



A PUBLICATION
OF THE ALUMNI OF
WAGGA TEACHERS

TALKABOUT



Volume 21 No 1

April 2018



FROM THE EDITOR



It is indeed a privilege to be the editor of this *70 Year Celebratory Talkabout*. This edition attempts to capture those moments when over 340 former students and partners of the Wagga Wagga Teachers' College (1947-1972) came together to celebrate the 70th anniversary of the establishment of the College. A place that prepared us for the most honourable profession of all - teaching.

Unfortunately it has not been possible to include all the memories, stories and personal experiences that we shared over what was a most memorable weekend. However, it is hoped that the articles and photos that have been included will help you to recall some of the deeper sentiments and emotions that you experienced while with those who were part of your journey, those many years ago.

Thanks to all who have assisted in the preparation of this edition. In particular to Sue and Lindsay Brockway co editors and to all who shared their reports and photographs for all to enjoy.

Accompanying the *70 Year Celebratory Talkabout* will be a CD that includes all the photos taken by Darryl Gibb over the entire weekend. Our thanks to Darryl for his extraordinary photography, his friendly manner and assistance in preparing the CD.

Brian Powyer



TALKABOUT: 70 YEAR CELEBRATORY EDITION

On the weekend of 27-29 October, 2017, over 340 former students and many of their partners celebrated the 70th anniversary of the establishment of The Wagga Wagga Teachers' College in 1947. A full program of events and opportunities to catch up with old friends and colleagues was organised through the Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Alumni Association. Feedback clearly indicated that the program was appreciated and enjoyed by all who attended.

The following summary provides a very brief overview of the individual events within the program. This is followed by the key note addresses and the photographic record taken across all the activities over the weekend.

Time	Venue	Activity
Friday 27 October 2017		
3.00pm	Wagga	Registration and Civic Welcome
6.00pm	Various	Session Dinners Session Coordinator
Saturday 28 October 2017		
8.00am	South Campus	Archives, Walking Tour, Morning Tea and "Wake"
11.00am	South Campus	Bus Tour of Wagga to North Campus
1.00pm	North Campus	BBQ Lunch with Myrtle and the College Rotunda
6.30pm	North Campus	Formal Dinner CSU Convention Centre
Sunday 29 October 2017		
9.00am	Botanical Gardens	Rotary Club of Wagga BBQ Breakfast
10.30.am	Botanical Gardens	Ecumenical Church Service at Music Bowl
11.30am	Botanical Gardens	Session activities and Farewells

Registration and Civic Welcome

The celebratory program commenced with a Mayoral welcome and reception in the landscaped grounds of the Victory Memorial Gardens. Following a Welcome to Country, from Auntie Isabel, the Mayor, Greg Conkey, welcomed the Alumni to the City of Wagga Wagga. President, Bruce Forbes, responded by thanking the Council and its staff for facilitating the welcome and then went on to outline the role the College had played in establishing and developing the education sector within the City of Wagga Wagga.

Session Dinners

On Friday evening all the session groups met at a variety of eateries across the City. All reports were that there were plenty of hugs, kisses and handshakes, followed by valued reminiscences, stories altered by the passage of time and the odd senior's moment.

Archives, Walking Tour, Morning Tea and "Wake"

Saturday morning and we all met at the South Campus of the Charles Sturt University, the old College site. Although the site offered us much less than what we recalled, it none the less

Cover Photograph: The Pioneers Cut The Anniversary Cake
John Hale, Colin Taylor, Winifred Wilcox, Kevin Wilcox, Edmund Keogh

brought our memories flooding back. As well as engaging with the magnificent archive display prepared by Wayne Doubleday and his team, other highlights of the morning included walking around the site to visit the remaining old haunts, sipping bubbly as we sang *Gaudeamus Igitur* accompanied on keyboard by former College music lecturer Laurie Orchard (1954-63). The return of a long lost plaque for the *Wagga Wagga College Playing Field* was met with acclamation and it will now find a new and secure home within the College archive collection.

Bus Tour of Wagga Wagga and the North Campus

Ushered into three coaches we were taken on a nostalgic tour around Wagga Wagga, passing by many of the sites and places we frequented, those many years ago. Many remained in their self-styled magnificence, others looked a little worse for wear due to the passage of time and many others had been removed and replaced by the progress of a modern regional centre.

BBQ Lunch with Myrtle and the College Rotunda

A very generous and delicious BBQ lunch was provided at the North Campus of the Charles Sturt University. Following a short stroll across the campus our sense of tradition, belonging and the importance of our training all came flooding back when we reunited with Myrtle and the College rotunda, both respectfully relocated in the serene surrounds of the university grounds.

Formal Dinner CSU Convention Centre

The University Conference Centre on North Campus was filled to capacity for the 70 Year Anniversary Dinner. Hosted by the Vice Chancellor, Professor Andrew Vann, the evening fulfilled everyone's expectations – great food, excellent company and magic moments of sharing memories, stories and life's passing journeys. During proceedings the room was filled with the richness and tonal excellence of the Wagga City Rugby Male Choir, and again we rose in pride to join in the renditions of the *College Song* and *Gaudeamus Igitur*. Using their wisdom, personal experiences and the benefit of hindsight, the invited speakers resonated with all in the room with their recollections, emotional connections and romanticised versions of their yesteryears. We are all indebted to Bruce Forbes (President WWTC), Andy Vann (Vice Chancellor), Kevin and Winifred Wilcox (Pioneers) Ross Hosking (1960-61), Judy Townsend (Callan) (Enders), for capturing the past so vividly and presenting it in a manner that made the night so special for all in attendance.

BBQ Breakfast at Botanical Gardens

The gardens were at their picturesque best and provided a perfect backdrop for the morning after the night before. In keeping with traditions of days long gone the troops, in good spirits, rolled in for breakfast and the conversations picked up from where they left off from the previous evening. Rotary, as always, served up just the right combination of breakfast delights to ensure that all in attendance were well nourished for the day ahead.

Ecumenical Church Service at the Bush Chapel

A special weekend was brought to a fitting close as we gathered in the Bush Chapel. The spiritual appeal of the location and the participatory styled service allowed all present to reflect upon the past and the present in a manner that illustrated that our professional efforts over the intervening years have and will continue to yield a future of positivity and growth that emerges through the bonds formed between teachers, their students, their parents and the communities in which they nurtured and developed.

Session Activities and Farewells

Then, the time approached for all to say their farewells and make their plans to keep in touch over the coming years. A truly magnificent weekend for all who attended.

1947



2017

MAYORAL WELCOME



I would like to acknowledge the Wiradjuri People who are the traditional custodians of the land we are meeting on. I would also like to pay respects to the elders both past and present of the Wiradjuri Nation and extend that respect to emerging and other community members here today

I would like to welcome our guests of honour, the Teachers Alumni President, Bruce Forbes, and the alumni members, the CSU Head of Campus, Miriam Dayhew, Aunty Isabel Reid and General Manager James Bolton.



Today we are here to celebrate and honour the 70 year reunion of the Teacher's Alumni. The first enrolment was in 1947 and I believe that we have 7 of those people present here with us today, who are referred to as the "Pioneers".

In total this weekend we have more than 340 members and partners, who travelled far and wide to be here in Wagga for the "Return to Riverina" celebrations.



Wagga today is a very much different place than it was when you studied here. Our population is now 65,000 and WWCC assets exceed \$1.3b. You would have trouble recognising some of our sporting, recreational and cultural facilities and shopping precincts. We are currently well and truly punching above our weight with more than \$120m worth of infrastructure projects underway or about to start and private enterprise especially out at Bomen is in expansion mode.



But let's talk about you and your experiences here. I have done a little research. And some of the activities (I am not sure if you would call them highlights) but let's say memories include:

Food, it was always a HOT topic! The Dining Room was the site of the old RAAF hospital morgue and most of it was of a dubious quality. The smell of the cooking Red Haddock on a Friday still haunts many nostrils! And I have heard that one dish was referred to as Arab's armpit.



Making a sojourn to the women's dorms at night was a challenge with the ever present Night Watchman able to pick up male visitors at 100 paces with his torch!

The "line" which separated the men from the women's dorm was known as the Milky Way because that was as far as





men could walk their girlfriends.

The rush to the Turvey Tavern on a Thursday which coincided with "pay day". I heard the wage was \$14 a week which some spent in one night

The haunting sounds of the recorders around the dorms as students crammed for the practical music exams.

Playing jerks with Jock Curry the undisputed champion.

And the long trips in un-air-conditioned buses to practice teaching destinations.

Now I was a product of those long bus trips as I attended Cootamundra Primary School and well remember the bus pulling up and the prac. teachers spilling out with their bulky practice lessons clutched firmly in their hands and can I tell you that even as a young child I thought the females were a bit of all right.



I still have a memory of dancing the twist with one of the prac. teachers. That teacher would now be in her early to mid 70s and if she is here today I would love to catch up and maybe show people that we have not lost some of those great moves.

During your careers you have impacted and shaped the lives of tens of thousands of people, those tens of thousands of people owe you a tremendous debt of gratitude and I stand here before you today and thank you on behalf of your students for the role you played in their education.

That career path you took started right here in Wagga Wagga so this city is also very proud of your significant contribution in shaping those many lives.

I know that tomorrow by an air-conditioned bus, you will get the chance to see how far this city has progressed since your student days.

I warmly welcome you back, enjoy the weekend. I am sure you will enjoy renewing friendships and telling and retelling some of the stories of your time here in Wagga Wagga.

Greg Conkey
Mayor
Wagga Wagga City Council



PRESIDENT'S REPLY TO MAYORAL WELCOME



Eventually, the “70 Year Celebration of Tertiary Education in Wagga” arrives. It has been a long time in the planning and organising.

May I extend my sincere thanks to Wagga Wagga City Council and the Mayor for acknowledging and recognising the importance of Wagga Wagga Teachers College (1947 to 1972) as an ongoing integral part of the Wagga City economic, social and cultural fabric.



I must admit I did meet the Mayor Greg Conkey, for the first time in a local pub last March to discuss this event and to make preliminary arrangements for an official welcome of WWTC Alumni returning to Wagga. I guess this sort of meeting typifies the friendliness and fraternity which Wagga inspires. I also wish to thank the Events Staff of WWCC. The process for organising started two and half years ago with Sally and Karly, then it was Cassie and Monique before Cassandra supplied the information packs and Sarah organised the goods and services for today's Mayoral Welcome.



On behalf of all of the ex-WWTC students gathering here this weekend please accept our gratitude.

Also here today are various staff members from CSU. CSU is the university that grew from the roots of WWTC. They are Sarah Hansell in Marketing, Miriam Dayhew as Head Of Campus and Sheridan Ingold in Alumni. Please make yourself known to our fraternity and thanks for your support and recognition of the weekend's events.



In the next three days those attending the anniversary celebrations will once again make their respective marks in and around Wagga Wagga. There will be no demonstrations or marches demanding better conditions and certainly no pub crawls along Fitzmaurice and Baylis Streets. We promise to be a much more subdued group of students over this weekend.



Now allow me to welcome fellow alumni to this Celebration. You probably have met or will meet some of your WWTCAA committee who have been involved in the planning and organisation of this event. It has been an intensive and interesting logistical exercise arranging and coordinating persons, places and times for the various events over the past two years from far away Kew. But here we are!





It is important for me to acknowledge, from the outset, the assistance we have had from Wagga Wagga City Council, Rotary groups, choirs, cake decorators, photographers, various individuals, caterers and CSU in bringing this Celebration about. I must acknowledge the work of our treasurer and secretary in managing the finances and data bases.



No doubt the weekend will be permeated by nostalgia, reminiscing will be profoundly present, recounting, remembering and recalling will come to the fore and there will be innumerable handshakes and hugs.

But firstly, a little bit of history as to how and why Wagga became a seat for Tertiary Education with the Wagga City Council playing no small part.



Please bear with me here as I go back before our time and recognise the role of Council in the establishment of a Teachers College in Wagga Wagga.

It was right back on 26th March 1928 when Mr Drummond, the Minister for Education, proposed that a Teachers College be established in the Southern part of the State. By November 15th 1928, the *Sydney Morning Herald* reported that at a meeting of the Advance Bathurst League there was disension against the Wagga selection. It also indicated that the Copland property on Willans Hill had been purchased at Wagga as a site for the new college within two years.



The DA reported that this Copland property will provide for 300 students with a residential building constructed at an estimated cost of 80,000 pounds. The vision was *“to enlarge the seats of learning”* and develop Wagga as a *“centre of culture”* where *“manners maketh man”*.



By Wednesday 29th August, 1929, an historic ceremony was held on Willans Hill when about 1000 residents of Wagga attended to celebrate Arbor Day and plant an avenue of 80 trees to beautify the college grounds. The Mayor, Alderman E. E. Collins made a strong appeal to future Mayors of Wagga to continue the Arbor Day ceremonies until Wagga became *“the most arboreal city in the Commonwealth”*. He also said that the College would be a great asset to the town and district.

By August 1931 it was reported that: *“the planting and beautification scheme was in a deplorable state and that the efforts should be regarded as wasted labour”*. The Mayor





blamed the committee, which included some aldermen, for the state of the plantation. One alderman indicated that someone appeared to have deliberately taken the wires from the fence to let their cattle in.



With the War, technical training became paramount and a technical college was established on the site alongside the high school and the site was lost and then deemed to be too small. On March 15, 1946 the Minister for Air wrote to Mr E.H Grahame, the member for Wagga, stating that the proposed use of the RAAF Hospital as a teachers' college training centre was under investigation. The Wagga Wagga City Council didn't agree and proposed that more land be allocated on Willans Hill for the Teachers' Training College.



In the DA on 31st May 1946, Mr Heffron, the Minister for Education, states: *"We hope to make an early announcement about the Teachers College"* and *"it should be completed by the end of the year. We are waiting only for the appointment of professors, who will be of world calibre, before putting these plans into effect"*. By June 3, 1946 the DA reported that: *"the years ahead will see sensational developments in the educational life of Wagga. It will make new demands on Wagga. It will be for the aldermen, cultural organisations and sporting bodies to anticipate new deeds and plan to meet them with the least delay"*.



By Monday, June 9 1947 the WWTC opened at the RAAF Hospital grounds and not Willans Hill.



This is how it came to be that we are here in the beautified cultural and administrative hub and the Victory Memorial Gardens of Wagga for this, the official welcome by Wagga's current Mayor, Greg Conkey, and as guests of the WWCC which has played no small part over time in establishing the Teachers College in Wagga Wagga.

Please show your appreciation and thank our traditional landowners and the Mayor for the welcoming ceremony. May you gain immense pleasure from the activities and the facilities provided in this progressive regional city.

Bruce Forbes
27/10/2017



PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS 70 YEARS OF TERTIARY EDUCATION IN WAGGA



I am a reluctant speaker and a very inexperienced MC. I can recall in my first “prac-teaching” report the supervisor referring to the need for me “to vary my tone and reduce the volume to a level appropriate for a small school teaching environment”. This lecturer probably did intolerable harm for me to shy away from public speaking and addressing audiences. It also probably directed me to go to swim coaching where you had no choice but to have voice volume to



get your message across. My other excuse is that I am just a country boy!

So it is by default, as the President, I find myself addressing over 340 WWTC ex-students and partners who enrolled and/or attended South Campus Wagga Wagga when it was known as Wagga Wagga Teachers College in the period from 1947 to 1971. In a way this also reminds me of the time Bernie Fitzpatrick (64/65) came to me at College and implored me, as a person of last resort, to succeed him as Social Union President in 1966 ... someone had to do it, no one else would. It was also the year that the SRC President elect did not return for his second year ... he had failed probably as a courtesy of a certain principal.



It is indeed opportune that it is now in 2017 that this Celebration has occurred.



2017 is not only the 70th year since the foundation of WWTC as the first co-educational residential Teachers College but also the 20th year since a group of WWTC pioneers came together for the 25th Year Reunion in 1997. It was this group of Pioneers who met in the old assembly hall on South Campus and formed a committee and launched WWTCFA. They resurrected *Talkabout*, established the mechanisms to facilitate a liaison with CSU and initiated the WWTC Foundation Scholarship Fund.



This Scholarship Fund now totals over \$100,000 and each year \$8000 is allocated to a student or students to assist in their studies, enable them to complete their practicums and perhaps alleviate their HECS. Chris and Jenny Blake (66/67) process the applications, interview potential recipients and present the scholarship at one or more of the CSU campus Scholarship Ceremonies.





WWTC existed for 25 years before politics intervened (again) in such a way that Riverina College of Advanced Education was born and then morphed into Riverina-Murray Institute of Higher Education before finally gaining a University status as CSU.



However, there was one fundamental difference. WWTC was unique for its co-educational residential status to create the cohesiveness that brings together this weekend over 300 (not so young anymore) ex-students. The Alumni has over 1700 members now mostly linked by email who receive three *Talkabouts* each year with the most recent being Volume 20 Number 2. It is through these events and *Talkabout* that “*memory oft will tread the journey, Wagga College back to thee*”. The current editor is Brian Powyer 66/67.



The membership had been pursued relentlessly by the late Ann Smith at the end of the 20th Century through post, phone calls and student records now held at CSU Regional Archives. It is this list which still forms the basis of the current membership.



Mostly now membership is by email with payments through electronic fund transfer. (There is still the occasional “pineapple” enclosed in the “snail mail”). Membership contributions are allocated to various activities including Student Scholarships, Archives, “*Yalari*” an Aboriginal Education Foundation, various projects and operational costs. Two people do an incredible amount of work to keep abreast of activities and ensure membership is well served. Lindsay Brockway as Treasurer and Lesley Forbes as Secretary devote so much time to their tasks that it is probably true to say that these people have “retired to work rather than worked to retire”.



Another reason that this event is fortunate to have occurred in 2017 is that by 2018, the land we knew at WWTC and now CSU South Campus, already having undergone massive transformation, is unlikely to be there as land zoned for educational use. Already the playing fields have gone, a succession of asbestos material buildings have been demolished, gardens have been laid to waste, trees felled, buildings vacated and boarded and that seat of educational learning we knew has transitioned. It is somewhat of an





anomaly that the last building to be “transferred” will be the CSU Regional Archives. This is the building which houses so much of our WWTC memorabilia such as exam papers, photographs, craft boxes, graduation programs, assembly presentations, minutes from our lecturers’ staff meetings as well as lecturer and warden reports, (were we gaol inmates?) So even the ghosts of our past will be gone!

There are some gems in those warden reports.



For example: The late-night coffee sessions during which students exchanged ideas no longer dominate the late hours. A great many students are returning to College in the early hours of the morning and are therefore not present for discussions. Beer has replaced coffee as the usual evening beverage. As far as I know the beer is being consumed off the campus but for the past few months I have been pursuing a hunch that it has been brought onto the campus and being consumed there. As yet I have had no success in apprehending an offender of what is a cardinal rule of the college, but I do expect to do so. (K.Davies 1967)



According to the *Daily Advertiser* (May 10, 2017) South Campus has been earmarked for change. Will it be developers for residential development or developers for commercial pursuits or will the original zoning as land for educational pursuits result in a technology hub being formed or maybe even a school? Will it be dollars for developers or excellence in education? Money and power will probably defeat excellence in education, learning and research. Maybe a demonstration school on Boorooma (CSU site) would be a spin off from the anticipated \$8m sale.



But I digress.



WWTC material held in archives is currently being digitised. Each year funds have been allocated to engage staff and CSU students to digitise information for the CSU Regional Archives web page. Bob Haskew of our committee diligently performs this role.

A local preserving history committee lead by Ray Petts also exists to save various landmarks and items which signified and dignified South Campus. Gates, gardens and shrubs, lamp posts, plaques, sun dials and statues will eventually





find a home at Boorooma Campus to reflect the legacy of WWTC. This will surely enable those current students attending one of their six one-hour lectures/week to ponder on what we experienced over those two years at WWTC.

They will be able to cogitate in the band rotunda under the watchful eye of Myrtle while smelling the roses which formed that avenue as you walked through the Mary Gilmore Gates. If they fall asleep then the light from the relocated light posts will guide them to their next destination and the sun dial will tell them the time.



We are all mortal and there are many of us who have passed on. This Alumni Association cannot go on forever, but we can surely leave a legacy. Virtually all of us have passed the three score years and ten-mile stone. However, it was deemed important to honour our pioneers and to bring together as many WWTC Alumni as possible to reminisce, recount, relate, revive and rekindle the friendships among cohorts. It is a true celebration of tertiary education at Wagga.



There is no doubt that there would not be a person here who has not revisited the past and recounted those halcyon days of teaching or pathways trodden over this weekend. Sorting fact from fiction may be an issue!



There is also no doubt that there has been an evolution in the methods and practices currently used to educate our future teachers that is fundamentally different from the pathways offered to us.

Teacher education and training today at CSU is a far cry from our two years of 9am - 5pm lectures for three fourteen-week terms. This incidentally equates to 35 hours per week of lectures, nearly 500 hours per term and over 1500 hours for the year not including those practice teaching periods.



A brief check of the current CSU website identifies 12 undergraduate courses, 5 post graduate courses and 10 Master of Education courses with courses offered on campuses or online as one year to four-year, part time and/or full time courses.

The big difference: we were paid to study, they pay to study. We were told where to go and now the graduates seek where to go.





There is no doubt that the three speakers from different eras of WWTC will espouse on the life and times at WWTC outlining the trials and tribulations of 25 Years of Teacher Training at WWTC.

But before I close and just take on the MC role, let us all acknowledge the WWTC lecturers who are in attendance tonight. Betty Robertson (Keech), Laurie Orchard, Peter Keeble, Ian Stephenson and Henry Gardiner. (Ruby Riach (1950 – 54) was an early starter but a recent fall has impacted and she has forwarded an apology).



It is probably fair to say that these educators put down our future path and that they survived our recalcitrant ways and should no longer agonise over our poor spelling, poor mathematical performances, juvenile chalkboard writing and the penalties imposed when we were sentenced to remedial lectures in the social sciences, recorder performance, speech and grammar.



I must here acknowledge other members of the WWTCAA committee who regularly attend our meetings four times a year to steer the ship and make my job one that anyone could engage in their retirement years. Our committee members are: Col Kohlhagen, Norm Stanton, Kevin and Winifred Wilcox, Neville Keeley, Lyn Luke, Welwyn and Allan Petersen, and Dot Tanner.

There are also a few Wagga contacts who have done liaison work to have the events operate. Thanks to John Ferguson, Jock Currie Ellen Brazier and Chris Fox.

A special thanks to Sheridan Ingold who has stepped up to the plate for Stacey Fish who has been on extended leave, to Miriam Dayhew (HOC) Shiralee Hillam and Toby Perry in catering and Professor Andrew Vann (VC) for their support.

Ohh! Just one more thing before I invite the Vice Chancellor, Professor Andrew Vann to the podium.

Indeed, times have changed. Does it not seem strange that as students we were forbidden any alcohol consumption and now this campus produces its own and you get two bottles on your table with the compliments of the Vice Chancellor.



VICE CHANCELLOR'S WELCOME



I wish to begin by acknowledging the Wiradjuri people the traditional custodians of the land on which we meet, I would like to pay my respects to their elders past, present and emerging.

Good evening everyone and thank you for inviting me along to celebrate 70 years of teacher training in Wagga Wagga.



Thank you to everyone here tonight who have made such an effort not only this weekend, but for 70 years to keep the Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Alumni Association thriving in the way that it does.

I would particularly like to welcome:

- Bruce Forbes, President of the Wagga Wagga Teachers College Alumni Association;
- Joe Schipp, former state local member and alumnus;
- Former WWTC lecturers, Henry Gardiner; Peter Keeble; and Laurie Orchard;
- There are also 7 pioneer students attending tonight;
- From CSU I would like to welcome Miriam Dayhew, Head of Campus, Wagga Wagga; and
- Sheridan Ingold from CSU's Alumni Relations Team who has put much effort into assisting with organising the event and tonight's dinner.



As Vice-Chancellor of Charles Sturt University, I am extraordinarily proud of our historical roots and the stories of our antecedents. One of the first things I did after taking on the role was to read the histories of the University and its fore-runner institutions.



Obviously this goes back to the experimental farms in the 1890s but Wagga Wagga and Bathurst Teachers' Colleges were a core part of that history.

I am also proud that CSU and its predecessors have educated a large proportion of teachers in NSW, and particularly those in regional NSW.



There are structural factors which mean that whilst we do have extraordinarily successful regional students, on average achievement is not as strong as in the cities. Those of you who have made your careers in regional areas have helped to address this.





The impact a teacher can have on a young person can be profound. I still remember my primary school teachers and my primary school headmistress Miss Matthews – she would still be horrified at my handwriting, unfortunately.



I remember very fondly my Form Teacher at High School, the lovely, inspiring and wonderful Mrs Leake and my English Teacher Mr Coe who told us “don’t say ‘the Government should do something’ say ‘I should do something’”



I have remembered that lesson from Mr Coe to this day and with no word of a lie, it has been one of the things that inspired me to take on leadership roles and seek to make the world a better place.



I also remember, of course, that he read us extracts from *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* and left the swear words and the risqué bits in.



Enough of my memories, but we all have these. Our teachers literally help to make our world through their dedication and skill, as you alumni here tonight have. It would be nice if more of our politicians and media acknowledged that on a regular basis but on behalf of your students and us all I want to pay my tribute to you – thank you!



The Alumni Association of the Wagga Wagga Teachers’ College is one of our most active and continues to celebrate not only the history of education, but the achievement of our Alumni and indeed many of you here tonight.

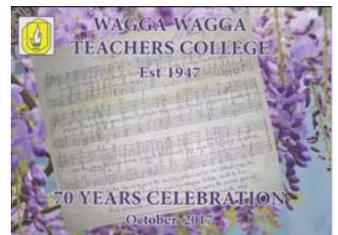
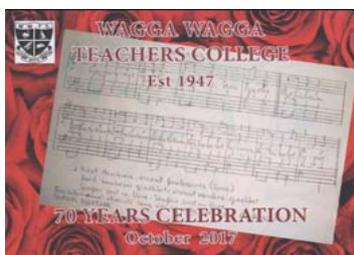


I understand you have had a full program today enjoying Wagga Wagga and revisiting the history of the Teachers’ College.

The Wagga Wagga Teachers’ College has over 3000 Alumni that spans from 1947, when the College commenced, through to 1971.

The college was a lucky recipient under government education policy shortly after World War II when it was decided that two regional colleges should be established to increase the number of teachers in NSW.

Wagga Wagga as the educational centre of the Riverina region and Bathurst as the equivalent for the Central West, were chosen as central and southern alternatives to the northern Armidale Teachers’ College.





The College opened on land in the Centre of the city which is now known as South Campus. As I am told, the Campus comprised three blocks of women's dormitories, approximately ten male dormitories, three lecture blocks, a gym and assembly hall, an administration block, a dining room and a common room.



It has been so pleasing that we have been able to relocate some of the original features of the South Campus to CSU's Borooma Campus including the Rotunda and the famous – or infamous Myrtle, of whom I am personally a great admirer.

I am also pleased to confirm that we will also be relocating the Mary Gilmore Gates, the gas lanterns and the sun dial and we are committed to maintaining these important pieces of our history.



As you know, the College was part of the core foundations of Charles Sturt University. We continue to provide courses to the teachers of the future as well as advancing the credentials of our current teaching workforce.

I discovered a personal connection to Wagga Wagga Teachers College last year. My good friend Professor Martin Lambert at the University of Adelaide was largely responsible for me coming to Australia and his mother, Shirley, told me she was an alumna. They were intending to be here tonight but I understand Martin's father Norm had a farming accident from which he is still recovering – although he seems to be nearly indestructible.

THE PIONEERS: IN THE BEGINNING - Kevin Wilcox



The College was supposed to open in February but the transformation from RAAF Hospital to the co-educational residential Teachers College was taking forever to be done. So the first Principal, George Blakemore, made the decision – it will start now.

So all those who had received scholarships were sent the letter. "Students will



assemble on platform 1 at Central Station on Friday, 5th June, 1947. They will have a 28inch suitcase in which there will be the following items – 3 sets of underwear, 3 shirts, a pair of shorts etc. etc. plus a travel rug.

The Melbourne Express left on time and after a cold all





night journey arrived at Wagga Wagga at 6am. on Saturday, 6th June. The countryside was blanketed in a heavy frost. We were all clustered on the footpath in front of the station when three trucks arrived, loaded all the suitcases and departed. A voice wondered if they were going where we were going.



Not long after buses arrived and we were transported out past the Hospital, across the railway line, past the show-ground, to a cluster of wooden huts. Here we each rescued our suitcases from the crush, were summoned in alphabetical order to meet the bursar and paid up front the 11 guineas (£11/11/- or \$23.10) registration fee. Somewhere around midday we were given sandwiches and mugs of barley water. We were to become used to barley water over the next two years.



By mid afternoon we were assigned our rooms. There I found my room mates – Don Boyle who like me was from Bathurst, and John Hale. We were to be room mates in this room for two years.

The first meal in the dining room was the evening meal. We were called again in alphabetical order and each table was for 8 – 4 females and 4 males. Don Westley and I were the tallest so we organised to take the end seats. This required the three on each side of the table to be girl, boy, girl.



One student from each table went to the kitchen door and was handed a large tray on which were eight dinner plates with the meal set out. A quick aside – the worst duty was Saturday morning breakfast – it was juggling tour de force – eight dinner plates each having one hard boiled egg, to be carried to the table.

Grace said, the meal proceeded. Towards the conclusion a tapping of a glass or cup, brought silence and George Blake-more rose to give the first speech.



“Ladies and Gentlemen, you have entered your first week of Wagga Wagga Teachers College” – and he continued with a resume of the week. This became the repeated beginning of the after dinner speech with only the number changing.

At the conclusion of this first one however, he gave us the invitation, from the Wagga Wagga High School, to attend the dance organised in their hall that evening – entry was two shillings each (20c).





Faint heart never won fair maid so I asked the young lady seated next to me if she would like to come to the dance with me. A positive response, then organised to meet under the light near the College gate. Arriving there I took a while to find her amongst the almost 90 students crowded there. We all walked together up the hill to the High School Hall.



There was an instant attraction between us. We enjoyed dancing together and had many common interests. We both played hockey and both held our positions in the first team for two years and at the Inter-collegiate.

Six weeks before graduation we went to the jewellers in Wagga Wagga's main street and bought our engagement ring. We returned to the College on the bus at midday. At 12.15 George Blakemore burst into my room exclaiming – "You've done the wrong thing, Mr Wilcox. I don't want my College known as a Matrimonial Bureau".

THE PIONEERS: 146 OF US - Winifred Wilcox (Walshaw)



We arrived in Wagga Wagga on 6th June 1947. Kevin has told you how we travelled. We need to look at the times. This country had lived through a prolonged depression and then, for Australia, the very threatening years of World War II. This was just a few years after the Allied landings in Normandy. There were severe shortages. We had had to wait till June because a RAAF hospital was still in the process of being converted to house us. When we arrived we handed in our books of food ration coupons. For some



time there were no wardrobes. There were no mirrors. I looked at the room to which I was assigned and I saw dark brown linoleum, three small metal beds and a washbasin attached to the wall below a narrow window. At times we heard, "All ladies outside. The men need to use the showers."

Who were we? There were 146 of us. We had come from all areas of the state. Among us were some ex-service people – one woman and, I think, nine men. One had been a rear gunner in Lancasters on bombing raids over Germany, one a naval lieutenant and one a prisoner of war in Changi.

This was the first co-educational, residential, tertiary institution in Australia. Many hopes were invested in it. Why did it





succeed so well? We were told that one aim was to help us develop mentally, physically, socially and spiritually. Opportunities for such all round development were well planned. We ate our meals together. We were required to be in the lecture rooms from 7pm to 9pm on week nights to practise blackboard writing and to study.



On Saturday nights a dance was held in the hall and an excellent band had been hired. The playing of "Golden Wedding" was superb. On Sunday evenings films were shown in the hall – after church hours. Turvey Park was then the edge of town and we were a very close-knit community.



In no time at all we chose the college colours, green and gold. We designed the college badge and we wrote many college songs, which we sang on the way to practice teaching, on the way to sports occasions and to any other opportunity. We established our own weekly newspaper – *Talkabout*. I am very proud that I was a member of the first editorial staff, 1947 -1949, and that we kept the name for the present publications. I had kept a copy of our *Talkabouts*, with only two missing. Early in 2015 I received from the Archives a request to borrow my collection of all the work from our Wagga Wagga years to be copied for the Archives. To ensure security of the material, an archivist called at our home and collected all my copies of *Talkabout* and the literary magazines. The Archives only had two *Talkabouts* and by coincidence they were the ones missing from my otherwise complete collection. Towards the end of the year, when all the materials were returned to me as a special Thank you, all the originals had been placed in preservative folders and the two missing *Talkabouts* as well – a much appreciated Thank you indeed.



We presented Gilbert and Sullivan Operettas and serious dramatic plays such as 'Pygmalion' and 'Quiet Night' to packed houses of local people. We shared ideas. In Literature Option, my choice, we wrote plays, poems, short stories, essays and we met to discuss them. We joined every sport competition in town and introduced some new sports. When Inter-Collegiate time arrived there were no uniforms to buy. Like everyone else in the hockey team, I made my own hockey uniform, green tunic and gold blouse. I had not had a sewing lesson since sewing French seams and flat seams in Primary School, but I managed.





No one can reach my age without having experienced incredible joys and also incredible sorrows. I am grateful that Wagga Wagga Teachers College fostered my abilities, gave me a fulfilling worthwhile career and a feeling for life that has sustained me throughout the years, a full all-round participation in life and a husband who shares that Wagga Wagga Teachers College outlook.



It is sad that the College has gone but we should look at what it has achieved, what we have all done and also look at this town as it is today.

Editor's Note

The speeches were presented at the Seventy Year Celebration of Teacher Education in Wagga Wagga at Charles Sturt University on Saturday October 28th, 2017. Winifred and Kevin were two of the Pioneers who entered WWTC in June 1947. They are an integral part of the WWTC Alumni Association and were asked to present their recollections of WWTC in 1947-1949. Their scripted speeches were individually hand written on foolscap size paper and will be filed at CSU Archives as a part of the WWTC Collection.



RECOLLECTIONS: THE 60's - Ross Hosking



I feel somewhat like Elizabeth Taylor's thirteenth husband on their wedding night; I know what to do but I don't know if I can make it interesting.

Perhaps, to speak for a whole decade, the best thing to do is a kind of stream-of-consciousness presentation of images that stand out for me. Of course, they are my images but some of them should resonate with my,' the sixties' cohort.



I am placed in little Mari -- an ex-army, weatherboard shack in some need of repair, but there are some great blokes there and I am content. In one room Bill O'Neill plays an amplified rock version of "My Bonny Flies Over the Ocean" on his electric guitar. In another room, Phil Barlow sings, "Oh throw that guitar in the ocean". I find out Phil used to sing with the early *Delltones*. I am impressed.

I am plucked from an assembly to face about ten be-





gowned adults. I have asked to do Junior Secondary and I have to be interviewed. I have never been important enough to be interviewed let alone called 'Mr Hosking'. I mention that I was interested in sports such as rugby, basketball, cricket and athletics. "What time do you do for 100 yards?" asks a blind lecturer. I tell him. He says, "That's good," and another lecturer says, "That's all Mr Hosking." I'm allowed to do English/History Junior Sec because I ran a good 100 yards, it seems to my small understanding.



We are bussed to Wagga High for demonstration lessons. A man comes in and teaches a grammar lesson. We are supposed to make notes about his teaching methods. I am learning grammar.



We have only been in the place 5 minutes when we are off to distant schools for practice teaching. God help me, I am only 17. Some are 16. I'm in the group heading to Lockhart. Although I'm to teach in high schools, I have been placed on 5th class with Don Hammond and Ray Writer. I do the little lunch to lunchtime session. Luckily, it's a broadcast first, "Off to a Good Start". It's about the importance of having a nourishing breakfast but I'm hoping it might be a good omen for my career, starting with a spelling lesson after the broadcast.



We grind back and forward between Wagga and Lockhart for an eternity. Mostly, we play 500. I climb into bed and close my eyes. Immediately the bed starts to rock like a bus in motion and a 500 hand fans across my consciousness. Sometimes we play 'I Spy'. Don Hammond asks, "What starts with DBDBDB?" We are nearly home when we give up. "Dirty big, dark brown, desert boots!" We think seriously about hurling him off the bus.



We are the only co-ed institution in Wagga. The lads from Kapooka army base, Forest Hill airforce, Wagga Ag college plus assorted townies seek 'our' women, but we have first dibs. Bill O'Neill and his Collegians sometimes play at the Saturday night dances in the dining room. They cut a 45 record and we all loyally buy one; I still have my 'Virgin Mary had a Baby Boy' and "The Lion Sleeps Tonight". Gwenda Starling is a terrific dancer. I am very ordinary on the dance floor, but she makes me feel like Fred Astaire. I meet the highly desired Joan Crakanthorp briefly in the barn dance. I say something inane before passing on; our only contact at WWTC.





During the day many of the girls wear tartan skirts held together with a large safety pin; hand grenade skirts-- pull out the pin and they'll blow up. What wits we are!

Boys and girls have to share dining tables to hone our social skills and etiquette. Doesn't always work. Every now and then a woman shrieks as some mischief occurs and every male arm shoots straight up ---it wasn't me sir! The air is always fragrant on the back path where romantic couples tryst.



Some of us go to Sydney for Inter-Collegiate sports. One night we are taken to the Music Hall at Neutral Bay. We buy packets of peanuts to throw at the villain in a melodrama called 'The Drunkard'. I have been delighted by music halls ever since. Back at College I attend performances of G&S's and plays and wish I had tried out for them.

Everyone smokes it seems. The blokes learn to take a packet of cigarettes with only one in it to forestall desperate attempts from the scroungers after the evening meal; Sorry mate, my last one. The Surgeon-General's report comes out and we vow to give up the filthy fags. I do too, 24 years later. Someone has polished Myrtle's left breast again to a coppery sheen.



Back in Mari my room-mate, Bob Haskew, has a weather-board breaking out from the wall just above his pillow. There is an enormous black spider housed in the large gap there and Bob feeds it dead flies and coos to it sweetly. To each his own.



We play pontoon. The matches worth a penny are kept strictly apart from the cigarette lighting ones. Ray Petts has a good night. He takes a match from his huge pile of winnings and arrogantly lights up. A penny gone up in smoke. Little mongrel!



We play Rugby at West Wyalong. There are over 100 members of our rugby club, so we have a plethora of young, fast and skilled players. The other teams have the simple tactics of bashing us up as a result, to stop our flow. But afterwards, the West Wyalong fellows take us back to a pub, doors closed and hurricane lamps on the bar. A huge pot of curried beef comes out and rolls of bread and bowls and spoons. A beer is thrust in front of us. Heaven on a stick! Mick Smith, our Geography lecturer and coach, beams happily. Years





later I realise he trod on dangerous ground but he chose the camaraderie of Rugby over the wowsler College rule and to hell with the consequences. We have two beers and hop on the bus for the trip home and a chance to make the dance.

The final exams are on. Someone is always awake. The late night crammers wake the early morning ones at 2 am before they retire. So many short subjects to cram! We hear of a fellow in another dorm who takes 'No-doze', the truckies' friend. It's the only time I ever hear of drugs other than tobacco and alcohol.



Fourteen of us attend a keg party at a private residence. We are all over 18 and such an event is legal across the country but it offends the principles, or should I say the principal, of WWTC. We miss graduation but we still graduate, 5 quid the poorer.



January is exciting. Whither shall we go? There is no Facebook but the Bush Telegraph is pretty effective and word gets around. I am to go to Captain's Flat. Where's that? My father, an ANZ bank manager, is hugely amused. The only bank in Captain's Flat is an ANZ one and everyone in that concern dreads the prospect of being sent there. Thanks a lot Dad. But every cloud has a silver lining... The Bush Telegraph tells me that Joan Crakanthorp has been sent there too. I thought it was only for bad keg party people like me. "I'll ask her out next week," I tell myself confidently. We start going out in June.

RECOLLECTIONS: A FEMALE PERSPECTIVE—Judy Townsend



Good evening everyone. Neville contacted me several months ago to ask me to present the female perspective of life at WWTC.

As a librarian I obviously wondered how women's rights were evolving in the outside world – as a balance to our life in WWTC. It seems the women's movement was advancing fairly rapidly during the life of WWTC - 1947 to 1972.

Just a few quick examples:

- Just before 1947 Enid Lyons was the first woman elected to parliament in Australia.
- 1947 saw Jessie Street elected as the Australian Rep to the UN Commission on the Status of Women.





- 1950- Women awarded 75% of MALE basic wage.
- 1956 Bar lifted allowing married women to become perm teachers – not temp or casual.
- 1963 -Allowed into bars.
- 1964 Mary Quant invented a short skirt – modelled by Jean Shrimpton – (and many WWTC students and staff.) She named it after her car – which was a mini.
- 1965 – First female High Court judge.
- 1966 – married women allowed to serve in the public service.
- 1970 Germaine Greer published *The Female Eunuch*.
- 1972 – Equal Pay for men and women – just as our college closes.



So the women’s movement was powering along, there were twice as many women as men at WWTC – you would think that life should have been our oyster. ...However – it seems that it hadn’t yet managed to get past the traffic lights outside Maurie Hale’s office – or maybe it was the confusion caused by his 24 hour clock.



Reading the pages and pages of Warden’s Annual Reports that were sent to me from WWTC’s wonderfully managed archive, you would swear that only males attended college! They featured in most pranks – (think shaving cream bombs, lighting farts, hidden alcohol, throwing rock hard sandwiches on Maurie Hale’s roof), demerit points while that system was in place, expulsions, repeating, and call ups to Maurie’s office.



When I mentioned this to all the girls who helped me compile this address – they all said they didn’t feel in any way inferior – just more mature!



Nowhere is this difference more obvious than the dining room, where males could strut in late while girls would creep in hoping not to be noticed – many even reporting they bought toasters and jugs, preferring to have brekkie in the dorms.

In 1967 K Davies wrote in his dining room report:

“Most of the trouble was occasioned by the poor dining hab-





its of the male students who left the table as if wild pigs had visited to devour all in sight!”

There was even a nod to the mini skirt with F. Nugent noting in her 1966 dining room report that: “Perhaps the staff should not sit at the elevated table as it has become slightly embarrassing for the women’s wardens since the advent of the fashion for very short, slim skirts”.



I have been repeatedly reminded of some of the dining room “favourites”.

- “Arab’s armpit”– some sort of meat loaf or rissole enclosing a hard boiled egg.
- “Train smash” – a concoction involving tinned tomatoes and onion.
- “Murder in the snow” – ice cream with something red on top.
- And asked to repeat the grace in case anyone has forgotten it: “Some have meat and cannot eat. Some no meat but want it. We have meat and we can eat and so the Lord be thanked”



DORMS.

It would seem that females were also the more mature species in the dorms. Men’s hygiene was noted by some wardens to consist of piling the used clothing in the cupboard, and when all the clean clothes expired – the boys simply started again at the bottom of the pile. The only reference to laundry in the girl’s dorms was the reports of girls’ long hair being caught in the wringers.



Only MALES risked being caught by Cecil the Torch to get to that side window near Hely St, to gain access to the girls’ dorms for a “cup of tea and a biscuit. “

The girls it seems never had to bother getting into the boys dorms. There were reports by Judith Parker about girls being out too late after lock up, and an extensive report on the 1971 prowler with the pad of chloroform – but basically little out of the ordinary was noted.

However, hearing from the girls about late night sneak ins, flooded bathrooms, fire extinguishers accidentally going off etc. – I think that perhaps these annual reports may be unreliable.





So, I would like to take this opportunity to offer immunity to any female in this room who may have been carrying around this burden of guilt – or indeed, it may be time to share your pride, that you were THE woman who actually managed to sneak unnoticed into the men’s dorms during your time at WWTC. You are here among supporting peers and friends, mostly fellow ex-students and I think it would be a great time to stand up and say ...”Yes, I did it.“ Ladies, anyone.....thanks – it would appear I am the only one standing.



While on the topic of the dorms – the boys for some reason thought that they had everything under control as there were way more females than males at college. What they may not have realised was that at weekends the phone in the girl’s dorms would ring constantly with offers of formal dinners, dances, dates, picnics, drives with the RAFF boys, Aggies, Army base men. Not only would these offers be for one girl – they would ask to bring as many girlfriends as they liked. The WWTC boys had plenty of competition.



In Judith Parker’s Annual report of 1970 she did report trying to improve dorm rules for the female and male students. She reports that their submission for a common room in the girl’s dorms for waiting males was an “intelligent, mature presentation of a case.” She went on to say however: ”I am sorry to say that the Principal was unable to grant their request. I am sure the students would have been capable of handling the situation” Noting that “students only become more responsible as more responsibility is given to them.”



This lovely woman has to be balanced in our memory as the woman who organised the Miss Teachers College competition and who coerced students into “The Miss Australia Quest” to support The Spastic Council of Australia.

DRESS CODE

You cannot have a memory of WWTC without referring to the dress code.

- Who can remember no red clothing for females as it excited the males.
- No patent leather shoes to be worn under dresses.
- Sleeveless dresses were OK but no sundresses.
- Stockings to be worn to prac and dem lessons.

However there was a breakthrough in 1967 with FEMALES





being allowed to wear slacks to the dining room from Monday to Thursday evening! If slacks were worn the top had to consist of the same material.

- Boys can claim no superiority here as their shorts dress code is the winner.....
- No loud checks allowed, 11 inch inner measurement and the best of all – to be accompanied by GARTERED knee high socks. Oh the garter!



I was an outliwer so the dorm memories from my live-in friends must be balanced with memories from outlivers and Y dwellers. Many girls from the Y report feeding the starving college boys by asking for seconds and delivering it to the side door. They also talk of how it was the NORM to hitchhike to college every morning. It was easy in the morning and more difficult to hitchhike home. As an outliwer I remember having to have parental permission to live in a dwelling without a landlady and the house had to be inspected by college staff to see it had adequate light and air!



Obviously parties were well remembered by many and the main drink reportedly consumed by females was Porphyry Pearl, Blackberry Nip and Mateus - the bottle from which was then used as a candle holder.

One memorable story that has emerged from this exercise is the telling of a story of a good friend of mine having a little too much fun and being found the next morning in our back yard fast asleep on the lawnmower. The most incredible thing about this story to me was that we actually had a lawnmower!



Despite all our differences we basically had the same set of traumas.

- We all had spelling tests – leaving me morbidly afraid to this day when someone asks me to spell psychiatrist and others it was rhythm and rhyme.
- We all (except if you joined Mr Pulley's choir) had recorder exams – with most reporting to me that they can still play AIR RECORDER and finger *Good King Wenceslas* to perfection.
- Many have fond memories of the strike with its song, the march down the main street, the photos in the paper, the volunteer work to show we were not just being lazy





– all to achieve about 43c extra per week!

- Many recall that they started smoking because you could buy a ciggie at Smithy’s shop individually for 5c.

Finally the core or the conclusion that became obvious through talking to so many girls, is that WWTC was life changing – or a turning point in their lives. Many came from all girls’ schools, small country towns, many were away from family and experiencing freedom for the first time, some were away from a city for the first time. It was a time of forming life long friendships, of late night conversations about new and lost loves, a time to share worries and achievements and to look forward to going out and changing kids lives. Everyone I spoke to said unequivocally that given the chance they would do it all again – only next time perhaps they would have a more mature choice of wine.



SESSION REPORT - 64/65 Noel Stanton



64/65 SESSION

Thirty six people, ex-students from 1964/65 and several partners, attended an informal dinner at The Commercial Club on the Friday of the 70th WWTC celebrations weekend. We were fortunate to have Wagga resident Sue Kerr on the ground to arrange the venue which proved most suitable. Tables were set aside for us in a corner of the dining area in close proximity to both the bar and the servery, key factors for those of a certain age. Although a couple of small groups had been in contact over the years, including 14 who had attended a 50th session reunion in the Southern Highlands in 2015, many of those present had not seen each other since college. Tales both tall and true soon assisted the powers of recall as did the memorabilia brought along. The ABBA concert in the adjoining lounge would have had us dancing on the tables if indeed it would have been achievable! An excellent start to a most enjoyable weekend.



SESSION REPORT - THE ENDERS - Neville Keeley



Enders Session Report

What a glorious weekend!!! Catching up with friends not seen for 20, 30 or even 40 years and being able to talk to them just like you were standing in the dorms all those years





ago. The memories flowed.

The term “Enders” was coined to describe those of us who saw the college closed in 1971. Some suggested that the college was closed because of us but that will remain contentious. By definition the Enders are the youngest of the alumni cohort but that doesn’t mean the emotional attachment to the old TC is any less.



The Enders session dinner on Friday night involved sessions from 1967 to 1972. Our function was held at the Mercure with around 70 people (alumni and partners) attending. Thanks to Bobby Hogan for organising such a successful event. I do believe that each and every one had a great night. We were fortunate to have two of our lecturers, Peter Keeble and Ian Stevenson also in attendance.



Michael Riley, our MC, kept the function moving with humorous banter, liberally sprinkled with college anecdotes. Later in the evening George Manojovic entertained us on the guitar with some college songs and pop songs popular at the time. It didn’t take long for a spontaneous, enthusiastic sing-a-long to break out. Photographs from the era also stimulated much discussion and mirth.

I will not forget the “feel” in the room that night. Hard to describe, but a couple of words come to mind: “joyous” and “emotional”.



Many congratulations to the organisers of the whole weekend. I can assure them that the Enders appreciated the weekend activities. Special thanks to Judy Townsend for her entertaining presentation at the Saturday night dinner and thanks to Allan Blyth for his organisation of the ecumenical service on the Sunday morning.



Perhaps it is fitting that the site is to be used for a retirement village with most of those from the Pioneers to the Enders in retirement. Wagga Wagga Teachers College (a fine old institution) will never die in the memories of those who were lucky enough to spend some of our lives in such a wonderful place and make such great lifelong friends.

Neville Keeley
70–71



Darryl's Photography
www.darrylsp photography.net
sales@darrylsp photography.net
 Ph 0421 668172

FINANCIAL REPORT - Lindsay Brockway

Wagga Wagga Teachers College Alumni Association 70 Year Celebrations October 2017 - Financial Report

Income to support the weekend came from two sources; donations \$905 and payments/registrations \$34,285.

Expenditure totalled \$32,466 and included CSU Catering \$17,436; Coach Hire \$1,875; Wagga Wagga Rotary (breakfast) \$3,300; Lanyards Placemats and Glasses \$3,490; Stationery Printing and Postage \$756; Photographer \$200; Chair Hire \$310; Celebration Cake \$150; Booking Fees \$240; Materials/General Expenses \$944; Refunds (overpayments and withdrawals) \$2,255; Thank you Luncheon Committee \$310; Donations (Wollundry Rotary, Temora Trio and Rugby Choir) \$1,200.

All accounts associated with the Celebrations have been paid resulting in a **surplus** of \$2,724. This is an excellent result and is due to the generosity of CSU and their amazing support for the Celebrations. Of particular mention was the support and assistance of Vice Chancellor Andy Vann, Miriam Dayhew, Shiralee Hillam (Event Manager) and her team and Sheridan In-gold (Advancement and Marketing).

Mention should also be made of the "Wagga Team" for their assistance and who were able to "squeeze special support" from various suppliers. I would also like to express the Committee's appreciation to the following Alumni, who made donations to support the weekend: F&M Armstrong, P. Barker, B. Barnett, B. Donaldson, S&M Grove, K. Hoad, S&N Lambert, J. Malone, R. Riach, R&J Ryan and M. Sigley

The AGM, held 13th February 2018, supported the resolution that the surplus be used to offset the cost of publishing a colour souvenir edition of *Talkabout* covering the celebrations.

OUR THANKS - THE MEMBERS WWTCAA

OUR THANKS

Our thanks are extended not only to the principal organisers, Lesley (1966-67) and Bruce Forbes (1965-66) but to all members of the organising committee:

Kevin and Winifred Wilcox (1947-49), Allan and Welwyn Petersen (1957-58), Col Kohlhagen (1960-61), Robert Haskew (1960-61), Norm Stanton (1964-65), Lindsay Brockway (1965-66), Chris and Jenny Blake (1966-67), Brian Powyer (1966-67), Lyn Luke (Payne), (1966-67), Neville Keeley (1969-70).

Thanks also to the spouses:

Jill Kohlhagen (Campbell), Sue Brockway and Helen Haskew for their assistance during the weekend.

The Wagga Wagga Alumni members, John Ferguson and wife Judy, Jock Curry, Chris Fox, Ellen Brasier and Ray Petts.

Wayne Doubleday and the Staff CSU Regional Archives

Alan Blyth, Ces Williams (1951-52), Bob Woolner (1964-65) - Ecumenical Service.

Anne McCrone (Williamson) (1964-65) and the Temora Music Trio.

The Wagga Wagga City Rugby Male Choir.

The Wagga Wagga City Rotary Club.

WWTCAA MEMBERS ATTENDING 70th ANNIVERSARY

Last Name	First Name	Maiden Name	Years	Last Name	First Name	Maiden Name	Years
Alexander	Diana	Pierce	61-62	Denley	Lucy	Jones	58-59
Armstrong	Elaine	Etherington	60-61	Denyer	George		68-69
Baird	Ron		53-54	Denyer	Gwenda	Dyson	68-69
Baird	Mavis	Stewart	53-54	Dillon	Tony		69-71
Beazley	Narelle	Thompson	62-63	Dillon	Anne	Butterworth	70-72
Bible	Noel		50-51	Dillon-Smith	Eileen	Leckie	48-49
Binstead	Chris		64-65	Doherty	Colin		63-64
Binstead	Jenny	Hodgins	64-65	Donald	Patricia	Tulloch	70-72
Blake	Chris		66-67	Donald			70-72
Blake	Jenny	Beck	66-67	Donaldson	Barbara		70-71
Blyth	Lynda	Wyson	64-65	Dossiter	Kathleen	Jenkin	70-71
Blyth	Julie	Pollard	69-71	Dunlop	Helen	Ferguson	60-61
Blyth	Allan		69-71	Edmondson	Sue	Rankin	65-66
Boddington	John		64-65	Edwards	Anne	Sedwick	66-67
Bonnor	Mike		58-59	Elliott	Janet	Moon	56-57
Brasier	Ellen	Egan	65-66	Elliott	Beverley	Stockley	70-71
Briggs	Jenny	Mould	57-58	Ellis	Christine	Linnegar	69-70
Brockway	Lindsay		65-66	Emerton	Wilma		49-50
Brown	Graham		62-64	Farrell	Lachlan		58-59
Browne	Gay	Alexander	70-71	Ferguson	Karlene	McCaffery	60-61
Brownlow	Mary	Mackenzie	54-55	Ferguson	John		67-68
Buckingham	Allan		48-50	Ferguson	Graeme		70-71
Burrell	John		59-60	Fitzpatrick	Janice	Kerin	63-64
Bushell	Ken		66-68	Fitzpatrick	Bernie		64-65
Butler	Lurline	McKenzie	69-70	Forbes	Bruce		65-66
Butler	David		69-70	Forbes	Lesley	Strong	66-67
Byrne	Pat	Fowler	70-71	Forrest	Elaine	Fuller	54-55
Byrnes	Noel		64-65	Forrest	Grahame		54-55
Carolan	John		54-55	Forsythe	Dennis		63-65, 67
Carter	Joy	Port	61-62	Fox	Chris		68-69
Chittick	Bruce		65-67	Fox	Louise	Ford	68-70
Chittick	Cecily	Greason	68-69	Fulker	Stan		48-50
Churchill	Deanne	Dorn	59-60	Gabb	Lucie	Press	52-53
Clarke	Gwynneth	Hughes	57-58	Gardiner	Henry		53-54
Clarke	Geoff		57-58	Gardiner	Margaret	Claridge	53-54
Conway	Barry		59-60	Geekie	Ruth	Jordan	58-59
Craze	Wendy	Louttit	59-60	Geekie	Peter		59-60
Craze	Bob		59-60	Giddy	Marion	Smith	63-64
Crittenden	Irene	Wilson	56-57	Gilbert	Irene	Northey	68-69
Crocker	Pamela	Mow	59-60	Good	Jennifer		70-72
Croker	Peter		52-53	Goodall	Janice		57-58
Cureton	Colleen	Brophy	63-64	Gooden	Robyn	Small	62-63
Currie	Jock		66-68	Gorman	Geoff		50-51
Currie	Jenny	Robins	68-69	Gorman	Margot	Doyle	62-63
Curtis	Col		51-52	Graham	Ross		58-59
Davidson	Christina		70-72	Grant	Shirley	Richards	50-51

Last Name	First Name	Maiden Name	Years	Last Name	First Name	Maiden Name	Years
Gray	Stefanie	Soroszczuk	57-58	Little	Ken		69-70
Griggs	Leigh	Moore	62-63	Long	David		53-54
Gunning	Paul		65-67	Luke	Lyn	Payne	66-67
Haggan	Jillian	Cutler	66-67	Lynch	Kyran		63-64
Hale	John		47-49	MacBeth	Peggy	James	61-62
Hall	Warwick		70-71	MacPherson	Don		56-57
Hammond	Estelle	Willak	61-62	Malone	John		64-65
Hardingham	Kelland		58-59	Manojlovic	George		69-70
Harris	Pam	Abberton	57-58	Martin	Joycelyn		56-57
Haskew	Robert		60-61	Martin	Christine	Carpenter	60-61
Heath	Valerie	Plumb	52-53	McCrone	Anne	Williamson	64-65
Herbert	Astrid	Burgman	69-70	McGrath	Mick		61-63
Herbert	Dianne		70-71	McGregor	Terry		64-65
Hill	James		54-55	McGregor	Sandra	Milne	64-65
Hill	Bev	Fallowfield	68-69	McGregor	Trevor		68-69
Hogan	Bob		69-71	McGregor	Bev	Matheson	68-69
Hogan	Maurie		71-73	McIlwain	Anthony		61-62
Hosking	Ross		60-61	McLaren	Heather		66-67
Hosking	Joan	Crakinthorp	60-61	McLaughlin	Gwenneth	Delofski	59-60
Hubbard	Barry		49-50	McLoughlin	Denise	Hollington	70-71
Hunt	Pamela		70-71	McMurray	Betty	Hartnett	64-65
Hutchinson	Geoff		64-65	McNeill	John		56-57
Irving	Beverley	Greig	56-57	McNeill	Carmel	Walton	57-58
Jack	Lou		64-65	Meaney-Budd	Gladys	Chapman	50-51
James	Shirley	Cook	49-50	Mebbersson	Marlene	Willoughby	57-58
James	Judy	Wilson	64-65	Megarrity	Lyne	Judd	64-65
Kearney	Desre	Neal	69-70	Moore	Joe		69-70
Keast	Bill		60-61	Moore	Janice	Kimber	69-71
Keast	Grahame		62-64	Morey	Richard		68-69
Keast	Fay	Bailey	63-64	Morley	Darryl		70-72
Keeble	Peter		68-71	Morley	Barbara	Collard	71-73
Keeley	Neville		70-71	Morrison	Judy	Noble	59-60
Keesing	Ella		50-51	Morton	Rhona	Southwell	53-54
Keogh	Edmund		47-49	Mulholland	Sylvia		67-68
Kerr	Sue	Keddie	64-65	Muscio	Jennifer		69-70
Kimpton	Joan	Maguire	56-57	Newman	Andrew		69-70
King	Gordon		53-54	O'Brien	Des		64-66
King	Sue	Upton	63-64	O'Brien	Graeme		63-64
Kirkham	Joan	Robinson	59-60	O'Connor	Dick		54-55
Kneale	Velma		50-51	O'Connor	Graham		62-63
Kohlhagen	Col		60-61	Orchard	Laurie		54-62
Kohlhagen	Jill	Campbell	60-61	Orchard	Penny		54-62
Lambert	Keith		62-63	Osmotherly	Ray		59-60
Lambert	Wendy	Michie	63-64	Parnell	Rhonda	Stewart	57-58
Larkin	Elaine	Davis	51-52	Penny	Julie		63-64
Lawrence	Barry		62-63	Perry	Greg		68-70
Lees	Colleen	Duff	62-63	Peters	John		64-65
Legge	Robyn	de Brouwer	58-59	Petersen	Allan		57-58
Lennon	Chris		64-65	Petersen	Welwyn	Butterworth	57-58

Last Name	First Name	Maiden Name	Years	Last Name	First Name	Maiden Name	Years
Petts	Ray		61-62	Sneddon	Kathleen	Thompson	60-61
Phillips	Graeme		55-56	Solomon	Keith		56-57
Phillips	Rosalie	Mason	70-71	Solomon	Lyn		56-57
Pickles	Ron		49-50	Spaul	Patricia	Miller	61-62
Pickles	Decima		50-51	Stanton	Norman		64-65
Piper	Pam	Platt	57-58	Steinke	Beryl	Percival	62-63
Piper	Cynthia	Sutton	57-58	Stevenson	Ian		70-71
Piper	Don		57-58	Swift	Susan		69-70?
Piper	James		57-58	Tankard	Carol	Wane	58-59
Powyer	Brian		66-67	Tanner	Dot	Williams	48-50
Pretty	Eva	Tary	68-69	Taylor	Colin		47-49
Punnett	Betti		56-57	Teasdale	Warwick		64-65
Ravell	Gwen	Wild	56-57	Toohy	Kay	Winter	61-62
Redden	Michael		59-60	Townsend	Murray		70-71
Reid	Thelma		56-57	Townsend	Judy	Callan	70-72
Riley	Kathleen	Lowther	69-71	Tribe	Neil		63-64
Roberts	Jeffrey		64-65	Turner	Irene	Sheather	57-58
Robertson	Betty	Keech	58-62	Wade	Wendy		64-65
Robinson	Robyn		66-67	Walker	Doug		63-64
Roche	Jim		59-60	Wallace	Heather	Dwyer	56-57
Romney	Virginia	Wheeler	64-65	Watson	Helen	Cumes	69-70
Ross	Connie	Forsyth	60-61	Weatherall	Adele		61-62
Rowe	Fay	Collingridge	58-59	Wenban	William		58-59
Ruskin	Alan		69-70	Werner	June	McMillan	51-52
Ruskin	Lyn	Johnson	69-70	Werner	Robert		54-55
Ryan	Ken		63-64	Whatson	Wendy		59-60
Ryan	Tony		64-65	Wheeler	Robyn		63-63
Saboisky	Joan	O'Connor	69-71	Whitbread	Don		54-55
Sargent	Barbara	Hobbs	59-60	White	John		56-57
Saunders	Elaine	Hardy	62-63	Wilcox	Winifred	Walshaw	47-49
Sawtell	Barbara	Martin	59-60	Wilcox	Kevin		47-49
Schaecken	Audrey		48-50	Wilcox	Matthew	carer	47-49
Schaecken Davis	Anne		48-50	Williams	Cec		51-52
Schipp	Joe		49-50	Wilmot	Pam	Hunt	55-56
Seaman	Margaret	Wilesmith	54-55	Winter	Len		57-58
Shaw	Marion	Davis	62-63	Winter	Bev		57-58
Sheerin	Anne		59-60	Woolner	Bob		64-65
Siddins	Tricia	Rava	64-65	Wright	Graham		63-64
Simond	Denis		61-62	Wright	Janet		63-64
Sinclair	Beverley	Cochrane	56-57	Yarham	Col		48-50
Skene	Tony		60-62	Young	Audrey	Smith	61-62
Slater	Allan		60-61	Zappert	Gwenda	Starling	60-61
Smart	Janice		63-64				

