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WAGGA TEACHERS

# TALKABOUT



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## THE SHAG ON THE ROCK.

The Annual General Meeting of the Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association was held at the NSW Teachers Federation Conference Centre on 9<sup>th</sup> February 2010.

We were pleased to welcome two CSU officers to our meeting: Linda Breen, Acting Manager University Advancement, and Stacey Fish, Faculty Advancement Officer (who has replaced Julie Brabham as our Alumni contact).

The existing committee was reelected, except for the position of Secretary. The Association needs someone to take over the position, as Dot Tanner cannot continue on a temporary basis for much longer.

The members present were dismayed to learn that previous expectations relating to the setting up of an accommodation house on the Wagga campus had come to naught.

We had agreed on a name for a cottage (WATAL Wagga Alumni Teachers Association Lodge) and were given assurances by Professor David Green (now retired) in his letter published in Talkabout in July 2009, that the University had agreed to the naming and that the naming ceremony would take place in December, 2009.

We now find that proposals made then, and endorsed by the Head of Campus, are not valid and University protocol demands that decisions have to be ratified by the University Council.

Linda Breen explained the policy and process for honorary and philanthropic naming of CSU facilities, reporting that all recommendations for namings must be submitted to the University Council for approval (as suggested by the Head Of Campus through the Vice-Chancellor in this case). To date there has been no submission to the Council recommending the honorary naming of a facility at CSU in Wagga Wagga. The only assurance was in regard to a Philanthropic Naming by which an MOU (Memorandum of Understanding) would need to be signed by CSU and the WWTAA.

So it seems that all efforts to progress with the establishment of WATAL have been thwarted by protocol.

Our Alumni Association is like a shag shackled to a rock while an ebbing tide's receding waves, bearing its sustenance, disappear in the distance.

It appears that we are back to square one.

# LETTERS PAGE

Dear Lindsay,

Received my Talkabout today and as usual found it very interesting to read "Teaching Memories".

In May this year I lost my wife to cancer and during the time I had her home with me I kept my sanity by reading and writing. Please find enclosed a poem I wrote talking about my time teaching at Nuera Public school near Wellington (NSW) from 1958-60.

I had it published by "Wellington Times" newspaper in May this year and thought you may be interested in putting it in Talkabout some time in the future.

Yours faithfully,

Bob Grant. 1955-56.

## MEMORIES

*In my second year of teaching  
Came the 'gram that Schoolies dread.  
Their appointment to a Small School.  
Just a single line that said,  
"Report to Neurea Provisional School  
on Jan 26."  
I'd taught a year in a Sydney school  
And thought I knew all the tricks.*

*At last the day to leave home came  
And I caught the Western Mail.  
As I travelled lonely through the night  
I hoped I wouldn't fail  
When the train began to slow I saw  
the Dripstone sign.  
I collected all my luggage  
And the sun began to shine.*

*Lloyd Bullock was there to meet me  
And drove me to his farm.  
The Family made me breakfast  
Their home was full of charm.  
He later dropped me at the tiny school  
So I could get prepared  
Suddenly I realised that I was really  
scared.*

*When I opened the school next day  
I met them at the gate.  
Their relatives always dropped them  
off  
And were never ever late.*

*I sorted out the groupings from  
Kinder to Year 6,  
The seniors helped the younger ones  
It was a lovely mix.*

*I taught at Neurea for the next three  
years -  
And lived a busy life.  
Fell in love with a Dripstone girl  
Who later became my wife..  
The people were so helpful and  
included me in their lives.  
I still enjoy the friendships  
Of kids, blokes and their wives.*

*Here's the list of Family names  
Of children of that time.  
Fitzgerald, Chrystal, Bullock, Cox  
Are very hard to rhyme  
With Robinson, Reinhard, Brien  
(both Harold's and Roy's)  
I boarded a year at Eunice's home  
And was treated like one of her boys.*

*Later I joined the Town Rugby Team  
A beaut group with which to play.  
Had Saturday night at the movies  
And Golden Key in the day.  
The Dances and Balls were regular  
But the best part is for me  
To travel back to Wellington  
Those wonderful folk to see.*

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Dear Lew, Lindsay, Julie,

Warm greetings from a warm Chennai with the arrival of the NE Monsoon.

Thank you for all your efforts — "Talkabout" with all its 'remembrances' is a joy to receive. They lead me to recall holiday work in Newcastle delivering ice to homes at early morn; working on the arc furnace at BHP; in schools catching chicken pox from the children; the school plays; teaching children sentenced from state courts at Lower Mittagong; teaching blind and partially blind children at School for Blind; coaching school teams at Boorawa Central and so many other places and with later college and uni teams — so many memories, so many great people. And now training and telling 400,000 teachers they should be "proud to be a teacher" as Dr Radhakrishnan was (former teacher,

lecturer, President). So many of your articles really reflect this well-founded pride.

At Wagga T.C., then at Sydney College and later at Balmain T.C., Ku-ring-gai C.A.E. and UTS I had close association with Eric Hawcroft and am very sorry to report that Eric at age 96 has had surgery and is in a nursing home with failing health. (He drove his car until recently). (See obituary p 13. Ed)

The work load here and in Africa continues to grow. The Central Union Government of India now have asked us to go to six states in the North which presents a challenge with multiple bureaucrats and differing languages of instruction.

The Secretary to Government for Human Resource Development (Educ.) in New Delhi has asked us to speak at a meeting of all 27 State Secretaries to Government for Education and the Health Ministry has us hooked in with their 'Rural Health Mission'. Funding is a constant problem in all areas.

Was in Kolkata (Calcutta) in the West Punjab State during the week for a regional meeting and for discussions with the Education authorities. The latter went particularly well as it proved to be a "critical moment" when, at all levels, they were looking for our Health, Lifeskills and Social Development Syllabus.

A quick look at the 'City of Joy' gave the impression that Mother Teresa really faced a challenge in Calcutta. With, like Delhi, yet another rail Metro under construction, the place was a shambles.

After spending some time with us, two professors from the Russian Federation announced at world conference in Mexico City that our 'Schools Total Health Program' was 'the best program in the world' and at invitation of Director of Education of the Russian Federation, I was sent as adviser and consultant to the World Health Organisation to introduce the Program to 600 professionals at Ivanovo, 300 kms out of Moscow. They now are proceeding with their version, in their culture.

One problem is that I am overseas 10

# LETTERS PAGE

months of the year and miss family, but as each grandchild completes school they come to work with grandpa for six months and start to understand the real need to work with/for the less fortunate. It really is one world, the need is great.

I also always feel sorry that the work load forces me to miss so many Wagga gatherings - apology.

Again with many thanks and sincerest good wishes,

Colin Yarham (1948-50)

Dr. Colin L. Yarham.

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*Dear Lindsay,*

*I recently met up with two of my "mates" from 597 for a fish dinner at Terrigal. After a few wines, the memories 'flowed' quite vividly and it prompted me to put pen to paper just so some of the "latter" grads might ponder what life was like for us 'Oldies' in the 50's. I'm sure plenty of 597 will remember with affection.*

*Regards,*

*Jim Roche, 597*

## WWTC SECTION 597

2010 marks the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of those 29 who graduated from WWTC Section 597 after two years of teacher training in Junior Secondary Education. The other six Sections of the 1959 intake trained for Infants/Primary teaching.

597 followed a different curriculum with subjects and method designed to prepare us for teaching Junior Secondary classes in the pre-Wyndham era of the early 60's. Our first practising was a 6<sup>th</sup> class primary with all remaining 'pracs' in surrounding high schools and 'Dems' were conducted at Wagga High.

What really stamped us as a unique group, were our two field study trips - to Tumut (1959), and to Griffith (1960). The extended overnight, field

study trips were designed to prepare us for lengthy school excursions. The most unusual feature was that we were booked into hotels for our accommodation in an era when WWTC students were banned from alcohol consumption!

Some of 597 were more 'mature' than others, (two even had cars) with four in our section being aged over 20 at enrolment. At the other end of the scale three were only 16 at enrolment (the youngest had her 17<sup>th</sup> birthday in June, in her 'dorm' at WWTC.) No wonder many had to combat "school-yard" crushes in the student-teacher relationship arena.

Many of 597 improved their professional qualifications by completing university degrees mainly by correspondence courses through UNE at Armidale. At least two graduated to lecturer status at tertiary level and two finished their careers having joined the ranks of High School Principals.

Whilst 597 has had only two formal reunions, which were well attended, many individuals still meet socially or 'catch-up' at various functions. Whenever we meet, we all have fond memories, and great anecdotes, of 597 and WWTC in general.

Long may those memories remain.

Jim Roche

Section Rep 597.

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## HALL OF FAME

### **Shirley Caba (Brodie) 1947-49**

*This article was published in the Coffs Coast Independent and was sent in by Shirley's friend Roma Hodgson (Hinton) also a Pioneer at WWTC.*

When Shirley Caba received the news that she was to be awarded an Order of

Australia medal (OAM), she was, in her own words, "amazed".

"It was most unexpected and out of the blue", said Shirley of the award, which is presented to accord recognition to Australian citizens for achievement of meritorious service.



Shirley, who has spent the past 30 years providing her musical talent and accompaniment to local groups is known lovingly as 'Mrs Music' by the groups she supports, which include the St Augustine's Men's Choir and the Bluebells singing group that provides weekly entertainment at aged care facilities. Despite being unexpected, the honour was "very special and very beautiful" to Shirley, who said she never expected to win an award for simply doing what she enjoys.

"I love what I do and I've never viewed it as work," said Shirley, who plans to continue with her musical commitments despite her approaching 80<sup>th</sup> birthday. "I may have to scale back a little on playing the church organ, but other than that I'll keep at it as long as I'm able and for as long as they'll have me."

Also a member of the Catholic Women's League since 1975 and Meals on Wheels volunteer, Shirley is a perfect example of how one person can make a difference to so many lives.

Congratulations to Shirley on this richly deserved and long overdue honour.



# REUNION PAGE

## Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Reunion 1958-59 Intake.



*Back Row: Jim Baker, Ted Brill, Keith Heales, Ian Aird, Terry Burke, Mick Bonner, Anne (Dinham) Smith, Malcolm Clune, Marie (Newman) Povey.*

*Middle Row: Yvonne Meizer Heales, Lee (Williams) Mercieca, Carol (Wane) Tankard.*

*Front Row: Beverley (Roberts) Richardson, Nerelle (Johnson) Duff, Doreen (McPherson) Angove, Joan (Fairley) Brown, Caroline (Roberts) Baker, Ena (Scarlett) Chase, Lyn (Sell) Forsyth and Ruth (Jordan) Geekie.*

What do you say to people you haven't seen for fifty years: people with whom you shared two of your formative teenage years? Will you recognise them? Will they have changed? Will they remember you? Will you share anything in common?

The idea of a reunion evokes strong emotions and often polarised reactions; many are reluctant to even consider participating in one. Happily twenty ex-students of the 1958/59 WWTC intake and quite a few partners/spouses did decide to accept the invitation by CSU. We were able to revisit people, places and events in our shared history and renew connections and friendships. Some of us had kept in contact over the years and some had enjoyed an informal reunion in Canberra in 2008, but for others it was the first catch-up in fifty years.

Friday November 13th there were many enthusiastic meets and greets as people began arriving at the Wagga Wagga Country Comfort Motel. "It's .... isn't it?" "I'd have known you anywhere."

"Wow, you're snowy like me!" "Know the face but can't remember the name." The sense of connection and easy camaraderie was still there and much of the ice was broken before the CSU organised gathering that night in the motel's Gallery Room.

On Saturday morning we piled onto a chartered bus with our CSU tour operator. The first stop, and for many the most important, was our old, virtually defunct campus, now called South Campus. Sadly fifty years and lack of love and care has taken its toll. What would George have had to say about the loss of his precious rose gardens? (Believe me, every student in our intake was instructed in the 'correct' way to prune a rose bush!) We were invited to view proceedings in the new music facility there, and then we wandered around the old site. Buried memories came flooding back fuelling reminiscences... "remember when...", "isn't this where?"... Sadly we stood in front of the now dilapidated hall where we graduated and once staged memorable musicals.

We trod what was the 'infamous' back path and peered through broken, boarded-up windows. A visit to a residential room in what used to be Wandoo dormitory revealed a very different age and attitude. It was now single occupancy, but with a large double bed replacing our two singles, posters and wall to wall mess that would have had our female warden apoplectic. Sadness mixed with nostalgia as eyes took in the neglected courtyard and ugly graffiti.

Back on the bus and a too brief visit to, and of course photo shoots with, our beloved Myrtle who now resides on the 'new' well tended Wagga campus. A short conducted tour through the Education facility followed and then a drop-in at the Sturt winery for tasting and purchasing. Finally we were driven back through the town's main drag. Lunch and activities in the afternoon were at leisure and varied from small get-togethers in rooms and town cafes to senior siestas and/or nostalgic visits to the park and riverside.

# REUNION PAGE

The celebration dinner hosted by CSU was held in the Gallery Room that night and for many was the highlight of the weekend. We were welcomed by Associate Professor Roslin Brennan Kemmis, Head of the School of Education, and after the meal our own esteemed alumni, Dr (Prof) Terry Burke, entertained and moved us with a

talk that truly encapsulated the essence and spirit of our two teacher training years. He provoked thought and prodded memories of the fun, fellowship and education we shared and the friendships we enjoyed. Everyone's experience at college was unique, but we all agreed that we were among the lucky ones who received excellent

groundwork and preparation for our teaching careers. We were taught how to teach.

Sunday morning we lingered long over breakfast with all agreeing that reuniting was an enjoyable and worthwhile experience; one we hope to repeat in the not too distant future.

Beverley Richardson (Roberts) 58-59

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## Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Reunion 1952-53 Intake.



*Left: Darryl Walker, Phyll Lembit, Greg Hotchkis, Helene Hotchkis, John Kjeldsen.  
Right: Jim Tweddle, Robin McKinnon, Miles Stanmore*

Dear Bob,

I wish to advise that a reunion of ex-students of the 1952/3 intake at Wagga Wagga Teachers College was held in Wagga Wagga 15-17 September last year.

Altogether 34 ex-students and partners enjoyed reliving times spent over 50 years ago.

The program involved registration at the Commercial Club on Tuesday 15th followed by an evening meal at the Club's bistro.

Wednesday's activities included visits to the Charles Sturt University Archives building where an extensive display of college memorabilia and scenes of Wagga in the 50s had been arranged by archives staff and staff from the Riverina Museum. This proved most

interesting, as we mulled over photos and written records of our time at college. As the Archives building is in the grounds of the former college campus, we seized the opportunity to wander around, recalling past experiences and conquests. The old buildings are now in a sad state of disrepair but some of us took a peek inside our former dormitories which now are a complete shambles.

Visits to the Riverina Historical Museum on Willans Hill and a BBQ lunch in the beautiful Botanic Gardens followed and the day concluded with a reunion dinner at the Riverine Club where good food and great company was enjoyed. Some of the old college songs and G & S excerpts were attempted but, sadly, voices were not as tuneful as they once were.

Thursday included visits to the Charles Sturt winery for tastings of the latest vintages and cheeses made at the nearby cheese making facility. This was followed by a farewell lunch at the Palm and Pawn Hotel at North Wagga.

It was resolved that another reunion (our 8th?) will be held in 2012, sixty years after we first fronted at college. Arrangements for this were left in the hands of our female members and a meeting in Sydney on a certain date in a year's time will be held to see how arrangements for this, our last (?) get-together, are proceeding.

Enclosed is a photo taken during our visit to the archives.

Jim Tweddle 1952-53



# REUNION PAGE

## Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Reunion 1957-58 Intake.

When the WWTC Student from 1957/58 met in October 2008 for their 50 year reunion, little did we imagine what a great adventure we would be having in October 2009!

All as a result of an inspiration by Dale Hell!

As we were all going to celebrate our 70<sup>th</sup> birthdays within 12 months this was to be one BIG BIRTHDAY BASH – in the beautiful Whitsundays.

Dale and husband Eric organized the lot – most efficiently – this became the most amazing reunion holiday !!

Consequently, on Friday 23<sup>rd</sup> October thirty of us (eighteen ex WWTC and partners) gathered at Airlie Beach. Most stayed at Shingley Beach Resort and Grey Nomads like us had our caravan. Then it was 'ALL ABOARD' the *Whitsunday Magic* at 4pm.

*Whitsunday Magic* is a 34m, three-masted Schooner and we spent a fantastic three days and nights cruising/sailing the Whitsundays. With a crew of seven to look after us, we soon settled in and were on our way. Great excitement when the sails went up and we headed for our first overnight stop at Stonehaven Bay, Hook Island.

Here we had a lovely calm spot where we had the first of our sumptuous meals. This was followed by a great evening – catching up with old friends,

renewing friendships with some who we had not known so well at College, and meeting their partners.

As you can imagine this was quite a noisy, vocal occasion and our throats needed plenty of lubrication! Next day had us in wet suits and out snorkeling at Luncheon Bay, Hook Island. This was a



*Graham and Marlene (Willoughby) Mebberson and James and Cynthia (Sutton) Piper*

new experience for most of us and we really had fun. The colours of the Corals and the fish have to be seen to be believed. Awesome!! We had three glorious days of this – at a different location each night and a new snorkeling experience at each Bay.

There was even a glass bottom boat for anyone to venture out in. Sometimes we landed on one of the Islands and did some walking. The most spectacular of these was Whitehaven Beach on Whitsunday Island. These magic days were over all too quickly and it was back to solid land.

BUT - celebrations were not yet over. Still to come was a joint 70<sup>th</sup> Birthday dinner, complete with birthday cake.

The following day we went by bus to Proserpine for a croc spotting river trip and wetlands experience. It was all very

informative and interesting, but not the best time of year for such a trip. The crocs were not very visible – it was nesting time and the Wetlands were dry. We had a delicious barbecue here and learnt how to make 'proper' billy tea.

Still more was to come. All aboard a ferry and we were off to Long Island Resort for another two days. Plenty of fun things to do – Mini Golf, Kayaking, Jet Skiing, swimming, walking etc. Again, we were well fed and even had yet another Birthday Cake.

Sadly, like all good things, there had to be an end and gradually each one went on their way after we said our

goodbyes. We all vowed to keep in touch better, really appreciated the opportunity to have this time together and declared the Reunion a wonderful success.

Personally, I would like to thank everyone for coming and sharing this time. I am sure I speak for each of us when I say a big thank you to Dale and Eric. It took a lot of organizing and there were absolutely no glitches. We were so lucky to be able to participate in such a wonderful reunion.

Best wishes to everyone for 2010 and may we hope to be able to share some more great times together.

Jennifer Reynolds (Smith) 1957-58

# TEACHING MEMORIES

## Whatever happened to you in 40 years?

Please discuss -1000 words.

Mike Reilly fired the idea. Greg Thompson turned it into action.

Mike texted Janice and me to let us know a couple of guys from College were getting together for a drink in the city. Some of you will remember the names - as we did - Mike, George, the two Bobs - Bobby Hogan and Bobby Lamaro, and Peter Keeble.

“Are you up for a drink?” he said. “Yep!”

And so we got together with a few others. For a drink and a laugh over many yarns and stories that probably grow taller as the years - close to forty since we first met - have gone by.

Should write something for Talkabout. We get it in the mail and look through it - usually in vain - for something about people we met there - I wonder what happened to? And there the idea lay.

Greg Thompson wrote an article in Talkabout about his appointment to Michelago. I remember your wedding to Kerrie Greg - OK - I remember going to it! Thanks to you I can still recite verses of Alice's Restaurant! ! George sang and I mumbled that and other ditties as we hitchhiked back to Sydney from Albury!

Janice, the two Bobbies and a bunch of others were chosen for the Third Year. They remember being told by one of the staff that they did not know what they were going to do with the first of the Third Years - it would be a bit of an adventure!

For me the two years was an adventure - I did not get that it could be taken seriously!

We had Brian Fone for drama - and we had drama for George Burns, Gordon Young, Peter Keeble the music lecturers and Happy Harry Gardner. And we had drama from Morrie Hale - first and last time I had seen traffic lights inside a building!

I have had to fly to Wagga a few times since then - and I still remember the first time I flew there. I had scored zero on the recorder test. Result - a post in music - the practical - apparently, I could discriminate a dotted crotchet from a semi-quaver- but the recorder? Not so much.

After spending money on lessons from a local music teacher I could play four “tunes “ on the recorder and flew to Wagga for the post. Noel Heading asked me to play “Au Claire de la Lune”. I lucked in as it was one of the ones I had been tutored in. I finished that and he said that was fine and I could go!

And I wasn't happy about that after spending money I got for picking fruit on lessons and an airfare - I wanted my money's worth! And insisted on being able to play my whole repertoire!

He told me he had been moved nearly to tears with my rendition of his request and he did not think he had the emotional strength to have me continue! His was such a great riposte - I had nothing!

An abrupt and timely end to my musical performances! My roomie - Peter Murphy was pretty happy he wouldn't have to hear me on the “old proverbial” recorder again!

At the end of College I was one of the blokes “called up”. And so I went back to Wagga in the January of 1971 - this time to Kapookal After two years at College - the army was a bit of a shock. A smile and a bit of a laugh over a misdemeanor - my stock in trade - were useless - worse than useless! It was like being struck dumb!

Just as we were about to start our first leave from Kapooka we were lectured on the evils of civilian life in Wagga. Avoid Forest Hill - the RAAF do not share your enthusiasm for the Army! Avoid North Wagga - the Town hotel, the Black Swan - the guys at the Agricultural College do not share your enthusiasm for the army! I could not figure out where all this enthusiasm was - avoid national servicemen - they have little enthusiasm for the army either! And avoid the city pubs because the local blokes won't welcome you either.

The list went on so that the only safe place was the CWA tea rooms. Turvey Park tavern was banned.

Another rule trashed!

I was moved around a bit in nashos - and found myself back in Sydney in August 1972. I got out of the army on a Friday and the next Monday had to front a school for my first teaching job. After living with blokes for 18 months - a room of ten year olds was hard work. Somewhere on a train was a box of the curriculum stuff I had remembered to keep from College and any lesson plans I had from pracs. The stuff never turned up - or maybe I did not recognize it when it did arrive!

I lasted six weeks - because it took me that long to arrange how to leave the department.

Janice Kimber and I were married in 1974. Janice was teaching and I was working a few part-time jobs and going to uni - Macquarie. I cracked a job there and worked with Alan Ruskin for a couple of years on a research project into teaching literacy and numeracy. That was a lot of fun!

From there I moved to a campus of what has since become the Australian Catholic University and found myself training teachers.

The research continued and I was heavily involved with the evaluation in Australia of the controversial Direct Instruction programs. I had no idea teaching kids to read was so political! It was a bit of a riot lecturing trainee teachers - Janice had to remind me of my recent past a few times when I talked to her about students who handed in their assignments late - she convinced me there was value in the fact that they got them in at all!

Ten years of that was great and time to move on!

Business was the next stop - and I have been there since 1987.

Jan and I now work together. We are in Australia, Canada, the UK and the US. Next year - 2010 - we will live in Vancouver - if you get there let us know!

[janicek@proactive-resolutions.com](mailto:janicek@proactive-resolutions.com)

[joemoore@proactive-resolutions.com](mailto:joemoore@proactive-resolutions.com)

Together for 38 years now, four children - all married and all of them - partners too - generous, hard working, and optimistic and close to each other. And now two grandchildren. Any of you with a similar family experience knows the multitude of smiles, hugs, laughs, tears, great meals, disappointments, frustrations and thrills that sentence covers!

Class of 1969 - 70 - Greg Thompson and I have completed our assignments in time - and handed them in. You can grade them - by submitting your story.

Whatever happened to Jan and Joe? Jan and Joe did.

Jan Kimber (1969-71) and Joe Moore (1969-70)

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## Points to Ponder

“A bank is a place that will lend you money if you can prove that you don't need it”

Bob Hope

“I drink to make other people interesting”

George Jean Nathan

“I have my standards. They may be low, but I have them.”

Bette Midler.

“Men who have pierced ears are better prepared for marriage. They have experienced pain and bought jewellery.”

Rita Rudner.

“The greatest glory in living lies not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.”

Nelson Mandela.

“There are more important things than having a little money and one of them is having a lot of money.”

Ginger Meggs.



# TEACHING MEMORIES

## FERNTHORPE MEMORIES 1965-1967

*Submitted by Gerard Say 1963-64*

My first surprise occurred when I pulled up outside Fernthorpe Public School for the very first time in early 1965.

A grey-haired lady was painting the outside of the school.

At that stage I was fairly ignorant of departmental procedures but thought that the Public Works Department looked after any maintenance problems with public school properties.

After introducing myself as the new Teacher-in-Charge to a somewhat embarrassed Jessie Pietsch, she explained that her brother-in-law, Walter, had problems at times and had painted large red crosses on the front door of the school and on the roof. Despite Mrs Pietsch's best efforts, the cross on the door could be still seen during my three years at Fernthorpe.

I adjusted quickly to the board and lodging timetable of the TIC staying with one School family per term [three per year in those days]. My first base was with the late Kel and Marj Jones and their children. Stuart and Elizabeth were attending Fernthorpe and Gayle was about to start.

The first weeks were challenging with me being straight from the then Wagga Teachers' College and trying to meet the needs of nineteen children who were at very different stages of learning.

For the Wolter family whose home and property were just north of the school, Fernthorpe had served all their school-education needs. Jenny and Elaine, the youngest members of the family, were about thirteen and eleven years old as I started. Heather Pumpa arrived later and received high-school correspondence material by mail each week from Blackfriars in Sydney. She was a very adept student who only required very occasional tutoring.

My greatest challenge was to come in my third and final year when seven youngsters entered Kindergarten, swelling the school-population to twenty-five. Given the very limited learning-resources for these children, I felt very sorry for them as they, with a shock, had to stay seated in classroom furniture for long periods after having roved all over their properties with their parents for the previous couple of years.



The weather shed was the only alternative space to place them so they could play and learn with the few educational toys and games available and escape the rigidity of the classroom. Of course, one of the senior-primary students had to take time-out to keep an eye on them on my behalf.

I was amazed by the capacity of the children to adjust to the very different relationship at school and at home. Around the house where I was boarding, perhaps with my bedroom next door to theirs, I was something akin to a somewhat remote big brother but as we came within sight of Fernthorpe I was Sir for the rest of the school day. I have no memory of any child of the families with whom I boarded: Kel & Marj Jones', Hedley & Ella Roennfeldts', Don & Jean Websters', Dave & Marlene McLellans', Jack & Marie Jones', Bob & Linda Jones', and Bill & Shirley Ralstons', trying to take advantage at school of their greater familiarity with me.

It is hard to realise just how basic school-life was in 1965. There was no phone at the school — the very

generous Websters 400 metres south had the emergency phone. Water depended solely on the one school rainwater tank. In the drought of 1967, my third and final year, the annual rainfall was just five and a half inches which at least fell just at the right times for a crop to be harvested. However, of course, at school, the tank began to run dry. The taste of the water was totally unique as we came closer to the sediment on the bottom! We had to rely

on water being carted by rail on the now defunct Henty to Rand line to Ferndale siding where a bushfire tanker was filled and came to replenish our school-tank. It brought its own rare taste.

The sole source for moderating Winter cold was the wood-heater at the front

of the classroom, a very effective little unit that spread the warmth well once it had the chance to burn a little. This meant the TIC arriving earlier on a winter's morning to hop into the woodpile with an axe and to get the heater going.

Out of season, the birds regularly took over the fibrolite chimney of the heater as a nest and this led to both the smoking out of the classroom when the heater was first lit for the year and the attraction of our resident goanna [Horace/Horrors] who ascended the electricity pole to the school-roof to access the bird eggs.

Tired of the blockages, one afternoon I allowed frustration to conquer commonsense. I poured some petrol from the spare-can in my car-boot into a bottle and climbed up onto the roof. Being fully aware of the power of petrol, I sprinkled what I considered a tiny amount down the chimney and dropped the lit match.

The bang that followed absolutely amazed me. Physics was my weakest subject at school! When I finally entered the classroom through the smoke and putrid smell all I could see



# TEACHING MEMORIES

was the heater's door blown open, but still on its hinges, and a huge amount of straw, feathers, egg-shells and other debris across most of the classroom.

There was nothing in the school to quell the summer heat that regularly soared to fifty degrees Celsius, and more, in the first weeks of the school-year. Regularly drinking of our unique water was our only recourse, together with trying to limit the children's usually very active games out in the open.

In terms of academic-learning opportunities during high-heat days, Recess/Playlunch was the end of any genuine time to concentrate and learn before the heat-stress dominated. At one stage, we tried a convoy of cars into Lockhart, our nearest Olympic pool, as our Sport but were almost as hot and bothered as we arrived back as when we left in those pre car-airconditioning days.

On being appointed to Fernthorpe, I learnt very quickly that Michelle Trewin was just south of me, teaching the younger students at Rand, where Wes Rowarth was boss. Michelle and I not only were both WWTC students in 1963-64 but were in the very same primary-section and her father, Arthur, had been our excellent Mathematics lecturer.

I was a little jealous of Michelle in that not only had she been given a Mini-Cooper by her parents to assist her in her bush appointment as against my ancient and battered second-hand Peugeot 203 but I quickly learnt that she had already used her female wiles in that shadow world of gender politics.

I had stupidly accepted a Saturday morning appointment at the Wagga police-station for my driving-test, a time when Wagga was chock-a-block with traffic. I was asked to reverse into a stamp-patch space in the middle of the main street and conduct various other demanding manoeuvres. The bush telegraph advised me that Michelle, on driving to Rand, unlicensed, and discovering no police station there, after a day or two, drove to the nearest station at Walbundrie. On entering, the young constable greeted her with a cheery 'Oh, you're the new teacher at Rand, aren't you?' and just asked for ten

pounds for her license!

Not long after, I accompanied Michelle to a local ball in her Mini-Cooper. That this powerful little machine was renowned for being unturnoverable was very fortunate for Michelle and any passenger of hers. She drove like a fiend. The car was so close to the road you felt every bump. And, of course, the right-angle corners around the paddocks tested her out thoroughly. Thank God, we survived and Michele went on to become a Fernthorpe parent when she married Mick Shute.

Having been brought up on a farmlet just east of Wagga where my father, Frank, had his steel-fabrication business, specialising in cattle-handling equipment, I had a healthy appreciation of the potential danger of being bitten by a brown snake. Naturally, as soon as I received my Fernthorpe appointment, I made my way to the local pharmacy to purchase my snake-bite kit which we had been taught to use at the Teachers' College.

A fundamental duty of care for any teacher is to keep the students safe and this is so much more crucial in the one-teacher school where the teacher is the sole adult present and the nearest medical service is far away.

One winter's morning in 1966, my second year, I was, after getting the fuel-heater alight, busily writing up on the chalk-board the day's activities for up to eight different reading groups at their different levels, etc. A group of the children around Graham Shute came into the room very concerned about the redness and swelling of his face.

Graham was normally a pudgy and lively kid so I dismissed their concerns after examining him and sent them back out, resuming my chalkboard work. But a minute later they were back in.

By this time, Graham's forehead and throat had begun to swell. This was no case of just his glands being up a little. I quickly asked the two eldest students, Heather and Elaine, to stand in for me, bundled Graham into my Peugeot and rushed towards the Shute homestead, praying that Mick would still be at home.

Fortunately he was. He told me later

that he drove the forty-eight kilometres to Corowa Hospital at the fastest speed in his life as Graham's condition further deteriorated. Doctors afterwards advised Mick that his son was going to have died within minutes from asphyxiation.

So what had caused my nearest to fatal school incident? Obviously not a brown snake!

Graham's mother had died in a night hunting accident a few years before my appointment to Fernthorpe. His paternal grandmother very generously offered to move in with Mick and the boys to help raise them.

The three lads, including Graham and Wesley, were very lively so Grandma Shute in the middle of the fairly cold Riverina winter, used to take her holidays in sunny Queensland to recharge her batteries.

One of her CWA friends agreed to replace her and take on the routine of a winter's morning, lighting the fuel stove, cooking the porridge and the eggs and bacon, heating the milk and preparing the toast.

Mick had left the homestead to attend to a sick animal when the CWA visitor roused the boys, ensured their washing and dressing took place and serving the steaming porridge to the boys at the kitchen table.

When she reached Graham, he responded: "No, I don't eat that". After remonstrating with him how he must eat the lovely hot food to be prepared for his busy school-day, Graham still refused to eat the porridge. As Mick was not present, the lady declared: "Graham Shute, I got out of a warm bed at five-thirty to prepare this for you this morning", and moved to one of the kitchen-drawers to take out a large wooden spoon which she proceeded to hold over him to motivate him.

With no-one to intervene, Graham tucked into the porridge though he was a coeliac whose body would violently reject any oaten material he digested.

So did a brown snake almost kill one of my students? No, your honour, the porridge almost did it!

*To be continued.....*

# TEACHING MEMORIES

## GLENFIELD PARK SSP

After leaving New Guinea, I applied to rejoin the Department of Education. I wanted to teach in a hospital school and work with children hospitalised for long periods of time. There were no vacancies in hospital schools but there was a vacancy at Glenfield. It was a boarding school for mildly intellectually handicapped children, mostly from the country - some were from the City and Blue Mountains. The inspector told me the more favourable aspects of the place - there was a swimming pool and the school had an extra week's holiday in the summer.

When I started, I really didn't know what I was doing. It was trial and error with plenty of error, I'm afraid. I had a great deal of help from the other teachers, especially my very kind neighbour in the next room. There were sixteen children in the class and their ways took some getting used to. I was explaining something we were going to do and one of the boys pointed his finger at me and said, "Well, I'm not doing it and that's final."

One of the boys found a large ball of plasticine and amused himself by throwing it up and seeing if he could make it stick on the ceiling. It didn't, but each time it hit the ceiling it left a dirty mark - clearly plasticine was a no-no. We did a lot of Craft work - there was Sewing, Woodwork and Cookery. Some of the girls were very good at knitting, sewing and crochet. One of my girls was in the process of knitting a jumper when I noticed that it had four sleeves. When I asked why there were four sleeves, she very patiently replied, "Two for the front and two for the back."

The boys in my class were very good at rug-making and some enjoyed tapestry work. The repetitive nature of some tasks could have quite a soothing effect when a child was in a bad mood - which was frequently.

At the back of the school hall there was a shop set up with lots of items with prices marked on them and an old-fashioned cash register. There was a tin of money in the school office which could be borrowed for shopping lessons. The money in the tin had to be counted before and after use. I chose to take my children shopping in Liverpool. I took the girls while the boys were at woodwork and I took the boys while the girls were at sewing. This meant I took eight children.

First I took eight items from my mother's shopping list for that week and made eight cards with one item printed clearly on each card. Next I gave each child their card and one or two dollars to pay for the item. I then drove four of the children down to Glenfield station. I gave them the money for their train fare and they caught the train to Liverpool. I drove the other four children into Liverpool and we met the others at the station.

We walked to the supermarket and the children went around, found their items and paid for them. We then walked to the station and the children I had driven to Liverpool caught the train back to Glenfield. I drove the others back and then picked the other children up from the station. The children pasted their dockets into their books, recording what they bought, how much money they gave and how much change they received. I don't know how much was learnt but they enjoyed the change from routine.

The children sniggered when anyone said, "bum" or "bottom" or anything else remotely bold. Usually for the end-of-year concert we would put on a "potted" version of a musical. One year we selected "The Mikado". The action in "The Mikado" takes place in the town of Titipu - pronounced titty poo. The children really freaked out when they were told the name of the town and the mention of it always got a reaction. We were able to borrow a large number of beautiful costumes from an amateur theatre company. These were adult costumes and

some had to be pinned here and there to fit properly.

On the day of our dress rehearsal the Mikado was fitted into his magnificent costume with the help of many safety pins. I was at the front of the stage, acting as a sort of conductor and helping the children with the words of the songs. I was unaware that the Mikado had just had a TERRIBLE tantrum in the "dressing room" and had been chased across the playground in his full regalia.

He made his entrance looking flustered with his wonderful hat at a crazy angle. This was long before the expression "bad hair day" came into use. It was decided someone else would have to play the Mikado as we couldn't risk another "hissy fit" on the day of the concert. A little boy who had always planted himself in the middle of the front row at rehearsals and already knew all the words of all the songs and most of the dialogue was selected. His small stature meant that many more safety pins were required.

The following is a combination of a number of things which happened during rehearsals or during the end-of-year concert.

"The first Noel the angel did say

Was to certain poor shepherds in fields  
where they lay.

*Mary, turn round and face the front.*

In fields where they lay keeping their  
sheep,

On a cold winter's night that was so  
deep.

*Shepherds, stop talking!*

Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Born is the  
King of Israel.

*Eileen, put your head back on!*

They looked up and saw a star,

Shining in the east beyond them far.

*Sheep, move forward!*

And to the earth it gave great light



# TEACHING MEMORIES

And so it continued both day and night.

*Who is singing, "Bugger! Bugger! Bugger!"?*

Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Born is the King of Israel.

*It is you, Bronwyn, isn't it?*

*Now all bow.*

When there was a train strike one of the teachers very kindly drove to Westmead to pick me up and drove me home in the afternoon. When I thanked him profusely, he said, "Well, I would much rather do that than have some of your kids for the day."

One day someone came to the door of the classroom to speak to me. I let the children go for Recess and continued talking. One boy stayed behind and seemed to be very busy. When my visitor and the boy had both gone, I saw that the boy had put a piece of thick cardboard on every chair (except his own). Sticking through each piece of cardboard were two large drawing pins - so that the owner of the chair would sit on the pins. I removed the cardboard and pins and went to have a cup of tea. When we returned Captain Drawing Pin stationed himself near the door and waited expectantly. When everyone had sat down, he said, "I just hope you know that youse're all sittin' on drawing pins." He was quite mystified when someone said, "No, we're not!"

We made book-covers using starch, made the old-fashioned way with boiling water, with paint added. The children spread the starch-paint on the paper and then made patterns in it with cardboard combs. When it dried it made a very sturdy book-cover. One day I made this concoction bright yellow. It was still warm when I put a spoonful of it on each child's piece of paper. Someone said, "It looks like egg." Someone knocked at the door and I went to see who it was. When I had finished talking to the person at the door, I turned around to find that more than half the children had eaten the paint.

I took a car load of children to see a Creedence Clearwater Revival concert at Canterbury racecourse - mainly because I wanted to see it myself. I was amazed I managed to find the place. After several hours of music by other groups, a big limo rolled to a stop near the stage, disgorging the members of Creedence who performed only one "set" and re-entered their limo. I left the children in their seats and went to get them something to eat. When I returned after a long wait someone announced that they were thirsty - so I went back to get drinks. We all had a very good time.

Some of the children could always be relied upon to say the wrong thing at the wrong time. When the inspector was visiting and watching me give a lesson, I thanked one of the girls for helping. Her reply was "Don't thank me, thank your lucky stars!"

I took a job after school two afternoons a week and five hours on Saturday taking the junior boys for Recreation, as it was called. Sometimes I would take the boys down to the shops to spend their pocket money.

One of the other teachers made a huge billy-cart using car wheels. We took this up to a road behind the school. The boys all piled on and away they went down the hill. For some reason (or maybe no

reason at all) the boy who was steering suddenly turned around, the billy-cart veered off the road and overturned. The boys went in all directions - some had to be taken back to the dormitory to have their lumps and bumps attended to - nothing serious, thank goodness.

The boy with the most cuts and abrasions arrived at school the next morning swathed in bandages and looking like Lazarus or a mummy. He loved all the attention and also got plenty of mileage out of the whole thing. I received a Christmas card from him this year - thirty six years later.

Some of the children could be very obsessive. One mother told me that after we had performed "Fiddler on the Roof", her son asked for the recording of the soundtrack for Christmas. He got it and she said from then on the record was played when he got up in the morning and played over and over until he went to bed. This went on for about five weeks until the end of the holidays.

I left at the end of my fourth year there. On my last day one of the ladies in the kitchen asked me why I was leaving. Before I could answer she said, "Too much of a good thing, I suppose."

What could I say?

John Cassidy 63-64

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# A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

## **KEN (HAPPY) PAINE 1955-56**

Dear Editor,

It is with much sadness that I inform you of the loss of Ken (Happy) Paine, my husband of 49+ years, on the 2<sup>nd</sup> November, 2009. He was so looking forward to receiving a gold medal on our 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary next year - I'm not sure just what he expected it for - maybe after reading the snippet following he thought perhaps a medal would replace freedom!!

### *THE LAST WORD*

*A couple were just leaving a restaurant where they had celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary when she noticed he had tears in his eyes.*

*"Oh darling" she said. "Are you feeling all emotional thinking about the fifty wonderful years we have spent together?"*

*"No" he replied. "I was thinking about the time before we were married when your father got out his shot gun and said if I didn't marry you, he'd see I got 50 years in goal - tomorrow I would have been a free man!"*

Ken was part of Session 1955-1956 and although he didn't complete the course (due to a long recovery period I understand from a college football game injury to his back) he never forgot those who went through those years with him.

Being a then so-called Clerical Assistant in Schools from 1967, I often had contact with, or heard of, many names he used to speak about from college days. For example, the late John Silby was Principal of a Primary feeder School to the High School where I was working and it took some time for the ladies in the office with me to work out who he wanted to speak to when he phoned and asked for "Mrs Happy" - they eventually caught on.

Ken was able to renew many contacts after we attended a College Reunion in Wollongong - either the 25<sup>th</sup> or 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the College. From that time on we attended many reunions and of latter years when the 1955-1956 get-togethers became yearly, acquaintances

grew to become dear friends. To the many who attended Ken's funeral in Goulburn our family and I say a big "Thank you". Unfortunately I don't have all your addresses to write individually to each of you but I know Ken would have been overwhelmed and very humbled by your attendance. It was much appreciated.

Best wishes to all,

Margaret Paine.

## **BARRIE CHAMPION 1950-51**

Dear Sir,

Would you please arrange for this item to be published in the next issue of Talkabout?

Bruce Cockerell 1950-1951.

Vale Barrie Lloyd Champion,  
12 Nov. 1932 - 15 April 2009.  
Wagga Wagga T.C. 1950-1951.

Barrie became teacher-in-charge at Wanaaring Public School in 1952, a late appointment after his completion of National Service Training.

His teaching career came to an abrupt end when he suffered a serious brain injury in a weekend football game in June 1953. Unable to resume teaching, Barrie was medically retired and his life took a different direction.

Barrie built up a successful carrying business in the Gilgandra district after the 1955 floods in the Castlereagh River. He married Barbara Hunter in 1964 and they took up rice farming in Coleambally. Later they made their home on a farm near Wagga Wagga and in retirement lived in Wagga Wagga.

Barrie was active in many church and community activities with his wife. As Landcare enthusiasts, they were involved in the planting of thousands of trees.

Barrie is survived by his wife Barbara and their two daughters, Debbie and Cindy and families.

## **MARGARET TROTH (LEADBITTER) 1954-55**

Dear Editor,

My name is Kevin White, Margaret's partner for 24 years. I am writing to inform you of Margaret's passing on 8/9/09 aged 74 years.

Margaret attended Wagga Teachers College in the fifties. She was diagnosed with Alzheimer's in 2000, however kept busy both mentally and physically until four years ago when her condition began to deteriorate quickly. Unable to read Margaret enjoyed the fact that I would read extracts from Talkabout to her, appearing to remember some of the names mentioned. Thank you for taking time to read this and hope it is of some interest to staff and former students at WWTC.

Kind regards,

Kevin White.

*Eulogy delivered by her son John.*

Margaret was born on 11/3/1935 in West Wyalong to Frank and Corrie Leadbitter. The Leadbitter family had helped pioneer the town of West Wyalong through hard work, strong community involvement and very strong family ties. She attended primary school in West Wyalong then high school at Croydon Presbyterian Ladies College in Sydney.

Once out of high school mum gained her primary school infants teaching qualifications at Wagga Teachers College, she then taught in Sydney, West Wyalong and then Quandialla.

While in Quandialla she met and fell in love with Neville Troth, a local farmer. They married and moved on to Bindewalla and then to Oakville at Quandialla. She had four children, Annette, Gillian, Russell and me. Once we came along teaching was put on hold for a number of years as the farming life and being a mother took over. We had a great time growing up with mum to guide us and let us develop our own sense of adventure.

Teaching was always an important part of her life whether full time teaching or casual teaching. She had a big influence on the hundreds of children she had taught over the years and still remembered them fondly. I once remember as a child leaving the local stock and station agents and mum saying I taught that man in kindergarten and he could be a good little boy.

Mum and dad stayed on Oakville until 1979 then moved to Young, the change



# A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

was too much for the marriage and they went their separate ways.

Several years after moving to Young mum teamed up with Kevin White and spent the rest of her life with him. During the twenty or so years they went on many caravan trips around parts of Australia and she rekindled the Leadbitter spirit of adventure that she experienced as a child. She helped Kevin with the local vintage car club and many other social activities. These years with Kevin were definitely some of the happiest of her life.

With the onset of Alzheimer's disease, it was painful for us to watch this very intelligent woman, who had given so much to so many, slowly succumb to the insidious disease it is. But mum, being the spirited fighter she was, fought it right to the end, with Kevin always by her side.

John Troth.



## **ERIC HAWCROFT PIONEER LECTURER WWTC 1947-51**

Eric was the Physical Education lecturer at WWTC 1947-51. Clare, Eric's wife, predeceased him in 1983. He is survived by his sister, five children, (all professionals), thirteen grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

Eric was born into a miner's family at Cessnock. His father was seriously affected by coal dusting of the lungs when Eric was quite young. In those depression days, there was no government assistance for the disabled so the children (two boys and two girls) supported the family with odd jobs after school and on weekends as well as grape picking in the holidays.

At Cessnock High School he gained his leaving Certificate at fifteen years of age having been accelerated one class in Primary School. He gained a scholarship to Sydney Teachers College to do a Diploma in Physical Education and a Bachelor of Education. In later years he did a Bachelor of Economics at Sydney University.

Besides his Physical Education activities he held several senior positions throughout his career among them being the Deputy Principal and Principal of Kuringai College of Advanced Education and in later years on the professional and administrative staff of the Catholic University at North Sydney.

Eric was well respected by his students and peers, an excellent lecturer and tutor with a good sense of humor. He was a direct, no nonsense person willing to assist and give assistance to anyone who sought his counsel. His advice however, was not necessarily what one wanted, or hoped to hear, but what he thought was in one's best interest.

By all accounts, he was a wonderful husband and father.

Many students of his Pioneer Phys Ed option at WWTC still recall the wonderful vacation at the Chalet, Mt Kosciusko, which he arranged and attended with his lovely wife Clare, no doubt as chaperone, in those closely supervised days. This activity was unheard of in those days but commonplace today.

Eric's funeral was held at the Catholic Church in Hunters Hill to a packed congregation, attended by his many friends and colleagues from all walks of life.

A man whose model lives in the memory of many.

Vale Eric.

Jim Hartnett 1947-49

## **In Memoriam**

*Years go by, memories stay  
As near and dear as yesterday.*

Eric Hawcroft 1947-51 Lecturer

Betty Gibson (Brown) Lecturer.

Noel Fletcher 1947-49

Barry Champion 1950-51

Cecile Herden (Wakeling) 1950-51  
(Obituary in next Talkabout)

Margaret Troth (Leadbitter) 1954-55

Ron Lampert 1955-56

Bob Hillerman 1955-56

Ken (Happy) Paine 1955-56

Noreen Eugenie Brown (Nevin)  
1956-57.

(Died in Darwin August 2009).

## **COMING EVENTS**

### **ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEETINGS**

The next quarterly meeting of the Alumni Association will be held at 11 am on:  
Tuesday 11th May 2010.  
The meeting will be held at:  
NSW Teachers Federation  
Conference Centre.  
37 Reservoir Street  
Surry Hills.  
All welcome.

### **WWTC 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 18th May, 2010.

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

# NEWS FROM CSU

## Encouraging students to undertake rural professional placement: The Inland Rural Education Foundation



The Charles Sturt University Faculty of Education is committed to supporting students to undertake rural placements. There remains a critical shortage of teachers in many rural and remote communities. There is a strong argument asserting that graduates may be more willing to take up appointments in rural and remote communities, and be more successful in these appointments, if they have completed a professional placement in such communities in their university studies and have experience with both the opportunities and challenges they may face.

The Inland Rural Education Foundation was formed in partnership between the Charles Sturt Foundation and the Faculty of Education to raise funds to support students to overcome the financial disadvantages associated with professional placements in rural and remote communities.

While current levels of internal and external funds can support up to 80 students to undertake such a placement, our research indicates that if funds were available another 100 students would also take up the opportunity. We would like to be able to make two types of support available to students:

1. Support up to the value of \$1500 per year for up to 50 additional students in their 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> year of study in four year programs or in their first placement in a graduate entry program.
2. Support up to the value of \$3000 per year for up to 50 additional students undertaking their final placement or internship.

We believe this program has great potential to richly enhance the knowledge, skills and capacity of our students to contribute to education in rural Australia. If you would like further information or would like to make a tax deductible donation to this initiative, please contact Stacey Fish, Faculty of Education Advancement Officer on (02) 6338 4832 or email [sfish@csu.edu.au](mailto:sfish@csu.edu.au).

## Introducing the new Charles Sturt University Advancement Unit

From 4<sup>th</sup> January 2010, the University established a new Advancement Unit (AU) that will encompass Alumni Relations. Alumni relations is a vitally important focus of the University and this is a large part of why the new Advancement Unit was established. Improved new systems that will better support mass engagement and management of key stakeholders (Alumni), and a realignment to work with Faculty and Research Centre strategic plans and responsibilities formed the basis of the development of the AU.

The new Advancement Unit has two Faculty Advancement Officer positions, each responsible for two of the four Faculties. These roles will partly facilitate Alumni relations for each of their Faculties. A Research and Systems Officer also sits within the unit. The AU is currently managed by Linda Breen, who is on secondment from her position of Manager, Corporate Governance. The new Faculty of Education Advancement Officer is Stacey Fish. Stacey looks forward to keeping you informed with the activities and projects and of the year ahead and is available to offer any assistance where she can. Stacey can be contacted on the above mentioned email and phone number.





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