



A PUBLICATION
OF THE ALUMNI OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE

TALKABOUT



Volume 4: Number 2

July, 2001

Scholarship - Which way to go?

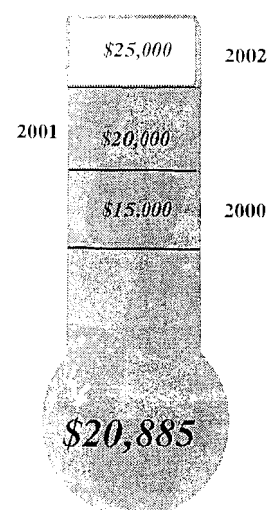
Having launched the programme to establish a perpetual scholarship, we are well on the way to reaching our target of \$25,000 by 2002. Donors are to be congratulated for their efforts.

Our next task, and it won't be a piece of cake, is to establish the form that the scholarship will take. Donors, one and all are entitled to express their views about what form it should take, and, over the next year or so, we shall welcome your views. It would be wonderful to start our scholarship in 2003.

Here are some of the aspects that must be considered prior to establishing our scholarship:

- How is it to be administered?
- Will it be an annual endowment for one year only?
- Will it be awarded to one student over the period of his entire university course? This would mean it would not be available to any other student for a period of three or four years – hardly fair to other students during that period.
- Will it be awarded on the basis of academic ability, or a matter of need or perhaps a combination of both?
- At what period of a student's career should it be awarded? At the beginning of the academic course or as a spur and reward in the final year of a course?
- Should it be one payment at the beginning of a year or perhaps paid in two instalments over a year? The first payment at the beginning of a year and the second instalment at the completion of the year, dependent on the student's academic attainments in the final yearly examination?
- Should it be confined to teachers wishing to enter a teaching career? Or should it be open to any faculty?
- Should applicants be relatives of W.W.T.C. ex-students? This may date many of us, but as the College concluded in 1972 it would probably exclude sons and daughters and is more likely to be available to grand children and later on to great-grandchildren?
- Is eligibility open to all students?

As at
1 June 2001 -
almost there!



Now these are just a few items in our can of worms and we must think long and hard and more importantly, submit our ideas in writing so that, perhaps, a questionnaire may be prepared and circulated so that all opinions can be explored before any finalisation. Address your comments to the editors of Talkabout.

It would be appreciated, I'm sure, by Charles Sturt University, if our Alumni Association is able to present a positive scholarship policy so that it can be administered as soon as possible.

In our next edition we will present to you a couple of formats that the Scholarship may take as suggested by two people who have been associated with scholarships.

From the Secretary's Desk.

Sadly since I last wrote in this column we have learnt of the **death** of some of our members, which you may not have heard about.

Margaret Wallace nee Grant 1948-49 died August 1999

Barbara Haines nee Jones 1952-53 died November 1999

Russell Seton 1950-51 died October 2000

Wal Smart 1952-53 died in 2001

James Munro Pioneer died March 2001

Larry Lacey 1950-51 died January 2001

June Triggs nee Somerville 1948-49 died April 2001

Ralph Hutton Pioneer as reported last Talkabout. Apologies to Dawn for calling her by the wrong name of Elaine

Lecturer **Neville Latham** as reported by Charlie Ferris

Our sympathies are extended to their relatives.

Since our last Talkabout I would have posted a number of letters to members whose addresses have changed and to people whose addresses have been sent to me by a colleague. I would have posted in excess of 150 letters whose addresses have been found on the Electoral Rolls. In all these letters it was requested that they would acknowledge that the address was correct. **Peter and Denise Whelan nee Dolaghan** (1970-71) received Talkabout for the first time. **Peter Bugeja** (1967-68) wrote. *"I do appreciate being contacted and you deserve a pat on the back for this most difficult task."* He is at Hazelbrook

school.

Not all are pleased to be found. One man *"Had no wish to revisit the years of his foolishness but appreciated the offer and all my good work."*

John Cassidy and Kevin Farrell have helped build up the 1963-64 list, but about 40 are still missing.

Bruce Malloy helped with 1962-63 but we still can't find 130.

Alan Milne also helped with this list. I sent letters to all names as suggested in their letters.

Grahame Keast sent many addresses for 1963-64, but there are 58 still to find.

Michael Wilmot sent in things about 1954-55

Jan Bell 1959-60, **Margaret Crofts nee Stuckey** 1961-62, **Audrey Young nee Smith** 1961-62 **Dulcie Brill nee Bartlett** 1957-58 have all helped to build up the data base. **Pat Cobbin** 1955-56 is trying to keep her session list up to date.

Allan Peterson and Welwyn Butterworth 1957-58 were found in Concord West. **Rosemary Doherty nee Slattery** is in Coffs Harbour.

Lachy Farrell 1958-59 is back in Australia and plans to travel around it. **Louise Clements** 1961-62 left Canada in 1994, spent two years in Townsville and is now in Brisbane.

Pam Crocker nee Mow 1959-60 moved to Tumut.

Inta Gollasch nee Grass has "Warrambui" Retreat and Conference Centre at Murrumbateman near Canberra.

John Burrell 1959-60 is now in Murwillumbah.

James Everitt now lives in Tuncurry. **Ann Johnson nee Schillabeer** is in Alstonville.

Edmund Collingridge 1970-71 asked about our Alumni meeting and who could attend. He told me about **Jim Lemke** and **David Box** 1971-72 and I spoke by phone to all three. **Audrey White nee Wiseman**, Pioneer is in the process of building a new home at Modanville, near Lismore.

Clifford Clothier and Kay nee Shepherd 1968-69 are now on our mailing list.

Jeffery Edwards 1962-63 was found in Orange.

The Internet Yahoo group is proving very popular with some members.

Charlie Ferris 1951-52 and **Bill Atkinson** 1957-58 are two of the moderators. **Phil Johnson** is remembered as Major General in the "Pirates of Penzance". **Ray**

Osmotherly 1959-60 had been searching the Internet for a Wagga Wagga exstudents association when a letter from me "Found" him. **Ron Lampert** 1955-56 has provided a description of the part of France where he lives.

Robert Smyth 1960-61 donated very generously to our Scholarship and Talkabout Fund. He is principal of a Lutheran School in Queensland.

Laurel Craig 1955-56 thinks the Scholarship is a marvellous idea **Ruth Hutson** 1949-50 enjoyed the last Talkabout.

Alan Milne 1962-63 gives one reason why some names are not on the list is because they went out on a Conditional Certificate.

Charles O'Meley 1952-53 has material of interest, which could be placed in an archive. A folder of pictures scanned by those in the Yahoo group has been created.

It is not possible to publish the names of all those in all sessions whose addresses we do not have. There are still over one thousand. Check with your friends if they get Talkabout. If they don't then they are not on the databases. Perhaps you could give me some information, particularly married names or even the town where they might be living.

I hope that with your help we can find more of our colleagues and enjoy their company at a reunion or a dinner

Ann Smith.

CONTACTS

President: Bob Collard; 2 Louise Close, Ourimbah 2258 Phone 43622764.

Secretary: Ann Smith; 24 Whitworth St, Westmead 2145 Phone 96350449
E-mail: annrae@bigpond.com.

Treasurer: Lindsay Budd; 4 Flemington Close, Casula 2170 Phone 96013003,
E-mail: lbudd@bigpond.net.au.

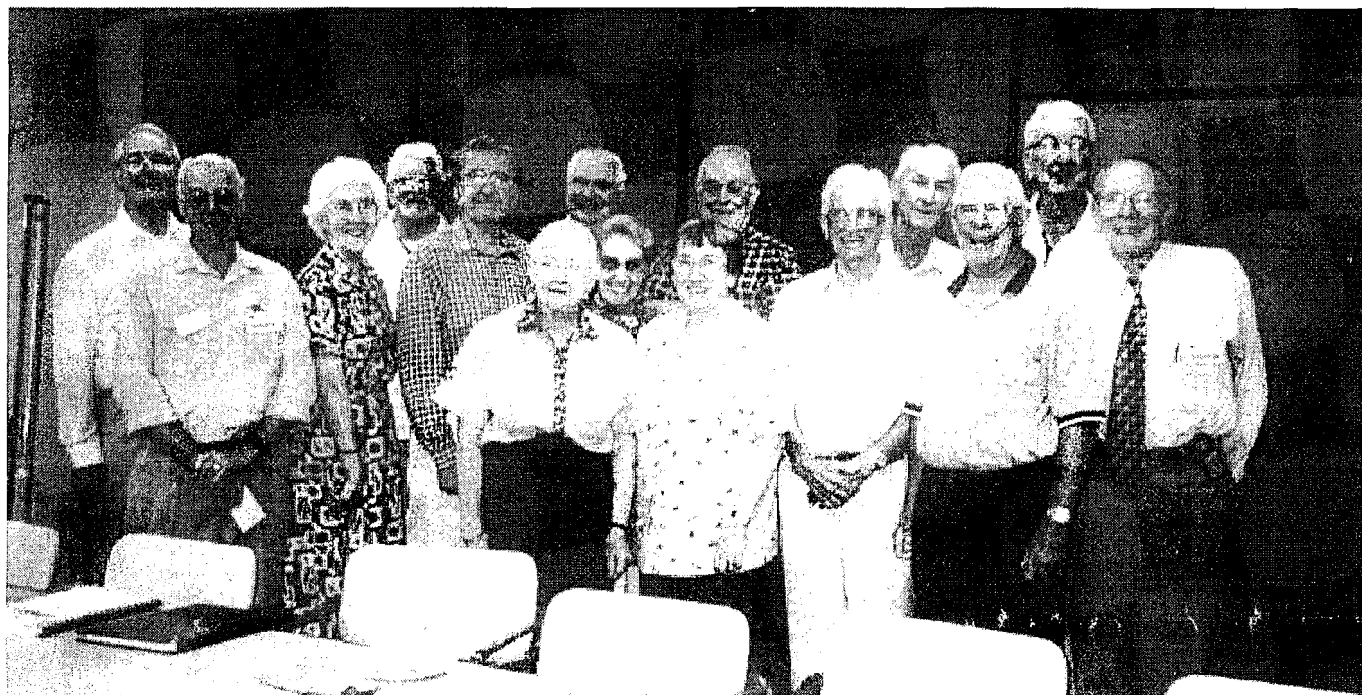
Editors: Lew Crabtree; 54 Kiparra St, West Pymble 2073 Phone 94985457
Lew Morrell; 25 Grandview Drive, Newport 2106 Phone 99971506,
E-mail: lewisomorrell@one.net.au.

Teaching Memories: John Riley; 2 Woorak Cres, Miranda 2228 Phone 95255304

E-mail: rileyexwtc@aol.com

Alumni Office: Michelle Fawkes; The Alumni Office, Charles Sturt University, Bathurst, 2795. Phone 63384629. E-mail: mfawkes@csu.edu.au.

WWTC ALUMNI ANNUAL MEETING



From left: Nigel Tanner, Lindsay Budd, June Hadley, Lew Morrell, Lew Crabtree, Marjorie Cornell (Lecturer), Bob Collard, Dorothy Tanner, Ann Smith, Col Crittenden, Graeme Wilson, John Riley, Phil Bastick, Roy Parker, Bill Grant.

The Annual General meeting was held in the TCU Building, Homebush on 13th March 2001.

President Bob Collard welcomed all present especially the past WWTC Lecturer Marjorie Cornell and CSU Alumni Relations Officer, Michelle Fawkes.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

Bob reported that he felt that we had emerged at the end of the year *"with a sense of accomplishment and satisfaction"* and were progressing *"towards our identified goal."*

The Scholarship Fund was reaching a stage where its implementation could be considered.

He congratulated Secretary, Ann Smith, who had established a *"solid base for alumni identification and contact"* and because of this increased workload, suggested that a Minute Secretary be appointed.

He also referred to the work of Treasurer, Lindsay Budd and the Editors, Lew Crabtree and Lew Morrell of *"Talkabout"*, *"our main source of communication"* and the positive appeal to alumni for the support of *"Talkabout"*.

Bob acknowledged the *"fortitude and determination of John Riley in trying to bring to fruition the book 'Teaching Memories'"*.

He spoke of the importance of social gatherings and their further development.

He acknowledged gratefully the understanding of The Teachers' Credit Union and *"their contribution to our comfort and welfare."*

Finally he thanked all the WWTC Alumni Committee *"who have faithfully, cheerfully, and expertly, contributed to the well being of our Alumni."*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The statement of Receipts and Expenditure for the year 1/2/00 to 9/2/01 was presented by Treasurer, Lindsay Budd. All books and papers audited by Geoffrey S Brown FCA. Total receipts \$4707.81.

Total expenditure \$1949.27

The Bank Balance at 9/2/01 was \$4287.45 with \$34.27 cash on hand.

The printing of the November and March issues of *Talkabout* still have to be paid for.

CSU REPORT.

Michelle Fawkes reported that the Scholarship Fund is now over \$20,000 and it is anticipated that we should reach the target of \$25,000 by 2002. Michelle congratulated Treasurer, Lindsay Budd and Secretary, Ann

Smith on the work they were doing with regard to the contributions and the finding of *"Lost alumni"*.

She referred to the dedicated work of the *Talkabout* Editors the two Lews and reported that the newsletter was printed and distributed on time in November and March.

Organisation of the 2001 reunion in Sydney is proceeding with the majority opting for the Harbour Cruise *"Teaching Memories"* has produced a strong response with at present 88 reserving a copy and 41 to sponsor a page. It is envisaged that the book will be printed before the July reunion.

OFFICE BEARERS.

The election of Office Bearers resulted as follows:

President: Bob Collard (1948-50)

Vice Presidents: Bill Grant

Roy Parker (1951-52)

Secretary: Ann Smith (1948-50)

Minute Secretary: June Hadley

Treasurer: Lindsay Budd (1950-51)

Talkabout Editors: Lew Crabtree

Lew Morrell

Committee:

John Riley

Phil Bastick

Col Crittenden

Dorothy Tanner

Graeme Wilson

Auditor: Geoffrey S Brown FCA

COLLEGE MEMORIES

THE 1950 -51

"TRUNCATED" SESSION

The day was a warm one. Our First Year group had not long been at college and my mind was dwelling on the happenings of life outside. I had been to the Yarrangobilly New Year's Day horse races. The men's toilet was "back over there somewhere" and the ladies' was a few cans partitioned by hessian. As the sun sank lower it had become, much to the horror of recent users a shadow play, and "The tone of the poem we are studying, sir?"

"Very critical, I think, but also expressing a feeling of hopelessness."

"No? A romantic feeling?"

Well, poet I am not. Had I been, I would be outside studying sunsets, flowers, and all visions of loveliness. And and then there appeared in the window of the maids' quarters next door, a young lass who was obviously just out and dried from the shower, looking in the mirror and admiringly studying her naked body. I became undividedly enraptured in the same pursuit. With a slight nudge and an almost imperceptible inclination of the head, there was set off a chain reaction of secret communication that would have done a covert spy operation proud.

The end-of-session bell shattered our reverie. And hers. There was an audible release of breath as we filed out of the lecture room, our eyes drawn magnetically back to the now vacant window. Lionel Allen's expression crossed my mind,

"Right, lads, be men!" This visual poetry I could really appreciate!

I remember another occasion in the same room. Same place. Back row, right hand side. There was this tall curly headed bloke who would roll a cigarette ready for the "break", place it in a box of matches, put the "makin's" away and then proceed to do the Sydney Morning Herald cryptic crossword. Well such sophisticated behaviour, to this shy country boy from Tumut, required some reaction. The matches were slowly palmed.

The pen dropped. And bending to, feign retrieval, the paper lit. The conflagration suddenly focussed the attention of the day dreaming backbench lads. There was a frantic

heating and shaking of the paper. Then everyone gave a studied air of nothing out of the ordinary happening. Introductions were exchanged. And we became good drinking mates.

As you would.

And I remember Mal Hanratty crouching down between the rows of seats in the music room, playing the recorder while the fellow in front tried to look as if he were putting his fingers in the right holes at the right time, for his proficiency test on the instrument. Miss Stirling must have been a fan of the movie "Casablanca" because I'm sure she said "Play it again Sam!"

The same Chris Stirling graciously accepted my challenge to a tennis match. She took with equal good humour her subsequent defeat, due entirely to blatantly biased umpiring of Was it Don Hyde? "Hyde of the Option".

Biology Option. He, who after having a few drinks at the Leeton Hydro on an Option excursion, decided to take a shower. The water was taking an age to become warm so he turned the tap on full. Whereupon the water suddenly became boiling, causing him to retreat further into the cubicle from where he couldn't reach the tap without being scalded. I suppose we did leave him there just a little longer than was absolutely necessary.

And that night I had beer spilled on my trousers. A very lovely Second Year girl offered to help me clean them. I went to her room. She sponged the trousers.

I thanked her and retreated. Well I was only a First Year. And the story about bromide in the milk was probably more than just a rumour!

The only written words that I can seriously remember from college are:-

A note from Archie Millar "You are condemned for your bed-making." The Crafts Room, "Think, Plan, Construct. And Then Decorate".

And on the wall of a toilet in the ablution block, "Please don't bite the woodwork while straining".

And I remember going to Balmain for the Inter-Collegiate. Was it then or at another vacation time that a few of us went to the long since demolished stadium in that suburb? In about the

second wrestling match there was a fierce looking chap with an Indian name, pinning one with a Russian name to the mat with a grip that involved forcing his legs spreadeagled. The underdog's face was a picture of anguish and he called out, NO, NO! One of our group said in a very loud voice "It sounds like my bloody girlfriend". The combatants shook with laughter and we just managed to make the exit a couple of steps in front of two very large gentlemen with flat noses and cauliflower ears, dressed in crumpled tuxedos and wearing moth-eaten bow ties.

One night our dorm was rudely awakened with cries of "Intruder in the Girls' Dorm"! Knights to the rescue. We needn't have bothered. Mr Dillon Smith had calmly resolved the situation. The force was with him. Jesus saves. And he did.

Seems the man had been looking for the maids' quarters but his heat-seeking navigational system had gone into meltdown due to alcoholic overload. I empathised with the poor fellow. No bromide in his milk.

That new found drinking mate and I returned one particular night well after lights out. No thought of subterfuge. Just wandered in the front gate and proceeded through the flowerbeds casually lopping the heads off the roses.

One night several weeks later my attention was focussed by lights being flashed and a red-faced lecturer shouting my name, with an expletive being substituted for the middle one. I came to the conclusion that he was not a very happy camper. It transpired that George had "confined him to barracks", weekends included, until he had uncovered the rose massacre perpetrators. As he raged I could not take him seriously. The incident had been long forgotten as far as I was concerned and as I showed my indifference he calmed down. It was a scene I later sometimes experienced in reverse roles with Year 12 students. But we were of a similar age then weren't we. "Clear-eyed and Heroic". Remember?

Marshall Johnson (1950-51)

COLLEGE MEMORIES

John Briggs (1953-54) has posted the following reminiscences to the E-Group and they may bring back memories for those of us who were at Wagga in the 50's.

I remember that fashion was quite a big subject in 1953, my first year at College. My father in Grenfell was a barber and strictly a short back and sides man. However this was the Bodgie era (and Widgie) and some of the lads from the City were real city slickers who made us country lads seem dowdy by comparison. The raging hair fashion was the ducktail with plenty of Brylcream and the "in" trousers were The Zoot-suit—flared legs with tiny cuffs. We envied the city boys in their modern clobber, and their haircuts.

As the year progressed an obsession with crew cuts seemed to develop. Brian Greenwood and I dared each other to have our hair cut off and we made a bet: Brian promised to have his done if I would first (thinking I wouldn't dare). Any rate, I did dare and there was a mate in the Dorm next to ours who did a mean haircut so soon he was snipping away, my hair falling round my lap to the cheers of our dorm-mates crowded into the room. Finally I looked in the mirror, and what a shock! I had a light Fuzz about 1 cm in length. Triumphantlly we all raced in a flying wedge over to Brian's room. When he saw me he screamed in shock and begged for mercy. Finally he gave in and the dreaded scissor wielder set to work. Soon Brian was as near bald as I was!

The news quickly spread around the whole college as No-one had as yet sported so radical a hairstyle. For breakfast next morning Brian and I got dressed up in our best gear which included bright bow ties and set out for breakfast. When we got near the entrance the whole College was outside the doors lining the way and providing a guard of honour. We were red with embarrassment but strode into the dining room through the crowd of cheering fellow students. You'd have thought we were pop stars. But it did help to relieve the boredom. Of course, when I got home to Grenfell shortly after for Christmas,

my Dad nearly had a fit. When I walked down the Main Street on Saturday morning, everyone stopped and stared, thunderstruck. How tame it all seems now in the age of body piercing, shaved heads and bright dyes!

During prac teaching we were urged by the lecturers to spice up our lessons with all sorts of aids, including, where appropriate, live specimens! For this reason one of our Ipai Dorm mates had acquired a live snake - a juvenile brown, if I can recall correctly. He kept it in his room in an oyster bottle on his bookshelf. One night just before bedtime we heard a dreadful commotion and screams coming from the Snake Charmer's room: "My bloody snake's got loose!"

Naturally we all rushed up the corridor and crowded into the room, offering to help or just plain curious. Some (ahem) experienced snake catchers from the bush modestly offered their services while the inexperienced and (?) fearful hung back. The room was jam-packed as Bill Hanley (I think) gingerly removed some books from the shelf, searching for the snake.

There was general clamour of advice about what to do, including "Grab it by the tail and crack it like a whip!" (an old bush joke) and much more ribaldry. I was standing close to Bill as he removed some more books, then we spotted it, stretched out along the shelf. "Grab it Bill!" urged some in urgent whispers, so as not to disturb our quarry. A hush descended on the multitude as Bill gingerly reached towards the snake, aiming (correctly, by the way) to grab it behind the ears.

His hand, was just about to make the final grab when—the lights went out! Pandemonium! Curses, bodies pushing and shoving, ensued as everyone instantly tried to vacate the room. Someone had thrown the switch in the power box and plunged the whole dorm into darkness! It was a good five minutes before the lights came on and some calm was restored. But where was our intrepid snake-catcher? Nowhere to be seen. Then we heard a plaintive voice in the distance, out on the far fringes of the hockey

field: "Have you caught it yet?" Our Bill! It remains a mystery to this day how Bill instantly got from the front of the mob out through the press of bodies and out onto the hockey field—in the pitch dark.

Oh, the snake, you ask? It was still resting peacefully on the bookshelf and a couple of us managed to entice it into the oyster jar. I believe it was a big hit in the following day's lesson. Bill was a deep shade of pale for a few days but otherwise suffered no ill effects.

We would spend hours plotting to undermine the administration or to get up their noses without being caught or expelled. Study was a distant concern, except at Exam time. Any rate, I had smuggled in my beloved pea-rifle and we had our bikes so that a couple of us could go rabbit shooting. On one expedition we had bagged a large brown snake, and, plotting mischief to scare the girls, we brought its corpse back to college and arranged a trap with it and a long piece of string stretching across the lawn from the Boy's dorm next to the Assembly Hall attached to the dead snake and waited until a group of girls out for an evening stroll came along the path.

With baited breath one of our gang pulled on the string, causing the snake (dead) to begin moving from the garden and across the path of the girls. What a reaction! Terrified screams from the girls and instant panic stations! If I recall correctly, one of the girls collapsed in a dead faint, and we villains began to have serious misgivings about our bit of fun after initially rolling about laughing. Memory gets a bit vague after that about the consequences. I'd like to believe we were men enough to assist in the revival of our girlfriend or whether we beat a hasty retreat. I think some other boys raced to the rescue and proceeded to pummel the lifeless Joe Blake. Any rate, if our victims are reading this, my belated apologies. It seemed a great idea at the time.

John Briggs (1953-54)
170 Fowler Rd
Illawong NSW 2234
02 9543 1726

COLLEGE MEMORIES

There were many late acceptances to WWTC, which meant many students boarding outside of the College campus. One such group included; Des Crawley, Arthur Bailey, Allan Petersen, Bob Drummond and myself. We all boarded at Mrs Bootes' place until Des Crawley committed the unforgivable. He saw two half house bricks on a building site, picked them up and in the Wade/Cosier style covered them neatly in coloured paper to act as bookends for his five book library. Mrs Bootes reported him to the College Administration for theft and requested he leave the boarding house at the end of the week. Solidarity prevailed and we all left and were subsequently accommodated in Mrs Saxon's boarding house opposite the Gurwood Street Demonstration School. There we met John Parker and Denis Norris and the many rules of the boarding house. Denis and Des were fussy eaters and when they realised that left over meals became the trimmings of the next meal, Denis lead the way by gathering any stray dog, stationing it under the table, requesting returns and feeding the animals until the food was exhausted. He won over Mrs Saxon, as she was delighted that someone had really favoured her cooking.

When Mrs Saxon went home for the evening, late night kitchen raids were frequent. Even the chaining of the kitchen refrigerators did not daunt Denis. On one such evening when we were feasting on eggs, rissoles and toast, Denis mentioned "Wouldn't it be funny if Old Mum Saxon turned up". This is exactly what happened. She was bringing in food for the next morning breakfast. Denis shouldered most of the blame because he said he was sick of College and did not want to continue, so the boy from Wollongong left College to later become a successful accountant with BHP.

Des, a future teacher at heart taped Health Department posters on the fourteen-foot high ceilings. These posters, with coloured picture orientation read "Please boil all offal before feeding it to your pets" Des had

overwritten the word pets with boarders. When Mrs Saxon saw the posters she was ecstatic that Des had taken measures to beautify his room and he became Mrs Saxon's white haired boy. (Mrs Saxon was extremely short sighted).

This was short lived however as Des contravened a major house rule. Viz. Water for washing machines must be heated in the wood fired copper only and under no circumstances could it be taken from the two gas bath heaters. The latter was the norm with boarders. In doing so we posted a cockatoo for prior warning when Mrs Saxon was coming (She lived off premises at the Golden Grove Arcade which she owned). Des was doing his Saturday morning washing and said he didn't want a cockatoo. He ran the gas heater with minimal water flow to create the hottest water, placed his bucket and then proceeded to the laundry to scrub his shirt collars. What he didn't realize was the water he was using in the laundry took all the water pressure from the bathroom gas heater. A dull thud explosion led him to the bathroom to see a bath strewn with lead solder. The sight I can always visualise was Professor Des Crawley riding up Bayliss Street with a bath heater over his handlebars looking for a suitable repairer! In our second year they found a campus cell for us between Terry Britton and Geoff Stanley on one side and Len Winter and Bill Atkinson on the other.

We sat at a table with Harry Irwin who religiously had two cups of tea at every meal. Harry would pour the tea and then place six teaspoons full of sugar into the cup (no stirring). The second cup would be poured and again no stirring. His professorial logic- the dropping of the sugar to the bottom in the first cup and the wash caused by the pour into the second cup dissolved the appropriate amount of sugar for the perfect cup of tea.

The pity of going public in "Talkabout" is that even the Statute of Limitations would not allow some of

the classified capers (college highjinks) to be released.

Ken Bond (1957-58)

APHORISTIC GLEANINGS

- People who go to conferences are the ones who shouldn't.
- Anyone can do any amount of work provided it isn't the work he or she is supposed to be doing.
- If it wasn't for the last minute, nothing would get done.
- Don't be irreplaceable – if you can't be replaced, you can't be promoted.
- I don't have an attitude problem; you have a perception problem.
- Tell me what you need, and I'll tell you how to get along without it.
- Accept that some days you are the pigeon, and some days, the statue.
- I don't suffer from stress. I am a carrier.
- The last person that quit or was fired will be held responsible for everything that goes wrong.
- A pat on the back is only a few centimetres from a kick in the arse.
- You can go anywhere you want if you look serious and carry a clipboard
- When bosses talk about improving productivity, they are never talking about themselves.
- If you are good, you will be assigned all the work. If you are really good, you will get out of it.

The Westralian Odyssey

Tour

31 August – 21 September
2002



For more information please contact
Marion DeGabriel at the Alumni
Office on 02 6338 4076

TEACHING MEMORIES

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE GULAG

(Ronald Lampert retired as Curator of Anthropology at the Australian Museum, Sydney.

He leads a fascinating life, residing between Bretagne, France and Bowral.

Just as other writers in Talkabout have confessed their gullibility when faced with initiation pranks I will also record my own memories of arrival at the College. Even though I arrived as a mature age student, the 'second years' seemed immeasurably more mature and wise. I was ready to believe almost anything they said – at least for the first few weeks.

Outstanding in my memory was not so much an initiation prank as an exaggeration of a true situation. Together with some other first years, I was told solemnly by a group of second years that any inisereant who flouted the rules was posted, on graduation, to one of a veritable *gulag* of lonely small schools in the remote western part of the State, there to succumb to the madness of isolation. This claim was illustrated with an account of some one whose name I have forgotten, a sensitive lad who had gone completely off his bonce and was serving time at the funny farm.

I suppose any first year from the bush would simply have laughed this off, but it had a chilling effect on many of our intake, myself included, who saw Wagga Wagga as being as far west as we wished to venture. Most of us looked forward to returning as qualified teachers to somewhere near the coast and not too far from Sydney. The names of places in the distant northwestern corner of NSW, like Milparinka, Tibooburra and, particularly Fort Grey, became metaphors for some unimaginable horror in the heart of darkness. An impression of a more general unease can be gained from some of the College songs: "It's a long way to Tibooburra" and the one sung to the tune of Gaudemus Igitur which includes the words "...Then will come the fateful day, When you're

posted to Fort Grey. With a school of Afghan lads..."

In a monocultural Australia of the 1950's, the name Afghan also carried some menace of the unknown. But this seemed to me, at least, a hollow threat because I knew from my knowledge of Australian history that the only Afghans in the country had been the lonely cameleers of the outback who led their trains of pack camels along the inland tracks to supply isolated cattle stations. Self-contained and womanless, they had died out without progeny. Or so my naiveté led me to believe.

It was many years later, when reincarnated as an anthropologist, that I met people of Afghan descent among an Aboriginal group from country around the Oodnadatta Track. They were nice normal people, without any hint of menace, who were interested enough in the Afghan side of their ancestry to want to build an Afghan cultural centre at Marree. At the time the name of Fort Grey had disappeared so far into the recesses of my memory that I did not ask whether it had any relevance for them. It was in fact a year or so later, when driving between Cameron Corner and Tibooburra, that I came unexpectedly upon Fort Grey and memories of College days returned. Sited in what is now the Sturt National Park it is a pleasant enough spot, I realised somewhat to my surprise.

I had a greater surprise last Christmas when I received from fellow anthropologist, Betty Meehan, a greetings card with a recent photograph showing her standing among the ruins of a house at Fort Grey, the caption reading: "Birthplace of Betty's maternal grandmother Mary Jane Howell in 1881. Betty's great grandmother Elston probably lived in a tent on the dune behind; her husband working on the building of the 'dog fence'." It seemed strange that Betty and I had been associates since the mid-1960's but until a few months ago had not been aware of a mutual interest in Fort Grey. However, I suppose neither of us had any reason to mention it. I

also reflected on the contrast between pioneers of the mid-19th Century willing to live and raise a family in a tent on a sand dune and trainee teachers like myself a century later being apprehensive about being posted to the same place with most modern comforts presumably being available. I would be interested to read the comments of any reader who was actually posted there.

Ronald Lampert (1955-56)

167 Browning St
Bathurst.

Dear Sir,

Just thought I'd drop a line – I was at Wagga TC in 1954 having studied and worked elsewhere prior to that so only had to complete 1 year.

I recall Barry Olds being there at the same time among others, many names I have forgotten.

I recall my first inspection, I had been posted to a 1 teacher school in the West – by name Terowie – long since closed. they were the good old days when you were inspected annually during the first 3 years to determine if you were accomplished enough in all fields to gain your Teaching Certificate,

Being a bit older than most first year outs the inspector called on a "G'day, get to know you" visit in the first half of the year, 1955. By my age he thought I was already certificated, so this was just a routine visit. After chatting for a while he woke up that this was my first inspection year so he asked, "Will it be OK if I inspect you today? This place is far too way out and I don't want to travel these roads again this year!"

Being a first year out I agreed – "OK whatever you think."

He observed me teaching until recess. Following recess he said, "Here are all the forms. You go down to the back bench and I'll carry on out the front while you complete the forms."

This I did. After lunch he simply said, "Everything seems OK, the kids respond well and are well mannered, behaved etc – I'll see you next year!"

Best wishes

John Ireland (1954)

TEACHING MEMORIES

HARDY'S MILL



I was one of the Pioneers at Wagga Wagga Teachers' College arriving there in mid 1947. Being one of a small group of Ex-Servicemen, we were a little bit older than most of the students who had come straight from school. I lived in the College for the first six months, and then married a Brisbane girl I had met while in the navy. We then lived in the town of Wagga for the next 18 months. By the time I left College we had a baby boy six months old.

Requesting a small school with a residence, I was appointed to Hardy's Mill in May 1949. We had by this time acquired a few items of furniture. These and all our worldly possessions were loaded on to Hal Weston's timber truck (Hal carted timber for the mill) and we set off for the new appointment, some 90 miles away to the southeast. Hardy's Mill was 5 miles along the Batlow Road from Tumbarumba and then 5 miles into the Bago forest. By the time we reached the Mill it was about midnight. We had to wait for Hal to unload his timber in Wagga in the afternoon before he could come to pick us up and load our belongings. Hal burgled his way into the house for us and there we were. No electricity, a water supply when it was not frozen, no corner store, no car of our own and it was cold!

How we blessed Frank Heinecke's weekly visit from Tumbarumba when he arrived with everything one needed, including our meat, groceries, chemist's supplies, fruit and vegetables, hardware items etc and before the advent of a Post Office in the mill settlement, our mail.

The mill settlement consisted of the mill itself, houses for the men who worked in the mill and a school building. All this was situated in a partially cleared area in a valley with hills of timber around us. The mill was

one of only two water-powered mills in Australia at that time – the other one was in Tasmania. The water was collected in a race 1000 feet up in the hills and dropped down to the mill in an eighteen inch diameter pipe which tapered towards the bottom of the drop and this provided the power to drive the various saws in the mill.

You can no doubt imagine what my wife thought of this, having come from Brisbane, living in these somewhat interesting conditions with a young baby. Two weeks after arriving at the mill, we had a huge fall of snow, 26 inches, the heaviest for 80 years, the locals told us. What an initiation. Perhaps it was just as well that we were much younger at that time and we survived. I think there were many times when Betty wondered why she ever left Brisbane for an ex-sailor. A one-teacher school is always a challenge and the children and I learned together. The theory we went through in the small schools' section at College was quite sound but when you get out in the actual school situation you find things are not quite as clear cut. Betty, like all teachers' wives in similar situations not only taught sewing to the girls, (with the sewing allowance being added to my salary, not paid directly to my wife, I might add) but was an unpaid clerical assistant, doing all the typing of anything needed for the school from Test Papers to Reading Comprehension. I was lucky that she had worked as a secretary and was an accomplished typist.

The house in which we lived was just one of the mill houses set aside for use of the teacher. It was made of undressed weatherboard and lined with Sisalcraft. It had one door – you could decide whether it was your front or your back door. We had a fuel stove and an open fireplace. In the laundry/bathroom we had a 12 gallon copper sitting on a 44 gallon drum with a hole cut to light the fire under the copper. There was no such thing as an exhaust fan of course, so you shared the room with the smoke. On the verandah was a Coolgardie drip safe, which was quite useful and did a pretty good job in the summer. In the winter there was not much of a problem in keeping things cool.

There was quite a big sawdust patch alongside the mill and I, with the children, often spent our sports period on Friday afternoons playing hockey with sticks cut out of the bush on the sawdust patch. It was the only level spot in the mill area. The whole school was involved in this activity from Kindergarten to Year Six and one Year Eight boy who was doing correspondence work. There was no danger of any members of our hockey team pushing anyone out of the Australian teams, but we enjoyed it, especially the older youngsters who took the opportunity to occasionally accidentally trip up the teacher with their sticks. We were able to put up a deck tennis net near the school, which proved very popular. We managed some folk dancing there too. Jean Hart's broadcasts were wonderfully helpful.

We set up triangular sports days with schools and communities at Laurel Hill and Alpine Ash. These were both milling settlements; in fact Laurel Hill is still very much alive. At that time there were ex-Wagga teachers at both schools, Jack Akhurst and Jack Brewster. They were very happy occasions, enjoyed by children and parents alike. We also took part in the District Primary Schools Athletic Carnival in Tumbarumba. This was another learning experience for me as I became Secretary at one stage, and later in my teaching career became President of the N.S.W.P.S S.A. as well as Vice-President of the Aust.P.S.S.A. (which I helped to establish.)

Some other highlights of our time at Hardy's Mill were perhaps a little unusual. We had a Broadway stove (the tall cylindrical type known to many, I'm sure). When needed, the teacher and the fathers went on a working bee into the scrub to get wood. I had not been there long before this event occurred. Most of these men were pretty tough timber workers, so you can imagine what they did to the new "schoolie". I spent half the afternoon on the end of a crosscut saw with a timber faller on the other end. However, I guess it was the best way to get parents on side even if it half killed me in the process. I needed no rocking that night.

Ian C. J. Thomas (1947-49)

TEACHING MEMORIES

Lindsay Budd was the Principal of a large High School in Campbelltown during the eighties. He has been persuaded to share some of his experiences with the readers of Talkabout.

THE STOLEN FENCE.

Break-ins had become such a regular occurrence that I dreaded going to school on Monday mornings. I would approach the school with trepidation fully expecting the General Assistant to be waiting for me with news of another break-in.

"Where is it this time, John?" I would ask.

"They've broken into the Art Room and poured paint over everything."

Or

"They've broken into the Home Science Block and had great fun throwing food everywhere."

Or

"They've broken into the office and jemmied open the filing cabinet containing all the Pupil Record Cards. They've really made a hell of a mess. They have poured corrector fluid all over the typewriters and someone has even shat in the pile of record cards."

The procedure had become fairly standard. The police were immediately notified and while we were waiting for them to come we prepared an inventory listing the stolen or damaged items. This was quite often heartbreaking when it was discovered that some students had had their artwork ripped up or their woodwork jobs smashed beyond repair.

Usually two constables would arrive, view the scene of the crime, take down a few particulars and go away with a copy of the list of stolen items. This list was kept for future reference in case any of the stolen goods turned up (which didn't happen very often).

I would then fill out a Breach of Security form in duplicate to which would be attached copies of the inventory. One copy would be sent to Regional Office and one added to the already swollen file kept in the school.

Part of the problem was because the school grounds were unfenced. Many of the local residents took a short cut through the school grounds on their way home from the shopping centre, the sports complex or the tavern. At weekends young people would come to the school playground to play ball or roller skate. Usually I would spend some time at school during the weekend going through mail and catching up with the filing. Often I

would find children clambering around the roof looking for tennis balls that had been thrown up during the week. The playing fields were an ideal venue for local lads to race their trail bikes and do wheelies. Occasionally they would tear across the sports fields during school hours, which would frighten the wits out of the students who were playing games on the fields. The police would be immediately notified but by the time they arrived the miscreants had disappeared.

After discussions with the P&C it was decided that a fence around the school would help to alleviate the problem. It would also make clear the boundaries of the school grounds. I did not realise how difficult it would be to get a fence around the school. The Government Architect in his wisdom had decided that a fence would detract from the aesthetic appearance of the school. The aesthetic appearance had already been detracted from by the amount of graffiti that kept being added to by weekend visitors because there was no fence. It took literally years of negotiations including appeals from the P&C and our local Member. The Department finally agreed to erect a 1-metre high steel mesh fence around the school. Tenders were called and in due course the fence was completed. It was quite an attractive fence with steel posts cemented into the ground and 4 metre wide weldmesh panels. Although gates were provided at intervals it was difficult to train the children to use the gates and not jump over the fence. However, it did stop the trail bike riders.

The fence had only been completed for a fortnight when I arrived at school on Monday morning to be greeted by John, the General Assistant.

"You wouldn't want to know," he said, "they've pinched our fence!"

"You must be joking, John," I said.

"Come and have a look down the back."

I followed him through the school grounds and across the oval. Sure enough, a large portion of the fence was missing. During the weekend someone had used bolt cutters to remove 9 panels of weldmesh fence!

The police were called and although they made inquiries, the missing panels were never seen again. Someone had obviously fenced their yard at the Department's expense!

Secure storage had become a problem. Garden tools, mowers and hoses were stored in storerooms under staircases around the quadrangle. These were regularly broken into and equipment stolen. One weekend someone broke in

and rode off on our ride-on mower! We got that back a week later because the thief was caught after he offered to mow the P&C Secretary's lawn!

One day I noticed an ad for second hand shipping containers so I suggested to the P&C that we purchase one to use as a more secure storeroom for garden equipment. They agreed and we had the container delivered and sited on a flat area behind the demountable classrooms. We fitted it with a "thief proof lock," which consisted of a metal collar welded around the lock so that bolt cutters could not get access to the lock.

The General Assistants were delighted. At last they were able to store the garden equipment and mowers reasonably close to where they were needed. There were a couple of attempts to break in to the container, but the lock held firm.

A few weeks later, I arrived at school to be greeted by the GA:

"They've pinched our container!"

"What?" I said incredulously.

"Yes, I got here this morning and went to get the mower and there's no bloody container."

We walked around the demountables to where the container had been sited. There was nothing there but the bricks that had been used to level the container.

"I don't believe this," I said. "They've ridden off on our ride-on mower, they've stolen our fence, but this is the last straw. Why would anyone want an old container full of garden tools?"

I asked John to notify the police and to make an inventory of everything in the container. I was sitting in my office filling in the Breach of Security form when John appeared at the door.

"It's back," he said. "They've brought the bloody thing back and they're just unloading it."

John and I hurried down to where the container was being lowered on the bricks.

"What is going on?" I asked.

A very crestfallen truck driver answered. "I'm very sorry, but we made a mistake. We were supposed to pick up a container and take it to a school at Liverpool. When we got there we discovered it was the wrong one. We should have taken the one from the Primary School over the road."

"So we are bringing yours back..." he ended lamely.

"Oh, well," I said "All's well that ends well. That's one less lot of paper work I'll have to do!"

Lindsay Budd (1950-51)

LETTERS PAGE

Dear Lew,

Thoroughly enjoy receiving 'Talkabout'. Thank you for your time and effort in making it so. Enjoyment is tempered somewhat by the Valedictory page but this is also very important. If interested please feel free to use the following as you see fit.

My first appointment was to Villawood. It was something of a shock for an eighteen-year-old neophyte to be confronted by forty-nine boys who were living in the local migrant hostel. They had lots of French, German, Greek, Serb, Croat and Russian but little or no English other than a few readily acquired Australian descriptive words. I couldn't recall any suggestion at College that we would be called upon to teach children who had other than English as their first language!

The second day was a public holiday to celebrate the arrival of the Queen and Prince Phillip. The day was spent on the beach at North Cronulla with a college girl friend. We were both trying to recover from the trauma of the previous day.

On that first school Thursday every child in Sydney was given the opportunity to stand in Centennial Park or the Showground and wave to the royal couple as they were chauffeured past in their Landrover. Only thirty-nine of my boys fronted at school that morning. The remaining ten had been able to work out what was going on and decided to give it a miss. At Carramar station we boarded a train, which was already packed with extremely noisy children. On the way into Central I decided the teacherly thing to do would be to have a head count – thirty-six. Panic! I made a momentous decision not to do anything but for the rest of the journey read the next day's headlines in the Daily Mirror. – Teacher Loses Three Boys in Fall From Train. Does Nothing. As we boarded buses in Eddy Avenue another head count gave me forty-two. At this stage I had vague recollections at College of a "Class Roll". I didn't have one, couldn't recognise my boys, couldn't pronounce their names and they didn't

know what I was on about anyway. That day and the introduction of the very first Education Week were highlights of '54!

Various stints followed – Tamworth, Greenacre, Camden, Austral, Liverpool West, Mt Penang, Mullaley, Timbumburi and Quirindi. The period as deputy superintendent at Mt Penang, an institution for delinquent boys ranging in age from fifteen through to twenty was most interesting particularly as we lived within the institution with four young children. Some of the lads made their mark in the world according to their specialties – banking, dispatches etc.

After eighteen years at Quirindi the school really needed a new principal but I wasn't prepared to leave such a great community so took early retirement and concentrated on breeding goats and cattle. The dozen or so horses we had when the children were home have now been replaced by dogs and a bike. Purists tell me a bike cannot have four wheels.

I can remember arguing with Gordon Young about what was later to become the Butterfly Effect (or was it Chaos Theory or the Uncertainly Principle?) Gordon was the only lecturer who was prepared to argue. I suspect that Chris Stirling may have been but from someone who couldn't even make the tutorial singing group I wasn't brave enough to try. The penny finally dropped last week when I realized that if I hadn't asked a young girl for a dance at Katoomba one Saturday night forty-five years ago then my grandson wouldn't have fallen off his swing at Gunnedah. Youngie would have enjoyed that. He always maintained that I was slow!

Have just completed a short residential course at Smith House (fondly remembered by many of our A.T.C. colleagues). Just like being back at College right down to the meals – though no sign of Friday's herrings in tomato sauce. It was great. The years rolled away!

Bob Muir (1952-1953)
124 Garnet Rd
GyMEA, 2227

Dear Lindsay,

I am enclosing a donation to help keep Talkabout in production. I enjoy keeping up with the activities of colleagues who survived the cold and heat of the College in Wagga Wagga. In his Christmas card Roy Parker asked what I had been doing during the last few years after I had been so heavily involved in the organising committee for the NSW Primary Principals convention and APPA for over 20 years.

Aside from enjoying my grandchildren in Camden and Brisbane as well as touring Australia, I have been involved in encouraging Primary schools in the Sutherland District to establish concert bands. For 5 years now we have been organising a festival for these groups.

It is held in the Sutherland Entertainment Centre and caters for 60 groups ranging in size from 15 to 75 and gives over 2000 local primary school children the opportunity to perform on stage during the three days.

It has also required that I learn the trombone to assist with beginner groups. It is all a lot of fun and most rewarding to see the development of children and schools in this area. Other than that I just potter around the garden or sit in my shed with the tape of sawing and hammering!

I look forward to many more issues of Talkabout.

Best wishes,

Fred.

Fred Armstrong (1951-52)

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

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

Meeting dates for 2001:

7th August 2001

6th November 2001.

5th February 2002 (AGM)

CONTRIBUTIONS TO TALKABOUT

The amount of money received in contributions this year, ranging from \$5 to \$50 has been pleasing and has made possible an increase in the size of Talkabout for this issue.

However, with a mailing list of over 2500 alumni, contributions have been received from only 235 people.

The committee wishes to acknowledge with thanks, those alumni who have contributed at least \$10 so far this year.

Errol Allen
Shirley Andrews
Fred Armstrong
Margaret Patricia Bailey
Janice Bell
Athol Berglund
Desmond Bieler
Beth Blunt
John Boddington
Margery Bonsor
Brian Brock
Lindsay Brockway
Janice Bruce
Lindsay and Gladys Budd
John Burrell
Dierdre Callaghan
John Cassidy
Louise Clements
Clifford and Kay Clothier
Pat Condon
Pamela Crocker
Barbara Davidson
Yvonne Day
Beverley Defty
Helen Dunlop
Jennifer Edelman
Jefferey Edwards
Wilma Emerton
Albert C S Foggett
Robert Foulcher
Edward Fowler
Patricia Fullerton
Dr W (Bill)& Shirley Grant
Kathleen Hadden
June Hadley
Margaret Ham
Malcolm Hanratty
Victoria Harrington
Pamela Harris
Rev Dr John Harris
James Hartnett
Eric Hawcroft
Kes Hewatt
Judith Hiatt
Dr Neil Holm
Neville Hopper
Carol Hughson
Jocelyn Humphreys
Adrian Hurley
Dawn Hutton
Jennifer Jarvis
John Jeayes
Marshall Johnson
Joan Z Johnson
Dorothy Judd
Ella Keesing
Mary Kenny
Lyn Kirby
Col and Jill Kohlhausen

Blake Lewin
Joe Lonsdale
Bruce and Laraine Lucas
Lesley Macpherson
Hazel Mann
Bruce McAlister
Ruth McFadden
Shirley Meredith
Roslea Midgley
Alan Milne
Nita Mitchell
Jean Mulholland
Robert Murdoch
Kevin(decd.) O'Callaghan
Carol Anne Ogilvy-Garnock
Col O'Grady
Charles O'Mealy
A J (Tony) Orreill
John F Pankhurst
Rhonda Nellice Parnell
Margo and Bruce Phillips
Jean Pidgeon
Bill and Wendy Poole
Ruby Riach
Frederick Allan Rice
John and Joan Riley
Maurie Ryan
Kenneth Ryan
Betty Sanders
Monica Saville
Hugh and Lois Shorten
Patricia Simpson
Beverley Sinclair
Walter Smart
Margaret Smith
(Mary) Patricia Smith
Ross and Barbara Smith
Patricia Smith
Robert and Judith Smyth
Monica Spartalis
Dawn Stewart
Dorothy and Nigel Tanner
Jillian Maree Taylor
Beryl Turner
Barbara Tyson
Vera Betty Vanderberg
Christel Wangmann
Glenda Waples
Brian Webb
Don Whitbread
Audrey White
Ann Whitfield
Kevin & Winifred Wilcox
Keith Willard
Jean Wilson
Graeme Wilson
Audrey Young

INAUGURAL REGIONAL LUNCHEON

Saturday, 10th November 2001

It was suggested at an Alumni Committee meeting that regional luncheons may be a good way for alumni who live in certain areas to get together.

Roy Parker (1951-52) then offered to initiate the scheme by organising a luncheon in the Wollongong region.

We would appreciate hearing from anyone who would be prepared to organise a future luncheon in a different venue.

These are the details submitted by Roy:

*"College of the Riverina,
We thy students sing thy
praise!"*

I imagine we all have a place in our heart for WWTC no matter in what years we attended.

Just to enable those who wish to keep the flame alive, a get together and luncheon is being organised for Saturday 10th

November 2001, at the Illawarra Master Builders' Club, 61 Church Street Wollongong.

Any ex student from any year and from any location is invited to attend.

The Piano Room has been booked for our pleasure from 10.00am until 4.00pm. A magnificent luncheon is available at a cost of \$14 in the "Bon Appetit" restaurant located on the premises.

Lunch will commence at 12.30 pm, pay as you enter the dining area.

No pre payment is required, however Joan (Moore) and Roy Parker (1951-52, 53) do have a commitment to let the Club know of anticipated numbers by Saturday 3rd November 2001. Please give Joan or Roy a ring on Phone 02 4228 4843 to register your intended attendance.

NB You may wish to wear a nametag indicating your years of attendance at WWTC to help other people to recognise you!

THE UNUSUAL MR LEWINGTON (CONCLUSION)

Mr Lewington managed to incur the wrath of quite a few people while he was teaching in Ivanhoe. As a result he was transferred to a one-teacher school near Urana where his behaviour in and out of school was questionable: now read on –

3rd June, 1903:

A letter was received by Inspector Drummond about Mr Lewington. It was signed by three parents and reads as follows:

"He makes the children believe there is someone outside he goes out and runs twice around the school, then he tells them he hunted him away one day he took one of my little boys from the playground into school laid him on the floor pulled out his pocket knife and said he was going to cut his throat he says he has to die some day he makes a fire in the school worms himself and puts it out opens the windows and door and makes the poor children sit in the cold. He make the older children teach the little ones while he sits at the table and says he is sick then calls out doctor doctor come quick he sometimes leaves the children out of school when they have gone a little way he calls them back into school gives them the cane and says now they can go home. I think the teacher is not to be trusted with the children hoping that you can see into the matter."

23rd June, 1903: Inspector Drummond visited the school and Lewington's defence was that he was only trying to amuse the children. Drummond accepted this (!). Drummond recommended that Lewington be severely censured and that a repetition of his behaviour will lead to his dismissal. He also recommended he be transferred to another locality (!!!).

7th July, 1903 : Lewington resigned.

HOW WELL DID WE TEACH THEM MORE OF H. S. C. "HOWLERS"

1. It is difficult to find an answer to this question. If there was an answer I'm sure it would have been found before now.

2. To be successful in the H.S.C. you need a photogenic memory.

3. Getting beaten to death with a piece of lead pipe is the kind of violence that scars people for life.

4. Dependence on drugs turns you into an attic.

5. They beg in the streets and eat off their friends.

6. The Third World countries need to do such things as birth control using mechanical equipment.

7. The natives have never seen white men on women.

8. In India Ghandi's wife introduced the idea of circumcision for a trannie. The majority of men didn't know what happened.

LUNCHEON GET-TOGETHER

On Wednesday 18th April, twenty-one WTC alumni/partners met at 11 a.m. in the second floor lounge of the Masonic Club in Castlereagh Street Sydney for their quarterly get-together.

News of common interest was exchanged before the group at noon moved to the fourth floor dining room for a two-course luncheon. The Waggaites sat around two large round tables, reminiscent of those of King Arthur's Camelot, to be served beneath two massive crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling high above.

Conversation was animated, and it was not till about 2.30 that members of the group began to disperse, looking forward to the next function.

The remaining luncheons for the year will be held at the same venue and time on the dates shown below. Please phone June Hadley (9875 3949) or John Riley (9525 5304) at least a week in advance to make a booking.

Tuesday 28th August, 2001
Friday 30th November, 2001

COLLEGE AND TEACHING MEMORIES

This will be my last report on the progress of the long-forthcoming book of memories. The final stories have been inserted, and only the list of page sponsors remains to be added. On behalf of the Alumni Association, I express my thanks to these people.

At the Alumni Association meeting on 13th March, Charles Sturt University were entrusted with the task of printing and distributing 200 copies of the book, which is planned to be done before the beginning of July.

DETAILS.

The book consists of 160 A4 pages of material, made up of a Preface by the late Dr Victor Couch, 187 items of various sizes and descriptions plus some historical material, illustrated by over 80 black and white photographs. Over 80 people have responded to the call to send along details of some memorable feature of their college or teaching careers, or have agreed to have reproduced some anecdote told at a reunion or get-together or sent through the E-group mail. To these people I extend my personal thanks, also to those who entrusted me with archival photographs.

David Lyons (1952-1953) of the WWTC Alumni E-group has been designing an interesting cover for the book, and at the time this was written had the project well in hand. My special thanks to David for carrying out a task that is beyond my level of expertise.

I would also like to express my appreciation of the work of the Talkabout committee in publicising the progress of Teaching Memories – after almost every issue over the last three years, three or four extra contributors have come forward. With plenty of amusing stories now coming through the internet, perhaps these could be sent for inclusion in the pages of Talkabout so that all alumni may read them.

On behalf of the Alumni Association, I wish those of you who have ordered a copy of *College and Teaching Memories* hours of interested reading.

JOHN RILEY, 20/4/01