



A PUBLICATION
OF THE ALUMNI OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE

TALK ABOUT



Volume 12 No 1

March 2009

THEN AND NOW

Looking back on our student days at W.W.T.C., those of us who were born in the late twenties and the thirties were a lucky generation.

We were too young to serve in World War 2 and many of us were too old to do National Service.

We were aware of the depression which lasted from 1930 until the outbreak of the war in 1939. We were aware of war time rationing — sugar, butter and meat were rationed, clothing was rationed, petrol was rationed (although not many owned cars for recreational purposes), tractors ran on kerosene and cars ran on gas producers. Because of these experiences we realised that many of today's necessities of life were luxury items then and so our upbringing made us somewhat conservative.

Possibly one of our fears for our approach to the adult world was in the immediate post war years of 1946/47/48 when many of us felt we would become a lost generation as the returning ex-servicemen were given priority in the employment field. They had deservedly earned the right to improve their employment ambitions and many of us felt that we would be adversely affected.

Looking back on our student days and comparing them to the students of today we can say we had it comparatively easy.

When we entered college we signed a contract and were bonded to teach anywhere in the state for three years. We were paid an allowance which was two pounds per week payable every five weeks and we lived in a residential college for students and many of the lecturing staff. So our food and lodging were provided.

If you wished you could live like a king for four days and then live the life of a pauper for the next four weeks and three days until the next pay week.

Many of us worked during the vacations to boost our finances.

The very fact that three hundred students lived together gave us a bonding which has lasted a lifetime. It was also a bonus to have a number of ex-servicemen as students in our midst. The student body was not a group straight out of high school and were not treated as such. The fact that our lecturing staff had all been successful classroom practitioners and many lived with us was a boon to our training.

What of our students today?

Many live at home in Wagga or towns within reach of Wagga. Others have secured board in Wagga, These attend Charles Sturt University for their studies. The majority have to work in order to survive.

Many are concerned about their final year practice teaching period of ten weeks. If they are appointed to Woop Woop they have to find and pay board there if they are unable to travel there daily and possibly have to pay board at their Wagga abode during this period.

Also they will necessarily have to forgo their jobs and means of finance.

Then of course when they graduate they will be faced with a bill of approximately \$40,000.

When you consider these facts, I think we had it pretty easy, don't you?

Our Alumni Association can be proud of the fact that our Scholarship Fund is of some assistance to some of the students.

Lew Morrell.

WWT ALUMNI ASSOCIATION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 10TH FEBRUARY 2009

WWTAA ANNUAL REPORT President Bob Collard MBE

This past year has been one of attempting to determine just where we would like to be in the year 2009.

Problems associated with a suitable convenient venue for our meetings, together with guidelines for the creation of a fund to help meet accommodation needs of students studying at the Wagga Wagga Campus, occupied most of our time.

Thanks to Lindsay Budd and with the co-operation of the Teachers' Credit Union and the Teachers' Federation we have been able to locate in Mary Street, Sydney, at Federation House.

After our meeting with Prof. David Green, Head of Wagga Wagga Campus of CSU, and M/s Jan Hudson, Stakeholder Relations Consultant, CSU Foundation, we reached agreement on matters that pertain to the proposed accommodation project.

Final agreement was dependent on written confirmation from CSU. Logistically this will require much thought and detailed organisation and will remain the principal thrust in the coming year.

One of the more exciting events in 2009 will be the 20th anniversary celebrations of CSU with an opening ceremony at the Wagga Campus and a Commemoration Dinner in June at the Bathurst Campus. I feel sure that those of us from WWTC will want to make our presence felt on both occasions.

We have missed Ann Smith at many of our meetings this year because of her health problems and we wish our dear colleague improved health and prayerful contentment.

Our Scholarship Committee, headed by Lew Morrell, has again reached new heights of excellence in interviewing applicants and in awarding WWTAA Scholarships.

The written responses from the three most recent Scholarship recipients were warmly received and appreciated. (See *Talkabout* July 2008)

Our financial situation remains steady but still needs the improved support of alumni as costs to produce *Talkabout* and other incidental costs are rising.

It is virtually impossible to assess the personal costs that are met by the WWTAA management committee members from their own resources. Their contributions are directly linked as a measure of their dedication and loyalty to our alumni.

Talkabout, which long ago established its honoured place in the history of WWTC Alumni, has exceeded all expectations and remains as a vital link in the communication chain.

Dot and Nigel Tanner are to be recognised for the talented and efficient manner in which they handle the business aspects of our body.

To all members and friends of our alumni, on behalf of our management committee, we wish you good health and prosperity until we meet again.

Alumni Report to WWT Alumni Association (WWTAA) Annual General Meeting

2008 was a very significant year for the Wagga Wagga Teachers' College (WWTC) Alumni Association. This year saw the total for the WWTC Scholarship pass its target of \$60,000. The total now stands at \$63,596.80. Congratulations! This is a magnificent achievement for the WWTCAA and all of its members and the University looks forward to working with you and supporting you on your next Fundraising project for the benefit of our young teaching students.

While the next stage of WWTAA fundraising is yet to be confirmed, I would like at this time to reinforce the University's commitment to assisting you to reach your goals and move into the next phase in the life of WWT Alumni Association.

Talkabout has for another year been a publication of the highest quality and always receives positive and bountiful feedback from its readership. The University highly values Talkabout as an important link and communication tool which unites the WWT Alumni and supports via the Scholarship Appeal, the engagement activities of the University. On behalf of the University, I would like to thank and congratulate Lindsay and Lew on their wonderful commitment and dedication to this publication and the WWTAA.

2008 saw a number of reunions for WWTC Alumni take place. There were reunions for the classes of 1957-58; 1960-61 and 1956-57. 2009 will see the following reunions take place:-

February 13th - 15th - WWTC Class of 1961-62.

March 28th & 29th - WWTC Class of 1963-64 - Hunter Valley.

October 23rd -25th - WWTC Class of 1957-58 - Airlie Beach.

November 13th - 15th - WWTC Class of 1958-59 - Country Comfort Motor Inn, Wagga Wagga.

So far for 2010:-

11th, 12th and 13th March - WWTC Class of 1960-61, Broulee, NSW South Coast.

At this time last year, I introduced to you Hannah Hogan. Hannah has taken over the responsibility of the Education Portfolio. She is currently working with Professor Toni Downes, Dean of the Faculty of Education on the Inland Education Foundation. Hannah has asked that

I pass on her apologies for not being at this meeting but she is extremely busy at this time and looks forward to seeing you at a meeting later in the year.

For me, this year will be an extremely busy one as I work with the Project Services Centre on the University Advancement System. This project will see the implementation of a new alumni database system and online alumni community which will allow the University to better meet the engagement and networking needs of its alumni and the University. This is a vitally important step in the strengthening of the University's relationships with its alumni and I hope that the WWTCAA will support this initiative.

In closing, I wish you all the best for 2009 and reaffirm the commitment of the University to assisting you to meet your goals and objectives.

Michelle Fawkes

Alumni Relations Officer

Office of Corporate Affairs

Charles Sturt University

Election of Office Bearers for 2009.

The existing committee was re-elected except for the position of Secretary. Dorothy Tanner is unable to continue for family reasons and so we are seeking nomination from someone who would be interested in taking on the position.

The duties include taking minutes from the four meetings a year and being a contact person for correspondence. It provides an opportunity to make and maintain contact with other alumni.

Dorothy has agreed to stay in the position temporarily and anyone interested can contact one of the Executive listed in the adjacent box .

“The Visit of Hope to Sydney Cove”- Erasmus Darwin

In this year of the celebration of the birth of Charles Darwin in 1809, it is perhaps of interest to learn some lesser-known facts about Charles' grandfather, Erasmus Darwin.

Erasmus was one of the leading intellectuals of 18th Century Britain. He had a wide array of interests and pursuits. He was respected physician, poet, inventor, philosopher, botanist and naturalist. His grandson Charles is said to have developed his famous theory from ideas first promulgated by Erasmus. Erasmus wrote a poem (published in 1789) that prophesied that a “proud arch, colossus-like” would be built across Sydney Harbour. The story of how the poem came to be written is, to say the least, unusual.

One of the ships that returned to England took with it for Joseph Banks some clay from Sydney Cove. This was given by Banks to Josiah Wedgwood, the potter, to assess its potential for brick making. Wedgwood used it to fashion a medallion commemorating the new settlement. It showed Hope encouraging Art and Labour under the influence of Peace to bless the new settlement. Wedgwood then asked his friend, Erasmus Darwin, to write a poem about the medallion.

In the poem, Darwin prophesied a number of things; ‘solid roads, tall spires and dome-capped towers’ as one might expect, but one prophecy captured the imagination of John Bradfield that of Darwin's vision of a soaring bridge spanning the harbour. It was Bradfield of course who passionately argued for, and ultimately built, the large arch bridge in Sydney, from Dawes Point to Milsons Point. It was opened in 1932, one hundred and forty three years after Erasmus had predicted it.

Where Sydney Cove her lucid bosom swells,
And with wide arms the indignant storm repels;
High on a rock amid the troubled air
Hope stood sublime, and waved her golden hair;
“Hear me,” she cried, “ye raising realms! Record
Time's opening scenes, and Truth's unerring word—
There shall broad streets their stately walls extend,
The circus widen and the crescent bend;
There, ray'd from cities o'er the cultured land,
Shall bright canals and solid roads expand.
There the proud arch, colossus-like, bestride
Yon glittering stream and bound the chafing tide;
Embellished villas crown the landscape scene,
Farms wave with gold and orchards blush between.
There shall tall spires and dome cap't towers ascend,
And piers and quays their massy structures blend;
While with each breeze approaching vessels glide,
And northern treasures dance on every tide!”

Submitted by Graeme Wilson (1949-50)

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REUNION PAGE

WWTC Class of 1958-59 Reunion Report



Back Row: Bruce Reineker, Malcolm Clune, Joan (Fairley) Brown, Keith Heales, Yvonne (Meizer) Heales, Fay (Collingridge) Rowe, Lachie Farrell, Kel Hardingham, Ross Graham, Peter Topper, Kevin Plummer, Rae Osmotherly.

Centre Sitting Row: Ann (Dinham) Smith, Jann Hallenan, Ena (Scarlett) Chase, Bev (Roberts) Richardson, Sue (Couchman) Cruttenden, Barbara (Fenton) Lions.

Front Row: Caroline (Roberts) Baker, Jim Baker, Bill Wenban, Mick Bonner, Jennifer Hammond.

Following a small celebration of Pete Topper's 70th birthday in March this year, at Manly, it was decided by all present that it would be great to have a reunion of WWTC '57-'58-'59 in Canberra.

It was held on the weekend of 31st October to the 2nd November and everybody present had a great time. The weekend commenced with a BBQ lunch, at Weston Park, on Friday. It is fortunate that all the attendees have reached the compulsory age of retirement and can attend functions that start on Friday!

Saturday was lunch at the Canberra Yacht Club with a few quiet drinks and a lot of talking and reminiscing before embarking on a cruise of the lake and the talking continued as well as sunning ourselves on the deck of the boat, and incidentally learning a bit about Canberra on the way.

After a short rest it was then on to dinner at Eat Your Words, a restaurant owned by Fay Rowe's daughter, who provided a great venue and wonderful food. During the evening all the ex students had to do a recollection of one event in their

time at Wagga. It created a lot of laughs and wonder, as some of us were completely unaware of some of the escapades.

There was an attempt by Lach Farrell to imitate 'Big Moo' in saying grace, and attempts by the choirmasters Kel Hardingham and Ross Graham to lead the group in the College Song and Gaudeamus.

The weekend continued on Sunday with a visit to the National Art Gallery. The whole weekend was wonderfully organised by Caroline Baker (Roberts), with a fascinating range of events co-ordinated by Fay Rowe (Collingridge), and it all went perfectly.

It was decided to have a 50th reunion at the Country Comfort Motel Wagga on the weekend of 13th, 14th 15th of November 2009, where it is hoped there will be a great representation of '57-'58-'59 students in attendance.

There is no formal programme organized as yet but will consist of tours of the old Teachers College and the University.

A Reunion Dinner will be held on Saturday 14th November.

An organising committee of Caroline Baker, Bev Richardson, Joan Brown, Ena Chase and Mike Bonnor has been established and they can be contacted by email (a long way from the jelly ink pad).

Beverly Richardson:
beverley.richardson@bigpond.com

Caroline Baker:
bakercaroline@hotmail.com

Ena Chase:
mumsiee@iinet.net.com

Joan Brown:
travelgj@iinet.net.au

Mike Bonnor:
barkle65@hotmail.com

Apologies were received from Colline Heather, Ruth Grahame, Jan Bergin, Betty Fahy, Ruth Geekie, Mary Whitechurch, Deidre and Bede Callaghan, Clive and Lyn Forsyth family, Peter and Wendy Dobson, Lucy Denley, Bev Holgate, Brian Pettit, Roslyn McCawley, Jan Goodall, Terry and Julie Britten, Richard and Rhona Waring, Donald Seton Wilkinson, Doreen (McPherson).

LETTERS PAGE

Sth Plympton S.A.

Dear Ann,

Just a short note to say Hi and to hope you are keeping well. I was at WWTC in the 54-55 session and so enjoy getting my news about all the sessions. I have not written before although intentions were good did not get around to it. However I enjoyed all your news and wanted to say thank you for the wonderful contribution you have made to Talkabout.

I have kept in touch with my 2 roommates from those early days but do not know anyone in South Australia. My brother in law Knox Durrant has written a few articles and he keeps me in touch.

Bob, Lew and Lindsay along with yourself have been the 'rock' of Talkabout and I hope others appreciate all the hard work.

I am a widow (husband died 6 years ago) I am riddled with osteoarthritis and am on a walking frame (about 7 years now). Not complaining as I can still drive my car and go to lunch etc.

Do hope you are happy in your new location as it's something I have to think about in the near future.

Hope I have not bored you but wanted to say a big "Thank you" to you.

Best wishes,

Heather Durrant (nee Munro) 1954-55

Dear Lindsay,

Please find enclosed donation for the wonderful publication of Talkabout that is enjoyed so much by everyone.

Memories of Wagga Wagga Teachers College are still as vivid now as they ever were.

Nostalgic visions of arriving on the Riverina Express, and finding ourselves at the College entrance with the unique rotunda have been etched in our minds forever. The beautiful walk to our dormitory accommodation along the endless pathways lined with the vivid blossoms of carefully tended rose gardens, and crepe myrtles were as welcoming for new young students as the handpicked staff of George Blakemore, and later George Muir. The

golden days of our happy youth at assemblies, lectures, and on the sporting fields were everything a young person starting an independent life could possibly ask for.

We soon forgot that we were in accommodation that had been used during the Second World War, which seemed to have been over forever!! My lifelong friend and roommate Lorraine Crakenthorp loved being in Ipai Dorm, with such a friendly group of girls from everywhere. Miss Keech and Miss Bridges did a marathon job of overseeing not just the girls in Ipai, but the entire College population of girls.

I often wonder how this generation would feel about the rules and regulations that seemed to have been automatically accepted by all of us so many years ago. I know there were odd "breakouts" over the years, but on the whole we were a very settled little community living on the outskirts of the city of Wagga.

As our 2009 reunion will be coming up soon, I have wondered if many ex-students would be interested in creating a commemorative plaque for our dear rotunda that has been placed in the new Charles Sturt Uni grounds.

I would be happy to hear from anyone who has details of its history so that we could have a small "unveiling" when we all meet for the 2009 re-union.

Email: travelgj@inet.net.au

Thank you all for the time and effort you have all put into this publication, and to the Scholarship fund.

Kind regards,

Joan Brown (nee Fairley) 1957-58-59

Dear Lindsay,

Pleased find attached my sub for Talkabout. I actually forget where I am up to but am sure it won't go astray anyway.

Having retired in 1990 most teaching memories are fading fast but I have enjoyed Dave Benson's memories of "Cooplacurripa". I had cattle on agistment on neighbouring "Kangaroo Tops" during the '81 drought but camped and rode over most of

"Cooplacurripa" - a magnificent property and a real icon in the cattle industry.

I have just returned from Sabah where I became the oldest person to have walked the Sandakan Death March Track since it has been opened for pilgrims. We were accompanied most of the way by historian Lynette Ramsey Silver, author of "Sandakan - a Conspiracy of Silence". It was a most emotional experience but one which I can recommend to all who are interested in Australia's military history. The actual track is as physically demanding as Kokoda but we only had to carry day packs and had creature comforts each night and that made it much easier.

We also climbed Mt Kinabalu, at 4095 m the highest mountain in south-east Asia. It was bitterly cold after the heat and humidity of the track but a memorable experience to stand on the peak at daybreak!

All the best,

Bob Muir (1952-53)

Dear Lindsay,

The enclosed cheque is to help cover the costs of Talkabout. Now that I get it by email I tend to read it and then forget to send a cheque so hope this helps.

These days I work for a company called "Home Instead Senior Care" and I provide a wide variety of services to seniors in their own homes. I even take one 83 year old gentleman on picnics together with his wine! It is very rewarding but does make you aware of the problems age brings about. Thank you for all the work you do.

Yours,

Louise Clements (Scott) 1961-62

Dear Lindsay,

Please keep Talkabout going. I love it!

I really enjoy reading about the experiences of others. I have been transported back to my time with the Department. (I retired two years ago). Keep Muriel's appendage brightly shining!!

Robert Armytage (1963-64)

TEACHING MEMORIES

A YEAR ON COOPLACURRIPA

Dave Benson (1962-63) concludes the story of his first appointment to the one teacher school at Cooplacurripa.

PART 8

“There’s a Hole in the Roof!”

I can’t remember Bernie’s surname, but I’ll always remember him.

Bernie had a braying sort of laugh that you could hear from a long distance and he laughed a lot. I was in a room in the bunkhouse with Lenny the gardener. Bernie had a room on his own.

Between Bernie’s room and ours was what stood for a “bathroom”.

Anyway, Bernie’s room had the advantage of a beautiful view of the Cooplacurripa River. The river was down below the bunkhouse and had lovely willow trees on the bank. It formed a long pool just before it turned away from the house and Bernie’s room looked straight down on the long pool.

Bernie had a shotgun and when he woke up in the morning, he was accustomed to sitting up in bed, levelling the shotgun on the windowsill and taking a double-barrelled pot at any ducks sitting on the pool.

It was a hell of a way to wake up.

Above Bernie’s bed was a manhole. The cover had been removed at some stage and never replaced. Bernie could look up on a moonlit night and see light through the nail holes in the roof.

Up in the ceiling of the bunkhouse were some uncomfortable bedfellows. There was a substantial family of bush rats and one pretty big black snake.

I would lie awake at night sometimes and hear the rats galumph up to the corner of the building, in the roof and then hear eek as the black snake grabbed one. It got pretty gruesome on occasion.

All of these circumstances came to a head early one morning when Bernie, shotgun by the bed, woke up to find the snake looking at him from above, through the manhole. It was swaying back and forth.

Without a thought, Bernie drew a bead on the snake and blew away half the roof.

I can’t remember who did the repairs, but the boss wasn’t very happy. Bernie’s shotgun was removed by common consent and I slept a bit better.

PART 9

On Plumbing

There was some plumbing on Cooplacurripa. Water was pumped from the river up to a tank behind the house and it made its way through pipes to a number of taps around the place. I never thought about where the Boss and his wife went to the toilet, but I thought about where I went to the toilet all the time.

The loo was a huge pit. Across the pit had been laid four large logs. Two went from one direction and two from the other. In the middle they formed a square. On top of the square sat the dunny.

To get to the dunny you had to step across the void. You didn’t go to the loo in the middle of the night!

Attached to one corner of the dunny was the clothesline which was fastened to the kitchen at the other end. Most days there was an assortment of washing on the line.

I think it was George Muddle who decided to take a short cut across the back yard in the Land Rover one day. Anyway, when I got home one afternoon, the dunny lay on its back, but the seat was still intact. By that night though, it was back in place. I usually tried to time my visits to the loo with the times when I was up at the school.

Winter mornings at Cooplacurripa were fearful things. Everything was covered in frost.

The room that served as bathroom had once had a bath in it. When I used it, there was a jagged piece of concrete where the base of the bath had once been and a hole in the floor where the pipe had once taken water from the bath. Now it was just a hole. The concrete had been chipped away to let most (some) of the water run towards the hole. There was a wooden bench in the corner. The wood had bleached and furred to the point where the fibres were just holding together. On the bench was an aluminium dish which had been used for so long that the metal and the soap scum had kind of joined together. It was like a forerunner to Teflon coating and just by adding water you could get a lather. There was a window space in the bathroom, but no actual window. The door did have a latch.

On a winter morning, the aluminium dish which sat under a tap would be half full of ice, solid. The plus was that the coating on the dish allowed you just tip the block of ice out the window.

There was hot water, eventually. The process was that you went round to the back of the kitchen and lit the boiler. After a long time, the hot water from the boiler made its way through the frozen pipes and finally a dribble of tepid water made its way through.

I was a bit shy and I received quite a shock on my first day to be half way through a shower when my school students trooped by the window and yelled “Good morning, Sir.” After a while, this just became part of the morning ritual.

PART 10

Euchre

I haven’t played cards very much since I was at Cooplacurripa and I hadn’t played a lot before I went there, but in 1964 I played a lot of cards.

TEACHING MEMORIES

Euchre was the game and it was played from early to late every day that there were enough people around to play. There was a strange way in which players gathered. You couldn't appear to be anxious about arriving and no words were uttered. A player would just appear to be passing the card room, hesitate at the door as if he hadn't thought about playing until he was just about past the door, then sidle in and take a seat at the table. After a while, someone would say something like "Are you in?" and receive a grunt in return.

In places like these, the game of euchre can reach an almost Zen-like status. Sometimes only one or two hands are played before the cards are all thrown back into the middle, all the players being aware of the distribution of all the cards and the only possible outcome. To an observer not familiar with the game, it can be downright mysterious. A learner is only tolerated in short doses and the learning curve must be very steep.

After a while, desultory conversation begins while the cards fly and then reasonably long reports may be delivered about the state of the top paddock or some such.

On Cooplacurripa, the card room was stuck between the kitchen and the bunkhouse. The room was entirely corrugated iron, unlined. In effect it was a huge fireplace because the iron on one wall was shaped into a chimney and logs were stacked all down the other. In spite of all their bush skills no one ever seemed to have worked out how to make the chimney draw so that on a cold winter night smoke totally filled the room and you left the game looking like a coal miner after a long shift. All faces were marked with white lines where their eyes had shed tears in the smoke.

The interior of the room was totally black, walls, floor, tables, chairs, the lot, except for the patches where people had sat or leaned and these bits were polished smooth.

The card room was the social centre of Cooplacurripa and the Boss was never seen there.

PART 11

Telecommunications

Back in 1964, telephone messages came to and from Cooplacurripa via a single line that carried all the houses connected up from Mount George. I wasn't privileged to use the phone very often so what I report here comes second hand. The switchboard was at *Number One* which was a house with a post office of sorts attached. The postmistress was also the switchboard operator and she knew everything that happened in the district.

The problem was that anyone up and down the line could simply pick up a phone and listen in on any conversation. Usually, that just amounted to a bit of salacious gossip, but for Ike Livermore, when he wanted to buy or sell cattle those listening with cattle to buy or sell might suddenly decide to do likewise to hang onto the coat tails of a large transaction so to speak.

I'm told that not only were Ike's telephone conversations filled with coded messages to his agents, but that he also made it a practice to arrange important sales or purchases at two or three o'clock in the morning.

PART 12

Todd Scrivener and Goodbye

I learnt a lot from an old bloke called Todd Scrivener. I'm sure someone will let me know if I've got his name wrong. Todd used to insert the expression "sorta" into every phrase, so if he was going down the paddock he'd say "I'm goin' down the back sorta to see to them sorta cows." After a while you didn't hear the "sortas". I've noticed the word "bloody" inserted in a similar fashion by others at other times and worse.

The Cooplacurripa Public School Parents and Citizens Association decided we should have a volleyball court so when I arrived one day someone had delivered two huge fence posts to hold up the net. The next Saturday, I borrowed a shovel and started to dig a hole for the first post. It

wasn't long before Todd arrived with a crowbar and I received the lesson on how to dig a hole with straight sides and a special dip at the top to allow the post to slide in correctly to the correct depth. Todd was an expert bushman who could make these things look easy. He took me through trimming the post with an axe, drilling the holes to line up correctly and a host of other bits and pieces. A trip to town (Wingham) with Todd beside me one day let me know just how little I knew about where I was living. Todd had a comment to make about: which fences had been put in wrongly; which gates had been left open; who really owned the cattle in the front yard of that house and where they'd come from and what would happen when the real owner discovered they'd been moved; why that tree was going to fall over in the next big blow and who would be held responsible and how that person had illegally acquired land that should have gone to his brother.

Todd wasn't in good health and he was getting on in years, but he was still strong and smart and a better teacher than I would ever be.

Come the end of 1964, I had applied to District Inspector Hurrell for a transfer. I'd been having some health problems culminating in a pretty frightening ride to hospital one afternoon. I'd also applied on the strength that I wanted to attend the University of Newcastle.

Dick Hurrell was understanding and fatherly about the application and supported it. I still thought it would be unlikely and when I left at the end of Term 3, I fully expected to be returning.

In the last week of the Christmas holidays I received one of those official envelopes. The Department in a move of huge but unintended irony transferred me to Carrington Primary School in Newcastle. After three years I had been posted back to within 400 metres of Brambles Transport Company, the place I had resigned from three years previously to become a teacher.

TEACHING MEMORIES

Bill Brien Remembers



Bill Brien at College in 1951

Parking outside Young Primary School on 29/1/1952 I wondered what lay ahead of me. The telegram said to report to Young Primary School on relief.

Just before recess another ex-student, also appointed on relief joined me at the District Inspectors' Office, Mr Perc Beckenham. We were both questioned about our school histories. I had gone through Cowra High School so Mr Beckenham said to me that since I was from the country he would appoint me to Reids Flat. He told me some years later that the other fellow came from Sydney, had never been out of Sydney and sang in the choir at St Mark's Darling Point every Sunday so I was a sitting duck for the appointment.

I made arrangements to go to Reids Flat on the mail truck. Reids Flat was a small school about 50 miles from Cowra. As it was summer the road was dry, dusty and deeply corrugated. In some areas springs had opened on the road making mucky, slippery surfaces. On the way the mailman regaled me with stories about Reids Flat. I almost panicked when he said, "I don't know where you're going to stay because Mrs Elvins who boarded the last teacher swore she'd never have another teacher as long as she lived."

Finally the mail truck rattled around a corner and there was Reids Flat. If I hadn't been entranced by the sight of a lot of boys on horseback and

outfitted with knee high riding boots, bandoliers of bullets across their chests and .22 rifles in saddle holsters I would have seen the beauty of the little village.

On driving around the corner we came to Mrs Elvins home. She informed me she wouldn't have another teacher after the previous one. Then she said, "My mother might take you." Fortunately the mailman drove me across to Mrs O'Donnell's home and there I gained board for the princely sum of 3 pounds and 5 shillings a week payable in advance.

After collecting the keys from the Post Office Store I went to survey my kingdom. The school matched the normal pattern of small schools. This one was 6 inches off the ground on the road side and on pylons 6 feet high on the other. Needless to say no one played or walked carelessly on the veranda.

Apart from a flat assembly area near the school the ground area fell away down to a creek. The school records provided a surprise. The program had been completed for the first week of the previous school year and it's better left unsaid anything about other records.

The inside of the school was very dusty and required sweeping and scrubbing. I made the proclamation that there would be no school the following day until everything was in order.

The line up of classes was interesting. Most of the boys had knee high riding boots and cowboy style dress. One boy, nicknamed the sheriff displayed a large star badge and had twin holsters with toy guns.

In all there were 10 classes, kinder to year 9 and totalling 38 children. 7th, 8th and 9th classes of 9 children did correspondence leaflets which I had to mark as only children with IQ's greater than 95 had their work marked by Blackfriars. All other

teachers of this period had the pleasure of using an egg beater to prepare powdered milk for the children to drink. How unpalatable it was even with flavouring.

Food at my board was pretty basic – boiled mutton and mashed potatoes followed by bread and jam was the normal evening meal. My packed lunch every day for 2 years was boiled mutton and pickle sandwiches. Needless to say I've never eaten boiled mutton since.

Mr O'Donnell was a rabbitier on a large property across the Fish River, tributary of the Lachlan. On wet days he used to shelter in a cave, called Gardiner's Cave. Frank Gardiner the bushranger used to shelter in this cave as he could see troopers approaching from many miles away and so he was able to slip down the mountainside and head for the Turon where he would mingle with the miners of that area.

In the mid 1920's three young Americans came to Reids' Flat and asked for directions to Gardiner's Cave. They left shortly afterwards. On a wet day some time later old Bill went into Gardiner's Cave to shelter. He found a large sheet of rock he used to sit on leaning against the cave wall. In the ground were the impressions of 3 large pickle bottles that probably held some of Gardiner's ill gotten gains.

Every weekend I was permitted the luxury of two kerosene tins of water heated on the fuel stove, carried through the dining room, down a flight of cement steps and poured into a bathtub. Cold water was then brought in from an outside tank by bucket. What Bliss! After my bath the water had to be dipped out and poured onto some roses or flowers that struggled to survive along the fence. No plumbing existed under the tub so water would just flood the floor if the plug was pulled out.

TEACHING MEMORIES

Toward the end of 1953 a residence was built for a married teacher so I was transferred to Gidginbung, nine miles from Temora and where I spent the next six years. There were differences and similarities to both small schools - 40 children were in 10 classes, 39 children were of German descent, their forebears coming to Australia in the 1850's to 1870's. The Gidginbung children were bright, superbly athletic and good singers.

Several things stand out strongly in my memory from this time. The merciless onslaught of grasshoppers that devoured everything when they were in plague proportions. The women were superb cooks and I never forgot the delicious cooking they provided at my school functions.

Spotlighting on moonless Friday or Saturday evenings, with frost thick on the ground was a most exciting event. We clung onto a metal frame on the back of a truck, cradling a shotgun and ready to shoot at rabbits or foxes that might be lit up by a strong spotlight on the truck.

The annual school picnics, Christmas school pageants, school carnivals and wonderful family, Claude and Helen Ruschen, with whom I boarded, bring back the fondest memories.

In 1960 I was appointed to Turvey Park Demonstration School. After problems getting board accommodation I came back to the Wagga Teachers College as a warden. As a coincidence I occupied the end room in Kabi, Dorm 4 where John Shaw had been warden 10 years before and I was in the same dormitory where I had shared Room 3 with Michael Austin and Bob Brownlie.

In my second year at Turvey Park I met my wife to be, Dawn Johnson.

We left this wonderful school, devoted staff and far sighted

Principal, Mr Harold Reece, and went to Broken Hill in 1963 as Deputy Principal. I had a Year 6 and Dawn a Year 3. Broken Hill was an interesting city in which to live.

Apart from its interesting trade union and BHP Company history, the surrounding countryside had a wealth of natural history and aboriginal presence over the centuries. Dawn and I spent many weekends combing the Mootwingee and other stony outcrops, marvelling at the wealth of aboriginal cave paintings and rock pickings. Our first daughter, Michelle, was born in Broken Hill in 1966.

In 1967 I was appointed Principal at Cassilis Central School much different to Broken Hill in Climate. I taught the Secondary top, years 7-10, of 19 children. This was the greatest change in my whole teaching career in suddenly having to become conversant with Secondary Syllabuses and keeping ahead of the children in all subjects.

For a year or two our weekend outings were trips to the Cassilis tip. There was no garbage collection. Our 2nd child Darron was born here in 1967. Cassilis nestled in the hills west of Merriwa and close to the top of the dividing range. Frosty and cold in winter, it was hot in summer. The lone policeman had a very torrid time when the area was invaded by hundreds of bikies going for a big showdown in an area near Ulan, I think in 1968.

From 1970 I spent 5 years in Blayney just to experience the transition from being in a large Central School to a separate Primary and High School. Blayney is in a depression surrounded by highland areas. This produces very cold weather in winter and usually very warm in summer. During one winter we didn't see the sun for one term, with fog rolling into the saucer shaped depression each morning. On one side of the school was an area

of permafrost, it was so cold in the shade. Although Blayney was cold the people were warmly friendly and socially very active. Our youngest daughter Antonia was born in Blayney in 1971.

I was appointed to Cronulla Public School in 1975. It was in a lovely position overlooking Gunnamatta Bay. Dawn was appointed to Cronulla South Public School. During this period Dawn wrote a unit of work on People in Change. Because of the success of the unit, Dawn and I spent two weeks living in a village of the Baruya, who are known as "little killers" in bark capes. This was in the highlands of New Guinea and was an experience and a half.

Three years later I moved to Burraneer Bay Public School where I remained until my retirement at the end of 1991.

In the years following, Dawn & I enjoyed overseas travel and seeing the splendours of Australia. These periods were punctuated with various body operations. Dawn and I moved to Brisbane in 2002. It was unfortunate in this period that she was diagnosed with colon cancer. Following several operations she finally succumbed and passed away in May, 2008.

After having lost contact with my room mates of 1951-1952 I was happy to finally link up again with Bob Brownlie and Michael Austin in 2007.

Over the years it has been wonderful being able to keep up with people from College days through Talkabout which has been such a tremendous success and so informative over so many years.

Many thanks,

Bill Brien (1950-51)

A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

JOHN BISCAYA "BISCY"

24th December 1928 – 5th February 2009

I first met John Biscaya when we began our teacher training at Wagga Teachers College in May 1948. We had adjoining rooms in the dormitory next to the Assembly Hall/Gymnasium. My roommates Bob Collard and Lance Mullen and I had a reasonably amicable relationship with our nearest neighbours John Biscaya, John Pollock and Barry Jackson. Although I recall Lance complaining that they dropped their shoes from a great height on to the floor late at night, disturbing his sleep.

Biscy and I became mates during our two years at college and have remained close friends ever since. Before outlining some of his considerable achievements in sport and teaching I would like to mention some college happenings from which we learned that he was uniquely likeable and interesting.

Biscy's mother operated a café in his home town of Lockhart and as a result Biscy had acquired considerable culinary skills which were put to good use by him and his roommates. As an extension of skills they acquired during their boyhood days during the Great Depression and World War II (i.e. clandestinely taking fruit from backyards and orchards at night) they managed to nocturnally acquire items of food and appropriate implements from the college kitchen. The food was prepared in their room for occasional late night snacks.

Unfortunately all good things come to an end. The dormitory warden Arthur Ashworth (English Lecturer) confronted them in their room stating that there were allegations regarding stolen property in their room. His search revealed some food items and some cutlery including a carving knife. Mr Ashworth stated that it appeared that criminal offences had been committed and the matter should be reported to the College Principal Mr Blakemore.

At this moment Biscy's uncanny ability to seize the moment came to the fore. Brandishing the carving knife he said, "But you won't be reporting this matter, will you Mr Ashworth?" I am told that

Arthur Ashworth gave a wry smile saying, "I'll see you gentlemen in the Principal's office tomorrow morning." As a follow up to this event a general assembly was called and all those who had been involved in such nocturnal activities were persuaded to confess and to donate an appropriate amount to college funds.

Biscy and his roommates persuaded the College Administration to enter the college football team in the Group 13 Senior Rugby League competition in 1949.

This was done with Biscy as the captain and our star player. Unfortunately his roommates did not complete the season. John Pollock had his leg broken early in the season and Barry Jackson was stood down for the final due to a difference of opinion with the College Administration. We lost the final by 2 points. That was the only year that Wagga College played Group Rugby League. Rugby Union was introduced in 1950.

Biscy and I were not noted for our academic performance while at college being more interested in sport, gymnastics and outdoor activities. However we were included in the Gilbert & Sullivan Mikado cast, admittedly as mute eunuchs attending the Emperor (with strict instructions from Arthur Ashworth not to sing!).

Biscy became an outstanding Rugby League player in the Riverina. He represented against the touring British team in 1950 and the touring French team in 1951. As a result he was invited to play with South Sydney in 1952.

After his football career was cut short by a knee injury John became a very keen beach and rock fisherman. His first school in Sydney was at Malabar where he began to build a great reputation as coach of athletics and rugby league teams. Before promotion to positions of Deputy and Principal Biscy usually occupied the position of Sportsmaster in his schools.

I was astonished in August 1957 when his mother asked me to drive him home to Lockhart when he was discharged from Prince Henry Hospital where he had been treated for pleurisy and pneumonia. I had always regarded Biscy as being indestructible. I

suspected an excess of beach and rock fishing may have been his undoing. They say it's an ill wind that blows no good.

While in Prince Henry Hospital Biscy met his wife Dorne. They married in 1959 and raised two wonderful children – Geoff and Jenny. In recent years John and Dorne have enjoyed five equally wonderful grandchildren.

Biscy gained a Bachelor of Arts Degree at Sydney University and served as Principal of Kurnell and Sylvania Public Schools before retiring to his home in Gympie.

After our retirement, at a college reunion at Charles Sturt University Biscy and I met up with one of our college lecturers Vic Couch. Apparently remembering our rather unimpressive academic records at College, Vic seemed incredulous that we had achieved degrees and become school principals.

It seemed contradictory that after talking with us for some time Vic said, "You know, you two haven't changed since your college days." I agree that Biscy's vibrant manner and amusing verbal quips had not diminished over the years.

I have been privileged to be a friend of John Biscaya and his family for over sixty years. I attended his funeral at Woronora Cemetery on 5th February 2009.

Blake Lewin 1948-50).

A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

PAUL BUTZ 1950-51

15/6/1928 - 11/1/2009

Oswald Paul Butz was born on the 15th June 1928 in St Margaret's hospital in Darlinghurst, Sydney.

He went to St Mary's School in Batlow which was run by the Sisters of St Joseph. His Primary Final grades were so good that he was awarded a State Bursary to cover the costs of his secondary education.

From 1940 -1944 he was a boarder at St Joseph's College in Hunter's Hill, Sydney. These were of course war years and his memories of his time at Joey's include tales of the digging of slit trenches near the cricket and rugby playing fields in case of day time raids, cadet unit camps and the mayhem of the night that the Japanese midget subs got into Sydney Harbour.

In 1945 Paul was seriously thinking of a vocation to the priesthood and went on to the "Minor Seminary" at St Columba's College in Springwood and then on to St Patrick's College in Manly from 1947 to the middle of 1949. He realised that this was not to be his calling and he returned home to Batlow just before his 21st birthday.

He had decided that a career in teaching was more in his line and had applied for and obtained a scholarship to the Wagga Wagga Teachers College. As this course did not start till March 1950, he spent the intervening time helping with his father's business which included driving hire-cars, operating the projectors at the local theatre, assisting at auctions and working in the shop which sold everything from electrical goods and appliances, to spare machinery parts, sheep dip, wool bales and insurance policies. He also noted that there was plenty of sport to keep him occupied including cricket, and Rugby League, tennis and golf while social activities such as dances, balls and parties proved to be "very enjoyable indeed..."

The 18 months spent at the Wagga Wagga Teachers College were very happy ones with new friends and memorable experiences. The now familiar words, "Rugby League" and "Cricket" also feature as does the great and



Paul as Lord Chancellor with Charlie Ferris and Allan Roberts in 1951

glorious day when he came in to bat at number 3 at 12 noon, had a marvellous time and by 1 o'clock, lunchtime, was 102 not out.

Another claim to fame was his part as the Lord Chancellor in a production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "Iolanthe".

Paul's teaching career spanned from 1952 to 1986. He taught at Nangus Public School, Chester Hill Primary School, Batlow Central School, Dickson, Yass, Queanbeyan, Belconnen and Holder High Schools before finally becoming the founding Principal of Padua Catholic School in Wanniasa. He was the Principal there for nine years which he described as among the best and happiest of his teaching career. He worked in the ACT Catholic Education Office from 1987 - 1989 as a Schools Liaison Officer and Area Education Officer. In 1987 he was also awarded a Fellowship in the Australian College of Education. The citation read that it was awarded "for contributions as an exemplary Principal to school administration, the development of school community and the pastoral care of teachers and students."

Following his early "retirement" at 62, Paul decided to do something completely different and set up what became a very successful small business as a calligrapher and engraver. In the early days he would practice his engraving on anything metal that he could get his hands on. He progressed to engraving hard plastics and glass and this saw him back in many of the local schools, albeit often sitting at a desk in the corridor, while a steady stream of students brought their new calculators for him to engrave with their names and phone numbers. No fete was complete without Paul engraving people's names

on anything from vegemite to beer and champagne glasses.

Trading as Call-a-pen, he must have carefully produced literally thousands of invitations, envelopes, place cards, thank-yous, certificates, inscriptions, menus, statements, letters of appreciation, Duke of Edinburgh awards, poems, verses and Christmas cards as well as engraving countless trophies, medals and glasses. Each one was perfect and there were definitely no spelling errors - unless it was in the information supplied! He said he had great satisfaction knowing that his work was hanging on walls all over Australia and in many overseas countries.

Along with Rugby League, Paul's main sporting love was golf which he seems to have played in some form or other for most of his life. He was a member of the Queanbeyan Golf club from 1966 and usually played early on a Saturday morning. His lowest handicap was 12 but he never had a hole in one. However, over the years he said he had birdied every hole on the course but rarely more than one in any single round. He also claimed, not proudly, to have hit out of bounds on nearly every hole on the course including once off the third tee when his ball hit the ladies' tee marker and came back over his head to go over the fence and into the car park behind

Paul met his wife Peg while he was teaching at Nangus and playing Rugby league with the Gundagai Tigers. They were married in Gundagai on the 9th of January, 1960 (and they celebrated their 49th wedding anniversary just recently). They lived in Batlow for the first three years before permanently settling in Blair St, Watson in January, 1963. They had five children who produced 18 grandchildren.

His children remember him as a father who was witty and clever, generous and kind, willing to help anyone, a man of great courage and faith and the perfect family man.

His funeral was held in Watson in January, attended by friends from all walks of Paul's very full life.

From the eulogy kindly supplied by Paul's daughter Janet.

A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

GEOFF O'BRIEN (1949-50)

Following Teachers College, Geoff's first appointment was to Stoney Crossing in 1951, a one teacher school out of Swan Hill.

After three years at Stoney Crossing he applied for the north coast and was transferred to Upper Bowman, another one teacher school up in the hills about 25 miles west of Gloucester. At this time he commenced external studies with New England University and did his work by lamp light in the landlady's garage.

With his degree well under way and 5 years in the hills he changed to High School teaching and moved to Grenfell.

Gloucester was also where he met Meg and they were married in 1961.

Following 4 years at Grenfell there were 3 years at Taree High School after which a move back to Young as Commerce Master.

Six years at Young and then to Warialda as Deputy for 3 years.

A sideways move then to Regional Office as Professional Assistant to Regional Director, Merv. Wasson for 2 years.

A Principal's position was then taken up at Glen Innes High School in 1977. Eleven years at Glen Innes High and just prior to retiring in 1987 he was diagnosed with Parkinsons Disease.

Following retirement he stood for local government and was an alderman at Glen Innes Municipal Council for eight years. During this time he also had a small role with Dept. of Corrective Services as 'Official Visitor' to Glen Innes Correctional Centre. (like a mini-ombudsman).

In 2000 it was decided that real retirement should kick in and after 23 years living at Glen Innes it was off to Forster.

The last few years were very difficult for Geoff. Four and a half years ago he had a hip replacement which was a total disaster and nightmare and eventually the artificial hip was removed and he was left with no hip. Despite the many

problems he managed to walk with the aid of a four wheeled walking frame, returned to playing croquet (with some assistance) and anyone who remembers him will know that he loved any sporting activities.

He also loved music and was instrumental in getting brass bands going at a couple of different schools and was delighted to see them evolve into valuable assets for the school and the community.

Geoff was a great community worker and was made a Life Member of Lions International in 2000.

Geoff passed away on 20 June, 2008 and is survived by Meg and their three children.

David, an accountant in Brisbane; Michelle, a solicitor in Sydney and Richard presently doing a pilot's training course.

COMING EVENTS

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

The next quarterly meeting of the Alumni Association will be held at 11 am on:
Tuesday 12th May, 2009.

The meeting will be held at:
NSW Teachers Federation
Conference Centre,
37 Reservoir Street
Surry Hills.
All welcome.

WWTC ALUMNI LUNCHEONS

The Alumni luncheon will be held in the Icons Restaurant in the Marriott Hotel, Pitt Street Sydney (near the Quay) on
Tuesday 19th May, 2009.

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

MODERN INVESTMENT BANKERS

On the credit crunch:

1. How do you define optimism?
A banker who irons five shirts on a Sunday.
2. What's the difference between an investment banker and a large pizza?
The pizza can still feed a family of four.
3. What do you call five hedge fund managers at the bottom of the ocean? –
A good start.
4. The credit crunch has helped me get back on my feet.
The car's been repossessed.
5. The bank returned a cheque to me this morning, stamped: 'insufficient funds.'
Is it them or me?
6. A man went to his bank manager and said: 'I'd like to start a small business. How do I go about it?'
'Simple,' said the bank manager. 'Buy a big one and wait.'
7. Everyone says Money talks.
Trouble is, mine knows only one word: 'Goodbye.'
8. What have an Icelandic bank and an Icelandic stalker got in common?
They both have frozen assets.
9. A director decided to award a prize of \$50 for the best idea of saving the company money during the credit crunch.
It was won by a young executive who suggested reducing the prize money to \$10.
10. What's the difference between an investment banker and a pigeon?
The pigeon can still leave a deposit on a new Ferrari.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE

Every person is an individual. Even people who have lived together for a long time retain individual qualities. Marked differences can be seen in the children of a family. Yet there is, and always remains, a core of beliefs, attitudes and interests. The people we meet, the events we experience all leave indelible marks.

To understand the bond shared by those who were at W.W.T.C. in the early days it is necessary to realise that all arrived there with some common aims, not least to share knowledge by teaching. Methods of reaching that goal, reasons for that goal, may have varied but the goal was there.

This was by today's standards a small enough group for everyone to know everyone else. There were 146 students in the first year, 1947. In our second year, new students made a welcome addition and added more variety. We lived away from the direct influence of home and learned to share ideas, beliefs, and emotions.

We held a dance on Saturday nights and went to see films in the hall on Sunday night after Church time. There was a large enough range of interests to allow for individual abilities of expression and enjoyment in study subjects, sport and recreation.

Along with this aspect there was a standard of conduct, set mostly by the students themselves. The W.W.T.C. colours, badge and house badges were chosen by discussion and voting. From the very beginning our weekly "Talkabout" was a unifying force. I am delighted that the name has never changed.

This all sounds very democratic and perhaps even easy, however there were many hardships to overcome. None of these did any more than bond us more closely together. I have known cases of people who have met again after decades and all say that it was as though the missing years had not been.

During those years since W.W.T.C. we have all experienced sheer exultation and also sheer despair. That is life. I have always found literature, languages, history, art and architecture inspiring and consoling.

A few quotes I keep with me always are :

"This above all, - to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
Shakespeare. "Hamlet"

"To have someone
Here or there
With whom you can feel
There is understanding
In spite of distances
Or thoughts unexpressed
. . . . that can make
of this world
a garden."

Goëthe. My German interests.

"Happiness is beneficial for the body.
But it is grief that develops the powers of the
mind"

Marcel Proust. My French interests.

I have tried always to live by these words –

"It is a moral obligation of an intelligent creature to
find out as far as possible whether a given action
leads to a good or bad end, and any system of
ethics that excuses him from that obligation is
vicious"

John Stuart Mill.

A final thought from the walls of the Mitchell Library:

"In books lies the soul
Of the whole past time
The articulate, audible
Voice of the past.
When the body
And material substance
Of it has altogether
Vanished like a dream."

Hopefully the missing years will roll away again at the
June Reunion.

Winifred Wilcox (Walshaw) (1947-49)

CONGRATULATIONS.

To June Whittaker (Scott) 1947-49 who was awarded an
OAM in the Australia Day awards.

The citation read:

WHITTAKER, June Lovina

Medal of the Order of Australia OAM.

For service to international relations in the Pacific region
through education, training and development in the field
of public administration, and to the community.

CSU NEWS

CSU students go global

Story by Bruce Andrews

The growing importance of international work experience



for university graduates will be highlighted when Charles Sturt University (CSU) launches its new student mobility initiative, *CSU Global*, on Monday 23 February.

CSU Global has been established by the CSU Office of International Relations with the aim to increase undergraduate student participation in international experiences from 0.6 per cent in 2006 to 10 per cent by 2011.

The Vice-Chancellor and President of CSU, Professor Ian Goulter, said "In an increasingly competitive marketplace, international experience is seen as an important graduate attribute.

"Eighty one per cent of employers say that graduates who undertake an overseas experience return to Australia with enhanced skills that are applicable to the workplace.[1]

"*CSU Global* will provide our students with the opportunity to explore other cultures, broaden their life experiences and make new friends, while obtaining their degree.

"*CSU Global* will expand current programs, build new opportunities, assist Faculties to identify and develop overseas study opportunities for their undergraduate students, contribute to the internationalisation of the CSU community, and create an awareness of international opportunities for students," Professor Goulter said.

The Manager of *CSU Global*, Ms Alexandra Elibank-Murray, explained that *CSU Global* will provide a suite of international programs for undergraduate students, whether they study internally at CSU or by distance education.

"The options for students will include Student Exchange Programs, where students can study part of their degree overseas at one of our 30 partner institutions worldwide," she said.

"There will be Faculty-led short-term programs where a variety of academic study tours and programs overseas are available for students to take during their holidays, and external provider short-term programs will enable study tours and international experiences ranging across broad interest areas.

"There is also scope for students to complete part or all of their practicum or internship abroad, as well as opportunities to volunteer internationally and in the near future CSU students will have access to GAP programs.

"Importantly *CSU Global* is also able to provide students with access to generous scholarships and

grants to enable them to undertake overseas programs," Ms Elibank-Murray said.

[1] From *The Attitudes and perceptions of Australian employers towards an overseas experience*, QETI and IEAA. Sep 2006

CSU telescope showcases the southern sky in 2009

Story by Bruce Andrews



The Remote Telescope at Charles Sturt University (CSU) at Bathurst has a full calendar of observation events plotted for the UNESCO [2009 International Year of Astronomy](#),

which celebrates 400 years since Galileo first turned a telescope to view the night sky.

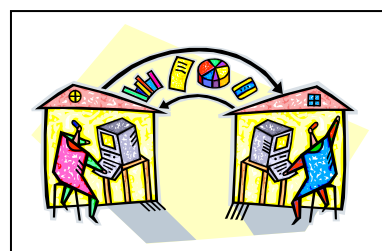
The initiator and administrator of the CSU telescope, Associate Professor David McKinnon at the CSU [School of Teacher Education](#) says that images of the southern night sky through the telescope can be seen via the Internet, weather permitting, around themes that depend on which celestial objects are visible at that time.

"The observation calendar centres on special events such as the particular phases of the Moon and planets, as well as requests that are lodged via the [Remote Telescope website](#)," Professor McKinnon said. "This year is a wonderful opportunity for school students and anyone interested in astronomy to access the telescope and website to see planets and other objects as they may never have seen them before."

The CSU Remote Telescope has featured in [national and international scientific education awards](#).

Are you registered onto the CSU online Community?

It's free!



Go to www.csu.edu.au/alumni

Get TALKABOUT via email and all the latest news from CSU as it happens.



The Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association



KEEPING THE SPIRIT ALIVE IN 2009 TO SECURE THE FUTURE

The Scholarship Fund has been closed with a grand total of \$60,000. Congratulations to all our contributors! This means that we can award Scholarships to a total of \$6,000 annually. We also have a further \$3,596.80 which will be contributed towards our next Fundraising project.

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

The next stage of the W.W.T.A.A. fundraising is still to be confirmed. The Committee is still considering the options with providing student accommodation on the Wagga Wagga Campus a high priority.

However, while we consider the best way to move forward, we encourage you to continue supporting the WWTAA and we hope that the past generosity will remain strong. With the anticipated swell in numbers, an accommodation block would be a fitting memorial to all those who have graduated from Wagga Wagga.

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

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

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

To help cut costs you can opt to receive your "Talkabout" by email. Simply tick the box on the bottom of your contribution form. The Alumni Office will appreciate your help very much.

The University over the years has been a great supporter of the Association and will continue to provide volunteers to carry out the mailing of Talkabout.

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

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

My donation for 2009 is: \$ _____

Please find my cheque for \$ _____

OR please debit my credit card for \$ _____

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Card type: Mastercard Visa

Name on Card: _____

Expiry Date: _____

Signature: _____

Surname: _____

Former Name: _____

Given Names: _____

Address: _____

_____ Postcode: _____

Years at College: _____ to _____

Home Phone: _____

Work Phone: _____

Facsimile: _____

E-mail: _____

**Here is my annual contribution to the production of
TALKABOUT.**

My contribution for 2009 is: \$ _____

Surname: _____

Former Name: _____

Given Names: _____

Address: _____

_____ Postcode: _____

Years at College: _____ to _____

Home Phone: _____

Work Phone: _____

Facsimile: _____

E.mail: _____

I would prefer to receive my Talkabout
by email

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April 2009

Dear Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Alumni,

Every two years the WWTC Alumni get together for an Open reunion involving all years of Wagga Wagga Teachers' College.

This year the WWTC Alumni Committee has chosen Bathurst as the venue for your get together to enable you to take part in the 20th Anniversary celebrations for Charles Sturt University.

The dates for the Reunion are Monday 1st June to Wednesday 3rd June, 2009.

A block booking for accommodation has been made at the Panorama City Motor Inn, Durham Street, Bathurst. Please contact them directly on 02 6331 2666 to make your booking. When booking quote "WTC Reunion".

The Reunion Programme is as follows:

Monday 1st June - 6.30 pm – 2 course roast buffet dinner
Prickly Pear Restaurant – Panorama City Motor Inn
Cost: \$30.00 per person

Tuesday 2nd June - Free day for sightseeing

Tuesday 2nd June - 6.30 for 7.00 pm - 20th Anniversary Commemoration Dinner
CD Blake Auditorium
Cost: TBA but will not be more than \$60.00

Numbers for this dinner are strictly limited to 100 people. Accordingly, the first 100 registrations received will be accepted. Registrations and Deposits due by Wednesday 30th April. No late registrations accepted.

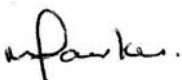
Buses will pick up from the Panorama City Motor Inn for travel to the dinner and will return to the Motor Inn starting at approx. 10.30 pm

Wednesday 3rd June - 9.30 am – Farewell hot buffet breakfast
Panorama City Motor Inn
Cost: \$18.00

Charles Sturt University's 20th anniversary year provides an opportunity to reflect on how far we have come as an institution. This reunion weekend provides an opportunity for WWTC Alumni to share in this celebration.

We look forward to seeing you in June.

Best regards,



Michelle Fawkes
Alumni Relations Officer

WWTC OPEN REUNION

Please return to:-

Maggie Lipu, School of Education, Charles Sturt University, Locked Bag 588, Wagga Wagga NSW 2678

Phone: 02 6933 2458 Fax : 02 6933 2888

Email : mlipu@csu.edu.au

We require a **non-refundable deposit of \$30** for each person attending to confirm a booking. In the case of cancellation more than seven days prior to the reunion, all monies less the non-refundable deposit will be refunded. If cancellation occurs within seven days of the reunion there will be no refunds.

Registrations and Deposits due by Wednesday 30th April. No late registrations accepted.

Name _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

I will be accompanied by : _____

Email: _____

Phone / Mobile: _____

Dietary Requirements: _____

Date	Activity	No. attending	Approx. Cost	Total
Mon 1 st June	Buffet Dinner		\$30.00 per head	
Tues 2 nd June	20 th Anniversary Dinner		TBA	
Wed 3 rd June	Farewell breakfast		\$18.00 per head	
TOTAL DUE				
Less non-refundable deposit of \$30 per person				
BALANCE OWING				

I am unable to attend the event but would like to make a donation towards WWTCAA Fundraising

Please complete the payment details to pay for the reunion or make a donation:-

Please find enclosed a cheque/money order for \$ _____

* reunion cheques payable to CSU Alumni

* donation cheques payable to Charles Sturt Foundation

OR please debit my credit card for \$ _____

MasterCard

Visa

American Express

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Name on Card: _____

Expiry Date: _____ Signature: _____