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TALK ABOUT



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Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Auditorium 1964

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Since February's report most of the activity has revolved around the arrangements and organisation of the 50 Year Reunion for the 1965 -1968 Alumni. It has been a most rewarding exercise as more contacts have been made. There has also been a collection of individual life stories and photos from the cohort as well as an accumulation of memorabilia for CSU Archives. The exercise of organising an event such as this will surely provide a guide for the 2017 70 Year Celebration. The regular and ongoing "Last Hurrah" Reunion of the 1956-57 session at Bowral was also held on 8 March.

The Scholarship process this year has been quite an event and as Stacey Fish has identified "been bordering on chaotic". There was disappointment at the shortfall in applications for many of the scholarships on offer so the date for application was extended. There were only two applicants for the WWTCAA Scholarship. The interview process was unique as Lesley and I were in Melbourne doing the grand kids babysitting duties, Stacey Fish was in Bathurst as the "silent witness" while we hooked up by phone for a teleconference with the applicants in their home town. Both candidates were impressive in their CV's and interviewed well. When it came to our final selection only one applicant was

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EDITOR



Welcome to our second edition of *Talkabout* for 2016. I hope that you find some special moments in the stories and memories that others have written.

Those who attended the recent 65/66/67 reunion and visited the CSU Regional Archives managed by Wayne Doubleday will have seen the importance of publications such as *Talkabout* in forming the ongoing record and archive of the lives and various journeys taken by all of us who attended Wagga Wagga Teachers' College.

So, now is the time to become part of the record, leave your story for posterity. Put your fingers to the keyboards, tell us your story - past, present and future. Don't delay any longer. All contributions welcome.

When submitting articles please consider sending along photos as they add to the story. Whilst older photos help enrich the story more recent shots are appreciated by those reading your article.

Brian Powyer

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE Cont'd

actually eligible. The scholarship was awarded to Joshua Bell, a mature age student studying primary education in his Honours Year. He was presented with his award at a Scholarship Ceremony on May 18th, when Lesley and I met him in person for the first time. It was great to have Chris (our vice president) and Jenny Blake present.

Emerging from the interview process we came away being concerned for the understanding students have for methods and practices in the teaching of reading, especially as related to the identification and teaching of poor and non readers in the primary years. Are teachers being taught how to teach the basics?

In Wagga Wagga, through Marlene Mebberson (WWTC 57-58), Lesley and I met with Dr Ray King OAM, FACE to discuss the opportunity to explore future directions particularly in relation to the establishment of a primary school on the CSU Campus at Wagga. Discussion did include mention of the role of Demonstration Schools, Lessons and Practice Teaching Blocks of yesterday.

The outcome of the meeting was that these matters be brought to the attention of our committee for discussion and possible future direction in support of establishing a public school on the Wagga campus to serve both the growing community and education faculty of CSU. This school would be used to improve the practical education of students by observation lessons, micro lesson experiences as well as practice teaching opportunities. Do we get involved in politics?

Finally, may I impress upon all members to be proactive in assisting with the organisation and operation of the October 2017 WWTC celebrations. It is important to find "lost colleagues" and to encourage their attendance. It is imperative that there is continual liaison with Wagga Wagga City Council and with CSU hierarchy to ensure that there is formal recognition of the role played by WWTC from 1947 to 1971 in the shaping of Wagga Wagga as a regional centre for education.

Bruce Forbes

ACROSS THE SECRETARY'S DESK - Lesley Forbes



Thank you to the many alumni who have contacted me since our last edition. I am sure that other members will appreciate your thoughts and memories.

Dr Adrian Hurley (1961-62)
This contact is to let you know that WWTC will be represented

at the 2016 Rio Olympic Games. I am participating in the Games as a member of the coaching staff of the Men's Olympic basketball team. This will be my fourth Olympics as a member of the basketball staff. I previously competed in the 1984, 1988 and 1992 Games. Two of those was as Head Coach. I coached the 1988 team to the medal round

and fourth position, our first time at that level and it is still the equal best performance by our team at an Olympics. Hopefully we will get that elusive medal in Rio.

For those interested in basketball and sport, last year I published a book *Hoop High, a History Of Australian Olympic Basketball 1956-2000*.

It took 13 years to write as most of the information was not recorded and I relied on interviewing all the officials and players who participated in those Games and using their photographs, diaries and memories. The book was very anecdotal while being designed to be an accurate record of that period. My major aim was to document the period so that the sport and the public would have a record of the events and for the pioneers to be recognised for their contributions.

The book was sold out which was gratifying. I am currently working to have the book available in electronic formats.

My best wishes to you and thanks to all who work so hard to keep *Talkabout* going.

Lillian Chapman (Davies 1960-61) Thank you for another interesting *Talkabout*. I am very impressed with the digitisation of WWTC photographs and materials.

I have noted a couple of things I think are worth passing onto Wayne Doubleday.

My roommate Gerda Hendricksen (CSURA SAI/184) has been spelt as "Hendrickson". This is incorrect and can be checked against the list of graduates in the *Graduates of 1961* booklet.

With reference to *Speech CSURA SAI/334* the woman on the right is identified as Mrs Muir. I am sure this is the Senior Warden/ Maths Lecturer, Fanny Bridges. I suggest it is worth asking fellow colleagues in the next *Talkabout* as to whom they think she is and who is the student and man on her right.

This undertaking is a wonderful project. Many of us have photos of interest. Is Wayne seeking these photos? If so, I suggest he receives them in digital form.

Ella Keesing (Redpath 1950-51) Wow we made front page – how exciting! Thank you for the inclusion of the article about the 1950-51 footballers and how they now look. The ex-students come from Cowra, the South Coast and I go up from Melbourne. It is lovely to still have those connections and I'm sure we are closer than many tertiary institutions because it was a residential college and we were quite isolated from our families – no mobiles, Wi-Fi, tablets ... We really were dependent on supporting one another.

Thank you for keeping the spirit alive with *Talkabout* Editions.

Roy Strange (1956-57) Here's a possible tricky question! I recently met Gordon Young's daughter (Helen?) on a car rally and would like to make contact with her - I know she lives in the Wagga area. Can you help please? Thanks

Geraldine Schirmer (Allen 1962-63) Thank you for the work you have put into this issue. I thoroughly enjoyed reading it and the format was great. It might even make me put down some of my experiences as a naive 19 year old in charge of 38 3/4 children in a wooden building with a wood fire Warmray stove with the chips cut by 8 year olds for kindling! The memories flow back but are often skittish and hard to hold!

I just thought you would like some positive feedback for a job well done.

Allan Slater (1960-61) Many thanks for the magnificent contribution being made by you and Bruce (and the Committee [sic]) for the old College.

I intend to be in Wagga Wagga for the 70 year reunion in October next year.

Helen Watson (Cumes 1969-71) Thanks for the *Talkabout* April 2016 edition. The contributions covered many eras. Thanks Ken and George – you both made me laugh. The photos of the Rotunda brought back



Secretary has lunch with Col O'Grady (50-51) and Bob Barnett (60-61)
Royal Hotel Port Macquarie

ACROSS THE SECRETARY'S DESK Cont'd

many memories. It felt special. Please accept my donation to the scholarship fund. After so many years of Practicum students, I know we were given a great gift in being accepted to Wagga Wagga Teachers College and what we learned was more than we expected. I'm happy to 'pay it forward'.

PS Thanks for all your hard work

John Robinson (1952-53) Yesterday, quite by chance, I met Fred Armstrong, A 1951/52 College student. I had not seen or really heard of Fred, but remembered his name. I was a 1952/53 College student so our years overlapped. Sixty-four years since we had any sort of contact. I am a Tourist Guide at Griffith and Fred was a member of the Loftus Probus Group on a tour of Griffith. I was the guide for this tour and we were able to reminisce on memories of 1952 and recall old colleagues. So, 64 years is a long time between "drinks" as they say.

John Carolan (1954-55) Congratulations on the production of *Talkabout* April 2016. It is an excellent issue. Mine comes to me in Canada via the internet (and in colour!).

This issue had particular interest as there is an article by Mary Kanaley (Mary Duff). Mary and her brothers and sisters have been good friends of mine for over 50 years. Mary and I went through WWTC together. She was one year ahead of me.

Retired life is great, but we are always so busy, there is no time to be bored. We have had two

trips back to Australia in the past three years, the last one in 2015 was a cruise across the Pacific from Vancouver Canada to Sydney, then two weeks with my sister in Narrandera.

Again, thank you to yourself and Bruce for the difficult task that you have taken on and for which you are doing such a great job! (Editor's note: Brian, our editor organises the *Talkabout* contributions and Lindsay is our competent treasurer and assistant editor).

Paul Gallagher (1949-50) As I progress further into my eighties, I appreciate more and more the contact and information you and other Committee members provide through the circulation of *Talkabout* and organisation of meetings and reunions. Please convey my thanks to all.

Robyn Robinson (1966-67) Words fail me to describe the pleasure I received from this week's College Reunion and I want to express my gratitude for all that you did to arrange such an outstanding success.

I wanted to come but was apprehensive about how many people I would recognise and to whom I would talk. No need for concern

as from the very minute of your warm, welcoming hug, Lesley, I felt right at home and as the different activities occurred and we re-met over the days, more and more faces became familiar again and it was like being transported back in time. Everyone seemed so happy and genuinely thrilled to be there. It was great.

The activities you planned were all really enjoyable – the dinners, the breakfast, the archives visit, walk around the college site, bus tour, poem, speeches etc. all required preparation and you did a fabulous job. I had planned to play croquet, but by the time I'd walked back from college and had lunch, the games seemed well underway so I went back to the motel to sit in the sun and do a crossword, which was very enjoyable too.

Would you please convey, to all who helped with the organising, my heartfelt thanks for such a wonderful time. I am eagerly awaiting next year's gathering to re-meet those very familiar faces (in slightly older bodies) from so long ago.

Thank you for the placemat and coaster. Wonderful memories.

Jillian Haggan (Cutler) (1966-



65/67 reunion planning committee - (anti clockwise): Jenni Williams, Paul Williams, Jock Currie, Bruce Forbes, John Ferguson, and Lesley Forbes

67) Thank you so much for all your work in organising the reunion. It was terrific. I'd been a bit half hearted after a traumatic start to the year – but really enjoyed seeing everyone and feel that it wasn't long enough now. Looking forward to the next one.

Wendy Hyett (1967-68) Congratulations and thank you to you and everyone involved in our 50 year Reunion. It was wonderful!

I was only able to attend the 'Meet and Greet' and the Dinner – both great venues. (I combined WWTC Reunion with a family reunion and only came home yesterday).

I really enjoyed meeting so many people again after so many years.

When you have finalised everything, relax and enjoy the fact that your idea and hard work made a lot of people very happy.

Sylvia Mulholland (Nixon 1967-68) Thank you for organising a wonderful event. Thanks again.

Robyn McPherson (1965-66) Thank you so much for a fabulous reunion. You must have

worked so hard to bring all that together and I am so glad I eventually heard about it through Patricia Murphy. The speaker was right who said the graduates of WWTC had made a huge difference to Australian society. It makes you think, doesn't it?

I must contact the Alumni Association and give them my new contact details. A change of email some years back probably broke the contact.

Once again Lesley, thank you for all your hard work and for making the reunion such a success. It was truly memorable.

Bruce Chittick (1964-66) and Cecily (Greason) (1968-69) Good to read your comments about the reunion. It was certainly inspiring to talk to Ron Vickress. I'd like to have the same enthusiasm for life that he has, if I can make it to 90. It was great meeting 'old' friends. I'm now looking forward to reading the life journey stories.

I guess Bruce and you are still on your travels. Cecily and I are setting off next week for a two week trip north.

Thanks again for your organisa-

tion of the reunion it was a great celebration of the wonderful times we enjoyed at WWTC.

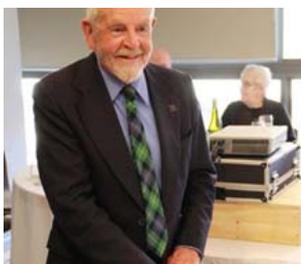
Warwick (1966-67) and Judy Bradley Again, thanks Lesley and Bruce and your committee - a great time to catch up and reflect on those days in the sixties and in between since then. Stay well and keep enjoying retirement.

Brian Lamont (1966) Congratulations on such as well organised and 'managed' seamless reunion. Even though I was only involved with WWTC for one year before being marched off for lack of application, I felt fully involved in the events of Monday. The session at the old campus was well worth the time and effort and the dinner was a wonderful night.

The memories of some left me wondering where my memory had vapourised to. I couldn't orientate myself to locate my dorm nor the "hitching rail" up along the road towards the ladies dorms.

Lesley Forbes
Secretary

THE MAGISTRATE MISCALCULATES—Ron Vickress



In 1967, the Wagga Wagga Historical Museum, on Wilkens Hill, was opened, (at Easter as I remember). For the occasion, my divisional head, Keith Swan, asked me to devise a re-enactment of the encounter between Magistrate Bayliss and

'Mad Dog' Morgan on the road to Urana in the 1860s. This play was to be performed in the scrub outside the museum building for the opening. Swan provided papers and correspondence and such from which I composed a script. As I recall there were no, or little funds provided.

I then proceeded to recruit a cast. This I did mainly from the WW Playhouse Theatre of which I was a member and some Col-

lege students. I remember only one student, Milorad Panic, there could have been others. Because of the limited time and personnel to choose from, I decided to play Bayliss.

We must have had line rehearsals, but there were no on-site rehearsals. To link the various episodes of the encounter, I had a tape-recording made to be played through the loud-speakers at the site. I made this recoding

on the College's tape-recorder.

You will probably detect serious limitations in our preparations.

On the day, we had arranged for hired hacks to be brought to the site from Koorinal. Thus at the opening of proceedings I, in top-hat and tail-coat, was mounted on a docile white mare. Then I discovered one of the things I had overlooked – from here I was unable to control the broadcast-tape, operated by a student recruited for the occasion but never exposed to an on-site rehearsal. Thus the broadcast became 'out-of-sync' with the action but I could do nothing about it.

The major 'un-rehearsed' incident occurred when Morgan confronted Bayliss. Morgan was being played by an ex-stockman, so an experienced

horseman. Morgan shouts 'Bail up!' and presents his shotgun. Bayliss responds 'Shoot and be damned', and rides past into the scrub. Morgan fires the shotgun. !!!!!!!?????? My horse bolts! There follows one of the best pieces of acting I've ever made. Down the steep slope I remain 'seated', in the saddle desperately trying not to be thrown. At the bottom of the slope, the mare 'props' and I 'gracefully' dismount, on the wrong side but make it look intentional. The rest of the play went off without a hitch.

The performance was so successful that the Historical Society was preparing to film a repeat performance. Fortunately for me, that wasn't to be, largely for financial reasons, I believe. Once was enough!

I approached the present Curator, Michelle Maddison, of the now Museum of the Riverina, with the only copy of the script, now titled 'The Magistrate Miscalculates', together with some papers, handwritten notes etc. She was delighted to make a copy of the script and receive the papers. She toyed with the idea of perhaps repeating the play for the 50th anniversary next year. Who knows! I said I would look to see whether I had the original tape somewhere. She suggested that an account along the lines of that above would significantly add to the interest in the document.

Ron Vickress

CORRECTION

Apology: Eileen Hayman (Jones) attended WWTC in 54/55 session not 65/66 as shown in the last edition.

SAMARA CALLAGHAN - SUCCESSFUL SCHOLARSHIP RECIPIENT

Samara Callaghan, who received one of our Scholarships in 2014, has enjoyed a successful beginning to her teaching career. She is currently on her second twelve month placement at Murrumburrah High School as a TAS/Food Technology teacher.

Commenting on the scholarship, Samara stated, "The Wagga Teachers' Scholarship helped me immensely in my final year, allowing me to travel for my final professional placement, that ultimately led to my appointment on a contract for as Food Technology/TAS teacher at the same school where I un-



dertook my placement." This year she is re-training in Hospitality and will be able to teach VET courses next year.

Jenny and I were passing through Murrumburrah recently and dropped in to catch up with Samara and were not only im-

pressed with the school, but also with Samara, her attitude and outlook. She is the Year 10 coordinator this year and valued by the school. For us it was uplifting to see that the Scholarship had had such a positive result.

Chris and Jenny Blake

65/66/67 REUNION - 50 YEARS ON

Over 150 members and partners of the 65/66/67 Session met in Wagga Wagga over three days, 15-17 May, 2016 to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of their intake. The three days included a meet and greet get-together, inspection of the college archives, a bus tour of the City, Anniversary Dinner, Breakfast on the Beach, Croquet and BBQ Farewell, with special guests, Ron Vickress and Harry Gardiner.

With the compliments of John and Maria Egan a full photographic record of the event can be found at: http://www.johnandmariaeagan.com/Studio_Image/Wagga_Teachers_College_Reunion..html



Trevor Black and Diane Alcorn
cut the Anniversary cake



1965-1966 Session



Tony Foster and Nerida Hoy
at the College gates



1967-1968 Session



1966-1967 Session

JOSH BELL: WWTCAA SCHOLARSHIP A FAMILY AFFAIR

The recipient of the WWTCAA Scholarship for 2016 was Josh Bell. Josh, a real family man, recently accepted his award at



Josh with family - baby Charlotte and two brothers

the Albury-Wadonga Campus of Sturt University. President Bruce and Secretary Lesley were present along with Chris and Jenny Blake.

In a letter of appreciation to WWTCAA Josh wrote:

I owe a great debt of gratitude to the Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association for selecting me as the recipient for this year's WWTCAA Scholarship. My journey into the world of education has started a little different to most. After finishing a degree in Podiatry with CSU some time ago, I can say now with confidence that the challenges of education are far more stimulating and exciting than the aroma of smelly feet.

After almost 10 years as a Podiatrist in far north Queensland, my wife and I made the tough decision leave our careers in health to return home to Albury NSW

to be closer to family and friends. Soon after this, we welcomed Archie the first of our three children and I became increasingly fascinated by the rapid curiosity and learning taking place every day. Dirty nappies, sleepless nights and tantrums didn't put us off and a little over a year later we welcome our second little boy Henry into the world. It was at this time that I became increasingly interested in the world of education (knowing that I couldn't be a stay at home Dad forever). I spent some time visiting



Lesley and Bruce present the award to Josh

schools and sitting in with teacher friends to get a feel for the job. I wasn't put off and enrolled in a postgraduate Masters of Primary Education with CSU and haven't looked back. The challenges of studying are vast, as I am sure you would all know too well. Time constraints, part time work and a growing family have taught me a lot about patience, organisation and enjoying the simple things in life.

During this, my final year of study, my wife and I were thrilled with the gift of our latest little family member, Charlotte. Charlotte arrived the day after Bruce and Lesley presented me with the WWTCAA Scholarship. The Scholarship has meant I have been able to spend time helping my wife with our three children while I continue to study. It has given me the time to enjoy Charlotte's first moments (by this I mean the sleepless nights and endless nappy changes), while spending time with her two older brothers. It has meant that I can organise my time around study, placements and family without the pressure of finding added work to support our family. For this gift, I cannot thank the Association enough. If I survive this final year of study it will be through the unwavering support of my wife, our family and friends, and the generous donations from association members that have made this scholarship possible.



Bruce, Lesley, Josh and wife Mel

A MEGA CAREER BUT VIVA RETIREMENT – Kath Sneddon 1960-61

I attended the College in 1960 and 1961. I remember travelling to Wagga by train in my very best clothes which was an apricot dress and jacket WITH GLOVES! My mother, although as poor as a church mouse, paid for a sleeper so I arrived at Juneec Station refreshed and ready for the stewed tea and whatever else was on offer for breakfast.

I lived out during the first year (mine was a second round offer) with Mrs Castle in Gormley Ave and fellow student, Jackie Wilcox. Regrettably, I have lost contact with both the Castle family and Jackie. Mrs Castle was a widow whose policeman husband had died prematurely. We just about lived in the kitchen with the fuel stove during the winter terms as our bedrooms were freezing. Mrs Castle was lovely but you knew what day it was by the menu. So Sunday was lamb roast day and Monday was lamb fritters.

I had the loan of a push bike so I would pedal the few miles to college in my skirt (no jeans or ladies trousers allowed then!) so I soon had a saddle sized stretch mark on the rear of my skirt. By the time I reached the lecture room, my hands were frozen and friends had to take notes for me as I couldn't write. I remember Dr Mackiewicz lived over the road and I used to baby sit her son occasionally. One rainy day she gave Jackie and me a lift in her (I think) Morris Minor but the windscreen wipers slowly descended and started wiping the bonnet. It was pouring so Jackie was hanging out the car window pushing the wipers up and I had my head poking out the side

window giving veer left or right instructions to our driver because vision was appalling. Upon arrival we were wetter than if we had donned our raincoats and pedalled to college.

The good doctor lectured in Science but I had led a protected life and had only done Physiology so the splitting of the atom was a mystery to me. I don't think I passed that subject.

The second year I lived in with Esther Foote as my roommate. She was such a good influence as she never stopped studying. To stay awake I used to take the notes outside and pace and talk to myself. Esther topped her year and went on to translate the Bible for remote tribes in New Guinea. Where is she now I wonder?

I had some memorable practicum. The one at Temora comes to mind when the rabbit trapper's children had to jump through the windows of the old car while it was moving because he didn't have any brakes. It didn't have any hinges on the doors either so they were tied on with rope.

I also did a practicum at Lake Albert where I taught grammar. I drilled the spelling of "pleural" so thoroughly the kids are probably still getting it wrong! I shared the practicum with another student and we used to patrol each other's class as the Year 6 was a lot to handle.

I had been locked up in a boarding school/institution for six years before arriving at college so I could have gone wild but I joined the College Christian Fel-

lowship and the brotherly and sisterly love saved the day. I was a right pain in the neck and have since learnt to moderate my views and not inflict them on others whether they want to hear them or not.

I remember Miss Bridges summoning me one day to lecture me on suitable womanly behaviour as females "set the tone" especially at the table. There was always uproarious laughter from our table and this apparently upset the superiors sitting on the podium.

I sewed by machine for the first time with the help of my dorm mates. It was a skirt with reversible jerkin top in BRIGHT RED wool. Red was banned because it was reputed to inflame the passion of the boys and was too distracting. I was embarrassed by the attention when the dining room rose and applauded my effort the first time I wore it. After years of wearing a navy blue uniform during the school terms (weeks and weekends) I wanted some colour in my life.

The food was more varied than that of boarding school but the powdered scrambled eggs served in a moat of water is a long-standing memory. Does anyone else remember train smash and spotted dick? And yet when the annual Gilbert and Sullivan was staged and performed before the town dignitaries, the buffet the cooks served was amazing. Sunday nights after church at Gordon Young's home with exotic food like fried rice was a great hit. I remember, with help, cooking buckets of spaghetti and bolognaise sauce for the crowd and

even that was revolutionary. I grew up in Leichhardt and my mother would exchange Italian cooking lessons for Dad's services to his dental patients. He didn't earn much but we learnt about the culinary and olfactory benefits of garlic.

The trip home on the train to Sydney was always eventful because it would leave late afternoon with extra carriages for the Kapooka boys on leave after weeks of training. Our few brave male students would spread themselves throughout the carriages to protect we poor delicate females from the unwelcome (sometimes) attentions of the (by now) inebriated soldiers. I disembarked unscathed at Strathfield station in the middle of the night with no taxis in sight and waited until dawn before I could travel home. By then Mum had left for work and I had to look after my younger brother. No cars, phones or luxuries in those days.

Graduation was a big thing so my mother took time off work to stay at the local hotel where I was to dress in the grand white satin gown donated by an aunt, complete with gardenia corsage, and parade in the dining room. I was mortified but didn't want to spoil the night for Mum as she was so proud of me. I spilt half the soup of the day down my front and sponging didn't make much difference. That took the shine off things and the satin too.

I hated sport at school when it was mandatory, I was hopeless at anything to do with balls and racquets. I much preferred to escape into a good book or work in the school garden. I never even watched the college teams playing whatever it was they were

playing. Teaching sport has always been a trial and I've avoided it as often as possible. I remember umpiring netball at Blackheath in sleet between a child welfare team and my school. They were tough babies and disputes were physical. Fortunately, the local copper was a parent and watching so he intervened but he did accuse me of lousy umpiring. I begged off all umpiring duties after that. Training kids to run around the oval while I watch and time them is my forte. I have taken bushwalking groups and even taught beginner swimmers but team sports are not my thing.

I learnt a lot about life at college but I can't say it prepared me for teaching. I was now the ripe old age of 19 and asked to be given a posting in Sydney so I could maintain a home (a series of dismal flats and shared rooms) for my mother and younger brother. My father had died when I was 15 after a long illness so we were broke. My twin brother escaped poverty by joining the army and was at Kapooka when I was at Wagga on a scholarship. So my first appointment was a school in the Western suburbs on an Infants class of 45 kindergarten children straight off the boat from Greece and Turkey. Now I had completely shut infants teaching out of my mind as I had specifically requested primary. How foolish was I to ask for what I wanted.

Granville in summer is not pretty and I had to keep the windows and doors shut or these terrified kids would climb out with their dried flat bread and escape. No aids, copiers, resources available then. Does anyone remember teaching reading through nursery rhymes? They were completely

out of the culture of these children so it was like teaching a third language. The jelly pad, rolls of paper I cadged off my butcher for pre-writing, filthy coloured plasticine and pinpricking basic shapes from flint paper come to mind. The torture we put those kids through in the name of fine motor development! The infants mistress was a clothes horse; doled out the art and craft material by the exact number and then only once a week and did not have a clue on how to mentor a young teacher.

Consequently, I disliked teaching, got married and pregnant (in that order) so I had an excuse to take what was then charmingly known as accouchement leave in my third year out. Little did I know what awaited me on my return the next year.

My baby was 5 months old when I returned to find I was a supernumery in the Infants Dept. so after a few weeks of digging the front garden I was dragooned into teaching metalwork to the Junior Secondary boys. These were kids impatiently waiting for their 15th birthday to arrive so they could leave school.

It was a baptism of fire, the boys were wild, I was untrained in the delights of copper work and creating LP carrier/folders, the staff couldn't care less, the boss didn't know I was employed there and put all my pay cheques in his drawer and forgot about them till I tracked them down 2 months later. In the meantime, the baby sitter had to be paid out of my husband's meagre salary which wasn't much more than the baby sitter's.

The most memorable day was when the police arrived to search

under the demountables (splintery timber, draughty, leaky things) where the students had stashed their supply of stolen car parts.

Apart from beating off the attentions of a 14 year and 11 months old boy in the store room where he wanted to show me his tattoos, it was a fairly unimpressive continuation of my teaching career.

Eventually, I was posted to Penrith so I needed to change the baby sitting arrangements, find somewhere else to live while our house was being built in the Mountains and learn to drive. In my Kindy class I had the twin boys of the local MTA inspector so I got my licence even after I had failed the reverse parking test. The week before our VW Beetle had been rear ended at a red light by blokes in a ute returning from a shooting trip out West. It was hard getting the details for insurance purposes as they held the guns. Consequently, I had to borrow a friend's Morris Major to do the test and was thoroughly unprepared. (Remember those hill starts in a manual?)

I remember after a year of driving to and from school for over an hour each way, I visited Bridge St in the hope of getting a closer placement. The person behind the desk scoffed loudly and told me I was lucky to get an appointment at all. I lasted a couple of years more but the commuting was too much so I escaped into pregnancy once again.

There followed many years of juggling four babies, casual teaching and eventually a divorce. I employed a house keep-

er when my eldest went to school, the next went to Kindy and the baby and toddler stayed at home with Manny. She was a godsend when I finally received a permanent position at a special school. This was the first time I found fulfilment in teaching and with support from my boss and PM Whitlam's initiative, I applied for and completed a Diploma in Special Ed. The rest of my teaching career was in this field – I really love seeing the light go on when a non-reader suddenly “gets it”.

One of my happiest appointments was the three years at Nepean School for Crippled Children where I “volunteered” to take the pre-schoolers. My mentor and principal allowed me to visit various preschools to source ideas for this new venture into early intervention. The program we devised was full of music, art and direct instruction for which we received an innovation grant. All of the students received physio and occupational therapy so it was the full package. After three years of lifting and moving 12 children around every day I sought a transfer.

After another ten years of teaching I undertook to improve my qualifications and studied for my Diploma In Primary Ed for 2 ½ years at night with four teenagers still at home. I was a single mum again but my children cooked and helped to keep the home fires burning. Unfortunately, not one of them took the advantage of tertiary education while young because they said if they had to work as hard as I had, they weren't interested. They have achieved great things since.

I became a resource teacher at a

large school and helped set up numerous remedial reading, language and maths programs in fellow teachers' classrooms. My ambition for promotion was not assisted by my Federation involvement so after being overlooked I took a giant leap of faith and for only the second time in my life APPLIED FOR A JOB!

In the '80s I took a secondment to a team at the Department of Motor Transport, funded by the Department, Bike NSW and NRMA to produce a road safety program called Street Sense. After the cloisters of a classroom this was an empowering experience and an introduction to computers. I wrote the pedestrian strand and facilitated the production of videos and story books and assisted in the implementation of the compulsory wearing of bike helmets. At the program's conclusion I applied for but failed in securing the job as consultant for implementing it.

So I was rewarded with an appointment to an IM class in Mt Druitt where I lasted 6 months and then resigned. After 35 years I had lost the evangelical spirit to go into combat every day with limited support and resources and be physically and verbally abused by students and parents alike.

I fortuitously met a friend the weekend of my resignation and he gave me some phone numbers. These I rang on the Monday, had an interview on the Tuesday and started teaching in Adult Basic Ed the next day. I stayed in TAFE for 25 years teaching and coordinating courses till the programs were gutted in 2013. Those years and courses were exciting, fulfilling and

gave so many adults in low socio-economic circumstances a second chance.

At the same time I was teaching at TAFE, I bought a franchise and established a tutoring business in Penrith where for 22 years I taught reading and maths to kids with learning disabilities as well as a few gifted and talented children. We took the students to HSC level and helped many special students get to levels of education they

would never have achieved without that extra support. Creating my own business, becoming an employer and teaching in an area of my own expertise was extremely challenging but rewarding.

Since retirement at the ripe old age of 71 and after 51 years of teaching I am currently conducting English classes for refugees. I am hosting a Tamil refugee who was in detention for six years. I also oppose the

building of a second airport at Badgerys Creek as I believe the World Heritage Area and the Sydney Basin should not be compromised by noise, traffic, water and air pollution. These activities keep me busy as well as my garden, chooks and political interests. Having time to read, even into the wee small hours, and not being restricted by the workaday week is exhilarating.

Viva retirement!

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO RIC MONRO?



Ric Munro (1966-67) During the second year at Wagga Wagga Teachers' College I was drafted into National Service to begin in 1968. After basic training at Kapooka I chose to join the Catering Corp completing basic techniques to become an army cook in Brisbane (cooks were also deemed to be "fitters and turners" – fit it into pots and turn it into shit).

Discharged, honourably, from the Army in January 1970, I was given two options:

a) Return to College for another two years to complete Primary teacher training before joining

the teaching workforce;

b) Work for the government for at least one year to pay off the residual bond (two years already deducted for National Service).

As I had married during National Service and we were expecting a child late March, I joined the Forestry Commission of NSW in Tumut, counting trees, sort of. I recall that we had a Facit mechanical calculator operated by hand that I discovered could be put into reverse. To multiply a number by 96 (a common number in the Forestry where logs were usually cut to 16 foot lengths), you could multiply by 100, one turn of the handle, then put the machine in reverse and turn the handle four times – simple.

Mid 1971, I applied to join the Commonwealth Public Service by sitting their examination. After I had been offered a position in Grafton with the Forestry Commission (someone had passed away – what a way to be promoted!). I was offered a position with the Commonwealth in Canberra, either Department of

Works, Department of Education or the then Department of Foreign Affairs, DFA, (and Trade, DFAT, from 1987). I rejected Grafton and chose DFA where I commenced on 4 April 1972 and spent 42 year and two months, to 4 June 2014, attempting to work out what they do.

In the 1970s, I travelled widely with DFA, Asia and the Pacific, North and South America and a little of Europe and the Middle East. My first trip abroad though was to Fiji with the Canberra College of Advanced Education, now University of Canberra, to play hockey. I continued to play hockey with CCAE while in Canberra but also took up softball (playing jerks at WWTC assisted me greatly as a pitcher). In between travelling, we produced three beautiful children, two sons and a daughter.

I was posted to New Delhi in July 1979 for two years. Our marriage broke down during this period but our eldest son remained with me for the full posting. Following an extended holiday in Paris and London, I returned to Canberra for 1982 be-

fore being posted to Hanoi in January 1983, fifteen months only as it was then considered a hardship posting. While there I met a Swedish lady who has been my partner since. We have two more wonderful children, a daughter and a son (my second son and last son were born on the same date, twenty years apart). A group of us from that period in Hanoi have an annual reunion in Dalarna, about three hours north of Stockholm, at Midsummer, the weekend closest to the northern summer solstice. We have attended at least ten times and plan this again in 2016.

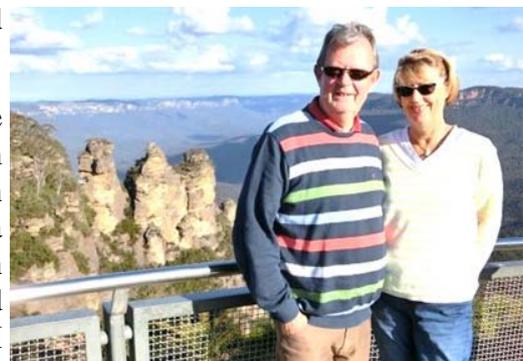
From Hanoi, I was cross-posted to Tokyo for three years where my second son attended school. On our return to Canberra in 1987, via Sweden, UK and back to Beijing on the Trans-Mongolian railway thence Tokyo we settled down for a few years to experience Australia, especially my spouse, and have our first child. Off again 1991-1994 to Manila (our arrival delayed, en route in Port Moresby, by the eruption of the volcano Mt Pinatubo). Our second child was born during

those years but in Stockholm, not the Philippines. On his first birthday, I returned to Sydney with our daughter to celebrate the 21st birthday of second son. Just after I decided to have a vasectomy, five children were enough.

1994-1999 was mostly spent in Canberra with regular short term travel for DFAT, including in 1997 closing the High Commission in Nauru on site and remotely assisting with the closure of Copenhagen. In 1999, I offered to manage the move of the Embassy from Bonn to Berlin, three months planned but extended to almost 12 months when another officer became ill.

During that period I reopened the Embassy in Copenhagen, 2000-2003, arriving there with a laptop PC and a car I had purchased from the Embassy in Berlin. We missed the big wedding in Denmark in 2004, Mary and Frederik.

Back home I joined the Passport Production team with DFAT for eleven years until I was offered a voluntary redundancy in 2014. Now happily retired I cannot work out how I



had time to go to work.

I married thirteen times, grammatically correct, but I did get married once and while overseas I performed six weddings of Australian couples, twelve persons, under the Australian Marriage Act. This role is no longer permitted for Consular officers.

I arranged the disposal of more than forty Australian citizens who had died overseas of various causes, one was recorded as "he died astride".

I met Queen Margrethe of Denmark in 2000 when the Ambassador presented his credentials, both of us dressed in hired tails and white gloves.

On a much less formal occasion in Canberra 2005, I met King Carl Gustaf of Sweden and Queen Silvia at the Swedish Embassy.

THE 56/57 REUNION—60 YEARS ON

This was our 11th reunion (56/57) and 60 years since we as 16-17 year olds commenced our training at WWTC. Twenty six ex-students attended at Dormie House, Moss Vale.

Roy and Janelle Strange did a marvellous job of displaying their memorabilia and providing prizes for the trivia comp.

During 2015 we lost four of our regular members. Sadly Kevin Street, Bob Carberry, Keith Crittenden and Lesley Macpherson (Jenkins) died and they were very much missed.

In our reminiscences we recalled G.L. Blakemore's 3ft rule - "Members of the opposite sex must not be closer than 3ft

whilst on College Campus"

We left Dormie the next morning after once again enjoying laughing, crying and recalling old times.

We hope to be in Wagga in 2017.

Gwen Ravell (Wild)

EULOGY FOR LINDSAY BUDD 31/12/1932-22/6/2016 - Bruce Forbes



It is an honour to be asked to speak on behalf of the Wagga Wagga Teachers College Alumni Association for Lindsay was unique. He was a special man who was diligent, meticulous, generous and with the ability to make things happen.

The current committee of the Alumni succeeded the pioneering committee which was established in 1997 following their fifty year reunion of the 1947 - 1949 College intake. Lindsay was integral to the formation and the role of bringing together a vast bulk of students who attended Wagga Teachers College from 1947 to 1971 ... 25 years.

The fact that he was seconded to work on the OASIS program for the NSW Department of Education is testimony alone to his ability to bring together diverse and vast groups. The Alumni Association is one of these groups.

It is an organisation which continues to give to education today. Members of our Association are regularly in contact via "snail mail", email, phone and text messages with over 1700 ex WWTC students, most of whom became teachers. Others took different paths, but were united through a magazine called *Talkabout*. This was the original quarterly publication of the stu-

dents. It ceased when the College at South Campus became RCAE. Perhaps it was the collegiality of a residential college for over 300 students each year that gave Lindsay the vision to rebirth the *Talkabout* in 1997.

His pursuit and allegiance to the Alumni has enabled all of the copies of *Talkabout* since 1997 to be digitalised and put on the CSU website. Mind you it took many of his (and others) phone calls and emails to have them placed in chronological order in an easily accessible space.

But there is more. Lindsay, along with the pioneers also undertook to establish a scholarship fund for CSU to support a student in the Faculty of Education in his or her fourth year. Unlike the 1947 to 1969 intakes, who were all two year trained scholarship students, most students today have a debt at the end of their training. Our scholarship fund of nearly \$100,000 provides \$8000 each year to students who show the necessary qualities to become a teacher and accept an appointment to a regional area. The scholarship is ongoing.

We all realise how Lindsay was always "digitally aware" and kept abreast of social media, programs and other computer tools. His data base to record and monitor alumni is second to none and now sits in my wife's domain as Secretary. This is our main conduit for contact. A lot of this stuff is up in iCloud now so perhaps Lindsay will still be "hands on".

Electronic mail-outs of the mag-

azine occur to over 1100 members as well as news, notifications on reunions and other developments. It is the means by which our collegiality is retained - another Lindsay Budd legacy.

It is also through this network we encourage membership to make contributions to various projects including the digitalisation of College photos, magazines and other memorabilia for CSU Regional Archives on the South Campus at Wagga.

The current project is putting on line the *Wagga Wagga Daily Advertiser* reports on the formation and closure of the College. This project will coincide with the "70 Year Celebration" of WWTC and the role that it played in the development of Wagga as a regional centre of education.

It is indeed sad that one Lindsay Budd will not be physically present at this celebration. He will be sadly missed for his sage and honest contributions but will not be forgotten.

Gladys and family, please accept the sincere condolences you have received from so many of our members. These are a true testimony to a man who has always had in his life the willingness and ability to give unto others and make the world a better place. Our Association is truly grateful to a man who at one stage was the co-editor, treasurer and database manager of an organisation which is now his legacy.

It would be remiss of me not to finish with a little verse for Lindsay loved his poetry.

What else needs to be said about this man?

He has been a flagship for all to understand.

An innovator, an educator and a man of vision

A WWTCAA pioneer and a man on a mission.

He loved what he did and he did it with style

We shall always remember that all knowing smile.

Now find that grass green and check out the slope

You have given us heaps and continuing hope.

For *Talkabout* is now recognised as a document of history

Tales and stories of lives and legends unravel some mystery.

Peace be with you as we appreciate what you have achieved.

A full and generous life doing what you believe.

Bruce Forbes

VALE: LINDSAY BUDD – CSU Stacy Fish

On behalf of Charles Sturt University and the Alumni Office, I wish to pass on our heartfelt sympathy on the passing of Lindsay Budd.

Lindsay was such a special, charismatic man, who touched the lives of many CSU staff and fellow graduates of WWTC.

His diligent dedication to the WWTCAA, through his role as Editor of *Talkabout* for so many years, not only provided a vital medium for CSU to provide

communications with WWTCA, it also provided an avenue to share the *Wagga Wagga Teachers College Story*. His efforts, particularly to ensure these were recorded digitally through the CSU Alumni web site, will ensure these stories live on for generations to come.

On a personal note, Lindsay had become a friend over many years of working with him to publish *Talkabout*. He so easily put humour into communications and was often at times a

‘sounding board’ for new direction, an inspiration, pillar and role model for all.

May Lindsay rest in peace knowing his efforts were not in vain and that his legacy will continue to be the memory for all WWTCA.

Our thoughts and prayers are with WWTCAA, Gladys and Lindsay’s family at this time.

Stacey Fish
Alumni Relations
Charles Sturt University

VALE: NICK BEST OAM - Kevin Riolo 1955-56



I want to take you back many years ago, to the nineteen fifties. The place is Platform 1 at Central Station. The big green 38 Locomotive is belching steam and smoke and people are boarding the Riverina Express whilst on the platform there are Marching Girls, balloons of all

colours, cheer squads, and Randwick CYO, all there to send off their favourite son who is conspicuous in his new peg pants with wide knees. He, meanwhile, sees a lonely, disconsolate figure close by. He immediately goes over to him, puts an arm around him and says, “Don’t worry son! I’ll look after you.” This is Nick’s highly embellished version of the day we left for Wagga Wagga Teachers’ College. That afternoon we arrived in Wagga Wagga, and although the College had a no alcohol policy, that did not stop Nick, on our arrival stating that we needed a beer, which we proceeded to have in one of the many hotels

in the main street, although both well under the required age of 21. We also decided that we should try to room together, which we did for the next two years.

Most of the College only knew Thomas Arthur Best as Nick. He told everyone that he was named after Nicky Romano in the film *Knock On Any Door*, and his motto was “Live fast, die young and have a good-looking corpse”. It was many years later that Nick’s brothers, Jack and Tony, told me that the family had named him Nick because when there was anything to be done he would nick off. Nick had many friends at Col-

lege and the girls seemed to think he needed mothering.

After he had been teaching for only four years, Nick was named Coach of the NSW PSSA 6 stone Rugby League team and in 1962 he was appointed full-time Secretary of the South Coast PSSA. I represented my school at the first meeting that year and was surprised to see Nick in charge after only 5 years teaching. He suggested that we play football with Thirroul. This he managed to do in his usual inimitable fashion and board was arranged with a Mrs Rutledge. I am sure that Nick had them convinced that they were getting two outstanding players, which definitely was not the case. One night at Thirroul Leagues' Club, Nick said to me, "See the blonde over there, I'll win her tonight." Even though he did not have a car at this stage, he jangled keys in his pocket, to give her the impression that he did. Even though she went home with him, she was not impressed. 18 months later they met at a ball and she agreed to go out with him again. This year, in January, they cele-

brated 50 years of marriage. So all good things come to those who wait. Isn't that right Mas?

In the later 60's Nick joined Group 7 Referees' Association where he quickly made a name for himself, refereeing several 1st Grade Grand Finals and serving as its President for 12 years. Nick's greatest strength as a referee was his rapport with players. Just as in his life, he always was popular with people. He was the Group 7 Referee Association's delegate to Country Rugby League Referees' Association and was elected its President in 1981, a position he held until 2011, a total of 31 years. Amenable but firm, he was well-liked and never challenged for his position.

Nick was a member of the original National Referee Advisory Committee, The Country Rugby League General Committee, the Country Rugby League Appointments Board and served on the planning committee, foundation member and Deputy Chairman of the Australian Rugby League Referees' Association. He travelled to the RAAF base

in Penang, Fiji and Papua New Guinea for the Australian Rugby League to coach referees.

As delegate to the Country Rugby League, Nick would deliver the State of the Country Rugby League Referee Association address to the assembled committee. They would always put a time limit on it and Nick would always take no notice of that. Because he was extremely popular with most members of the General Committee he always received a round of applause when he finished. After the Country Rugby League AGM each year, a dinner was always held and delegates would be asked to entertain. One year Nick told the assembled gathering a joke about asking for Peking Duck in a Chinese Restaurant. In his usual fashion he became the patron and the restaurateur became a gentleman Nick knew and whose restaurant he often patronised. The punch-line was brilliant and over a period of many years I watched as Nick was cajoled into retelling that joke which always brought gales of laughter.

Kevin Riolo

IN MEMORIAM



BREE Ross 1947-49 I wish to inform the Alumni that my dad passed away today aged 87. He had a full life teaching Maths, coaching sports and playing his

beloved grand piano. Dad also built two houses along the way, played cricket and in retirement had a classical music spot on the local radio .

Elizabeth Bree

TWEDDLE (Southwell) Kerrie 1966-67 passed away in Canberra in March 2016 after a long illness. She is survived by her husband, Jim, also a teacher, whom she met and married in Coffs Harbour. They lived and taught for many years in Wagga

Wagga where their two boys went to school. They recently moved to Canberra.

Denise Shakespeare

DUDMAN Les (1970-71) late of Waverly, passed away 10 April 2016. Son of the late Clarrie and Gladys Dudman, loving cousin of Ian, Robert and Helen Lovelace and Sue Dudman and family.

Warwick Hall (70-71)

MARSHALL Cyril (1957-58) passed away at age 89, on 28

June having suffered from Parkinson's Disease for some time. Cyril was a mature aged student, having worked in the bank for some time.

MOLLOY Bruce (1961-63) was a Boy Scout, WWTC and passed away suddenly on April 11, 2016, following a heart attack. He was a close friend of Inner West and New England areas, rising to Schools Inspector. The "Bra Boys" miss him a lot.
Lesley Forbes our school days at Maroubra Bay PS, Randwick BHS, 3rd Marou-
Roger Bowie 60-61

DRAFT PROGRAM: WWTC 70 YEAR CELEBRATION 2017

70 YEAR CELEBRATION WAGGA WAGGA TEACHERS COLLEGE 2017

In a little over a year the WWTC will be celebrating the 70th anniversary of the opening of the Wagga Wagga Teachers' College in 1947.

Put the dates into your diary for the **27th, 28th and 29th of October 2017**.

It is planned to celebrate this occasion in grand style and it will be supported by the Charles Sturt University and Wagga Wagga City Council.

The draft program includes:

Friday 27th October

4.00PM Meet and Greet and Civic reception at WWC Council Chambers /Civic Theatre

7.00PM: Session Dinners with venue to be decided by Coordinators.

Saturday 28th October

9.30AM Visit to South Campus; Archives (Wayne Doubleday) – Revisit South Campus.

11.00AM Morning Tea at Archives.

11.30AM Bus tour of Wagga Wagga and environs including CSU North Campus.

1.00PM BBQ Lunch at CSU North Campus and then return to South Campus.

6.30PM Formal Dinner at venue to be selected - Recognition of Pioneers.

Sunday 29th October

8.00AM Ecumenical Church Service.

9.30AM BBQ Breakfast at Town Beach (Rotary Club) .

10.30AM Options:
City Walk along Levee Bank and through CBD Visit to Botanical Gardens
(Own transport or bus).

1.00PM: Session Lunches with venue to be decided by Coordinators .

It should be noted that members will need to arrange their own accommodation for the event.

If you have any suggestions for activities, venues or just great ways to celebrate please contact the Secretary below who will pass on your ideas to the organising committee.

A booking and payment form will be included in the November edition of *Talkabout*.

BOOK ORDER FORM

Orders for **South Campus: A History** by Nancy Blacklow can be ordered using the order form (opp) or by direct contact (phone/email) with the Secretary. If payment is by electronic transfer please include "NameBook" e.g. "ForbesBook" as reference and then email Secretary.

NB: South Campus was the site of WWTC.

MEETING DATES FOR WTCAA

ALL WELCOME

All members are welcome to attend WWTCAA quarterly meetings held at 11.00am at Teachers Federation House, 37 Reservoir St. Surry Hills.

Future Meeting Dates:

8 November 2016
14 February 2017 (AGM)
9 May 2017
8 August 2017

South Campus: A History
(South Campus was the site of WWTC)

Cost \$20.00 (including postage)

Surname _____

Given Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Phone/Mobile _____

Email _____

Payment (tick one)
Cheque or Direct Deposit

Electronic payments please indicate
"NameBook" e.g. "ForbesBook" and email
Secretary

Cheques Payable to WWTCAA

REUNION ROUNDUP

**Ex-Students of Wagga Wagga
Teachers' College**

REUNION NOTICE

REMINDER

WWTC 1961 – 1962 (+or-) SESSION

February 28th – March 1st, 2017

LOCATION : FORSTER

**TO BOOK
OR
FOR MORE INFORMATION**

CONTACT

Terry Dwyer - terence.dwyer@bigpond.com
Mick McGrath - mickrob@bigpond.net.au

**Ex-Students of Wagga Wagga
Teachers College**

ADVANCED NOTICE FOR YOUR DIARY

**70 YEAR CELEBRATION
OF THE
FOUNDATION OF WWTC**

27-29 OCTOBER 2017

ALL SESSIONS 1947-1970

CONTACT

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 2016 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 2016.

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. digitalise archives from \$10.00
- ii. specific donation to the WWTCAA Scholarship Fund from \$10.00

Opposite is a contribution slip for 2016.

WWTCAA CONTRIBUTIONS 2016

Surname _____

Former Name _____

Given Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Years at College _____ to _____

Home Phone _____

Mobile _____

Email _____

CONTRIBUTIONS

Electronic Membership (\$10) _____

Standard Membership (\$20) _____

Donation to Alumni Projects _____

Donation to Scholarship Fund _____

General Donation _____

TOTAL CONTRIBUTION 2016 _____

Make cheques payable to:

WWTC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Send Your Contribution To:

Secretary WWTCAA

Unit 5/185 Albany Street

Point Frederick NSW 2250

ELECTRONIC FUNDS TRANSFER

To credit of
WWTC ALUMNI ASSOC

Commonwealth Bank Casula NSW

BSB: 062 329 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: bruceles@bigpond.com

CONTRIBUTIONS

TALKABOUT
(Including Photos)

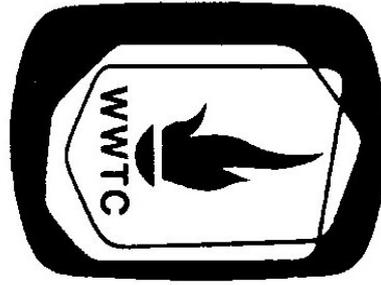
Please email contributions for *Talkabout*
to

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Or mail to

Secretary WWTCAA
Unit 5/185 Albany Street
Point Frederick NSW 2250

August 2016
Volume 19 No 2



August 2016
Volume 19 No 2

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