



A PUBLICATION
OF THE ALUMNI OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE

TALKABOUT



Volume 11 No 3

November 2008

THE NEXT STEP

A special meeting on Friday, 19th September between the Management Committee of Wagga Wagga Teachers College Alumni and representatives of Charles Sturt University was held to discuss the "Proposed Accommodation Scheme" for students of the Wagga Wagga Campus who will be training as future teachers.

The representatives from C.S.U. included Professor David Green, Head of Wagga Wagga Campus of C.S.U., M/s Jan Hudson of the C.S.U. Foundation and M/s Michelle Fawkes of C.S.U. Alumni Office.

The Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association had prepared a series of questions which we felt needed to be addressed before we could make a decision to commit to this scheme.

Underlying the logistical concerns was the motivating force that has driven our alumni since its inception. That being the recognition of the Wagga Wagga Teachers College as the foundation for the existing Charles Sturt University and the acknowledgement that the future of the W.W.T.C. would not be relegated as a mere historical fact in the future.

If the proposal for this accommodation scheme is to proceed then the part played by the W.W.T.C. Alumni would be recognised and so further entrench in the minds of the future teachers graduating from the Wagga Wagga Campus that they are treading where we have trod, hopefully with the same pride and commitment that we engendered.

The representatives from C.S.U. were forthcoming in all our discussions and our Management Committee was reassured by their responses that this was a scheme worthy of our support. A final decision will be made once we have received written confirmation from C.S.U. of our tentative agreement and this will be published in Talkabout.

Among some of the main points for discussion and agreement were these :-

1. that the proposal emanating from the W.W.T.A.A. had the approval of the C.S.U. governing body.
2. that future funds raised will be sealed, as are our Scholarship Funds, for the specific purpose nominated.
3. that the C.S.U. would undertake the collection of donations from the ranks of approximately 13,000 students who graduated from W.W.T.C., Riverina C.A.E., Riverina-Murray I.H.E. or C.S.U. Campus.
4. contacting the above graduates would be the responsibility of the C.S.U. through the Wagga Wagga staff.
5. collection and management of funds will be organised by the C.S.U. Foundation.
6. "Talkabout" will continue to function with additional communication techniques to be employed for graduates of more current years.

The reps from C.S.U. were warm in their praise of the contribution and evolvement of the W.W.T.C. Alumni and commented on the uniqueness of this Alumni and of its stature in the annals of the C.S.U..

I am confident that the scheme, once published in full, will meet with your approval and support.

BOB COLLARD,
President W.W.T.A.A.

WWTC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



Miss Alicia McNab, Miss Amy Worsfold and Miss Sheree Chadderton
Winners of the
2008 Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Alumni Association Scholarships
with
Associate Professor Ros Brennan Kemmis
Head, School of Education
21 May 2008



Retired Research and Records Officer
Ann Smith has moved to a Retirement
Village for health reasons but would like
everyone to know that she is still
interested to hear from people.
Note that her email address has changed
to annrae@bigpond.com

Changes of address, however, should
now be sent directly to Michelle Fawkes
at the Alumni Office.

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SAVED BY THE BADGE

In the early fifties it was decided that a reunion ball for our Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Alumni be held at the Strathfield Town Hall during the Christmas vacation. Many of our ex-students from all over the state gathered for the fray.

In those days the country custom was for the men folk to ensure that some liquid refreshment was made available and usually a suitable hide was arranged not far from the dance hall. Alcoholic beverages were not allowed on Town Hall premises unless a licence had been procured.

At our reunion ball a suitable hide was arranged and all went well. After a few visits for refreshments, on the way back to the hall it was decided that some of our number needed a toilet relief. An open garden gate afforded such an opportunity and several bodies quietly entered the darkened garden.

Suddenly a torchlight lit the scene and a voice of authority broke the silence "What do you think you are doing?"

We were somewhat dismayed to see a member of the N.S.W. Police Force confronting us. One of our number, slightly inebriated addressed the uniformed officer: "Sergeant!" "I'm not a sergeant, I'm First Class Constable so and so" was the stern reply. "But, Inspector," continued our would be comedian. "I am not an Inspector, I am First Class Constable so and so".

At this stage we were muttering "Shut up!" to our companion and were beginning to imagine what the Sunday papers, particularly "The Truth" would make of this — they would have a ball.

As our humorist continued "But Commissioner," ... lights from the house were switched on and a gentleman clad in a dressing gown made an appearance. "What's going on Constable?" he enquired.

"Well Sergeant, these men were urinating in your garden."

"Well you had better take their names and details and escort them down to the station."

At that stage the enormity of the crime and its disclosure to the public was frightening. As we turned to go the resident Sergeant noticed the badge on John S's coat. "That's a Wagga Wagga Teachers' College badge isn't it? Are you fellows at the ball? Do you know so and so?"

John S answered yes to both these questions. "She's my niece! Constable we'll let these gentlemen off with a warning. Gentlemen if you are caught short don't come into my garden to relieve yourself!"

There were many sighs of relief and a firm resolve by all that this would not occur again.

Saved by our badge!

The contributor prefers to remain anonymous. Ed.

COMING EVENTS

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

The next quarterly meeting of the Alumni Association will be held at 11 am on:
Tuesday 11th November, 2008.

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

WWTC ALUMNI LUNCHEONS

The Alumni luncheon will be held in the Icons Restaurant in the Marriott Hotel Pitt Street Sydney (near the Quay) on Tuesday 18th November, 2008.

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

THE HUMOR OF STEVE WRIGHT

- Tell a man that there are 400 billion stars and he'll believe you. Tell him a bench has wet paint and he has to touch it.

- I went to a bookstore and asked the saleswoman, "Where's the self-help section?" She said if she told me, it would defeat the purpose.

- I spilled Spot Remover on my dog... Now he's gone.

- On the other hand, you have different fingers.

- I bought a dog the other day... I named him Stay. It's fun to call him... "Come here, Stay! Come here, Stay!" He went insane.

- Someone sent me a postcard picture of the earth. On the back it said, "Wish you were here."

- Half the people you know are below average.

- There was a blackout at a department store yesterday. Twenty people were trapped on the escalators.

- When I get real bored, I like to drive downtown and get a great parking spot, then sit in my car and count how many people ask me if I'm leaving.

- My mechanic told me, 'I couldn't repair your brakes, so I made your horn louder.'

- The early bird may get the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese.

- When everything is coming your way, you're in the wrong lane.

- Why do psychics have to ask you for your name?

- Anywhere is walking distance, if you've got the time.

- I intend to live forever. So far, so good.

- I can still enjoy sex at 74 - I live at 75, so it's no distance.

REUNION PAGE

ALUMNI COMMITTEE MEMBERS ENJOY A GOLF DAY



Lindsay Budd, Malcolm Hanratty and Phil Bastick on the first tee at the Carnarvon Golf Club. They played in the Teachers Credit Union Golf Day on 2nd October, 2008.

GOWN MYSTERY SOLVED



The Mortar Board was also worn by me and made by me with expert assistance from Miss Ruby Riach who was the Sewing Lecturer.

I was thrilled to get Ruby to stand with me for the sake of old times and in front of Mr Blakemore's photo. I have enclosed a copy for you.

I have donated the gown and mortar board and lots of craft articles to the Museum of the Riverina. They were on display when the WWTC Display was at the Museum.

The Museum lent them to Charles Sturt Archives for our big reunion.

I have fond memories of my time at WWTCC in 1953-54 and then again in 1960-61 when I renewed links with the College as I was teaching at Turvey Park Infants Demonstration School.

My thanks to all the committee and all that you do.

Best wishes,

Rhona Morton (Southwell) 1953-54.

Dear Lindsay,

Please find enclosed my cheque towards the cost of production of Talkabout. It has been great to read about former students and lecturers. Keep up the good work!!.

Could you please let Dot Tanner know that the mystery of the long white gown on display in Joyes Hall is solved. Dot referred to it in her impressions of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations in 2007. The gown belonged to me and I wore it to the Graduation Ball in December 1954.

REUNION PAGE

WONDERFUL WEEKEND REUNION FOR THE 57/58 GRADUATES



On the weekend of October 17th to 19th, 58 Graduates from the 57/58 Session gathered at the Country Comfort Motor Inn at Wagga.

After booking in on Friday afternoon, we were met by Len Winter and the Committee in the Gallery Restaurant for afternoon tea and much hugging and chatting.

At 6.30 we gathered together for a delicious Buffet Dinner with our guest lecturers Lionel Gailer, Laurie Orchard and Joyce Wheatley. After the meal, ex-students gave brief histories of their past 50 years; some boasted over 10 grandchildren, and several great grand children; while Alan Petersen promised special luggage discounts at a famous Sydney department store, and several told of interesting teaching appointments.

The reminiscing continued until quite late before we were able to walk back to our units.

On Saturday we met early for a truly hearty breakfast before leaving on a conducted tour of the University campuses which included the disappointingly dilapidated old Teachers' College. While the rose garden and some buildings were gone, we at least were pleased to see the rotunda and Myrtle repositioned in the new Uni grounds.

Our Coach took us to the Botanic

Gardens for a sumptuous morning tea followed by ample time to view the beautiful gardens.

With a free afternoon to do a little extra sight seeing; most of us appreciated some time for R and R in preparation for the evening programme.

By 7.00pm we were seated at tables decorated with beautiful roses from the garden, so much a part of Wagga memories. We also appreciated specially decorated menus as a memento of the occasion.

Chairman Bob Anderson first welcomed our past lecturers and Professor David Green, representing the University, then read out the names of twenty seven who had sent apologies and a little later the names of fifteen who sadly had passed away. After a toast to Wagga Teachers College and the singing of "Gaudeamus" and "College of The Riverina" accompanied by Laurie Orchard, Bob led us in Grace before our entrée was served. A special treat was Laurie playing his well known rendition of "Summertime".

As the evening progressed, Professor David Green, Head of Campus, Wagga Wagga, delivered an entertaining yet highly informative occasional address which was very well received.

Our other Guest Speaker, Laurie Orchard gave us an insight into his background, his love of unique cars and his special memories of our group, especially through

the G and S Musicals. In typical lecture mode, he had us singing a selection of College songs including "There is a College In The Town", "It's a Long Way to Tibbooburra", and finally had us chanting the College War Cry!

Cynthia Piper thanked Laurie in her delightfully charming style, adding her own special memories, confessing that many of the girls, herself included, had been in love with their adored Music Lecturer 50 years ago.

All Past Students were formally presented with Certificates by Professor Green to mark the special occasion. Then a time for individual memories was led off by the inimitable Tom Prendergast and followed up by other interesting anecdotes.

We were privileged to have our Art Lecturer, Lionel, donate two of his latest paintings. One was raffled and the other was auctioned; the proceeds of which have been donated to "Talkabout". This was indeed a generous offer, and Allan Petersen, in thanking Lionel, echoed our sincere thanks. The wonderful evening concluded with tea and coffee and Group Photos.

A late brunch on Sunday morning had yet another surprise in store, with Queensland based Dale Hell offering us a 3 night cruise next year sailing through the Whitsundays as a special "70th Birthday Bash". It was heartening for Dale to see the response to this proposal.

We had attendees from NSW, Queensland, South Australia, Northern Territory and one from Italy. Our grateful thanks are extended to Michelle Fawkes in the Alumni Office for her support and encouragement, making this a wonderful weekend for all.

Jillian Moore (Cox) 1957-58

LETTERS PAGE

MORE ON THE HOOTER

Dear Lew,

I was intrigued to read about Roger Clement's efforts in stuffing the hooter at WWTC.

When I arrived at WWTC the hooter was no longer in use, as the administration concluded that everybody had a watch and anyway it seemed out of place - "not befitting a tertiary institution".

"The hooter will never sound again!" they stated.

Now, if you set up a challenge like that, well what can you expect! Said hooter was carefully perused and various Physics techniques of a secret nature were invoked, and in short, late one Saturday night the hooter did indeed burst into life again, resounding loud and clear for miles around. And, I might add, it drew a certain person very rapidly out of his nearby house. A small cohort of students disappeared equally rapidly into the night.

Many years later I learned of the postscript to all this. I was informed by a dear friend who had been there at the time that the incident caused great alarm in administrative circles.

A thorough technical investigation had concluded that the only way the hooter could have been activated was from the switch in the Bursar's office. (Sorry, not true).

This was a problem as the office also held money and, God forbid, student records! It became clear to the admin that some student was either an expert lock picker or had somehow procured a key.

As a consequence the security of the office was greatly enhanced and a program of replacing all the appropriate locks was undertaken, presumably at vast expense.

So, all I can say is: I didn't do it. Nobody saw me do it. You can't prove a thing.

John Boddington (1964-65).

Dear Editors,

Thanks for your hard work- I wonder how many of us did (or still do) your job on School magazines, Rotary Clubs, etc, Churches etc, etc. What skills we all possessed – latent maybe for years, but we thought we "could do" almost anything!

The legacy of those years remains but why do a lot of us feel like an ancient ruin or structure – needing replacements, repairs and lots of upkeep.

Keep smiling, enjoy your families and wonderful friends, it's been a great life!!!

Helen Crosweller (1962-63)

Kenilworth
Warwickshire.

Dear Lindsay,

The last Talkabout pricked my conscience! I can't remember when I last gave you a contribution - probably when I was last in Australia - which is a long time ago!

I'm sending some money airmail. I hope that will last a few years until I go home again.

I do enjoy reading the magazine and it's quite a thrill when a name I remember pops up. This time it was George Blakemore. The favourite saying of his that we appreciated was; "I can't understand student humour!" This was usually accompanied by his ringing the bell which he had on the top table in the dining room.

I've been showing the article on first graders completing proverbs and computer terms, to my teaching friends over here. They were a great hit.

All the best,

Yvonne Hough (1953-54)

Dear Editor,

In response to your request for contributions I offer the following observations made after a lifetime of teaching. They are not textbook rules or advice, but I suspect experienced teachers will agree with most, if not all, of my points.

1. Never expect appreciation from your students. If they give it, take it as a bonus. Otherwise accept that you are being paid for the job and leave it at that.

2. There are joys and rewards in teaching. To move students from disempowerment to success by making them literate is extremely rewarding for all concerned.

3. All teachers should realise that blocked goals make people angry and unclear goals make people uneasy. This explains why teachers become exasperated with uncooperative students and students become exasperated with poorly explained concepts and directives.

4. Stay out of faculty intrigues and disputes as much as possible. Avoid criticising the boss, colleagues or students in the staffroom. Otherwise the air will soon be thick with the flutter of chickens coming home to roost.

5. Be strictly fair and impartial to all students no matter what the circumstances or your own private inclinations. Chickens can come home to roost here also.

6. Everyone knows that bright students perform better than less able students. This obvious fact is

LETTERS PAGE

sometimes forgotten when the results of public examinations are released and teachers are blamed for not performing miracles.

7. If you find you don't like teaching, or are honest enough to admit that you can't do it, or find the whole situation intolerable, then get out and find another job instead of: being miserable. There are plenty more fish in the deep blue sea.

Yours faithfully,

Barbara Humphrey (1957-58)

Dear Lindsay,

I loved the 25 child responses to the unfinished proverbs as listed in the most recent issue of Talkabout. The responses reminded me of two that have remained in my mind from my years in the classroom:-

1. Used to convey the sick a bucket.

2. This is a drawing of a square. All the sides are equal and all of the angles are in heaven.

Great stories and great memories.

Roy Parker (1951-52)

Dear Lindsay,

Please find enclosed my donation towards the publication of Talkabout which I always look forward to reading. It is wonderful to hear of ex-students achievements and I especially enjoy reading the articles and experiences of those folk from my session during their early teaching days. My! How times have changed!

It is sad to see the deterioration of the old WWTC but we are so fortunate to have the CSU to take its place.

Keep up the good work and congratulations to the committee for a job well done.

Kind regards,

Elaine Larkin (Davis) 1951-52

Dear Lindsay,

Please find attached my cheque for contribution to the production of Talkabout. Also please note that I have recently moved to Tasmania.

I was forced to give up teaching due to hearing loss in 1984 after which I started helping my husband with the running of his motor dealership in Bega, NSW.

We sold the business and retired in November 2005 and have now moved to Tasmania to enjoy our retirement in this beautiful State.

However I enjoy receiving Talkabout and reading about WWTC., occasionally seeing a name I remember. Keep up the good work.

Regards,

Di Momsen (Shoobridge) 1966-67

Dear Lindsay,

Enclosed is my contribution to Talkabout's publication.

It is always enjoyable reading about the 'old days' especially about those that I knew at College and those I met along the way.

I am in contact with Jacque Raine (Barnes) and Margaret Moverley (Stapleton). We shared a five bed

room in Kumbu (both years) with Patricia New (deceased) and Pam Priest, with whom we have lost touch. We would like to make contact with Pam again.

Thank you to all concerned. Keep up the good work.

Ann Whitfield (Walton) 1952-53.

One of our readers emailed me this funny poem. It's entitled "Owed to a Spell Chequer" and humorously warns of the dangers of accepting all spell check suggestions without using some judgment.

I guess all those primary school spelling lessons were worth it after all.

Owed to a Spell Chequer

Eye halve a spelling chequer
It came with my pea sea
It plainly marcs four my revue
Miss steaks eye kin knot sea.

Eye strike a key and type a word
And weight four it two say
Weather eye am wrong oar write
It shows me strait a weigh.

As soon as a mist ache is maid
It nose bee fore two long
And eye can put the error rite
Its rare lea ever wrong.

Eye have run this poem threw it
I am shore your pleased two no
Its letter perfect awl the weigh
My chequer tolled me sew.

Sauce unknown.

TEACHING MEMORIES

A YEAR ON COOPLACURRIPA

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

PART 4

Territory Steers

As a child, I had grown up with horses. My father was the mechanical engineer at John Darling Colliery, a coalmine south of Newcastle and we lived on the mine property. In those days, the mine boasted 75 pit horses of various sizes and it wasn't long before I pestered my parents into buying me a horse of my own. Appropriately, Dad bought the last pit pony from Stockton Borehole Pit. I learnt to ride on King a stocky bay gelding with a short tail. The short tail was to stop the horses' tails from getting caught in machinery down the mine.

Later I owned a couple of other more stylish horses and competed in local gymkhanas and shows, so I was reasonably competent on a horse, a characteristic that saved me from being a complete dud at Cooplacurripa.

One of the rites of passage for me at Coopla was assisting in the spaying of cows. This involved the vet in making an incision in the side of the cow, reaching in and snipping off the ovaries inside. Again, all eyes were on me when the vet made his incision. Great hilarity ensued when he threw the dripping ovaries at me.

Ike Livermore was a smart operator and I don't pretend to be able to recount the complexities of his dealings or the truth of rumours about his background. I'm sure that parts of the legend were unlikely, but they were sworn to by locals. For instance, he was supposed to have made a practice of rustling cows and calves, then driving the cows off a mysterious cliff up in the back blocks and keeping the unbranded calves. He was also supposed to have started his fortune by buying cattle at a sale and then selling them at a profit before he had paid the original seller. I have a feeling that stories like these just used to attach themselves to any successful cattle man anywhere.

(I was able to claim some sort of connection with the great man however, through the fact that he and my father Bill had played football together during the Depression years.)

Anyway, I can bear witness to the truth of a cattle raising process that could only happen in Australia and impressed me with its ingenuity. Ike was owner or part owner (I'm not sure which) of a huge cattle station in the Northern Territory. Up there, they raised big rangy cattle that were suited to the rugged life they were forced to lead.

(I remember these "territory steers" causing a stir at the Wingham Rodeo that year. Ike was asked to supply cattle for various events, but they were so big and headstrong no one could work them.)

The steers started out by being rounded up at their Northern Territory station, driven overland to Mount Isa, put on a train and then transported without a stop all the way to Uralla near Armidale in NSW. The train journey was almost 2,500 kilometres. From there, the cattle were walked overland to Cooplacurripa, another journey of 200 kilometres. I took the entire school of about eight kids up to meet the herd just before they got to Cooplacurripa on one occasion and we spent the night in camp with the drovers and the day on the road with them. I neglected to inform my Inspector and probably risked the sack if he had found out, but the memory for me and probably the "kids" is worth it.

Ike Livermore drove a large new Dodge car. It was one of his few pretensions. He made it a habit to go to the Sydney Royal Easter Show every year to look at his favourite cattle, Devons. He also liked to buy the champion cow and the champion bull.

I remember his return to Cooplacurripa was the scene of some excitement. The cloud of dust coming up the road was a brand new white Dodge, followed by the station cattle truck containing the latest additions to the herd.

Ike's other prized possession was a magnificent racehorse stallion. In the paddock along the river there were always mares and foals. I used to

wander along the paddock by the river and watch the foals playing. One day I managed to rescue a beautiful little chestnut filly with white feet. She'd somehow managed to jump down a bank onto a little patch of sand by the river and couldn't get back up. Her mother was on the bank above, not game to jump down and getting quite distressed. I picked her up with my arms around her four legs and walked up the river with the mare following me and nickering all the way. Happy reunions all around. I suspect I'd been carrying quite a few thousand dollars in my arms.

PART 5

The Inspection

In the 1960's a teacher's efficiency and worthiness for promotion was determined by inspection. The Inspector (in my case Dick Hurrell) was your boss in every sense of the word.

I'm typing this account through my computer. In those days everyday contact with your boss was through a formal letter set out on a sheet of blue paper which contained all relevant information about you. It had columns and had to be set out in a particular way. If the inspector didn't like your handwriting he could (and often did!) send it back to be rewritten. I was unfortunate enough to start teaching at just the time when the NSW Department of Education scrapped the old copper plate style writing and introduced what they called "modified cursive". Modified cursive was sort of printing joined up to make running writing. I still reckon it was a disaster and I bet if you checked on current handwriting you'd find that most kids print.

I still sign my name in the cursive writing I was taught in fifth class, but that's the only time I use it. The rest of the time I print too.

I can still, if pushed, still produce the perfect modified cursive on the blackboard. BLACKBOARD!!! That was the time too when they changed the blackboard to a green board and issued us all with yellow chalk which was supposed to be easier for the kids to see.

TEACHING MEMORIES

Enough of this, back to Mr District Inspector Dick Hurrell. Every year the D.I. was expected to visit his schools and inspect them. In my case September 25th 1964 was the date fixed upon for my first inspection. I was totally petrified because I was aware that my organisation was dubious, my lessons very suspect. I'd spent far too much time down at Wingham playing football and drinking beer and I was totally unprepared for an inspection of any kind.

I needn't have been concerned. Cooplacurripa Public School was part of the fiefdom of Ivan Livermore, the owner of Cooplacurripa Station. Ike knew how to keep a public school running on his place!

Problem one was the numbers. To keep the school open there had to be an annual average enrolment and attendance of twelve students. When I arrived there were only ten students to be seen. The answer was that Ike would move the manager of his station in the Northern Territory down to Cooplacurripa for four months each year. The Murray family accounted for six children, so my ten became sixteen for a while and the average worked out.

Problem two was the inspectorial visit (25th September). There was a process to handle it.

At promptly 8.45am a cloud of dust appeared about a mile and a half down the road. This was enough to send the kids into visitor routine and have them at full ceremonial attention in the front yard. The flag was run up and saluted "I honour my God I serve my Queen I salute the flag." Right turn, quick march into school, books out and attention to the teacher. Teacher outlines the day's proceedings, tutors allocated for the infants' reading program. I was beginning to impress myself.

Inspector Hurrell, stifling a yawn looks at programs, rolls, financial records etc. while the day drones on. He then takes a walk in the grounds to inspect them (take a pee down the back) and returns.

Outside there sounds the melodious horn of the boss's new white Dodge limousine and one of the cowboys now dressed in a suit (we all gape open

mouthed) steps out, comes in and announces "Mr Livermore's compliments sir, but he'd appreciate it if you would join him for lunch." (It's 10.00am!) Dick can hardly leave quickly enough.

Mr Inspector Hurrell arrives back at the school at 3.15pm hardly in a state to drive after a very extended lunch and a bit of fishing. However, he still maintains enough equilibrium to address some words to the school and depart. It's an annual event.

Below is the entire transcript of my report which gave me no end of satisfaction at the time whilst mystifying me as to how he could have reached the conclusions he did:

Mr. Benson is an alert and responsible young teacher who gives serious thought to all aspects of his work in the school. He dresses well, is accurate in his speech, and possesses a pleasant personality and happy disposition that have made him readily accepted by people in the community and popular with children in the school.

He organises competently and has a conscientious care for his duties at this school. His work is carefully planned and thoroughly prepared so that his work day proceeds smoothly. In relation to the length of his teaching experience, his teaching methods are well selected overall and effective beyond the average. His quiet teaching approach and positive manner when in charge of his school have led to a good type of control and to the development of a virile school tone.

He has worked hard in his school and has shown initiative in the activities he has arranged for it. He is ready to seek advice and profits from suggestions given him.

It is recommended his efficiency be determined as satisfying requirements for position and status.

Since then, I've come to recognise the phrases and have written my fair share of the same sort of reports. In summary, one should read, "As far as I can see, he hasn't had any major disasters yet."

PART 7

About Dogs

Ronnie Murray had the best team of dogs on Cooplacurripa. Ronnie was the Manager and lived about a mile from the homestead on a hill above the river with his wife and children. They were lovely people all round and liked by just about everyone.

A good dog was probably more valuable than a person and Ronnie had four I think. You could see Ronnie on one side of a valley, sitting on his horse while his dogs brought cattle to him from all over the place. A whistle and an occasional yell would accompany proceedings, but it was a marvellous thing to see a mob of cattle brought together in such a calm and collected way. When they had all reached him, Ronnie would head off where he wanted to go and the whole lot would move with him. My experience in bringing in just one beast put the artistry of what the team did into perspective. You felt privileged just to be nearby.

Ronnie had a Volkswagen car and when he went from one place to another, he'd just whistle and the dogs would all jump into the front boot to go to the next job.

Tragedy struck ... is an easily uttered phrase, but it really did one hot day, when Ronnie got distracted and forgot about the dogs for an hour. In a sudden panic he rushed to the VW to face what he'd done. All the dogs were dead in the boot. In the year I spent on Cooplacurripa, nothing hit the community like it. Ronnie had killed his mates in such a terrible way. The whole place grieved. Ronnie's dogs had been universally loved and admired.

On top of all the grief was the fact that Ronnie now had to raise and train a whole new team without the benefit of the teaching that older dogs give to the younger ones.

The tragedy happened not long before I left Cooplacurripa, so I don't know how it all ended, I know other cattlemen were rallying round to find good dogs for him though, so I hope it all worked out.

(to be continued)

TEACHING MEMORIES

Dear Lindsay,

Thanks for the July issue of Talkabout, I look forward to receiving them. I was stirred by the request for more teaching memories, learning experiences etc., so have penned this contribution.

Following three months of National Service" training in 1952, I headed for Caldwell, some sixty five kilometers from Deniliquin in south western N.S.W. To reach my destination meant leaving home (Harden) at 5.30am via train for Narrandera, hence rail motor to Finley, hence mail car to Deniliquin, overnight at the local pub, then to Caldwell via mail car, reaching my destination mid morning. This journey can now be comfortably achieved in five hours!

Caldwell Provisional school consisted of a single room approx. 24 x 14 ft., open fire place at one end, three windows on one side (one didn't open) and one on the opposite side. The room was built on three large red gum logs and it was towed by tractors to a new site if the concentration of pupils shifted. On the northern and eastern sides a skillion was attached to assist in protecting the main room from the weather. This area only sported a dirt floor. In summer we hung a canvass water bag from the rafters of the skillion to supply the needs of the 18 /24 pupils of various ages that attended.

Inside for teaching aids we had two blackboards, a reasonable supply of chalk and a battery operated wireless which we used for singing lessons with "Terrence Hunt". The two outbuildings (dunnies) were located in the far corners of the two acre playground and were of the usual "pit type" construction. In summer, snakes posed a periodic problem, it being rather unsettling to be comfortably settled doing your business and then find you had

company. As a result patronage during these times, was at a bare minimum. To overcome this problem I introduced "Regulation 1.- That required those wishing to use the facilities to carry a straw broom, swish it through the dry grass as one approached, thump it on the corrugated iron walls several times and then count ten before entering. It proved effective as no one was bitten.

Despite these drab facilities, we were able to form the perfect teaching triangle, an enthusiastic teacher, a solid bunch of students and a very supportive Parents and Citizens' group. Inspection reports of that period indicated we travelled very well.

It was in this teaching environment that I received one of the best "lessons in living" to come my way. It came via a ten year old boy — a proper "little Johnny". Bright, alert, very observant, but with the annoying habit of saying or doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. In short, we had many disagreements. At the end of each day, irrespective of what had happened during the day, this lad would head to the horse paddock, assist his two younger sisters and others to untie and mount their ponies and get them safely on the way home.

He would always be the last to leave and as he went out the gate he would turn to me, wave his arm and call out "see ya tomorrah".

Invariably the next morning he would tap on the door, bid good morning and offer to sharpen the pencils, mix the ink or fill the ink wells.

The lesson of course is that you should be able to have a disagreement but then get on with the business of working together and move ahead. Sadly to-day, I believe this is not generally the case.

Knox Durrant (1950-51)

Dear Lindsay,

Another great Talkabout...and like many others I write to say here is my Annual Subscription and thanks again for your part in reliving memories of two of the happiest years of my life.

If only every magazine subscription brought as much delight as Talkabout. Like some of the other writers I too keep every copy and always find good reading with reflections we can all benefit from. I have not had the opportunity to share in one of the Reunion events although I did revisit the old college site a couple of times over the years. Perhaps I will be able to join in the 2010 proposal for the 1960-61 Reunion.

While I only continued teaching with the department for eight years I have maintained contact with a number of college friends and the Talkabout helps to relive not only college days, but those early days of teaching in one teacher schools.....including my last with 34 children and one teacher. I called in at that school located just out of Goulburn on the Braidwood Road a few years ago and discovered three teachers there on the staff and only 24 students...how things have changed.

My first appointment was at Greg Greg, south of Tooma on the Murray and just over the Victorian border from Corryong. These days there is no school there, but the building is used to store bales of hay for a local share farmer. I could recount a number of humorous incidents that happened while I was there, but perhaps a mention of the visit by the Inspector. He travelled down from Tumut and arrived for his first visit November 16. Being a very conscientious first year out rookie I had worked very hard to make sure all programs were up to date, books were neatly stacked, pictures on the

TEACHING MEMORIES

walls etc. I had worked hard the night before and back down at the school at 7.00am. I had parked my little VW near the front door to unload material and it was only a couple of minutes before 9 when I remembered where I had parked it. Decided I would move to my regular spot and was walking back when the Inspector rolled up.

I explained truthfully that I had just moved the car to the shade, but he was unconvinced. My report arrived in due course and the only comment was a reference to giving attention to punctuality. My next Inspector soon corrected that misconception and knocked me back to earth.

It was during my first trip to Greg Greg I discovered that lack of signage typical of our outback then and maybe still. GPS was something of the future and maps were less than helpful. After leaving Tumbarumba and heading south I drove into Tooma and because the bridge had been washed away I foolishly did a left turn and continued on without asking directions. An hour later I stopped to check with the driver of an oncoming car, disbelieved their directions and two minutes later drove back into Tooma.... I had done the circuit, wasted hours and still none the wiser about where to find my new home.

Would I do it all again..... you bet.

Thanks again.

Peter Clark (1960-61)

TANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Local councils can often be the source of amusement, frustration and amazement. For years Council had denied permission for residents on the Central Coast to install rain water tanks to existing homes. Suddenly, they decided to offer

generous rebates to anyone who had purchased tanks.

We decided to have four tanks fitted. The regulations that came with installation were, to a person born and bred in the country, mind boggling. There had to be a first-flush system which filled a long, vertical pipe. This caught matter contained in the initial run off.

The overflow from this pipe then went into the tank through such a fine filter that, during heavy rain, water overflowed and flooded the yard. On the outlet pipe that carried off water when the tank was full, was yet another very fine filter which also proved useless in heavy rain. Then, believe it or not, one had to have a filter at the end of the overflow pipe as it fed into the storm water drain.

To top it off, all tanks had to display a sticker: "Non Potable Water". A quick scan of the dictionary enlightened me but I thought, "What is wrong with a sign saying, "Don't Drink The Water"? The fear of litigation has a lot to answer for.

I thought back to the twenty six years I spent in schools and vested residences where the only source of water was the galvanised iron tank. The filter on all of these tanks was a circular piece of corrugated iron with holes punched in it. Not once in all that time did I, or my family, suffer health problems from drinking the water. We even poured a cup of kerosene into the tank. This floated on the surface and prevented mosquito larvae from surviving.

One particular incident came to mind. At my first school, Balladoran, in 1957 I noticed an odd taste to the water from the school tank. I asked a member of the P. and C. to check it out. A parent named Wally Lynch paid us a visit and downed a cup school water.

"Hey, that tastes great," stated Wally, "better than what we have at

home."

Now, Wally was a shearer, a knockabout sort of fellow who would have tested water at many sheds.

I thought, "If Wally thinks the water is okay, it will be all right for the kids."

However, I thought it might be wise to take off the filter and make a visual inspection. To my surprise, I found every stage of frog from tadpole to a smear on top of the water. I emptied the tank, turned it on its side and had those pupils who could fit, climb into the tank and scrub it clean. When they experienced the strange acoustics inside the tank, every child wanted a turn, even the larger pupils who would certainly have become stuck in the opening.

The cleaned tank was placed back in position and after some heavy rain, we had crystal clear water. Wally never found out about the frogs. If he has passed away, I feel sure it wasn't the Balladoran School's rain water that killed him. It is more likely that he is still shearing his 100 a day, his energy boosted by the tank water he drinks.

I often wonder if parents are over-protective of their children. Maybe playing in the dirt, or drinking 'frog water' is a way of building the body's resistance to germs. When I see people in super markets spending (wasting??) money on bottled water, I think of Wally Lynch.

Barry Cohen (1955-56)

A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

HELEN EDWARDS (MANWARING) 1951-52

Helen was born during the “Great Depression” in 1933, the eldest of six children, in the small rural town of Tallimba, in New South Wales.

Helen was so excited on her first day of primary school. She thought it was wonderful, this magical place that had books, pencils, paper, and plasticine.

It was there and then that Helen decided she wanted to be a school teacher when she grew up. It wasn’t until she actually started teaching that she realised, not all kids were as thrilled about school as she had been.

Travelling to High School required a daily 36 mile round trip. Helen would catch a passenger train at 7:15 each morning, not returning home until as late as 7:30 at night, having ridden on a goods train, which carried sheep or cattle. Helen always remembered the foul smell and described the journey as “absolutely freezing” in winter.

This is probably where Helen developed her dislike for cold weather, and why she loved living in Townsville so much.

Helen’s natural intellect and dedication to study paid off with a scholarship to Teachers College in 1951.

During her college years, Helen met Max, a soldier stationed at Kapooka, one night at the local dance. They spent a lot of time together at weekends and would often meet through the week when Max would walk the 5 miles or so into town.

Max went off to fight in the Korean War, while Helen began her long teaching career.

Helen’s first school teaching position was in a little village called Tarcutta, with a class of 52 children. She said it was SO cold there, that each morning before class, she would light an old wooden stove to help warm some of the children who’d walked to school from miles away. At night-time she would sleep fully clothed, it was JUST so bitterly cold.

The teacher’s boarding house didn’t have any luxuries, and each boarder was restricted to ONE bath a week. The landlady decided that an electric water heater was too expensive, so Helen and her colleagues would have to lug a large bucket of hot water from the house next door, just to have a bath. In between times, she only had use of a wash-basin and jug of cold water.

Helen’s next school appointment was to Cootamundra followed by a school in Young, New South Wales.



Helen Manwaring wearing her College blazer on her first trip to the snow

Max returned from Korea at the end of 1954 and moved to Brisbane with Helen where they were married.

On completion of a further three years Army service, he decided to go back to work as a Stockman, Helen by his side. This change provided many interesting experiences for Helen, who regarded travelling to these remote cattle stations, with three little children, Darcy, Carol, and Dianne, as a real adventure.

Most stations at that time had no modern conveniences with only Kerosene-lights and fridges, with a wood burning stove. All washing was done by hand, and two irons on the stove for ironing.

Food supplies arrived every six months, and consisted of mainly dehydrated or tinned food. The only fresh vegies were potatoes and onions, although occasionally the post-man might bring out a few pieces of fruit, or some cabbage.

Helen and family moved from Forrest-Home station near Georgetown, to Helen-Springs, about 100 miles North of Tennant Creek. It was here where her fourth child, Laurie, was born.

This area had a large population of Aboriginal people, and Helen considered them Aussie battlers like herself. During their time there, Queen Elizabeth visited Tennant Creek. New clothes, which had been ordered for the aboriginal girls, hadn’t arrived, so Max asked Helen if she could make dresses for the girls.

Never afraid of a challenge, Helen did it by guesswork, as the kids used to go away to a mission during the week. Helen was well satisfied with her effort, and confident the dresses would look nice on the girls.

The girls however, weren’t quite so sure, suggesting, “HIM TOO SHORT”. These girls were more accustomed to dresses, which came down to their ankles, usually their mother’s hand-me-downs.

The next station they moved to was called “Suva Downs” on the Queensland Northern Territory border.

“Merlin” near Prairie was the last station they lived on, before finally settling in Townsville, so Max could get treatment for a shoulder complaint, in 1964.

By September 1965, Helen returned to teaching, taking a position at the Endeavour school. Her passion for teaching was greater than ever thanks to the special-needs children at that School. That passion never waned, always showing an extra interest in Oliver, her special needs grandson. She would often tell that the hours she spent teaching these kids each day, were among her very happiest. Teaching at Endeavour allowed her to forget about worries and simply enjoy being a teacher.

Helen was a popular member of Staff, and made many life long friendships.

Helen continued teaching special needs kids for over thirty years. In 1987 Endeavour School in North Ward closed, so Helen followed the kids to the special unit at West End School. Helen enjoyed being there too, and remained until taking early retirement, to care for Max, in 1995.

Max had been diagnosed with terminal lung cancer. In the 18 months that followed, Helen, almost single handily nursed Max through to the end. Max was able to die peacefully, in the comfort of their family home, on Valentines Day 1996.

Helen then got the wanderlust. She travelled to many interesting places she’d longed to see, including Malaysia, Borneo, Europe, the British Isles and New Zealand. Helen especially loved her time in Wales, describing it as, “ONE of the BEST times of my LIFE!”

Helen was diagnosed with Breast Cancer in 2001. She received treatment and it was thought she had overcome it. Everything was fine for the next 6 years.

In January this year, she was told the cancer had returned and had spread to her bones and bone marrow.

Helen passed gently away, in her own home, surrounded by her family.

(Taken from the eulogy sent in by her son John Edwards.)

A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

DONALD HENRY HATCH

Don Hatch (Hatchy), was born on September 22nd 1931 in Fairfield. He attended school in Parramatta, and was in the same year with Richie Benaud, who he counted as a 'mate'.

Hatchy was also a good junior tennis player who in one tournament came up against a scrawny kid who had him on a hiding to nothing. That kid would later give a lot more people than Don a tennis lesson. His name was Ken Rosewall. The event didn't scar him too much and Hatchy continued to play competitive tennis for much of his life.

After completing school Hatchy went to Wagga Teachers College in 1949-50 and at the ripe age of 18 became a relief teacher in the Albury region. His first posting was to Howlong and in those days no one had a car and getting from school to school for relief work was either by train, bus, bicycle or foot.

At the end of his first year he received a permanent posting to Calleen, a one teacher school near West Wyalong. While at Calleen, Don met a local girl, Heather Beckwith, who he married in 1954. As a result, Don got a transfer to West Wyalong Public School and so began his long association with the town.

In 1954 Hatchy was part of the revived West Wyalong Rugby Club and played hooker for several years in a team that took on all comers and defeated most. He was later honoured with life membership to the West Wyalong Rugby Club.

Don moved from teaching in the Primary School and was one of the first teachers on staff at the brand new WW High School, which opened in 1963.

In the years that followed Hatchy established himself as a key member of the high school community and over the years held various positions within the school. These included Sports Master, specialist education teacher, and finally Careers Advisor.

In the community he and Heather were keen tennis players and plunged headlong into musical productions with the local Amateur Dramatic Society.

Don over the years had taught most people in the town. As a teacher Hatchy had a real reputation for raising his voice!! When he really let fly, teachers and classes in rooms right along the corridor would award points out of 10. He was also able to stop any offending student in his tracks from one side of the school to the other with one of his trademark barks.

During this time Don also drove school buses morning and evening for the Finch



family. This meant that he was also often called upon to drive buses for school excursions and sporting trips.

Don continued to drive school buses for most of his teaching career.

Hatchy was also sometimes found on the school oval with golf stick in hand. Some thought he was practising his golf shots. He always insisted he was giving practical demonstrations of Newton's Laws of Motion and the behavior of projectiles.

Through the 70's he was an officer in the High School Cadet Unit with fellow teacher and friend Doug McAllister. An ongoing theme during these years was 'Who can create the greater bureaucratic mess; The Department of Education or The Department of Defense.

As Careers Advisor he got to know many important people in business and tertiary education. He was able to help many students through his contacts in these areas. It was here that Don really found his niche and worked hard to give local kids fantastic career opportunities they may have never received otherwise.

All the while Don continued his love affair with all things sporting. He had a stint as a referee in the Group 20 Rugby League and was manager of both the Western Area and NSW CHS Schoolboy Rugby League sides.

But above all Don's lifelong passion was for the game of golf. In his 50+ year association with the Golf Club Don had only 3 years where he was not either on the committee, the board or actively involved in the club. He was a driving force in getting the local Pro-Am off the ground and was proud of his efforts in attracting both sponsorship and a quality field of pros to the event.

Hatchy was responsible for fostering junior golf at the club and at one time had organized for golfing legend Billy Dunk to conduct junior golf clinics. For many years Hatchy was also known as 'The Hacker' writing a golf column for the Advocate.

Towards the end of his career Don continued his history of public service by nominating and being elected to local government, subsequently being Deputy Mayor of Bland Shire Council.

In September 1996 tragedy struck when Heather, his wife of 42 years died suddenly. With Don due to retire at the end of the year their dream of a more relaxed time ahead together was shattered.

Don redirected his energies to support and promote the town that had given him so much over the years.

In 1998 Don's life was rocked by cancer, but rather than let it hold him back it propelled him to apply himself to help others in similar situations. Always a man who subscribed to the glass half full principle, Don looked only for the positives. He Joined Can Assist and also played a prominent role in the establishment of the Riverina Cancer Care Centre in Wagga and later the establishment of Lillier Lodge, a respite centre for cancer sufferers and their families to stay whilst having treatment.

Don was particularly proud of the achievements of his children. David and his success in the fitness industry and Tracey's accomplishments in singing and with the Bathurst Panorama chorus.

Over his almost 13 year stint on council Don's infectious ability to relate to people everywhere, and his total dedication to council and the local area made him somewhat of a district icon. If there was an event on — Hatchy would be there. If the TV needed a comment or a story about the district — Hatchy would take care of it. He could always be relied upon to passionately promote West Wyalong like he owned the place and wanted to sell it to you.

Don and I had a great working relationship..., he was my Deputy for 12 years. I appreciated his enthusiasm and support for West Wyalong and district.

In 2005 he received a special award from the Department of Sport and Recreation for his contribution to sport. This year the Shires Association recognised his contribution by honoring him with a special award for service to his community.

Farewell Hatchy, your 57 years service to West Wyalong, your passion for the town and love of its people has confirmed your true local status. You have shown your family your strength of spirit and that with a positive outlook on life and passion for all you do you can achieve remarkable things.

(Taken from the eulogy by Councillor David Bolte, Mayor of West Wyalong)

NEWS FROM CSU

Knocking down the mathematical divide in Australia

Story by Wes Ward



Professor Tom Lawrie

Disadvantaged Indigenous and rural students living in remote Australian settlements will benefit from a three year research project led by Charles Sturt University (CSU) in NSW and Griffith University in Queensland that uses new thinking in

mathematical education and increases access to current technology.

“Poor or no access to technology and inequities between metropolitan and remote communities mean children living in remote areas do not have the same educational opportunities that those children in metropolitan centres take for granted,” said Professor Tom Lowrie, research team co-leader and Director of CSU’s Research Institute for Professional Practice, Learning and Education.

The Australian Research Council project, announced by the federal Government on Wednesday 15 October, seeks to address the dramatic performance differences that exist in the mathematical outcomes of some of Australia’s most disadvantaged students.

“The numeracy performance of remote students is significantly lower than that of any other population group in Australia – Indigenous students in Grade 5 perform 36 per cent below the national average benchmarks, while the results of remote students are 37 per cent below students from metropolitan areas,” Professor Lowrie said.

Research co-leader and head of the Griffith Institute for Educational Research, Professor Robyn Zevenbergen, said when students left school and entered the workforce they used different forms and uses of mathematics in their work.

“This provides new learning opportunities made possible through digital environments, as so much of there work is now based on digital technology. We are seeking to explore what these are and how they can be built into quality learning situations,” she said.

Both professors are concerned that many of the out-of school experiences that are critical for mathematical performance are not available to rural and remote students, and this plays a large part in their poor performance in national testing. They also recognise the power of digital technologies to bridge social, cultural and language barriers to learning when used in supportive and innovative ways.

“The project draws on the strengths Tom and I have had in the area of mathematics education – using games technologies, equity, and innovative practice to work on a problem of national and international significance,” Professor Zevenbergen said.

The project is due to start in 2009.

HSC students search online for answers

Story by Holly-Amber Manning

For NSW senior high school students, the Higher School Certificate is the ultimate challenge and when competing against thousands of other students for limited university places, the more resources they can access the better. In the past, the Internet has not been seen as a consistently credible source of information for materials, but now teachers are encouraging students to get extra help online. In 2007, the Charles Sturt University (CSU) hosted website [NSW HSC Online](#) delivered 13 million pages to users, offering information to students, teachers and parents, with 2008 figures indicating even higher access, despite slightly fewer HSC enrolments. CSU lecturer and NSW HSC Online project coordinator Mr Bob Dengate believes that students and teachers benefit greatly from the site. “With material for 48 HSC subjects, supplemented by advice on study strategies and the availability of past examination papers and markers’ comments, figures for this month are expected to approach two million pages.”



A robust approach to frailty

Story by Fiona Halloran



The proper management of the frail aged is vital if elderly people are to maintain the ability to live independently and keep out of institutions.

A program, developed by Charles Sturt University (CSU), the University of South Australia and the Greater Southern Area Health Service, aimed at demonstrating improved management of frailty has seen a series of workshops being held in regional areas in NSW and South Australia in the past two years.

A workshop was recently held on in Albury-Wodonga as part of the program. “The workshops are important in rural areas where the support facilities are lacking, distances are great and moving into care may well remove people from friends and family,” said CSU Professor of Rural Pharmacy [Patrick Ball](#).

The workshop was designed for doctors, nurses and allied health professionals who are actively involved in the management of frail elderly people. The workshops were funded by the Federal Government under the Rural Health Support Education and Training program.

WWTC Class of 1958-59 Reunion Report



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

Centre sitting row: Anne (Dinham) Smith, Jann Hallenan, Ena (Scarlett) Chase, Bev (Roberts) Richardson, Sue (Couchman) Cruttenden, Barbara (Fenton) Lions.

Front row: Caroline (Roberts) Baker, Jim Baker, Bill Wenban, Mick Bonnor, Jennifer Hammond.

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

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

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

After a short rest it was then on to dinner at Eat Your Words, a restaurant owned by Fay Rowe's daughter, who provided a great venue and wonderful food. During the evening all the ex students had to do a recollection of one event in their time at Wagga. It created a lot of laughs and wonder, as some of us were completely unaware of some of the escapades.

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

The weekend continued on Sunday with a visit to the National Art Gallery. The whole

weekend was wonderfully organised by Caroline Baker (Roberts), with a fascinating range of events co-ordinated by Fay Rowe (Collingridge), and it all went perfectly.

It was decided to attempt to have a graduation reunion at Wagga in November 2009, where it is hoped there will be a great representation of '57-'58-'59 students in attendance.

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

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