



A PUBLICATION  
OF THE ALUMNI OF  
WAGGA TEACHERS

# TALK ABOUT



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## Congratulations, Victor George Chapman AM



Congratulations from all of his friends at the Bindyi Club to School Captain 1949, Vic Chapman, on being awarded an AM in the Queen's Birthday Honours List (June, 2019).

His citation reads: For significant service to the Indigenous community, to tertiary education, and to the visual arts.

Vic was a student at Goodooga Public School when his teacher recognised his academic promise and encouraged him to sit for a NSW State Bursary to attend High School. At this time, the nearest full high school was at Dubbo so, as Vic says, "in early 1945, I hopped on the back of a truck with all my new possessions - the first time I had new shoes, new clothes - and headed off to Dubbo High School."

On completing the Leaving Certificate, Vic went to Teachers' College (in Wagga). He became the second Indigenous Principal of a NSW school, and was sub-

sequently awarded the Public Service Medal for his contribution to education.

In retirement, as well as being a respected Yu-waalaraay Elder, he is also Elder-in-Residence at NSW Art and Design. Here his talent in ceramics has been translated into a talent in printmaking. Here he still works alongside young people. He continues to demonstrate to students how one person can affect change in others. He has spent a lifetime being a champion of the young people he works with, a champion for preserving the language he was discouraged from speaking and a champion of his land and his people.

In 2015, UNSW instituted the Vic Chapman Equity Award which provides financial assistance to a student in his/her final year of Fine Arts.

*Adapted from the Bindyi Club News, Edition 99, July 2019 (Dubbo High School & College Ex-Students Club)*



Discussing Uncle Vic's *The Fire Makers* print. (Uncle Vic Chapman, *The Fire Makers*, 2017, Etching and Aquatint). (from UNSW Art & Design Web Page)

## Across the Secretary's Desk - Lesley Forbes



Paul Gurrier-Jones (1953-54): Thank you Lesley for all your diligence in producing *Talkabout*. I would like to tell you that Noelene, my dear wife, passed away on 3rd September, 2018. She was a Grenfell girl. I met her when I was teaching in Ashville Provisional School back in 1955.

Barry Schlenker : I am writing regarding Helen Schlenker (Barrett 1960-61), my wife of 54 years, as Helen has corticobasal syndrome, a neurological illness which amongst other things, degrades fine motor skills, balance, walking and speech. Helen displayed initial symptoms in 2012 after our return from a 6 week holiday in Asia - her handwriting showed considerable deterioration and her doctor suspected early onset Parkinsons. Balance issues came next, with weakness in her right arm and leg. It took the neurologist more than 2 years to diagnose CBS. Helen is now in a wheelchair, unable to walk or use a computer. Her speech is poor. Helen remains at home with me as primary carer and we receive assistance from aged care (minimal) and several private sources which are superior to those offered by any aged care program available to us. We do not envisage Helen entering

a nursing home. We still go shopping together and have several favourite cafes that we visit at least twice per week. Helen is very aware of her surroundings, people and the environment and remains mentally alert as always, but often unable to communicate as effectively as she would like. She enjoys *Talkabout* which I read to her and has very fond memories of her 2 years at Teachers College at Wagga. I thought that you should be aware of Helen's current circumstances as she is now unable to participate in any organised activities.

From John Cassidy's Sister, Joy: I understand there have been changes in the publication of the magazine due to the passing of the editor (something I learned from another email sent to John). In the most recent edition which I accessed today, it was good to see that John's life story had been published. However, the heading referred to me being John's daughter instead of his sister.

Leonie Huntsman: I will take the opportunity to let you know how sad I am to inform you of the death of my beloved husband, Bob Huntsman, on January 2. Bob was a lecturer at Wagga Teachers College from 1959 to the end of 1961. We have always had fond memories of our time in Wagga and at the College. It was not our choice to leave, but the circumstances of the time required it. We attended two of the 50-year reunions of those he taught and who graduated in those years. I have some lovely memories of those reunions, and of students who said what a life saver it was when they arrived at their first posting at a one-teacher school and were able to fall back on 'Mr Huntsman's' lecture notes for guidance.

Bob had a rich full life, in the ways

that matter. He was a wonderful father to our five children, always an educator, a loved member and active contributor to the welfare of our local community.

All the best for the AGM and to all the members of the WWTCAA

Pat Nethery (1970-71): Sad to see the death of Peter Dobson whom I met when I was a young teacher at Kiama Primary, 1972-75. I taught his daughter in about 1974.

David Handsaker (1948-50): I completed my Leaving Certificate at Junee in 1947. We had 9 in the class, 5 of whom became teachers through WWTC. One of them, Bruce Robinson topped first year (of 150 students) and was second in the final year. My sister, Valma followed me 3 years later, having come 3<sup>rd</sup> in the State with History Honours in the Leaving Certificate with her best friend 1<sup>st</sup> in the same subject. Now you die-hards, I went to Junee High School by catching the Albury Mail from Illabo at 7:30 in the morning and stayed at the school until 6:30 pm when I could then catch the Albury Mail back to Illabo.

I would like to place on record my admiration for my roommate at WWTC, Robert Collard, who did so much when he was President of the Alumni in its first years. Lest We Forget.

**There is still time for you to decide to join the Social Gathering in the Southern Highlands 23 — 25 March.**



## 'Hale' and Hearty, John Hale one of our Pioneers

Having welcomed and enjoyed the wealth of history included in *Talkabout* over many years I thought it was time I made a contribution and I begin with a warm appreciation to all those who keep the association and *Talkabout* vibrant and ongoing.

I also very much wish to express my thanks to all those involved in the organisation of the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary. It was a very pleasurable experience although as was to be expected there were many pioneers who were to be missed. My memory suggests that there were four students from East Maitland Boys' High who were pioneers: Morton Rawlin now deceased, Allan Thompson, I am not sure of his history, and Colin Taylor with whom my wife and I have regular reunions.

An item in the August 2017 *Talkabout* reminded me of the debt of gratitude I owe to Norm Donnison for determining my future in the Department of Education. At graduation it was a time when the Education Department was establishing what were termed opportunity classes attached to primary schools to give less academically able students the chance to progress to Junior Technical or Intermediate High Schools to attain an Intermediate Certificate.

At the same time the Sydney Technical College had established an Industrial Arts Diploma course that offered Industrial Arts teachers the opportunity to be classified as four-year trained and thus opening up promotions for them in High Schools. I accepted this opportunity and after attending three or four nights a week and some Saturdays, after five years I graduated A.S.T.C.

Positions were available in these schools for Craft Teachers and I was appointed to Auburn Central School. At that time I was staying with my aunt at Coogee and the walk from Auburn station to the school passed by the office of Jack Lang who was sometimes sitting on the footpath next to his office.

This was the post-war period and there were teachers on the staff who

had served in the war and others who were approaching retirement. One member of the staff was Lou Benaud, father of Richie Benaud. As a first year teacher I was not allowed to use corporal punishment but it was used with good reason on some students and I think to excess on some occasions. On reflection the use of corporal punishment that I witnessed in that school and in my next appointment at Bourke Street, Surry Hills, determined my approach to discipline in future years which I look back on with much regret.

As the junior member of staff at Auburn I was last to fit into the sports program and it was my lot to take the left-overs to a cricket pitch on the other side of Auburn railway station. By the time we arrived at the ground, a number of students had taken early marks and did not arrive.

Bourke Street was a different experience where I taught Technical Drawing to year 7 classes from the Sydney Boys High on a Friday, and a variety of crafts on the other four days to the opportunity classes. There was also a Woodwork teacher who introduced a bike repair class for bikes that were gathered from around the homes and backyards. That same teacher owes me some extra periods as I used to cover for him on some Wednesdays when he went to the Randwick races.

Mosman Intermediate High School was a refreshing change as I had found a new boarding house in a private home with a Scots family and my trip to Mosman was by bus, ferry and tram in the mornings and back by tram in the afternoon over the Harbour Bridge to TAFE.

The Industrial Arts Inspector offered me the position as demonstration teacher in craft at Forest Lodge Demonstration School but by this time my position was the only one offering demonstration classes for students from the Sydney Teachers' College. Again it was my good fortune to meet up with Norm Donnison who accompanied the students on occa-

sions.

It was here that I met my wife Margaret, a graduate of Balmain Teachers' College, and we married in 1957 and bought our first home in Sylvania.

At Forest Lodge I was placed on secondary list one and after a number of short appointments to Wollongong High, Birrong Boys High, and Hurstville Boys High, I received an appointment to the new Port Hacking High where I gained placement on the secondary list 2. With that placement I was eligible for a subject master's position and received an appointment to Cabramatta Boys' High. I was only there for four days when I was asked to fill a vacancy for a craft lecturer at Sydney Teachers' College. This appointment did not seem to offer me a permanent position so I resumed my position at Cabramatta. A head teacher I knew was appointed to Matraville High which was more convenient to my home at Sylvania and with the department's approval, we exchanged schools.

At Matraville High I gained placement on List 3 Secondary and when a position for Head Teacher at Port Hacking became available, I transferred to be closer to my Sylvania address. After two years I took up a position as Deputy Principal at Kyogle High School and after five enjoyable years there, during which time I was placed on List 4, and where we made a number of friends whom we still see, our family, two boys and two girls moved to Orange High School where I became principal. At Kyogle my wife was able to return to teaching and during our eight years in Orange, Margaret taught in a number of primary schools.

Orange is a pretty and progressive city, but too cold to contemplate retirement and after eight years in Orange a return to Sydney as principal of Hunters Hill High School and the purchase of a home at Ryde, provided a base for our children for further study and work opportunities. Margaret had been placed on a promotions list in Orange and took up the position of Deputy Principal at Bankstown West P.S.

Our four children and eight grandchildren have brought us much pleasure and pride and are very caring as we grow older. Our retirement has given us the opportunity to travel at first by car in the UK, by coach through Europe, by coach to Turkey, Norway, China, Japan and Zimbabwe and later by ship to Alaska, Iceland, South America and the Pacific Islands. As two of our children live and work on Norfolk Island and Tasmania, those places still beckon.

Retirement also gave us the opportunity for some volunteering for Meals on Wheels, with Friends of the ABC and in Isolated Children's Education which took us to Hay for six weeks to Cloughton House, a hostel for students from K to Year 12, from isolated areas and attending schools in Hay.

During our time in Kyogle we had built a house at Lennox Head where we retired for a number of years, but later returned to the Central Coast where we are now living in our fifth home in this very convenient part of NSW.

some rebranding, the scholarship fund continues to grow, *Talkabout* continues to link our Alumni and is the 22 volume since 1997, Scholarship recipients receive \$9000 per year, contributions are made to Stewart House and to the Indigenous Scholarship Foundation at Abbot-sleigh. Ongoing funding for CSU Regional Archives has been important for preserving aspects of WWTC history. The Association can be well proud of its efforts. It is truly a testimony to what can be achieved in retirement.

It is important to acknowledge those people who have contributed to *Talkabout* with stories and tales of their journeys after passing through the doors of WWTC. Some of the articles even recount times at WWTC. A common theme is how well prepared we were to accept our appointments and survive even when a bond was hanging over you. These articles bring lots of positive feedback from our members and certainly prompt others to write for our journal.

My thanks to the members of the committee for their support and guidance in making the decisions which shape our direction. Our link with CSU through student scholarship support is rewarding as is the continual digital uploading of WWTC archive material.

It came as a huge shock to lose our

*Talkabout* editor Brian Powyer so suddenly. He was a dedicated man of the community. His love of family, education, history and preserving Parramatta's colonial buildings were testimony to his character.

At this stage our secretary holds the responsibilities for both the membership data base and producing *Talkabout*. This is an undesirable concentration of responsibility and may become a little onerous and in need of review.



## President's Report Bruce Forbes

What a ride 2019 has been. WWTC dormitories burn down, CSU carries out

## Reverend Tom Halls (1961-62)

For a long time I have wanted to respond to your invitations to write something for *Talkabout*, but like most busy people I kept putting off the day, and also wondered if anybody would be interested in my jottings. I was jolted into action by articles in the December, 2018 *Talkabout* referring to Dorothy Pope [nee Masters] and Ian Spence, both in the 1960-61 Session and with whom my wife and I attended the old selective Wollongong High School in the 1950's. I was a little behind them [1961-2], having gone

to university between school and college; clinging in my impoverished state to my scholarship of two pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence a fortnight!

After a few years teaching Science and Mathematics I had saved enough to take up Theological Studies and was ordained as an Anglican minister in the Diocese of Sydney in 1971.

My interest in helping preachers to preach systematically through the Bible (as you would in any other subject; maths for example) led to

regular invitations from churches and institutions in many countries. The excellent training received at WWTC has been a strength in my service at home and abroad. The quality example of people like Gordon Young and Laurie Orchard, whom I saw again recently, together with the Science man, Mr Sinclair stand out in my mind. As you see I am still travelling; about four trips each year with a special emphasis on India, where education is treasured as the key that opens almost any door to the future.



After completing 12 years as Preacher-at-Large in St Andrews Cathedral Sydney with a period as Senior Minister during the interregnum between Deans, I now have a little more time. I was fortunate enough to marry another WWTC graduate Clare Hicks [1961-2], granddaughter, daughter and niece of several Principals in the NSW State School System. Clare has travelled widely with me, but does not enjoy the delights of flying, so chooses to be busy at home; especially teaching ESL first in the congregations where we served and more recently at the Cathedral.

Here are a couple of brief excerpts from a recent report following service in Singapore, Hong Kong and India in September and October, 2018.

Candidates at the Indian Evangelical Mission [IEM] Outreach Training Institute (OTI), about 50km from Bangalore, keep up the standard of humble commitment, which I have come to expect in India. Language and cultural difficulties were minimal and the heat and humidity of the season were bearable. Candidates came from eight Indian States, including one from the Andaman Islands devastated in a tsunami in recent years. The group, all with tertiary qualifications (often Masters level), worked hard to apply their theological and secular training for effective Christian service to their nation and beyond.

It was always part of the aim in setting up OTI to make it as self-sufficient as

possible. Many schemes have been tried but lack of water has always limited the results. Things are improving. Three cows provide for the college and surplus

### Star Christian Day School



milk for sale at the dairy. They also provide calves. Two ducks have joined the menagerie. One was so excited that she laid an egg on arrival! Rabbits are soon to be added. Last month four elephants strayed from the forests (about 40km) and casually strolled by on the road beside the college. Thankfully, they did not choose to enter, as fences and gates are no barrier. Their visit caused a stir and required many emergency services to drive the gentle giants back to their usual stamping ground. In contrast a peacock dropped in briefly. Days at OTI are regulated by bird calls at appropriate times; the most persistent being the plaintive cry of the cuckoo shrike (one note!). After rain, tiny deep voiced frogs serenade sleeping students and staff throughout the night. It is not quite animal farm, but with these creatures, together with dogs (local and stray), all understand that while they are equal, some are more equal than others; like the stray elephants! Following lectures at the College I had

commitments to the North West in the beautiful Himalaya Mountain region of Kullu and Manali. What was expected to be a brief flight from Delhi to Kullu was extended following an engine malfunction just before take off. An hour of sitting in the plane and then buses near the plane was followed by a return to the terminal, re-issuing boarding passes, repeated security checking and a long wait without the promised coffee and refreshments. England introduced bureaucracy, but India made it an art form!

In Manali, where the church is an integral part of a service unit including a school and hospital, on three mornings I addressed an ordered and receptive assembled senior school (years 6-12) of 300 students for 20 minutes each morning. I am not sure I would be able to do that in Australia now. All of this occurred in the setting of magnificent snow-capped mountains towering above Manali at a mere 6,000 feet. It was always cool and fresh.

Being present for a spectacular cultural festival at Day Star Christian School was an enjoyable experience. As the special guest of the Principal and Board I was overwhelmed. It seemed like a case of the wrong person in the wrong place. A kaleidoscope of dance and song from many Indian States interspersed with meaningful skits was skilfully presented on the theme of Psalm 19. There seemed to be



more cameras (mainly on mobile devices) than a Bollywood reception. A drone camera, hovering around the vast venue about 5 feet above our heads, added to the excitement.

Leaving Manali was difficult. Apart from emotional ties to such a lovely people in a beautiful setting, Air India added to the sorrow by cancelling a flight from Kullu with only hours notice and no apology or explanation: something for which they are renowned. IEM were keen for me to address a meeting at Delhi University the following evening, so arranged a 14 hour overnight taxi ride mainly over broken mountain roads. The driver on the first leg of the journey appeared tired and seemed to veer off the roads continually. I suspect drugs were a factor. My tough missionary minder simply took over the driving for much of the way, as well as helping to change a tyre (a victim of the road). The university reception was well attended by academics and students and it was a good occasion worth the arduous journey.

Not all my journeys are this exciting, but in every place I am continually grateful to God and the people I serve for allowing me to share with them some of the fruit of years of study and experience, including that excellent basic training at WWTC. I have just returned from a month in Andhra Pradesh, India, and Hong Kong is on the agenda for April / May. It is a great way to live!

## 1955-56 2020 Annual Reunion soon... Graeme Phillips

As a Kabi Boy from way back (1955-56) how can I not acknowledge the Kabi Girls (1957-58) for their reunion prowess and their decision to end their reunions, "not yet!" The anticipation of the next reunion may even improve their longevity, to enhance future reunions.

We of the 1955/56 Session hold our annual reunion at the same time every year, the weekend after the October Long Weekend; 2020 will be 9/10 October, again conveniently at Moss Vale.

Friday Informal evening meal at Moss Vale Golf Club; Saturday Reunion luncheon at the adjacent Dormie House.

A Nursery Rhyme may assist memory:

One, two buckle my show

Three, four, knock at the door

Five, six, pick up sticks

Seven, eight, lay them straight

Nine, ten, reunion again.

Over recent years guests have travelled from Tasmania/Canada, Melbourne, Perth, Northern Territory via Darwin, Narromine, Wagga Wagga, ACT, Sydney, the Central and Southern Coasts of NSW and points in between. Attendance in 2019 was 34 with 22 apologies. It is worthy of note that our music lecturer, Laurie Orchard and his lovely wife, Penny, regularly drive from Laurieton to support and to contribute to our reunions.

Each year, we recall the names of our friends, all 38 of them, who passed too soon, but not before adding value to our lives at college and in the years beyond. Any former student from our session who missed a few years, or all of them, will be warmly welcomed. How wonderful it would be if the 1955/56ers mentioned on Page 8 of the last edition of *Talkabout* could share our conviviality...in October!

**Contact** can be made via the thoroughly modern Pamela on email at:

**pwilmott3@gmail.com**  
or by phoning the dynamic, diner-saur Graeme (who actually still owns an antique telephone for personal communication) on

**0248681940**

**Remember Talkabout is only as good as your written articles.**

**Please keep them coming in. The next edition will be compiled for distribution in August.**



## On Being a Junior Secondary Teacher - Sue Edmondson (Rankin)

I was appointed to a first choice school by letter a couple of weeks before term began. My parents drove me to Tumburumba with all my books, as I knew schools had little in resources and that text books, if provided, would not last the year. We stayed at Mrs Walker's Guest House, and I stayed on, being overfed with leftover cake as she ran a cafe and was eager for her boarder to continue.

At lunchtime on the second Friday I met a man in the corridor with a telegram, surprisingly addressed to me. I was unsure whether it was a joke as it told me to move directly to Mulwala, a place I had never heard of, though very familiar with the rail lines and much of NSW, and which was the name of a bus stop on the Queanbeyan-Canberra route. Just before the bell someone returned from lunch and produced a map from the car, suspecting Mulwala was near Yarrawonga, which it was. I happened to know the train out to Wagga had just left and there would not be another till Tuesday, so I accepted the offer of a lift to Wagga that afternoon, and found myself at the Yarrawonga Post Office by the Spirit of Progress and Murray Valley Coach at 9.30am Saturday morning surrounded by boxes, hoping against hope the students did not bike to 'Yarra' on a Saturday mornings and see me first. They did not.

Before I left, and at least acknowledging the telegram was not a hoax, the principal and deputy spoke to me saying they were sorry to see me go. They liked my work, my chalkboard was good, and they would like to offer me some money, from a designated fund (not the principal's own, I was assured) as my salary may not arrive on time after this move. I could pay it back as soon as I was able.

[Footnote: On one level this move was a great relief as I had exhausted what I could do with the utterly unfamiliar history unit allocated to me to teach in the corridor under the stairwell and was going to have to ask for help.]

My first surprise was that 'Mul' had a

public service who lived 'on the hill' and an explosives factory. Five of the 8 staff were from Wagga working out their probation. The twin towns gave a degree of privacy but the teachers from the two towns did not mix. Teachers in Yarra were regarded as not quite respectable by the townies, or farmers. I lived in a holiday house with water frontage and a house mate, a domestic science teacher from Yarra, bought a Mirror class yacht and learned to sail. The school community was very pleasant and supportive. I could not be more grateful.

I taught English and Geography to composite classes. The school was bussed 40 km to Corowa once a week for the practical subjects like domestic science and woodwork, except for the Year 7's, whose correspondence studies I supervised though the practical work was done at home. My principal valued good handwriting and lots of adjectives in English, so with my rarefied stance from Durband who aimed for discrimination over 'How many men got into the pinnace?' questions, I kept out of his way. Likewise the department kept out of mine and I never saw another secondary teacher officially or a secondary inspector or consultant in 3 years, nor did I receive any communication whatsoever as a secondary teacher.

[Footnote: This question was from a Year 7 comprehension book with a red cover and Durband despised it.]

The Kindergarten-Year 1 teacher wanted to teach the secondary girls PE, so I exchanged it for drama and speech, lessons which were not addressed at WWTC, and for which she offered no guidance. They took place between 3 and 3.30 and I discovered secondary teachers are invisible and inaudible to lower primary, and it was here that I was blooded: the threatened primary prac came into play and my style became more animated.

We saw in equal pay for women after a massive rally in Albury Picture Theatre, and an excellent teacher (with a family trying to make ends meet), said

he would never carry a Bell and Howell for a woman again. A relief teacher was appointed.

In my 3<sup>rd</sup> year a new principal from a dem school arrived. He graciously asked for my music class before my records ran out and introduced the whole school to recorder and a jar of Dettol solution. Secondary PE became folk dancing starting with the hora. We took the whole secondary school on an excursion to Canberra and the Snowy. I ran an overly successful lamington drive (dipped, not iced, according to his mother's recipe), and he saw to it that everyone saw the moon landing, in nearby homes or the school, where little John O'Sullivan threw up at the crucial moment. We began staff get-togethers where we could invite a friend.

I resigned in order to follow the grander plan to work in a developing country. I now realised I had a qualification to do so, as a few African countries were recruiting secondary teachers on contract, having taken over primary schools from missions after independence.

The secondary section, with its new, second, science lab, closed within 2 years and the students were bussed to Corowa. Our house by the lake burned down. There was no going back.

[Footnote: I recently heard of a NSW primary school in a border community threatened with closure and bus-sing children 30km away rather than being allowed to accept students from over the border to keep it open and meet local needs.]

I found myself in Zambia at a girls' secondary boarding school near Kasempa in the middle of North Western Province about 350km from the Copperbelt (and shops), in a landscape quite beyond Mr Sales' slides, though true to his description of a savannah. As their first Australian teacher I was an unknown. Would I fit with the English examination sys-



evacuation plans. Food shortages were a fact of daily life. Our senior girls left tearfully on the back of a lorry for National Service at the end of their exams.

We enjoyed the challenge of maintaining a reasonably pleasant and safe environment at weekends, though it wore us out. We got out the Bell and Howell for half the school each Saturday night, the most experienced doing the introduction and crowd control for 200, and I did the projecting when it was my turn. We showed documentaries from the British Council and other sources, occasionally hiring a feature. The high spot was *The Sound of Music*, but with doubts that it was cultural imperialism and may be offensive.

The girls immediately worked out who the villain was effectively hissing with a sound that we staff tried to avoid precipitating – it was very hard to stop. Then the whole school became alive with the sound of music for days afterwards.

I did wear out, and on my return to Australia married Ray and the National Film and Sound Archive. I discovered he had stayed at Mulwala House, a government hostel moved from Mulwala after the war, (with its own bus stop), when he began work at the National Library. We had met through a Mulwala teacher. Our first major purchase was an Eiki Slot Load projector, a tax deductible work expense. One of his senior colleagues had lived 'on the hill' and went to primary school in Mulwala, cycling to secondary school in Yarrowonga before degrees in Melbourne. I knew little about the work of audiovisual archiving or Australian film culture, but I *could* use a projector and I *had* seen an Australian art house short film at WWTC, not to mention projecting the classic *Back of Beyond* in Zambia...

tem or would I reflect the 'measure what you teach' US system? We were allocated students after testing and of the 3 classes of 40 who arrived in Year 7, only 90 made it to Year 9, mostly because of pregnancy. A select 20 or so went on to do Cambridge O Levels (East Africa Syllabus).

The syllabus for Years 7 to 9 was a national one, and some suitable texts were being published, usually authored by expat consultants. On an inspection I was encouraged to introduce group work outside, for example. But innovation had now become very difficult, though a less top-down approach was needed by then. A first timer had to gain respect from both staff and students and that took time. The largely expat international staff worked on a knife edge between order and rebellion. Any change, even when negotiated with the prefects, could result in instant and widespread disapproval.

I taught English, geography, maths, commerce and religious studies. Daily there were boarding duties and home room class, and weekly, prep and meal supervision, yard work, production unit (farm) briefly, clubs, library, Sunday activities to break up the day, and year supervisor responsibility. Gifted staff, mostly in their twenties, led choirs and did drama and musicals. All this was achieved in an atmosphere of civil war in adjoining countries and with a blockade on trade with South Africa. We had

## Kambu 1958-59

### Snippets (to continue)

Room 1: **Mike Bonnor's** career began in Bigga, near Crookwell in 1960 with a class of 32 lower primary pupils. Getting to and out of Bigga was a battle in itself requiring multiple trains and the goodwill of the local mailman. As with most small isolated rural schools, accommodation for the teacher was boarding with a local family or at the nearest local hotel. Mike fitted in well in his new environment walking to school in the snow on numerous occasions, learning how to play hockey, socialising at the monthly movie showing or enjoying a few relaxing beers at the pub. Ever an entrepreneur, Mike made additional money rabbit shooting/spotlighting and selling them for five shillings a pair.

In 1961 Mike was appointed to Grubben, near Henty, another small school and boarded with a family with two eligible daughters but being fleet of foot, Mike always stayed one step ahead of the pursuit. Mike's 3rd appointment was at Climsland, near Griffith (MIA). By now Mike had acquired a very reliable VW Beetle and was not tied to public transport or the mailman's goodwill. Mike's social skills were enhanced by the local Italian community and their home wine-making skills.

Mike's final appointment in 1962 was to Cowra Public School where he remained until his retirement in 2000 as Deputy Master. He taught over the years a whole range of classes including OA classes to whom he introduced a micro brewery making and bottling of ginger beer, selling it to pupils/staff and teaching the class sound business practice, banking procedures and the joy of each pupil receiving an equal share of the profits. Mike says it was an interesting enterprise but believes it definitely would not be allowed in this modern era.

Mike married a local high school teacher, had three sons and entered fully into the life of the Cowra community.



## Molly Darrington — Scholarship Recipient 2018

*Message to Chris and Jenny Blake,  
our Scholarship Coordinators*

It's a big few months down my way! I've loved my term at Narrandera Public School teaching year 5! It's definitely had its challenges but I've already learnt so much in these past few weeks. It's been absolutely hectic with presentation day, our school concert, swim school and many more events, but I've enjoyed it very much. I'm extremely lucky that I will be back at Narrandera Public next year with my own class which I'm very excited about.

After a long four years I finally had my graduation ceremony on Monday! I have attached some pictures to this email, hopefully they come through! I want to thank you both again for your support, you have helped me get to this point and I will forever be grateful! I hope you are both well and have a great Christmas and New Year.



## Scholarship Committee Report - Chris & Jenny Blake

What an impressive group of students we have had as our Scholarship Recipients over the last couple of years! Two, Molly Darrington (2018) and Mandy Reid (2019) completed their courses in 2019. Molly completed her course early and received her accreditation in time to teach Year 4 in Narrandera before graduating in December. The same school has snapped her up to teach 5/6 this year. We caught up with Mandy Reid doing her final placement in Forbes in November. Mandy also received her accreditation after that placement and managed to do a couple of relief days before the end of the year. As a result Mandy has employment three days a week at Grenfell, her home town, and two days at Caragabal. How impressive are they? Katelyn Rudd (2017) returned to study at Wollongong last year and is job sharing Kindergarten in Picton this year. Molly Spalding, from Table Top near Albury, had a full year contract near home last year. The



quality of these graduates is shown in the willingness of schools to employ them. Even more important is that all

have taken up teaching in rural areas!

Patrick Harris (2019) will finish his degree this year. He is the grandson of Wagga alumni, Pam Harris. Patrick is eligible to apply again this year.

The Advancement Office has informed us that forty-seven applications for the Scholarship had been received by mid-January and there were still several weeks before applications closed so we hope to have some excellent candidates again.

It has been a privilege for us to administer the Scholarship and witness the wonderful results it provides. The CSU Advancement Office continue to provide great support through Sarah Ansell and Sheridan Ingold and we look forward to their assistance again in 2020.

## Vale Tennis Champ Margaret Fisher (1947-49)

Margaret Fisher, Byron Bay's legendary world champion tennis player, has died.

Margaret passed away in Brisbane on 22 December, aged 89.

Well-loved right around the Bay, Margaret was a friend to everyone she met.

She was a woman who paid no heed to a person's place in society. Whether you were under a tree in the park, busking on the footpath, sitting quietly at her favourite coffee shop or behind the myriad counters where she shopped, Margaret had time for everyone.

Last year Margaret was crowned Byron Shire's Senior Citizen of the Year. She would have hated that word 'crowned'.

### Turned down Queen Elizabeth II

In 1953 she was summoned to Australia House to explain why she had turned down an invitation from Queen Elizabeth II, who had invited her to attend a garden party at Buckingham Palace.

A country kid from Albury she had saved for three years to sail to England to play her way into Wimbledon. She was not giving up her tennis for anyone – not even the Queen.

Margaret was widely regarded as an inspiration to others.

She was renowned for being fitter in her 80s than she was in her 60s.

Ten years ago she dusted off her racquet and began playing tennis again for the first time in more than 20 years. The following year she became the Australian over 80s ten-



nis champion and then set her sights on international gold.

She competed in seven world championships during the following years, in 2016 becoming the World Super Seniors over 80s silver medallist and in 2017 she became the world over 85s women's doubles and mixed doubles tennis champion (with partners Rosemarie Asche, from Canada, and Max Byrne).

Margaret was a veteran teacher who pioneered maths centres and English as a second language in Canberra schools. In her 50s she launched a second career in politics, working for various Labor MPs and senators, in both government and

opposition.

Margaret was deeply grateful for the support she received from the Byron Bay community for her tennis, via various crowdfunding campaigns and through sponsorship from Feros Care.

Margaret is survived by her loyal companion, border collie Leo, also an icon around Byron Bay, as well as daughters Stephanie, Elizabeth and Virginia, her son Andrew, five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

*From her daughter, Stephanie Dale, published in The Echo, Byron Bay*

## The Strong Riverina Connection Sylvia Mulholland (Nixon 1967-68)

My family were pioneers of Wagga Wagga. My great-great grandfather came from Ireland and took up land at Gregadoo in 1843. My great-grandfather built a huge house adjacent to the Technical College and owned land all over Wagga Wagga. My grandfather took out the large gum trees beside the river in 1910

and started a market garden. My father also began a market garden after he returned from WW2 but it was washed out with a flood in 1952. He went over town and found a job as a fitter and turner. Eventually he started his own business in engineering and never looked back. We lived in a little brick house beside the Murum-

bidgee River in North Wagga Wagga, and my wonderful grandparents lived just up the road. My father built the sheds beside the house and always worked very hard. The house is now on the way to the Charles Sturt university.

We went 'over town' to school and



attended Wagga Wagga Public School in Gurwood St where my father had also gone to school. We were segregated into boys' and girls' departments and the only time we connected with the boys was folk dancing on Friday afternoon. (I am sure the boys loved it). We also never had any sport that I remember so I developed a large deficiency in that area as well as a lack of interest. I always found sport so boring. When I was teaching I would always get the most challenging child in the class to umpire as I would usually lose my concentration. I attended Wagga Wagga High School. At that time it was the only public high school in the town. I was placed in a 1B class where we learned to cook and sew, which I loved. It sparked my creativity with making my own clothes and with cooking. By the beginning of the next year I was promoted to 2A where we learned French which I also loved. I graduated in 1965 – the last class of the Leaving Certificate, so I attended TAFE and studied shorthand and typing for a year. I have found touch-typing to be an invaluable skill. I then applied again for a teachers' college scholarship in 1966 and was accepted for 1967.

Because I already lived in Wagga Wagga, I travelled to Teachers' College each day and lived as an outside student. I therefore got to know very few students really well, except the few in the common room who boarded rather than living on campus. Because our home is about 3km from the college, my father bought me a Lambretta motor scooter. I was not very clever at managing this particular contraption. It somehow seemed to not start well. I was always the 'damsel in distress' and I had many young men including some of the lecturers, starting it for me. I also managed to break down in the middle of a T intersection and fell off (not severely) here and there, as it was only about 6 inches off the ground so it was more an overbalance. I remember that we were paid about \$20 a fortnight as an allowance, but I could never seem to manage on that meagre allowance. Just as well my parents were feeding me.

During the second year, a trip around central Australia was proposed. My parents graciously paid for the trip and it was an awesome experience. We travelled by bus and camped overnight.

It was cold at night in some places so we needed a good sleeping bag. I remember that I shared a tent with Barbara Yelland and, although we had both been girl guides, our tent seemed to be always falling down. We were also always late getting out of bed. In the late 60's most roads were unsealed and bread and vegetables needed to be carried with the bus as they were not accessible. We travelled through Queensland to Darwin, Katherine, Alice Springs and down to Coober Pedy and then to Adelaide and home. We were privileged to be able to climb Ayers Rock and see the beauty of this amazing monolith as it changed as the evening closed in. I still have the slides from the trip in the bottom of a cupboard. It was a long trip but so interesting. Some days we had to cover 500 miles.

At the end of second year at WWTC, I applied for anywhere west and was appointed to Jerilderie, approximately two hours from Wagga Wagga. My parents drove me there with my intrepid trunk packed with books. I painted the trunk red as it had belonged to my aunt who had emigrated from England with it. We found a home that was willing to offer board and a room, so I installed my things there. They had three children and the school was a short walk away, as everything was in Jerilderie. The town population was only about 1000 people. I loved the school and spent hours and hours creating craft and decorating the Kindergarten classroom. This was the days of the mini-skirts (such a ridiculous fashion). I wore short skirts that I had made and long socks and sometimes boots in

winter. But the room was cold and I was often guilty of teaching while sitting on top of the heater which was some sort of metal block with an element inside. I learned to play guitar while in Jerilderie, which has been a lifelong asset.

While in Jerilderie we had a mouse plague. This only happens intermittently but it is an unforgettable event. The mice came from everywhere. It seemed to happen suddenly and we were overrun with thousands of mice. They overran the roads so that every time you drove at night there was a

sea of mice crisscrossing the roads. They invaded every home. Mouse traps were useless and cats were exhausted. Each evening the family with whom I was staying set a copper full of water outside. They attached a greased bottle to the copper with bait poked into the end. The idea was for the mice to smell the bait, run across the bottle, and fall into the copper and drown. This disposed of about 50 mice each night. But that was only a little dent in the mouse population. They ate through wood to get to any grain that was available. They attacked pantry shelves voraciously. In the school storeroom they ate glue, cardboard and chewed wood. For sport, the local boys hammered a huge nail into a piece of wood and went 'mouse bashing' – banging at the sea of mice in left over grain storages. One of the other teachers had come from the city and was staying at the local hotel in an upstairs room. The mice would run up the brick walls, slip under the eaves and jump onto her bed all night. She got a little dog to help protect her, but the dog sat terrified in the corner. In those days many cars had leather seats. The mice chewed leather seats and ate wiring in the car bodies. They would also hide in places like the toaster – many toasters went in the bin. Eventually after months of stench and inconvenience, the mice population died out.

At the beginning of the second year, I was appointed to Finley, half an hour south west of Jerilderie. I moved house to board with another family who had four sons, two daughters, another boarder and several dogs. For breakfast, the fuel stove was fired up and chops and eggs with toast dripping with butter was served. That is the only time in my life that I have ever eaten such a breakfast. It just doesn't suit my constitution and I felt terrible all day. So I returned happily to my Weetbix. I remember sitting in their lounge room watching the first landing on the moon in 1969. In order to travel to Finley, I got a lift with one of their sons who had a Mini Minor. However, it did not start well. So every morning another girl and myself were seen push starting this little car in order to get it going. Finley has many canals which come from the

Murray River Irrigation Scheme so it was often very foggy. The next year I moved to live in Finley and shared a flat across the road from the school. I had a 1B with 43 children when everyone was present. It was a very busy year. But socially it was a great year as there were lots of teachers who became friends and I learned to sing and play guitar more confidently.

A group of us teachers travelled to Canberra for the long weekend in June. On the way we broke a windscreen and had to break a large hole in order to see where we were going. In those days windscreens shattered and it was impossible to see through them. We arrived suitably frozen stiff.

I then applied to teach in Wagga Wagga as I had completed my three years country service. I was appointed to the same school that I attended as a primary student for one week, before I was transferred to Lockhart, 40 miles west of Wagga Wagga. I stayed at the hotel for a few nights and then found a place to board. Then I discovered the little flats that were available and they soon filled up with teachers. The school was full of new teachers as it was a Central School and had the largest population of students in its history. I taught at the infants level and loved teaching the little ones.

I went to a BBQ one evening and met a young man who later became my husband. We built a large house in Lockhart

and had four sons including twins. We still live here and our four sons are bringing their wives and children home for Christmas. He became an earthmoving contractor and earned much more than I ever could as a teacher, so I ended up also completing the bookwork for our business.

I taught for 13 years and then took time off to have my own family. Then I returned to teach on a casual basis. I loved teaching as a casual and having to make up the next step with a class although I always arrived armed with a few stencils for any grade. I also was asked if I would like to teach secondary which was a great and thoroughly enjoyable challenge.

## Treasurer's Report - Lindsay Brockway



The past Financial Year for the Association again highlighted the generosity of Alumni members,.

Total income for the year was \$10,429 which included membership contributions of \$3,800 and donations to the Scholarship Fund of \$3,420, to Alumni Projects of \$1,270 and to General Funds of \$1,895. Book purchases totalled \$44. Expenditure totalled \$9,961.27, which included donations to Teachers Federation for use of meeting rooms \$200, CSU

Foundation for Scholarship Fund \$4,000, Alumni Project - Archives CSU \$2,000, Stewart House \$1,000 and Abbotsleigh Indigenous Scholarship (in lieu of printing costs) \$600. Printing of *Talkabout* (two editions) was \$169. Postage costs including *Talkabout* was \$1,038. Audit fees, Out of Pocket Expenses, Stationery and General Expenses totalled \$955.

A financial record from CSU Foundation in respect of the WWTCAA Scholarship Fund, indicated that the Fund has a credit balance of \$114,453, as at 31/12/2019. A donation of \$200 was made direct to the fund as well as \$4,000 from Alumni Funds during 2019. This included funds deposited into our account over the year specifically designated for the Scholarship. The fund distributed two scholarships during the year, each of \$4,500. Corpus Income (interest) for 2019 was \$9,000.

The Committee expresses its appreciation to the 60% of members who were able to contribute varying amounts above their annual subscription. 33% of members continue to make contributions electronically and at least 30% of Alumni receive *Talkabout* by electronic means.

The Alumni Association wishes to

acknowledge the following members who have contributed substantial amounts to Alumni Funds during 2019.

Blake C&J, Collard O, Currie R, Dalziel M, Farrell K, Henry G, Lawrence B, Martin C, McAlpine N, McLaren H, Robinson R, Say G, Solomon K, Foggett A, Grace R, Gunning P, McNaughton A, Mueller J, Phillips M, Stuart R, Thompson A, Van Bergen P

The following recommendations were put to the AGM and were agreed to:

1. That the contributions for membership remain unchanged - \$10 for electronic membership and \$20 for standard membership.
2. That \$4,500 be transferred to CSU Foundation for the WWTCAA Scholarship Fund.
3. That a donation of \$2,500 be sent to CSU Archives for the continuation of work digitizing WWTC archives.
4. That \$1,500 be donated to Stewart House.
5. That \$200 be donated to the Teachers Federation for use of meeting rooms.
6. That \$1,500 be donated to the P&C of a Public School severely affected by the recent bushfires e.g. Bobin Public School west of Wauchope.



# DOWN MEMORY LANE AT WWTC...

## AND A FEW GAMES OF FOOTBALL

**Bruce Lucas: Captain 1<sup>st</sup> XV 1964-65 and with involvement in College Reviews**

Throughout the years, I have enjoyed the jottings of the ex-students of WWTC and laughed as they told stories of similar experience to that I had encountered. I still have vivid memories of the early days in a Central School of lighting fires in the 'pot-bellied stoves' with the wood having been chopped [sometimes dangerously], by the year 10 boys at the school's woodheap, no lighting in the Wood Work room and the freezing conditions in a small demountable that doubled as a Technical Drawing classroom.

I often reflect on the time while at college, how practising music with Bob Hughes in the dormitory must have driven the other students mad, then the sports practise sessions under Mike Smith's astute Rugby coaching and the annual college review where we certainly did little to spare the Maurie Hale administration... perhaps the reason why he insisted I join the elite '3 year trained teachers' from a two-year training college along with Merv Smith and Keastie.... and a few others.

Then there was Col Sale, Jacko in P.E. and Greg Worthington, who often referred our Union games, "Youngie" and his palm card summaries, Mabel Milthorpe, little Graham [Percy] Boardman in English... all presenting in their academic dress while lecturing, and of course janitor Bill Rollins.

College assemblies... College Song, official procession and Gaudeamus Igitur as Maurie, George Bass and the academic procession passed by ... which then became the target of college reviews.

### To Gaudeamus at a College Review

*We are tertiary Students,*

*Members of McHale's Navy*

*We do all he wants us to,*

*Just like all good students do...*

*We look up to administration*

The remaining verses escape me!! But it finished with

*May we never fail our boss*

*May we never fail our boss.*

I don't think 'our boss' appreciated this one!!

The talent in the college was unmis-takeable. Drama, Singing, Musicians, sporting skill, fun and humour.... And of course, "BUTTS" played between the dormitories where Ken Porter reigned supreme. The spread of talent in sport meant many including Keastie and Graham Wood played grade cricket in the town, local tennis and several of us played AFL at local clubs... Bruce Forbes at Wagga Tigers, Gilesey at The Gullie and in Coolamon where I backed up on Sunday after our Saturday Union game.

Dances at Wagga City Tennis Club meant the WWTC girls had a venue for enjoyment on Saturday night.

My memories are significantly of the Rugby team of 1964. The local Union competition was intense. The Wagga Waratahs, Wagga City boasted internationals and quality players. Jim Lenehan played for the Waratahs, was Vice Captain of the Wallabies which also boasted Beres Ellwood the Australian inside centre and the Walker Brothers who represented NSW. Ken McMullan had just finished up at City but they had a powerful team...Bryce Millar one of them.

Other teams like Cootamundra had Phil Bassingthwaite who played lock for NSW. Our away trips included venues at Griffith, Young, West Wyalong and Temora who had a few WWTC ex-students... they were always very friendly.... After the game!! Bob Marsh from Temora once said to me,

*"If the college team throws the ball out the backline at the first play of the day...We knew we were in for a day of chasing"*

I recollect doing this to Temora on our home college ground in '64 when we won 38-3. At half time the for-

wards begged for a go at their forwards... and when unleashed, they ran riot.

All away games required the team to fund a bus or pay out for car expenses when we travelled in a car convoy. Collection of this money was 'pay day' at the 'gym' where the executive would wait relentlessly to collect the debts of players.

The local grudge match was against the Ag College who never stopped trying to link up with the WWTC girls... something we found unacceptable. The retaliation on the field was intense.

### THE 1964 SEASON

This was a very talented team... tough forwards, fleet footed backs, height to win the ball and a brilliant half back in Chris Lennon to serve the backs... with the ability to take the opposition on in attack. I can still see his bootlace tackle to drop international Lenehan in his defending 25 in a game we beat the 'Tahs 9-6... tries were worth 3 each... where breakaway Doug Mills stood the same person up with a brilliant side step.

But I get ahead of myself.

An illustration of the power of this team is by the score lines. In 18 games the team scored over 440 points whilst having only 102 scored against them. Of the games played for the year we scored above 20 points on 10 occasions, above 35 points in 7 games.

For the season, we lost 3 games including the preliminary final after 8-8 at full time. Losses were against City 11-6, Army 17-11, and a draw vs Army prior the finals 6-6 were the only hiccups for the year.

The key to the success of this team was a powerful pack of forwards which combined height, weight and scrummaging ability which gave an abundance of ball to the flying backs, coached by the wily Mike Smith [Social Science faculty], a New Zealander who knew how to win 'the ball', as he would often remind us from the sidelines.

The forwards led by Vice Captain George Lubans at 6 ft 4 and Dick McEvoy of the

same height, winning the ball was never an issue in lineouts. If in trouble throw it to Mario Biasutti at the back and his 6 ft 7 frame would do the rest. The toughness of front rowers Doug Walker and Greg Ponchard propping up hooker Michael Carney was awesome. Graham Roberts locked the scrum with strength and power until injured when Merv Smith switched to lock from the Front Row.

Playing from fullback, it was a dream to watch the games unfold. While Graham [Instant] O'Brien had most conversion attempts, we never really worried about them as we would simply score another try. The flowing ball play from Lenon to Jeff Hutcheon [Hutch] at 5/8 a wonderful fly half, then to Nev Pollard, a dynamic centre was a delight to watch. "Instant" could capitalise on the wonderful ball distribution of the inside backs and certainly knew where the try line was... scoring 30 odd points against a weakened Tahs side in one game with tries and goals.

Our wingers had the ability to finish whenever required and 'local' Col Dougherty along with Terry McGregor had their share of the ball... Col with four tries in one game. Terry was a bootlace tackler.

For my part at fullback it was a matter of fielding the kicks from the opposition and linking with the back-line or ensure the kick returns gave the forwards a territory advantage. Captaining this team was not difficult with so much talent and a great coach, it virtually ran itself.

## OUR FINAL GAME

We finished the season well placed. In the play offs we comfortably accounted for Wagga City 17-8 having returned early from holidays for the game. In the second half, the *Wagga Daily Advertiser* reported "...[we set] the backs running and with great backing up from the forwards [Dick McEvoy crossed twice]..." we ran out worthy winners. I also remember Mario screaming at me for a field goal early... what could I do but oblige??

Several key players were not available for the finals due to Uni commitments and inability to return early from holidays, but I remember Jim Smart filling in as a breakaway. He was as tough as nails and an outstanding tackler. He certainly proved both that day.

In the game to decide who would meet the Waratahs in the G.F. we played a tough Army outfit. The 8-8 score at fulltime suggested the closeness of the game where we started without regulars...The brilliant Doug Mill at breakaway....The strong scrummaging Doug Walker in the front row...Rugged hooker Mic Carney...and the injured Graham Roberts.

Having had little training, with a slightly disjointed team and with an Army opposition more intent on 'playing the man' the youthful college team could not match the physicality of the battle-hardened Army team. I remember Greg Ponchard saying the front row meetings were brutal that day..... and the unshaven beard of their front row left Greg's face raw.

With an average age of under 20, this team had faced and beaten all teams but one in the competition... that team ended our season.

## COLLEGE REVIEWS

My memories include Chris Sedull singing 'Summertime' with Neil Roberts on the piano, Dick MacEvoy in some chorus group and a range of very funny skits. We formed our own backing groups for the items requiring vocals.

The revues required development, practise, rehearsals, programming... all of it undertaken by students at the age of 16-18/19 with no assistance from the college staff. They invariably were a hit.

This is of course testimony to the skills young trainee teachers had in those days. In schools during "Prac Teaching", those skills supported the teachers and the education of the young people in Primary and Junior Secondary schools

College days... where I met and mar-

ried my wonderful wife, Laraine [Cookie] Masters. My memories are filled with exciting times... and the occasional hiccup. We now have 3 great kids, 7 wonderful grandchildren and a great grand daughter

We were blessed to start our careers at WWTC... a place of fun and learning.

## Alumni Office Report - Sheridan Ingold

On behalf of the Advancement Office I want to send my condolences to Lorenza and the WWTCAA committee after hearing of the loss of Brian. In my role as Alumni Relations Officer, Brian always worked with me to ensure that I could serve the committee well through the magazine *Tslkabout* and was a friendly face when I was able to attend meetings.

Our thoughts go out to all affected by the recent bushfires. Charles Sturt University has Bushfire Scholarships available to students, so please if you have family or friends who are studying, or about to commence, let them know.

Late last year there were discussions with the Planning Manager in regards to a dedication to WWTC South Campus at the Boorooma Campus. Lyn Nightgale said that there are various constraints with funding and allocation of resources. However, it may be included in the wider 'masterplanning' and reactivation of the Wagga Campus. Lyn is looking for further documentation to support this initiative.

(Since then our President has corresponded with the University as we seek to have the items that have been saved from South Campus, installed in the Cliff Blake Pleasance on Boorooma Campus along with a Rose Walkway and possibly Wisteria.)





# Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association

*KEEPING THE SPIRIT ALIVE IN 2020 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 2020

#### 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:

- general donation to the Alumni for ongoing projects e.g. digitise archives from \$10.00.
- specific donation to the WWTCAA Scholarship Fund from \$10.00.

### ELECTRONIC FUNDS TRANSFER

To credit of

**WWTC ALUMNI ASSOC**

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

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The Secretary WWTCAA

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