



A PUBLICATION
OF THE ALUMNI OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE

TALKABOUT



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March 2001

TALKABOUT DISTRIBUTED WORLD WIDE

With a mailing list of over 2200, Talkabout is posted to all states of Australia as well as to 16 countries overseas. There are alumni in England (12), Scotland (1), United States (4), Canada (13), France (3), Germany (1), Belgium (1), Spain (2), Italy (1), Greece (1), Angola (1), Nepal (1), Cambodia (1), The Philippines (2), New Guinea (1), New Zealand (3), and British Columbia (1).

Many of these people have written expressing their pleasure at receiving their copy of Talkabout. They state that it revives many memories of the happy times they had at WWTC. They say that they enjoy reading about the experiences of long forgotten friends and colleagues.

Some of the overseas alumni are using the Internet via the WWTC-ALUMNI E-group to keep in touch. They include Barbara Davidson (1957-58) UK, Brian Pettit (1959-60) and Bill Keast (1960-61) Canada, Ron Lampert (1955-56) France, and Ted Bolton (1955-56) Tasmania (almost overseas).

There has been a pleasing response to our appeal in the last issue for funds needed to continue the production of Talkabout. More than 200 alumni have contributed amounts ranging from \$5 to \$50. This is most gratifying and ensures the publication of Talkabout for 2001. However, the cost of posting receipts erodes the value of contributions, so it has been decided that receipts will only be sent for amounts of \$20 and over unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

The Scholarship Fund is on Target.

Our original hopes of raising \$25,000 over five years is progressing and the aim of raising \$5,000 per year has been realised.

With only two years to go now, it would be a great pity if our goal was not reached.

Many contributors make an annual contribution -- have you thought of this?
Our goal is in sight - let us reach it.

Michelle,

You can use this or you can put what you think is appropriate in this box and add in the thermometer.

Lindsay

From the Editors' Desks



2001 marks the beginning of the resurrected Talkabout's fourth year. The newsletter has been very well received as evidenced by the many letters of congratulations and encouragement.

Lionel Gailer, ex Art lecturer, included a note with his contribution "I hope this helps. Couldn't do without my shot of Talkabout"

Our Treasurer reports that the response to our appeal for the annual contributions has been highly successful and publication of the next two issues is assured. We might remind you that 2001 contributions will still be required during the next eleven months.

Thank you to those who have sent in material for publication. Contributions of articles continue to be desired so don't hesitate to forward some of your recollections or memories to the Editors.

"Then and Now" photos have been well received and are very welcome.

Lew Morrell (1949-50)
Lew Crabtree (1949-50)
(Lautrec)

From the Secretary's Desk.

Firstly I wish to thank all the Alumni for their cooperation in trying to track down some of their session and where they are living. Some of this was done by phone and others by letter. Most, I felt just wanted to be found.

Hugh Varnes wrote from his Long Service in New Zealand, "Thank you for sending me a last year's copy of 'Talkabout'. I hadn't received it before and I enjoyed reading it. Earlier I used to get copies from Bathurst but they stopped coming. I don't exactly know why. Please put my name on the list for future copies. I will send a donation later. I just want here to make a positive response to your communication."

Alan Milne wrote from Goulburn, "I was at Wagga in the sessions 1961-2 and 3. I was one of the first three year trained teachers, only it wasn't recognised on my pay cheque. He remembers the following characters: **Dave Hull, Stewart Ebrill, Dave Benson, John Reid, Michael McGrath and Ken Porter.**

Brian Pettit, (1959-1960) who lives in Canada, sent me addresses of people in Canada. His first teaching assignment was a pioneering experience on the sheep station at Weilmoringle, north of Brewarrina. He was the only passenger on a single carriage that left Byrock one fateful day in January 1961

I bought the book "The Weilmoringle Kid" and did not want to put it down. Lew Morrell also said the same thing when he borrowed it. It can be bought for twenty Australian dollars from Brian.

Jim and Melva Banks collect their Talkabout from the Post office at Mildura West.

Jim writes, "We do have some ex WWTC people living in this district who were after my 1953-4 session. Yes! **Mrs Jan White** (maiden name escapes me) and **John and Pam Trewin**. They are all on holidays at the moment."

Noel Haberecht spent many hours looking in telephone books, white pages on the Internet and Electoral Rolls. Thanks to his help the 1953-54 list is almost complete.

From this list he told us that **Barbara Bernhardt** married and lived in Canberra. She died on her return home from the birth of her fourth child.

Ralph Brown was a popular headmaster at Bateman's Bay Public School. There is a memorial garden to him in the school grounds.

Bob Spencer was on his staff.

Geoff Cooke remembered **Pauline Woodhead** and **Shirley Monaghan** from June.

Noel was **Margaret** and **Henry Gardiner's** best man when they married in December 1956.

Gwen Webb (Edyvean) and ten others went to Wagga High School. They will be celebrating 50 years in 2002.

Beverley Woodman (Hilton) has moved to O'Connor in the ACT.

G. Barry Olds was a commerce teacher and sports master at Griffith High School in 1965-68. He died in November 1984. His wife **Faye** nee **Cass** (1955-56) still lives in Griffith.

Bill Ryan also was at Griffith High School. He married while in Rhodesia.

Arthur Ashworth accepted our invitation to become one of our patrons. He wrote, "Will you thank your association for inviting me to become a patron. I would be pleased to accept and join a distinguished company."

I was one of the original lecturers at Wagga College and arrived with Joyce Wylie, Ian Renwick, and others before the first students arrived in September to become what George called the 'Pioneers'.

The first year was grim and difficult with George informing us, 'If you don't like it here, bear in mind that I have dozens of others waiting to take your place!' "

Ann Smith.

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LETTERS

63 Wamboin St
Gilgandra

Dear Lew,

After reading the latest "Talkabout" and Ann Parsons' contribution, I could not help myself. She can rest assured that she had a certain revenge over initiation perpetrators, albeit at the expense of the next batch of first years – of which I was one in Kabi.

It took the best part of first year for me to see Ann in a light other than the one she adopted as she carried out her role over our first weekend in residence. She was a "Junior Warden", complete with manner and tone; and our response to her entry into our room was to stand at attention by our beds and speak only when addressed.

Along with Ann, the second years had informed us that we were to attend Sunday lunch in our white dresses and take with us our own crockery and cutlery. They had us completely taken in, especially when we read the notices on the bathroom door, advising use by first year students between 6.00 am and 6.30 am ONLY.

Barry Cohen was a year ahead of

the seven of us from Cootamundra High School, who went to WWTC and he had warned us of the pranks played by the second years. WE were not going to be caught out, we thought. Little did we suspect just how gullible we were and just how successfully we could be fooled, by the simplest things.

To further complicate the image of Ann, a group of us from High School had been to see the WWTC production of "Julius Caesar" in which Ann played a very aloof and superior Calpurnia. It really was no wonder, then, that this young lady was seen as a "heavy" and we were going to have to mind ourselves.

I had great fun regaling my husband with this story, only to find out that he had lived in the house next door to where Ann and some other WWTC ex-students lived along King George's Road, South Hurstville in the latter part of the 50's.

In hindsight, the second years were a great bunch of very generous women and we not only respected them, we loved them.

Sincerely,

Janet (Moon) Elliott. (1956-57)

473 Delmar Ave
Point-Claire
Quebec
CANADA,
H9R4A3

WWTC Alumni Association

Dear Lindsay,

So glad you guys found me halfway across the world. Please find enclosed a little something to keep "Talkabout" coming.

I look back with fond memories to 1957-58 at WWTC. Enjoy reading the magazine.

Some names I recall from "Kumbu" dorm ...

Brian Harrison

Rudi Mollenhorst (motor cycle crazy)

Ian (?) Smith (alias "Elvis")

Bobby Howe (tennis champ)

Mr Orchard (Music lecturer)

And especially my roommate and best friend Terry Shepherd now sadly long since deceased.

Best wishes,

Bob Caden (1957-58)

IN MEMORIAM - EVELYN McCLOUGHAN

23 - 5 - 1921 -- 14 - 10 - 2000

A Memorial Service was held in the Chapel of the Sydney Adventist Hospital on 30th October 2000, to honour the late Evelyn McCloughan. The tributes made about her accomplishments by her close friends and relations made one realise what an extraordinary life she led.

In her high school days she was an accomplished ballet dancer and was offered an overseas training scholarship but she declined this.

Her desire for a university education was frowned upon so she paid her own way by working as an usherette at the local cinema and as a shop assistant.

After graduating from Armidale University she became a teacher and then commenced lecturing in Physical Education at Wagga Wagga Teachers College in 1947.

She was a wonderful lecturer who extended her students to the limit of their capabilities. If Evelyn said, "You can do it" you found, despite your own misgivings, she was right. You could do it, and you did.

Apart from being a wonderful lecturer she was a leading feminist of the sixties. She had applied for a senior position in the Public Service and in those days senior positions were not available to women. Her qualifications were greater than those of the appointee and she challenged the decision in the High Court and won. This opened the gate for women, married or single, to win senior positions in the Public Service.

She established a school for troublesome and uncontrollable pupils (in Newtown, I believe), which was later based at Sydney University and was named Evelyn McCloughan School. Two of the ex-students attended the Memorial Service.

She taught in the U.S.A. in exchange programmes, toured Alaska and journeyed down the Amazon in one of her many trips. Evelyn lost her husband Jack in 1971.

She accepted many challenges in her life and always rose to the occasion. She successfully ran a small business, studied Floristry and became highly proficient in this field.

In her later years she was burdened with arthritis and it is hard to imagine her as a victim of this debilitating disease.

Her contribution to education was indeed a valuable one.

VALE EVELYN.

- Submitted by Lew Morrell

TEACHING MEMORIES

John Moon (1951-52) has followed Bill Atkinson's lead by posting his experiences of his first schools on the WWTC Alumni e-group.

Here are excerpts from his first three schools.

During my teaching career of 42 years, I worked in twelve schools - six primary and six secondary. But that's where the equality ends - my six primary schools covered only nine years, while I was in secondary schools for 33 years.

School No 1:

My first appointment was a fairly rushed affair. I was expecting to be spending the first months of 1953 as a "nasho", presumably in some place such as Puckapunyal. But a sympathetic medico decided that I was unfit to serve, with some mysterious complaint which has failed to recur in the subsequent 48 years! As a result of this burst of generosity, I found myself letting the Department's Head Office know that I was available for an appointment.

The outcome of this was a rather hasty appointment, to North Goulburn P S. I had asked for Bathurst/Orange in the naive belief that, as I was prepared to accept country service first up, I'd be suitably accommodated. Still, Goulburn turned out to be an acceptable alternative - ultimately I found myself a lovely bride from the area!

I arrived at the school to find that the traditional school structure of seven classes (one in each year K - 6) was being broken by the creation of a second third class. The problem was that the school was only built for seven classes, my late appointment had not been expected, and there was nowhere to house the new 3B. Consequently I spent the first few weeks teaching in a weather shed, while the District Inspector worked feverishly to find an unwanted "portable" (not called demountables in those days). After a couple of months I was rewarded with a brand spanking

new classroom and thought all my Christmases had come at once!

The funny part was that, early in second term (late May) it was decided that my indispensable services were needed elsewhere, and I was given an appointment to Bevendale (a one-teacher school near Gunning). The fun didn't end there, though, as that appointment was cancelled before I had time to take it up, and my appointment was changed to being the "infants' mistress" in a two-teacher school at Wingello.

School No 2:

After just four months at my first school, Goulburn North P S, I found myself on June 1 1953 starting work in charge of the Lower Division at Wingello P S. For those who don't know where Wingello is, it's 30 miles (probably now 48 km!) east of Goulburn, on the main Sydney - Melbourne railway line. Its residents were mainly involved in forestry and timber work, fruit farming or working on the railway (in those days each railway town had its team of station staff, fettlers, etc).

I found teaching a K - 2 composite quite interesting, little knowing that I was going to fulfil that role in three more schools before the end of my fifth year of teaching! The school principal (then headmaster, of course) was getting close to retirement but was still supportive. I had more trouble with his wife, in fact! On one occasion, when the school's P & C was raffling a case of a certain fermented brown liquid (totally against the Association's rules), I was prevailed upon to purchase a ticket, even though I didn't really qualify as a drinker. As luck would have it, my name was drawn out of the hat and I was able to share my loot with my fellow boarder at our place of residence.

The problem was that the boss's wife (wowsers would be too soft a word for her!) let the District Inspector in Goulburn know. He was then forced to make a trip to Wingello to caution the errant one. I sensed some degree

of sympathy in his attitude, even though he was duty bound to read the riot act to me!

I boarded with one of the local shopkeepers, a rather elderly widow, in a semi-derelict wooden building. I had a small room on the end of the front veranda, which allowed me the chance to watch those wonderful steam trains chugging up the hill past the front of our place. Having a bath (there was no shower) was quite an experience, even after the cobwebs had been cleared from the tub, but I won't go into that any further.

The big consolation for living in Wingello was meeting my future wife Jan, a young lady just finishing high school and off on a nursing career at Sydney Hospital. Shortly after coming to the town, I was prevailed upon to join the local tennis club, which gave me the opportunity to resume a sport that I had grown up with (my parents had built a tennis court at our home near Cootamundra). It also allowed me to meet my future wife, although marriage did not come about until she had completed her nursing training (done the "real" way - in the hospital).

My stay at Wingello was not overly long - apparently the powers that be believed that too long in the one place was not good for a young teacher. So, shortly after the commencement of the next school year (1954), it was determined that my wonderful Lower Division skills were needed more at South Marulan than they were at Wingello.

School No 3:

At the beginning of the second school week of 1954 I found myself in my third school, South Marulan P S. Again I was filling the role of the "infants' mistress", with a Lower Division of K - 3 kids. This school hadn't been designed as anything but a one-teacher school, and consequently I found myself teaching on an enclosed veranda, with just one long row of desks from front to back.

(Continued on page 5)

TEACHING MEMORIES

(Continued from page 4)

The school population was divided roughly in half - my group crowded onto the veranda while the boss's Upper Division luxuriated in the adjoining normal-sized classroom.

South Marulan was a small mining village, relying almost entirely for its employment on the large limestone quarry nearby. Limestone was sent by both road and rail to cement works at Berrima and Maldon (Picton) and to the steelworks at Port Kembla. To get the limestone to the bins where the road trucks were loaded, a long overhead carrier system had been built, with the limestone carried in large buckets. The limestone that was transported by rail was sent via a company-owned spur rail line which joined the main southern line at Medway Junction, just east of Marulan station.

My stay at South Marulan was to be no longer than my stays at my first two schools had been. In September, just a couple of weeks into Term 3, I was informed that my services were required, again as the Lower Division teacher, at Bigga P S.

That is another story.

John Moon (1951-52)

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

The Annual General Meeting has had to be postponed and will now be held on Tuesday, 13th March, 2001 at the Teachers Credit Union, Homebush, 1st Floor. Starting time 11 am. Duration approx 1½ hours. Snack lunch available plus tea and bikkies.

Please note that future quarterly meetings will be held on the 1st Tuesday.

Meeting dates for 2001:
1st May, 2001
7th August, 2001
6th November 2001.

BACK TO BROOMAN

Bill Atkinson (1957-58) continues his reminiscences of his first appointment to Brooman.

On the way to school each day I would stop at Dingley's Dairy in Burrill Lake to pick up the crate of 1/3 pint bottles of milk. Children not wanting their bottle were supposed to bring a note from home but they reckoned that if they wanted a drink of milk they would catch a cow.

Each day all fifteen children would travel the 40 - 80 yards home for lunch and rarely return before 1.30. This left Mr "Axican" sitting in the sun on the veranda eating his peanut butter sandwiches. In the cooler months a flock of currawongs would come out of the hills and sit on the railing to be hand fed. There were plenty of classics included in the box of books sent each month or so by the library in Sydney to compensate for not having to do playground duty.

On the first Friday I was at Brooman, everybody went home for lunch as usual, but nobody came back.

When I walked down to the dwellings I was told that there was never any school on a Friday afternoon! The previous teacher had established a tradition, which enabled him to get home to Sydney for an extended weekend. Later I was told that there was never any school on the last day before the school holidays, either.

I had wondered about an entry in the Visitors' Book until a friend of the previous teacher told me of the last day of school the August before I went there. The teacher had stopped for a break at Berry on his way to Sydney when he bumped into the District Inspector and the Area Director. They made him lead them back to Brooman where they all three signed the Visitors' Book.

Like all small schools we had a crack ballgames team. We specialised in Captain Ball. The secret was in careful placement in the line. You could get away to a quick start if you

lined up from smallest to tallest. However, when the tall came to the front you were in trouble as she tried to bob down in front of the tiny. Strategic placement and lots of practice were vital for success.

In my last year we managed to put together enough cars to transport the entire student body to Moruya for the District Carnival. Nerves got the better of us and we didn't win, but we didn't come last either. More importantly we all enjoyed the day in "the big smoke" and talked about it for weeks afterwards. We vowed that next year we would get them!

A mum popped into the school one day to ask if we had any beanbags. She remembered the fun she had had with these happy satchels at the small school she had attended as a child. Our supply was rather dilapidated so she offered to make some new ones.

When the new supply arrived at the school it was just like Christmas. The outer covering was neatly sewn from brightly coloured curtain material and the filling consisted of unknown substance.

We used them for just about everything. They were thrown through hoops, into bins, at tins on boxes, between legs and at rabbits. They were added, subtracted, divided up and seemed to multiply in their box at night. They were king's crowns, knight's helmets, poisoned apples and crystal balls.

When the seam came adrift on one we tried to grow the "beans" in the garden. We found gumnuts, split peas, buttons, sawdust, chiraffneys, glonkenspickles and assorted items even the CSIRO would be unable to identify.

One day, during department classes, the beanbag slipped from Gordon's head in the cow pasture, taking his glasses with it. He tried on half a dozen before he found the right one.

No school should be without a plentiful supply of beanbags.

@@@@@@@

COLLEGE MEMORIES

As I was a late acceptance for College in 1957, by the time I arrived there were no places left in College residences, so it meant that Don Walkom and myself had to find board outside the College. We shared a room at a house near Bolton Park so it meant that our pushbikes received a fair amount of work going to and from College.

No matter how hard we tried, we couldn't convince the powers that be that we would be much better off in College residences - until one night Don returned home late from College activities and couldn't gain entrance to the house as the doors were locked.

He could see a light in the kitchen window so hopped up on the brick fence to look in to see if he could gain someone's attention. Lo and behold, there was the landlady having her way with one of her men friends on the kitchen table of all places - at least I think that's the way the story goes because I was so young then, I wasn't sure what that involved. Anyway, we mentioned it to Mr Young, who at that time was in charge of those who lived outside College. He decided that we couldn't have naive souls exposed to such behaviour and he organised for a small storeroom in the middle of Ipai Minor to be converted to a bedroom.

We were very appreciative of that move and even though the room was quite cramped it certainly saved a lot of wear and tear on our bikes and legs as regards trips to town.

The camaraderie in Ipai Minor was excellent and I still remember dorm raids on Kabi and their retaliation on us with at one stage, swapping blows with George Muir, the then Vice Principal, at the top of Ipai Minor steps one dark night. Can any of you remember the resultant meeting with him in the Ipai Minor common Room that night? I thought he was going to commit an unnatural act with that broom and that I was possibly going to be the recipient. He was not amused!

Can any of you remember the old galvanised iron laundry shed at the end of Ipai Minor? There were no

washing machines - just the old gas fired coppers and cement tubs. It was a bit of a mission to light the old gas coppers - first turn on the gas and reach under and into the dark obscurity below the copper.

In the meantime one of your "mates" would be waiting outside the laundry with a lump of 3 x 2 in his hand. Timing here was of the essence. At the nod from someone inside the laundry, the piece of wood would be belted on the galvanised iron as close as possible to the Victim's head, just as he was putting the match into the dark recess. The effect was quite theatrical. More clothes to wash!

Remember the college shop? I think Old Ma Baker ran it. Her cinnamon buns saved many of us from starvation and when we could afford it, even had a milkshake. I can still remember John Young asking for a sinful bun and a stallion ice cream

We were having morning tea with Sam and Marg Priest this week and reminiscing about the dining room food. I mentioned Len's and Bill's thoughts on sinker and sago pudding. Can anyone remember the train smash they used to serve up for a main course? I think it was mainly onions and tomato cooked in red juice with an occasional bit of meat in there too, hence its nickname.

Marg recalled the blancmange, which she and her friends had nicknamed "glues clop". She also recalled the lunch time our table had requested fresh bread as the present offering was so hard as to be inedible. Alas there was none to be had! So, in disgust, this immature lot each stuck their fork into the stale bread and left the table.

At the start of afternoon lectures, we were summoned to George Muir's office. As we all entered, there was the bread bowl with the offending eight forks sticking out of the bread - pride of place on his desk. Poor Marg got the giggles and couldn't stop despite George's roasting. It was one of the few times that George pigeonholed his sense of humour. I think that little

episode cost each of us a 5-shilling fine.

Remember paydays? That sense of power and euphoria! A whole seventeen pounds ten shillings and sixpence to last you for six weeks and there, at the end of the table as you filed by would be George Muir and the registrar Eddie?? (Can't remember his last name but he looked like Jackie Gleeson) with George saying, "Grab this one Eddie, he owes us some".

Other memories:

- Toasting stolen bread on upturned radiators at night.

- Leaving radiators on on cold mornings.

- Taking shirts off the line and standing them in the corner on winter mornings.

- Short-sheeting beds.

- Upending beds on dorm raids with the victims still in them.

- Food parcels from home.

Perhaps to be extended at a later date

Regards
Graeme Shea (1957-58)

WWTC-ALUMNI E-GROUP

The E-group is now up and running and has attracted about 30 alumni who communicate regularly by e-mail and distribute pictures, humorous articles and helpful information to neophytes.

John (Charlie) Ferris (1951-52) started off the E-group and has done an excellent job in assisting new members to feel comfortable with the new technology.

He has now handed over to Bill Atkinson (1957-58) who will assist any alumni who wishes to join the E-group to communicate with other members. Bill can be reached by sending an e-mail to:

atkinson@cyberone.com.au

IN MEMORIAM

Ralph J. C. Hutton WWTC Pioneer



Ralph was a Pioneer of Wagga Wagga Teachers' College and spent most of his teaching career in Bega.

He retired in 1986 and since then has been actively involved in the community.

He was the organist at St John's Anglican Church, Bega for 44 years – from 1956 to 2000 – and had not missed an Easter or Christmas service in all that time until Easter 2000.

He had a great community spirit and a zest for life. As well as teacher and organist he was a scoutmaster for years, served on the Arts Council and the Regional Gallery as well as the Bega – Littleton exchange.

He was a founding member of the Bega Philatelic and Numismatic Society.

Each year during the 80's he organised, conducted and played for the combined Church Choirs to raise money for Refugees.

His interests were many. He loved music, art, travel, and he was an expert knitter. He made miniature oriental rugs in tapestry and needlework.

He also delighted in his vegie garden, but most of all he loved his fellow man.

He will be sadly missed.

Submitted by Dawn, his wife of 48 years.

TEACHING MEMORIES

This message from John Riley is being distributed to members of the first five sessions of WWTC, in conjunction with information about the REUNION planned for 6, 7, and 8 July 2001.

“As a large proportion of the contributors to Teaching Memories to date have come from these five sessions, we are hoping to have the book completed and ready for distribution at their July 2001 Reunion, thus making possible a considerable saving in postage costs for buyers.

You can help bring this about by joining those who have already sent stories (over 60 to date) and putting on paper your experiences for one of the chapters advertised regularly in Talkabout. We would dearly love to have over 100 contributors. If you have a photo to illustrate your story(s), well and good. These will be returned as soon as they have been scanned.”

- John Riley (1948-50)

Because the cost of printing the book will be quite large, we are asking for an indication of interest from all alumni who may be interested in purchasing the book as well as the possibility of perhaps sponsoring a page as happens in most school year books these days.

If you would be prepared to purchase a book at approx \$20 and/or you wish to sponsor a page at \$10, please indicate your interest by sending a note to Michelle Fawkes at the Bathurst Alumni Office. (Address on Page 2)

INTERESTED IN HAVING A REUNION?

The Alumni Team
(Michelle and Marion)
is here to help you.
Just give us a call and we
will be able to advise and
assist in the organisation
of your special event.

Phone: (02) 6338 4629

QUARTERLY LUNCHEON A GREAT SUCCESS

The most successful luncheon to date was held at the Masonic Club on Friday 24th November, with thirty people attending. Our party filled three tables, taking up one end of the room, with members ranging across the first 5 sessions.

Conversation was enthusiastic, with waiters at times having difficulty in attracting the attention of people to take their orders.

No one was in a desperate hurry to leave after the meal, with the result that the party did not disperse till about 2.30.

On behalf of the Alumni Association, June and I would welcome hearing from others who have not yet attended one of the luncheons and who would like to join us on one of the dates during 2001. For those of you who are still involved in teaching, the April function has been arranged during vacation time for your convenience.

- John Riley (1948-50)

WWTC ALUMNI QUARTERLY LUNCH PROGRAMME FOR 2001

DATES: Wednesday 18th April
Tuesday 28th August
Friday 30th November

MENU: Select two of three courses, with choices available in each.

LUNCH ORDERS AT MIDDAY

WHERE: Masonic Club
169 Castlereagh St SYDNEY

COST: Approx \$20, drinks extra.

CONTACT: June Hadley
Ph: 9875 3949

OR John Riley Ph: 9525 5304
Bookings at least a week in advance.

WHO: All WWTC Alumni
regardless of session.

**We look forward to renewing
contacts and making new ones.**

**EXCEL WITH
HONOUR**

THE UNUSUAL MR LEWINGTON

If you remember Mr Lewington from our last issue, he was at Ivanhoe at age 21 in 1898. He had proposed marriage to Bessie Young, a governess who had been in Ivanhoe one week. Bessie Young complained to the Inspector about his vulgar behaviour and "persecution and annoyances of me".

Other residents complained also and finally the Department resorted to its age old remedy – it transferred him to a one teacher school, where he could do most damage without supervision. NOW READ ON:

In July 1899 Lewington was appointed to Overton Provisional School near Urana. One year later he applied to sit for the Third Class Teacher's Certificate. He was refused because his last inspection report rated his skill and usefulness as "moderate to tolerable". Inspector Board also stated that "Mr Lewington's speech was frequently ungrammatical".

The following is a letter of complaint about Lewington from an Overton parent Mrs Holland, to Inspector Board in April 1901. Although Mrs Holland was less than good at punctuation her description captures some of the essence of Mr Lewington.

"After inspection last year when 5 attended 3 of whom were mine he said now we shall take things easy and the children did just what they pleased. He would come to school 10-10.30 and 11 o'clock and then throw out the football they would have a reading lesson all out of the one book or something easy then out for a couple of hours – in again for one lesson and then home, this went on all the time until Xmas. In an object lesson "last week before Easter" on the bones of the human body he pointed out the different bones on his own person and when he came to Pelvis he turned his seat to class and smacked it saying this is the pelvis. He keeps his hat on his head the whole of the day while in the school last October – several children were punished because they did not put on their slate pumpkin as it was written on the board (pumpkin). I sent the lesson the next day and he said oh well! some people call it

pumpkin he says he likes to put his own haccent on a song. Since January the children have to teach each other he said Lord Almighty Hedith Mackinnon you will never learn --- I was going to complain last year but as he said he intended to get into the Mounted Police I thought there would be no need to complain he said he intended to apply at Easter but he did not go away.

When he came to the District first he boarded at Mrs Lanes, without giving warning he left and went to Mrs Pateys 4 miles further he seldom used the door of his room there, going in and out through the window – then it was 11 o'clock when he got to school after two months there he asked to be taken back at Lanes they did allow him – and on one Sunday he came from the Public house 2 miles off with a cart and told Mrs Lane he was moving he stayed from July to March there and left the same way asking Mrs L. to take him back which she has

Several residents wrote to the Department in support of Lewington but after an inquiry by Inspector Board he was severely censured and warned of dismissal if his poor performance continued.

RULES FOR TEACHERS 1872

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, trim the wicks and clean chimneys.
2. Each morning teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual taste of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they attend church regularly.
5. After ten hours in school, the teachers may spend the remaining time reading the Bible or any other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of

his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.

8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intention, integrity and honesty.
9. The teacher who performs his labour faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of twenty-five pence per week in his pay, providing the Board of Education approves.

HOW WELL DID WE TEACH THEM

Lew Crabtree submits the following 'howlers' gleaned from HSC markers and are, unfortunately, all true!

1. In the Berlin Olympics Hitler refused to shake the hand of Jesse James.
2. Idi Amin murdered anyone who wore glasses or went to school because there was a chance that they might be able to read.
3. Ever since the arrival of Captain Mark Phillips the aborigines have been exploited.
4. There are three times more proteins than people in this world so people shouldn't have to go hungry.
5. Many people cannot help themselves because they cannot help themselves.
6. They can't follow the rythem method because they haven't got colanders.
7. We could rase munney for them thru door nock appeals or fates, although it is education which they lack.
8. You must keep your body healthy at all times. If not, your own body would go one way and you the other.
9. They will not be able to understand the pill or the I.U.D. but something like the condom which they can see working.
10. If conceptives were used the population would decrease beyond conception.