



# TALKABOUT



## Annual President's Report - Bruce Forbes



My thanks and gratitude to members of the Committee who keep WWTCAA operating. When I reflect on last year's report it alluded to the gradual diminishing of our existence as an organisation. But here we are in 2025, some 60 years after I enrolled in the institution, still operating albeit with various adjustments. Our main conduit to members remains *Talkabout* and it seems that there is sufficient copy for the next edition in 2025.

There are still various groups of members organising re-unions at venues around the state and *Talkabout* acts as a conduit to signal an event and report on the proceedings. Articles from members continue to flow which reflect on their time at WWTC and their experiences when posted to various schools around the state and subsequent journeys in and out of education.

As an organisation which has raised and accumulated funds for distribution to trust funds, scholarships, charity organisations, schools and other education bodies, WWTCAA has punched above its weight. There continues to be a steady flow of income from members with some significant donations above regular membership. However, it is time to realise that our organisation will need to determine the formal legal procedure to finalise WWTCAA as an entity. The constitution covers this procedure under Part 6 – Miscellaneous Item 8 Dissolution which states:

*The Alumni shall be dissolved in the event of membership less than three (3) persons or upon the vote of a 75% majority of members present at a special general meeting convened to consider such a question.*

*Upon a resolution being passed in accordance with paragraph (a) of this rule, all assets and funds of the Alumni on hand shall, after the payment of all expenses and*

*liabilities be handed over to the Charles Sturt Foundation.*

On a separate issue but involving our legacy is what we do with various items from the South Campus and the preservation of history. I refer here to the Band Rotunda, Myrtle, Gas Light Poles, the 1947 Advanced Mathematics Sun Dial and the Dame Mary Gilmore Gates. Lesley and I visited CSU in November to determine the State of Play. We met with Sarah Ansell and Briony Cottam to pursue a plan to create a Pleasance as a legacy to WWTC. The concept was identified in the December *Talkabout*. After considerable discussion Briony pursued a *Concept Cost Plan* (dated 14/01/2025). The sad part of this is the fact that two of the major items (Viz: Sun Dial and DMG Gates) are fixtures at the Retirement Village at South Campus and Myrtle holds the light to show the way over a set of garbage bins while the band stand is isolated in the middle of a grassy field in need of a few repairs and TLC. There is a sun beaten information plaque nearby.

BUT the bottom line on the cost plan is a mere \$96,200, with a quote of \$69,000 that WWTCAA would need to pay, an amount beyond our means.

My sincere thanks and gratitude to Chris and Jenny for their work with the scholarship selection each year. Their continued liaison with students when they enter the classroom makes for some interesting reading. There is no doubt

about our Treasurer Lindsay being ahead of the game in the keeping and safeguarding of accounts as well as convincing his wife Sue to edit *Talkabout*. Finally, every four months or so the task of compiling *Talkabout* comes around when Lesley hides away in the corner and has various moments of

angst compiling the copy before we head off down the highway to collect from the Abbotsleigh Printer. The number of hard copies continues to diminish so fewer labels are required and there is less folding. Is this another sign?

## Across the Secretary's Desk - Lesley Forbes



**Robin McKinnon (Williams 1952-53)** passed away in Port Macquarie on 31 October 2024. In 2019, NSW RSL CEO Jon Black presented Robin (Women's Auxiliary member) with a Certificate of Merit for her outstanding service to the RSL Women's Auxiliary at local, State and National level. She had held a number of key roles including State

Secretary, State Treasurer and State President. At that time she was still an active member.

### **Hugh Varnes (1955-56)**

Thank you for all you both do. You never cease to amaze me. I wish I were able to assist you in some way but that doesn't seem possible for me.

My College roommate (Ron Brenchley, 1955-56) passed away on November 19th 2024.

I'm glad I was able to attend his funeral on November 29th in Bulli. He was a good friend.

### **Margaret Watts (Broadribb 1948-49)**

How things have changed. Kindergarten-1st Class room French's Forest 1951. (see photo)

Note the splintery wooden floor that the cleaner used to hose with tank water every Friday afternoon.

### **Grahame and Elaine Forrest (Fuller 1954-55)**

We always enjoy reading *Talkabout*. The stories of our co-learners at WWTC fascinate us.

The passing of Laurie Orchard, so well drawn to our attention by so many in the last issue, gave us so much to think about and celebrate. We started teaching in a world which actually valued the contribution of teachers to the growth and well being of the children whom we taught and influenced. Laurie Orchard was a massive contributor to my personal philosophy of



teaching. I also value my four years as teacher in charge at Quipolly Creek where I had my first and very useful experience in meeting, supporting and being supported by the parents of the children with whom I worked.

It is the lot of many teachers to be misunderstood by some parents over our careers. I experienced my share. However when I look back I note a decline in the support that parents are prepared to give to teachers in their work. Teachers now have the benefit of four years of teacher education. The increase in time of teacher education has become an inverse correlation with parental respect for teachers and their work for the community. This is apparent in the media and in the experience of teachers, particularly in secondary schools, where assaults in language and in person are daily reported. Yes, I am aware of the surge of respect for the teacher role reported arising from the situation during the height of



the COVID epidemic. The memory of parents thrown into home schooling during the school lockdowns seems to have become very faint. Rises in teacher salaries of late do not appear to have helped boost the COVID related discovery of how difficult the life of many teachers really is.

Yes, we grew up and taught in the years of the *Lucky Country*.

Please keep up the good work, Lesley. You are awarded a special koala stamp!

I received an email from the wife of **Professor Alexander Robertson (1964-71)**, Margaret, letting me know that he could no longer engage in *Talkabout's* content. I remember Prof Robertson so well as a super science lecturer on the mind-boggling magnitude of our Universe and for his fine singing voice. In 1966, he had the solo part when we sang a Benjamin Britten sacred hymn in St Michael's Cathedral in Wagga Wagga. I was in the Alto choir with my four or five note range!

**Robyn Robinson (1966-67)** has been an amazing supporter of the Alumni, regularly making generous donations to The Alumni's endeavours.

**Ian Stevenson (WWTC staff 1970-71)**

**Clive Robertson (WWTC 1970-71)** was visiting Sydney recently and I was very pleased that we managed to catch up with one another for lunch. He had been a student of mine, as well as residing in Buuna House, and in the course of his successful career he became the longest serving Principal of Nowra Primary School, as well as a valued local representative on Shoalhaven Shire Council.

**Ruby Riach (1950-54)**

I look forward to receiving a copy of *Talkabout* to recall my years spent at WWTC 1950-54 as a member of staff. At retirement, I held the position of Supervisor in charge of Women's Residential, a position which kept me in close contact with all women students at WWTC. Unfortunately so many of them are no longer with us. I am 98 years old with very good eyesight which means I am able to enjoy reading. Dubbo Regional Library provides many good services. I spent most of my working life in Sydney, at the former Sydney Teachers College, where I was trained in 1944-45, later to become Sydney College of Advanced Education before moving to become part of the University Faculty of Education.

As my computer recently ended its life and the experts said I would have to

get a new one, I decided I would spend the remaining time I have living without a computer. Sorry you have to read the now ancient handwriting. (*It was pretty good!*) I was very interested to read all the comments relating to Laurie Orchard's death after many years of service. I recall a short drive in that MG after Laurie had spent some time lying on his back under the car tuning some parts. Then he offered me the opportunity to accompany him on a short test drive. I was sure my hair would have been pulled from the scalp!

The G & S production each year was always a very busy time for me -- dealing with the costumes. Chorus girls were each responsible for her own costume -- one sewing machine but many happy hours, working in the Science Lab each evening to produce the costumes for a polished and colourful production led by the Music and Drama staff.

I was pleased to be able to attend several reunions of students and staff since 1956 often held in Sydney but sometimes in Wagga.

With thanks for the dedication of all former students who have kept WWTC an active organisation.

My name is Stewart Armstrong, son of **Fred Armstrong (1951-52)** Sadly Dad died in May 2024 after making it to 90.

## CHILLINGHAM, CHILLINGHAM Graham Brown (1962-64)

How good to see an article in *Talkabout* written by John Burrell (1959-60). I was on staff with John at Lavington PS in the mid-seventies. John was A.P. and I well remember a subsequent *truncheon bearing performance* when an unruly playground needed a show of authority!

Following cries for help from the teacher on playground duty, John emerged from the staffroom flexing his truncheon over his head. It was great theatre and worthy of a G & S performance. The cane wasn't used of course but it had its desired effect and appeased the sensitivities of the teacher on duty. John's biggest show of bravado though

was to put a leg over a bicycle with upturned handlebars and accompany me and my sports cycling group into the back blocks of Lavington and the hills beyond. Once we came across a gold panner in the upper reaches of Bungambrawatha Creek. He was actually getting colour equivalent to two days' pay! There was a thought!

When John left Lavington, he was appointed to the principal position at Walla Walla, a Lutheran town to the north of Albury. For a Wagga Wagga lad, that appointment had a certain ring about it. It reminded me of John Murphy (1961-62) whom we affectionately called Gumly because he

was from Gumly Gumly in Wagga Wagga and whose first appointment was Book Book. Consequently, when John Burrell moved on to his next school -- Chillingham -- a local lad who was serving him petrol announced to all within earshot that here was the town's new principal who was from Walla Walla and he had now arrived in *Chillingham Chillingham!*

I enjoyed reading John's reflections on Laurie Orchard and count myself very fortunate that I had a year with Laurie -- albeit his last at WWTC -- 1962. That year we took part in two eisteddfods -- one

in Wagga Wagga to give us experience and then the big one, The City of Sydney Eisteddfod in Sydney Town Hall. I recall our main competitor was the Sydney Police Choir. We entered three choirs – a four-part mixed, a four-part ladies and a four-part men. I can't remember the results or the adjudicator's comments. However, I just felt indebted to Laurie for providing the experience.

John recalls the fun they all had in the *Pirates G & S* production in his year. Had I known John was a singer I could have offloaded on to him one of the two choirs I had at Lavington! That aside, we in 1963 had great fun with the *Gondoliers G & S* production. Laurie's replacement in 1963 was a husband and wife team, the Brissendens, where Harold Brissenden was a very accomplished violinist and Nada Brissenden was a brilliant pianist. I note that Tom Halls (1961-62) gives them a mention in his recent letter (Dec 2024).

We choristers or otherwise were duly auditioned and I was given the role of Marco – the lead tenor. Now I could sing – or thought I could – but I couldn't act. My soprano lead opposite, into whose *sparkling eyes* I sang was lecturer Gordon Young's daughter, Helen. Thankfully she was and is still a good friend!

Now we had six performances including a matinee for the local schools and each time the College Auditorium was packed. Each performance I dreaded my solo *Take a pair of sparkling eyes*, mainly because at the climax of the crescendo

at the end of the solo I had to hit an A note with full voice because I could not handle falsetto. On one forgettable evening I started a semi-tone too low – and the brilliant Mrs Brissenden mentally transposed her music.

Another time – it must have been the end of a long week of performances – I just didn't make it. You may remember the line Marco sings into Gianetta's sparkling eyes:

*If you can, if you can, take and keep it if you...but I couldn't!*

There was just silence. But I recovered sufficiently to finish the solo with *happy man, if you can* despite my unhappy, embarrassed state.

Now the *Wagga Advocate* at the time had a music critic and I think he deservedly praised the production but saved his roasting for me. However, as John testified in his production of *Pirates*, it was generally good fun, and I would not take back the experience.

Back to John. Flash forward to 1998 and a pre-retirement family trip to Tasmania. Margaret and I were in Strahan and had planned a boat trip on Macquarie Harbour and up the heavily tanned and forest-canopied Gordon River. I recognised the boat as an old friend – the ferry that plied between Cronulla wharf and Bundeeena – but when we entered the body of the boat and sat down, I started recognising other old friends. I said to Margaret in a stage whisper *I bet this boat is full of retired NSW teachers*. John realised the stage whisper was for his benefit and spun around. Then ensued a great catch-up conversation.

Now we had a talented tourist guide on board who was very knowledgeable

and was quite the raconteur. He also had a flair for the melodramatic. We stopped for morning tea on Sarah Island where there had been an old settlement which predated Port Arthur. While we were distracted with our coffee and scones, our guide slipped behind some bushes and reappeared in a frogman's attire with flippers, goggles, water-tight suit and the lot. He had been making a point about the early settlement using the now much-valued Huon Pine to make boats and also the wharves and slipways to handle them. Our guide now walked the talk. He kept up a patter of talk as he walked the farthest submerged Huon beam which presumably was a part of the old wharf. He then disappeared out of sight where the slipway apparently was under water. He emerged where the old wharf continued, and the mouth was still talking!

Everyone, including our older children, were most impressed and applauded his endeavours. However, John and I were bent over double and rolling around in helpless laughter. On reflection I think the reason for our mirth was that we retired / almost retired teachers appreciated a kindred spirit who was so passionate about his subject that he could talk underwater!

*Note: John was with Joy and, according to my notes, had recently retired and in the previous year had spent 6 months in Spain. Joy, coincidentally, was a Henderson from Rutherglen where we now live in retirement.*

## Charles Sturt University Report

### Stacey Fish Development Officer Advancement Unit (Alumni and Fundraising)

#### WWTCA Scholarship Fund

Congratulations to the collective WWTCAs for another year of successful fundraising.

2024 saw a further injection of \$6,000 to the WWTCA Scholarship Fund. This brings the total of the Fund to **\$137,152**.

This total allows for an annual \$8,000 distribution in perpetuity for fifteen years. The Fund will be reviewed after fifteen years and

providing everything is still going well, the Fund will be renewed for a further fifteen years in perpetuity. The \$8,000 per annum can be distributed as either:

- 1 x \$8,000 Scholarship OR
- 2 x \$4,000 Scholarships

Thank you to your generous alumni who have donated towards the WWTCAA Scholarship Fund over the years. Your collective funds, together with the distribution by the Charles Sturt Foundation Trust, has meant steady growth and enabled the WWTC Alumni Scholarship to provide financial support to 41 students. The impact you have made on these students, their families and collective communities through the students they have gone on to teach, is immeasurable.

#### **Possible fundraising appeal**

With rising costs of living and increased education costs, the Charles Sturt Foundation Trust is aiming for our Scholarships to be a minimum of \$5,000.

To increase the annual distribution of the WWTCAA Scholarship Fund we need the Fund total to reach \$168,000. This is a further \$30,848. Reaching a total of \$168,000 will enable a distribution of \$10,000 per annum in perpetuity.

This would allow for:

- 1 x \$10,000 Scholarship OR
- 2 x \$5,000 Scholarships

I appeal to the WWTCAA to grow your Fund total to the increased amount so the WWTCAA legacy can have generous impact and legacy for many years to come.

#### **2025 Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association Scholarship**

Applications for the 2025 Charles Sturt University Foundation Trust Scholarships close on Monday, 10 February. Unfortunately, I am unable to report on application numbers until midnight on this day.

I am greatly looking forward to working with Chris and Jenny Blake in the selection/interview pro-

cess over the coming weeks to decide your 2025 recipients.

Again, a very special thank you to Chris and Jenny for their dedication and generous time they put into the WWTCAA Scholarship and its process. It is such a wonderful experience for those shortlisted to be interviewed by Chris and Jenny and an even greater one to meet them at the ceremonies.

#### **In closing**

I am greatly looking forward to working with you all in the coming year. Whether this be through assisting with fundraising efforts for the increased WWTCAA Scholarship Fund, assistance with WWTCAA memorabilia, reunions, seeing you at Alumni events and/or scholarship ceremonies, or perhaps through mentoring and sharing your stories with younger generations. This promises to be a momentous and exciting year.

## **Where is Euston? John Kjeldsen (1952-53)**

When my first appointment notice had not arrived a week before school commenced I rang head office. After a considerable delay I was told that I had to report to Euston. The only other information I could elicit was that Euston was in the western division.

After scrutinising a road map I found Euston down on the Murray. I took a train to Hay and then hitched a ride with a semi-trailer driver and after catching a young emu, for the driver's dinner, was safely delivered to Euston.

The publican kindly gave me very cheap board but the first day of school presented some problems. The first problem was this was a central school so there were sixteen-year-olds in year nine, and I was eighteen.

Secondly, this was the first time it had been a two teacher school and the boffins in Sydney had not worked out that this meant two classrooms. So for all of term one and the first couple of weeks of term two I taught in the weather shed. Coincidentally on the day I moved into my classroom, I received the only official notification; a telegram

to report to Euston immediately!

The last problem was that I did not have a clue about teaching. Fortunately the principal, Bill Mahon, was a very talented and very patient man. I am deeply indebted to him as he moulded me as a teacher.

Living in the pub was an interesting experience. Six o'clock closing was strictly policed in the nearest Victorian town, Robinvale, but in the Royal where I boarded the pub shut at six but the backdoor opened at seven. The previous policeman would occasionally walk in around eight o'clock and announce, *I will charge the lot of you or you can give me two quid each for;* and he would then nominate the P&C or the football or tennis clubs or the Hall. Once the money was collected he would work behind the bar. I believe he took a commission before delivering the money. In those days shooting on Sunday was illegal so he would drive through the Mallee and if he

caught anyone he would fine them on the spot. If he caught anyone with undersize fish he would fine them on the spot. Sadly his world came tumbling down when the court sat in Euston. At the end of the day the Magistrate said, *The court will now rise. A little old man called out, What about me. The policeman fined me for undersized fish so you have to punish me too.*

When the new policeman raided the Royal twice in the first week, the licensee went to see him and said, *If you keep on raiding me I will have to close and that will be bad for the town because the pub is the centre of all activities.*

Reg replied, *I hate breaking up pub brawls so I will come to the pub every evening at a quarter to six and get a billy can full of beer. I won't go outside the front door again unless there is an emergency, but if I ever have to break up a pub brawl I will shut it down.*

If ever a fight looked like developing the pub quickly shut down.

Towards the end of the year my girlfriend back at college wrote and said the graduation ball was on the night before school broke up and nobody would ask her because she was my girlfriend. Another couple stayed at the pub and at dinner I explained the situation. Ted said, *My mate has a little plane. He will fly you to Wagga.* I think it cost fifty pounds but away we went. At Forest Hill I told the pilot I would be back at six am. I then took a cab to the College and booked him to pick me up at five thirty am. During the night one of my football mates asked where I was staying. I replied that I was hoping to sneak into one of the dormitories. He replied, *Join us! We are having a party. The wardens won't come around tonight.*

So we spent the night playing cards and drinking an amber fluid. The taxi was on time and we were soon in the air. By the time I alighted I was feeling very seedy and even after a shower I could not face breakfast. It was about a hundred and ten in the waterbag and I battled valiantly. After lunch, sleep was essential so I put out some sheets of cardboard, magazines containing colourful pictures, scissors and paste. I in-

structed the kids to cut out pictures and paste them onto cardboard. As soon as my head hit the desk I was asleep to be woken at a quarter to three by a little girl who had lost the end of her pigtails.

What a mess! Two boys had haircuts that vaguely resembled mohawks other kids had pictures pasted on to them. In a frantic half hour I had a reasonable clean up so I gave the kids an early mark. The boss was not happy as he had wanted to address the whole school. I figured that a rap over the knuckles was better than the boss seeing the haircuts.

I returned the next year full of trepidation but not one word was spoken about the last day.

My second year had two highlights. Every Friday night the barman and I would jump into the boat and put a cross line over the river. At the crack of dawn the barman would manage the boat while I hauled in the line and invariably we would have enough fish for the pub. One morning the line was extremely heavy and I said, *Ron we must have caught an old man cod.*

But then I hauled up. I fetched the policeman who said, *I don't know why you two look so worried. Dead*

*ones won't hurt you. This fellow was drunk at the dance last Saturday night. I told him to go home or I would lock him up. He must have decided to swim the river.* No mention was made of the crossline!

Later that year some citizens decided to resurrect an old race track out in the mallee. A delegation went to tell the policeman. They had only said a few words when Reg held up his hand, *I do not want to hear anymore. Just tell me what weekend I should take my wife to Melbourne.*

So the old racecourse was slashed and bush shelters were constructed. On the day the pub was shut, so all of the drinkers came to the races. A couple of stations brought in horses which could be purchased to run in a particular race. Food was laid on, as only country ladies can, a bookmaker operated. There were a lot of events for kids and everyone had a great day.

The takings were substantial and were split between the school, the hall, the footy club and the tennis club.

At the end of two years I was a much more worldly wise person.

## Scholarship Recipient 2024 Blaynee House

### Course performance:

I've succeeded in my course over the last three years. This session has seen me with very strong results across the completed five subjects. I achieved two High Distinctions and two Distinctions and received a Satisfactory on my placement.

### Challenges:

One of my main challenges this year has been balancing work responsibilities with my studies. As the manager of the baking team at Bakers Delight, I've had to juggle early mornings, long shifts, and overseeing team operations alongside my university workload. Working to fund my studies and cover expenses during placement has added extra pressure, especially when trying to meet academic and placement requirements. Balancing these commitments has been challenging but has

also taught me a lot about time management and resilience.

The scholarship has had an incredibly positive impact on my life as a student, relieving a significant amount of financial stress and allowing me to focus more on my studies and professional growth. Managing both my responsibilities at Bakers Delight and my university workload has been challenging, and the scholarship has provided essential support during this busy time. Without the scholarship, I would have faced greater pressure to work more hours, which would have impacted my study time and placement commitments.

This financial assistance has also made it possible for me to invest in essential learning materials

and resources that have improved my academic performance.

Additionally, knowing I have this support has boosted my motivation and confidence, reminding me that there are people who believe in my potential. The scholarship has truly been invaluable in helping me succeed in my course.

As this year ends, I want to express my heartfelt thanks for your incredible support. Receiving this scholarship has made such a positive difference in my life, easing the financial stress of balancing my studies with my work commitments. I am truly grateful for this opportunity and for the belief you have shown in students like me. Thank you for helping make my journey possible and for inspiring me to make a difference in my field.

## The School Concert Allan Mills (1963-64)

For my first year of teaching in 1965, I was appointed to Talmalmo Public School near the Murray River near the back blocks of the Hume Dam. I had my 19<sup>th</sup> birthday in January that year so I was still 19 through that first year of teaching. Talmalmo village consisted of a famous pub with a hall across the road. The only houses were on farms. The pub also had a petrol bowser with a hand pump to pump the fuel up to a clear container on top and then gravity feed the petrol into the car.

The one teacher school was three miles up the road on a hill in the bush.

At school one day I had a number of children in a semicircle practising chest passes for the small schools ball games which were held at the District Schools Athletics Carnival. All the students except Simon were doing good two-handed passes as instructed. Simon decided that he would try one handed over head passing, aimed at my head. I did not say anything but I had done a bit of boxing and I knew what a punch in the bread basket was like. It knocked all the wind out of you. So after Simon had delivered about three of his passes, I zipped one into his bread basket. He staggered around for a couple of steps. (I realise I shouldn't have done that!) After that, without

a word, the rest of his passes were perfect.

Tradition at the school, (*and for most schools*) was to put on a concert at the end of the year. A very good parent, Mrs Smithwick, was very helpful. Among other things, she volunteered to play the piano for choral items and helped with rehearsals. I was printing a little program for the concert, so I asked her, *At what time does the concert start?*

*Six o'clock? No!*

*Seven o'clock? No!*

*Well, I said. What time does it start?*

She said, *When the men come over from the pub.*

So I did not put the starting time on the program.

## Sliding Doors Malcolm Clune (1958-59)

At the beginning of 1957 I was a joiner working at Hardy's Joinery not far from Wagga Showground. I had an idea that I might try for the Leaving Certificate at night through Wagga Tech. Enrolment took me to the first class at Wagga High School. A number of other candidates had the same idea. I could only enrol in English and Geography so I tried Economics through Correspondence.

I had met a Teachers' College lecturer, Gordon Young who kindly volunteered to assist me with Modern History. I thought I would have a go at Industrial Arts as I was a joiner; that was a bit of a dream, though.

The year began and I noticed some dropped out. Our son was born in June of that year and though I kept the Correspondence going I was gradually missing out on evening lectures, too. The Modern History progressed very well with Gordon Young's tutoring. I was to be very thankful for his instruction when the exams came round. However, as the year was quickly passing it seemed more and more that I should abandon the idea. A workmate who had also begun studies said to me at work that he would

tell the Geography lecturer that I was giving up and that I would not return. This was a challenge so I decided to go back that night. I spoke to the English lecturer that I was thinking of starting again next year. Fortunately he encouraged me to go on. He said he thought I could get English. It made me think and I decided to give it a go. I sat the exam at Wagga High School with all those young students. Going to Teacher's College was a dream I had but to achieve it seemed so far away. I made inquiries and was given an interview by Mr Wolf, a Schools Inspector at Wagga. This seemed successful and I was called for a Medical at Sydney University. However, I still had to find out about those results!

They were published in those days, an A and three B's. I was offered a Scholarship to Wagga Wagga Teachers' College. Life was about to change dramatically!

We had accommodation in Wagga so I became an *Outliver*. I couldn't believe the difference in lifestyle. College was like High School in many ways. There were Assemblies, Sporting afternoons and a very solid program of lectures. That first year was difficult. It took some time for me to adjust. Indeed, I didn't have great success. My aca-

demic life had some improving to do. Some sadness hit us at Christmas, 1958. Our son passed away and it was a very unhappy time. The scholarship didn't stretch far and I returned to my job at Hardy's Joinery for a few weeks. There was Home Prac, too, which I did at South Wagga Primary School. When I returned to College for the second year I had to readjust again. However, I made up my mind that things would be different. I made up a study program and set out to have a successful second year. On another side life was changing, too.

I walked to College and every morning I met another student, Bruce Reineker. Bruce was six years younger than myself but as time went by he became a very good friend. Bruce would come to where my wife and son lived and share great times. This has continued throughout our lives. I rang him for his Birthday, 29th November. We have been lifelong friends.

At my retirement I said to my older brother and sister that we have a younger brother, Bruce. Two *Outlivers* that began a friendship walking to College. Another friend who became an *Outliver* in his second year was Terry Wheatley. He, too, was, older but a little younger than myself. He was to marry Joyce and have a large, beautiful, family. Terry and Joyce visited us at a num-

ber of schools that I had. Terry was a brilliant table tennis player. One of my schools, Mount Victoria, had a wonderful residence with a large room. That room was the original classroom. I built a table tennis table. Terry loved it! At least he loved playing me. He could give me a start, maybe 19 out of 21 and still defeat me. It was just so good to have him visit, though, very good fun.

My first school was Cookamidgera near Forbes. Terry and Joyce visited us and it seemed we just talked and

talked. One night we talked well into the morning. It must have been about 1am when we heard a noise like a machine gun on the verandah. We both jumped up not knowing what the situation was. Bravely we ventured out and there were the neighbour's sheep clattering around the verandah boards. Terry and Joyce were great friends. Sadly this world lost Terry at a young age. A wonderful friend and a joy to know.

Teachers' College was a wonderful experience for me. My lifelong friends are a treasure. My schools brought so

many new friends, too. I am so grateful that a teacher said to me so long ago that if I kept trying I could get English. Grateful, too, to a workmate who challenged me that day at my work bench. I was 23, then and a new world was to begin. Last October I turned 90. I have to write that as I can hardly believe it. Wagga Wagga Teachers' College was a wonderful experience and though it has gone now the memories stay. I am thankful for every friend made then and in all my schools as the years went by. Teaching was a great privilege and I am thankful that I took that step that first College day in 1958.

## Vale: Bernie Fitzpatrick (1964-65)

4/8/1943 – 3/9/2024



Bernie Fitzpatrick in 1966

Bernie entered WWTC in February 1964, having previously spent 18 months studying for the priesthood. He grew up in Regents Park, Sydney, so a place at a country teachers' college was to be quite an adventure.

Within weeks he had met a 1963 - 64 student, Janice Kerin, and at Bernie's graduation they announced their engagement.

While at college Bernie was very involved in college committees, including Social Union president. One of my earliest dates with Bernie occurred after a *College Jammie* in the gym, when he asked me if I could help him carry the 5 gallon milk can of left-over cordial back to the college kitchen.

He was very musical and had a solo

part in the G & S production of *Patience* directed by Marie O'Donnell & John Kitchingman, amongst other drama productions, plus college choir performances.

Later, as an external student, combined with full-time teaching, Bernie obtained a BA in English/ History from University of New England, Armidale.

His teaching career was spent largely at NSW state secondary schools, including Leeton, Mt Austin Wagga, Warilla, Oak Flats, Miller, and Lake Illawarra.

An exciting secondment of 3 years was spent at RAAF School, Penang, Malaysia 1973-75 for Bernie and family. Further on, he tasted the Catholic system for 6 years at St Joseph's High School Albion Park, before re-joining the State system.

He retired from part-time teaching work at University of Wollongong in 2012.

In retirement, Bernie proudly published his 600 page family memoirs, *A Pocketful of Dreams*, covering four generations of his extended family, while briefly touching on some of his own descendants.

Bernie and Janice have been blessed with 7 children, namely Stephen, Gabrielle, Dolores, Juanita, Bernadette, Julian and Adrian and 12 grandchildren.

The Penang posting gave Bernie and Janice a taste for OS travel, which they were able to resume

when their youngest child was 12 years old, then subsequently, by visiting several of their adult children in their various OS postings.

Cycling continued as a common interest for Bernie and Janice and in 2006 and 2008 they rode their tandem from Sydney to Surfers Paradise in a large group fundraiser for *Youth Off the Streets*.

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

Bernie has always been active and healthy but in 2013 he began to have memory problems normally put down to the aging process. This progressed until in May 2018 he was diagnosed with vascular dementia.

Others of you out there will surely be facing the challenges of dementia, considering the present statistics.

His greatest legacy is his dedication and love for me and his whole family.

In our hearts forever, dear Bernie – certainly a life well lived.

By Janice Fitzpatrick (Kerin 1963-64)



# A Love for Mathematics

Alan McSeveny (1963-1964)

Over the years I have been extremely thankful for the quality of teacher training I received at Wagga Wagga Teachers College. I have just retired at age 78. From 1983 until now I have been writing Mathematics textbooks. The names of these textbooks have been *Signpost Maths*, (Years K/6 to 10), *On Your Mark Maths*, (Years K to 6) and *Maths Builder* (Years K to 6). Teachers who have shared the writing include Bob Collard, Alan Parker, Erika Johnson, Diane McSeveny-Foster, Rachel Adams (nee McSeveny), Steve Wilkes, Rob Conway, Cheryl Beard and Narelle Bowen.

I was offered a scholarship two weeks before College started in 1963, and I decided to leave my accounts clerk job and for the very first time move far away from home in Blacktown. It was not an easy decision to make but from the age of 12, I had wanted to be a Secondary Maths Teacher. The scholarship I was offered was for the Primary Teachers Course, so I was unsure what I should do. My mother persuaded me to accept the scholarship. She had finished her education in Year Seven and my father in Year Six, so my attaining the Leaving Certificate and attending college was uncharted territory.

I was only 16 when I arrived at college as I was one of the youngest in my year at school.

It took about 10 hours for the steam train to reach Wagga Wagga from Redfern Station in Sydney. I was placed in Kabi dormitory with the other Primary Course students. 1963 was the last year that initiations took place at the College. While these developed a bond between first year students, they created a gap between first and second year students which I believe was unhealthy. During the few days of initiation, I can remember thinking that I wouldn't care if I was sent away from the college or not. Apparently at least one student did not take up their Secondary Teachers Course scholar-

ship for Maths/Science. The group contained about 20 students. Primary Course students were given a chance to apply for this Secondary Maths/Science spot. I applied for it and was successful. This meant that I was the only Secondary Maths Course student in Kabi dormitory. All other students were studying the Primary Teaching course.

This was a great blessing to me, as many students in the dormitory would discuss their Primary Maths lesson notes with me assuming that I could help. This was a great way to become familiar with the Primary Maths Syllabus while I was studying the Secondary Maths Syllabus. This gave me a real sense of the teaching of mathematics, from Kindergarten to Year 10.

Unlike university training courses, at Wagga we were given instruction 9 to 5 each day with time off for morning tea, lunch and afternoon tea. Lecturers monitored our progress closely. We were being trained to be teachers, trained to care about our students. We saw ourselves as *teachers-in-training* and were committed to becoming the best teachers possible.

I believe that Teachers' College training was superior to University Teacher training.

What a tragedy that the Teachers' Colleges were shut down and their courses replaced with University courses. What we received at Wagga Wagga Teachers' College was exceptional teacher training.

I had become a Christian during the Billy Graham Crusade of 1958, and so I sought out the Christian group at college and was impressed that several of the lecturers took part, including the college lecturer, Gordon Young who was an elder at the Baptist Church in Wagga Wagga. A group of about 10 Students from Kabi dormitory went to church together every Sunday.

I joined the college choir which participated in eisteddfods around the Wagga region and attended the college musicals and played tennis whenever I could.

It was at college that I began to love teaching.

During my second year at Wagga, a group of students began an external degree through Armidale University. This counted as a second year option subject and was supervised by Miss Bridges, the College Maths lecturer.

After graduating from College, I was sent to Lurnea High School in Green Valley (1965-1973) as a Mathematics teacher. Lurnea High School also started in 1965. It was a school on the outskirts of Sydney that had seven Year 7 classes. I was the only maths teacher, so during my first year of teaching I was in charge of the Maths Department at age 18. When you're given responsibility like this, you grow up quickly.

Teaching at Lurnea High School, I was on an adventure. I became one of several teachers involved in the school Christian Group (ISCF), started a General Knowledge Club that met once a week, ran the school dances, took the Grade Tennis Team in summer and the Australian Rules team in winter and was one of the House patrons.

I loved teaching, and during these years continued my degree through Armidale University External Studies, majoring in Mathematics and Education. Other teaching experiences were:

Evans High School 1974 (until May)  
Granville South High School (1974-1982 as Mathematics Head Teacher)  
Crestwood High School (1983-1986 as Mathematics Head Teacher)

Tyndale Christian School (1987 as Mathematics Head Teacher)

Riverstone High School (1988 as Mathematics teacher)

Part-time university lecturer (Education, 1989-1990)

Full-time writer of mathematics textbooks (Years K-10)

WWTC served me well.

# My First Appointment      Barrie Wilford (1959-60)

Through January 1961 I waited anxiously for my first teaching appointment. I had a severe case of chicken-pox and wondered if the spots would be cleared up before Term 1 commenced. As the days marched on without an appointment, I guessed that they were either being allocated in alphabetical order or perhaps on merit. In the very last week of the vacation, I received my envelope, and on opening it, I saw the name *Khancoban*. It seemed like the name of a place in India or Pakistan.

My local postmaster agreed to locate Khancoban and found it on a map beside the Swampy Plains River, a little way above its junction with the Murray River and a few kilometres northwest of Mt Kosciuszko. Real *Man from Snowy River* country! Khancoban was a Snowy Mountains Authority (SMA) township then being constructed in preparation for work on the Khancoban Pondage dam.

On arrival, I found that the school was progressing from a single-teacher school to a three-teacher school. There were only two classrooms in the pre-fabricated aluminium Bristol building, so the principal kindly used the cloakroom as his office cum Year 4/5/6 classroom. I was given Year 2/3, while the other first-year-out male teacher (Jim Plunkett) was placed on K/1. After Easter, a timber classroom building arrived from a completed SMA site, and I moved my class into this building shortly afterwards.

In transporting the extra building to Khancoban, many individual panes of the double-glazed windows were broken, so during winter I needed to go to school early to light both wood heaters in the classroom and get it comfortably warm by school-time. There were children of eight different nationalities in my classroom.

School supplies had not arrived, but at least I had a box of broken pieces of chalk, a pile of unused pages torn from a variety of exercise books, a set of blue covered reading books and a set of red reading books. I made good use of a spirit duplicator in the cloakroom.

My personal accommodation was a single room in one of the many SMA workers' barrack buildings. I could stretch out my arms and touch the walls in each direction. Outside the door there was a slatted deck without cover. The ablution block was about twelve metres away from the barracks building. Because of temperature inversion at night the frosts were quite amazing in the winter. Jim and I were told we couldn't use single-bar electric heaters in our rooms because electricity for the village was produced by a generator driven by a large slow-running diesel engine which thumped away day and night a little way down the hill. We soon grew used to the noise. The town was growing each day and electricity supply was limited. It was a matter of covering up with blankets when doing lesson preparation. My first purchase in Second Term was a long shower-proof coat with a thick quilted lining.

Breakfast and dinner were available in the Workers' Mess. The Snowy Mountains Authority classified teachers as *workers* so it was clearly pointed out that teachers were forbidden to eat in the Officers' Mess, separated by a partition. Food was plain but plentiful. There may have been a lunch delivery service available at the school provided by a caterer. The SMA charged us the equivalent of 50% of our beginning salaries for our rather basic accommodation, so the District Inspector applied to the Education Department for subsidisation of our salaries.

On weekends we usually bought hamburgers for lunch at a dilapidated caravan parked down by a creek, cooked by a rough overweight man, always dressed in a grubby singlet and shorts. A service station with a café also opened part way through the year. This provided another alternative from stodgy workers' mess meals.

For entertainment there were often

movies in the Workers' Mess. I was invited to teach basic English to migrant workers at night. The Snowy Mountains Authority required their migrant workers to learn English by a set time to keep their employment. The men were both motivated and keen to learn. This was both very satisfying work and it was also financially rewarding. A group of us played Badminton from time to time. Among this Badminton group we had both an ex-Luftwaffe Messerschmidt fighter pilot, and a Dutchman who had been a resistance fighter during the Second World War. Differences from the past had been totally put aside.

Our principal was a single man who spent quite an amount of time at a hotel in Corryong, just across the Victorian border. On the last day of Term 1, he was missing from school, so Jim and I divided his class. We were counting on him for a ride to Sydney in his car. We waited and waited, and by 4.30 pm he arrived in a dust cloud. He explained that he had been involved in an incident in the hotel the night before, and he had spent all that day at the Corryong dentist being repaired. Soon after leaving from the school his car's oil light came on. He continued to drive on to Jingellic and pulled up at a service station, where a small puff of smoke rose from the dipstick hole when the stick was removed. The sump was completely empty. After refilling the sump, we continued our journey surprisingly without any problem, and I was able to catch my South Coast train from Central Station. Mr Benson had another incident one night when he drove under a stray horse on his way home, crushing his car's bonnet and both front shock-absorbers. The horse scrambled off and was apparently uninjured.

I returned to Khancoban at the start of Term 2 in a troublesome Standard Ten car which I had

bought from my older brother, who was then teaching in Northern NSW. There were many days when the winter frosts made it impossible to start the engine, and I had to walk to school on the icy gravel road. I made several trips back to Wagga to visit Helen Wetherly (WWTC 1960-61), who has now been my wife for over sixty years. On one return trip from Wagga at night, the gravel road near Tooma was very slippery from rain. The rear wheels started spinning and

the back of the car slowly slid into the roadside drain. That meant a bitterly cold sleepless night until early morning when some SMS workers came up from behind, lifted the car back onto the road and gave me a push. I struggled all that day to stay awake in the classroom.

In my naivety, I thought it might be a good idea to start a school garden but soon changed my mind when the spade struck the ground with a thud. The ground was totally frozen!

At the end of Term 2, both Jim and I

received our accommodation subsidy payments in lump-sum. We also received transfers as the Education Department had persuaded two retired women teachers married to local farmers to take our places. Apparently, this was cheaper than continuing to pay our accommodation subsidies. Jim was moved to Jindabyne Public School, and I was transferred to Cooma North Public School for the final term of 1961.

I look back on my time at Khanco-ban with great fondness.

## Scholarship Report - Allira Douthat 2024 recipient

### Challenges:

During my final Early Childhood placement, my family and I faced a run of illnesses among other hurdles. Thankfully my final Primary school placement was much smoother sailing.

### How did the scholarship impact your life?

The scholarship has eased some of the financial burden of studying while managing my three kids which has helped with what was

at times a stressful year.

### Thankyou

Dear Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni, I hope this letter finds you well. I am writing to express my heartfelt gratitude for your invaluable support throughout my studies. Your generous scholarship has allowed me to focus on my academic and professional development without the burden of financial stress. I am thrilled to share that I have successfully completed all of my studies.

Moreover, I am delighted to announce that I have secured a contract to teach a Year 3/4 class at Lavington Public School in 2025. Thanks to your guidance and generosity, I feel well-prepared to step into this next phase of my journey in education. Please accept my deepest appreciation. I look forward to paying your generosity forward by inspiring my students and fostering lifelong learning in the community.

## A Steep Learning Curve Allan Petersen (1957-58)

I waited at my parents' home in Sydney for the appointment telegram from Head Office. It duly arrived in the penultimate week of January, 1959. It read:

*Report for duty, Monday 31<sup>st</sup>. January, 1959, Teacher-in-Charge, Ganmurra Provisional School, Currawarna.*

I was sufficiently aware of the geography of the Riverina to surmise that the school was in the proximity of Wagga Wagga. The telegram also advised that the mailman could be contacted for transfer to the school vicinity on Saturdays and Mondays. As the three term school year was to commence on a Tuesday, I chose to meet with the mailman on a Saturday morning around 10am at the Wagga Post Office, his usual departure point.

With two suitcases packed with clothing and a collection of teaching re-

sources I departed home for Strathfield Railway Station on the night of the Thursday preceding the long Australia Day weekend to join the steampowered Albury Mail. My parents accompanied me to Strathfield station where I exchanged the supplied written travel application for a ticket. I joined the train, entering a carriage colloquially known as a *dog box*, whose only comfort for the cold weather was a metal foot warmer/rest. Sleep was intermittent that night, so many unknowns crowded my thoughts. The only memory I have of that train trip was a stop at Harden in the early hours of the next day, for the refuelling of water, and I presume coal, coupled with the hissing of steam released from the engine. Reverend Fred

Harris met me at the Wagga Wagga station, as was previously arranged and I spent the time with him and his family over that weekend. As a College student I had worshipped at the Anglican Church at Turvey Park, a suburb of Wagga Wagga, at which Reverend Harris was an assistant preacher.

Such was the Rev Harris' fondness for Allan that further into their relationship Rev. Harris named his dog after Allan's college friend, Welwyn. Little did he know that Welwyn is an English place name, dating back to Roman times and means *by the willows*. The name was a far cry from the usual Fido, Rex et al.

Monday morning arrived bringing with it a degree of trepidation; I was transferred to the Wagga Post

Office to await the arrival of the Currawarna-bound mailman.

We introduced ourselves and embarked on the 24.2 miles/39 km road trip, or rather, in some cases, track, over dusty corrugations, to deliver the bread, milk, newspapers and mail to farm gates along the way. Occasionally a child was waiting to accept the delivery and I contemplated whether s/he might have been a Ganmurra pupil.

When we arrived at the double farm gate of the McCullough family we were greeted by the three children of the household, two Primary aged boys and a girl, all of whom were enrolled at Ganmurra Provisional School. It wasn't long before I observed a free-standing wooden classroom nearby, resplendent in its Department of Education caramel/orange paintwork and nearby a pit-privy (toilet) also in Departmental colours; resident red-backed spiders were a later discovery.

This family was most understanding and accepting of its new boarder. I was always pleased to accept an invitation to travel to Wagga with them especially to visit *Hunter's on the Hill*, a stationery emporium, where I could replenish teaching resources for the group of fourteen students currently enrolled.

Each of the three families with whom I resided in the Riverina as Teacher-in-Charge, provided me with an insight into wheat and sheep farming together with farming family life. As a previous *city slicker*, I found the experience most enlightening, especially the work ethic required to farm suc-

cessfully.

Students of WWTC understood that the three year service bond required and was dependent upon satisfying the requirements of an inspection routine led by a District Inspector of Schools. Mr Wolf was the current inspector for schools in the Wagga Inspectorate and he spent a day with me in late April that year. He was well known amongst fellow teachers for being fastidious. One of his quirks was that all classroom windows should be open and the classroom blinds rest parallel to classroom window openings. Needless to say, both were in place prior to his arrival and appropriate group work arranged in anticipation of his wish to engage in discussion and/or counsel. The visit resulted in a report that advised, *Satisfactory for the position held*.

Later that month the mailman delivered an *On Her Majesty's Service* blue, D6 envelope containing a transfer signed by Mr B. Enderby, Secretary for Education at the Wagga Wagga Regional Office. The transfer directed that I *Report for duty* (on specific date at the conclusion of the two week May Vacation) to *Green Swamp Road Public School, post town Berrigan as Teacher-in-Charge*. My tenure at Ganmurra Provisional School had been terminated to accommodate the teacher-wife of a local famer, Mrs Cath Reid appointed in my stead, from the commencement of Term Two, 1959. I had no choice. I had to depart! I left this formative

small school experience, and its supportive community with a deep sense of professional disappointment.

Coincidentally, I later served with Mrs Reid on the staff of Turvey Park Demonstration School, I, as a classroom teacher and she as School Librarian.

During the fortnight following the transfer from Ganmurra whilst comparing/contrasting notes of first term appointments of and with fellow male and female College students, I learnt that I was the only one to have received a transfer and that to Green Swamp Road! Research into the location of Green Swamp Road, while hoping against hope that it was not adjacent to the proverbial Black Stump, my next realisation was that another train journey would be required; I would have to board a two carriage, diesel locomotive departing from Narrandera and be prepared to disembark at Green Swamp Road Railway Station which followed Jerilderie and Mairjimmy. This railmotor then continued to Berrigan and terminated at Tocumwal. It had been necessary to co-ordinate my travel from Sydney to arrive in time for the commencement of the Second Term beginning on the last Tuesday in May, as the railmotor only travelled south on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays during the week. In a way this was the local equivalent of the mailman that I had experienced earlier that year.

For those of you who are contemporaries of Bruce and Lesley, you may wish to know that Ron Vickress, an English and Drama lecturer at WWTC during the 1960s who now lives in Guyra will be turning 100 at the end of June.

He was very involved with the dramatic productions during his lecture time.

Ron is a returned WWII veteran having been in Japan in the Navy when the war ended.

If you would like to have a message conveyed to Ron, please let the Secretary know and she will see that it is delivered.

# MEETING NOTICE

You will now be aware that we are coming to a time when we are struggling for a Committee to maintain the Association.

At our AGM in February we had six members:

Bruce and Lesley Forbes

Chris and Jenny Blake

Allan and Welwyn Petersen,

with an apology from our Treasurer, Lindsay Brockway who developed COVID the evening before.

In the CSU report you will see that a target of \$168,000 for the Scholarship fund would be wonderful as a perpetual legacy of our Association long after we can no longer attend to it.

At the AGM we voted to pay \$13,000 this year to take the existing fund to \$150000.

Our appeal to our members who feel they are in a comfortable financial situation, is to consider a substantial donation towards this goal. It would only take 18 people to donate \$1,000 each. Likewise 36 could donate \$500 or 72 donate \$250 etc.

If you would like to make it as a tax deductible one, you should pay to the WWTCAA Scholarship directly to

Advancement Unit

Division of Marketing & Communication

Panorama Avenue

Bathurst 2795

so they can furnish you with a tax receipt. Please let us know on the form on the payment page of your payment if you choose this avenue, otherwise it can be in the usual manner to the WWTCAA Secretary.

**Please keep in mind the date of Tuesday 12th August 11:00 am at Federation House, Mary St, Surry Hills, for a SPECIAL MEETING to consider the folding of our Association. To make it special and a social event we will have light refreshments provided following the meeting.**

**Bernard Thorley (1947-49)**

**THORLEY,  
Bernard James Ph.D.,  
OAM**

of Thirroul  
20.02.1930 to  
25.10.2024

Dearly loved by his family: wife Christobel, sons Ken and Peter, daughters-in-law Joey and Joy, grandchildren Abbey, Sam, Giselle, and Bill, and his sister Val.

A lecturer and researcher whose work improved the lives of many children with special needs.

He will be greatly missed.

A private funeral has been held.

**H.Parsons Funerals,  
Bulli, Ph:4284 3163**

As many of you know, the Riverina Regional Archives has an extensive collection on the region, including a large one incorporating documents and photographs from the Teachers' College from before its inception until its closure. Our Alumni Association has contributed an annual amount of funding for this collection to be digitised and this extensive volume can be viewed via the following URL.

<https://csuregarch.intersect.org.au/collections/show/2>

**While we may be folding our Association during the year, the Secretary is keen to publish all three papers for the year. Please keep those copies coming to her.**



# Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association

KEEPING THE SPIRIT ALIVE IN 2025 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 2025

#### Membership:

Receive all information and three (3) copies of *Talkabout*

#### Additional Contributions:

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

Opposite is a contribution slip for 2025.

#### Send Your Contribution To:

Secretary WWTCAA  
12 Silky Oak Rise  
KEW NSW 2439

## WWTCAA CONTRIBUTIONS 2025

Surname \_\_\_\_\_

Former Name \_\_\_\_\_

Given Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Postcode \_\_\_\_\_

Years at College \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_

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Mobile \_\_\_\_\_

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### CONTRIBUTIONS

Membership (\$10) \_\_\_\_\_

Donation to Alumni Projects \_\_\_\_\_

Donation to Scholarship Fund \_\_\_\_\_

Payment direct to CSU \_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL CONTRIBUTION 2025** \_\_\_\_\_

Make cheques payable to:

**WWTC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION**

## ELECTRONIC FUNDS TRANSFER

To credit of

**WWTC ALUMNI ASSOC**

**Commonwealth Bank Casula NSW**

**BSB: 062 329 A/C No: 10073789**

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

Please send a Remittance Advice to email:

[bruceles@bigpond.com](mailto:bruceles@bigpond.com)

## CONTRIBUTIONS TALKABOUT

**(Including Photos )**

Please email contributions for *Talkabout*

To [bruceles@bigpond.com](mailto:bruceles@bigpond.com) Or mail to

The Secretary WWTCAA

12 Silky Oak Rise

KEW NSW.2439

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If your address details are incorrect please email

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