



A PUBLICATION
OF THE ALUMNI OF
WAGGA TEACHERS

TALKABOUT



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**1965-66 attendees
at their Reunion
held in Wagga
Wagga, May 2016.
Looking pretty
good for their 50
years on.**

From the President - Bruce Forbes

"Can you read and write?" This is a question from teachers to pupils in many classrooms. It is now a question for our members as currently there are no articles in the editor's in-tray for the next 2021 edition of *Talkabout*. We need you to write so others can read. Give it some thought then just do it! Photographs are good too. People love pictures so dive into those old photo albums or your recent travelogue and enhance your story. Unfortunately, we are not in a position to pay for your journalistic abilities but our thanks are eternal.

COVID has meant that your committee has not been able to meet since February 2020. However, we

have managed to operate remotely and there continues to be support for our Scholarship Foundation Fund, other educational organisations and projects. Our Treasurer's Report details our position.

Scholarship recipients for 2021 will be determined by early April and a total of \$9000 will be allocated to worthy recipients for the year. Selection each year is usually based on a needs basis but candidates are chosen from Regional NSW and who express a desire to teach in a rural location. Chris and Jenny Blake take on the task of interview and selection and are wonderful in keeping in contact after scholarships are awarded.

No more writing from me. It is your turn!



Across the Secretary's Desk - Lesley Forbes



Anne Whitfield (Walton 1952-53)

I am Ann Whitfield's daughter and currently sorting through some emails in her inbox from this year. Mum passed away on 31 July this year (2020) after putting up a good fight with a blood disease that she was diagnosed with around 40 years ago. She was 85 in June and was still living at home until June this year. She leaves behind my father (86) who is also still living at home and every single day out in his 3 acre garden in Goulburn but missing Mum terribly. My brother is only 1 hour away in Canberra so he visits every weekend. I live in Singapore but have just returned after 2 months with Dad, and thank God, with Mum when she died. Just out of my second round of quarantine but fortunately it was only 7 days and I was able to serve that time at home not in a hotel. My brother and I are happy for you to share this news in your next *Talkabout* as no doubt there will be someone around who knew Mum. I am also trying to get in touch with Jacquie (Jacqueline) Raine who was married to Andy and a good friend of Mum's to let her know of Mum's passing. I knew she had moved to Yass to be with her son who was a policeman there but on a bit of a Google search discovered he passed away recently due to a liver disease and the phone number for Jacquie in the white pages (and Mum's address book) is no longer connect-

ed. I have no other leads and Mum's sister isn't even sure if she is still alive. We are aware that Andy died a few years back. Do you have Jacquie's email address or any contact details by any chance? I can't recall her maiden name when she was at WWTC though but no doubt you would have her registered under her married name anyway. I understand you may not be able to give these to me due to privacy reasons but perhaps you could reach out to her and see if she would like to contact me. I found a beautiful handwritten letter from her to Mum when I was clearing out some cupboards. It is dated 16 June 1961 and I thought Jacquie would love to be sent a copy of it.

Joanne Whitfield-Lowe ph: 65 9821 6406

Geraldine Muttukumar

(Lawler 1966-67) passed away on 29 July 2020 in Canberra. Condolences to her family

Kevin Tye (1949-50) Thank you for the *Talkabout* – Kevin was alert enough in latter months to enjoy these regular newsletters. Sadly, Kevin died on September 26th, peaceful and loving at the age of 89. Any information I have is rather scant. Other than dob 7-8-31, born in Sydney, attended Fort Street High, attended WWTC years 1949-50, taught around the state - Riverina, Penang – was a DI for a number of years, had a Masters in Education and English Literature, worked in Distance Education, (after retirement) was a representative Rugby and Cricket player, a great lover of JAZZ, (played piano in a small jazz group) and generally loved people and life. Many thanks Pamela Tye X



We had a surprise visit recently from a young and spritely Ron Vickress. He had driven to Laurieton from Armidale to visit a friend for a couple of days and included us in his schedule. Ron was an English Lecturer, 1966-67 and with Frances Tester, wrote and directed plays and musicals in his time at WWTC. He recalled many of the names of those in his productions—Catherine Whittaker, Noel Breen, Robert James, Bronwyn Chivers. He is a WWII vet, having joined the Navy in 1943 at 17 years of age. He was in Japan at the Declaration of Peace. All this, not a bad effort for a very with it, 95 year old.

Ted Bolton (1955-56) Re: Cheryl Walmsley Coincidence? I'm fairly sure I taught Cheryl at Harden Murrumburrah sometime between 1961 and 1965. If it wasn't Cheryl then maybe a relative, "Sue" - that's nearly 60 years ago. In any case it's good to hear the Walmsley surname once more. I recall a pleasant, quiet, unassuming but very competent teenager. Having lost my own beautiful loving wife of 60 years in 2019, I share the family's grief.

Marion Davis (Shaw 1962-63) Thank you, Lesley. By a strange coincidence I went to Marsden Girls School in 1955 and 1956. I might have known her but I can't remember.

Maggie Harris (1966-67) What a year indeed, but at least Australia seems to be dealing exceptionally well with the virus. Until the whole of the UK are vaccinated, I think we shall have restrictions. At last we can start golfing again on 2nd Dec. Thankfully, we enjoyed a brilliant Summer and so far a fairly mild Winter! Thank you for your e-mail. I think Bob Canty was at Cootamundra High in my brother, Colin's Year. Unfortunately Col died 3 years ago with the big C. Sadly, no trips to Australia this year but I did book a flight yesterday for 14th Sept. to 24th Oct. 21.

Tom and Clare Halls (Hicks 1961-62)



Mrs. Jones got a little too used to watching online worship from home.

Preaching by zoom has included most of the countries where I was committed to serve this year. On one day I preached in both London and Sydney; the first by pre-recording and the other in person. Though used to preaching with translation, it was challenging to speak on live simulcast to Visakhapatnam, south India and Manali in the western foothills of north India. There is no substitute for face-to-face preaching in any place and I look forward to resuming this useful practice, when the fear of infection has passed from the world. January in Andhra Pradesh and March in Bangalore, India before the shut down, set the tone for worthwhile service, while God gives strength to serve. Christian friends and other minority groups in Hong Kong and

Sri Lanka find life harder than it should be. They need our prayerful and moral support.

Bob Muir (1952-53) A note from Bob Muir's daughter, Anne that he passed away on 18 October shortly after his wife of 63 years had died. It was Bob Muir's cheery note in the December *Talkabout* issue, indicating he had lived life filled with optimism.

Bruce and Margot Phillips (Wilson 1948-50) In reference to names of the students in the photo on page 7 of the last issue of *Talkabout* I can supply a few, particularly that of my husband, Bruce Phillips. He is third on the left in the back row, Betty Puntton? 5th, Eileen Pickering 7th, Edna Tattersall? 8th. In the middle row, Eileen Ryan? 3rd Pat Plowman 4th. The only names I recall in the front row are Bruce Robinson 4th and Boris Sumsky 7th. Thanks for publishing it, I have never seen it before. Many thanks to Fay Mitchell for supplying it.

Margaret Reid (Darrington 1951-52) It is with sadness (and a little late sadly) that I inform you of my mother Margaret Doreen Reid nee Darrington's passing in September 2018. Margaret, affectionately known by many as Margie, enjoyed growing up on the family farm of Arkell while attending Weethalle Public School with her 2 siblings Molly and Lindsay. At 10 ½ years of age, she was academically ready for high school, yet was asked to repeat a year, before happily attending Hay War Memorial High School from 1946 to 1950. Margaret lived at Butterworth Girls Hostel, Hay with 50 other girls. Margaret often recalled memories of many happy and enjoyable years at boarding school, playing representative tennis, softball, and basketball (now known as netball), playing the piano for school dances, and proudly holding the honour of Girl School Captain in 1950. Margaret attended Wagga Wagga Teachers College (now Wagga Wagga CSU), graduating in 1952 as a Primary School Teacher. Once again, she would recall very fond memories of her time at Teachers College and the friends she made there. Over the

next 4 years, Margaret taught at Blayney, Weethalle and Griffith Public Schools, and in later years taught casually occasionally at the small public school of Tallimba. Margaret enjoyed receiving the *Talkabout* Alumni publication regularly and keeping in touch with news of old. Margaret met Keith Reid while playing tennis and a courtship began. They were married in 1957, made a home together in Tallimba and by 1965 had 4 daughters (the latter 2 being twins). They left the Tallimba district and moved to Cowra to make a new home in late 1976. Margaret and Keith celebrated a wonderful 61 years of marriage. Margaret's number one priority was family. She always selflessly put her family before herself. To list her many attributes would take forever. Marg was loved by her husband, her 4 daughters, 9 grandchildren, and 4 great grandchildren. She is missed every day, yet in our hearts forever.

Chris and Jenny Blake (1966-67) passed on this message from Scholarship recipient, Jack Catanzariti:

I hope you had a very relaxing and safe Christmas and New Year and are travelling well. I am currently in Albury and I am excited to tell you that I was offered three separate jobs at local primary schools, all full-time work (12 month contract). I accepted work at Albury North Public School and will have my very own Kindergarten class! I am both excited and extremely nervous about starting!

Hopefully we will be able to catch up in the near future, I would love to finally meet you both in person. Unlucky about the fish less trips but I'm sure that big one is coming soon!

Joy Pickette (Hotchkiss 1961-62) I am writing to tell you of the sad passing of Joy at Coonabarabran on Saturday 16th January. Joy was Joy Hotchkiss at WWTC, years 1961/62. She married Kevin Mahoney who was in the same years at College. They were both teaching at Coonabarabran Primary School. Very sadly she and Kevin were involved in a terrible accident near Sydney one school holidays – I think either 1969 or 1970. Kevin and their little baby were killed in this accident. Later Joy married Lindsay Pickette, a farmer at Coonaba-

rabran. They had two children, Tracey and Scott. Joy had a very warm personality and was much loved in the Coonabarabran area. She did a lot of work on the history of Coonabarabran and published a book of her findings. A private cremation service is being held in Gunnedah, with a celebration of Joy's life to be held at the Coonabarabran Golf Club on Monday 25th January at 2pm. Regards, Peggy MacBeth (phone 0267463595) (I had the privilege of teaching with Joy at Coonabarabran Primary school where she was the very efficient teacher librarian, as well as being in the same section at WWTC.)

Mervyn Whittaker (1947-49) I am forwarding belatedly for your consideration a 'vale' notice for my husband, Mervyn Whittaker's death, and a general request for information on WWTC lecturer (1960-70) Michael Smith. I had every intention of sending the notice of Mervyn's death at the time, but my good intentions were overtaken by weariness, then by being caught up in the local horrific bushfires, evacuations etc. I have been luckier than a lot of my neighbours in that although I lost all of the property's out-buildings - shed, fencing, ancient trees - as well as one of the verandahs of my house, the

walls remained standing. It has been a long wearying time of restoring water and power and carrying out general repairs. I think it will take the best part of this current year to get back to normal. I want to take the opportunity to thank you and your coterie of ex-WWTC helpers who, over the years, have produced *Talkabout* for



the enjoyment of the rest of us. Mervyn's brother, 'Bob' (Robert James) Whittaker, also known in his youth as 'Sprig', is one who shares with me many of the items, recalling people and places. He was a WWTC student in the session following that of his brother. Bob is now 88 and I am 90! June Whittaker OAM

David Long (1953-54) Thank you both for the work you do on the preparation of the magazine. The buildings may have gone but as long as the magazine comes in the mail, all will be well. Col's article on small schools was very interesting and brings back many happy memories. My first appointment was to Bombala Central School and, after four terms, I was appointed T.I.C. at Ando on the Monaro Highway between Bombala and Nimmitabel. Thirty six pupils enrolled, plus two secondary students doing correspondence. I was married during my six years there and the parents contributed money to build a residence for me. It was later sold to the Department with the Minister coming to the school to handle the formalities of the purchase. At the time there were three one teacher schools and two two teacher schools in the immediate Bombala area; now there are none. Ando school is now a puppy farm.

The Great Scooter Race of 1962

Denis Simond (1961/2)

After completing my Leaving Certificate in 1959, I was awarded a Teachers Scholarship to Armidale Teachers College, which I didn't accept. After working in the NSW Public Service and the Commonwealth Bank during 1960, I applied for my scholarship to be reviewed and it was renewed. As I had been a child in the Riverina, I applied to attend Wagga Wagga Teachers College and my request was granted.

In late February, 1961, I set off with Brian Hunter, who had completed his first year of training. My room was allocated in Marinya Dormitory, where Hunter lived.

College was a great time with sport, dances on Saturday night, musicals

and revues, excursions to the snow, movies in Wagga on Friday nights, and lessons in relevant subjects and teaching methods.

The Principal was very unpopular and, despite our being young adults, treated us as children. "Lights out" was at 10.00pm and no drinking was allowed.

I graduated with honours and I still enjoy reunions when I catch up with old friends and colleagues.

In 1962 the Southern Aurora was introduced to link Sydney with Melbourne. As it came through Wagga on its inaugural trip, we, in the absence of streamers or bunting, stretched toilet paper



Denis at College

across the tracks to welcome it. Coincidentally, I was in Wagga when it travelled through for its 50th year. It has since been replaced by smaller diesel trains.

For Practice Teaching I taught, under supervision, at South Wagga Primary School, French Park (a small school near Lockhart), Turvey Park and Holsworthy.

As President of the Publications Committee I was responsible for publishing the *Talkabout* College magazine. When I received a challenge from UNSW to beat their record for "scooting" from Melbourne to Sydney, I saw an opportunity for the college to get some good PR rather than the negative press that the Principal created. Hence the idea of the "Great Scooter Race" around the Riverina was born. Two college teams, one male and one female, challenged the RAAF Sergeants' Mess to a 189 mile scooter race to raise funds to establish a dormitory for the Kurrajong Special School. We raised 500 pounds to allow the first sods to be turned for the project. The RAAF organised the event as a training exercise and provided the bus to carry contestants, strengthened the scooters, and arranged for a doctor to travel in a car behind the three contestants, who each scooted for half a mile before being replaced by the next trio. We stayed at the village of Beckom overnight, where a dance in the local hall was held prior to the girls' team sleeping there. The only pub ran out of beer by 8 o'clock and the two male teams slept on RAAF supplied mattresses in open wheat sheds at the railway.

Maurie Hale, our Principal, unexpectedly turned up at Beckom just before the pub ran out of beer. He was a wowser and when he saw a young lady leaving the bar in a bikini, which she wore for a welcome dip in the nearby dam, he turned to me and said, "I hope that's not one of ours." Of course I lied when I told him that she was a local lass and he reluctantly asked no more questions. If he had known that she was indeed a member of the College Women's team, he would have expelled her for drinking or a worse trumped up claim. Luckily he left shortly after and I was able to join the revelry.

We were escorted for most of the race

by policemen on motor bikes and as I scooted down the hill at Junelee the policeman, riding beside me, registered my speed in excess of 40 miles an hour. As we passed through each town we had blankets into which donations were thrown and we challenged the locals to a scooter race down the main streets. The 2 day event was held in early December and the

temperature one foot (30cm) off the bitumen road surface at midday on the first day was 120 degrees Fahrenheit, hence the need for a swim in the local dam at Beckom. A great deal of fun was had by all with a really pleasing result for the Kurrajong School.

Above is a photo of me and a RAAF Sergeant during the race.

The car following carried a doctor but, fortunately, he was not required. Another following vehicle collected the riders after their half-mile was completed and ferried them to the bus, which stayed a mile ahead of the scooters. The teams' bus dropped off the next riders and waited a mile down the road to drop off and collect before travelling another mile.

All logistical support was provided by the RAAF.

Such a fund-raiser could not be held today.

A friend came to Wagga Wagga to drive me home from College. On the way home, we had an accident at Junelee. The hill that I had ridden the scooter down was the scene of our accident. I was driving up the hill at about 3.00 am, went to sleep and left two headlight rings on the two posts of a "Reduce Speed" sign at the crest of the hill. The car was repairable, but I was in real trouble with my parents. The police laid no charges as they suggested that I had been blinded by an oncoming vehicle.

Towards the end of college, we sub-



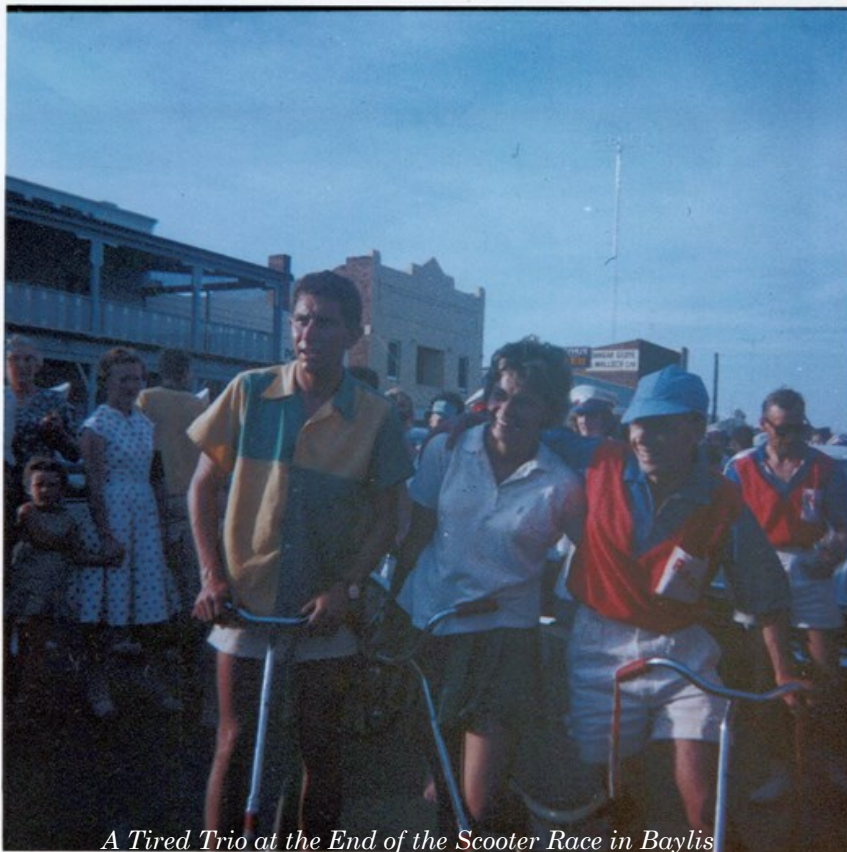
mitted a request for schools at which we would prefer to teach. I requested Hammondville Primary not expecting to have my request met. It wasn't a popular school as it serviced the children from the East Hills and Heathcote Migrant Hostels. I was successful, and, as my father was the Principal at the neighbouring school, Holsworthy Primary, I was able to travel with him to work. I moved back home in Ingleburn and lived in a caravan in the back yard.

My first class at Hammondville was made up of "slow learners". They were a terrific group of boys and we won every award except the academic ones. The class performed a play that my father had written called "Crazy School". They did so well that it was the only class selected to perform at The Hammondville Old Peoples' Home. They were very proud.

I enjoyed coaching Rugby League and in 1964 taught 6B and in 1965 taught 6A.

I married Robyn Apperley in 1969. I remember hand-grooming Robyn's horses that she rode in many shows. I'm sure that my grooming resulted in her becoming "Champion Lady Rider" at the Campbelltown Show in 1966. She doesn't agree.

In 1964, Robyn and I took 6B to Lake Macquarie for an excursion and, in 1965, took 6A to Canberra.



A Tired Trio at the End of the Scooter Race in Baylis

Staying in an hotel was a new experience for most of the class and they worked out that they could communicate with the room below them, through the basin plumbing in the bathroom. This was the trip's highlight. At Hammondville I was Sports Master, ran assemblies and organised the School Concerts.

I was transferred to Fairfield Boys High at the end of 1965 and advised to finish my degree at Macquarie University. The Inspector told me that my first promotion, which could be awarded after 6 years teaching, would be virtually a formality.

Imagine my surprise when a telegram arrived one week before the end of the holidays, cancelling my transfer and advising that my future school would be nominated "in due course".

I was eventually transferred to Finley, 660 kms from Sydney. I spent 3 weeks there before being appointed Education Officer at Long Bay Gaol, The NSW State Penitentiary, where I tutored prisoners and taught in the Officers' School.

It was a very maturing experience as Long Bay and The State Reformatory for Women were adjacent and I was responsible for the training and education correspondence courses undertaken by the male and female prisoners.

I also coached the Long Bay "A" Grade de-

bating team, which could not leave the prison. The teams against which Long Bay competed had to visit the prison and debate inside the prison walls. My team consisted of teachers, barristers, clergymen and a "hitman". It's no wonder that we became the State champions.

My staff consisted of a bank accountant, in prison for embezzlement, a thief and a murderer. Within the prison they valued their jobs and we formed a good team.

I can't remember whether Robyn or I saw an advertisement for an Education Officer at Qantas. I rang to enquire what an Education Officer did in Qantas and was invited to apply to learn more about the job. During my interview, I had a very heated argument with the interviewer and left not expecting to hear from Qantas again. A week later I was invited to a second interview and was subsequently offered a job. Apparently my first interviewer was trying to see whether I would stop arguing and give in, or hold my ground.

I left Long Bay after only 6 months and joined Qantas' Manpower Planning and Development Division in

September, 1966. The job entailed teaching trainers how to teach, consulting with the departmental training schools, administering the Junior Executive Scheme and the teaching of skills, which were common to all departments.

One task I remember was arranging typing training for staff in readiness for computerising the reservations system, which previously had been manual and a card system. The staff, many of them middle aged, were terrified that learning to type was beyond them. No one failed.

Towards the end of my three years as an Education Officer, Robyn and I were married. Typically, the day after our wedding was spent treating her horse's leg, which had been caught in a barbed wire fence.

Qantas staff only paid 10% of the fare, so we honeymooned in Fiji aboard a WR Carpenter ship, which cruised around the Fijian islands delivering and collecting goods. Wild cattle were loaded onto the deck at one of the islands. Two ropes were thrown over their horns and one group of about 12 men pulled each beast into the water whilst another group stopped the cattle from charging the first group. When the cow was in deep enough water for it to swim, it was tied to the tender vessel for transferring to the ship, where a belly strap was used to winch the animal on to the deck. Once on deck it was secured to a bollard and fed to quieten it down. One twisted so much she fell out of the belly strap on to the deck causing the crew to take cover wherever they could. It was hilarious to see them scurrying for cover, from which they shouted instructions to the other crew. Eventually the animal was secured on deck and all was peaceful again.

When we returned to Australia I began my second job at Qantas. As an Education Officer I had been consulting to the Cabin Crew Training College and was appointed to it to build a new Training College in readiness for the pending arrival of Qantas' Boeing 747s. The roll of Cabin Crew Training and Standards Manager involved building a new college, managing the existing 707 Cabin Crew training, readying the training staff for the arrival of a completely different type of aircraft inflight service, recruiting the

additional staff required for the much bigger aircraft and developing the operating procedures to ensure the service on the first new 747 was the equal of Qantas' world renowned standard. A big ask for a 27 year old. My brief was very clear; the service on the 747 was to be equal to, or better than, the world-leading service on Qantas's 707s.

The first task was to build a new Cabin Crew Training facility to ensure Cabin Crew were ready for the 747's many different inflight services.

It was so "modern" that Macquarie University Education students visited to experience the innovative educational technology imported from USA. I guest-lectured in Higher & Further Education at Macquarie University, from which I graduated BA (School of Education) after transferring credits from New England University, Armidale, where I commenced my degree while in Teachers' College.

The Mock Up, the most expensive non-operational training aid built in Qantas' history prior to 1970, was planned and built so that recruitment and training of crew could commence in readiness for the 747 arrival. It quickly became recognised as a first-class training aid and many airlines visited Mascot to experience it. In fact, Singapore Airlines were so impressed they took the plans back to Singapore to model their mock-up on ours. I recall being chided for sharing our plan with them, but explained that the different philosophical approaches of QF & SQ would not be detrimental to the standard of our performance.

Overhead racks were replaced with lockers and, as no templates or actual lockers were available, I sought the help of my peers in Seattle. They allowed me to unscrew both an overhead locker complete with valved hinges and an interior door shell from their mock up. I then carried them out (on consecutive days) of the Boeing complex wrapped in brown paper, gave the security guards the "everything's okay" salute and brought them to Australia for copying for our Mock Up. Imagine the

sight of a massive 747 door interior being carried with difficulty through security but the brown paper did the trick and we were able to copy them for our 747 training replica.

There were many concerns by cabin crew, who heard negative comments from foreign crews about the 747, when compared by them with the tried and true 707. There was a growing concern about "the unknown". To counter this, we recruited 12 Liaison Flight Stewards to spread the real facts about the aircraft to Cabin Crew during flight and at slip ports. These formed the basis of the first 17 Flight Service Directors, whose training was my responsibility.

John Fysh, son of QF founder, Sir Hudson Fysh, was my boss and I recall him phoning me late one Friday afternoon and requesting a "man specification" for the new role of Flight Service Director, a different role from a "Chief Steward" because of the number of staff to be managed and the many different aspects of service the 747 offered to passengers. I wrote the specification over the weekend and John presented it to the Executive on the Monday morning. It was accepted and so began the recruitment and training of these men, most of whom had not seen a 747 interior and had previously performed the role of Chief Steward.

The delivery flight, which arrived in Sydney on August 16, 1971, carried 120 journalists (all first class despite the aircraft having only 56 first class seats). I recall sitting with Qantas' PR lady for the Americas, in doorway 4 left, opening more than 4 dozen large bottles of red wine, which were consumed very quickly by thirsty journalists. We transited overnight in Honolulu, where a spectacular Luau was provided for the journalists and VIPs. All of the Captain Cook crystal tankards, specially hand-etched and exclusively for use in the new upstairs lounge, were "souvenired" within 15 minutes of our departure from America.

A long stopover in Honolulu was organised so that the aircraft would arrive in Sydney on time and without any delays. From about Fiji, we were escorted into Sydney by Qantas' two HS125 training aircraft, which flew wingtip to wingtip into Australia.

The ABC broadcast its morning shows from the upstairs "Captain Cook" lounge and we were met by Prime Ministerial VIPs on arrival.

I shall never forget the first sighting of "our" 747. As the 2 crews to fly the delivery flight were coached to Seattle, the coach stopped on a hill overlooking Boeing Field Airport and there on the tarmac was our "Red Tail" Qantas 747. There wasn't a dry eye on the coach as the excitement of the initial viewing was experienced. Another memory was when the new Hostess uniform was introduced. The red stripe on the hat was immediately likened to the "red back spider" and until this uniform was replaced, Qantas hostesses were nick-named "Red Back Spiders".

You can imagine how excited I was to fly on the last Qantas 747 flight, and why I was so excited to be able to say farewell to this revered "Queen of the Skies" on the Farewell Flight on Monday 13 July, 2020.

At the end of 1973 I was sent to Auckland, New Zealand, to learn sales and marketing. As Sales Development Manager, I was responsible for managing Qantas marketing and sales throughout New Zealand and travelled extensively all over the country.

Then I was transferred to Melbourne as Sales Manager, Victoria and Tasmania. Subsequently, I left Qantas for several senior roles in the Travel Industry culminating in my appointment as CEO of The Australian and New Zealand College for Seniors Ltd (trading as Odyssey Travel), a Not-for-Profit, 32 University Member educational travel operator. Odyssey Travel offered Inbound, outbound and domestic educational travel for retired "mature adults".

My training at WWTC has been pivotal to my success in all the roles of my career. The planning and communication skills needed for success as a teacher have proven transferable to my many roles.

My wife and I have resided in Berry since our retirement and I occupy myself running courses for U3A Shoalhaven, the oldest U3A in NSW.

Gaudeamus Gratitude

Janice Fitzpatrick (Kerin 1963-64)

Arriving at WWTC in Feb 1963 straight from an all-girls boarding school, the first skill required was how to mix with the opposite sex. Realising that I was one of the 4 lucky ones (my 3 friends went to Bathurst TC) in my LC class to be awarded a Teacher Training Scholarship I couldn't afford to "botch" this one. The safest strategy appeared to be to move at a snail's pace out of my shell.

On hearing the strains of Gaudeamus Igitur booming from the radio, who is not transported back to the College weekly assembly in the College auditorium where a great sense of patriotism and cameraderie, not to mention rules plus, were imbued in the approx. 400 combined 1st and 2nd year students.

No sooner had I returned to college at the beginning of 1964, when in March, a 1st year student in his 21st year spotted me and decided to lift off my shell. I resisted slightly but within a few short months Bernie Fitzpatrick had become my best friend and, in his opinion, his future wife.

My first teaching appointment in January 1965 to Narrandera Primary School, 96km from Wagga, was going to test the strength of the romance, by this time, well established, but communication was by snail mail letters only, neither of us with a car and no public transport between Wagga and Narrandera.

Being out in the "Big Wide World" gave me the opportunity to accept invites to a couple of country balls and other social gatherings and also to survey prospective local beaux, to gauge if Bernie was still "The One". He certainly won the day and at his College Graduation in Dec 1965 we announced our engagement.

Bernie hoped to have his first appointment relatively close to Narrandera, where I would spend my second year teaching and, unbel-

lievably, he was posted to Leeton HS, just 32 km away.

The original plan was to marry towards the end of my 3year bond but "Love Changes Everything" and we married on January 7 1967 and I was transferred to Leeton Primary School.

Bernie was quick to remove my shell completely, and our first son was born in Oct 1967, followed by a daughter in Aug. 1969.

Bernie was keen to further his career as an English/History teacher and in January 1972 we moved back to Wagga where Bernie was appointed to Mt Austin High School and our 2nd daughter was born.

Meanwhile, Bernie was getting itchy feet for an even bigger adventure and successfully applied for Darwin High School. Concurrently, he was appointed to RAAF School Penang, Malaysia, an Australian school for children of Australian personnel. Of course we both accepted the prospect of a 3 year OS adventure, fully funded by the Commonwealth Government.

Life is full of amazing surprises and wonderful opportunities, especially with Bernie, and during our 3 year secondment to Penang, 1973-75, we were gifted with 2 more daughters.

My teaching career took a back seat in Penang apart from a few casual days teaching near the end of our posting.

Anyone who took up an OS posting will have wonderful memories of friends made, travel and broadening horizons, as did we.

Returning to Australia, we chose the Illawarra with an abundance of schools and a University, with possibilities for our growing family. Bernie was appointed to Warilla High School and in 1978 I completed my 3rd year of Teacher Training at the then Wollongong Teachers' College, after a 2nd son had been born in 1977.

Bernie was able to move around different High Schools, namely Oak Flats as History Master, St Joseph's High School as Deputy Head Master, Miller High School, and Lake Illawarra High School as Deputy. I secured a 2 days per week PT Teacher Librarian job while completing a Grad Dip in School Librarianship at Charles

Sturt Uni.

Initially, I was a challenge to Bernie's personal image of being the sole provider, and also the social mores of the era, but as he saw our housing loan reduce with 1.2+ incomes he was smiling. The P/T Permanent Teacher Librarian job at Stella Maris Shellharbour continued for 19 years before a 2 year transfer to Moss Vale. My studies in ESL at UOW in 2006 became an asset when we were adversely affected by the GFC in 2008, and I took up a P/T position teaching English to adult OS students at UOW College for 2 years. Bernie followed my lead to work at UOW working with mature age Academic Studies students.

The family was completed with the arrival of a third son in 1982 and life moved along in the fast lane with 7 children, namely, Stephen, Gabrielle, Dolores, Juanita, Bernadette, Julian and Adrian. There were P/T Uni studies for Janice and Bernie as well as Bernie writing his 600p family memoirs, *A Pocketful of Dreams*, published in 2018. Of course, there were some challenges along the way but nothing insurmountable.

The Penang posting had given us a taste for OS travel, which we were able to resume when our youngest son was 12years old, then subsequently, visiting several of our adult children in their various OS postings.

Cycling continued as a common interest for Bernie and myself and in 2006 and 2008 we rode our tandem from Sydney to Surfers Paradise in a large group fundraiser for Youth Off the Streets.

Subsequently, in 2012, 2014 and 2015 we rode our mountain bikes in remote areas of NSW & SA in a group fundraiser for the Royal Flying Doctor, each lengthy rides of 850km over 2 weeks.

In 2020 it's the Oct Great Cycle Challenge, setting our own target to

raise funds for children's cancer research to keep our goals positive.

The future has always been unknown but with some backwards time travelling going on, it almost seems like the future is becoming foggy. The present is becoming even more precious in our time together. It is bittersweet to see my rock of 55 years being so stoic in the face of restricted brain function.

Others of you out there will surely be facing the challenges of dementia, considering the present statistics. Still, life is to be savoured, although changed and pruned, as Bernie diligently manures our garden, carefully deep cleans in the year of COVID 19, and checks our bike tyres daily, for the weekly 22km cycle with friends, "Carpe Diem." Now we are moving from Gaudeamus to gratitude, for a loving family, now

including partners and 12 beautiful grandchildren, and a life full of adventures and challenges, although, in a different gear, and through a different mirror. Am I grateful that Bernie brought me out of my shell? Absolutely!!! He is still "The One."

* "Gaudeamus Igitur" is Latin for "While we're young, let us rejoice", a popular university or high school

Vale Reg Brain

Sandy Brain (Booth 1962-63)

Reg Brain: Kabi roommate of Al Schirmer 1962.

Reg, much loved husband of Sandy and father of Sam and Morgan, died on 11 June 2020 as the result of the heartbreaking disease of Alzheimers. Reg only stayed at WWTC for the one year before transferring to Hawkesbury Ag College to study Food Technology. He worked in the field of quality control before changing to Club Management at Denilquin and

Kempsey.

At WWTC Reg played in the college 1st grade rugby union and basketball teams and I daresay a lot of other things I did not know about. Mick Bryant and Reg also played with the Riverina Colts whilst at WWTC.

We often wonder if the fierce contact sports Reg played whilst at Yanco AHS, WWTC, Hawkesbury, New Guinea and Wests Rugby Union may have added to the factors causing Alzheimers

He enjoyed his time at WWTC making lifelong friends with Al Schirmer, Mick Bryant, Joy Sheargold (Barr), Kati Schirmer (Bland) - in fact Kati used to take the lecture notes using carbon paper while Reg usually slept - Gordon and Di Nolan and me.

Reg loved red wine, a good argument, fishing with Schirm, his garden, his extended family, travelling and the beautiful bush where he lived at Arakoon.

More Small School Experiences - Fred Rice (1952-53)

After reading Col Kohlhausen's account of the demise of *The Small School*, it reminded me of my early days. My teaching career should have begun at the beginning of 1953 but having turned 18 in June of 1952, I had to attend National Service Training at Holsworthy Camp at the beginning of 1953. Subsequently, it wasn't until May, 1953 that I took on a 5th Grade of 50 odd pupils at Brighton-le-Sands School. However, at the beginning of Third Term, I was instructed to report to Middle Arm via Goulburn, a one teacher school with only eight pupils, with a spread across almost all grades from 1st to 6th grades. I was accommodated by a farmer who had a child at the school. Despite the size of the school, there were two factions among the families and I had to tread lightly. It was necessary to walk back and forth to school each day and I was attacked by a marauding magpie



Middle Arm Public School Population 1953



Happy Jack School 1954

every day. One morning, I was confronted by a bull on the road who was eyeing me and pawing the ground. Needless to say, I miraculously jumped over the fence into a paddock and gave the bull the right of way. (You have probably guessed by now that I was a city boy who knew nothing about the country.)

While at this school, I travelled frequently on weekends to Sydney and a parent would meet me at Goulburn Railway Station at 7 am when I arrived on the mail train and drive me straight to school. This appointment also lasted only one term as the Department in its wisdom decided to close the school and transport the kiddies to Goulburn.

1954 saw me at Bellview Public School, via Bombala. (I couldn't sneak home to Sydney from there.) The school community couldn't accommodate a teacher so I boarded in Bombala and walked to my school each day. If I was lucky and a parent had to come into town, I would get a lift home. Some afternoons, I was even picked up by railway workers on their trolley returning to Bombala.

Midyear, the school was closed because the floor boards were dangerous and the children transported into Bombala, me with them.

I was approached by the inspector and asked if I would take an appointment to Happy Jack School in the Snowy Mountains.

The children were from a diverse background and included secondary students.

I taught all grades and supervised the correspondence courses of the older pupils. It was one of the best groups I taught. But all was not to continue. The school grew in numbers and a second teacher was appointed. I was not senior enough to assume Teacher-in-Charge of a two teacher school, so a married couple were appointed in my place.

My next move was also in the Snowy to a school called Clear Creek at Tumut Pond. A prefab as well, it had all Happy Jack's facilities but was smaller. Again, the range of pupils was diverse and I enjoyed this appointment.

While here I met a civil engineer on the staff. He was planning an overseas trip and was looking for a companion, so I decided to resign from the Department in 1957. We traveled to England by ship and toured Europe for three months. I worked in Britain at a school in Aylesbury.

On return to Australia, I was again given a small school out of Temora but on complaining to the inspector, I was found a position at Temora High School. Living in London was not a preparation for being isolated again in a remote country school.

I met my wife, Jan in Temora and I spent the remainder of my career in Wollongong teaching at three primary schools, Wollongong, Lake-lands and Keiraville.

More Responses after Col Kohlhausen's Article

Andrew Newman was at WWTC in 69-70 and was then appointed as TIC to **Caldwell PS** between Deniliquin and Barham. He went back to the closing celebration in 1988. About 350 people turned up.

Murray Townsend was TIC at **Morundah** 1972. It is now closed and is about 20 km out of Narrandera. When he showed up to the school it had quite a decent school house but he was not allowed to live in it as he was not a mar-

ried man. The inspector turned up in the first week and asked why there was a caravan in the back yard. Finding that Murray was living in it, he quickly sorted out the problem. Murray was not homeless any more and the borrowed caravan was returned to his home town.

Bruce Forbes appointed to **Oxley**, north west of Hay, was delivered there by the Riverina Archbishop. The school was a fibro building,

built by the local farmers. Bruce, who had spent the first term, isolated, without a car, was not a favourite of the inspector when he closed the school half a day early, Thursday lunchtime of Easter to pick up a ride with a Narrandera neighbour who worked for Balranald Shire so he could be home and come back with his first car, a Zephyr Mark II.

Me and my Step Through Suzuki 70

Lesley Forbes (Strong 1966-67)

Telegram, 'Report for duty Buronga Public School 6 February 1968', then the scramble to locate Buronga. At twenty years of age, a suitcase in hand, I caught the Spirit of Progress from Wagga Wagga to Melbourne and then the Fruit Flyer to Mildura. On alighting, I met Suzanne Power, fresh out of Armidale Teachers College, who had come all the way by North Coast Mail from Lismore to Sydney and on to Melbourne, then the Fruit Flyer, to take up her appointment at Buronga too – such was the wisdom in appointments by the Department of Education.

We secured ourselves digs, a one-bedroom unit, furnished with a bed each, for \$20 per week, half of one of our pays. How I remember the ten day heatwave out there where I spent the night periodically taking my top sheet to the laundry to wet it while the night's temperature remained above 90 degree Fahrenheit. Buronga is on the NSW side of the border and transport was an immediate concern for us so within a couple of weeks, we bought ourselves wheels, Suzanne, a Vespa and me a Step Through Suzuki 70. Through the year, riding the parallel boards of the bridge over the Murray, especially on the frosty mornings was a scary, hairy experience.

I rode the Scooter, during the evening, through to Hay when Easter arrived, taking myself off the road and waiting until the approaching vehicle, usually a truck, had passed. Sometimes this took up to ten minutes as the vehicle was some way away on this long, straight road. Bruce came down from his Wilcannia School and picked both me and the scooter up and on we went to Narandera, his home town and then to

my parents at Uranquinty. My Dad drove me and the scooter back to Hay at the end of Easter and I set off on it for Mildura. My new scooter had had its first service in Wagga Wagga. It was a 'posi-force' two stroke and had a tank for oil and one for petrol. I putted along for about 20 kilometres when it spluttered and stopped. How I remember that sinking feeling: there I was on



the side of the road looking out across the Hay Plain, as flat as can be and only a distant windmill to break the monotony. I was at the mercy of whatever came. A white ute approached and stopped. How blessed was I? It was a couple from Griffith on their way to Mildura. I hopped in on the bench seat to share with them and they loaded my bike in the back, dropping it off at the cycle shop in Mildura for me. As I reflect on the busy roads today and horror stories of hitchhikers, I am forever grateful to that couple. It turned out that the Cycle Centre in Wagga Wagga had failed to put oil in the oil tank during the service and the piston had seized in my new bike.

During the year, after school, most Fridays, I set off for Wentworth, some twenty kilometres west, on the scooter, with a small case strapped to the back. There I parked it and proceeded to hitch a ride to Broken Hill. It was not long before I had met up with the Main Roads guys from Broken Hill who were building the bridge across the Murray at Wentworth, and could

organise a regular Friday afternoon ride to Broken Hill where Bruce would have driven through from Wilcannia to play AFL with South Broken Hill. We stayed as guests of the All Nations Pub, patrons of the footy team. The return trip on Sunday afternoon was also with DMR and concluded with my tattle back on the scooter for school again on Monday.

More calamity was to involve the scooter and me, as early in the last term, I was following a delivery truck which did a U-Turn in front of me. As I turned too, to try to avoid collision, its bumper bar tore the flesh to the bone on the calf of my left leg. I was thrown off my bike which landed on top of me giving me a battery burn on my right knee. I sustained severe bruising to my left leg and a shiner to my face, but nothing broken. I also had a pillion passenger (I was not licensed to do so) and she was also thrown off, sustaining minor injuries. So, I missed a bit of that term as I mended up. My bike was repaired and I was able to donate it to Bruce's brother and so ended my 'motor bike' days.

Pen to paper, fingers to keyboard needed for the next issue of *Talkabout*.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 9th FEBRUARY 2021

TREASURER'S REPORT

The Association's accounting records, in respect of the year ended 31 December 2020, have been audited according to the Constitution and found correct. Alumni members have again generously supported the Association and its activities, resulting in a credit bank balance, as at 31 December 2020, of \$16,439.40, and representing a decrease in available funds of \$2,236.72, when compared to the previous year. Total income for the year was \$11,069 (\$10,429 in 2019), which included membership contributions of \$4,020 (\$3,800) and donations to the Scholarship Fund of \$3,695 (\$3,420), to Alumni Projects of \$1,415 (\$1,270) and to General Funds of \$1,939 (\$1,895).

Total expenditure for the year was \$13,306 (\$9,961 in 2019). The increase in expenditure was as a result of being in a financial position to be able to support charities and children in need. Donations were made to the Teachers Federation for use of meeting rooms \$200 (\$200), CSU Foundation for the Scholarship Fund \$4,500 (\$4,000), Alumni Project - Archives CSU \$2,500 (\$2,000), Stewart House \$1,500 (\$1,000), Abbotsleigh Indigenous Scholarship Fund (in lieu of *Talkabout* printing costs) \$400 (\$600) and Bobin Public School \$1,500. *Talkabout* printing was \$159 (\$169), Postage including *Talkabout* \$1,397 (\$1,038), Audit Fees, Out of Pocket Expenses, Stationery and General Printing totalled \$1,150 (\$955).

The Scholarship Fund, as at 1 December 2020, had a balance of \$119,153, which is close to twice the original goal of \$60,000, thanks to Alumni support and interest in assisting worthy students in their endeavour to become teachers of high quality.

In a difficult year for many, a highlight for the Alumni has been our ability to support Bobin Public School, one of many schools severely damaged or destroyed during the horror bushfire season of 2019/2020. Bobin Public School is just north of Wingham and is a small school of around seventeen pupils. After watching the Rumba Dump fire burn in the distance and surround the school for a number of weeks, the

Principal had a premonition to close the school on Friday 8th November 2019. On that day fire came out of the hills and raced through the community of Bobin destroying most of the school's classrooms and outbuildings. Only the original historical classroom now used as a library and dating back to 1883 remained. Fortunately, because of the Principal's decision to close the school that day, no injuries to school pupils were reported. The school was rebuilt and reopened on the 9th March 2020. The Alumni has received thank you notes from the principal and students for our donation. The Committee acknowledges and appreciates the members who contribute varying amounts above their annual subscription and in particular the following members who have contributed substantial amounts to Alumni funds during 2020.

C. & J. Blake
B. Chittick
K. Farrell
V. Chapman
W. Emerton
A. Foggett
G. & E. Forrest
N. McAlpine
R. Robinson
C. Fox
E. McLaren
G. Say
D. Groenewegen
E. Mertens
R. Stuart
P. Harris
R. Midgley
A. Thompson
W. Keast
A. & W. Petersen
S. S. Truin
P. Kidson
R. Rentz
P. Van Bergen
B. Lawrence
R. Riach
D. Walker
H. Lohse
B. Richardson
G. Waples

RECOMMENDATIONS

That the contributions for membership remain unchanged - \$10 for Electronic Membership and \$20 for Standard Membership.

That \$4,000 be transferred to CSU Foundation for WWTCAA Scholarship.

That \$1,500m be donated to CSU Archives for continuing the work of digitizing WWTC Archives.

That \$1,000 be donated to Stewart House.

That \$100 be donated to the Teachers Federation for use of meeting rooms.

Lindsay Brockway
Treasurer 2020



Bruce and Lesley Forbes took a recent trip via Ellenborough Falls and Bobin Public School, seeing a well-kept garden and surrounds and the renewal program after the devastating bushfires.

Who Remembers Mike Smith?

June Whittaker (Scott 1947-49)

Michael J. Smith (19.9.24 - 25.8.2011)
Is there anyone out there who remembers Mike Smith?

Michael Smith was a lecturer in Geography at WWTC from 1960 to 1970 when he moved to the Nepean TC. Michael with his wife Ruth came to WWTC from England.

Michael was very popular with his students at WWTC. He was highly thought of by his colleagues and his students for his academic standing. As he was a keen Union football player/coach, he also gained particular respect from players among the student body. He coached both First and Reserve Team players for local and away competitions.

Rebecca, their only child, was born to them a year after they arrived in

Wagga.

Probably the last event attended by Michael and Ruth before his death in August 2011 was a reunion of particular 'non-graduates' of WWTC at Mogo, south of Bateman's Bay, NSW. It was organised by them to commemorate the 50th anniversary of their failure to graduate, the honour having been denied them when the Principal, Maurice Hale, found all of them gathered in one of their rooms at the College on the evening before graduation having a farewell drink. Some of the lecturing staff were invited to attend the commemorative event, which was quite hilarious. Most of the non-graduates of WWTC had long since graduated from universities of renown, and have forged noble careers.

Michael (and Ruth) spent his retirement years in further overseas travel. Michael

continued to publish in his academic field and to umpire; while Ruth indulged her passion for landscape painting. She lived only a few years after Michael.

Rebecca's husband, Brian Hastings, having recently produced a history of his own family, is now writing a history of Rebecca's family which, of necessity, will comprise mostly pen pictures of Michael and Ruth.

To this end, Brian is very keen to hear from anyone who was a student / colleague / friend of Michael and is willing to share recollections of him - it matters not how small or seemingly insignificant.

Brian can be contacted by phone; 04 144 348 32 or through me, June Whittaker, by email jmfairview@bordnet.com.au

Life after College

Despite wanting to pursue a career as a Civil Engineer, Pharmacist or Commonwealth Bank Economist, I was forced to accept a scholarship to WWTC as my father was a Primary School Principal without the finance to put me through University. A staunch member of the ALP who had lived through the Great Depression, he wanted me to have a secure Government job. I followed the Primary Teacher Course and had two of the best years of my life. I roomed with Ray Writer for most of it, but sadly, we failed to keep in touch, even though my father was involved through Teachers Federation in having the martyred 13 reinstated.

My first appointment was Robertson Primary School (1962-64) on 2nd, 3rd and 4th grades, including teaching Nathan Hindmarsh's father, Bill. I had just turned nineteen, facing forty children in one classroom, limited resources, the green board, a very old Gestetner and a spirit duplicator, I used often, because of the minor high I would experience from the methylated spirits. What impressed me most was the respect I received from the parents. I joined the community, attending local dances and movies at

the weekends with a few of the local girls and as a sportsman, played hockey, basketball, tennis and Rugby League which I think got me a tick.

I met Marie Ford when I joined the Bowral Choral and Drama Society in 1964 and transferred to Moss Vale High School in 1965. Marie and I had our 55th wedding anniversary in August this year. I had Special Education classes. I combined with the Art teacher to teach the full score of *Oliver*. I became totally involved in golf seeing the course develop from 9 to 18 holes and serving on the committee.

At UNE, I completed a B.A. degree and joined the Social Science faculty where some of my students in Economics were placed in the State Honours group. I was promoted to Social Science Master at Scone High School in 1973 and was Supervisor of the only decentralised Correspondence School in Australasia. Recognised for my fairly trendy clothes at the time, I remember the Inspector for my List 3 asking me if I set the standard for sartorial elegance in the place; I was wearing a plum coloured suit, mahogany shoes, a mauve shirt and multicoloured, mainly purple, patterned tie. Embarrassed now when I reflect! I was totally in-

volved locally with top grade Rugby League refereeing, including representative Country Divisional games, Touch judge for the Country V City game at the SCG in 1977, President of Apex, Captain of Golf Club and soloist at numerous weddings, many of them for ex-students.

Looking for a coastal change, I was appointed to Moruya High School in 1979. With the faculty changing, I completed a Grad Dip in Asian Studies at UNE and introduced Society & Culture, Australian Studies and Transition Education. Once again I was fully involved locally, refereeing, joining Apex, the golf club and added some local sports broadcasting. I played tennis and cricket, establishing Junior Cricket as well as helping organise the Centenary of the local Catholic Church.

At Woollooware High School I was promoted to Deputy in 1990. Here such sportsmen as Adam Dykes (Cronulla and Parramatta, captain of the State winning Buckley Shield team that I coached), Stuart Clark (Australian fast bowler), Todd Woodbridge (tennis) attended. Todd was instrumental in getting my twin boys selected as ball boys for the Sydney Open at White City where I also marked HSC Society &

Culture for five years. Here I missed appointment for a Principal's position, possibly because affirmative action had just been introduced. I was approached by the Catholic Education Office to consider St John the Evangelist, Nowra as the second principal. My loyalty to the State System for 30 years made me reluctant but I eventually took up this position in 1993.

The school developed from Year 8 to the full Year 12 enrolments, 425 to 785 in my time there, with ongoing building programs. I was pleased with the developing culture of the school. Closer to home, I took up the position of Principal at St Joseph's Catholic School in Albion Park. A

larger school with over 1000 students, I concentrated on improved infrastructure for Creative Arts (involved teachers working with the architect), for Science and Special Education. Applications for enrolment exceeded vacancies and Year 7 became an interview process. I retired at the end of 2002 and was honoured with a farewell function at Kembla Grange Racecourse which included staff, parents and family.

Marie and I had four children in five years.



One Sentence in your Will can make a Lifetime of Difference

A planned gift in a will to the Charles Sturt Foundation can make an enduring contribution to the progress of learning and discovery.

Supporting a cause you are passionate about can create a powerful legacy in your honour or in memory of a loved one which you can direct to a specific cause, or should you choose, be applied more broadly in support of students.

One of our valued supporters of the planned giving Bequest program, Helen Baber OAM has a strong affiliation with Charles Sturt University having attended the antecedent institution, the Bathurst Teachers' College, in 1952. Throughout her career, Helen taught in Toongabbie, Newtown, London UK, Wallerawang and Bathurst, before accepting a position in Lithgow where she worked for 23 years until her retirement.

It was while working in this role that Helen first became involved in disability advocacy. "I was involved in very many community groups. I was particularly involved in disability services. I taught what they used to call an OA class at Lithgow Public School for the last 23 years of my teaching career and loved it. "I became interested in disabled employment, so we got that up and running. Then we became interested in disability accommodation, so that was the next thing we had to

work on. Then after that there was disability social life.

"I enjoyed my community work. I can't tell you how many groups I've been in – Scouting, Church, the Rural Fire Brigade, and the Show and the Progress Association in Rydal. In the early 90s I was awarded an Order of Australia because of the community work I had done. That was quite startling but very pleasant."

In 1994, Helen had an idea to extend the reach of her community service and contacted Charles Sturt University to discuss leaving a bequest. "I rang the university and Dr Peter Hodson came and saw us and explained all about it. After that we became very involved."

The couple chose to leave a bequest to Charles Sturt in the hope that it would encourage others to do the same. They have asked that their bequest be used to fund a scholarship to help students who would otherwise be unable to afford university and are studying in areas related to community services. "We'd like the scholarship to be something to do with community services, so that would include nursing, education and paramedics.

"I think in one way, I wanted to give to Charles Sturt University because I would have liked to go to

university myself but when I was leaving school, universities were very expensive places and I couldn't afford it. It seemed that my husband and I could do something to help people. We thought, seeing we had no children, we might be able to help other people's children who needed a bit of a helping hand to get through University".

In 2019, Charles Sturt University made the decision to expand upon their current planned giving program with the inclusion of a new updated bequest brochure, donor information webpage and the planned establishment of the Sturt Legacy Society (currently in final stages of preparation). The aim of this program is to establish a dedicated recognition and stewardship program which honours those people who have indicated they would like to leave a bequest within their lifetime. We have also developed support material for people interested in leaving a bequest by providing simple and clear facts regarding the types of bequests available, the next steps for creating a legacy and information that can be supplied to your legal professional.

Charles Sturt University is humbled to be considered for a bequest be it large or small. Every donation is important and every donation makes a difference.

For any enquiries or to request a brochure, please contact Kirstie Grady 02 63384834 or kgrady@csu.edu.au



Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association

KEEPING THE SPIRIT ALIVE IN 2021 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 2021

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. (and email, if online)

\$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. Alumni Projects
- ii. specific donation to the WWTCAA Scholarship
- iii. General Funds

Opposite is a contribution slip for 2021.

WWTCAA CONTRIBUTIONS 2021

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Address _____

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Donation to Scholarship Fund _____

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KEW NSW 2439

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