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WAGGA TEACHERS

TALKABOUT



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IS IT THE END OF THE ROAD?

When the Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association was formed we had great hopes that our Association would include all teachers that trained at the Wagga Wagga Campus of Charles Sturt University. The idea was to provide a greater number of alumni to be of service to the Wagga Wagga Campus of Charles Sturt University.

Our Association was given that impression by the then Head of Campus, Professor David Green that this was to be our future. We accordingly changed our Association name to accommodate future members. Our relationship with the Head of Campus and his staff has always been a happy and cordial one.

It was decided early in our existence to resurrect our College newspaper "Talkabout" as the official organ of our Alumni Association. As I had been Assistant Editor of "Talkabout" at College, I was appointed Editor of the new "Talkabout". I persuaded the late Lew Crabtree to join me in resurrecting "Talkabout" as our Alumni newsletter.

It is interesting to note that my appointment as Assistant Editor with John Rummery as Editor came about when the 1949 editorial staff was sacked by the College Principal, George Blakemore for an editorial that was headlined "Students and Lecturers You Can All Go To Hell." The outgoing staff had the right to nominate its successor, and that is how the new editorial staff was appointed.

We had great hopes that of the over three thousand graduates from our College, it would be possible to persuade at least one thousand to support "Talkabout" and contribute to our fundraising. In our early days, the Secretary, Ann Smith, did a tremendous amount of research in establishing the whereabouts of teachers who had trained at Wagga Wagga Teachers College and the mailing list for Talkabout grew to over 3,600.

We did not secure the one thousand contributors that we had hoped for. In our recent appeal for contributors, the number of contributors increased to a little more than eight hundred.

These contributors can be justly proud to have raised almost \$79,000 for the Wagga Wagga Campus of Charles Sturt University. This comprises the Scholarship Fund of \$60,000 which allows us to provide final year teacher trainee scholarships, AND \$19,000 which will be used possibly to provide bursaries to help trainee teachers during their final practicum.

Our efforts to contact and include graduate teachers from Charles Sturt University have not come to fruition.

Our future looks grim as we cannot expect the loyal 800 and the present Alumni Committee to continue for much longer.

Do we have a future?

Lew Morrell

REUNION PAGE

MORE FROM THE 1961-62 REUNION

Profile of Margaret Crofts

I have always maintained that my two years at W.W.T.C., were the best two years of my life!

It was an excellent teacher's college, well equipping us to be good all rounded teachers, in the short space of only two years. BUT it was the residential accommodation and therefore the meeting of, in some cases, lifelong friends, who were all pursuing the same careers, in the same place, at the same time that made it so special.

retire, because of ankylosing spondilitis and rheumatoid arthritis, which was medically a very bad combination. He was only 48 when he died and an excellent teacher. He mainly taught Year 6. He was highly regarded by pupils and colleagues, especially because he had to be in a motorised wheel chair, in the last 5 years of his teaching life and his vision was very poor for many years before that (due to his medical condition).

In 1970, I resigned and just did Casual Teaching at local schools, for 10 years.

Then in 1980, I was permanently appointed to Excelsior P.S (Castle Hill). In 1990 (the year Peter died) I was appointed to Crestwood P.S. (Baulkham Hills) – two blocks from our home! I retired from Crestwood in 1998. After that I have continued to do Casual Teaching, but not as much in the last couple of years. So I've chalked up about 40 years of teaching! Luckily, I have mostly enjoyed it and it has been a very satisfying career. Even though I became 'four years trained', over my career, I have always wanted to just teach, and have my own class, getting much satisfaction with each class and their great progress every year.

Even though I have now retired from full time teaching for 11 years!, I'm very happy and busy pursuing other activities. I have always been actively involved with my local church, in many different activities e.g. leader of 'Wesley Walkers', Elder, Fundraising activities etc. Since retiring in 1998, I have had O.S. trips and Aussie tours every year and love all travel. My favourite hobby is photography, followed by gardening.

I married again in 2004, to Steve Allchurch, but kept my name of



Kumbu Dorm Girls 1961

My lifelong friends (with mini reunions on a number of occasions) have been Louise Scott (Clements) – my roommate, Barb Campbell (Otterman), Julie Gibbs (Hughes), Diane Webster (Grube) and Ruth Stuckey (Roberts) – my cousin. Of course I met Peter Crofts at college too!, and we married in 1967.

My first appointment was Minto P.S. (suburb of Campbelltown) in '63-'66. In '67 I then went to Toongabbie East P.S. until August '70. David, our son, was born in October 1970. Cathy, our daughter (also a teacher), was born in 1973. We built a home in Baulkham Hills in 1969 and I lived there for 28 years, with Peter for only 21 years, as he died in 1990. He taught from 1963 to 1988, when he had to medically



Kumbu girls 50 years later: Julie Hughes (Gibbs), Lynne Palmer (Pavitt), Louise Clements (Scott), Margaret Crofts (Stuckey), Kay Clarke.

REUNION PAGE

'Crofts'. I have 5 beautiful grand children, the eldest is 13 and the youngest is now 8.

I enjoyed the recent Reunion in Forster, this March 2011, as we caught up with a lot of mates from our two years of college – 1961-62. Another great Reunion, in Wagga Wagga, at least 20 years ago, had hundreds of former students and many Staff members, it was very memorable too.

I have been blessed with many good and important years of my life and intend to continue, in the same vein for many years to come!

Margaret Crofts (Stuckey) 1961-62



This photo of The Group was sent in by Barbara Deece and was left out of the last Talkabout. My apologies to Barbara who wrote the report for the March Reunion.

GOLDEN WEDDING

Audrey (Sear) 1948-50 and Maurie Schaecken.

Maurie and Audrey, who recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, met at an engagement party in 1960.

Love was certainly in the air that night because Maurie, who had emigrated from Holland as a teenager, proposed just five weeks later.

After asking Audrey's father for his blessing, Maurie presented Audrey with a huge bunch of flowers one night and popped the question.

They were married a short time later, on May 13th 1961 at North Bondi Methodist Church.

After the wedding they moved into the home Maurie built for them in Marayong, in Sydney's west. The couple still live there today and it is where they raised their two children, Peter and Anne.

Now both retired, these days Audrey enjoys Healthwise classes and her weekly craft group, while Maurie likes to go fishing with his son. They also spend as much time as they can with their two grandchildren, David and Katie.

The photos were published in the Sunday Telegraph.



LETTERS PAGE

Dear Lindsay,

We would like to thank the Editors of Talkabout for the recognition of our 60th Wedding Anniversary. I wonder if George Blakemore would appreciate the Hall of Fame heading.

We bought our engagement ring one Saturday morning just before graduation. We returned to the College on the 12 o'clock bus. Just before 12.15, George burst into the room and, blinking furiously, said – "Mr Wilcox, you have done the wrong thing, I don't want my College known as a Matrimonial Bureau."

At graduation we received our first appointments – Winifred to Emu Plains and me to Kangiara via Bowning via Yass. As we had no personal transport, public transport was such that we saw each other briefly at holiday time and some long weekends.

When we married in 1951 we were transferred to Bathurst. Winifred taught at Bathurst Girls Demonstration School and I at Kelso PS. In 1953 we were transferred to Eugowra Central School.

In 1956 Winifred resigned to start our family. During our country service years we taught many children whose parents were schoolteachers, bank employees or policemen. We were aware of the effects on the family when these people had to move to a new town due to promotion. We were very anxious to move to Sydney before our children had progressed far in their education.

In 1959 I completed my degree externally from UNE, and in 1960 I transferred to Bathurst to teach at Bathurst High School where I had been a student. In 1966 I was promoted to Subject Master at Canterbury Girls High School and we bought our house in Oatley.

At this time our younger son Nathan was ready to begin school. Winifred, who had stayed at home for ten years to be with the children while they were young, returned to teaching. Our elder son, Matthew, only had to make the one

change, from 3rd Grade in Bathurst to 4th Grade in Oatley West.

Winifred returned to teaching at Hurstville South Public School. In 1974 she was promoted to Deputy Mistress Primary at Cartwright PS, then in 1977 became Deputy Principal at Birrong PS. In 1981 she transferred and Deputy Principal to Kogarah PS. She retired from there in May 1984.

I transferred to Chester Hill High in 1973 as Social Science Master, and then I was promoted to Deputy Principal at Casula High School in 1984. I transferred to Moorefield Girls High as Deputy Principal in 1988, and retired from there in February 1990.

We have often thought back to the "Matrimonial College" comment and wonder what George thought of the marriages of Shirley Brown and Tom Hodges, Shirley Williams and Nick Bricknell, Edna Baker and Keith Brew, June Scott and Merv Whittaker, Olga Taylor and Bob Collard, Beth Denton and Arthur Smith, Thelma Whitechurch and Don Davis, Nita Chidsey and John Mitchell, Margot Wilson and Bruce Phillips, to name but a few of the happy marriages from College beginnings.

We read with interest the contribution from Peter Debenham. For Kevin it

brought back many happy memories of visits to our hut where we listened to the cricket tests. Names like Mac Yabsley, John Skene, Jack Brewster, Alan Nilon who were among those crowded into that room. We wish Peter continued health and well-being in retirement after what was obviously a dedicated and satisfying career.

It was with sadness we read of the deaths of Pay Poole, Paul Rees, Murray Millar and John Cummins. Murray Millar was the first SRC President at WWTC. He was one of a group of ex-servicemen in the first and second sessions who provided wonderful role models to some of us younger ones. A few of those ex-servicemen who come to mind are Ian Thomas, Jack Ackhurst, Jack Gleeson and Bruce Phillips.

Wagga Wagga Teachers College was unique. It provided the perfect opportunity for self-development. Its high standards radiated out to the benefit of all pupils taught by its ex-students. Its influence continues to spread today through those same ex-students from the efforts of our Alumni with its scholarships for present CSU teaching aspirants at the Wagga Wagga Campus.

Winifred and Kevin Wilcox 1947-49

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TEACHING MEMORIES

Dear Lindsay,

I was quite excited to receive my first e-mail copy of "Talkabout" and now a hard copy has turned up! I thought that it may have been a very subtle hint for me to send another subscription: hence attached cheque.

Included is a paper I presented at the Timbumburi PS centenary celebrations which were held on 11th and 12th June 2011. There may be some comments which stir nostalgic thoughts amongst our colleagues.

I was probably the worst singer that Chris Stirling had to listen to and was not even good enough to make Merv Gray's tutorial class. Merv threw his hands in the air and said that I was excused from further attendance.

When DI Brian Dennis came to visit I knew that I was in trouble. Brian was a singer of some note and would render a solo at the slightest hint of an invitation. Little Mark Ellwood had a beautiful voice and knew the words to all of our songs so I used to stand in front and follow Mark and the rest of the children would follow me.

During the inspectorial presentation I thought that I should exert some authority so stopped the singing and made the children start again. Brian later said that he was very impressed with the way that I had corrected the descant. I did not have the slightest idea what he was talking about so just smiled knowingly.

I have been farming since 1990 and for some years was on the Executive Council of the NSW Farmers' Association. Some of my farming friends have been upset when I have said that I didn't realise how hard teachers worked until I became a farmer. Nevertheless anybody who eats, or perhaps has grandchildren who have inherited the habit, should be aware of the threat posed to our prime agricultural land by coal seam gas

extraction. Governments listen, but only hear noise. Please make some!

Best wishes,

Bob Muir, 1952-53

Reminiscences from Timbumburi Public School, 1970-1972.

I was Principal at Timbumburi from 1970 until 1973. My immediate predecessor was Norm Heinrich and my successor was Brian Potter. My family was the last to live in the school residence prior to its demolition. We thought the house was great. We not only had bore water to establish a vegetable garden, but an electric copper and stove, a hot water system and, luxury of luxuries, an indoor flushing toilet! Ever so much more convenient than a trip to "The Long Drop" outside late at night.

Shirley Millett was the other teacher in 1970 and Di Collins in 1971 and 1972. Beth Falkenmire joined us for first term in 1970 but we were unable to sustain the magical enrolment of 67 so she was transferred. Joan Roworth was the cleaner. There were no other members of staff.

Apart from the fact that there was no wasted travelling time there were a great many advantages to living on the job. One of which was to be able to slip across the playground early in the morning to light the classroom fires. During winter, icicles would be hanging from the roof and the children did appreciate the chill being taken out of the room before we started. Perhaps it may have just been a matter of convenience but my desk was always closest to the fire!

We didn't have any computers or television sets but there were boxes of chalk, blackboard dusters and packets of ink powder and, even though living on the main highway, there were no break and enters into the school during

this period.

On that first day when the children arrived we had to re-arrange seats and desks. Billy Wilcox was helping me to move the sick bed and dropped it on his heel. My first contact with a Timbumburi parent was to ring Mrs Wilcox to advise her of Bill's accident which necessitated eight stitches. Bill made a good recovery!

One of the records which must be kept is the school Punishment Book. In those days the cane was allowed to be used as a disciplinary tool. Even though girls up to the age of twelve were allowed to be caned I was never aware of it being administered to any girl. We can now see that as a very discriminatory gender issue. Up to six strokes could be delivered to the palm of the hand. Eventually it was recognised that the hand was a very delicate part of the body and that became another of the many reasons why the use of the cane was eventually banned. Perhaps there was another part of the body which would not have suffered any damage!

On opening the Punishment Book, which was commenced at the school's opening in 1911, I could see that there were regular entries of about five or six every year but in 1933 there were eleven. At the School Inspector's visit in 1933 he had written in the ever-popular red ink — "Apparently discipline at this school is not as good as it has been in previous years." As a consequence no child at Timbumburi had received the cane from 1933 until 1972. [Theoretically at least!]

I wasn't going to be bluffed by a School Inspector so made the entries as necessary. I forget now but I hope there weren't many. I am fairly certain that no more than one stroke was ever given. I can remember that on one occasion a subsequent enquiry revealed that the wrong culprit had been caned. The wronged pupil was told that he could keep that stroke in the bank and use it

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when necessary. He thought that was a great idea and trotted it out on more than one occasion.

Shirley Millett had a little kindergarten boy who was causing her some concern because he just wasn't talking. I spoke to him but no amount of encouragement from either of us could get him to talk. His mother wasn't concerned because he spoke quite freely at home. We had a large scrambling net in the playground and at lunchtime one day this little fellow was perched right at the top with some Yr 6 boys on the ground shaking the net quite violently. He looked down and shouted, " Stop shakin' the f****'n net!" This language was a serious breach of school discipline but because we had been trying so hard to get him to say anything it would have done untold harm to punish him for this so I just had to walk away. This broke the ice and there were no further problems.

With an approaching visit from the School Inspector I confess that I had an attack of cold feet and was in a real pickle with the Punishment Book. When he asked for it I presented a brand new book, with no entries, and told him that I had sent the old book to the Archives Office because of its historical significance. I had a clear conscience, almost. It may be that the organising committee of the Centenary celebrations has had this book returned. I would like to hear from any pupils whose name has been entered and who feel that they were wrongly caned so that I can apologise, or from any who feel that it was a justified action.

The school's neighbour, Stan Burgess, used to grow a crop of watermelons each year and would bring a truckload to the school. Pupils and teachers would all sit on the school veranda and feast on as much watermelon as we could eat. We would just spit the seeds as necessary. I was able to justify this seeming waste of valuable classroom time by calling it a Natural Science lesson with the emphasis on the different methods of seed dispersal.

There were many other highlights

during my time at Timbumburi but certainly one was the time the school choir won the Tamworth eisteddfod. The children sang- "The Little White Bull".

Their item was the very last of the day. Though all dressed in the school uniform, they had been running wild all day and it was a very scruffy lot that walked onto the stage, but their singing was magical.

Folk Dancing on Friday mornings was always good fun. My children's pet magpie used to pull all the shoelaces out of the pupils' shoes when we went outside for a barefoot PE lesson. It took a long while for the children to sort them out but they didn't mind because it kept them out of the classroom for a bit longer. I didn't mind either! Both brown and black snakes were common. I couldn't hazard a guess at the number killed but I gather they are both now protected species.

There is no doubt that television sets and computers are able to spread children's horizons so much farther and I cannot even guess the things that teachers can do with smartboards, but nevertheless the greatest classroom invention during my time as a teacher was the ballpoint pen. Not only teachers but even ex-pupils would now have to be quite elderly to remember the trauma of blots on a lovely page of handwriting or the rotten post office nibs which used to rust and which had to be licked to get the oil off before their first use. Their only advantage was that the children found that, with a little modification, they made wonderful darts.

The school community, parents and teachers, were very good to me during my time at Timbumburi and the School Inspector deemed that the school standards were such that I was recommended for promotion and subsequently spent the rest of my teaching career at Quirindi.

Bob Muir, 1952-53

A PIONEER'S STORY

Ruth McFadden, the author of 'The Road South', which was mentioned in the November 2006 edition of Talkabout, has written another book called 'A Pioneer's Story'.

Ruth McFadden, who, as Ruth Johnston, was one of the first students to arrive at Wagga Wagga Teacher's College. In those early days Ruth wrote many letters home and after the death of her mother in 1971, Ruth discovered that some of those letters had been preserved. Thanks to the invention of computers these have now been scanned and printed and along with photos and other memorabilia from those first two years at Wagga Wagga Teacher's College this book has been put together. Ruth has given permission for excerpts to be reproduced in Talkabout.

A Pioneer's Story

Introduction.

1945: The terrible war had ended but its after effects would play a part in many lives for years to come.

1946: Ruth Johnston had sat for what was then called the Leaving Certificate Examination. Along with most of her classmates she had applied for a Teacher's College Scholarship but had no expectation of receiving such an award. Ruth was left-handed and in those days the Department of Education excluded such people from working as a teacher! They had told her mother that — way back in 1935 — when she enrolled her little daughter in school and young Ruthie had begun using a pencil in the wrong hand! However, so adept was she — far more competent than were the other five year olds — that in response to her mother's pleas eventually her teacher said, "OK I'll let her be, but remember she can never be a teacher!"

1947: In January the Leaving Certificate results were published in the Sydney Morning Herald and since her daughter did OK her mother proceeded to plan a

COLLEGE MEMORIES

future for her. There were few options open to girls in those days. The most popular were Nursing, Secretarial work and of course, Teaching. Mother had been a secretary all her life and wanted something different for her daughter. Nursing? No. According to her nursing friends they worked horrible hours. And as she had been warned years ago that teaching was out she decided to accept an offer from a local Pharmacist to take her daughter on as an apprentice.

Up until then the daughter, that is me, had not been consulted! Not directly anyhow. In those days we believed that our parents knew best and most of us were happy to let them do the worrying.

Then the letter arrived. It was addressed to me! I opened it and could not believe what I read. It offered a Teacher's College Scholarship! There were provisos of course. I would have to attend the Department Headquarters in Bligh Street Sydney for an interview, and I would have to write legibly on a blackboard with my **right** hand!

My mother was ecstatic! It was as if she had won first prize in the lottery. I realised then that she had wanted her daughter to have such a career and possibly had regretted her soft hearted support for my left handedness all those years ago.

I was less enthusiastic. Three years before I had broken my left arm in a fall and I knew how difficult it had been for me to write anything with my right hand. But my Mum knew better. "Go for it," she was so enthusiastic; "you have almost a month. I know Mr Callaghan" (he was the headmaster of our local school which was very close to where we lived) "he'll let you use the school blackboard and you can practice every day!"

So, always the obedient daughter, I did as suggested and was surprised to discover that pulling a chalk across the blackboard was much easier than pushing it. And at my interview later that month I wrote 'A quick brown fox

jumps over the lazy dog' in very readable and what was termed Syllabus Style! The Teacher's College Scholarship was confirmed and I awaited more details.

Evidently it had been the war that had changed things. A baby boom was on the way and more and more teachers would be needed. So the Department of Education had decided on a new experiment. A live-in College for both sexes would be trialled on the site of a Wartime Military Hospital in the city of Wagga Wagga. It would begin at the start of the second school term that year. And that was where, left-handed or not, I would be trained to be a Primary School Teacher.

With one hundred and fifty others we would all be trained not only in a new College but in — a never before tried new experiment in living.

And we would be called "The Pioneers".

1971: On Christmas Day that year my dear mother died. As we checked through her carefully preserved memorabilia I found, amongst other interesting bits and pieces, a collection of letters. I believe that she must have anticipated the future historical value of those letters that I penned to her in the early days of Wagga Wagga Teacher's College.

Because of train connections linking Orange and Wagga, I and several other students had arrived early on the Saturday morning. It surprises me that I noted at the time the historical significance of being the first to set foot on the campus. That memory, though dim, had always given me a warm feeling of importance and I often boasted to my own children that I was the first of "The Pioneers!"

I am not so proud of some of the other comments made in my letters which show up an egotistic vanity, religious bias and my lack of commitment to

study. I may have been addressed as "Miss Johnston" but really I was a very young seventeen year old, much more sheltered and mostly less aware than my own children were at that age. Then, of course, there was that on-going battle of the bulge! Lonely, homesick kids do overeat!

However, as I read through the letters from Day 1 to Graduation Day I noticed a change. There was evidence of gradual growth and a start up the path to maturity possibly fostered by the experiences of those early pioneering days at the College.

Life was not easy. Money, or the lack of it, was a constant headache. I supplemented my meagre allowance by dressmaking for others as soon as a sewing machine had been installed in the Common Room.

Also we were involved in so many extracurricular activities that study was put off until the last days, or later nights. This caused me much stress, as I felt a duty to my mother and also to Mr. Blakemore!

Ah! If it was a tough life it was also a good one. There were very few who did not make it to Graduation Day, which just goes to prove that 'without pain there is no gain'! So I will always be grateful for the experience of being:

A Pioneer of Wagga Wagga Teacher's College.

1952-3 60 YEAR REUNION

It will be 60 years since we all met so we are having a reunion in Sydney on February 28th, 29th and 1st March 2012.

If you have missed out on the information, please contact Robin McKinnon (Williams) at robinmckinnon@bigpond.com or 02 9878 1857.

TRAVEL MEMORIES

Dear Lindsay,

I appreciate the problem you have financing Talkabout's publication and distribution. I have enclosed ten dollars as a subscription payment but will be happy to receive future issues via email.

The following can be published in the next issue if you feel it suitable.

Regards,

Barry Cohen (1955-56)

"Over the years I have read with interest, articles in Talkabout that described the early years of my colleagues' teaching careers. I can't recall any reports of their experiences in later years, or in retirement. I thought readers might be interested in hearing of a visit my wife, Marion, and I made to Cairo. I had been retired for sixteen years. I penned this account for our relatives in 2010.

OUT OF EGYPT

Thought you might like to hear about the last leg of our trip, the two day Cairo visit.

It was the most memorable part of our overseas tour, but for all the wrong reasons. To sum it up in one word ... 'depressing'. We were told that in the area of Port Said, Cairo and Alexandria there are 20 million people. It seemed that half of them were always congregated in the street we were using while the other half was asking us for money. Without a doubt Cairo is the grubbier place we have ever seen. The streets leading to the pyramids are filthy. There was one Amsterdam-type canal beside the road that could have been quite nice but it was so polluted with litter and heaven knows what else, that the water was of no use for anything, even agriculture. The canal is to be filled in and replaced by a roadway. There was one area of the canal that had approximately 900 sq/m of rubbish on the surface where no water could be seen. A cat could have walked across from bank to bank. There was a sign labelling the waterway but it was in Arabic so I couldn't read it. I would guess it said, "Sewers Canal". Great piles of rubble and rubbish could be seen everywhere you looked.

Buildings were dirty and unkempt. Even the clean parts were dirty. We arranged for three tours with a personal guide and our own mini bus.

The first tour was of the Cairo Museum. The young woman who was our expert guide, conversant with all aspects of Egyptian history and modern life, led us into the museum. "This is a famous museum," she said. "There are lots of old things here to see. You have a look around and meet me back here in 20 minutes". We had paid a lot for her expertise. She went off to sit with another tour guide. There really were lots of old things to see.

We then went on to another place with old statues and stones. It was about 40 degrees and we had to drink lots of water. Our guide said, "There are some statues and old stones here that are interesting. Have a look around and meet me in 20 minutes. I will be under the shade of that tree. And don't drink the tap water or you will most likely die."

We had a look around but could not learn anything about the statues or old stones as the glass-covered displays were completely covered in dust. If you wanted to read what they said you would have to spend half the day cleaning the glass. It was at this place that two uniformed, on-duty policemen asked us for money. We had been warned not to give anyone any money, (except the tour guide) so we walked away. As the cops were armed we were hoping Mick Dundee was lurking behind one of the statues, our guardian angel, waiting to protect us. He wasn't, but we escaped anyway.

The second tour, the following day, was to a perfume making establishment. Our guide took us in and introduced us to Mohammed. "This is Mohammed. He will show you around the place. I will wait over there and have a coffee. Come back in 20 minutes." Mohammed told us that you squash flowers and pour the juice into bottles. He then told us the big (as our stobbies) bottle cost 3,000 Egyptian pounds. The other two, 2,000 and 1,000 respectively. He also said that his perfumes were guaranteed to last for days and wiped some on Marion's wrist. It seemed like days before we could convince him that we weren't going to

pay the prices he was asking and when we finally escaped, there was no sign of aroma on Marion's wrist. We found the guide who seemed disappointed that we had not bought anything. She was obviously on 10%.

The next part of that tour was to a carpet making school. The guide took us in and introduced us to a man named Mohammed. "This is Mohammed. He will show you how they make carpets. I will wait for you. Be back here in 20 minutes." Mohammed took us in tow and said, "It takes a long time to make a carpet. Those little boys are learning the trade. The girls are much quicker than men. See those big carpets on the wall, they are \$US30,000. How many carpets do you want to buy?" We would have liked a magic carpet to fly us out of the place. Actually, we did buy a small one, about 40cms long but when we got back to our guide, she looked disappointed. Probably because we didn't buy one off the wall. We thanked Mohammed and left for the papyrus making factory.

At the papyrus making factory, our tour guide introduced us to a Mohammed who was to show us how to make paper from reeds. The guide said she needed a rest after guiding us about and went to sit down. "I will see you in 20 minutes." Mohammed explained, "You cut the reed, roll it and then put it into water." (If it was the canal water, the reed would have dissolved.) After a few days you weave the lengths of reed then press them. When they are dry, you write on the paper or make pretty pictures. There is one papyrus paper with Diana's picture on it. Do you want to buy it?. No! Well what about the one with a camel on it?" We thanked Mohammed and went to wake the tour guide.

Our party of four which included Mohammed, the bus driver, then headed for the pyramids and some real pressure selling tactics. ("Mohammed" actually was the name of the driver.)

Our guide said, "These are the pyramids. Big eh? They took 20 years to erect because the builders kept getting sick from drinking the canal water. As it is 43 degrees, I will go and sit in the air-conditioned bus with Mohammed. You have a look around. Meet me back here in 20 minutes."

TRAVEL MEMORIES

We were then accosted on all sides by robed fellas trying to sell us souvenirs. One wanted to take our picture with his camel. "No thanks mate. I would make the camel look pretty." One particularly nauseous little chap came up to Marion and said, "I will give you present. No money. I like Australians." We thanked him and walked away. He then followed us asking for something from Australia. I didn't have an Akubra, a black singlet or a bottle of Fosters and I told him so.

"No, I want Australian dollars." ("You lying little twerp", methought.) "I don't have any. Here are some Egyptian dollars...(notes and coins, as the Arab head dresses with their black bands were pretty cool.) Then he said something odd... "I can't exchange coins for notes." It was Egyptian currency I was offering!

He kept on asking for Aussie money so we decided to give him back his goods. He took them but kept the notes I had given him. I thought about donging him when I noticed all the mean looking fellas around the place, obviously his mates, so I threatened to call the police (for what little good that would have done!) However he vanished in a cloud of dust.

We then took in the pyramids and were somewhat disappointed. We knew the history of the pyramids and how their building was a great feat of engineering but we had imagined them to be much bigger.

Personally, I looked on them as big piles of big rocks. This might seem to be an outlandish statement, but I had recently visited Masada in southern Israel and it would have been difficult for anything to make more of an impression on me. Masada, an enormous, flat topped mountain, is bigger than the pyramids but that is not its main attribute. What amazed me was the palace built by King Herod. Not only is it perched precariously on the edge of the mountain, on three different levels, but it is so elaborate with ingenious 'plumbing' systems to supply water. On the plateau are the remains of the village where the famous battle was fought between the Romans and the Jews. The other amazing structure at Masada is the earthen ramp which the Romans built, in a couple of months, to

reach and breach the gates of the fortress.

Anyway, back to Egypt.

We felt sorry for the animals that looked so bedraggled and hot. However, I suppose they have always managed to survive in their unfriendly environment. (By not drinking the canal water.)

I guess you could not visit the pyramids without taking a photo of the Sphinx. Time has not been kind to the visage of this noble Pharaoh. His nose has gone as well as his eyebrows and beard. The position of the beard, straight down or curved upwards determined whether the statue was made before or after he died.

To me the most memorable part of our visit to Cairo was being on the roads. You have be there to believe it. It is hard to see the bitumen for the vehicles. They are like ants, scurrying in all directions at once. The few traffic lights and zebra crossings don't mean a thing. It is every man for himself. Cars have trafficators but they are not used, the horns are though! We saw vehicles zigzag across three lanes of traffic in one hair raising dash without hitting anything. Camels, donkeys, donkey carts, cyclists and people all join in the mayhem. It is the people's involvement that is the most amazing part. Can you imagine a blind man walking across pit straight, between the cars, at the start of the Bathurst 500? People in Cairo step off the kerb and, without looking, stroll across the road seemingly oblivious to the danger. They probably believe Allah is looking after them. He must be as the gutters are not filled with mangled bodies.

Nearly every vehicle we saw had dints in the body work. Fortunately Mohammed had twenty five years experience as a driver so we came out unscathed. The taxis were worth a mention. They were little black and white cars about the size of a Hyundai Excel but with the front section identical to the back section. You couldn't tell which way they were meant to go. You couldn't really tell when they were moving either! All were greatly dented and dirty. I hate to think what they would be like on the inside.

There were a couple of positives. Our hotel was quite grand in the old Raffles

style.

Even though the towel rack and soap holder fell off when you simply looked at them, we were happy with the accommodation. The amount and variety of food available for breakfast was unbelievable. The a la carte dinners were quite attractive and at reasonable prices. We were told not to eat anything from street stalls. There was no way we would have done that even if they had been recommended.

At night, the sound and light show at the pyramid site was quite impressive even though two locals near us chattered on all night in Arabic. It was a bit annoying. Marion suggested they might have been discussing ways to relieve tourists of their money but I reckon, by the animated hand gestures, that one was telling the other that his cousin had fallen into the canal and never been seen again. The final sorry chapter saw us get food poisoning, either from hotel food or in flight meals, catered for by the Egyptians. It took a week to recover. One thing that particularly annoyed me was the hassle of going to the W.C. As you walked in, a hand with a tissue was pushed at you. As you walked out, an empty, open hand was pushed at you. Now I accepted the different cultural practice but not reactions received. At one establishment I only had a couple of coins (I wasn't going to pay \$10 to empty the bladder) and when I offered them I got a cynical, 'hmpfh', a dirty look and no thank you. I thought \$2 was plenty for the service given. It is not as though he helped me handle my ablutions!

Only recently, long after I had written this account, I heard another female visitor to Cairo saying on TV that she had been chased onto the street by a knife-wielding man who was not given enough money for handing the woman a tissue. Even more recently was the news report of an American reporter assaulted by a group of men on the streets of Cairo. It is not advisable for women to wander around by themselves.

To sum up, we both felt most disappointed in our visit and would not return to Egypt even if they promised to build a pyramid in our honour.

TEACHING MEMORIES

Hi Lindsay,

I thought that some of my teaching memories may be OK for 'Talkabout'. I was accepted as a mature aged student and entered College in 1953. I'm now 82 and still kicking along OK. I finished my teaching career as a Liaison Officer Western Region – 22 years ago.

I love reading the articles, which prompted me to put pen to paper. I still remember this young bloke as if I was still teaching him, and him me. What a delight.

Best of luck,

John Ireland (1953-54)

Significant events of 1955.

Firstly I didn't believe that there were any significant happenings worth writing about that occurred in 1955.

After giving my head a firmer shake a few events surfaced. I received my first teaching appointment! From that shake events rolled on. I was delighted. I received an appointment as a Teacher in Charge of a one teacher school in the West. I was so pleased! I didn't have to go through the steps of being a class room teacher. I was appointed as a teacher in charge - first up. After asking a few questions of a clerk in head office I was more excited. He informed me that there were about 12 kids at the school – its name was Terowie.

How do I get there? You catch the Bourke Mail Train at Central – get off at Narromine. You ring the P&C President's number and he will tell you about being picked up at Narromine Rail Station. I thought the P&C President said he would pick me up himself. I asked him what he looks like and he asked the same. However he then said not to worry because only about 3 people alight at Narromine daily – so we'll just ask around.

Things were looking good and from that moment on I was pretty excited. I was about to change the life of 12 little Aussies forever and tell the P&C people a thing or two! Yep, the P&C President and I had no trouble – only one person alighted from the train that day.

About 50 miles later we came close to Terowie. The P&C President wanted to take me home – introduce me to "the Missus" and the six kids, "you'll be teaching 4 of them", he said. "Oh, and by the way, have you got a Driver's Licence," he asked? "Yep," I proudly replied. "You'll be driving the 12 seater school bus too."

A further event that was to be. Things were looking up already. One of the kids would move to another room or sleep on the verandah – my living quarters looked OK. The kids all looked OK, and the smell around the kitchen was just right. The older daughter who has left school does the cooking. Well, while dinner was on, the phone rang constantly – I could hear a constant reply "Yes, he looks OK. He's a mature looking sort of bloke – so he won't be a firsty". Quickly I deduced that every phone call was about me.

Well next morning we, myself and four kids set off for school – the P&C President had the key. The kids told me the route – about 5 miles to the school, where we unloaded, then two miles to pick up two more kids.

One of the kids didn't show up but the kids said you'd know Jamie and you can tell when he's here – he parks his push bike under the gum tree – it's even two miles from his house to the gum tree along a corrugated road.

The way the other kids talked about Jamie – he sounded like a monster. Comments like, yep you'd know Jamie when he comes Sir. He doesn't do any reading, composition or maths, Sir. You see Jamie doesn't come to school much – he's in 4th class Sir. My mind just started with things about Jamie, "What will I do with him?"

The next day no school – it started to rain – and this was 'black soil country' – no travel. This was the beginning of the 1955 floods on the Bogan River.

No one moved – it just rained and flooded. What did I do? I helped the farmer move his stock from lowlands to higher paddocks, I helped with fencing and just to really help out I milked the milker.

School started a week later – when the flood waters subsided.

Still no sighting of Jamie. About four weeks later on a shout went up from those in the bus, "There's his bike!" Jamie was back sitting on the other side of the old gum tree. Jamie boarded the bus – half glanced at me and then he grunted sort of as he passed heading for the rear seat.

Jamie really couldn't read, write or do maths. But any other job, cutting wood, gardening, killing snakes, cleaning up – Jamie was an expert and loved doing it.

You see Jamie's normal daily routine was arise, milk the cow, have breakfast, walk down from home to the Bogan River, row across, get on his bike, ride for two miles, park it under the gum tree, board the bus and off to school – in the afternoon it was the reverse except he didn't milk the cow but rounded her up for the next morning.

About 30 years later on – just prior to retirement I happened to be motoring through Narromine so I decided to look Jamie up. I checked in the phone book and got on to the Narromine Exchange. The exchange lady put me right on to Jamie's home and Jamie was next on the phone – a quick arrangement was made to a meeting place in Narromine.

What a meet it was and what's more we both kinda recognized each other – a special meeting it was. Part of the meeting turned to Jamie and his career – he was a very successful sheep, wheat farmer – doing very well – his three children did not have to row across a river etc – Jamie and spouse had them attend well known boarding schools in Sydney, where the three of them were doing well in academics and practical learning – he was very proud.

Jamie's attitude about life was an example for all. You know, something tells me we're both still learning!

John Ireland 1953-54

A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

MURRAY MILLAR

(1924-2011)

Murray Millar was a role model for many of the male intake of the Pioneer Session of Wagga Wagga Teacher's College.



Murray possessed a youthful exuberance for life. He was articulate and confident, at ease with students and lecturers and was a gifted sportsman, representing the college at Rugby League and Cricket. He was part of the camaraderie that existed, and still remains, amongst Pioneer Students. He was the inaugural President of the Wagga Wagga Teachers College Student Representative Council.

A small notice appeared in the Sydney Morning Herald in June indicating that a service was to be held to commemorate the life of Murray Millar. From the eulogies given by Grant (son), the Grandchildren, Stafford Baird (Ex W.W.T.C. 56-57) and Presidents of the Camden and Campbelltown R.S.L. Clubs, I learnt more of the life of Murray Millar.

Murray met Laurie, his future wife, while they were pupils in Murray's father's class. They were, and remained, a twosome. They were inseparable and loved and supported each other throughout their life together. Laurie was a beautiful, charming, intelligent young lady, and retains those qualities to this day. Murray was Captain at Lismore High School and Captain of the Byron Bay Surf Club.

Murray Millar was twenty-two years of age when he enrolled as a student at

Wagga Wagga Teachers College.

In the intervening period between High School and College, Murray had enlisted in the Royal Australian Air Force, been promoted to Flying Officer, posted to Bomber Command Base, Lindholme, United Kingdom and served with 460 Lancaster Squadron, whose



attrition rate was the highest of all bomber squadrons flying out of the United Kingdom. On his demobilisation, he married Laurie and enrolled as a student teacher at Wagga Wagga Teachers College.

Honours and Awards: 1939-45 Star

France and Germany Star

Defence medal

War Medal 1939-45

Australian Service Medal.

On graduation in 1949, Murray was appointed to North Wagga Public School and later transferred to Wagga Demonstration School. He sought a school with a vested residence and was appointed to Murrumbidgee PS in the Riverina District. He later moved to the Liverpool and Campbelltown areas and served as Deputy Principal and Principal at various schools in these Districts. For a period, he was seconded to head a Retraining Unit at Head Office. He later returned as Principal, Macquarie Fields, from which position, he retired.

In the 1950s/60s schools, in the main, were formal forbidding institutions, where the day's activities were governed by a restrictive timetable. While schools were an integral part of the community, they were apart from it. Murray valued

honesty, humour, loyalty and scholarship, - hypocrisy and pretension were never part of his credo. He carried these values into his leadership role. He dignified the role of each member of staff, ancillary and teaching, and afforded each the professionalism deserved. Community members were welcomed into the school. Schools under his leadership became happier places for all. Today's schools are better places. They are kinder, more tolerant, humane and inclusive. If they are not, they should be. This change was in no small way due to Principals such as Murray Miller.

Murray enriched the life of so many people. He made people feel good about themselves. While it may seem trite to some, he did have a passionate and unwavering commitment to ensure schools had a warm and welcoming presence, where all staff, ancillary and teaching were deemed equal and treated fairly. He was a guiding light to many young teachers.

Des Bieler 1947-49

COMING EVENTS

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

The next quarterly meeting of the Alumni Association will be held at 11 am on:
Tuesday 8th November, 2011.
The meeting will be held at:
NSW Teachers Federation
Conference Centre.
37 Reservoir Street
Surry Hills.
All welcome.

ALUMNI LUNCHEONS

The next Alumni luncheon will be held at the Icons Restaurant in the Marriott Hotel, Pitt Street Sydney (near the Quay) on Tuesday 15th November, 2011.

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

A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

MICHAEL JOSEPH SMITH (1924 – 2011)

To WWTC students of 1959-68 intakes, Michael Smith was known as Mr Geography Smith. This was to distinguish him from another Mr Smith on staff. Michael Smith died on 25th August 2011, a few weeks short of his 87th birthday. He is survived by his devoted wife of 57 years, Ruth, their daughter Rebecca, son-in-law Brian Hastings and grandchildren Carl and Sacha.

Word of his passing spread quickly. Few lecturers were loved by their students as much as Michael. On hearing the news, several of his students sent messages to express this love that they carry after so many years:

“Sad news for us. A lovely man has left us. ... We were so fortunate that our lives touched his, however briefly.”

“Mike was a gentleman with all that means about courtesy, charm, compassion, intelligence, integrity and grace. We were very pleased and very fortunate to know him.”

“Mike was one of nature’s most beautiful people. I always remember him as such even though I was not in any of his classes.”

“Mr Geography Smith was a wonderful man, respected and loved by many of his students.

I have very fond memories of his geography lectures where he inspired us with stories of the Maori culture and he also opened our eyes to central Australian Aboriginal culture. These lectures were not only informative, they were FUN, and we could not wait to get there.”

Michael Smith M.A. B.Econ. (Cantab. NZ) arrived in Australia with his wife Ruth in February 1959 after a five-year stint in Guernsey, Channel Islands. He was immediately appointed to Wagga Wagga Teachers College. Principal George Muir was elated to find he had not only a highly qualified lecturer in Geography and an experienced teacher, but a leader and mentor for section 607, and a first-rate coach of the College Rugby team.



Michael’s and Ruth’s only child, Rebecca, was born in 1961. In the eulogy Rebecca gave at her father’s committal, she said: “It was difficult to decide where Dad’s true allegiance lay, in Australia or in his country of birth. I think it was only when the All Blacks were playing that he showed his true colours. He was a dedicated All Black supporter, as he said he liked to support the team most likely to win against the Wallabies!”

Other passions that vied for Michael’s attention were salmon fishing in New Zealand and trout fishing in Australia’s Snowy Mountains, politics, philanthropy, poetry, Gilbert and Sullivan, and gardening.

At the end of 1969 Michael transferred to Westmead Teachers College which, shortly after, was renamed Nepean College of Advanced Education. He was promoted to Department Head of the Social Sciences, Kingswood Campus, a position he held until ill health forced his retirement in 1979.

Michael never did things by halves: whatever he took up as a hobby would have his full commitment. In his

retirement, his lifetime hobbies, Croquet, Bridge and Stamp Collecting were duly attended to right up until his death. This positive attitude to life was made possible by the encouragement and support of his family.

Michael’s garden was his chief passion; in particular, his veggie patch. There was nothing he liked better than to sit watching his garden grow, with the family’s pet rabbit under his chair and a wild cockatoo perched on his knee.

In his last days, when the family was told to expect his decline very soon, Michael recovered enough to sit in a chair and watch the All Blacks wallopp the Wallabies in the first match for the Bledisloe Cup. He did not wait around to see the second match. Ross Hosking, one of his Rugby players from those good old days at WWTC said: “If Rugby really is the game which is played in heaven, he may get to see a replay!”

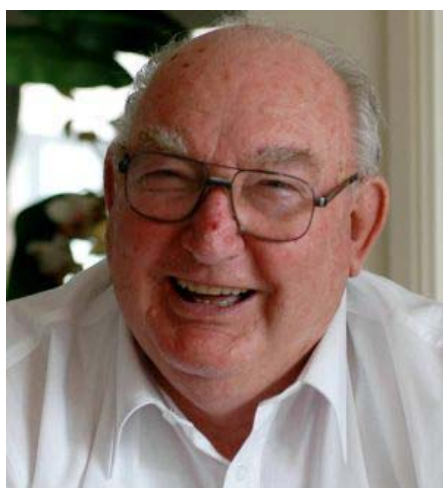
[Most of the information above has been taken from Rebecca’s eulogy of her father. Friends of Michael might like to contact Ruth and Rebecca on: hastingsr@optusnet.com.au]

Submitted by June Whittaker.



A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

LES SHORE 1949-50



NSW Local Government Minister Don Page paid tribute in Hansard to the life of veteran councillor Les Shore, who died on 16th June 2011, after a long battle with illness at the age of 80.

As the Minister for Local Government I pay tribute to one of the State's longest serving councillors, Les Shore, who passed away last night aged 80. Former councillor Les Shore was elected to Baulkham Hills Shire Council in 1969 and retired at the last local government elections held in 2008. His term on council was almost 40 years and he played his part in shaping the growth, vitality and prosperity for which the Hills shire is widely known. Les Shore is one of our longest serving councillors in the history of the Hills shire. He represented council at many conferences and external forums during his years of service. Les Shore's local government career is distinguished by representing council as Shire President of the Baulkham Hills shire from 1983 to 1986. He was a member of the Hawkesbury River County Council, serving five terms as chairman and four terms as deputy chairman from 1987 to 2007. He was a Local Government Alternative Delegate on the Hawkesbury Nepean Forum, which replaced the trust. He also was the council's delegate to the Hawkesbury Nepean Local Government and Catchment Management Reference

Group, including as deputy chairman. He was a member of the Noxious Weeds Advisory Committee to the Minister for Agriculture from 1993 to 1999 and a member of the board of Integral Energy, formerly Prospect County Council, up until July 1995. He was council's delegate to Prospect County Council from 1997 to 1980 and from 1987 to 1995 and council's representative on the Cattai State Recreational Trust. He was executive member of the Central Region Bushfire Organisation and chairman of the Shire Rural Fire Service Management Committee.

Les Shore also had a distinguished teaching career. Les was appointed classroom teacher after graduating from Wagga Wagga Teachers College to Wentworth Central School, Mullumbimby High School in my electorate and Parramatta East Public School. He was principal at Theiss Village Public School in the Snowy Mountains, Werrington Park School for Special Purposes and Harrington Street Public School, Cabramatta. Les was appointed school principal of Castle Hill Public School in 1976 and held that position until his retirement in 1992. Castle Hill was the largest public school in New South Wales during that time, with up to 1,400 students. Les was also a very keen cricketer and a member of Glenorie Cricket Club since 1947. The oval at Glenorie is named after him. The member for Hawkesbury, Ray Williams, who served alongside Les Shore during his last term at Baulkham Hills Shire Council, said about Les:

Les's passing is a sad loss for our community. His dedication to service and great affection for our shire was nothing short of outstanding and he will long be remembered as a great leader of our community.

On behalf of all members of the House, I offer condolences to Les's family and acknowledge his wonderful

contribution to his community over such an extended period.

The following are excerpts taken from speakers at Les' funeral.

Les' brother Stan Shore said his father had insisted that his eldest son be named Leslie James North Shore because of the new Harbour Bridge being built to join the north shore to the city. He was 10 when the family moved to the farm in Glenorie in 1941. The eldest of six children, he would organise his younger siblings.

"He was like an extra parent. Mum and Dad were always on the farm," said Stan. "If we couldn't go to school, he'd set up the desks on the verandah and teach us."

Les Shore was the youngest principal appointed to a first class primary school in NSW and during his 15 years at Castle Hill Public School (1976 to 1991), it grew to be the biggest primary school in the state.

"Les thrived on challenges and was generous to a fault," said Stan. "I grew up in his shadow but he was an inspiration to me. "He was a true legend in his life time and will remain so."

Sonya Phillips called him a "great community leader" who had shaped the shire in so many ways including funding for improvements to Old Northern Road. "Mr Glenorie" as many people called him. He was a "Son of the Shire" she said.

A fan of all sport, but especially cricket, he loved horses and was delighted when his horse Laughter in the Rain won at Hawkesbury a few weeks before his death.

Ross Higgins said he was an "innovator" who "recognised potential and gave opportunity". "He had in excess of 1400 students at Castle Hill Public but Les knew the name of every student."

NEWS FROM CSU

A New Vice-Chancellor for Charles Sturt University

Mr Lawrie Willett AO announced in June this year that Professor Andrew Vann will succeed Professor Ian Goulter as the new Vice-Chancellor and President of Charles Sturt University (CSU).

Professor Vann will take up his appointment in January 2012. He was selected from a high quality field of applicants after an extensive national and international search. He is currently Senior Deputy Vice-Chancellor at James Cook University and is responsible for leading the University's teaching and learning strategies.

"I am thrilled and honoured to be appointed as the next Vice-Chancellor and President of Charles Sturt University," said Professor Vann.

"I have devoted the last 15 years of my life to education in rural and regional Australia and this gives me the opportunity to continue and strengthen that contribution. I was attracted to Charles Sturt University because of its unique geographical position in inland Australia and its connection to its communities.

"Charles Sturt University is also making very important contributions in incorporating Indigenous perspectives in curriculum and in educating Indigenous students.

"It has research strengths in areas that are critical for rural and regional Australia and the nation as a whole.

"I am also delighted to be following Professor Goulter as Vice-Chancellor. Under Ian's leadership Charles Sturt University has clearly grown and strengthened substantially.

"My family and I have really enjoyed the warmth and friendliness of regional communities since we moved to Australia. We are looking forward to moving to inland NSW and being an active part of Charles Sturt University's diverse communities," said Professor Vann.

Professor Goulter welcomed Professor Vann to CSU. "I have known Andrew for many years and have high regard for the important contributions he made in research and teaching and learning at Central Queensland University, where we worked together for a period of time, and at James Cook University," said Professor Goulter.

A farewell and end of year celebration will be held at the Grange on Bathurst campus for Professor Goulter on December 2 and will also be followed by events at other CSU campuses with times and dates yet to be confirmed.



Professor Andrew Vann

Alumni Information

The Advancement Unit welcomed Stacey Fish back from maternity leave in September. Stacey resumed as the Faculty Advancement Officer for Education. Stacey is in the office on Mondays and Wednesdays and can be reached by phone on: (02) 6338 4267 or via email at sfish@csu.edu.au .

Julie Brouggy



The Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association



KEEPING THE SPIRIT ALIVE IN 2011 TO SECURE THE FUTURE

The Scholarship Fund has been closed with a grand total of \$60,000. Congratulations to all our contributors!
This means that we can award Scholarships to a total of \$6,000 annually.

We also have a further \$18,665 which will be contributed towards our next Fundraising project.

You will note that our Association is now known as the Wagga Wagga Teachers' Alumni Association as all graduates of W.W.T.C., Riverina C.A.E., Riverina Murray I.H.E. and the C.S.U. Campus have been invited to join our ranks.

The next stage of the W.W.T.A.A. fundraising is still to be confirmed. The Committee is now considering applying the fundraising to assisting students with expenses incurred in practice placements.

However, while we consider the best way to move forward, we encourage you to continue supporting the WWTAA and we hope that the past generosity will remain strong.

**All donations should be made payable to the Charles Sturt Foundation at:-
Charles Sturt University, Panorama Avenue, Bathurst NSW 2795**

As you know, we pay for the printing of TALKABOUT as well as the cost of postage. The cost of each edition of Talkabout has been around \$3,500. It has therefore been decided that an annual subscription of \$10 per member is required and that this will fall due at the time of the March "Talkabout".

**Talkabout subscriptions should go directly to the Treasurer of the WWT Alumni Association:-
Lindsay Budd, 4 Flemington Close, Casula NSW 2170.**

If you require a receipt please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

The University over the years has been a great supporter of the Association and will continue to provide volunteers to carry out the mailing of Talkabout.

If you have any questions please do not hesitate to contact the University Advancement Unit on 02 6338 4832.

**Here is my donation to WWTAA Fundraising.
Donations over \$2.00 are TAX DEDUCTABLE.**

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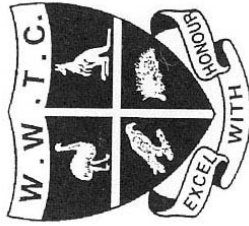
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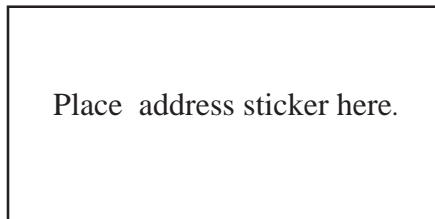
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