



A PUBLICATION
OF THE ALUMNI OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE

TALKABOUT



Volume 12 No 2

July 2009

A CHALLENGING PROJECT

As you are aware, the name "Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Alumni Association", (WWCTAA), has been changed in order to cater for ALL teachers who have graduated from Wagga Wagga. Our new name is "Wagga Wagga Teachers' Alumni Association" (WWTAA).

An appeal will be made to all teachers who trained at Wagga to become involved in the Association.

In previous years, the W.W.T.C.A.A. has raised almost \$64,000 of which \$60,000 has been set aside for Scholarships granted to final year teacher students. Charles Sturt University guarantees that this will yield \$6,000 per year for our Scholarships.

Our aim has always been to aid trainee teachers training at the Wagga Campus of Charles Sturt University. In 2007, the Wagga Campus had 12,230 students of which there were 6,917 students in the Faculty of Education, indicating the need for increasing student accommodation. The eventual plan is to build ten eight-bedroom cottages on the Wagga campus at a total cost of \$2.5 million. Our aim is to sponsor one of these cottages to accommodate Faculty of Education students, the cost to be pledged by WWTAA over ten years.

This sounds a huge task, but if you think about it, if 5,000 members pledged \$5 a year for ten years, there is \$250,000. We believe this is feasible.

President Bob Collard has received a letter from Professor David Green, the retiring Head of the Wagga Campus, indicating the approval of CSU to our proposal.

Professor Green wrote:

"I have had a number of meetings with the Vice Chancellor, Professor Ian Goulter. I am pleased to be able to report that on a pledge of raising \$250,000 over a ten-year period, the University has agreed to the naming of one of the eight-bedroom cottages. The name should reflect the creation of the new alumni association and would, in all probability, be in the form of an acronym as with WACOBUS (Wagga Agricultural College Old Boys' Union.) Your suggestion would be appreciated...."

....Once the pledge to raise the funds has been agreed to, Ms Karen Jamieson, along with the new head of Wagga Wagga Campus, Mr Adrian Lindner, will process the details of contacting, through the Alumni Office, all the students.

The naming is likely to take place at a ceremony probably in December 2009, post a meeting of the University Council on the Wagga Wagga Campus."

The WWTCAA has already raised close to \$64,000. The Scholarship Fund was closed at \$60,000. The left over funds could be used to contact ALL ex-Wagga students to appeal for support for this project.

The other forerunner of Charles Sturt University, the Wagga Wagga Agricultural College, already has a residential housing unit on the Wagga Campus, which is aptly named "WACOBUS".

What about a name for our residential Unit?

Perhaps "WATA" House (Wagga Alumni Teachers' Association)?

Send your suggestion for a house name to "Talkabout".

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS FOR 2009

Glen Bobbin



My name is Glen Bobbin and I am a recipient of the 2009 Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Alumni Scholarship. As a recipient of this award, I would personally like to thank you for sponsoring this scholarship and making it available for final year education students at Charles Sturt University, Wagga Wagga.

In Term 3, I will be completing my Internship at Alma Public School in Broken Hill. This financial assistance will help to cover the costs of travelling to and from Broken Hill, as well as accommodation for the 10 week period that I am there.

I am 22 years of age and grew up in Bemboka, a small town on the New South Wales Far South Coast. I attended Bemboka Primary School, as well as Bega High School where I completed the Higher School Certificate. In 2005, I took a gap year and worked in the Processing department of Bega Cheese.

I enjoy playing all sports, and have competed in Rugby League, Hockey, Cricket and Squash in recent years. Currently I play Hockey with the CSU/ Rivcoll Hockey Ducks in the Wagga Wagga competition.

I have a keen interest in rural education and hope to follow this path upon graduation.

I will keep you up to date with my studies, and how the internship is going.

Your interest and support is most appreciated.

Brooke Daniher.



Thank you for giving me this wonderful scholarship! I am very excited to receive this award. It will be very helpful in my last year of study.

After many years of travelling and Nannying in Switzerland I have returned to Wagga Wagga to complete my Bachelor of Education.

I am in my final year of teaching and look forward to working in primary schools and becoming part of the community. I am also Early Childhood trained and have spent the past few years working in Childcare. I have a keen interest in music and photography and love playing around with new technologies.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Bob Collard and the Wagga Wagga Teachers College Alumni for providing me with this fantastic Scholarship.

Kylie Reardon.



I am extremely grateful and excited to be chosen as a recipient of the Wagga Teachers College Alumni Scholarship.

I am currently in my final year of Primary teaching at CSU Wagga. I am originally from Temora and when I left school, I went straight into the childcare industry. I worked in the industry for four years before making the decision to return to University as a mature aged student to complete my Bachelor of Education (Primary). It was a big decision but I had a great support network including my parents Paddy and Wendy and my grandmother Pat Reardon who is a member of the Alumni.

When I graduate I hope to stay in the Riverina area and in the future hope to undertake more studies in the special need area that will allow me to work with children with disabilities.

Thank you for choosing me as a recipient of your scholarship.

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AUDREY SCHAECKEN (SEAR)
1948-50



Audrey is a regular attendee at the Alumni Luncheons. At the last luncheon she brought along a photo of the cake her children had made for her.

The number 80 was covered with cup cakes each containing a candle. Lew thought we should recognise her achievement in Talkabout so Audrey sent in the photo.

We wish her a happy 80th birthday and hope she has many more.

Dear Lindsay,

I've just been rereading some old Talkabouts. What wonderful stories and great memories. Thank you for your efforts and others of the committee in getting this paper to print and distributed.

Being a country girl and going to smallish schools and then teaching in smallish schools makes the stories even more interesting. Snakes in the classroom, frogs in the toilet were common occurrences.

I remember the spirit copier . . . loved the smell! It was certainly a great improvement to the "jelly pad".

Great memories.

Connie Beaumont (Peters) 1954-55

Dear Lindsay,

Enclosed is my contribution towards the costs of publishing Talkabout.

You will notice that I have not ticked the Email box as I am away quite a lot and emails back up on the computer. It is much easier to catch up with mail at leisure. This, of course, does have disadvantages too.

On returning from interstate, I sorted my mail in degrees of urgency and did not get around to reading Talkabout until after the final date for the Reunion registration. As a result, I will not be at Bathurst, however I would like to send my best wishes for the success of the conference and to all the Pioneers present.

My health is good and I live a very full life, so I am indeed fortunate. With luck, I will still be around in 2011 when the next conference is due and will be able to attend then.

Keep up the good work,

Gwen Ferguson (Roberts) 1947-49

PS: I am a Volunteer Guide at the Art Gallery of NSW (this is my thirtieth year there).

If I can be of help to anyone wanting a tour, my phone is 02 9328 5958.

Dear Lindsay,

Please find enclosed my contribution for Talkabout. Due to a possible 'Senior Moment', I may have missed contributing for 2008.

Warmest regards to all those "Young 1952-53 Group". I still manage to have contact with many of them each year. When is our next 1952-53 Group Reunion? I would enjoy catching up with our 1952 Rugby Union group.

To all the staff at Talkabout, thank you for the production of a very informative and enjoyable publication. A great read.

Regards,

Miles Stanmore 1952-53

In Memoriam

*Years go by, memories stay
As near and dear as yesterday.*

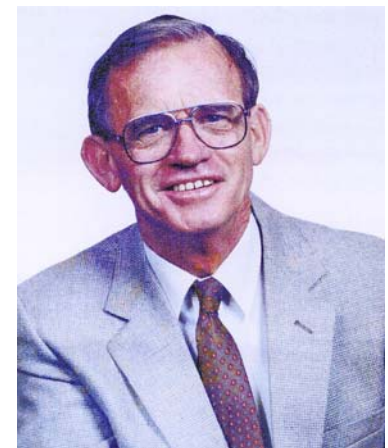
Dorothy Raskall (Gibson) 1948-50

Bruce Meredith Phillips 1948-50
Died June 2009

Georgina Ruth Hutson 1949-50
Died March 2009



Anthony William Morley 1950-51



Colin Hathaway Sims 1950-51
Died May 2009

Margaret Catt (Sutherland) 1956-57
Died May 2009

Margaret Idle (Edgar) 1958-59

Denise Ward (Duffy) 1961-62
Died May 2009

LETTERS PAGE

Dear Lindsay,

I just yesterday received the March edition - it takes longer to reach Queensland! I have just posted my membership fee.

Anyway, I was quite chuffed to read articles from Bill Brien and Blake Lewin, neither of whom would know me. However, I clearly remember the demonstration lessons given by Bill Brien at Turvey Park in 1960, 1961, and feeling that I learned "tactics" from him while observing behind the glass panel. (Wish they would do that these days).

As for Blake Lewin, I was a student along with two others on his class at Henty in 1961. Three of us, clutching our college lunches, were squashed in a desk meant for two at the back of his class, and again I learned some tricks of the trade from "Mr Lewin" and the other two students.

Thanks for the memories.

Marie Radford (Dignan) 1960-61

Dear Editor,

Now that Christmas is over and life has almost returned to normal, I finally got around to opening the last issue of Talkabout (November 2008). I always feel such nostalgia when reading through it – my own teaching career was short-lived and inglorious. I was completely hopeless at it! Still, it is heart-warming to come across names of people I knew back in the early sixties and to read about their lives and achievements. Those of you who have dedicated your lives to teaching are to be commended for it – you have my greatest admiration and respect.

It was, however, the obituary of Helen Edwards (Manwaring) that caught my eye. Miss Manwaring was my first teacher, at Tarcutta Central School in 1953! The photo of her is exactly as I remember her from 56 years ago – a tall slim girl with curly hair and a lovely smile. My strongest memory of her is in a white sleeveless dress, nipped in at her wasp waist with a narrow black belt (obviously in the summer – but I do remember the wood stove!)

She was endlessly kind and patient and I used to look forward to the school bus

coming each morning to take me to another day's adventures with Miss Manwaring and my friends. It was the beginning of a lifelong love of learning which remains with me to this day.

I was sad to see that she had died so young (75 does seem young now) and I was glad to hear that her passing was gentle, surrounded by loved ones. There is little more any of us could ask.

As for me, after realizing I would never make a teacher, I got the travel bug and spent a few years as an airhostess in the early seventies, went to university and then fell into Human Resources Management by accident. I spent the last quarter of a century working for a Chicago-based bank based in London, looking after the UK and European operations, ending up, for the last 15 years, as a Director. I retired in 2006 and now live in splendid rural isolation on the edge of Dartmoor in Devon where I spend my time writing poetry and riding horses.

I still see some friends from Teachers' College: David Fraser, Pam Grey (Stewart), Laurie Eckerman (McKay) from my year, and Toni Scoble, Helen Harton and Sue Boyd from the year before, when we visit each other's respective countries. The world is a much smaller place these days.

My best wishes to everyone – and if you are ever passing through Devon, do give me a call!

Katherine Scholfield 1964-65

kls@klscholfield.com

Greetings Lew,

I have not written a letter to Talkabout before but my recent visit and recent receipt of the latest issue prompted me to do so.

I attended WWTC (which became Riverina CAE in my final year) from 1969-71. I have received Talkabout since the Alumni Association began and have enjoyed it, especially stories from the 'pioneers' in small country schools. I was fortunate enough to get my first posting to Lyneham PS in the ACT in 1972, a miracle really, when I was waiting being posted to some isolated outpost. This probably had something to do with

being in the first group of three year trained primary graduates in NSW.

Recently I visited the campus in Wagga. It was the middle of January, 36 degrees and without a cloud in the sky. I was on my way to a wedding in Bendigo, so thought I would spend a couple of hours reminiscing by walking the grounds.

It was a very sad experience, akin to visiting a neglected cemetery. The place was derelict and neglected, overgrown with weeds. Wooden buildings were boarded up...in such a condition that they should have been bulldozed! Dead trees and shrubs abounded, as well as garbage, broken glass and areas fenced off with cyclone mesh. I could not believe that this once proud and vibrant centre of learning and youthful activity had been left to rot and ruin!

What struck me most was that the student residences were obviously still in use and I couldn't help but think what a depressing environment this must surely be for those currently living there, a far cry from my day there when things were not perfect either, but much better than the current situation.

Perhaps readers could enlighten me as to the current situation there and explain why the place is now so forlorn and neglected.

I would also be interested in hearing the impressions of others who may have done what I did recently.

Whilst it is interesting to read of former students' recollections of their time at WWTC, it would be great to hear from those who are more recent graduates of the place, i.e. the post late 1960's crowd.

Hans van Haalen 1969-71

Dear Editor,

Reading Blake Lewin's letter remembering John Biscaya brought back memories of my own. It was a very special time at Wagga Teachers' College in the old wartime buildings. We were very young, or most of us were, unsophisticated and for myself, quite naïve. The first time away from home, and we were thrown in with what seemed like an enormous number of other beginners. Happily, I was to share

LETTERS PAGE

my time with girls whose friendship has lasted. Even though we have been separated over the years, it seems easy to continue as though it was just last week we saw each other. Sadly, one has died and one is very ill. Of the others, my closest friend, Joan (Kuskey) Stanford, lives not far from me, Irene (Kind) Gruber is in Canowindra, quite a distance away from where I live just north of Newcastle.

We were those 'Freshers' who suffered an initiation of silver nitrate "F"s on our foreheads, having been pounced on by members of the Pioneer session in the dead of night. Branding that remained for some time.

I remember the continual smell of cabbage coming from the kitchen area and the complaints of many students about the food, but I quite enjoyed most of the dinners – all except the baked potatoes that squirted fat at you when you put your fork in to cut them. I hated the embarrassment of having to go to the head table to apologise if you were late for a meal.

I must have eaten well because my father said he did not recognise me when he picked me up from the train at Yass Junction after my first year at the college. Instead of the long train journey from Canberra via Queanbeyan and Goulburn and then on to the Yass/Junee/Wagga line, it was quicker to go by car to Yass Junction. Alternatively, catch the mail coach, which stopped at nearly every property along the way to drop off mail or bread or whatever else was being delivered to the properties.

The train from Wagga got in about 5.30 or 6 am so by the time all the deliveries were made we were usually home in time for breakfast. While I was in Wagga, I used to lie in bed at night listening to the trains across the paddocks and this always made me feel very homesick. It was an eerie sound, quite mournful, and very clear on frosty nights. When I married, we lived in the old part of 'Fernleigh', not far from the college, on the corner of Bourke St and Fernleigh Road. I could still hear the mournful sound of the trains at night, but although Wagga was then my home, I still felt homesick for Canberra when I heard those trains.

Being a quiet and rather shy girl, I was quite flattered when John Biscaya the footballer, took notice of me. It was a sign of esteem for the girls to be allowed to wash the boys' football jerseys. Can you imagine that today! How gullible we were. Biscy left a string of broken hearts through the college. I am glad he eventually married and made one woman happy and I am glad to have grown up in that generation with an enjoyment of simple things. Even the making of our own teaching aids was fun. They may not have been as well made as commercial materials, but they were part of us because we put something of ourselves into the work. In addition, the adventure of Prac Teaching was great. There was the excitement of getting our lessons ready and getting on the buses with the surprise lunch hampers. Travelling to the outlying schools and the camaraderie of the trip, the day spent at the small schools and the country kids and discovering the contents of the hamper as we took turns preparing the lunches.

Then there were the birthdays celebrated with fruit salad, made by the girls in the huts. I feel very privileged and blessed at having been a student with so many other special people.

Eileen Dillon-Smith (Leckie) 1948-50

Hi Lindsay,

I have put a cheque in the mail today, which will cover the last few years.

Following is a bit of a history of my years since leaving College, which may be of use to fill a spot in the next edition.

2009 marks 40 years since I commenced teaching. How can that possibly be as it was only yesterday that I stood in the classroom with the rest of the school population (in our four-teacher school at Temora West) and watched Neil Armstrong walk on the moon!

My career has seen four years teaching in country NSW followed by the mandatory overseas trip with some supply teaching in London. Then it was back to Temora for another year to work in the Catholic system before moving to Canberra in 1975 to join the Commonwealth Teaching Service. During the next 23 years, I worked in

three different schools in the ACT, all in the Woden Valley, and also spent a wonderful year on exchange in Toronto in 1979. I also got married and had my two sons.

At the beginning of 1998, my husband's work (geology) brought us to Perth and the following year I commenced teaching again. This also brought about a change of direction in my career as I moved into the teaching of children with a language disorder in one of the five Language Development Centres in Perth. This has proven to be quite challenging but also incredibly rewarding. When I first moved into the area in 1999, we worked with children until the end of Year 7, but as changes have occurred in theories and funding, the exiting time is now the end of Year 3, which makes the time spent with the children so much more precious.

At the beginning of 2008, I went part time and am now enjoying the job share situation, which gives me time to enjoy life outside the classroom! It also means that I am in a position to travel with my husband and have just returned from six weeks in Canada, my first visit back since I was on exchange thirty years ago. Roll on the next trip!

I really enjoy receiving Talkabout and searching through to find reference to names dimly remembered. I would love to hear from any of my contemporaries. My email is: nita.walsh@det.wa.edu.au
Cheers,

Nita Walshe (Bruce) 1967-68

Dear Lindsay,

I write to inform you of the death of my wife Margaret. My romance with the then Margaret Sutherland began at WWTC on the June long weekend 1957, and lasted almost fifty-two years.

Eighteen months ago, she was diagnosed with the cruel motor neurone disease. She fought it determinedly and with great stoicism. Her battle ended when she passed away in her sleep on May 5th.

I have received many messages of condolence from college friends for whom I do not have a return address. Could you please thank them for me?

Yours faithfully,
Frank Catt (1956-57)

REUNION PAGE

WWTC 1956-1957 ANNIVERSARY REUNION



Front row: Don Macpherson, Gwen Ravell (Wild), Kevin Street, Mary Blyton, John Banting
2nd row: Keith Crittenden, Irene Crittenden (Wilson), Pat Carr, Bob Carberry, Diana Buchanan (Williams) obscured, Joan Dooley (Bode), Stafford Baird
3rd row: Joan Kimpton (Maguire), Barbara Kenny (Carter), Kath Hadden (Gray), Heather Wallace (Dwyer) obscured, Lesley Macpherson (Jenkins), Betty Punnett, Bev Irving (Greig)
4th row: Lyn Solomon (Stephen), Frank Childs
5th row: David Hartnett, Bruce McAlister, Jan Childs (Griffith), Keith Solomon, Carmel McNeill (Walton), John McNeill

Approximately 30 dedicated 1956-1957 'Reunionists' journeyed to Fountaindale Grand Manor at Robertson to join in celebrating the 50th year since commencing teaching in 1958. A number of those present spoke about their memories of their early teaching days and much interest was created.

Unfortunately, FGM technology let us down and we were not able to view a number of DVD presentations of College life. Accordingly, all present voted that we should continue our Reunions until we manage to get everything right.

A feature of our dinner was the recognition of those who had turned 70 and those yet to turn 70 and Mary Blyton was installed as our matriarch. Mary turned 93 not long after our reunion and is as keen as anyone to continue to attend our reunions. I wonder if any other session can match this achievement.

Our next reunion is planned for 13/14 March 2010. Bookings can be made by phoning Fountaindale Grand Manor 02 4885 1111. For additional information phone Kevin Street 4367 0035 or Gwen Ravell 4229 4706

Looking for members of the WWTC 60/61 Session

Can you help locate any of the following students from the 60-61 Session?

Joan Baker, Terence Bourke, Myrene Court, Susanne Doyle, Merrol Eastment, Raymond Foord, Anne Hogan, Noel Humphries, John Hyland, Leslie Johnson, John Jones, Judith Duckworth (nee Laws), Frances Marning, Sandra Matthews, Anne Miles, Lynette Newman, Vilma Salvestrin, Janice Sant, Elaine Smith, Geoffrey Stewart, Elizabeth Talbot, Pamela Thomas, Diane Thompson, Robyn Thompson, Jacqueline Wilcox.

In March 2010, members of the 1960-61 session are having a reunion to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their commencement at WWTC. Of the 227 fledging teachers who presented themselves at Wagga in 1960, only these 25 people have not yet been located.

The search so far has been a team effort. Initially Ann Smith provided a list of all the names on the 60-61 enrolment cards and the Charles Sturt Alumni Office sent information to all the 60-61 ex-students on their database. Many have sent me valuable clues such as the schools and towns people came from, the given names of other family members, women's married names, and best of all current contact details.

If you can help me locate any of the missing twenty-five I would love to hear from you either by e-mail (bmclaren@exemail.com.au), by phone (02 94766450) or by post (PO Box 904, HORNSBY NSW 2077)

Beth McLaren

The following article appeared in the Southern Highlands News, and was sent in by Brian Webb 1947-49.

Joe Lonsdale was the first Registrar at WWTC.

Resident Joe Lonsdale recounts his big trip north at nearly ninety. "It had always been my hope to return to Darwin before I turned ninety, but it can be difficult putting these plans into effect. However, my son had recently retired and was happy to accompany me and it was nice to know I could leave Annesley and everything would

be taken care of while I was away. On 6th June, we arrived at Uluru and were met by a representative from Voyages Longitude 131, who took us to our motel. The first morning we went to see the Rock at sunrise, but it was cloudy so we went for a six k walk around the base and ended the day with French champagne and oysters at the high dune followed by dinner in an exclusive desert setting. After a wonderful three days, we left Uluru for Alice Springs and the Ghan. In Katherine we took a cruise on the Katherine river, and then it was on to Darwin. Our arrival was very nostalgic for me as it was sixty years

since I was last there. My RAAF service saw me stationed in Darwin from May 1942 to August 1943 during which there were forty-four air raids. I tried to locate some of the sites where I had stayed, but naturally they had changed completely and the RAAF barracks had been destroyed by Cyclone Tracy. Our final tour was Kakadu National Park, a joy to behold. Then it was off home and it was nice to be back to a nice clean house and garden. Six days later I celebrated my ninetieth birthday at Annesley Bowral with all my friends."

REUNION PAGE

OPEN REUNION TO CELEBRATE THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF CHARLES STURT UNIVERSITY



A group of thirty enthusiastic Alumni travelled to Bathurst to attend the open reunion in conjunction with the 20th Anniversary of Charles Sturt University.

As one of the forerunners of the University, it was important that WWTC Alumni be represented at the Commemorative Dinner.

On Monday night the group met for a WWTC reunion dinner in the restaurant at the Panorama City Motor Inn. Everyone enjoyed the informal get together.

On Tuesday, a number took part in a tour of the Australian Fossil and Mineral Museum housed in the 1876 Public School building, which has undergone major refurbishment.

It is one of the most spectacular fossil and mineral collections in the world and we were privileged to have the curator, Professor Warren Somerville, as our guide.

A bus was provided to take the group to the Blake Auditorium for the 20th Anniversary Commemorative Dinner. There were 300 guests including the Chancellor, Mr Lawrie Willett AO, the

Vice-Chancellor and President, Professor Ian Goulter.

There were representatives from other Universities, including China, Indonesia, South Korea and Pakistan, along with Australian dignitaries, including the NSW Police Commissioner Andrew Scipione, the architect of the current higher education system and former Hawke and Keating Government Minister, Mr John Dawkins and NSW Department of Primary Industries Director-General, Dr Richard Shel Drake.

All those who attended thoroughly enjoyed the Dinner. The food, which was prepared and served by the CSU catering staff, was excellent.

Next morning the group enjoyed a farewell hot buffet breakfast at the Panorama City Motor Inn before heading for home.



Michelle Fawkes welcomes guests to the Commemorative Dinner

COLLEGE MEMORIES

Dear Lindsay,

I will enclose a small contribution towards the production of Talkabout. Although I am not an ex-student of WWTC, I have enjoyed the information and gossip relating to the College and its descendents.

In 1964, I joined the staff as a lecturer in the physical sciences and remained on the staff until the college was absorbed into Riverina CAE, later part of Charles Sturt University. My chief function was to lecture in physics and chemistry to the students who were training as junior secondary teachers, but, of course, I lectured to primary sections as well. Many happy memories make up my recollections of our time in Wagga. From time to time, Margaret and I return to visit friends from our 20 years spent there.

We still laugh about our introduction to the College in January 1964. After a very short career of only three years teaching at Lismore High, I was offered a choice of positions at Sydney or Wagga Teachers College. With my wife of one year and all the sense of adventure of youth, I chose Wagga in preference to the daily commute through the city. We set out from the green and steamy lushness of the North Coast for the unknown territory of the Riverina.

We arrived in Wagga on the January long weekend via the Olympic Way. It was typically dry and scorching with lots of grey-brown, dead looking grass, not at all like Lismore. The Hampden Bridge was under repair (a state that seemed to prevail for most of our stay) and we were greeted on the bridge by a red traffic light and several thousand sheep.

After unsuccessfully looking for somewhere to rent, I came to an agreement with the Principal, Maurie Hale, to take up residence as a Warden (is that Warder) in Kambu. We negotiated a major concession for

that time. Margaret was permitted to have breakfast with me in the Dining Room. I had lived in student accommodation as both an undergraduate and post-graduate at UNE in Armidale so the situation was fairly familiar. The flashlights we had to patrol the grounds were novel. We used to quip that they would blister the paint off the walls at 100 yards. We made friends with many of the fellows in the dorm and still occasionally come across some of them.

We soon settled in and became used to sheets that were too hot to sleep in and trains that seemed to rattle through our bedroom at 3 a.m. Sometime about the beginning of March, it rained and the world turned green. We were introduced to the other Wagga. There were blackbirds singing at 5 a.m., migrating wood swallows nesting in the little bushes, Cape weed, Patterson's curse, star thistles, red legged earth mites and field mushrooms near the football field in the biggest "fairy ring" I have ever seen. We decided to stay.

As well as the business of lecturing and supervising students at practice teaching, I enjoyed a time coaching the Colts Rugby team and especially had a lot of pleasure singing with the College Choir. The music staff was strong and in the mid-sixties John Kitchingman helped the choir with some memorable performances.

In Talkabout about a year ago, reference was made to the performance of Benjamin Britten's Saint Nicholas in the Catholic Cathedral. The date given was slightly wrong. The year of the performance was 1966. I am sure of the year because it was just before the birth of our first daughter, an event no father can or should forget. I sang the part of Saint Nicholas and I suspect that to this day I am the only Presbyterian Bishop to have processed down the aisle of the Cathedral with his very pregnant wife in the congregation.

In October 1967, I took up a scholarship to ANU to undertake a PhD. I returned in October 1970. The times were a-changing in a seriously big way and it was becoming clear that the existing order of Teacher Education was about to be transformed. When Riverina CAE was formed, I took a position as Senior Lecturer in Physics, not Science Education, and in the fullness of time became Assistant Principal at Nepean CAE and then Deputy CEO at the University of Western Sydney, Nepean. I retired from there as Emeritus Professor in 1996.

I have hosts of great memories of students and staff from my days in Wagga but I treasure one especially. After three years away from the college, the knowledge that I sang a bit had been lost to the students. When we came to the final College Assembly before WWTC underwent its metamorphosis someone suggested that Keith Swan and I might sing. To most of the students, this seemed like a wonderful hoot.

Keith and I had sung together quite a bit, and had had some competitive success, but this was not common knowledge to the students in general. We sang the very beautiful duet "In the Depths of the Temple" from The Pearl Fishers. I think I can say the audience was stunned, thanks primarily to Bizet.

It made for me a fine ending to my very happy life at WWTC.

Professor Alex Robertson

Quote of the Day

Committee - a group of men who individually can do nothing, but as a group decide that nothing can be done.

Fred Allen

HALL OF FAME

DON WHITBREAD OAM 1954-55



Don in Concert Mode

Don Whitbread has had a varied career as teacher, public servant, businessman and musician. At WWTC, he captain/coached the College 1st XI hockey team in both years, winning the Wagga 1st Grade competition in 1955. He was selected in the Wagga District rep. team as Vice-captain for Country Week in both years, played against New Zealand in 1954 and played for Combined Country v. City in 1955. He was elected as President of the College Sports Union in 1955 and was awarded Blues for Hockey (1954 and 1955), Cricket, Soccer and Composite Blues in 1955.

After appointment to Beargamil one-teacher school near Parkes, he continued his sporting career in playing 1st grade hockey and cricket. He again was vice-captain of the Parkes rep. team for Country Week and represented NSW Colts (U.21) in Tasmania in 1956. In 1957, he played against New Zealand again and in 1958, he represented NSW in the Australian Championships in Perth.

On transfer to Sydney in 1959, he taught at Sans Souci and Carlton South Primary Schools. At the latter, he was both Sportsmaster and Choirmaster and built up a comprehensive music program. He studied at night at the National Art School and then at the University of NSW, obtaining his Bachelor of Commerce degree (in Economics) and was promoted to Deputy Master at Greenacre PS. He continued to play local cricket and first grade hockey for St George (winning several competitions), and later University of NSW where the first XI won the Sydney 1st Grade competition for the first time in 1967. Don was awarded a University Blue for Hockey.

Don married his high school sweetheart Barbara (Gumley) in 1960 and together with

their three children, David, Rodney and Jennifer, moved to Canberra in 1968 after resigning from the Department. He initially worked for the National Capital Development Commission in urban economics and was then appointed as Secretary of the Senate Select Committee on Securities and Exchange. After completion of the report (the forerunner of the Australian Securities and Investment Commission) Don was promoted to Senior Adviser in the Prime Minister's Department, serving three Prime Ministers – Whitlam, Fraser and Hawke.

He was heavily involved in establishing the National Film and Sound Archive in 1984, and was appointed as Assistant Director (Policy and Co-ordination). With Barbara's health deteriorating he took early retirement in 1989 and worked from a home-office as Manager (Australia and NZ) for ACFEA Tour Consultants, a world-wide company which specialises in organising concert tours for choirs, bands and orchestras. He retired from this position in 2001, but remains as Artistic Advisor to the company.

In Canberra, he returned to play first Grade hockey for Old Canberrans (where he had first played as a junior) and cricket for Molonglo Cricket Club. He continued playing hockey for 45 years and represented Australia in the Senior Masters (O.50) team from 1986-1990, winning two gold medals at the Pacific Rim Tournaments in Singapore and Malaysia.

However, Don is probably best known (with wife Barbara) as the founder in 1969 of the Woden Valley Youth Choir and was Director for 28 years. During that time, this choir built up an enviable reputation both nationally and internationally through tours

of the USA/Canada, Japan, New Zealand, UK/Europe and United States.

An experienced adjudicator, Don has been on judging panels for the former ABC Vocal and Instrumental Competition, the Shell Aria Competition, and has adjudicated for the National Eisteddfod, the ACT Lieder Society's Festival of Song and was Chairman of the Adjudication Panel for the St Cecilia Music Scholarships (Bateman's Bay) for five years. He also presents workshops on conducting and choral technique.

In the realm of music theatre, he conducted 12 shows for Canberra Philharmonic Society, Canberra Theatre Trust and Opera ACT. He is a regular Guest Conductor for Wesley Uniting Church Choir and has conducted other local choirs, the RMC Band, the Canberra Youth Orchestra and Canberra Symphony Orchestra.

He was a member of the Council of the Canberra School of Music for five years and the ACT Arts Development Board for two years and is on the Board of the Wesley Music Foundation (which sponsors young music scholars and runs the purpose-built Wesley Music Centre, opened in September 2002). Don is currently a judge for the Canberra Area Theatre (CAT) Awards, which assesses plays and music theatre performances in the Canberra region.

Don was awarded an OAM in 1980 for service to music, the Rotary Award for Vocational Excellence in 1984, was made a Paul Harris Fellow by Rotary in 1996, and is a Life Member of Canberra Philharmonic. He was Canberra Citizen of the Year in 1997 and in 2001 The Canberra Times named him in its 75th Anniversary Year as one of the 75 Faces of Canberra that have helped shape Canberra.



WWTC 1st XI Hockey Team – 1st Grade Premiers 1955

*Back Row: Bill Harrison, Peter Newman, Jim Hill, Vince Duffy, Ken Player, Dick O'Connor
Front Row: Dennis Limon, Bob Mackintosh, Don Whitbread (c), John Ralston, Mick Caldwell*

TEACHING MEMORIES

An Alumni story – Ralph and Maureen Bryant



Photos of them – on their way (with their mothers!) to Wagga Teachers College.

Ralph and Maureen were both members of the so-called “truncated sessions” at WWTC.

Ralph started in June 1949 and graduated in December 1950. Maureen started in June 1950 and graduated in December 1951. They were only together at College for six months but by the time Ralph left, they were already an item.

Ralph was appointed to Auburn Central School, then Villawood Primary School and then Mt Pritchard Public School. While there, he played first grade Rugby League for Parramatta. He was then transferred to Tarrabandra Public School near Gundagai.

Maureen started teaching at Cootamundra kindergarten in 1952 and then Gundagai kindergarten in 1954.

They were married in 1954 and moved to Wagga.

Ralph taught at Yarragundry Public School, Gurwood Street Demonstration School and both Maureen and Ralph at Turvey Park Demonstration School,

before settling at Lake Albert Demonstration School. They were there for five years with Ralph as Principal during which time he completed a degree by external studies from the University of New England and became an active member of the Australian College of Education.

Maureen was kept busy as they now had five children.

When Ralph accepted a position as Principal at Hillston Central School, Maureen became a member of his staff. The Department of Education at the time did not really approve, but it was difficult to get good people to ‘go bush’.

As a couple they were a formidable force at each school and community where Ralph was appointed (it seems that most Wagga Teachers College Alumni have a well-developed sense of community!). Ralph was a far seeing, very committed and innovative educator and one staff member was heard to note – ‘*you either hate Ralph or love him but you don't leave him*’. Maureen managed to put the brakes on Ralph's more outrageous ideas and was incredibly efficient in putting his ideas into practice in a way that would actually work.

Ralph believed in engaging all senses and the body as well as the mind in the education process. He put adventure playgrounds into schools; long flying foxes the length of the playground; agricultural plots and climate stations. Maureen stuck English and Latin names on tin on all the trees in beautiful calligraphy.

He constructed model villages with road safety signs with tricycles, which he paid for by knocking endlessly on doors of local shop owners. He was often seen trawling the local tip for ones which could be done up by co-opting his local Apex or Lions Club friends. He did this in the early 60's before they were thought of elsewhere – and certainly before the advent of liability insurance!!!

Ralph also had the luxury of being a principal with time to concentrate on excellence in education, setting the highest possible standards and shaping the most positive culture in his school.

He was able to stretch the limits of innovation rather than the challenge and burden of Principals today, where administration, budget and resource management play such a large role.

At each school where Ralph was principal, Maureen not only taught, but established a brass band; started a choir; taught the whole school to dance; and ensured that all children, no matter how less well off, had school uniforms.

While they lived in the school residence in Lake Albert and Hillston, Maureen decided she would teach and devote the whole of her salary for a housekeeper to mind the children and do the housework. She thought it was a fair and good trade and claims it made her a better mother. I remember for the whole of her career, even into the 80's and 90's, that she insisted her pupils always stood up when an adult entered her classroom!

After Hillston, Ralph was sent to Bombala to establish year 11 and 12 at Bombala Central School, which he did. He then accepted a two-year stint in Zambia as Education Advisor to the teacher training colleges under the Ministry of Education in Lusaka. Maureen taught there in classes with 26 different nationalities.

When they returned, Ralph had a stint in head office in Sydney. They then moved to Kanwal Primary School, a large disadvantaged school just outside Wyong on the Central Coast. Ralph remained there as Principal for 25 years with Maureen working on the staff and, after Ralph left she became Deputy Principal.

They had an extremely rewarding professional life in education – they had five children each following a range of careers and now have seven grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Since his retirement, the Australian College of Education has named an award after Ralph and his services to education in Australia. He was awarded an OAM in 2008 for his services and work in raising money for Rotary medical research as well as for Youth Off the Streets.

Ralph now lives in an assisted living hostel on the Central Coast where he says the food is outstanding and continues enthusiastically to play a

TEACHING MEMORIES

significant role in the community with a great tireless team of Neville and Karyl.

Maureen worked up to age 67 but was then diagnosed with early-onset dementia. Ralph visits Maureen every second day if he can. She makes it clear she is displeased if he does not! She does know, however, what is being said to her and, just as she was the most respected teacher in all the schools in which she worked, she is still not to be underestimated! Ralph will be first to admit she was the power behind the drone!

Ralph and Maureen have always talked so fondly of their time at Wagga Teachers College – Ralph says that their careers would not have been possible if not for the talent of Wagga Teachers College lecturers and the collegiality, enthusiasm and generous spirit of his fellow students.

Lindy Bryant.

(Eldest daughter of Ralph and Maureen)

To the Editors of Talkabout, Lindsay & Lew,

After devouring the most recent issue of Talkabout when it arrived in my roadside mailbox yesterday, I began to recall some of the teaching experiences I had not previously imparted. In fact, I have probably forgotten most of them, but this one often comes to mind when sharing “stories” with others.

At the time, 1972, I was in charge of a Year 2 class of some 36 bright young minds. No pupil free days back then so it was full time nose to the grindstone, plus countless hours after the kids had packed up and left me to wonder why I had chosen this worthy profession.

One particular day, young Ken was really giving me a work out. He was not particularly gifted, and therefore his attitude towards learning was not at all positive, to say the least. Anyway, I had had enough of him this day, and dispatched him to the book and craft supplies storeroom situated through the back door of the classroom, where he could meditate on his misdemeanors.

Fifteen minutes later, the bell rang for

morning recess, and I had forgotten about Ken confined to his prison cell until he appeared sheepishly at the storeroom door as I was preparing to head off for a well-earned cuppa. I admonished him for his bad behaviour, gained his promise that he would try to do better in future, and off we both went.

End of story? Oh, no! Several days later, I noticed a terrible smell in the storeroom each time I entered to collect something, but could not find its source. No dead mice, nothing else that I could think of to search for, so I engaged the services of my supervisor to help me out. It did not take long for his nose to find the source of the offending smell – curled up in an ice-cream container (always handy to have for art and craft work), lid replaced, was Ken’s calling card.

No doubt he had been taken short, and knowing I was displeased with him, had not dared to come out and get permission to go to the toilet. It was a great joke between me and my supervisor, who thereafter referred to Ken as the “Phantom Pooh-er”.

Was Ken an ADHD kid before his time? Could his behaviour have been better monitored by access to prescription drugs as in today’s world? Or would he have benefited by being suspended from school for days at a time due to anti-social behaviour? He really wasn’t THAT bad – he certainly wasn’t unmanageable, but isn’t it time some good old-fashioned discipline was returned to the classroom in lieu of pills and suspensions? I wonder.

Keep up the good work with Talkabout – and regards to all members of “the team”.

Jenny Briggs (Mould) 1957-58

Dear Lindsay,

In late January 1958 I received my appointment to Kemps Creek Public School. Eventually we realised Kemps Creek was quite close to Sydney, in fact a mere 10 miles from Cabramatta. Then came the problem – transport! Fortunately, my aunt and uncle lived in Summer Hill and drove me there on the last Saturday of the holidays. The school was a demountable – two

classrooms and a storeroom blocked off at one end of the verandah. My heart sank, this meant LOWER DIVISION.

The headmaster had arranged board for me from Monday to Friday, as the only link with Cabramatta was the bus, known as the “butter box”, which took high school students to and from school. The headmaster travelled back to Sydney each Friday afternoon and I joined him. We used the school bus (not officially) to the bus depot in Bonnyrigg where we had to wait until an “official” run went to Cabramatta. Thence I travelled to Summer Hill to stay with my relatives until Monday morning, when I caught an early train to Cabramatta and met the headmaster. He had an arrangement with the local taxi company and someone drove us to Kemps Creek.

Now for my lower Division. All but four of the children were of non-English speaking backgrounds and there was no ESL help! Fortunately, a couple of the 2nd class children understood English fairly well and were able to help out. Otherwise someone from the next room could be called on! To start with I also had 3rd class as 4th, 5th and 6th were more numerous, but fortunately the local inspector arrived quite early on and packed 3rd class off next door! Later in the year Transition started.

It was a lonely time for me as there was no one of my age there – plenty of time for lesson preparation! I often thanked Miss Newmarch for her Infants lectures and Mr Walker for his “dos and don’ts” (in my head of course). I looked forward to weekends especially to my church fellowship group. It took many years before I lost the “Sunday night feeling” but once I was with the children it wasn’t so bad. They were a happy bunch and hard working. I was there for two years.

Oh yes, I nearly forgot, we had to have our staff meetings after school on the verandah, rain, hail, or shine. You see the headmaster was unmarried and I was 18/19, and a lady who lived nearby had binoculars trained on the school!!

How times have changed! Kemps Creek is part of greater Sydney, most people have cars and ESL assistance is available.

Jenny Atkins (Livett) 1956-57

TEACHING MEMORIES

WHAT MORE COULD ANYONE WANT!

I don't know if anyone remembers me. I was Mary Doust and I was always to be found with Bert Fletcher in our college days. Well, we married in 1953 and have been happy together ever since. We both stayed in teaching all our working lives, and have found it to be a very rewarding and worthwhile profession.

I found this little story when looking through some of my writing snippets and thought it might be suitable for Talkabout. I have called it:

“What More Could Anyone Want”

Aged 21, I was teacher-in-charge of a small school at the Hume Weir Wall, near Albury. Married just four weeks, my husband and I were to live, rent free, in the three rooms behind the schoolroom. It was to be made by taking out a wall between the lounge and main bedroom of one of the weatherboard cottages that the Public Works Department had built for workers installing floodgates at the weir wall.

My Dad had brought us, and all our possessions, including the Excelsior motor bike, from Forbes in his Vanguard ute. When we arrived, the street was alive with children. It was the last week of the Christmas holidays and word had got around that a school was starting right there in their midst. The barefooted youngsters swarmed over the vehicle and some brave ones even stared in the windows of their future schoolroom! It was quite alarming!

Dad began to use his big, strong farmer's voice. “Get out of here you kids! I am the new teacher and you had better look out! Go get home and don't come back till next Monday!”

We were right for the time being.

I had already been teaching in Sydney for two years so I was quite confident I would be easily able to take on this new job. What a lot I had to learn! However, a home, and “rent free”! We were made!

What more could anyone want?

Wow! What a lot I had to learn! The first day of term dawned and it was HOT! The temperature had not been below 100 for three days. The workmen turned up early to take out the partition to create a classroom. The prospective students and their mothers were there too.

There was quite a queue and I had pad and paper at the ready. Nothing had arrived from the Department of Education - no desks, no chairs, no blackboard. The Public Works guys were wonderful. They found some planks, which they put on low stumps out under a large gum tree in the back yard. The kids at least had somewhere to sit.

One man went off and came back with a large piece of fibro he had painted black. I had some chalk and education began!

I was good at telling stories and playing games. Soon it was lunchtime and the little ones went home to eat. Some of them came back after an hour.

I guess I could have been worried at the lack of equipment, and my responsibilities but the big blue Hume Dam was only a hundred yards from our back door and I was a swimmer.

What more could anyone want?

Before long, the schoolroom was all set up, equipment arrived and the “famous” Mrs Fletcher was a household word in the small village. I made lots of big mistakes! I remember the school inspector sending back to me some forms I had sent in with my spelling mistakes all circled in red! Another time I am afraid I caused quite a stir in the village when I sent home “parent

information” sheets to be signed. I had the right mother's names with the right children but unfortunately, I managed to get the father's names mixed up!!

Despite all this, the kids all learned to read and write and play soccer. We had great school picnics, complete with sack races for the mums, a school ball with the fathers doing a floorshow dancing the “Can Can” and, of course, end of year concerts. One year the Kindergarten group put on “The Three Bears and Goldilocks”.

At least fifty years later when I had long been retired from teaching after so many fabulous experiences, the phone rang one Christmas Eve. A slightly slurred voice was on the line. “Hello Mrs Fletcher. It's Baby Bear here. I just wanted to tell you how beautiful you were with your big shiny eyes”.

What it is to be a teacher!

What more could anyone want?

Mary Fletcher (Doust) 1950-51

I followed Ralph Bryant as Teacher-in-Charge at Yarragundry Public School in 1955 and had regular visits from WWTC students on Practice Teaching.

On one occasion at the end of First Term, I was showing the students the number of end of term forms which had to be submitted such as Term Return of Enrolment and Attendance, Requisition for OS Stamps, Cleaning Allowance, etc.

I demonstrated by filling in the forms while they were there.

Next term I received a letter from Regional Office asking me to explain how I could certify that I had cleaned up to 10th May, date it the 8th May and post it on 9th May.

Lindsay Budd 1950-51.

WHEN YOU HAVE TO VISIT A PUBLIC TOILET

When you have to visit a public toilet, you usually find a line of women, so you smile politely and take your place. Once it's your turn, you check for feet under the cubicle doors. Every cubicle is occupied.

Finally, a door opens and you dash in, nearly knocking down the woman leaving the cubicle. You get in to find the door won't latch. It doesn't matter, the wait has been so long you are about to wet your pants!

The dispenser for the modern 'seat covers' (invented by someone's Mum, no doubt) is handy, but empty. You would hang your bag on the door hook, if there was one, so you carefully, but quickly drape it around your neck, (Mum would turn over in her grave if you put it on the FLOOR!) down with your pants and assume 'The Stance.'

In this position, your aging, toneless, thigh muscles begin to shake. You'd love to sit down, but having not taken time to wipe the seat or to lay toilet paper on it, you hold 'The Stance.'

To take your mind off your trembling thighs, you reach for what you discover to be the empty toilet paper dispenser.

In your mind, you can hear your mother's voice saying, 'Dear, if you had tried to clean the seat, you would have KNOWN there was no toilet paper!' Your thighs shake more.

You remember the tiny tissue that you blew your nose on yesterday - the one that is still in your bag (the bag around your neck, that now you have to hold up trying not to strangle yourself at the same time). That would have to do, so you crumple it in the puffiest way possible. It is still smaller than your thumbnail.

Someone pushes your door open because the latch doesn't work. The door hits your bag, which is hanging around your neck in front of your chest and you and your bag topple

backward against the tank of the toilet.

'Occupied!' you scream, as you reach for the door, dropping your precious, tiny, crumpled tissue in a puddle on the floor, while losing your footing altogether and sliding down directly onto the TOILET SEAT. It is wet of course. You bolt up, knowing all too well that it is too late. Your bare bottom has made contact with every imaginable germ and life form on the uncovered seat because YOU never laid down toilet paper - not that there was any, even if you had taken time to try.

You know that your mother would be utterly appalled if she knew, because you are certain her bare bottom never touched a public toilet seat because, frankly, dear, 'You just don't KNOW what kind of diseases you could get'.

By this time, the automatic sensor on the back of the toilet is so confused that it flushes, propelling a stream of water like a fire hose against the inside of the bowl and spraying a fine mist of water that covers your bottom and runs down your legs and into your shoes.

The flush somehow sucks everything down with such force and you grab onto the empty toilet paper dispenser for fear of being dragged in too.

At this point, you give up. You are soaked by the spewing water and the wet toilet seat. You are exhausted. You try to wipe with a sweet wrapper you found in your pocket and then slink out inconspicuously to the sinks.

You can't figure out how to operate the taps with the automatic sensors, so you wipe your hands with spit and a dry paper towel and walk past the line of women still waiting

You are no longer able to smile politely to them. A kind soul at the very end of the line points out a piece of toilet paper trailing from your shoe. (Where was that when

you NEEDED it?). You yank the paper from your shoe, plunk it in the woman's hand and tell her warmly, 'Here, you just might need this.'

As you exit, you spot your hubby, who has long since entered, used and left the men's toilet. Annoyed, he asks, 'What took you so long and why is your bag hanging around your neck?'

This is dedicated to women everywhere who deal with any public rest rooms/toilets (rest??? you've GOT to be kidding!!). It finally explains to the men what really does take us so long. It also answers that other commonly asked question about why women go to the toilets in pairs. It's so the other gal can hold the door, hang onto your bag and hand you Kleenex under the door.

Name supplied but withheld for obvious reasons.

COMING EVENTS

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

The next quarterly meeting of the Alumni Association will be held at 11 am on: Tuesday 11th August, 2009. The meeting will be held at: NSW Teachers Federation Conference Centre, 37 Reservoir Street Surry Hills. All welcome.

WWTC ALUMNI LUNCHEONS

The next Alumni luncheon will be held in the Icons Restaurant in the Marriott Hotel, Pitt Street Sydney (near the Quay) on Tuesday 18th August, 2009.

For bookings contact Lindsay Budd on 9601 3003 a week before.

NEWS FROM CSU

Australians Launch Unique MBA Program in Canada

Dr Ian Goulter, the Vice-Chancellor and President of Australia's leading provider of flexible delivery education, Charles Sturt University (CSU), today dramatically increased the University's commitment to its Ontario campus, in Burlington, with the official launch of a new MBA program.



"In today's competitive marketplace, employers seek managers with advanced business acumen," said Dr Goulter. "Our new MBA program will produce highly effective leaders equipped with the knowledge and critical thinking skills to fuel business innovation and profit."

"Our MBA program features engaging, highly interactive technology and instructional design combined with online forums, high quality print materials and Ontario-based support and face-to-face tutorials," said Dr John Hicks, Dean of the CSU Faculty of Business. "Uniquely student-focused, our approach to an MBA enables candidates to balance busy schedules at home and work."

"I am delighted to see CSU bring Canadians an affordable, government approved, Australian-made international MBA program that offers unparalleled flexibility and excellent value," said Justin Brown, Australian High Commissioner to Canada. "This builds further on CSU's presence in Canada and makes a major contribution to further strengthening educational links between Australia and Canada."

"We are proud CSU calls Burlington their Canadian home, and we congratulate them on the expansion of their academic programs," said Burlington's Mayor Cam Jackson.

The new CSU MBA program is centered on 16 challenging courses designed to build superior business management knowledge and foster critical thinking skills and innovation. The program can be completed in two years. The program has a respected 20 year record of innovation and success, and attracts students from around the world.

In addition to its existing Bachelor of Primary Education Studies program in Burlington and the new MBA offering, the Ontario Minister of Training, Colleges and Universities also recently approved two other new CSU programs. These are the:

- Master of International Education (School Leadership)
- Bachelor of Early Childhood Studies

The Master of Business Administration program is offered under the written consent of the Ontario Minister of Training, Colleges and Universities for the period from 17th April 2009 to 17th April 2014. Prospective students are responsible for satisfying themselves that the programs and the degrees will be appropriate to their needs (e.g., acceptable to potential employers, professional licensing bodies or other educational institutions).

ALUMNI OFFICE NEWS



Hi, my name is Julie Brabham and I am filling in for Michelle Fawkes in the Alumni office while she is away on secondment until December. It was lovely to meet some of you at the 20th Anniversary Dinner for the University, and I look forward to meeting more of the WWTC Alumni as the year progresses.

I am only in the office two days a week usually Monday and Tuesday, so if you have anything that you think I might be able to help you with please give me a call on 02 6338 4629 or send me an email at jbrabham@csu.edu and I will try to help any way I can.



The Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association



KEEPING THE SPIRIT ALIVE IN 2009 TO SECURE THE FUTURE

The Scholarship Fund has been closed with a grand total of \$60,000. Congratulations to all our contributors! This means that we can award Scholarships to a total of \$6,000 annually. We also have a further \$4,536.80 which will be contributed towards our next Fundraising project.

You will note that our Association is now known as the Wagga Wagga Teachers' Alumni Association as all graduates of W.W.T.C., Riverina C.A.E., Riverina Murray I.H.E. and the C.S.U. Campus have been invited to join our ranks.

The next stage of the W.W.T.A.A. fundraising is still to be confirmed. The Committee is still considering the options with providing student accommodation on the Wagga Wagga Campus a high priority. However, while we consider the best way to move forward, we encourage you to continue supporting the WWTAA and we hope that the past generosity will remain strong. With the anticipated swell in numbers, a student accommodation cottage would be a fitting memorial to all those who have graduated from Wagga Wagga.

**All donations should be made payable to the Charles Sturt Foundation at:-
Charles Sturt University, Panorama Avenue, Bathurst NSW 2795**

As you know, we pay for the printing of TALKABOUT as well as the cost of postage. Each edition of Talkabout costs approx. \$3,500. It has therefore been decided that an annual contribution of \$10 per member is required and that this will fall due at the time of the March "Talkabout".

**Talkabout contributions should go directly to the Treasurer of the WWT Alumni Association:-
Lindsay Budd, 4 Flemington Close, Casula NSW 2170.
If you require a receipt please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.**

To help cut costs you can opt to receive your "Talkabout" by email. Simply tick the box on the bottom of your contribution form. The Alumni Office will appreciate your help very much. The University over the years has been a great supporter of the Association and will continue to provide volunteers to carry out the mailing of Talkabout.

If you have any questions please do not hesitate to contact the Alumni Office on 02 6338 4629

**Here is my donation to WWTAA Fundraising.
Donations over \$2.00 are TAX DEDUCTABLE.**

My donation for 2009 is: \$ _____
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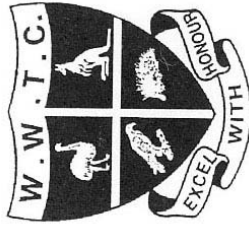
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I would prefer to receive my Talkabout by email

July 2009
Volume 12 No 2



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Volume 12 No 2

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