



A PUBLICATION
OF THE ALUMNI OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE

TALKABOUT



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TALKABOUT FUTURE DIRECTIONS.

Contributions received for 2001 to date have amounted to \$3,970 from a total of 239 contributors, an average contribution of \$16.60 per person. This far exceeds the suggested sum, which was \$5 per person.

THE GENEROSITY OF THESE SUBSCRIBERS IS MAGNIFICENT!

The darker side of this is that we print and post 2,300 copies per issue and so approximately 10% are paying for the remaining 90%.

This figure is a harsh statistic as, no doubt, many have contributed much more than was requested and feel that they are covered for some years. Do you know we have been going for four years? Time goes so quickly it is hard to believe that our next publication will mark the beginning of our fifth year of publication.

We have been gratified by the number of contributions received and have increased the size of Talkabout from eight pages to twelve pages. We would like to see it remain at this size if possible but printing costs will consequently increase. At this stage we have to see where we are going.

The cost of printing (\$900) and postage (\$1035) means that it is costing approximately \$2,000 per issue. We are most fortunate that at this stage Charles Sturt University pays our postage cost. If this boon disappears we will be in dire straits.

It was suggested at the last committee meeting that an annual subscription of \$10 be payable in February of each year, to commence in 2002. However, the W.W.T.C. Scholarship Appeal and Talkabout contribution form will continue to be included with each issue for those who forget to subscribe at the beginning of the year.

Scholarship donations keep coming in.



At our last Alumni Committee Meeting, Vice-President Roy Parker suggested that all ex-students, rather than those from specific years be invited to general reunions. This suggestion bears thought. The term "Pioneer" was loosely applied to our early reunions and was to include ex-students from 1947 to 1951. In truth the true "Pioneers" were those students who began College in 1947. While members of individual sessions may still wish to have their own reunions it is becoming increasingly relevant to have general WWTC reunions.

After all, all sessions have a common heritage – we are all ex-students of Wagga Wagga Teachers' College and we are bound together with our Scholarship Fund.

We would be interested to hear our readers' views on this.

For example, the inaugural Regional Luncheon that is to be held on Saturday 10th November (see last Talkabout or phone Roy Parker on 02 4228 4843) is open to all alumni.

It is interesting to note that the E-group continues to grow and includes members from many sessions. This group would find it difficult to attend a general reunion as many live overseas. This does not however, prevent them from communicating with one another, recounting college memories, teaching experiences, childhood memories and entertaining tales.

The E-group demonstrates a blending of ex-students from all sessions because of the common thread of College years.

If you are on the internet why not join in?

Go to the site:

groups.yahoo.com/group/waggatc-alumni,
and register as a user.

ALEXANDER von SCHWARTZ REVISITED

On the evening prior to a Mathematics examination, the denizens of Dorm 9 met in the Common Room to discuss common concerns, viz:

- as a result of lecturing efforts of one Wes Robinson, they had
- no real knowledge of the theory of teaching Maths.
- they had little collective information that might enable them to
- at least gain a Provisional Pass, and
- they were in for a very uncomfortable time in the exam room.

One of the group, however, seemed to remember that Wes had suggested that one part of the paper might be an open-ended question concerning a topic of one's own reading on the subject. Thus, the story of Alexander von Schwartz was created.

In short, von Schwartz was a European academic who founded and fostered the Social Utilitarian Theory of Mathematics, a definition and explanation of which was left to each individual student's capacity for embellishment. By common agreement, however, von Schwartz and his theory was ridiculed by academics throughout Europe and the Americas, and he died a broken, disillusioned man.

We proceeded to the place of examination and duly offered up our papers. Consternation reigned later, though, when Jim Hagan, an interloper from Dorm 8, claimed that he had

used the idea, but offered a typically Haganesque ending in which von Schwartz, while attempting to climb the Montessori Steps to reach Peter's House, fell and broke his neck!

I spent my first two years teaching at Wagga High as PE teacher. Wes had returned from secondment to his original school, and we became quite good friends. When I broached the subject of the Alexander von Schwartz conspiracy, his reply was, "You didn't think I was that stupid did you?"

The fact that we all passed in Mathematics suggests that Wes did have a sense of humour after all.

Kev Tye (1949-50)

APOLOGY TEACHING MEMORIES

Most alumni who ordered a copy of *College and Teaching Memories* should by now have received it.

In reading the Acknowledgements they will notice that no reference has been made to the person responsible for designing the outstanding cover of the book – DAVID LYONS (1952-1953).

I just cannot comprehend how I came to overlook acknowledging David's contribution, which has been of inestimable value in adding to the appeal of the book. By the time I received my copy yesterday and realized the omission all copies had been posted by the Alumni Office, and it was too late even to include an insert.

I extend to David my sincere apologies for this inadvertent omission, and hope he will forgive me.

JOHN RILEY

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From the Secretary's Desk.

The main event since the July Talkabout was the reunion for the first five sessions. It was held at Sancta Sophia College at Sydney University. Joan Johnson wrote that she enjoyed the reunion very much. It was great to have all the evening events and the accommodation in the one venue. **Faye Blackhurst (Cambridge)** 1950-51 wishes she lived closer so she could attend functions and reunions. Faye lives in Burnie, Tasmania.

Most of my other letters concerned finding addresses of those whose Talkabout was returned to Charles Sturt University, or trying to find an address for those people who have moved or those who have never been on the Database. Special thanks to those who sent me addresses which might be current.

Marcia Commins (Bradley) sent the following names: **Diane O'Sullivan (Venables)** 1960-61, **Alan Hartley**, (1958-59), **Julie Hartley (Fisher)** 1959-60, **Norma Bradley (Ferguson)**, **Annette Hassett (McCausland)** 1959-60. Most of them live around the Tumut area and could have a mini reunion.

Dawn Stewart (Andrews) (1950-51) thought she was the only Alumni in Alstonville but found that **Gordon King** (1953-54), **Robert Anderson** (1957-58), **Malcolm Lobb** (1959-60), **Warren Cupitt** (1980-61), **Ann Johnson (Shillabeer)** (1963-64), **Lawrence Howe** (1967-68) and **Lionel Gailer**, lecturer, all live there too.

Here are some of the ones who have moved.

Ken Hoare, **Barbara Maitland's** brother has moved to Dundowran Beach in Qld. **Peter Pritchard** 1956-57 and **Ruth Lucas** (1953-54) both moved. **Neil McPherson** (1956-57) is now a permanent resident in Frankfurt, Germany. He retired in 1998, to live in France. In September 1999 in Paris he fell in love with a German woman far too young for him. He married her in April 2000 at Bungendore (second marriage) and now writes and teaches in Frankfurt.

Malcolm Clune (1958-59) also retired and moved to Bemboka.

Di Shore nee **Charlier** (1960-61) met up with lecturer **Gwenda Brook** nee **Conibear**. **Gwenda** lectured at WWTC in the 60's. In the 1959-60 session we found **Janice Bell (Wolfe)** in Bowral, **Ann Sheerin** in Bardwell Park, **Lea Owen** in Kent, **Laurel Pearson** in NT, **Judy Price** in USA **Wendy Loutitt** in Bathurst, **Linda Gaudon** in Warrimoo, **Barbara Hobbs** in Harden, and **Robyn Rath** possibly in Coffs Harbour.

Patricia Todd nee **Tunncliff** (1959-69) emailed that she had lost touch with **Marie**

Dunphy. **Brian Pettit** wants to know the whereabouts of **Ross Worrall** and **Janice Molan**.

Mark McCulla (1960-61) has had a successful Education Career in British Columbia, rising to district office in Vernon, but has been retired for a few years now.

Warren Cupitt (1960-61) tells his children that the two years at WWTC were the best two years of his life. He would like to track down some of his colleagues.

Dave Martin (1960-61) has been in Dubbo for quite some time. Some cricket nets are named after him. He was in charge of the sporting grounds for the council.

Murray Luke (1960-61) is the owner of Rafter's restaurant in Batemans Bay. He recognised **Ray Osmotherly** when he called for a meal. Ray was the college photographer in 1959-60. **Ralph Sadler** 1960-61 is Co-Director of the Primary Bachelor of Education at Sydney University. He has been very helpful in remembering names missing from the original lists. Where are **David Burns**, **Ray Cassidy** and **Bill Connell**?

Don Hammond is still teaching, **John Tierney** is a psychologist and **Jim Shearing** is teaching at the Murray International School at Port Moresby. **Tricia Kavanagh** (1960-61) is an Honorary Justice with the Industrial Relations Commission of NSW. She is friends with **Kay Killick (Harris)** and **Di Shore (Charlier)**.

When we caught up with **Harvey Ord** (1960-61) he told us that he really enjoyed the Talkabout I sent him. I believe that he and **Jim Walsh** used to get into pranks at college.

John Thebridge (1961-62) is in Qld. He was friends with **Tony Skene**, **Ray Petts**, **Ross Eggleton**. They want to know where **Beverley Willson** is.

Now for 1961-62: **Liz Meertens (Tuttlebee)** remembers **Adrian Young** had quite a talent in Art. Thanks to **Peggie Macbeth** for sending some addresses.

We discovered that **Garry Towle** had a sister **Annette** now **Anson** who came later (1965-66). **Leonard Turley** taught for some years. He joined the navy (eleven years), was a pastor of an Assembly of God for 18 months and is now teaching Indonesian at a school in Riverstone. He has moved 28 times.

In April **Bernie Body (Skinner)** had a small reunion with **Elizabeth Meertens (Tuttlebee)**, & **Maureen Hughes (Foley)**. Elizabeth now lives in Holland, Maureen in Melbourne and Bernie in Holbrook. They had a nostalgic tour of Wagga and visited old haunts.

1962-63:

We found **Jim Hale** in Picton. **Elaine Saunders** told us how to find **Jenny Coggan (Lambert)**, **Margot Gorman (Doyle)**, **Leigh Griggs (Moore)**, **Kaye Schirmer (Bland)**, **Dinah Walker (Sutton)**. **Russ Tangye** was mystified how his address was found in South Grafton.

1964 onwards:

Henry Lohse (66) lives in Queanbeyan.

Elaine Petrovic (66) would like her Talkabout sent to Putney.

Anne Blencowe (67) married **Dennis Burton** (67). Dennis is Principal of Edward Public School and Anne works as Teacher/Librarian at Deniliquin High School.

Beverley Hopper (Armstrong) (68) had 5 children. Two are married. She teaches in Maitland.

Patricia Netherery (69) sees **Heather McCall** and **Alison Mooney**.

Charlie O'Meley's mum saved his letters home from college (52-53). He would like to establish "An Old Bush School" on land he has at Manilla so as to ensure that posterity is not robbed of such heritage.

Ray Signor (1971-72) has joined as an Affiliate Member. He graduated under the Riverina College of Advanced Education and applied for affiliation so that he can hear news through Talkabout of Wagga College mates from the 1970's lists. Exstudents can do this by applying to me, then returning the Information Sheet, which I will send to them.

I have had news of **Kathleen Riley** nee **Lowther**, **Pat Byrne**, **Annette Johnston** and **Ralph Zapart**. Ray would like to hear of some more from either college.

REST IN PEACE

Harry Lee Robertson:
4th January 2001 Pioneer.

Kenneth James Heath:
2001 1950-51 session.

Jack Robert Haines:
2nd July 2001 1948-50 Session.

David Rummery:
4th September 2001 Pioneer.

Thank you to those who sent information. Now can we concentrate on the following years which have many blanks:-1960--1961--1962 1967--1968 onwards to 1974. We need to make Talkabout interesting for the later sessions. Thank you to those who enclosed money. I passed it on to the treasurer Lindsay Budd

Ann Smith.

PIONEER SESSIONS REUNION JULY 2001

The reunion of the Pioneer sessions was held on the weekend 6-8 July.

VENUE: The venue was Sancta Sophia College at Sydney University. Charles Sturt Alumni Office, through Michelle Fawkes, had sought a suitable venue and came up with this one. It was convenient, being within easy access of public transport for those living in Sydney or travelling from the country by train or even plane. Parking was made available on the outskirts of the oval, right at the main entrance to the buildings.

ACCOMMODATION: After registering at Reception guests were taken to their rooms which were student rooms and hence fairly Spartan, with the bathrooms down the hall. Because Sancta Sophia is a women's college the bathrooms had signs indicating Male and Female. **THE OCTAGON ROOM.** Most socializing took place in this interesting room – a kind of common room. Facilities there included tea and coffee making, cooling fans (!), comfortable seating, a piano, a small billiard table, a drink-dispensing machine, plus two televisions. Some alumni were not in residence, so the room proved to be ideal to accommodate the number present at any one time where old times could be talked about.

SATURDAY ACTIVITIES:

Foxtel Studios.

Those who attended this activity reported that it went well, with alumni having to choose between being survivors or victims of the *Titanic* disaster. One was reminded of the earthquake experience at 20th Century Fox studios in Los Angeles some years ago.

The Harbour Cruise.

Ours was not the only group on board *Aussie One* of Matilda Cruises, one group at the instigation of their coach captain jumping the queue in front of us to board; but our tables were reserved, so why worry.

The commentary on Sydney Harbour could well have been interesting, but the deafening level of conversation, contributed to in no small degree by WWTC alumni, made it completely inaudible. But the commentary was not the point of the exercise, was it? Lunch was a buffet but because of the large number of people, the food ran

out and some of our group had very little.

DINNER: The Reunion dinner was held on Saturday night.

After dinner each session lined up for photographs. It was now very noticeable how few people were present.

Following the photographs, brief words were said by a number of people. President Bob Collard read out apologies from the following:

Norma Cook, Eric Hawcroft, Alan Buckingham, Billie Andrews, Lew Crabtree, Kevin and Winifred Wilcox, Geoff Spiller, Dorothy Judd, Audrey Schaecken, Bruce Robinson and Bob Henderson.

Bob outlined the reasons for our choice of the current venue, before making a plea for new people to become involved in the work of the Alumni Committee. He indicated that our Scholarship Fund is nearing its initial goal, and urged alumni to continue support of this important part of our objectives.

The chairman went on to thank members of the Alumni Committee for the special tasks they have undertaken in the course of their portfolios.

Raffles of works of art that had been prepared by two alumni – Terry Higgins and Joan Gerard (Templeton) – were then drawn. By sheer coincidence, one of the lucky winners was Olga Collard (Taylor).

Ruby Riach (former lecturer in Needlework, and now a Patron of the Alumni Association) was then invited to speak on behalf of our Patrons.

Michelle expressed thanks to her assistant Lisa, who had contributed significantly to organization of the reunion.

The rest of the evening was devoted to getting together in the Octagon Room.

Michelle and Lisa had on display some WWTC memorabilia, as well as copies of the long awaited *College and Teaching Memories* for distribution.

SUNDAY: The Alumni Committee, with the assistance of Michelle, had prepared an ecumenical church service to be held in the College Chapel on Sunday morning. This moving ceremony, conducted by members of the Committee, had as its underlying theme remembrance of former colleagues who are no longer with us. All then adjourned to the quadrangle for a welcome morning tea and final exchange of memories.

Our thanks must be put on record to the CSU Alumni Office, in the persons of Michelle and Lisa, for their part in making possible this enjoyable reunion, involving as it did such massive organization.

John Riley (1948-50)



1947-49 PIONEERS

Ian Thomas, Clare Hopkins (McGee), Graeme Wilson, Ed Raskell, Joe Lonsdale, Warwick Hunt. Betty Thomas, Shirley Barry (Yonge), Joan Johnson (Armstrong), Vera Anderburg (Adcock), Gwen Ferguson (Roberts), Noreen Hunt (Perry).



1948-50

Bill Grant, Bob Collard, Olga Collard (Taylor), Blake Lewin, Chris Wangman (Cox), Bruce Phillips, Margot Phillips (Wilson), Ruby Riach, Joan Hudson, Barbara Maynard (Hoare), Col Crittenden, John Riley.

Ann Smith (Broadhead), Dorothy Tanner (Williams), Eileen Garv (Pickering), Shirley Bonham (Rolf), Judy Hiatt (Hanns), June Hadley (Robson), Margaret Bailey (Christie).



1949-50

Lew Morrell, Shirley Salter (Morcom), Lesley Rossetto (Tucker), Jeanette Perry (Porter), Sylvia Andrews (Fogarty), Athol Verdon.

Shirley James (Cook), Margaret Watts (Broadribb), Bernice Munro (Press)



1950-51

Phil Bastick, Rob Foulcher, Marshall Johnson, Merv Armstrong, Keith Cheney, Mal Hanratty, Bob Brownlie, Noel Bible, Lindsay Budd, Col O'Grady, Mick Rowlands, Geoff Gorman.

Gladys Meaney-Budd (Chapman), Robyn Ryan (Grant), Margaret Smith (Priest), Shirley Grant (Richards).



Ruby Riach, (former lecturer in Needlework and now a Patron of the Alumni Association) spoke on behalf of the Patrons and talked of the many happy memories she had from her years at WWTC, and how she enjoys being able to keep in touch with ex students through the medium of Talkabout.



Which Graeme Wilson do you know?

Graeme Wilson(1947-49) writes: *"During my stays in School Residences at Boggabilla, Temora and Lithgow, I had a number of visits from teachers, passing through on their way home, at the beginning of vacations, seeking to re-acquaint with their college friend, one Graeme Wilson. Their disappointment was obvious when they realised that this was not the Graeme Wilson of their college days. Though I had known of the existence of my namesake for many years, it was not until this year's reunion in Sydney that I had the pleasure of meeting him."*

The photo above, with Graeme Wilson (1947-49) on the left and Graeme Wilson (1949-50) on the right clearly shows the reason for their surprise.

TEACHING MEMORIES

HARDY'S MILL PART 2

(Continuing the account of Ian Thomas' first appointment after leaving College -- Hardy's Mill via Tumbarumba.)

After about twelve months, the need for our own transport became evident as we depended on neighbours for lifts into Tumbarumba. Purchasing that first car was a problem of its own. We did not have enough money for such a purpose. Our next door neighbour, who was a local girl, took us to meet her father who owned a property out of Tumbarumba. He apparently approved of us and after enjoying afternoon tea with him, he offered to guarantee our bank loan to purchase the car. It was a wonderful gesture and we have never forgotten his generosity.

The arrangement was that we had to collect the car in Sydney. It was to be ready on the Friday before the Queen's Birthday holiday. As all of the families lived within half a mile of the school, it was easy to secure permission from the parents to switch the holiday from the Monday to the Friday, so off we went to Sydney. There was no likelihood of the Inspector coming to the school. We always had a message from the Principal of Tumbarumba Central School letting us know well ahead of time, because he had to make a booking at the hotel, whenever the Inspector made a visit to the district.

The road to the Mill was not an easy one in wet weather so we purchased chains with the car as we frequently had to put them on to get up the hills to the Mill. One of the other hazards on the road were the wombats who quite often would choose to lumber across the road just as a car came along. We would just wait patiently until they decided which way they wanted to go.

Another interesting situation at the Mill were the toilets. With no sanitary service and no pit toilets which we had in many country places, I, with the other men of each household, would, when the need arose, set off into the scrub with a shovel in one hand and filled bucket in the other, to attend the necessary interment. In the same way,

the school toilets were emptied and I was on the roster with the fathers of the students to take my turn. I wonder what the reaction would be with many of our modern teachers if they had to face up to this type of activity.

Each year we usually had two or three heavy falls of snow there and it would make life difficult for the smaller children to get through the snow. We had a routine for such days. First we would light the Broadway stove so the school would get warm. Then I would take on all the children in a snow fight in and around the trees. This was O.K. while the numbers were not too high but as we climbed up into the middle twenties, I found it mighty tough to avoid a wallop. After we'd all had enough we then went into school to get on with the day's work. Each afternoon I would read a story in serial form to the whole school, which was enjoyed by all. There was one occasion when we had a fairly heavy fall of snow and only two of the older children made it through the snow. Their reason for coming they said was so they could hear the next part of the particular story I was reading at the time!

In extra-curricular activities Betty and I began a small union Sunday School following requests from parents. I encouraged residents to build a table tennis table and we formed a club that met on Friday nights. That was great fun and we had many a happy time. Betty established a branch of the C.W.A. and that provided something different for the ladies of the Mill with exchange visits to and from the Tumbarumba branch. She also had great enjoyment in running a physical culture class involving exercises and some simple dance routines. I became a foundation member of a Toc H branch formed in Tumbarumba by the then Presbyterian Minister, Re. Colin Dane and we became involved in various service jobs in the general community. We formed a Progress Association of Hardy's Mill residents. One of this group's major achievements was to have a Post Office opened in the settlement after the writing of many, many letters. This brought a telephone to the mill, which was a very progressive move and proved very valuable for everyone. At that time

there were a number of former Yugoslav people living and working in the mill, so I obtained materials to run English classes for them. This was yet another learning experience for me.

We left there as I said at the end of 1951, transferred to Meadow Flat where at one time I had 42 pupils squashed into the room and out on the very small verandah.

What excitement this year when I learned that for the first time, one of the younger sisters of children I had taught, was arranging a Hardy's Mill reunion. Back we went after having left there almost 50 years ago and having only seen two of the children since that time. The "children" I taught are now in their late 50's or early 60's and there were about ten of them at this reunion. It was a very happy gathering and we received such a warm welcome from everyone. As you can imagine there was a great deal of talking at the dinner on the Saturday night and a lot of fun trying to identify people. The function was held in Tumbarumba and one courageous lady invited us all to breakfast at her home on the Sunday morning. Fortunately for her the whole 100 + people present on Saturday night did not front up on Sunday morning.

Later in the morning we made a nostalgic trip to the mill site. The school and mill closed down 30 years ago and there is nothing left of either the mill or the houses and school. I did photograph some stumps of the wooden piers, which held up the school, and the remains of the sawdust patch are still visible but that was about all there was. Forestry workers have done some replanting and there has been quite colossal regeneration including a wonderful lot of blackberries. I found it very difficult to picture exactly where all the houses were in our time. The bush generally has become very thick and it is hard to see very far.

The feeling was that we should have another reunion in 3 to 5 years time so that will be something to look forward to in the future.

Ian C. J. Thomas (1947- 49)

TEACHING MEMORIES

(Lindsay Budd has submitted another story from his experiences at his big city High School. The names have been changed to protect the innocent - and not so innocent.)

THE BAKER INCIDENT

I was sitting in my office systematically attending to the mail that was piling up in my in-tray. I was endeavouring to reach the bottom of the pile before Anne, my senior assistant, could replenish it. She seemed to take a perverse pleasure in ensuring that there was always something in the in-tray. Whenever I neared the bottom of the pile she would mysteriously appear with another bundle of mail.

There was a knock at the door and my Deputy, Stan Jones, sauntered in. He said, "We have had trouble with that Stephen Baker again. This time it's a bit more serious. He told his teacher to 'Get stuffed!' in front of the other kids."

I asked: "Who was the teacher?"

"Geoff Palmer. He has been doing wonders with that class and the kids have been responding very positively. This spoilt brat, Stephen, however, flares up every now and again and can be very difficult. After this incident Geoff sent him to me to be caned and does not want him back in class until he has taken his punishment."

"That is fair enough," I agreed. "Our discipline policy states that verbal abuse is a caning offence. Cane him and send him back to class."

"I tried," said Stan "but he wouldn't hold his hand out."

"Ah, yes," I remembered. "That happened the last time he was to be caned and Dick let him off when he promised to be a good boy. I guess he is trying the same trick again."

"What do you think I should do?" Stan asked.

"Try again, Stan, and if he still won't cooperate, send him to me. He is not going to get away with it again."

"OK," said Stan. "I'll see what I can do."

About half an hour later I heard Stan's voice coming from the foyer saying loudly, "Stand over there and don't move until I tell you to!"

Stan strode into my office and it was obvious that he was very annoyed.

"It didn't work." He said. "He still wouldn't hold his hand out. Like most bullies the little bugger is basically a coward."

"Oh, well," I said, "We'll leave him out there for a while to calm down. Then I'll have a talk to him and spell out what he has to do to get back into class."

"Righto," Stan said, "Best of luck!"

I continued filing the pile of documents I had gone through while I thought about how I would deal with young Stephen.

At last I went to the door and called him in.

"Hello, Stephen," I began, "You have got yourself in a bit of bother this time, haven't you?"

He hung his head and answered sulkily, "Yes, Sir."

"You know that our discipline policy prescribes specific punishments for various offences. Mr Jones has told me about your insolence to Mr Palmer. The prescribed punishment is 4 cuts of the cane. Don't you agree that you deserve to be punished?"

"I'm not going to get the cane!"

"I'm sorry, Stephen, but I'm afraid you are. You will not be allowed back in class until you have taken your punishment. Now come on, let's get it over with."

I reached in behind my filing cabinet and brought out the cane, which I kept there. I walked around the desk and said, "OK, stand over there and hold out your hand. Two cuts on each. Which one first?"

He folded his arms across his chest and hung his head.

"Come on, Stephen," I cajoled, "Hold your hand out and don't be such a sook."

"No! I'm not gunna!" he declared.

"I'm sorry, Stephen, but if you won't cooperate I am going to have to talk to your mother."

Stephen's father had not been around for seven years and his mother was trying, not very successfully, to control Stephen and his young brother. I sat at my desk and wrote a note to Mrs Baker briefly explaining the circumstances and asking her to come to school to discuss the matter with me.

"Here, Stephen, it is almost time for the bell. I am letting you go home now because I want you to take this note to your Mum. You tell Mum what it is all about and I will expect to see you both in the morning."

The next morning half an hour after school started Mrs Baker arrived with Stephen. She was obviously annoyed at being summoned to school and opened with "Why can't Stephen go back into class?"

I conducted them both into my office and said, "Sit down Mrs Baker and thank you for coming. You know that we don't tolerate pupils swearing at the teachers. Stephen knows what the punishment is but is not being very cooperative."

Mrs Baker turned to Stephen and asked: "Did you swear at the teacher?"

Stephen reluctantly replied, "I suppose so....."

"Well you heard Mr Budd. You know you have to get the cane. Now hurry up about it. I have things to do."

I reached for the cane and said, "Come on, Stephen, over here and hold out."

Stephen folded his arms and defiantly replied, "I'm not gunna get the cane!"

It was obvious that I wasn't getting anywhere, so I said, "I think you had better take him home, Mrs Baker, and bring him back when he is prepared to take his punishment."

Mrs Baker walked out of my office in a huff followed by Stephen. I looked through my window and watched them walk towards the front gate. Mrs Baker was yelling at Stephen and he was yelling back.

By this time there were several staff members lined up waiting to see me. I had just finished dealing with the third and was writing myself a reminder note when Mrs Baker appeared. She strode in and stood in front of my desk with Stephen behind her.

"He's going to take his punishment now," she said.

"Is that right, Stephen?"

"Looks like it, eh?" Stephen muttered sullenly.

I went over to the door, closed it, and then fetched the cane from behind the filing cabinet.

"OK, Stephen stand over here and hold out your hand." I intended to give him a couple of light strokes to get it over with.

"No. I'm not gunna!"

By now I was becoming quite exasperated. Mrs Baker was looking daggers at Stephen so on an impulse I handed her the cane and said, "Here, Mrs Baker, I am only allowed to hit him on the palm of his hand but you can hit him anywhere you like."

She appeared a bit startled by my suggestion but by now she had become rather irate. She took the cane and gave Stephen a sharp swipe across the back of his legs.

Stephen was more shocked than hurt and he yelled, "Shit, Mum, that hurt!"

"Yes," she said, "and this is going to hurt more!" She proceeded to give him several more whacks as he hopped and howled, "Hey, stop it, Mum!"

Eventually I retrieved the cane and said, "Thank you, Mrs Baker. Stephen has received his punishment and can now be allowed back into class. I hope I don't have to ask for your assistance again."

Mrs Baker shook her finger at Stephen who was rubbing his legs and snivelling. "You'd better behave yourself, you hear me?"

I opened the door and ushered her out. I then turned to Stephen and said, "You go and tell Mr Jones that you have taken your punishment. Then after you apologize to Mr Palmer you can return to class."

As he turned to go I called to him, "And Stephen, stay out of trouble or I will send for your mother!"

Lindsay Budd (1950-51)

TEACHING MEMORIES

After graduating from Wagga Wagga Teachers' College at the end of 1952 I had an unusual start to what later became a varied and interesting career. Three days after leaving College I suffered a badly broken leg which would require some months in plaster. Expecting that I would be appointed to some remote small school, I contacted the Department and requested an appointment where medical facilities were available and was appointed to a large Class 1 school at Brighton-le-Sands. At the start of Term I arrived at Brighton-le-Sands on crutches, with my leg in plaster to the hip and was allocated a class of 53 boys in one room. The crutches proved to be handy teaching aids.

After 6 months the Dept found they needed that position for someone more senior, so I suddenly found myself transferred to Federal, a two teacher school near Lismore where I taught the Lower Division for two and a half years. This was an enjoyable period of service as this was a close knit, rural community and I was able to play cricket and tennis with local teams, participate in many local functions and form a relationship with a local girl who later became my wife.

At the start of 1956 I was appointed to a very isolated one teacher school at Farnham in the central west. This was situated on a large gold mining reserve known locally as "the Common". Any person who took out a miner's right for a small fee could build a house on the Common and there was no building regulations or restrictions. Consequently some of the pupils came from houses built out of any material which could be begged, borrowed or otherwise acquired – hessian, wattle and daub, kerosene tins etc. These contrasted with the three or four pupils from surrounding graziers' families.

Despite the isolation I was again able to join in many community and sporting activities at Farnham and nearby Stuart Town. After two years I married in Lismore and returned to live at Farnham for another five years. I enrolled in the University of New England External Studies Scheme in 1957 and graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1962. Then came decision time – whether to stay in primary teaching or

move into secondary education. I opted for the latter and was lucky enough to secure an appointment to Tamworth High School. This was quite a cultural change – not only was I moving from primary to secondary teaching but also moving from a school with myself and 11 pupils to the second largest school in the state with 1650 pupils and 75 teachers. After being there for a fortnight I was inspected for List 1. The Inspector made the comment that I appeared to be "still settling down".

The eight years at Tamworth were happy and prosperous – we built our first home; had two children; I was O.C. of Tamworth High Cadet Unit; advisor and tutor for U.N.E. External Students; taught at the Evening College three nights a week; obtained List 2 Secondary. Altogether a very busy time as my wife Shirley worked as Supervisor of a Pre School Kindergarten.

At the start of 1971 I was appointed as Commerce Master at Tweed River High School (later known as Social Sciences Master) and this was to become 15 years in that position during which I gained List 3 Secondary. I became very involved in the Lions Club and quite a number of other community organisations. In 1981 my wife opened a fabrics and haberdashery shop in Tweed Heads and this is still operating 21 years later. I have been involved in the business during that time.

In 1986 I was appointed Deputy Principal at Mullumbimby High School and spent 6 very satisfying years in that position finally retiring in 1992. I now spend my time helping in the business; wood turning; restoring and making furniture and looking after our house and flats.

Ian Manwaring 1951-52

POSSIBLE REUNION OF PIONEER SESSION

At the recent reunion in July, the few 1947-49 members present, talked about the idea of a reunion of this session only. If any members of this pioneer group are interested in such a gathering, please contact Ian Thomas at PO Box 163 Thirlmere 2572 NSW (Ph 02 46831477)

EXCUSE NOTES

These are actual excuse notes from parents (including original spelling) collected by teachers over the years.

Megan could not come to school today because she has been bothered by very close veins.

Please excuse Tommy for being absent yesterday. He had diarrhea and his boots leak.

Please excuse Pamela, she has been sick and under the doctor.

Please excuse Gloria from Jim today. She is administrating.

Please excuse Jennifer for missing school yesterday. We forgot to get the Sunday paper off the porch, and when we found it Monday, we thought it was Sunday.

I kept Billie home because she had to go Christmas shopping because I don't know what size she wear.

Please excuse Mary for being absent yesterday. She was in bed with gramps.

Please excuse Pedro from being absent yesterday. He had (diahre) (dyrea) (direathe) the shits. [words were crossed out in the ()'s]

Please excuse Roland from P.E. for a few days. Yesterday he fell out of a tree and misplaced his hip.

Chris will not be in school cus he has an acre in his side.

Please excuse Lisa for being absent. She was sick and I had her shot.

Dear School: Please ekscuse John being absent on Jan. 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, and also 33.

Maryann was absent December 11-16, because she had a fever, sore throat, headache and upset stomach. Her sister was also sick, fever and sore throat, her brother had a low grade fever and ached all over. I wasn't the best either, sore throat and fever. There must be something going around, her father even got hot last night.

LETTERS PAGE

39 Chellowdene Ave,
Stanwell Park 2508

Dear Lindsay,

I was delighted to receive a second copy of Talkabout after the first unexpected copy. In fact, I still have a couple of relics from those 1961-62 WWTC days hidden with assorted scraps and mementos from school, college and university days (UNE) in a dark cupboard.

Our 61-62 years have had a couple of reunions so far so I presume it is not beyond the realms of possibility that this may happen again. I even attended a 50 year reunion of my kindergarten class 2 years ago. Port Kembla Public School was about to be moved to new premises and we were the chosen class. Just as Wagga graduates felt a certain kinship in identifying themselves, so too did we, the raggle taggle collection of kids from 1948-49 Kindergarten.

As with Wagga, there was a tightly knit group of people who remembered names and early histories from early childhood. This is not always an advantage. Wagga was really like a public boarding school with some of us as young s 16 in our first year. When I think of today's young student teachers they are certainly older in years and perhaps in experience, but not necessarily better trained in the actual practice of teaching.

I had a varied school career teaching as a primary school teacher at Shellharbour, Birrong, Tumut, Broken Hill, Mt Warrigal, Helensburgh, East Corrimal, Towradgi then back to Helensburgh as a Teacher Librarian. On the way I gained a partner (fellow teacher and teacher union official and BOS member Charles Simpson), two children, a house, a BA, M Litt (UNE) and a Grad Dip School Librarianship (CSU).

Not satisfied with the above I then stood for election as Research Officer in the NSW Teachers Federation. Two years ago I retired as Assistant General Secretary Research and Industrial after 12 years in the Federation. My last position was a large responsibility as I coordinated the work of the Research and Industrial Officers in advocacy work for teachers including pay claims from 1992 onwards.

Like me, not all of the 61-62 group finished as teachers. Some had retrained as chiropractors, artists, and academics and had other interesting occupations. Nevertheless teaching still remained my first love at least. Thank you all for having the energy and enthusiasm to resurrect Talkabout. I look forward to the next issue.

Yours sincerely,

Pat Simpson (Leahy) 1961-62

75 Hunter Ave
St Ives 2075

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed a small donation towards the printing of Talkabout. When the publication first began arriving in the mail, I was surprised but mildly interested to receive it but as time has gone on and I have recognised names known and/or remembered I have begun to look forward to its arrival; so thought it was about time to make a contribution to its printing – especially after the July issue which caused quite a few chuckles.

I was sorry to read of the death of Neville Latham. Before becoming a student, I had worked for nearly two years as an assistant in the college library mostly with librarian, Robert Langker. Having already completed a secretarial course, I was asked to assist Mr Latham by typing of reports, etc. I remember him as ever a thoughtful, considerate gentleman – and gentle man – who set a wonderful example of getting on with life despite the setbacks that life can dish out.

As I was older and already happily established in a Wagga residence with a great landlady, I elected to stay there and not board in college. Perhaps for that reason I did not form such close attachments to college life as some fellow student s did, and in fact some of the restrictions/rules I thought rather childish and unnecessarily restrictive. However I thoroughly enjoyed most lectures, especially those of Mr Grant and Dr Eric Pearson, who inspired me to look beyond the obvious cause of a child's problem. In due course I was appointed to a Sydney school, Mortlake Primary, where I passed five happy years before leaving to start my family. Living in a big city was somewhat of

an adjustment for a country girl but I'm still here forty odd years later! I was lucky to have a Mr John Anderson as my first headmaster – he was quite happy to sit and chat in our lunch hour about poetry, literature, music, antiques, etc and contributed greatly to the continuing education of one of his three newly appointed teachers that year.

Between 1972 and 1981 I did varying amounts of casual teaching but found it rather frustrating, so left to change direction. However, I found I really loved the atmosphere of schools so ended up spending many years as a clerical assistant in secondary schools. The pay was tragic but every day was interesting and different. Looking forward to the next issue of Talkabout.

Shirley Luttrell (Johnston) 1957-58

Lew Morrell received a most interesting audio tape from Ruth Hutson an ex-student of the 1949/50 session. Ruth has retired at Kiama Downs.

On the tape she speaks of her villa, her pets, the beauty of the area, its amenities and her upcoming 70th birthday.

She is located at 4/25 Tarrant Avenue, Kiama Downs. 2533. Her phone number is 42376662 and she extends an invitation to any ex-students passing her way to visit her. Just phone her and you will be made very welcome to spend some time reminiscing over coffee or tea and some goodies.

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS GARDEN FESTIVAL

The Spring Calendar for the Southern Highlands featuring major horticultural events will include "Rose Days" at Kennerton Green Garden, Mittagong, 10th - 11th November.

A selection of Botanic Paintings by Jennifer Small, WWTC. 1957/58 will be on view in the Gallery.

Jennifer will be present on both days so please make yourself known if you call in.

Garden Festival Hotline is 1300 722 822

COLLEGE MEMORIES

A BRUSH WITH THE LAW.

(in memory of Arthur Bailey 1957-58)

It was 1957, we'd been rehearsing hard under the patient guidance of Laurie Orchard and Jess Ferguson for HMS Pinafore. Lectures during the day, and rehearsals at night had its toll on assignment progress. That's when some of us discovered that assignments handed in late could be penalised and pleas for some latitude fell on "deaf ears".

Still smarting from such a rebuff, we went along the wooden slatted verandas to the next lecture. We sat around the edges of the lecture room looking at each other like dance-hall wallflowers, making wisecracks and general chatter while waiting for Eric Pearson to bring a Clinical Education lecture.

The congenial atmosphere was soon shaken by the appearance of a police constable at the door, and some of us began wisecracking about police and who was wanted by the long arm of the law. To the astonishment of all, the constable announced my name, and issued a notice to appear in court for a traffic offence.

Bewildered, I read the notice, trying to make sense of the details: "did ride a bicycle in a westerly direction without a light after dark in Gurwood St onetc."

What? When did I do that? This is a frame-up, ...and similar thoughts. Then slowly, the blood drained from an already stunned brain as the truth began to dawn. Oh! Er! Yes!

At Ma Saxon's boarding house in Gurwood St, rooms were shared between Arthur Bailey, Alan Petersen, (John Harris before my arrival), Ken Bond and Des Crawley, and maybe a few others at different times. I still clearly remember Des singing La Mer which played regularly on radio at the time: "First the tide comes rolling in ...", but he would then proceed with "and then goes rolling out, and then comes rolling in, and then ... etc" over and over until the novelty wore off or somebody threw something at him. I can see Des slumped at a flimsy make-

shift desk against an uninspiring blank wall, complaining over an assignment, with both hands nursing a troubled head: "I'll never get through this!" Obviously he did, and in due course much more besides. We counted as many as 14 or more tenants in 4 or 5 rooms of that house, at about four pounds per week, "She must be filthy rich", we figured.

We were always in some sort of trouble with our accommodating landlady, who took exception to any initiative we thought would improve our boarding existence, and especially anything threatening the profits gained by rent. John Harris has reminded me that she used to leave prominent price labels on bottles and jars to reveal the great expenses endured for our benefit.

While we were at lectures, she would investigate our rooms and promptly remove anything that was not "approved". If anything went missing, there were no prizes for figuring out who had it. "You can have it back at the end of term to take home", she'd say.

She never discovered that Ken and Des used to remove the mattresses from the beds to use as jumping mats for some serious athletic exploits, during which they instructed me in the fine arts of performing back flips and mid-air somersaults. Nor did she discover that after locking us out of the kitchen fridge with an enormous lock and chain, we devised a siphon tube inserted through a gap in the door to extract milk from its large boiler pot.

Well, after lectures one day, an assignment was due by 5 pm and I still had to deliver it. This was achieved with barely minutes to spare, but a TCCF meeting followed immediately, which didn't finish until 6 pm. We were required at the auditorium for rehearsals by 7 pm, and there was still the evening meal to be had at the boarding house.

The (sometimes) trusty old '47 Standard sedan ran out of petrol (thanks to Murphy) near the Bayliss St cinema where the Bolshoi Ballet was showing Swan Lake. So it meant shank's pony on the double to Gurwood St. Gasping for breath

aggravated by onset of flu, and bursting into the room, I asked Arthur Bailey if he would lend his bike to go for a can of petrol. It was already getting dark, but Arthur obliged, and snatching up his bike out back near a rickety weatherboard shed, I jumped on with my can and turned into the road. Careering and lurching along with a can in one hand and bent over trying to switch on the generator, it was just beginning to register that the generator wasn't working when a brilliant light appeared ahead of me: "Pull over, rider!"

Ulp! Motor cycle cop!

"Explain why you are riding in the dark without a light, please?"

(Useful teaching strategy that: commanding but with the attached courtesy at the end).

After some pathetic excuse, and a tirade from the officer, I was so absorbed in what I was trying to do in the next 30 minutes, that unwittingly I just jumped straight back on the bike and peddled off to the garage, leaving the officer probably fuming.

The offending generator was fixed with the benefit of lights at the garage, but of course by this time, the ire of authority had already commenced its course. Back at the boarding house, a hurried meal was swallowed, and rehearsals reached just in time.

The judge made a few remarks, and asked if the defendant had anything to say. "Er, ah, Yes, um Sir, er your majes ... er, yoronnor. I did have a light, but (short of a sensible excuse).. er.. it wasn't working."

Without hesitation, the judge declared: "It's your business to make sure that lights on vehicles work when they are required. Fined two pounds!"

That fine made a heavy dent in the monthly allowance, but from then on, I was at least definitely more careful to keep a full can of fuel in the boot.

Bob Drummond (1957-58)

CONTRIBUTIONS TO TALKABOUT

The Committee wishes to acknowledge with thanks, those alumni who have contributed at least \$10 since the publication of the last Talkabout.

Billie Andrew
 Sylvia Andrews
 Ellenor Armstrong
 Shirley Barry
 Beverley Baulch
 Jan Bell
 Beverly Bennett
 Lex Bittar
 Faye Blackhurst
 Julie and Allan Blyth
 Helen Borchers
 Ron Brenchley
 Elaine Bridges
 Margaret Brown
 Barry Brown
 Gordon Bruton
 Robert Cady
 Malcolm Clune
 Beverley Collett
 Priscilla Collins
 Marcia Commins
 Barry Conway
 Enid Coughlan
 Don and Thel Davis
 Margaret Day
 John and Helen Diemar
 Kevin Farrell
 Gwen Ferguson
 Edward Fowler
 Henry and Margaret Gardiner
 Frances Gavel
 Jessie Glover
 Inta Gollasch
 Ann Gray
 Beverley Hamilton
 Alison Harrison
 John Hough
 Yvonne Hough
 Noreen Hunt
 Ian Huxley
 Beverley Inall
 Beverley Irving
 Marshall Johnson
 Mary Kanaley
 Tricia Kavanagh/Brereton
 Kay Killick
 Arthur and Margaret King
 Henry Lohse
 Barbara Luelf
 Murray Luke
 Shirley Luttrell
 Mona Lynam
 Peggy MacBeth
 Ian Manwaring
 William Maskey
 Ross McDonald
 Neil McKilligan
 John and Carmel McNeill
 Shirley Meredith
 Nancy Milgate
 Bruce Molloy
 Enid Monaghan

Lew Morrell
 Judy Morrison
 Elizabeth Morrow
 Dawn Neill
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 Harvey Ord
 Ken Paine
 Roy and Joan Parker
 Helen Patton
 Ralph Perrott
 Allan and Welwyn Petersen
 Guy Pickering
 Peter Pritchard
 Ed Raskell
 Andy and Jacqui Raine
 Ruby Riach
 Fred Rice
 Norma Robertson
 Harry and Lesley Rossetto
 Kenneth Ryan
 Ralph Sadler
 Jan Saunders
 Anthony Sherlock
 Les Shore
 Diane Shore
 Lorraine and Tom Shuker
 Patricia Smith
 Trevor and Beverley Somerville
 Joan Stanford
 Norman Stanton
 Roy Strange
 Dorothy Sturmer
 Jennifer Svenson
 John Thebridge
 Janette Thomas
 Margaret Tosello
 John and Pam Trewin
 Susan Truin
 Kevin Tye
 Hugh Varnes
 Moira Walker
 Nita Walshe
 Alan Weldrick
 Peter and Denise Whelan
 Graeme Wilson
 Helen Wood
 Helen Woods
 James Writer

WHERE ARE THEY NOW



Marshall Johnson and Malcolm Hanratty graduated in 1951 and were both appointed to Forbes Public School.

They kept in touch through the years and met up again at the recent reunion.



Malcolm now runs the Poplars Motel near Mittagong and Marshall has retired to St Ives.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

Please note that the next Alumni Association Meeting has been changed to Tuesday, 13th November. Dr Peter Hodgson from CSU will attend to discuss Scholarship criteria.

The Annual General Meeting will be held at 11 am on Tuesday 5th February, 2002.

VALE KEN HEATH (1927 – 2001)



Geoff Gorman, Pam Holman (Clayton), Joyce Todd, Ken Heath at a College Ball in 1951.

Ken Heath was the popular President of the Students Representative Council in 1951.

After leaving school he completed a Diploma in Aeronautical Engineering and commenced working with the CSIRO.

He then started at Wagga Teachers College in June 1950.

He conceived the idea of presenting the College with a park. The area between the Gym and the lecture block was chosen and the park was called Warradgery Park. Athol Berglund made a scale model and Alan Roberts did a watercolour of his conception of the completed park. All students of the session assisted with the work and financed the scheme.

Ken started teaching at Carlingford Primary and married his school sweetheart Margaret. After being transferred to Spicer's Creek he decided to leave teaching and try his luck at Turkey farming, so he bought into "Sunny Ridge".

He eventually sold the Turkey farm to Tegals and purchased the Ford Agency in Quirindi and then an Engineering company. He was chairman of a company Habitat and Castle Mountain Pty Ltd, which he formed to handle Zeolite exploration. He held office in Rotary, National Party, Anglican Parish Council, Retirement Homes Ass., and in 2000 was presented with the Council award for Community Services.



Working in the Park.
Do you recognise the workers?

LETTERS

The following letter was received from Dr Colin Yarham (1948-50). Colin is the Director of the organisation *Health Education & Promotion International Inc* that is dedicated to the development of the health and well-being of all children wherever they may be. Information about HEPI can be found on the website: www.hepi.net.



Dear Lindsay,
Good to have the chance to have a yarn to you today and particularly to thank you for all your efforts on behalf of the alumni Association. Have particularly enjoyed reading the various editions of 'Talkabout', sharing in some or the reminiscences and keeping up with news of friends. Of course was upset at hearing of the passing of Ev McCloughan whom I had maintained contact with over the years.
I had a great interest in learning some news of Arthur Ashworth, as not only did he lecture me in College, but taught me at Uranquinty School when I was about 9 years old. I subsequently was happily able to make contact with him and found him in very good spirits and able to talk for a short time, despite his 96 years of age.
Herewith a copy of the HEPI pamphlet which tells a little of the work my group does 'for the love and care of children' in various countries around the world. When one is on the ground and sees the very real need of so many little ones, there is no doubt in my mind where I should be.
Again with appreciation,
Colin.