



TALK ABOUT



Chris and Jenny Blake continuing their sterling contribution



Chris Blake, Lillian Graham (Wagga Wagga Campus Scholarship recipient), Jenny Blake

For the last six years, Jenny and Chris have taken over the important task of short listing the applicants for our valuable annual scholarship and conducting the final interviews.

They also travel to the Campuses of the scholarship recipients for the presentations.

Their continued commitment to this and to keeping in contact with past recipients is an important philanthropic contribution to CSU on our behalf.

It has again been a privilege to represent you all in selecting the WWTCAA Scholarships this year. Six applicants were selected for an interview and two were not eligible for our scholarship because they received a more valuable one from the university.

It is reassuring to know that the university is looking for the same qualities. We had hoped to award a scholarship to Greta Porter whose grandfather, Pat McColl, attended Wagga in 1950, and taught in Dubbo and Molong. However, Greta

deservingly received one of those university scholarships.

For the first time the interviews were conducted on Zoom and Lillian Graham, from Wagga, and Georgia Seton, from Albury, were awarded the scholarships. The other two candidates were from Bathurst and Port Macquarie Campuses. All interviewed very well. Both Lillian and Georgia have shown initiative and leadership qualities and should be an asset to any school.

It is interesting to note that many final year students are able to access their casual teaching number and can work in

schools. Their earnings may well be greater than the scholarship can provide and those in earlier years might benefit more from a scholarship. We always look forward to meeting our recipients.

We would like to thank the Alumni for giving us the opportunity of meeting these talented students and sharing their plans for the future. Teaching today is challenging and there are lots of promising students ready to engage future generations.

Across the Secretary's Desk - Lesley Forbes



Eileen Dillon-Smith (Leckie 1958-59) I have just chanced upon the Christmas 2018 issue of *Talkabout* and was fascinated to read about my Ipai friends of 1958-1959. It was great to read of where my fellow Ipaites continued with their lives. Also sad to see that some had passed away. And yes, those of us left are probably octogenarians now. Life takes strange twists sometimes. I stayed in primary schools for three years then went to the Sydney Conservatorium before ending up as the *Odds and Sods* master at Canberra High. I left there and went to the DDIAE in Toowoomba which later became the University of Southern Queensland. I have continued here until most recently, deciding that it was time to retire. I actually formally retired in 2000 due to the onset of hearing loss and have since spent my time researching, firstly, men's health (prostate cancer) and latterly in ageing. I'm fast becoming an expert in the latter, for more practical reasons than intellectual!

My apologies: I am not sure of the contributor (1948-50)

I was at WWTC with both Merv and June. They were a year ahead

of me and Merv's mother, Mrs Whittaker was housekeeper for the college. I remember when the two of them became a pair and later after college, I met June in Sydney I think, but hadn't seen or heard from her for many years. I am 91 now and living in Moruya with my daughter. We are each others' keepers or carers. She, because of my age, although I still ride my bike most days and me because of her stressful job as a family law solicitor.

It is good to still hear of people I knew at WWTC.

Yvonne Stapleton (Leah 1965-66) Once again another wonderful edition of *Talkabout*. What great articles. Thank you both for your continued efforts and support of our alma mater...

Wendy Craze (Louttit 1959-60) Hope you're not being affected by the deluge and flooding at the moment. We're having beautiful weather in Mudgee - quite warm and humid, with a brisk breeze, but little rain, just the occasional shower, but nothing like the coast. My home town was Moruya, and we lived on the river flats, so our old house will definitely be flooded. I don't envy the new owners the clean up afterwards.

I really enjoyed the article by Judy Morrison (Noble) in this *Talkabout*. She is my vintage, and lived across the corridor from me in the old Ipai/Mauri dorm, with Miss Bridges as our warden. She was the Chief Womens' Warden at the time as well. Now those really WERE the days!

Thank you for your efforts and dedication to the Alumni, and especially *Talkabout*. Both my husband (an old Wagga Aggie) and I get a great kick out of reading it. I was very sorry to read of June Whittaker's death. She was the Infants lecturer during my time at WWTC, and although I didn't attend her lectures, I knew her

as a very attractive, lovely lady.

Elaine Saunders (Hardy 1962-63) Sincere thanks for another enjoyable & informative *Talkabout*.

I have just telephoned John Roberts (1964-65) to "rekindle" our long friendship. I was pleasantly surprised when he mentioned our friendship in this *Talkabout* presumably after reading my contribution in the previous *Talkabout*.

Trevor Pryor (1967-68) I loved the picture of you two with Bob, Neil and George. I haven't seen them for ages.

Thanks to the pair of you for all your efforts and I hope you are safe and dry at the moment.

Jan Shea (Northmore 1960-61) Thank you for the information about June Whittaker. She was the main lecturer for my group specialising in Infants especially in 1961. She was a well respected and lovely lady.

Also thank you for your good work on *Talkabout*.

Norma Fowler (Phipps 1960-61) A lovely lady (June Whittaker) who gave us practical help with running infants classes that I used for years in my teaching. She was a lifesaver (rest in peace) beautiful inside and out,

Doreen Angove (McPherson 1958-59) Thanks Bruce. I have fond memories of visiting the Whittakers while at WWTC.

Grahame Keast (1962-64) Wow! Norm made it onto front page! What a fitting tribute to such a great guy.

I'm privileged to say I opened the batting with Norm Stanton back in the 1980's. We played for Greenethorpe in the Grenfell

comp. Yep, I believe we opened the batting together.

Norm's funeral was held in Bowral on Thursday 9 December 2021. After the funeral there was a wake at the Bradman Museum. It absolutely bucketed down raining. Yep, all play was cancelled!! There were some lovely tributes shared by those who knew Norm. Apparently there was a game about a week before that Norm was supposed to be playing in. The team batted one man short in recognition of their missing mate.

It was great to catch up with a bunch of WWTC folk, mostly from 1964-65.

He will be sadly missed.

Chris Fox (1968-69) unearthing some gems at Archives:

Assembly No. 1 First year students only 28.2.1969

"The Principal said there were no initiation ceremonies in this College and there had not been any for at least 3 or 4 years. There are many reasons why it is beneath the dignity of this College to have such ceremonies - human reasons - because each session wants to do more than the last. It is realised there is an element of sheer cruelty in getting your own back, taking it out on someone who is gullible. The Principal said he deplored the crude and vulgar actions of the Agricultural College students who invaded the Halls of Residence and who in their own way, put on some kind of initiation ceremony. The Agricultural College students have been banned from this Campus except the playing fields. If they do appear on the grounds they will be arrested and charged as trespassers. This is a last resort and it is regretted that some of the students here are related to these men. If they wish to go out with women students then they must meet at the Hely Ave gates."

College Assembly 1968

"Dr Flak very briefly, and discreetly, asked men students to have their hair cut short back and sides as practice teaching placements were now post-

ed!"

Re Eileen Garvin Vale in March issue photo:

The correct caption for the published photo in March issue is:

Back L-R June Shaw OAM (Robson, Hadley), Eileen Garvan (Pickering), Betty Punton, Helena Steizer (Hamilton) **Front L-R** Pat Carey (Plowman), Dot McCombe (Ramsay) outside "Kappa-pi" hut (their women's dorm) 1948.

In chasing up emails that bounced back, I rang Heather Beasley's number. I had a lovely chat with her husband, Brian. **Heather (Cram 1961-62)** had passed away in May, 2019 just before she turned 75. She had suffered poor health for a long time after a diagnosis when she was only 26 years old of cirrhosis of the liver. She had suffered from frequent asthma attacks as a child and it is believed that the many drugs she had had over the time caused an autoimmune condition in her system. Nonetheless, Brian spoke fondly of the wonderful life experiences they had shared, many of them to do with their love of music. Heather enjoyed singing as an alto in choir work. They purchased acres between Bethungra and Junee and raised two children with their daughter from the age of ten loving horses. She now lives in Stanthorpe still very tied up with horses on her property. After their children were born, Heather did casual teaching locally and spent time at the small schools around helping with reading teaching. Their farm life was spurred on by an interest in natural farming, keeping the carbon in the soil and regenerating soil through their management techniques. As a former woodwork teacher, Brian has a Bush Workshop where he turns found timber into bush furniture. This interest takes him to many varied shows, field days, museum days around the country, meeting and talking with people and providing a real purpose for him. He was particularly pleased that through Junee Council and much negotiating, he

could secure a 'Natural Burial' for Heather. A friend of his, Gary, a carpenter in Bethungra made a casket from recycled pallets and she is buried amongst a line of gum trees in the back corner of Old Junee Cemetery and they held the wake in the Old School Teahouse in Bethungra. It was a lovely chat as we had much in common, looking for ways to minimise our footprint on our Earth.

Robyn Robinson (1966-67) The last day of summer – such as it was this year. The garden appreciated the rain, and I've enjoyed the cooler weather, so we are both happy. Thankfully we've had none of the deluges experienced by the northern districts. I hope that all is well in your world and that 2021 didn't cause any great distress. To be retired with a secure income has been a great blessing in recent years as so many teachers and businesses would have really suffered. May 2022 bring emotional, mental and financial relief. It's hard to plan too far ahead but we are hoping to travel the Canning Stock Route in July, if WA decides to allow people to visit. Overseas trips still seem a bit ambitious but things may settle.

Editor's note: Robyn has made consistent, generous donations to our Alumni causes. Thank you, Robyn.

I missed mentioning in the March issue the **passing of Ross Hosking (1960-61)**.

Excerpts from tributes to him on his funeral notice:

"Ross was a role model for so many of his fellow students at Narrandera High School in the 1950s. A star athlete and a gentle giant he embraced his fellow students with a sense of humility and acceptance. As captain of the school, his leadership was exemplary. Those of us who were fortunate to know him in those years were truly blessed

A fine man who was popular with all at WWTC. Condolences to Joan and family. Love Janette Thomas (Nee Saunders)

Sincere condolences Joan and family for your sad loss. Ross was one of those rare people who changed the lives of those around him. He will be sorely missed. I write this on behalf of Queanbeyan High School's Class of 1968.

Our sincere condolences to Joan, your children and grandchildren in the loss of Ross. He was a much admired colleague at WWTC. A gentleman of integrity and kindness. May he Rest In Peace. Barb (Campbell) Otterman and David Otterman. Perth WA I know that I can speak on behalf of my Kambu friends Lynne (Pavitt) Palmer, Kay (Clark) Temple, Margaret (Stuckey) Crofts, Julie (Gibbes) Hughes and Louise (Scott) Clements, who would want to share in this tribute.

David Long (1953-54) Thank you for your work in producing the *Talkabout* magazine. It is one of the few things to come out of the letter box that you can really look forward to. It is good to see the contributions from the 1953-54 years. Great to see a note from Alice McFall and Brian Langworthy – both from the same section. Brian and I shared a room in 1953 and in the same dormitory in 1954 after a room reshuffle when several fellows left College. We also taught in Bombala after Graduation and enjoyed working with other staff members and the wonderful people of the district.

I will be delighted to contact Brian after far too many years. Your assistance in providing his contact details will be greatly appreciated. No doubt there will be a story or two to come out of that meeting (Secretary gave Brian David's contact details and message via email).

Kevin (Jan's husband let me know: **Vale Jan Hennessy (Hughes 1955-56)**

At our Maroubra home on February

13th, 2022, Jan passed away peacefully with family and friends. Jan always kept her mind active, including completing a B.A. at UNSW where she was asked to continue to Honours and to join the faculty as a lecturer. She declined and taught children until her retirement. Jan enjoyed reunions of her school (Burwood Girls High) and our Wagga College. We are richer for having shared Jan's life.

Kyran Lynch (1963-64)

COVID seems to have put me into a long suspension / not the disease, but the lockdowns. Thank you for the wonderful job you are doing. I am still laughing at life at Kookaburra and am circulating this among my non teaching friends, who could certainly learn something about life for young teachers in the bush.

Helen Cumes-Watson(1969-70)

Thanks so much to you and Lesley. Being able to maintain contact with WWTC has been very important to me. I was especially interested in Ken McCubbin's story as I worked with him in Temora. Interesting times. I'm sorry he had to leave teaching under difficult circumstances as he was a great teacher. And Hi to Peter Whelan. Lots of good memories of you and Denise. I've passed through the area of his school and wonder how he did it. (We did Springdale and it was no picnic).

Fay Everson (Potter 1960-61)

Thank you both for all the work you do.

I was sad to read of June Whittaker's passing. She was my wonderful lecturer and then teaching colleague at Turvey Park School. I also taught Kristian.

We remained good friends and I had wondered why I didn't have a Christmas message for the first time.

Carol Brown (his wife of 50 years) advises that **Barry Brown (1959-60)** passed away on 24 February 2022. He was admitted to the Intensive Care Unit at Wollongong Hospital on 14 February, with a collapsed

lung. He did not respond to treatment and his health deteriorated over the next ten days. Ironically, after avoiding COVID for two years he passed away from an unrelated lung problem.

Barry had many fond memories of Wagga Wagga Teachers College. He travelled overseas with friends he made at college and remained friends with many college mates throughout his lifetime. He also looked forward to the news in *Talkabout*. Amongst his memorabilia I found a 1957 publication of *Curriculum for Primary Schools*.

Jillian Haggan (Cutler 1966-67)

Always interesting to hear other peoples' memories of college. I wondered if Mr Durband had ever mentioned Paul (sic: McCartney in his newly published *Lyrics* who mentions Alan Durband as his English teacher who influenced him profoundly) but if he did I don't remember. The thing that sticks in my mind is a poem he recited to us in one of our lectures. I don't know where he got it from. He would have told us at the time but I don't remember. Hopefully my memory hasn't distorted it .

It was : " They built a new church in Liverpool

Next to the slums and destitute

Dear God resides alone

With a fortune in idolatry and stone. "

He made us think. Probably why he appealed to me so much (unless it was just the cute Liverpool accent!!)

Thanks for all your hard work with *Talkabout*.

Graeme Shea (1957-58)

Thanks for all the work that you and Bruce do to keep *Talkabout* happening.

I thought you may be able to find a spot in *Talkabout* for these photos of four male octogenarians from the WWTC 1957-58 session together with their spouses, when we all gathered in Albury for a few days.

It all occurred rather spontaneously, when my wife, Dorothy, and I booked flights to Sydney and suggested to Ken and Lucy Bond (in Sydney) that we meet up. During discussion, it came up that it would be nice to travel to Albury and catch up with Don and Renata Walkom (Thurgoona) and John and Bronwen Young (West Albury). Bronwen (nee Davies) was at WWTC 1961-62.

So the eight of us met in Albury and had a delightful 4 days together, exploring the delights of the region (with our local guides) as well as reminiscing about the good times at WWTC. Although we had maintained contact over the years, it was wonderful to get together as a group and catch up with all that has happened in our lives over the intervening years.



President's Report - Bruce Forbes



Teachers, schools and education make headlines. Workloads, standards, salaries and training become issues. Forums identify and discuss problems, possible solutions and future directions. Have teachers been undervalued? What has happened? Is it the training? Is it the salary? Is it the events like COVID which have impacted schools? Does NAPLAN encourage testing not teaching? One suggestion was to lower University entrance fees for students selecting teaching. We, as WWTC Alumni can all remember being good enough to win a scholarship then being accommodated and paid to attend lectures from 9.00am to 5.00pm, 5 days a week for 10 months for two years. The trade-off was the bond. How times change!

Guess it is wait and see what comes next.

Any thoughts out there?



Georgia Seton, Albury Campus with Chris and Jenny Blake after receiving her Scholarship. Her most recent work placement at Wodonga Middle Years College resulted in an excellent report. Her supervising teacher stated, "It has been fantastic to see the relationships you have built with the students and I am sure they will all miss you."

Kookaburra Sits in the Old Gum Tree

(continued)

John Roberts (1964-65)

Early the next morning one of the kids knocked on my door and told me that they had tried to get into the school to clean up but the door wouldn't open. Mr. Underwood was asleep on the floor, near the door. He was the main man to get the mill's boiler going in the morning and thus kick start the working day. He could not blow the mill whistle or his own for that matter. The village was sound asleep. The mill began operations late that day! The farewell was assessed as successfully fitting for a good bloke and family man. My village esteem was slightly elevated, thanks a little to Arthur Tonkin, but more so because of the safe delivery of the keg.

The second function in the school building was The School Christmas Party. For weeks the pupils had practised their items. *Kookaburra Sits in the Old Gum Tree* was fine-tuned and *The Man From Ironbark* grew more bloodthirsty with each rehearsal. Mick had asked if I would be Santa Claus at his gig and as a return favour, I asked him to wear the baggy red suit and white beard for ours. It was agreed. There was one part of the arrangement, of which I was unsure. I knew the road up to Comara, but Mick had never driven up to Kookaburra. There were to be no log trucks because our Christmas Presentation Night was on a Saturday.

We were to begin proceedings around 7 p.m. At that time the pupils, dressed in their best clothes without shoes and my staunchest allies, the Edwards, were the only ones there. I learnt that the parents en masse were at the Willawarrin Pub. "Surely," I thought, "they would not do this to their own kids." As for Santa, I contemplated that a yowie may have invited him home to meet the family. It was relief all round when the parents turned up nearly an hour late. There was one VIP missing, Santa.

After the performances, we took a break before the presentation of prizes from Santa, who was still out there in the dark forest. Into my car I climbed and went down the road a bit in search of our elusive Santa. Within a minute, Santa came

along the road, already dressed in his red suit with his beard blowing out of the car window. Now, Mick was a respectable Christian man, who was not prone to swearing, but in that instant, he uttered enough curses about the long trip that Saint Mick's beard spluttered off.

The night went well, the keg was tapped after the pupils went home, no-one felt the urge to tackle and this time there was still beer left. That night at my hut, Mick slept on a stretcher, which I borrowed from the Edwards. The school was cleaned Sunday morning, without the presence of any overnight obstacles. Mr. Underwood was safely home in his own bed.

I mentioned Mick and the yowies. The Carrai Plateau was notorious Yowie Country. More accurately, it was infamous for its *stories* of yowies. On the few occasions the pupils mentioned yowies, they referred to them as *hairy men*. I wrote earlier about the girl on the white horse on my first trip up the mountain. There is an account, that while home on her own in 1965, she was terrorized by a yowie. The incident was supposedly reported to the police but went no further. australian-yowieresearchcentre.com/carraiplateau-expedition-1977.html Not until a yowie has been captured or their remains found, will we ever know if there is any truth to the stories.

The Forestry Officer knocked on the school door and told me of an urgent phone call. He had one of the only two phone lines in Kookaburra. It was Oscar, the relief teacher.

"Could I get down to Kempsey by 5pm?"

"Yes, I could, but why?"

"Ivor Lancaster is here and he wants to talk to you." Ivor was the General Secretary of the Teachers Federa-

tion.

"We'll meet you in The Railway Hotel." I was very familiar with it. The pub was CYM's hang-out.

I opened the pub door and could not miss Ivor. Oscar was in his ear. There were quite a number of teachers gathered. It was blatantly obvious that Oscar had given Ivor a colourful description of the short sentence he served in Kookaburra. Lancaster needed confirmation re: my living conditions.

My visit started a chain of events. A photo of my hut appeared in The Federation Paper with an article about schools in remote areas and teacher accommodation. I received a letter from Charles Cutler, The Minister for Education. I met him in 1965 with Keith Jenkins, Mick Hall, Dennis Forsyth and Ray Griffiths as part of a group, who handed him a petition outside The Wagga Civic Centre. The Minister's letter contained words, which I would never forget. Kookaburra was defined to be one of those schools in a *pocket of existence*. How many were there and what criteria qualified a school as a *pocket of existence*? While very official, the undertone was apparent, "hang in there, son." I wish I kept that letter.

There was talk of the Education Dept. building a new school in Kookaburra. I dismissed the talk as rumour until one of the CYM players, a builder, told me that he was going to tender for the job. It had been gazetted. I asked him at what price. I cannot recall the amount he mentioned but it was not cheap. Given the logistics involved in getting all the materials up the mountain and temporarily accommodating the crew, I could understand the high cost.

The Forestry Officer mentioned to me that he could not understand why the building of the new school would still go ahead because the mature tree tim-

ber in the area was running out. This was the timber the mill cut. As a young bloke keen to do the right thing, I put that information in my next report to The Inspector. Subsequently, I was hit with papers to complete on present and projected pupil numbers. It was all guesswork. The school numbers were inconsistent, as workers were hired, fired or left of their own accord. I started with an enrolment of around sixteen, which at one stage went up to twenty and at another stage went down as low as twelve.

The next link in the chain of events came about when the local newspaper printed an article on the future of the school, with a mention about the teacher's living conditions. The editor must have had a wicked sense of humour. On the same page was an advertisement for an important mill job. The management was not happy.

There was a hiatus of a couple of years, after I'd left. However, the saga was not over. Political heavyweights got their way and the new school was given the go ahead. The public hall (old school) was demolished to make way for the new school, which was built and completed in 1969 and closed in 1969. Kookaburra was abandoned because, as The Forestry Officer stated, the timber in the area ran out. Packed up and moved to Kempsey was the mill. The entire village was bulldozed to the ground and buried in two mammoth pits. It was a bungling well known; one of government representative(s) ignoring expert advice (forestry officer). Only two buildings remained: the forestry hut and the new school. They were owned by government and not the company. Both were still there, until the tragic bushfires of 2019 swept through the region.

While in Kempsey one Saturday morning late in the year, I received a phone call from The Willawarrin Pub. There were some guys, who needed to talk to me. They were two; a fully certificated teacher, who had been transferred to Kookaburra to start 1967 and a mate,

who joined him on the drive up from Sydney. The teacher was ashen faced.

On the Friday night, a group of Kookaburra people came to the pub for a session, slept in their cars overnight and were filling up next morning. The teacher asked in the pub where he could find me. The Kookaburrians had no idea that he could be their new teacher and he copped flying chips from all sides. "What do you want him for? You leave him alone!" These were the same people, who once wanted to punch your head in for their kid wetting their pants in class. Here that morning, they were exhibiting a surprising steadfast loyalty to their teacher.

By the time I arrived, my protectors had left to drive up to Kookaburra. Out the front of the pub, the new Kookaburra teacher and I had a frank discussion about the highs and lows of Kookaburra. Some of the parents had shaken him a bit. After I answered his questions about the lack of resources, absence of electricity and his timber hut, there was no possible way he was going to accept the transfer. "I'll tell them I'll resign." Canada, where the wages were double ours, received a mention. It was midday and I offered to take them up to Kookaburra. How long will it take? I told them that we should be back by 3 p.m. He considered the proposal for about five seconds. They left for Sydney.

My routine towards year's end was pretty well set. Monday, Tuesday and Thursday nights in Kookaburra and the other four nights in Willawarrin. I came down every Wednesday evening to play indoor bowls in the Willawarrin Hall with Mrs. Alexander. Mick Carney came down most weekends and we spent Saturday nights at a dance in one of the clubs in Kempsey and then proceeded to play cards into the early hours of Sunday. We had been promoted in the card fraternity. Euchre was considered too simple; it was Five Hundred. On most Sundays, we could be found at South-West

Rocks, on the beach at Horseshoe Bay, an idyllic setting, very different to Kookaburra and Comara.

The school year ended.

In the holidays my transfer came through.

While I considered that my number unluckily came out when appointed to a *pocket of existence* in the departmental lottery, I realized, that in perspective, there were many other nineteen-year-old boys, whose numbers came up in The Conscription Lottery. In 1966, national servicemen were to be sent to Vietnam. On the 18th August 1966, The Battle of Long Tan took place, where ten National Servicemen were killed in action. I was lucky, I knew in which theatre I would have rather been.

P.S. All names of those who resided, temporarily resided or worked in the region of The Upper MacLeay and Kempsey in 1966, except for Mick Carney, are anonymous. All other names are authentic. Among the Kookaburra families were some with indigenous heritage and respect is paid to their cultural custom concerning those past and present.

Kookaburra was the name of the village. It came about when the first posts were being driven into the ground as foundations for the building of the mill. Each day the same kookaburra flew in and sat on the original post.

Mick Carney, one of the nicest people, passed away in his mid to late thirties. At College, his polite manner was one to which we could aspire. He was an integral team member of the First XV. He was highly respected by the families on the Upper Macleay and CYM Rugby League Club (Kempsey), for whom he played from 1966-68, probably because the closest Rugby Union Team was in Armidale! By road from Comara a three-hour drive. Kempsey was much closer.

A champion bloke and mate! R.I.P.

June Whittaker's Career After Wagga Wagga Teachers College

Judith Weedon (1962-64)

After resigning from WWTC at the end of 1961, June spent four years as a secondary school teacher in England and Quebec. On returning home to Wagga in early 1966, she was aghast at being informed by the Department of Education that she had been appointed to lecture in History and Government at Balmain Teachers College. Aghast, she said later, when recalling her career highlights from 1966 to 1994, because she didn't want to live in the city or work at Balmain TC which, she said, had a reputation akin to "a convent, or even a gaol".

To her great relief, she was subsequently informed that she was to work in an offshoot of Balmain TC: The Australian School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA), at a glorious location on Sydney Harbour's Middle Head. After agreeing to give it a try for 12 months, she enjoyed it so much she stayed there, in its various permutations, for the remaining 28 years of her working life.

ASOPA trained secondary teachers to work in Papua New Guinea (PNG), primary teachers for the Northern Territory and ran a variety of other courses for recruits and existing staff in both territories. It was a high performing but very laidback tertiary institution: an environment in which June and many of her fellow academics thrived. When, at her first meeting with him, June asked the principal about the working hours, she said he replied:

"Aw, I don't rightly know. As many as you like, I guess. Make sure you leave yourself a couple of days free, cos you'll want time to research and prepare yourself."

This was such a relief from the often-draconian atmosphere for staff at Wagga TC that June knew she was on to a good thing. In her first year at ASOPA, she was allocated a jumble of courses as disparate as Teaching Methods for NT primary teachers, History and Social Studies for Arts teachers, English Language for Arts and Science teachers, History of Contact and Government for Aboriginal Welfare Officers and History of PNG for PNG Patrol Officers. Fortunately, she later re-

called, many of the students knew more about these subjects than she did, which she saw more as a bonus, than a challenge.

June recalled years later that the staff at ASOPA were unlike any in other tertiary institutions in which she had studied or worked. "They, for the most part, actually liked (and helped) one another, played jokes on one another, laughed a lot and loved their work."

Similarly, she found the generally mature-aged students to be friendly, cooperative, independent minded, intellectually stimulating and intolerant of arrogance and humbug. She particularly enjoyed many opportunities to travel to the NT and PNG (and later other developing countries), supervising student teachers and researching local history and conditions. With other lecturers, she co-authored several groundbreaking publications on PNG history and pre-history.

As PNG independence approached, the Commonwealth Government decided ASOPA's role was no longer needed, transferring its responsibilities in 1974 to PNG, the NT and elsewhere. June was the only one of the seconded NSW Education Department lecturers to transfer from ASOPA to the new International Training Institute (ITI), which replaced it. Subsequently, she played an important part in global and regional training programs for students from the Pacific, Asia and Africa. In the early

1980s, the ITI evolved into the Australian Centre for Pacific Development and Training (ACPAC). Until she retired in 1993, June headed a small team, managing the Commonwealth Government's longer term regional and global training programs and institution building in the third world. For the most part, her focus was on teacher education, food security and grain management.

For a time, she was a history consultant to "Old Sydney Town". Her interest in family and early European history in Australia, led her to write a trilogy of novels set in early Australia. These were published in 2000 under the title "Kable. Convict Extraordinaire". Much of the content of these novels built on her own family's history starting with the landing of the First Fleet in Sydney in 1788.

After retirement, she and her husband, Merv, moved from Sydney to a 100-acre property bordering a trout stream, 30 kms from Tumbarumba in the southwest slopes of NSW. Several years later she told a reunion of former students the change of lifestyle was a good decision: a result of "the grey bush calling ... come to me when you are old".

In June 2009, June was awarded an Order of Australia Medal (OAM) for service to international relations in the Pacific region and to the community.

June and Maurie



75 Years of Preparing Teachers

Gerard Say (1963-64)

If our Wagga Wagga Teachers College had retained its original single-purpose format, it would be celebrating **seventy-five years** of its *Teacher-Education* endeavours this year.

In 1946, after Australians had just emerged from five years of being constrained by the demands of World War 2, the society was beginning to focus on its urgent needs away from war.

In April, 1947, the following announcement was made:

The principal and staff for the new Wagga Teachers' College has been appointed and work on the buildings has started.

The group of buildings which comprised the old RAAF Hospital near the showground will be converted into the Teachers' College, and the cost of the College will be approximately 50,000 pounds, of which 21,000 pounds will be for conversion and the remainder for furniture and equipment.

This will make the fourth teachers' college to be established, the other three being Sydney, Balmain and Armidale.

Mr George L. Blakemore, MA, recent inspector of schools in the Murwillumbah district, has been appointed principal.

The College will accommodate 300 prospective teachers – 150 men and 150 women. One hundred and fifty first-year students will be enrolled this year, and the same number in 1948.

Mr E. H. [Eddie] Graham, Member for Wagga, said he had consistently advocated greater improvements in the educational facilities for the children. He added that the College would enhance Wagga's status as an educational centre, and should lead to the establishment of university facilities.

It is interesting to see that from the very beginning the evolution of the WWTC into a University was foreseen.

Now a baby-boom was underway as well as a vigorous immigration pro-

gram among the displaced people of Europe. The penetration of Japanese troops almost to Port Moresby and over 300 bombing missions destroying northern Australian towns, not to mention the savagery inflicted on Australian prisoners at Changi, on the Thai-Burma Railway and during the Sandarkan death-marches, had brought a fresh emphasis to increasing the Nation's population, R.J. [Bob] Heffron, NSW Minister for Education, and later Premier, observed.

It was clear, however, that Armidale and Sydney could not train sufficient teachers to meet the demand. So early

This ensured that the curriculum of the College emphasised quite strongly the needs of the school classroom. This included twelve weeks of practice-teaching as part of the College-Program. Turvey Park Demonstration School, initially in the south-east corner of the Showground, off Urana Road, and later in a two-stream K-6 school in Halloran Street, Turvey Park, a short walk from the College, played an integral role for the Primary student-teachers. The daily life at College over the two years contrasted quite graphically with University expectations. Perhaps, because Wagga Wagga Teach-



RAAF Hospital to Wagga Teachers College 1947

in 1946 a public school at Balmain was hurriedly converted into a teachers' college which opened at the end of February with 220 students. The proposal to open a college at Wagga followed.

The pioneer Sessions of *Wagga Wagga Teachers College* contained a much higher proportion of what we would call mature-age students. Australians after being demobbed from the Armed Services had the option of taking on tertiary courses at University, Teachers College or Technical College. The Teachers College was part of the NSW Department of Education [formerly *Public Instruction*].

ers College was the very first residential, co-educational College, the authorities did much to ensure intimacy for individual couples, in these decades before *the pill*, was extremely difficult to attain. With only five years of high-school, many students were only sixteen or seventeen as they entered WWTC so the Departmental authorities were very conscious of their *in loco parentis* roles.

Moreover, having financed the Teachers College Scholarships, the planners at headquarters in Bridge St, Sydney, were determined that as many of the student-teachers as possible would

reach the classrooms to ease the urgent pressures so many schools were facing. Unlike University, given the multiplicity of subjects in the Primary School curriculum, the College day was quite occupied from just after breakfast through to late afternoon. As well as focussing on the content of English, Mathematics, Social Studies, Science, the Creative Arts, PE/Sport and Craft, all the concepts and skills being studied for each learning-area were matched with their own methods.

So the strong theoretical basis of Education shrank somewhat with just one Term-unit each allocated to Theories of Education, Psychology, Philosophy and Statistics. In the second-year, as appointment-time came into view, students for one afternoon per week moved into Infants [K->2] or Small-Schools groups. In time, of course, given the growing complexities of modern life, the

initial two years of WWTC was extended to three. WWTC became Riverina College of Advanced Education (RCAE) 1972-1984, with Teacher-Education, Applied Science and Business & Liberal Studies as its Foundation Schools, with two Study-Centres at Griffith and Albury-Wodonga. Briefly it became Riverina-Murray Institute of Higher Education (1985-88).

The South Wagga Wagga Campus remained as the Wagga site but it was becoming crowded with its extra students and buildings. Land above the north bank of the Murrumbidgee, beside the Agricultural College, was purchased and the Ag College left the NSW Department of Agriculture and was incorporated into RCAE as the School of Agriculture.

In 1989 the *Charles Sturt University Act* brought together the Riverina

Murray Institute of Higher Education [RMIHE] and the Mitchell College of Advanced Education (MCAE, Bathurst) to form **Charles Sturt University**.

The vision of Eddie Graham MLA in 1946 was fulfilled and 2400 CSU [Riverina] students were on the Wagga Campus each day in 2020, one of the most beautiful university sites in Australia. The Wagga Campus is the largest of the six CSU campuses in regional NSW.

In sharp contrast to our WWTC, the suggested current costs are: \$160-299 per week for accommodation, \$60-100 pw. for food, and \$50-75 pw. for entertainment. Automobile and other transport costs, because they would be so individual, are not mentioned.

And I thought self-funded retirement was a challenge!

A tribute to Noelene Bedggood (Towers 1962-63)

Beryl Steinke (Percival 1962-63)

In Loving Memory

Noelene June Bedggood
(nee Towers)



10th March 1945 — 4th September 2020

My first appointment in 1964 was to Henty Central School where I began my love of teaching which continued for the next 30 years. While in Henty Noelene introduced me to my future husband, Daryl who was best man at Noelene and Trevor's wedding and our families have been best friends ever since. Noelene's sudden passing was a great loss to her family, friends and community. I am writing to let her friends know (rather belatedly) that Noelene Bedggood (Towers 1962-63) passed away suddenly on 4th September 2020 at home in Henty. Noelene trained in Infants Teaching at Wagga and lived in Ipai dormitory during her first year at College but moved out to live in the Wagga community in her second year after becoming engaged to 'the love of her life', Trevor.

1964 marked her marriage, the beginning of a life as a farmer's wife and a wonderful teaching carer at Henty and Culcairn Public Schools, spanning 42 years.

Noelene was a committed citizen who took on leadership roles in the local football club, Girl Guides, the Tidy Town program, Rotary International Club and was instrumental in making the local skate park a reality.

She is survived by her loving husband, Trevor, four children and ten grandchildren for whom she was always present, encouraging and teaching.

Gloria Jean Cassidy (Clarke 1959-60)

Gloria passed away, quietly in her sleep, on February 1 2022.

Gloria had endured many years of Type II diabetes. For the last seven years she suffered vascular dementia. This started slowly, almost unnoticed, until it gathered strength and momentum. Russ, her husband was her carer for 5 years at home until a series of serious falls and breakages meant she needed full time, professional care. She was loved by her 'nurses'.

Russ and Gloria met after the evening meal on March 10, 1960 at College. She was his girlfriend, wife from 1963 and soul mate forever. She is sadly missed by family, friends and colleagues.

Gloria taught at Orange High (Math), Eugowra Central (Secondary), Parkes High (English) and Wade High at Griffith (Librarian and Head Teacher).

Gloria and Russ travelled widely together after retirement. This includ-

ed 3 circuits of Oz in their little van. She was fond of cruising and she embraced the world on 25 cruises and tours. They touched on 74 countries. She claimed to be multilingual because she could order coffee in 7 languages.

Gloria counted the years at WWTC among the best in her life, rivalled only by the birth and raising of their three wonderful children. And of course, the cruises. She wrote 17 travel books of their experiences, none published, and had 20 more in preparation – diary and photos at the ready.

Gloria made friends easily and corresponded all over the world until she was no longer capable. She is to be buried at sea.

Russel and Gloria Graduation Day 1960



Scholarship Recipient 2022

I am writing to express my sincere gratitude for the Wagga Wagga Teachers College Alumni Association's support and funding of this scholarship. I am honoured to be one of the recipients. This scholarship means a great deal and will go a long way in supporting my university studies. The start of the 2022 academic session has marked a difficult time for me with many challenges to overcome, both financially and personally. I have commenced my third year of studying a Bachelor of Education (K-12) as well as acting as President and Coach of the University's Rugby League Club (CSU Muddogs). I am truly passionate about both roles, and they make up a huge part of my everyday life.

As I enter one of my final years of study for this degree, I enjoy reflecting on how far I have come. In both 2019 and 2020 I was awarded the Dean's Award for academic excellence over two sessions. In 2021, after playing with the Club for two seasons, I was asked to take up a position as the coach and committee member for the CSU Muddogs. I also experienced great success during my initial primary school placement where I was offered a full-time contract to work at the school throughout 2021.

As I recommence fulltime study for the 2022 academic sessions, the funds from this scholarship will enable me to pursue my academic goals, accelerate my stud-

Georgia Seton

ies, and experience success during my upcoming secondary school placement. When my years as a Charles Sturt University student come to an end, I look forward to pursuing an educator role in rural and regional schools where I can utilise my unique experience and strengths within a school community.

With your generous support, I can continue my fulltime studies as an education student and give back to my local community through volunteering and sport.

Thank you again, and I wish you all the best for the remainder of 2022.

Myrtle (with apologies to John Keats)

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A brazen siren's origins discovered,
Her curious mysteries uncovered...
A story obscured, not quite forever,
Revealed by assiduous endeavour.
In a CSU campus bower
Loiters a surprising flower!
There bronze-cast *Myrtle* doth hold sway
Conjuring visions of a distant day
When a different pedagogical spot
Was her edifying lot.
Yes, brief she shone in sun and dark
Illuminating Turvey Park
In that Teachers' College place
Imbuing it with classic grace.
Tho' students whom she should inspire
Exhibited more base desire
Her torso awakened passions earthly
Enacted, (as wokeness then was dearth-ly)
Plying *Myrtle's* centenarian frame
With attention most would now disdain
As coarse and gauche and unrefined
Presaging high art's decline!
Buffed, rebuffed unto a sheen,

Her bronze bosom acquired a gleam
Disrupting her elevated demeanour
Tarnishing her chic antique patina,
Inviting the Principal's disapproval
And ensuring *Myrtle's* swift removal.
So *Myrtle* who'd stood some ten years since
Upon her lofty concrete plinth,
From about ninety sixty four
Graced the college lawns more
Roses and namesake plant forsook
Her ignominious leave she took...
Where then she loitered is unclear
Nor when and why she reappeared
But from our searching we conclude
This sculpted voluptuous semi-nude
Still held a fond and wistful memory
For graduates of Wagga's teaching
seminary
And as a bona fide Belleuse Carrier*
Met no aesthetic or fiscal barrier
To resurrection and florid signage
Partly explaining her strange lineage
How Wagga's kindly *Chambre*

d'Commerce,
Approving her symbolic promise,
Purchased her on behalf the college
As an embodiment of radiant
knowledge,
Her lantern beaming out invitation
To embrace post world war aspiration
-
Wagga's somewhat sanitised vision
Of her true allegoric mission
As her shape seductive portrays not
learning
But nocturnal, narcotic yearning
The poppies our veiled *Myrtle* holds
Invite us into Morpheus' folds
Welcoming repose and deep oblivion
Yet, not unlike John Keats' *Endymi-*
on,
Myrtle's beauty eternally engages
A thing of joy for coming ages!

*Ernest Albert Carrier Belleuse (1824 - 1887) was a successful French sculptor

T-I-C Ashville Provisional School

Paul Gurrier-Jones (1953-54)

My appointment letter arrived giving me the position of Teacher-In-Charge of Ashville Provisional School via Thuddungra at the beginning of 1st Term 1955.

I had to contact the Education Department and advise them that I could not take up that appointment until I had completed my National Service Training so I would be arriving 3 weeks late for my appointment.

I completed *Nasho* as we called it and returned to my Aunt's place at Miranda. There was quite a bit of excitement working out how to get to Ashville School. I booked my ticket on the overnight train to Grenfell where I learnt that I would be met by one of the parents from Ashville School.

After an overnight steam train trip I left the train at Grenfell Station on Saturday morning. I saw a man who was looking for someone. He said that he was looking for the new teacher for Ashville School. I said that was me and introduced myself. He responded that he was plain Perce and

with that we shook hands. I collected my luggage & very soon Perce Martens was driving me in his Rover car on the 15 mile gravel road trip to his home. Perce told me that he was a farmer and had a boy named David at the school. He also said that a teacher named Ken Manly had been teaching at the school for 3 weeks. Now he had gone and they were waiting for me.

When we reached his farmhouse Perce introduced me to his wife Phyllis Martens and his 9 year old son David. Phyllis had the table set up for morning tea and was very hospitable. They told me Ken Manley had been boarding at their house and I was welcome to stay there too. They showed me my room with the school keys lying on my double bed. It was a fairly spacious room with a wardrobe and a door out to the veranda. Phyllis Martens proved to be a good country housekeeper and I was very grateful to have such a good place to live.

Ashville School I discovered was not in a little town as most schools are. It was just a lonely school building amongst

farms, on a corner of the winding road leading from the Bimbi-Grenfell Rd to the Young-Bimbi Rd. It was a typical yellow brownish small school building with a veranda & locker store room and two long drop pit toilets.

The Martens lent me a push bike to ride the 2 miles to Ashville School and I was there on Monday morning when 18 children turned up to the school. They were likable country children all anxious to find out what the new teacher was like. Fortunately I had brought the text books that



were recommended to us at Wagga College so I was not fazed by having to spread myself over 7 classes and more textbooks were quickly ordered. I asked the children lots of questions about how things worked at the school and by staying at school after hours I gradually worked out what needed to be done. At recess and lunch time I could hear the children talking on the school veranda. In that way I learnt a lot about what was going on in the district and I did my best to become a local.

I was implementing the methods that I had learnt at Wagga College and Mr Bradstock the Inspector from Young asked me to put on a demonstration day for all the Small School Teachers in his Inspectorate. The P&C were very cooperative putting on morning tea and lunch for the visitors. Mr Bradstock was there and a crowd of teachers and it was a great get together. I felt a bit like a new chum trying to show my grandfather's how to suck eggs but I thought it went off ok. It certainly was something special for Ashville School.



Percy & Phyllis Martens proved to be very good friends and I enjoyed boarding with them. They invited me to come back and board with them for a second school term and I ended up spending quite a bit of my 3 years at Ashville School boarding with them. The Heathcote Family and the Simpson Family also took their turn at providing a boarding place for me .

I met my dearly beloved, but now

deceased wife, Noelene Valerie Gurrier-Jones in Grenfell while I was teaching at Ashville School where my AJS Motor Bike and VW Beetle played a necessary part in securing my romance. There are however a few other things I recall about my time at Ashville School that I will mention as they come to mind rather than in order of importance.

My Mum and Dad paid a visit to Ashville School. They had driven from their home in Western Australia, travelling by Landrover and folding van and they had an Aboriginal friend from Warburton Ranges with them. This caused a bit of local interest as they camped alongside the road for a few days and visited us at the school. No doubt they were very interested to see what their son was up to at Ashville School and I have a photo of them in the school ground turning a skipping rope for the children at recess.

The teacher at Ashville School before I was there had moved to Thuddungra One Teacher School on the Young Bimbi Road where there was a teacher's residence. I felt blessed that he had applied for Ashville School to be painted. So without any effort on my part the Education Department Painting Team showed up and gave the school a fresh coat of paint which brightened it up considerably.

The P&C at the school were very co-operative and assisted me in every way possible. They helped with catering and when I asked for Physical Education equipment they provided a farm version of parallel bars between posts and other pieces of equipment. They could be relied on to show up for events such as Open Day in Education Week.

Ashville School always took part in the Combined Small School Sport but no matter how hard we tried the larger schools always came out on top. I guess the important thing was that we had a go,

There was a Combined School Concert in Grenfell and Ashville School put in a great effort to present a play and acquitted themselves very well. It was a testing but worthwhile experience for the

children from a small school presenting a play to a large audience and seeing the way other children performed.

A friend of mine from my Wagga Teachers' College years, Bryan Greenwood, had changed from his teaching career to working as an evangelist with Open Air Campaigners. He and his off sider Alan Gardiner visited us at the school and shared time with the children.

From the windows on the south side of the school I could see clearly across the road to farming activities of ploughing, planting, growing and harvesting of the crop on Hutchison's Property. One afternoon I was amazed to see it pouring



rain on the paddock on the other side of the road while it was completely dry at the school

Surprisingly I don't have any snake stories from Ashville School but one day a huge goanna ran across the school playground and we watched it climb up a tree in the schoolyard. Another day a caravan pulled by a donkey team went past the school and everything stopped while we watched. A swaggie once spent the night not far from the school. He had slept in an ingeniously created grass hut which he left for us to admire. I enjoyed my time at Ashville School and I thought it was a great educational opportunity for children to learn at their own level. In many ways it worked like a family. As the teacher I could only be with one class at a time, so I encouraged the faster children to finish their own learning then assist the slower ones. I suppose I am sentimental in feeling sad about the demise of small schools. All that is left of Ashville School now is memories. I understand the school building now serves as a farm hayshed and the place where it once stood is marked by a plaque on a large stone beside the road.

Getting the Gong

Phil Crofts OAM (1970-71)

The Australian awards system is less than perfect; you know that, I know that. There's a squillion people out there doing great things every day, and they get no recognition; some ordinary people, like myself, do a fair bit, and because someone goes to the trouble of going through the honours system, people like me end up with a gong.

As it happens, my mother-in-law (now deceased) got an OAM in 2010, for services to community. We all trooped off to Sydney, and at her presentation, I recall people like Don Burke of gardening fame, Fred Watson of astronomy fame, and one of the Lowy sons, of shopping centre fame, also received awards. Make of them what you will.

My darling wife received an OAM in 2016, for services to community, including nearly 20 years to foreign medical outreaches. I can't recall anyone of note at her presentation; I must have sat in the back row. Apologies to anyone I missed.

And so we come to muggins, me. If you're not already aware, a person scheduled to receive an award receives a message (email in my case) about a month in advance, saying you're on the list and will you accept. My email (December 2020) actually finished up in my Spam, and when I looked at it, I thought it looked a bit suss, so I cooed to Elise to come and check. She of course knew that I had been nominated, and identified the email as genuine, and so we went from there.

My name was announced on Australia Day 2021, to much noise and ballyhoo. My presentation was at Government House in May 2021; sadly, due to Covid, a much smaller and more socially-distanced ceremony than the two I had previously attended. Whereas the earlier ones had groups of maybe 50-60 awardees, mine was a group of about a dozen or so: two of whom I knew. A friend of ours from Ballina had done amazing things in Girl Guiding, both in Australia and overseas. And a local doctor had done good stuff in paediatrics.

But also in my group were a couple of Defence-force people, who had been good at their jobs; a paid Rural Fire Service person, been good at her job; a

NSW Public Service bureaucrat who had been good at his job. I think you can see my message.

So our award system can intrinsically be a little hit-and-miss.

So, if you have read this far, a little about me: my services to community.

I have been a volunteer at the Coffs Harbour Uniting Church Soup Kitchen for 16 years, including eight as chairman; I was a member of Coffs Harbour Sports Council for 30 years, including 15 as president; I have been a volunteer with VISE (Volunteers for Isolated Education) and AH VISE (Aussie Helpers VISE) for 15 years, working annually as a tutor with children on remote properties doing distance education.

I was actually Coffs Harbour's Citizen of the Year in 2017, which did include some of the above, but also highlighted long-term specific involvement with Coffs Harbour Surf Club 20 years and Coffs Harbour cricket for over 40 years.

Look, there's probably a few other things that could be mentioned, but in broad terms, the above covers my efforts, all of which I look back upon with pride. The Soup Kitchen and the cricket remain ongoing; for the others, I have had to recognise passing 70. The one that I miss most is the outback teaching; it was a blast from go to whoa.

I'm not sure there's much to add, other than that I have one acquaintance (we are together on a non-political committee for the Federal Electorate of Cowper), whose automatic signature at the end of his emails includes his OAM. Much as I am very proud to have received this award, God help us if I ever lower myself to do that.

And now, very quickly, a good-news story about Ken Little. Bear with me. Back in the day, at Narraween PS and later The Forest HS, a chap called Ian Martin was in my crew. You may recall Ian went on to play pretty good Rugby League with Manly in the 70s, including 3 or 4 premierships. Our 1968 Forest HS cohort has had 2 reunions, 2008 and 2018; sadly, Ian couldn't be there for them, but I've managed to catch up

Christmas Charity boxes



with Ian a few times at his home, previously west of Kempsey, these days at Nambucca Heads.

I paid him a visit just prior to Christmas; sadly, Ian these days is struggling with dementia, potentially linked to his football days, but as you know, that cannot be identified till after death. And he has indicated he will donate his brain at that time to Sydney Brain Institute. However, the good news is that at my last visit, a young bloke (say 35-ish) came to visit from down the road, and is a regular visitor, absolutely entranced with Ian's footie stories. I don't know how it came up, but the young bloke mentioned a 'Ken Little' related to football. I asked a few questions, and it transpired that it was one and the same, and this bloke shared Facebook with Ken. I explained my interest, as in cricket in late high school, and then college football, and he, via Facebook, passed on my best wishes to Ken.

For me, it was social media at its best (normally not a big fan), and it just simply made a good day. So, if you're still awake, I shall end there.

My best wishes to you and yours, and everyone else.



Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association

KEEPING THE SPIRIT ALIVE IN 2022 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 2022

a) Electronic Membership:

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

b) Standard Membership:

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

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

c) Additional Contributions:

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

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