill Atkinson and Sam Priest.

Interested in having a Reunion?

The Alumni team is here to help you.
Just give us a call and we will be able to assist in the organisation of your special event.

Phone: (02) 6338 4629
E-mail: alumni@csu.edu.au

From the Secretary's Desk.



For those who have never really known, Wagga Wagga Teachers College began with the Pioneers in May 1947 and changed to Riverina College of Advanced Education in January 1972. The third and fourth Sessions had a truncated course and from then on each session began at the start of each year. In the early days students graduated in a ceremony before they left college. Later this changed to being a ceremony held in about the following April. Some students went back for the ceremony but others didn't.

The W.W.T.C. Alumni was formed in 1997 and anyone who attended the College for any length of time is entitled to belong, either as a graduated student or as an affiliate.

TALKABOUT

Even after all our work there are still quite a number of names which are marked "Temporary Lost" and it is these people we are still looking for, together with those whose letter was returned unclaimed back to the Charles Sturt University Alumni Office. Please keep looking for these ex-students. Please ask them do they get Talkabout in March, July and November. If they say "no" give them my address or take theirs and send it to me.

The list in the back of the March Talkabout brought back many memories of the ex-students. A great number responded by sending addresses or other information by post, email or phone. I really cannot tell you how many we "found". Some had changed addresses and not notified us. Others had never had an

address recorded, while others did not know that Talkabout existed.

WHERE THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING

For fear of missing some I am not listing everyone who sent me a letter but I will try to write for you the "newsy" part of some of the letters, emails and phone calls.

Geoffrey Barnes (1967) was indeed the Geoff I was looking for.

Rosalyn Barber (1967) wrote a four page letter telling us about her teaching and family. She keeps in touch with **Ruth Stuckey nee Roberts**.

Bob Bennetts (1963) has now retired and has moved back to Australia after thirty four years in British Columbia. He now lives in Coffs Harbour.

Ros Billett nee Hillsdon (1962) resigned in 1992 and lives with her husband on the Sunshine Coast Hinterland.

Pauline Agius and Peter Pollock (both 1968) have new addresses.

Ann Browning lives in Adelong. She had never received anything from the Alumni.

Dr Malcolm Beazley OAM (1963) congratulated the committee and hopes we stay in the jobs.

Colin Cafferky only attended in 1962 and then went to Sydney where he repeated the year.

Susan Connell is principal of Hebersham Public School.

Bruce Donaldson (1961) started at Oxley Park and began a long journey in Special Education.

Bill Frost (1963) went from teaching into the army in 1965, for five years. For the next twenty years he was a commercial pilot. He returned to teaching in 1988 at Campbelltown, Tumut, Gundagai. He now teaches at the Catholic High School in Tumut.

Roy Flowers and his wife **Susan nee Haywood (1967)** live in the ACT.

Jill Corner (1961) and **Tim Gollledge (1961)** married thirty years after they met at college.

Ann Groenenboom nee Kershaw (1950) taught at Tyndale Christian School in Blacktown for nineteen years. She and her husband have retired to south west Victoria.

Dr Adrian Hurley OAM (1961) has enjoyed a career which has taken him and his wife around the world.

Alison Harrison nee Nixon (1948)

thought her niece **Barbara Gower (1970)** would like to hear from us.

Edith Hawker nee Morton (1948) is in Koraleigh Aged Care Centre Tongala Victoria and would like to hear from us.

Jo and Ross Neich have moved to Elderslie. They really enjoy Talkabout.

Judi Old nee Cole (1963) sent me a long letter on her places of teaching and many other memories. She included a photo of herself.

Lynette Phelan nee Johnson (1964) resides in Woollamia. **Roy Parker** likes to keep up with the news of what everyone is doing. He had a short respite and managed to come to the awarding of the scholarship to Ingrid. **Graham Pogue (1967)** lives in Port Augusta.

Rex Pollard lives in Berry and works in Voyager Communication.

John Briggs (1953) remembers a plot to remove the Dame Mary Gilmore Gates at the College. I think the gates are still there but the plaques are missing. In July Talkabout we wrote up "The Mystery Of Myrtle". Can anyone send me a story on the gates?

John Riley (1948) and his wife Joan have just travelled around Queensland. They rode together by different trains. Do we have any more train buffs?

Ian Spence (1960) taught at different schools before he spent nine years as Teacher-in-Charge at Molong in the central west. In 1973-74 he travelled overseas with his wife Heather and three year old son Nigel, driving and living in a V W Campmobile. He lists all the places he taught. He rejoined the Department back in 1975 and finally ended up at Jamberoo in 1987. He retired to live there in 1998.

Teaching to Ian was a wonderful and satisfying career. He still feels the thrill of working with young children. During all this teaching and traveling his wife Heather did her degree and taught and travelled with him.

Les Sutherland (1962) received his first Talkabout, thanks to **Geoff Piper (1962)**. Les is in Austria.

Bill Keast (1960) came from Canada for his holidays. Among his "Aussie Highlights" was having lunch on the Georges River with **Gwenda Starling, now Zappert (1960)** and **Kerry Targett now McNicol (1960)**. Kerry and Gwenda's families grew up together.

The three of them had a great day reminiscing and hearing what each had done with their last forty years. Bill included a photo. He also visited **Joan and Alan Kirkham (1959)** and played golf with **Dave Martin and Geoff Peters and Helen Ferguson (all 1960)**, Photos included.

Jim Walsh, also 1960, lives in Canada. He sent a retirement photo of himself with his wife Fay. Jim is a member of our e-mail group He plans to add many scanned slides to our files.

Ray Osmotherly 'discovered' some of his college slides which he took in 1961. They printed beautifully. Thanks to **Pippa Ingram (1959)** for a very generous donation to Talkabout. She was to come to Australia in August but had to enter hospital for follow up surgery.

Noanie Cameron- Wood (1952) is looking for her room mates, **Meg Cattell, Maureen McGrath and Noeline Walsh**. Noanie lives in the ACT.

Margaret Bolte nee Weise (1959) is the mayor of West Wyalong.

Lynette Withington nee Jones (1968) was one of the students who did Junior Secondary.

John Whiteside (1953) lives at Eugowra. **Kevin Plummer (1958)** has retired to be an investor, farmer and part time golfer.

Special thanks to **Warren Poole (1970)** for all the work he did and the information he sent to me to help us find more of that 1970 intake.

Kay Durham (1968) is still teaching at Narrabri West. **Ken Jorgensen (1960)** is an adult educator with a defence organization.

I am told that **Margo Hodge nee Hopman (1960)** now has to use a wheelchair. **Gretel and John B** send their best wishes to her.

Lynette O'Connor (1965) married **Robert Fletcher (1964)** and they have four children. Rob left teaching for sixteen years but went back to teaching Industrial Arts at Melville (Kempsey).

Helen Isaac nee Gardiner has five children. She joined the family business. Helen would love to hear from anyone from her years 1960-1961. (Yes I am still willing to send on letters if anyone wants to write to a friend.. **Ann**).

Ann Elliott nee Graham and Val Hare nee Lister (both 1962) have left teaching .

Ross Coomber (1967-1969) saw **Dinnervilles'** Real Estate Office in Hornsby and found he recognized that **Ian (1968)** was a mate from college.

MINISTRY

A few of the members have joined the Ministry. I noted down some names as I read through the letters and emails. Some were **Patrick Collins and his wife Sharon nee Rook** at Ryde.

Jim South trained as an Anglican Minister. There was a Baptist minister also. Perhaps there were more than this but my piece of paper is mislaid. For those who have taken that step let me know for next Talkabout. Let me know also any lady who preaches or serves.

REST IN PEACE

Again this past term my attention has been drawn to the fact that certain people are deceased but this fact had not been drawn to our attention. Dates are not available.

Ron Houison (1960 – 1961) died in Indonesia in the late 60's or early 70's
Carol Kelleher (1962 – 1963) is deceased

Bill Connell and his first wife Helen nee Henry (1959 – 1960) are both deceased .Bill died 15 June 2000.

Gillian Hume (1970) died 15 February 1994. She was a wonderful person and a great friend.

Janwyn Cox nee Terlick (1957 – 58) died 4th August 1994.

Bill McNeil (1961 – 1962) passed away in 1999.

Arthur Osborn (1961 – 1962) was the Teachers' Federation Secretary for the Wollongong area. Now dec.

George Blackgrove (1952 – 1953) moved into development work with Caltex in Sydney sometime in the 1960's. In 1970 he took up a position as Training and Development Manager with Mt Isa Mines working from their Brisbane Office. During his 14 years with them until his retirement in 1984 he was acknowledged throughout Australia as innovative and successful in all areas of training . He died in 1993

Margaret McPherson died in America this year. Details elsewhere.

Barbara Butler nee Spence (1948 – 1950) died in July this year

Laurel Pearce nee Pearson died in the Northern Territory on 20th June this year

Alan Kolsky (1957 – 1958) died in July this year

Gregory Worthington, Phys Ed Lecturer (1952 – 1972) died 24th June 2002.

Please send me details if you know of any more deaths.

SCHOOL FRIENDS

Some more of you may be interested in joining an internet program called SCHOOL FRIENDS.

At the time of writing this there are 170 members who went to Wagga Wagga Teachers' College and they name the years they attended the College. You can send them a message and by following the steps you can contact a friend. The 170 named for WWTC, together with the years they attended, covers primary schools, clubs, contact and biographies. I have contacted quite a number whose name was in the list but I had no address. Nearly everyone I emailed responded and elected to send me their address to receive Talkabout. You might contact a friend on www.schoolfriends.com.au

I enjoyed it because I found so many WWTC ex-students. Why not join!

Keep looking for more ex-students by asking if they receive Talkabout. There are still quite a lot whose addresses we do not know. Write to me if you have anything which might be put into the archives.

Ann Smith (1948-50)

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

The Annual General Meeting of the Wagga Wagga Alumni Association will be held in the Teachers Credit Union building 28-38 Powell Street, Homebush on Tuesday 4th February 2003 starting at 11 am.

All alumni are invited to attend.

SYDNEY CITY LUNCHEONS



These luncheons have been held since 15th July 1997 and are now being held at The Masonic Club at 169 Castlereagh Street in the city. The club is only two and a half blocks from Town Hall Railway Station and so is within easy walking distance. . Details are on page 11 of the March 2002 Talkabout Vol 5 No. 2

The next luncheon is on Friday 22nd November 2002 and we will meet at 11.00am in the lounge on the 2nd floor. At 12 O'clock we proceed up to the dining room on the 4th Floor where tables have been allotted to us.

The cost is approximately \$25 and drinks are extra.

Up to this time the people who have attended were in the earlier sessions of the college. However, at our luncheon on August 1st last four new people came along. The first was Robin Ryan nee Grant 1950-1951, who accompanied John and Shirley Salter nee Morcom. Robin lives in Scotts Head and was in Sydney to support her husband while he had hospital treatment.

The other three new attendees were Carmel Dobbie nee Hayes 1958-1959, Leila Andrews 1958-1959, and Heather Wallace nee Dwyer 1956-1957. Heather told me that they had thought the dinners were only for the Pioneer Sessions, whereas anyone from W.W.T.C., regardless of session is invited.

I had the pleasure of dining with all three of these three visitors at the same table. Lindsay Budd and Carmel Dobbie found they had common interests as Carmel's brother Mick and Lindsay were both in the 1950-51 session. Heather and I share a common friend in Ann Nelson who has promised to come to a future luncheon with Carmel, Leila and Heather.

We look forward to make them welcome together with any other people who can come to the next luncheon . Contact John Riley on 9525 5304 or myself on 9635 0449 before 16th November if you are coming. If you can't come to this one then mark the calendar for Tuesday 11th February, 2003.

Above you can see Carmel, Leila and Heather enjoying themselves at the dinner.

Ann Smith

COMMITTEE NEWS



June Hadley (Robson), 48/50 session has moved from West Pennant Hills to Nambucca Heads and the Alumni Committee wish her well in her new abode.

June has been a member of the Committee of the Alumni Association since it was formed in 1997. She was the first Treasurer, and after handing over to Lindsay Budd, became the Minute Secretary.

June was the original instigator of the quarterly get together luncheons.

Originally they were held at various locations such as David Jones, Circular Quay and so on.

Because June was a member of the Masonic Club the luncheons moved there in order to provide a permanent and central location for these luncheons.

She is a valued member of the Committee and is greatly appreciated.

We hope she can continue her close association with our group.

The picture shows June with our secretary Ann Smith, Christel Wangman and Barbara Maynard.(All of the 1948-50 Session)

WWTC ALUMNI SYDNEY LUNCHEONS

2003 DATES

WHERE – Masonic Club, 169 Castlereagh St., Sydney

Complete a Temporary Member's card at the Ground Floor, before proceeding to the 2nd Floor Lounge to socialise, any time from 11, for 12 o'clock luncheon on 4th Floor.

WHEN - Tuesday 11th February
- Wednesday 14th May
- Thursday 21st August
- Friday 21st November

COST – Approx. \$25; buy your own drinks.

MENU – Select 2 of 3 courses, with choices available in each.

WHO – WWTC Alumni from any session, partners & friends.

REFLECTIONS

Do You Remember your Childhood!

A boy I taught at Muswellbrook South (aged in his 30's) sent me an "I remember what it was like" list.

This is my reply to him

I am afraid that as well as showing your age, this list also shows your youth! My memories of childhood are so different to these.

- There was no tele. When black and white TV did arrive, we stood in front of the shop window for several hours watching whatever was on. The Jack Davy show, the news!! We crouched over the wireless late at night to listen to Superman, Night Beat and Dad and Dave.
- A treat was to be allowed to go the Saturday afternoon matinee at the pictures, where the naughty boys rolled Jaffas down the aisle.
- The good cowboys wore white and the baddies wore black. You had to come back next week to see the next installment and the newsreel.
- The milkman drove a horse and cart, and we went out with the billy, then brought the milk back and put it on the slow combustion stove and skimmed off the skin.
- The baker delivered half loaves, and if they were still hot, you could pull the middle out and eat it.
- You got school milk that had been left out in the sun all morning and it almost made you sick, unless you went to the shop and bought a penny's worth of flavouring to add to it.
- Dad built the biggest bonfire on cracker night out of telephone poles and old tyres, and the neighbours added branches. The whole neighborhood gathered. Tuppenny burgers could blow up a letter box.
- A treat was to have an ice cream in a cone on Saturday afternoon, and a chook for Christmas. You got one present for Christmas and if you were really lucky, it was something you wanted, not just new clothes.
- My best Christmas was when I got a 20 year old bike. Our playground games at school were in every European language as it was just after the Second World War and we accepted refugees.
- You owned one pair of shoes, and one good outfit. The boys didn't wear shoes to school. You held your breath when you went into the toilets, as they were pans, and stank.
- The best boys in the class got to mix up the ink, and the worst boys dipped your plaits into the ink well on your school desk, which had a seat that tipped up and was attached to the desk behind.
- The teachers were ancient and had been brought out of retirement or were maiden ladies or soldiers back from the war who taught you how to march properly.
- After the War, there was rationing and coupons- for everything from butter to petrol.
- My first "real job" was at Woolworths, where you stood behind the counter with the goods displayed in front of you. You added up in your head (pounds, shillings and pence) and rang it up on a manual till. I got nine and seven pence for a Saturday morning's work.
- When I was a teenager, paddle pops came in- they cost fourpence. I got the sack from Woolies when I turned 17 as I was too old, and they would have to pay me too much.
- I didn't have volleys; I had "sand shoes" which you coated with whitener, so no one could see how old they were.
- I paid 50 pound for my first car and 90 pound for my second car. At teenage parties we played "spin the bottle", a really daring game where you kissed the person the bottle pointed to.
- I paid 10 shillings a week off a dress to wear to my High School graduation. This was the first time I wore high heel shoes and stockings (no such thing as Pantyhose).
- My sister made me dresses out of curtain material so I had some decent clothes to wear to college. "The War" meant World War Two, then the Korean War, then the Vietnam War. Memories are all relative aren't they? Just think, in a few years' time, today will be "the good old days"!

Norma Fowler (Phipps) 1960-61)

Good Advice?

Well I remember the advice given to the Small Schools Section in our final lecture:

"Remember you are going to a small community where you will occupy a position of importance. You will be regarded as a fair catch – beware the farmer's daughter. As the months pass she will grow prettier and prettier. When temptation strikes grab an axe and go out and cut down a tree."

I often mused on this thinking of our female colleagues assigned to the small country towns who possibly experienced a similar situation. What were they to do? Arm themselves with an axe and attack a gum tree in the local park?

A mental picture of this still gives me cause to giggle.

If you have recollections of your early teaching days in country communities or elsewhere please share them with us.

Lew Morrell (1949-50)

Among My Souvenirs

Remember that lovely tradition where pupils gave Teacher a beautiful gift at the end on the school year.

At one of my schools one mother bought a big green "Apple for the Teacher".

Her 7 year old boy obviously thought it was sheer waste giving that to his teacher so he took it and sank his two big front teeth into it only to find it was a waxed candle!

His mother made him present it and add a shamefaced apology. The irony of it is that little boy went on to become a famous International Cross country Skiing Champion and the "apple" is one of my favourite souvenirs!

Shirley James (Cook) 1949-50

COLLEGE MEMORIES

Joe Lonsdale was the first Bursar appointed to the new Teachers' College which was to be housed in an old Air Force hospital in Wagga. He writes of his experiences at the beginning of that appointment.

BARE BOARDS AND PACKING CASES.

The reminiscences that follow go back many years, so if there are any inaccuracies I apologize and hope that I will be forgiven.

In mid-May 1947 I received a summons to report immediately to the Secretary's office. Not knowing why this had to take place on my way to his office I tried to recall if I had done anything wrong as I had only recently been promoted to my present position. When I had enquired as to why I was required I was told you will find out when you get there.

On entering the inner sanctum the Secretary invited me to sit down. This seemed to indicate that there wasn't any wrong doing. To my surprise he informed me that a new residential Teachers' College was to be opened shortly at Wagga Wagga and I had been selected to be the Bursar. As there was some urgency in filling the position I had twenty four hours to think it over.

After discussing the pros and cons with my wife and getting her approval I said I would like the position. After two days induction at Sydney Teachers' College, which had no residential section, I found myself aboard the Albury Express on my way to Wagga Wagga [2nd class ticket].

In the early morning, with the usual clatter, the train pulled into the station. The station was not new to me as I'd been stationed at Forrest Hills during the war. As I left the train I observed a personage heading towards me. He introduced himself as George Blakemore, Principal of Wagga Wagga Teachers' College. Fortunately being met overcame my problem of how to get to the College.

We had a pleasant drive to the College and then went to the Principal's office which was situated in a prime position

in the administration building. I was pleasantly surprised to see the office was well set up with nice furniture and wall to wall carpet. We talked for a while on various aspects of Teachers' Colleges, how they operated, who was who and what my role would be in the hierarchy. Not surprisingly it was double Dutch to me after my crash course on non-residential colleges. I was relieved when the suggestion was made that it wouldn't be a bad idea if we went down town and I got settled into one of the many local hotels, some of which I may have frequented in my Air Force days.

Next day, like a good public servant, I arrived at the College before nine o'clock ready for the many tasks that lay ahead. After reporting to the Principal I was introduced to Griff Duncan, the Vice Principal, several members of the lecturing staff, Wal Irvine the Public Works Department Foreman in charge of the conversion from an Air Force hospital to a teachers' College, Mr Smith the Caretaker and Mrs Whittaker the housekeeper. Then back to my office section.

Horror and surprise! It looked as if a bomb had exploded in the room. There was furniture plus piles of papers and a considerable number of boxes containing heaven knows what. Having noticed the great number of wooden crates stacked in various other buildings I thought it was time to discuss what I'd seen with the Principal. My main concern was who was going to do the work that would be required in the short time available before the students arrived. On the advice I received I decided it was time to let the Secretary know of my dilemma. This wasn't at all successful as I was told that two stenographers would be employed a little further down the track. The problem was mine to solve.

Back to the Principal to inform him that there was no way that I could set up all the systems that would be required, unpack and distribute all the contents in the crates. As the task was beyond me I felt I had no alternative but to contact head Office, tell them that the task was impossible and that I wished to return to Sydney. When

asked if there was any alternative I suggested the lecturers could be involved as they seemed to be having a fairly easy time. Permission was given for me to address the lecturers and seek their help. Fortunately they agreed to be involved. Due to their efforts most of the basics were there for the day when the students who became known as the pioneers arrived. Little did they know how close things might have been except for the efforts of the other pioneers.

Out of adversity problems are often resolved resulting in life-long memories of how people come together in times of need to bring about things that they believe in. I will always remember my days at Wagga Wagga Teachers' College and the Bare Boards and Packing Cases.

Joe Lonsdale.

Multinymys

According to some definitions a homonym is a word with the same pronunciation as, but different meaning than, another word. Thus homonyms come in pairs.

However, some homonyms come in triples, or even quadruples:

Triples:

- cent, scent, sent
- cite, sight, site,
- ewes, use, yews
- for, fore, four
- oar, or, ore,
- pair, pare, pear
- poor, pore, pour
- raise, rays, raze
- road, rode, rowed
- sew, so, sow
- to, too, two
- vain, vane, vein
- ware, wear, where

Quadruples

- cees, seas, sees, seize
- right, rite, wright, write.

THE PLEASANCE



Ray Osmotherly(1959-60) posted to the E-group the above photo of the Pleasance.

The following conversation then took place:

Dear Ray:

Many thanks for the photo. I was part of Brock Rowe's chain gang who built that Pleasance in 1954. I got into trouble by admitting that I had been drinking on Campus during a grilling by Brock and George in the latter's office. This admission was the subject of a special assembly in the Auditorium. Instead of kicking me out they sentenced me to a good behaviour bond and voluntary labour on the Pleasance, which was Brock's pride and joy. So, with a group of other miscreants we laboured every weekend for quite a while carting stones, planting, cementing (?) and general navvying.

We were proud of the final result, and celebrated with a quiet beer or two back in Ipai Dorm!

John Briggs (1953-54)

Ray and John,

What a great photo of the Pleasance. I believe it, together with the WWTC Rose Garden, should have been retained under heritage status.

At the reunion in Ballina a couple of weeks ago we heard, (once again !), of the day in 1957 when 'somebody' smuggled a Pleasance frog into the dining room and under Bev Sear's upturned cup. The scream she let out when she turned the cup over was heard in South West Rocks.

Unfortunately, reconstruction on the WWTC site has left us with only the memories. Who else owns up to cooling off their feet in the Pleasance

Pool between lectures during a summer's day?

Bill Atkinson (1957-58).

Dear Bill: Mentioning frogs, I was banned from the Dining Room at one stage by the Boss, Mrs Churchill, a woman of formidable proportions and demeanour, for putting a tadpole into the milk

jug as a protest against the watered - down milk (and bromided as well). It was a large tadpole, and I think I caught it in the fishpond between Ipai Dorm and Kumbu(?) I recall that it was the same pond with ice on the top that I was chucked into, in my pyjamas, for my birthday on August 8, 1954!

Many years later I took my kids back to see the Pleasance.

Thanks for the photo! Our efforts were on a much smaller scale, although some of the stonework looks familiar! We also worked, completely voluntarily, to help build Laxy Latham's house after his cerebral haemorrhage and his subsequent blindness. I can remember being up in the joists looking at him trying to master the Braille machine down below.

John Briggs

MYRTLE REVISITED

I was particularly pleased to read the article The Mystery of Myrtle in the July issue of Talkabout, especially because of my supposed "role" in her removal.

Immediately after her removal I was told by a number of staff members that Myrtle was removed because I had published a "touched up" photo of Myrtle in Talkabout. Although at the time I was president of the Publications Committee I feel I should share this credit or infamy with the rest of the committee.

Certainly Myrtle was removed in 1963 during the vacation following a photo being published in Talkabout.



However for the record the photo was not touched up. Taken, developed and printed by the photography club, it was simply an ordinary photo of Myrtle displaying what was then her always polished attribute.

Myrtle was removed during the vacation presumably to avoid any student demonstrations. Of course this did not work and there were protests. One night, for example, the lamp post replacing Myrtle was liberally daubed with red paint. I seem to remember a member of the college SRC subsequently having to hide the red splashes on his duffel coat during a meeting with Deputy Principal Ray Bass.

Coincidentally a friend going through a box of my old photos last week discovered the offending Myrtle photograph. The back still bears the printer's notes, including the caption "I look better from the front than the back".

I am glad that she has been restored to prominence in the grounds of CSU and her connection with Wagga Wagga Teachers College acknowledged.

Brian Bazzo (1962-63)

TEACHING MEMORIES



THE BOMB

All my adult life I have suffered from a dreadful disease or symptom thereof. After I eat lunch my head “goes” and I become very sleepy, these days almost to the point of Somnambulism (Is that a word?). Wait until I check the dictionary. Well I was almost right. Having eaten my meal I'm good for little if anything. When I reported for duty at Forbes on 20 January, 1952, the first person I saw in the vestibule, to my great delight, was Marshall Johnson. Marshall and I quietly (wrong word) set about livening up this lovely little town on the Lachlan. We were about eighteen and would spit in the eye of a raging lion. Well, almost. I considered I was frightened of nothing but a strange thing happened when Jack (no one was game to call him Ignatius - which was his name) Hartcher, the boss, introduced me to my fifty-eight little charges, who sat there silently weighing up the new, obviously raw, young teacher. My knees started to shake and I didn't know why. Eventually my severe case of nerves subsided and we knuckled down to whatever one did in those days. Discipline wasn't a problem. I procured from somewhere a small flag with a rounded hardwood handle and if anyone stepped out of line or did something heinous like speaking to the child alongside him I would dong them on the tail with this handy little weapon. We understood one another. Well, back to my little problem in the afternoons. We went in after lunch and being the skilful teacher I turned out to be I stated with authority, “Children, take out your composition books and write me a story of “A picnic.”! (Note the careful introduction and the sensible discussion and lead up to the topic.) Of course I was a thinking teacher and thinking I was. I knew if I sat in that inviting chair at the teacher's table I would go to sleep, so I didn't sit down. I watched quietly while the children dutifully bent to their task. As is usual in these cases one of the little brats took about three

minutes to complete his Herculean effort and proudly said, after carefully putting his hand up. “Sir, I'm finished.”

“Bring out your book and I will mark your work.”

That was when I made my big mistake. I sat down!

Now to digress a little. These days bomb scares are things we take in our stride. A voice on the phone says slyly, “We've set a bomb to go off in fifteen minutes. It's in the basement where you won't find it in a hurry.” The thinking principal is ready for this though. He sounds the alarm and the well trained teachers take their pupils out in the well rehearsed evacuation procedure. The pupils then wait forever in high glee until some burly policeman condemns them to return to the cell from whence they came and routine prevails.

Why do I refer to bombs, you ask? Suddenly there was a tremendous explosion! A deafening noise caused me to throw my head up and startled, I opened my previously closed eyes and, disoriented, I slowly came to my senses in the midst of a gale of hearty laughter! Sensing anarchy I reached out and grasped my handy weapon - the little flag. Silence descended and order was restored immediately! Slowly I took stock and cleverly worked out what had happened. When I sat down to mark the book I went to sleep. The red pencil I was using slowly and silently fell from my fingers and slowly rolled across the table. It rolled off the table and when it hit the floor I heard the seemingly enormous noise which in my sleepy state sounded like an explosion!

Thus my title - THE BOMB.

Malcolm Hanratty (1950-51)

FIRST APPOINTMENT

The latest copy of Talkabout, and an e-mail from my sister, Carmel Dobbie (Hayes) have finally spurred me to pen a few lines on the early experiences of my teaching career. Seeing Ray Fielder's smiling countenance reminded me of my first bush appointment in 1952.

On the Saturday before school started, I received a telegram (in those balmy days telegrams were sent on Saturdays) appointing me as T.I.C. Fernthorpe P.S. This was a blow, as after a year in Sydney, I was involved in sport, a friendship, and was living with my family.

One major problem was finding where the school was! Noel Bible and Mark Gaudry were staying with me at the time, and Noel did his best, through a brother in the Post Office to find out where I was to go. No Luck! So I decided to wait until Tuesday to visit Head Office. This I did, and was told by a rather rude clerk... “You should be on duty today Mr. Hayes”.

I finally found my school buried deep in Southern Riverina, and took off on the Albury Mail (An experience many have shared) to arrive in Henty at 6.00a.m. the next day. I was tired, hungry and a little angry on that Wednesday morning. When I asked the porter when the next train went to Ferndale Siding, the direction I was given in Sydney, the answer was, “Saturday.!!”

I decided to wander over to the Hotel opposite the station, and the first person I met as I entered the door was Ray Fielder, a college mate, who was teaching at a small school, Grubben, just out of Henty. This was good enough for me so I spent the next three days as an educational visitor at Ray's school. In that short time I saw how a small school was very effectively run, and I took many of Ray's ideas with me to my school. Ray drove me out to Urangeline East, the next school to mine, on Saturday, and on stopping to ask our way to Fernthorpe School, met Ian McInerney who was T.I.C. there. At the same time I also met the young lady who was later to become my wife, and is still my wife after 47 years. My years at this school were very rewarding, as it was left in excellent order by Les Davey, another Wagga College ex-student. That's about enough from me. I plan to make it to the next reunion, health permitting, and I am looking forward to renewing many old friendships.

Michael (Mick) Hayes (1950-51)

TEACHING MEMORIES

A MEMORABLE INSPECTION

As a G.A. teacher at a high school in the fifties with a class of thirty eight pupils, an understanding principal endeavoured to make my teaching more pleasant by allowing me to teach Art and P.E.

My wife (an English/History/French) teacher had to go on maternity leave and I was given seven of the eight periods of Third Year English. The eighth period (Grammar) was taken by a teacher on the Mathematics staff. The panel of Inspectors arrived for the school inspection and the staff were all a little nervous, none more so than myself. I knew the local D.I. as he was the one who had persuaded me to "further your teaching experience" by applying for the G. A. teaching position and to me he was a really good bloke.

As the Inspection proceeded I was visited by the English Inspector who disapproved of what he observed on this his first visit. I had only been on the class for three weeks; the prescribed novel was "St Ives" which the pupils and I thought was boring and most unsuitable. The pupils were engaged in paraphrasing some chapters and this upset the Inspector no end.

I explained that I had only been on the class for three weeks, that I had to prepare the novel, the Shakespeare and poetry and that I was only Primary trained. The Inspector wanted to know why I wasn't teaching the full eight periods and I explained that I did not feel competent enough to teach Grammar.

He felt it was a most unsatisfactory set up that a Maths teacher was teaching Grammar and inferred that this teacher was not up to scratch in this subject. Perhaps I was somewhat of a radical – Secretary of the district Federation Branch of eighty odd teachers – I told him that I felt it was most unethical to speak of a colleague in such a manner. The Inspector then suggested that as my wife was a qualified teacher in the subject she could coach me and help me in lesson preparation in the Grammar section.

By this time the relationship was somewhat strained and I asked would

she be paid overtime for this onerous task.

This was the last straw !

"I see from your timetable that you have a poetry lesson tomorrow afternoon. I shall be in to inspect that lesson."

As soon as he had departed the realisation of what had transpired hit me. The class was unaware of what had happened but I am sure that they suspected that all was not well. Fortunately for me, I had inherited quite a volume of poetry written by my grandmother and published in the Bulletin, Weekly Times, Leader and Sunraysia Daily. That night I selected one – "How He Died".

It was a tale of an English new-chum sent to an outback station. There had been a personality clash with the foreman who had bullied and abused him no end. The new-chum was sent out to a distant boundary hut for several days' work. Some days later the horse returned riderless to the station. The foreman was unconcerned stating that the new-chum probably deserted his position and was probably on his way home to England.

Months later a stockman's horse shied at what appeared to be a dead animal. It wasn't, it was the skeleton of the new-chum.

The poem went down a treat and the kids loved it. I could see the Inspector racking his brains trying to recall where this poem had come from.

At the conclusion of an enthusiastic classroom discussion, I mentioned that I personally knew the poet. Here I noticed that the Inspector's curiosity was fully aroused.

I concluded the lesson with "Actually the poet was a poetess, her name was Annie B. Richardson and she was my grandmother.

The aftermath to this was that I was going for my "C" List at that Inspection and enquired of the local D.I. how I was going. He informed me that it was not only on his report but on the Secondary Inspector's findings as well. I was devastated.

Weeks and weeks later when the personal Inspection Reports arrived, I was amazed. The Secondary Inspector's Report was full of praise and at the bottom was the

recommendation for placement on the "C" List.

Lew Morrell (1949-50)

FIRST INSPECTION

My first inspection was at Port Kembla Primary School-Girls Dept, next door to a smelter chimney. I had 16 nationalities in my class, and 18 children spending their first year in Australia. We did a lot of singing (for repetition of words), craft and art, which needed no language and mathematics-, a universal language.

The special ed teacher resigned after a week, so I had these girls as well.

(One of the highlights was teaching a spastic girl to skip.) I had one girl who was an elective mute, who didn't want to talk in English. She would whisper to me, which was a great breakthrough. I had another Italian girl who would scream at me, gesticulate and race from the room- she wasn't going to learn this stupid English! Speak Italian! The day before my inspection, I was coaching the softball team. I put my hand out to slow a ball, and dislocated a finger, which the doctor put in a metal splint.

The day of my inspection, one of the comments was that I hadn't marked the roll that day. Duh! I was the pianist for the choir, so as part of my inspection was expected to play the piano. I dutifully removed the splint, and in great agony, played the piano- a piece with a lot of strong chords in it. I managed to pass that inspection. One of the comments was that I related better to the children than to the staff. I wonder why!

I was 18 at the time, didn't even drink tea or coffee then, and some of the class were 13. The kids wanted to know if I had teenage pimples when I was a teenager! By this stage, I was no longer driving my 39 Chev panel van from college days, but had a VW beetle, which could fit the softball team and its gear. (Seat belts? What are they?)

Norma Fowler (Phipps) 1960-61)

TEACHING MEMORIES

Perpetual Student

I arrived at Wagga Teachers' College on Easter Monday in 1959 having completed my secondary education at Homebush Boys' High School. Soon after arriving at college, I was propelled into my first practicum at Tarcutta Central School. I thoroughly enjoyed my two years at Wagga, becoming involved with the social committee that organized Saturday night dances, playing hockey and pulling the curtain for stage performances of Gilbert and Sullivan. My best friends were Brian Webb (now living in Canberra, Albert Hockey, Barbara Fewtrell (later to marry Wagga identity Bill Rorrison) and Margo Hopman. I clearly remember the cold winter mornings when fish ponds were frozen over on the way to the dining hall. One morning Tiny Hammond's football jumper fell off the clothes line. As we headed for breakfast, it lay frozen solid on the ground under the clothes line, greeting us with a hands up salute. I also recall some frosty nights on the lookout above the college, ostensibly studying astronomy with women's warden and Maths lecturer Fanny Bridges. Upon leaving college, I accepted an appointment to Bogan Gate Public School and began part time study through the University of New England. After three years in Bogan Gate I moved to Merriwa Central School. In those fulfilling years as a primary teacher I completed my BA with a major in Geography and moved on to secondary school teaching. Between 1969 and 1975 I taught social sciences at Meadowbank Boys' High. I coached the Shell Trophy basketball team and acted as federation representative just after the famous Meadowbank Extras dispute. I was inaugural president of the Asia Teachers' Association and spent every holiday, and any long service leave I could scratch together, travelling in the Asia-Pacific Region. In 1976 I moved to Eden High School and married my partner Leonie in May of that year. We moved to Geelong and taught Social Sciences in the Geelong District till the end of 1978.

We lived at Angelsea in those days and spent much time exploring the Great Ocean Road. Leonie and I both completed qualifications as school librarians. In 1979 we moved to Sale High School in Gippsland where I taught Geography and Leonie was librarian.

In 1982 I gained a teaching exchange to Manitoba. This was a great experience. (I remember writing an article for teachers back home that was entitled "Where Celsius meets Fahrenheit" - at minus 40 degrees). We lived in Winnipeg and Leonie completed her masters degree at the University of Manitoba. On our return to Sale, Leonie decided to enrol in a PhD program through Deakin University. To keep up with her, I started a masters degree through Deakin University after completing a Graduate Diploma in Intercultural Studies through Mt Lawley CAE. All my post graduate studies have been in external mode while I have been teaching.

In 1985 we moved to Sydney. I was Social Sciences Head Teacher at The Pittwater House Schools, Collaroy. This was my one and only experience of teaching in a private school. By 1989, I had completed my Masters degree and Leonie had finished her PhD so we headed for Lismore where Leonie took up a lecturing role at what is now Southern Cross University. I worked for some years in a professional development centre in Lismore and then moved to the university, teaching in the Bachelor of Education program. I managed a project called Japanese Language for Teachers that used CD-ROM technology. I started my PhD in the area of citizenship education.

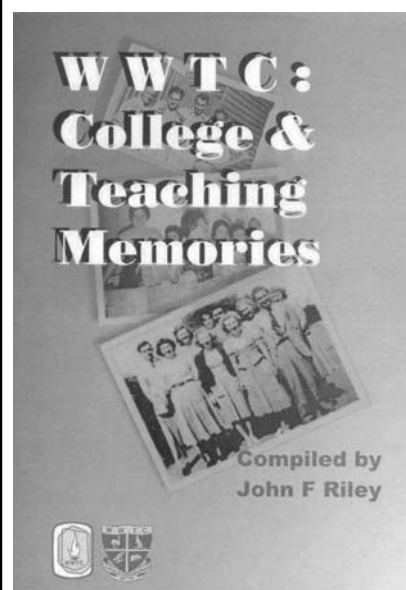
In the northern rivers region I met up with some of my college friends such as Jim Roche and Malcolm Lobb who were teaching in local high schools. I also taught Warren Cupitt's daughter, who is carrying on her father's occupation. Last year in October, I turned 60, so I decided to wind down my full time teaching career. Leonie left the university and has retrained as a computer teacher. We now live at Kingscliff with our small dog Portia. I still do some part time teaching at the Tweed Campus of Southern Cross University. I am

supervising students in a masters program and trying to finish my PhD as an external student through James Cook University.

I also do some work as an educational consultant. For my sins, I am president of the Northern Rivers branch of the Friends of the ABC. I love films, jazz and folk music and head for the Woodford Folk Festival each year between Xmas and New Year. Although I may seem busy for someone who is supposedly semi-retired, I am never too busy to greet old friends from Wagga Teachers' College. My home phone is 0266743830 and my email is: njenning@scu.edu.au

Neville Jennings (1959-60)

TEACHING MEMORIES



The long awaited "TEACHING MEMORIES" has been a great success and copies are still available for those who forgot to order one.

The books are available at a cost of \$20 including postage and may be purchased by sending a cheque to the Treasurer, Lindsay Budd at:
4 Flemington Close
CASULA 2170.

TEACHING MEMORIES

THE JOKER

Forgive me for not naming the particular high school, nor the surname of the teacher involved in this anecdote as, although the incidents occurred over twenty years ago, when I last came across this teacher, he was still on the staff of the same high school.

The high school, on the southern outskirts of Brisbane, was new. It started with only Year 8 students (the first year of high school in Queensland) and grew by an additional year over a period of five years.

Like many other high schools developing in this manner, it had its “teething problems”.

Firstly, being in a city-rural fringe area where land is cheaper, a very large proportion of its student population was from single-parent families. Many of the kids were still going through the trauma of a marriage break-up. Secondly, the kids had no older year levels above them to show them how to be high-school students. Consequently, they still tended to behave, in many ways, like primary-school kids – albeit that they were oversized and had far too many hormones flowing through their bodies.

Remarks purposely made within the earshot of teachers were often laced with sexual innuendoes. They felt quite safe in doing this as, after all, it was surely their generation which had discovered sex. Oldies wouldn't know anything about such things and so would not know what they were talking about!

When the original intake were nearing the end of Year 9, it was realized that something had to be done about those students in each class who were not only underachievers but also whose aim in class was to disrupt the learning process.

For the sake of the other students – and the sanity of the teachers – it was decided to lump these students into one class in Year 10 and put in a request for a “lion-tamer” who would teach a modified curriculum for all but

some specialist subjects such as manual Arts, Home Ec. and Phys Ed.

At the beginning of the net year the new batch of teachers for the expanding school included the requested teacher with the reputation of being a “lion-tamer”. His name was Peter.

Another of Peter's traits did not precede him by reputation. He was also a joker with a wicked sense of humour – as well as being a very affable staff member.

For example, when Peter faced his troublesome group of mainly (but by no means exclusively) boys on the first day he told them, “I warn you guys. You'd better not mess with me. I've got a black belt in origami.”

He had them bluffed for weeks before one of the more sophisticated students of the school informed them that origami is the Japanese art of paper folding.

It came to pass that Peter became aware that a certain group of boys were smoking in the toilets during breaks, which in Queensland schools, both primary and secondary, are known as “little lunch” and “big lunch” (Can you believe it!). However, I have heard a variation made by principals who object to the terminology. Instead they have labelled the breaks “little nutrition” and “big nutrition”.

But back to Peter and the smokers!

Peter had a spare period before one such break during which he borrowed a bucket from the janitor, filled it with water and left it beside one of the washbasins in the boys' toilets.

During the break he observed from a discreet distance the smokers enter the toilet as a group. After waiting a minute or so for the offenders to select a cubicle and light-up, he sneaked into the toilet to look for the tell-tale wisp of smoke rising above the cubicle door.

Grabbing the bucket, he emptied its contents over the top of the cubicle door. The three soaked boys burst out angrily to be confronted by a grinning Peter.

“Sorry, fellas,” he said, “I saw smoke so I thought there must be a fire.”

As it turned out, none of the boys made a complaint. I wonder why not!

Michael Austin (1950-51).

LETTER FROM MAURIE ROBSON (1967-68)



Dear Anne,
I recently returned to Australia for a brief family visit and received mail related to the WWTC Alumni. I am delighted that a group is operational and enjoyed reading about the various activities that have taken place. As you will see from the address below, I am now heading up the education programme in Pakistan for UNICEF. You probably know of UNICEF through the greeting cards programme and the 'Change for Good' programme now running on all Qantas and British Airways flights. Perhaps you know it also for the work we do all over the world in addressing the health, nutrition, water and sanitation and education needs of children up to 18 years of age.

This is a far cry from WWTC in 1967-68 but in many ways my experiences then, especially in one teacher schools have prepared me for the situation here.

They did not, of course, prepare me for a rather more risky occupation in the UN. Pakistan is my third appointment, the first was to Burma, and the second to East Timor. I seem to be getting closer to the hotspots!! I hope the Alumni group managed to recruit more ex-students and perhaps, on one visit, I will be able to coincide with students in my cohort. With best wishes,

Maurice Robson
Chief, Education UNICEF Pakistan
E-mail: mrobson@unicef.org.pk

IN MEMORIAM

VALE GREGORY CHARLES WORTHINGTON



Wagga Wagga Teachers College 1952
- Riverina Murray Institute of Higher
Education 1976

Born Sydney 19 October 1913
Died Wagga Wagga 24 June 2002

Greg was born in Sydney and grew up in Manly, the oldest of four boys and one girl. As a child and young person, he roamed the bush, as Manly then was, the harbour and the beach. These nature based activities became a continuing love of his life.

Greg was schooled at The Convent School in Manly and then won a state bursary to the Marist Brothers at Darlinghurst after which he went on to Sydney Teacher's College. An early love of Rugby union saw him play on the wing for the Manly first grade team.

He started his teaching career at the Christian Brothers School in Manly, followed a few years later by a state appointment to a one-teacher school at Mt Gillett, near Beckom. Greg married Kathleen Flint in January 1940 and they immediately moved to Canberra where he taught at Canberra High School.

They moved to Sydney in 1947. After working for a time at his father in law's factory Greg took a teaching job

at Eastwood Public School, which was followed by an appointment to Wagga Wagga Teacher's College as Physical Education lecturer. Now with three small girls and a little boy, the family moved there in 1952. This appointment brought together and further developed Greg's life long love of physical activity, human movement and teaching.

Many students from Wagga Wagga Teacher's College during that period through into the 1960's will remember Mr Worthington as a teacher who always encouraged even the most un-coordinated to attempt, and generally succeed at, vaults, gymnastics and all manner of sport and physical gyrations that they thought were quite beyond them. He ran and supported sports teams, helped develop the college sports grounds (even ploughing up for ovals on the old grey Massey Ferguson tractor with son John perched up "doing the steering"). He farewelled students at the end of term at the railway station, and met those returning at the start of the next.

Greg built sets for the Gilbert and Sullivan productions, provided children for some of the bit parts, took teams on visits, was part of the Olympic torch relay organising committee in 1956.

He remained teaching physical education for many years while the college grew and changed to become the Riverina College of Advanced Education and then the Riverina Murray Institute of Higher Education, ending his professional career as the student liaison officer for distance education students. He retired in 1976.

Like many of his contemporaries, a busy working life was not all. Greg built houses for the family throughout his working life and 2 more in retirement; continued his youthful love of Rugby Union as a weekend referee and was integrally occupied with the myriad of tasks involved in bringing up a family - helping with homework, mending shoes, the iron and the toaster, making soap, growing vegies and fruit, gathering firewood, Billy Tea on Plum Pudding Hill,

keeping the old 1934 Chrysler going against all odds, teaching his children to be self-sufficient.

Greg loved to socialise, to dance - balls at the Kyeamba Smith Hall - to sing, to listen to music. In 1969, after the children had all left home, he moved to a hobby farm lifestyle and in retirement continued rural pursuits as well as helping with his wife's hobbies in potting and weaving- following his life pattern of working along with others, supporting and enabling, but never taking over from them.

He enjoyed his 13 grandchildren and 9 great-grandchildren - a visit to the Wagga 'farm', a swim in the Murrumbidgee River and the 'Christmas cricket tests' were much-loved highlights for all of the family generations.

Greg was a gentle and modest man who leaves a legacy for us all to share: a love of music, the bush, open spaces, physical activity, teaching, children, and simply - a love of living. Greg Worthington was a teacher, coach, mentor, colleague and mentor (often all or many of these) to many, many people and will be greatly missed by all.

MARGARET MACPHERSON (WILLIAMS 1954-55)

Dear Mrs Smith:

Thank you for your card. Some details about my wife Margaret

She was born in Sydney in January, 1937, did the Leaving Certificate in 1953 and was at Wagga 1954-55. Your last Talkabout mentioned the statue at the college. In 1954 some students painted the statue or dressed it up. Anyway one chap was accused of it but in fact did not do it. He was sent down and all the students marched with him to the station on his way home. For this disobedience there was no graduation ceremony. She specialized in infants teaching and was awarded something like best teacher of the year and gave a lesson to the college.

IN MEMORIAM

She was posted for 6 months to "Barum" (I have not seen it spelt), the next six months was in "Tokemwall" (again a phonetic spelling). Both these places are in southern NSW. Her mother became ill so she was posted back to Sydney at Ryde Infants School in 1957. We were married in 1959 and she moved to Turramurra Primary for about six months. We had four children in Australia and moved to Toronto Canada in 1967-1969. Winnipeg for 1969-1971. We lived in Bethlehem Pennsylvania from 1971-2002 except for three stays at Oxford England 1977, 1984, and 1991. She enjoyed using her teaching experience to teach English to foreign student's wives. She did this for several years. Of course she had other interests such as garden club, faculty wives associations etc

She died 22 March, 2002

Sincerely

Alistair Macpherson

*(Professor A.K. Macpherson
Institute for Biomedical Engineering
and Mathematical Biology
19 Memorial Drive West
Packard Laboratory
Bethlehem, PA 18015-3085)*

JOHN HUGHES (1958-59)

Acquaintances of John Hughes will be saddened at his recent passing. John retired early in 2000 and shortly after found that he was suffering from a brain tumour. John was a student at Wagga Wagga Teachers' College in the 1958/59 Session. At College he had a passion for drama and as well as acting developed skills on the technical side of stagecraft in lighting and set construction. This he carried on in his schools and communities. His teaching career began briefly at Horsley Park, then Rooty Hill, South Bathurst, Bathurst Demonstration School, Croppa Creek, Sunshine Bay, Warilla Primary, then finally to his greatest joy as founding Principal of Broulee Public School. John had attended the Forty Year Reunion of his session in 1999 and

spoke of it as a wonderful weekend catching up with friends and renewing acquaintances. It was for him, a truly happy occasion.

N.S.W. Education Department District Supervisor, Colin Walter, said Mr Hughes had a great love for children.

"He was committed to the schools in which he worked. He was committed to providing a wide range of learning opportunities for children, including creative and performing arts. He had a real and personal passion for performing arts. John made a valuable contribution to all the schools he worked in".

John is survived by his wife Helen, two daughters Karen and Alison, and grandson Thomas, son-in-law Adam and brother Douglas.

To them we convey our condolences.

VALE JOHN HUGHES

LAUREL (LIBBY) PEARSON (1959-60)



*(The following was sent as an e-mail
to the e-group by Joan Kirkham)*
28/6/2002

Dear friends,
Sadly, today is the funeral in Alice Springs of another WWTC member, Laurel Pearson who passed away last week after battling an aggressive cancer most of this year. She was one of my great dorm pals and a truly wonderful person/friend. Three years ago, seven of us from the dorm had a mini reunion in Sydney. She was one of the magnificent seven. We were planning another in only a fortnight, which she was really looking forward to, but unfortunately, it was not to be.

The rest of us have no heart for it this time, but will possibly get together next year to remember her in a happier time.

Joan

Fellow WWTC friends,

Following my email regarding the passing of Libby, some of you emailed me via the e-group and wanted to know a little about her life and teaching career, so here is what I know.

Her teaching career started at North Dubbo 1961. After completing her bond period, she then went to Papua New Guinea teaching with a missionary group (Methodist, I think). I'm not sure of how much time she spent there, but I do know she loved it. She returned to Australia, married Graham Pearce in NT....separated later, but not divorced. They were always still "good mates" according to Libby.

She did several university courses & degrees, & taught right up to the time of her debilitating illness at Yirara College in Alice Springs, where her funeral service was conducted. I think that Yirara is a boarding college for aboriginal students. Libby just loved her time, her work and all her connections there. It was a huge part of her life, which was evident in her occasional newsletter, "Libby's Link."

In all the years I knew her, she was always a kind and caring person and a wonderful friend, whom I feel honoured to have known.

In 1961 we met in Sydney in school holidays and went to see the new movie, "Spartacus." Naturally, at the end of said movie, we had both dissolved into tears, whereupon I realised I had no hanky or tissue. Libby tore her hanky in half and gave it to me. As I said, a true friend!

Joan Kirkham (Robinson 1959-60)

WWTC ALUMNI EGROUP

If you are connected to the Internet we invite you to join the wwtc-alumni E group.
The group is one of the Yahoo Groups and can only be accessed by members.
To join go to <http://groups.yahoo.com/> and follow the instructions to get a Yahoo ID.

OR

Send an e-mail to **Lindsay Budd** at: lbudd@bigpond.net.au
or to **Charlie Ferris** at: JhnChsFerris@aol.com.

Our group is generally conducted like a typical, friendly staff room or common room. All members may submit new email on any subject of perceived common interest. General conversation of a day-to-day variety is also welcome. It is EXPECTED - NAY, MANDATORY that members feel it their right to butt into any conversation they can understand (or even those that perhaps they occasionally misunderstand) and put in their ten cents' worth.

The interaction by email or telephone provides worthwhile opportunities to renew old friendships, to form new ones and to relate nostalgia ad nauseam. Indeed, some of the accounts of student and teaching experiences are of very high standard and some will be published with the assent of the authors.

Many members are clever with cameras and send in some astonishing current snapshots. Of course, the SCANNED (and submitted as attachments to email) snapshots from old college and teaching days collections are quite priceless and are highly prized by all members.

Our email is heading towards 5000 electronic communications and many members find it well worth the effort to surf through the entire growing collection in order to sift out the absolute gems of emails that have been received in considerable number in the general sea of jolly conversation.

If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to send them as
NEW messages addressed to our general email address,
waggatc-alumni@yahoogroups.com
or to the **OWNER** and **Head Moderator**, **Lindsay Budd**, address: lbudd@bigpond.net.au

WAGGA WAGGA TEACHERS COLLEGE 1952 - 53 SESSION GOLDEN JUBILEE REUNION

A GOLDEN JUBILEE REUNION has been organised for interested members of the 1952-53 session at Wagga Wagga Teachers College. The following details of the proposed reunion are provided for the information of those who may be interested in attending.

DATE: Weekend of 29th & 30th March, 2003.

VENUE: "Riverside" – Yvonne and Arthur Boyd Education Centre.

(On the Shoalhaven River – west of Nowra)

ACCOMMODATION: Reminiscent of college days.

Two to a room. There is a significant difference, however, in that the venue was designed by Glenn Mercutt, Wendy Lewin and Reg Lark and has been described as a masterwork of late 20th C Australian architecture.

It won the 1999 award for best public building both in NSW and in Australia and the 2000 K.F. Brown Asia-Pacific Culture and Architecture Design Award.

COST: \$120 per head – twin share.

Includes accommodation for the Saturday night plus: afternoon tea & dinner on the Saturday and breakfast, morning tea & lunch on the Sunday. A conducted tour of Arthur Boyd's studio and the Bundanoon Homestead (built in the 1860's) is included in the program.

PLEASE NOTE: On-site accommodation is limited to 40 persons and will be allocated in the order that acceptances are received. (Additional overflow accommodation is available in the surrounding district).

Thirty persons have so far indicated their intention to attend the reunion.

Any other interested person should contact either:

Helene Hotchkis (phone/fax 02 9869 2448) or

Robin McKinnon (phone 9878 1857)

for program details and/or bookings.

Helene Hotchkis (for the reunion committee: Phyll, Robyn, Bev, Marion, Jim, Greg).