



A PUBLICATION
OF THE ALUMNI OF
WAGGA TEACHERS

TALK ABOUT



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Kevin & Winifred Wilcox (Walshaw 1947-49)

Meeting as they lined up for registration as Wagga Wagga Teachers' College opened its doors for its inaugural year, in June 1947, this wonderful couple went on to marry in 1951 and celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary earlier this year. They lived 74 years together, many of them in their beloved Oatley home, totally devoted and inseparable.



On July 10, Kevin passed away peacefully with his family by his side.

Pictured:

top left at College

top right at graduation WWTC

bottom left on their wedding day

Bottom right at their 70th wedding anniversary celebrations earlier this year

As our committee took over from the Pioneers, they continued to attend all our meetings until COVID halted our face-to-face meetings last year



Across the Secretary's Desk - Lesley Forbes



Ella Keesing (Redpath 1950-51)

Thank you for your effort in producing another *Talkabout*. It will make good reading over the Easter weekend. I'm glad you survived the rain and flooding. What a year it has been – bushfires, hail storms, mice plagues in some parts, the pandemic and now the floods. The year I graduated from college, 1951, we had the polio epidemic and one of the students was taken to Wagga Wagga Base Hospital with suspected symptoms. This made it a problem for graduation bringing a large gathering of people together in the gym/assembly hall. We were finally permitted to have the daytime event and then we had to pack up quickly to leave with our parents.

Melbourne has been gradually emerging like a cocoon from the severe lockdown of nearly 3 months, almost hesitant to take the first steps into freedom! And of course very anxious as we approach winter. Today is a glorious autumn day – Melbourne at its best.

Elaine Armstrong OAM (Etherington 1960-61)

Life here in Wagga Wagga has been fairly fortunate as we have had few cases of the virus...though even a small cough can have people turning to scowl at you!

Having 77 applicants is astounding and, as you say, a mammoth inter-

view job.

Lorenza Powyer (wife of our late editor, Brian 1966-67)

Thank you Bruce and Lesley for yet another *Talkabout*. Perhaps being shut in at home will produce more content for your next issue.

I read through the different articles and realised how many memories are shared by members well in their 80s. I hope it's not indicative of the way of the future with younger people not sitting down and putting pen to paper.

Good to hear that you're both holding up with this difficult period in all our lives.

Sally Barnes-Cooke (1962-63)

I thoroughly enjoyed the recent edition of *Talkabout* and read every page with delight. I was nearly at the end when I came across your memoirs of your time in Buronga and the mishaps you had on your bike. I too spent time in Buronga and shared a flat with Sue Power! What a coincidence. I was enjoying teaching at Narrandera East, a 3-teacher infants school, when I too was suddenly transferred to Buronga, as a married teacher moved into town and in those days single teachers were transferred to make way for married ones. I had no idea where Buronga was, but a neighbour gave me and my suitcase a lift to Deniliquin and I caught a train to Melbourne, then the Fruit Train to Mildura. I had no idea how far it was to Buronga from there, but a passerby said it was just across the river - thank goodness.

Sue and I and another girl found a nice flat in Mildura and luckily the other girl whose name I forget had a car, so we didn't have to worry about transport!

It's strange how paths cross.

Norm Stanton (1964-65)

Earlier in the month I arranged a meeting at Camden to touch base with Lou Jack whose wife, Sue had dementia take over her life in rapid fashion such that she is non-verbal and immobile, so that Lou's daily visits must be so difficult. I took Jenko, now living at

Bowral, along with me and Lou brought Tony Ryan so we shared some war stories in a humorous fashion and hopefully gave Lou something else to think about.

I hope this finds you both well. I've just had a couple of days playing in DIV B 65s state hockey champs at Wyong - my swan song. The body did not cope well with three games in 24 hours!

Sandy Brain (Booth 1962-63)

Reg Brain: Kabi roommate of Al Schirmer 1962

Reg much loved husband of Sandy and father of Sam and Morgan, died on 11 June 2020 as the result of the heartbreaking disease of Alzheimers.

Reg only stayed at WWTC for the one year before transferring to Hawkesbury Ag College to study Food Technology. He worked in the field of quality control before changing to Club Management at Deniliquin and Kempsey.

At WWTC Reg played in the college 1st grade rugby union and basketball teams and I daresay a lot of other things I did not know about. Mick Bryant and Reg also played with the Riverina Colts whilst at WWTC.

We often wonder if the fierce contact sports Reg played whilst at Yanco AHS, WWTC, Hawkesbury, New Guinea and Wests Rugby Union may have added to the factors causing Alzheimers.

He enjoyed his time at WWTC making lifelong friends with Al Schirmer, Mick Bryant, Joy Sheargold (Barr), Kati Schirmer (Bland) (In fact, Kati used to take the lecture notes using carbon paper while Reg usually slept) Gordon and Di Nolan and me.

The emails I have for the following are no longer valid. You might be able to help:

Georgina Yerbury (Goodridge) 67-68
Barbara Deece (Todhunter) 61-62
Charles O'Mealy 52-53

Elaine Barnes let me know that her

husband, **Charles Barnes (1952-53)** passed away last Easter.

Eileen Dillon-Smith (Leckie 1948-49)

Thank you Lesley. It was very interesting reading of so many ex-pats of WWTC from around the same era as me, even if some were vales.

I'm still going at 90 and still riding my bike most days.

Bill Keast (1960-61)

Thanks for the *Talkabout* and chat about flooding in NSW and virus in Qld. Of course its all relative, as in BC we have had our worst week ever, with over 1,000 new cases the last couple of days. However, Ontario was worse with 2300 new cases. Thanks and I look forward to reading the magazine.

Christene McSeveny (Savery 1960-61)

mcseveny@bigpond.net.au

M: 0417 607 639

On a sad note **Bob Hince (1960-61)** died in March a fact that I did not know until some time later.

Bob was a talented Toastmaster for many years and on one occasion was runner up in the Toastmasters International speech contest held in America. He had the remarkable speaking talent of including levity even in the most serious of speech topics. A talent and skill many of us wished we had.

I have asked for more information from those who attended his funeral. It seems Bob had been very ill for several years. I gather Bob had two sons both tall and like their father. He lived in Northmead.

My last contact with Bob was to ask if he would adjudicate a Speech Contest for year 9 students the Rotary Club of Parramatta holds each year. Bob was quite disparaging, uncharacteristically I thought, of young people and refused the invitation. The response surprised me for when we were in Toastmasters and he the principal of Berala Public School he spoke about his school's Anzac Day ceremony honouring the Turks and the Australians who fought. Berala was a very multicultural school which I felt he revelled in leading.

Bob was a larger than life character, an impressive public speaker who I gather ran his own Speakers Group.

Jocelyn Sheerin let me know that **Anne Sheerin (1959-60)** is in a Nursing Home.

Gerard Say (1963-64) let me know: One of the best communicators in our group, Grahame Keast, has advised us that Bob Sims died recently.

Bob rose to be a Principal during his career with the NSW Department of Education.

He was a good man.

Anne Bretherton – daughter of **Shirley Irene Salter (Morcom 1949-50)**

I would like to inform you that my Mum, passed away on 31st December 2019.

Mum had very fond memories of her time at Wagga Wagga Teachers' College. She always enjoyed the many reunions she attended with her husband, John. Mum would have been 89 in July 2020 and was still living at home on her own as she had the difficult decision in September 2019 to admit her husband into a nursing home.

Mum had many friends at her funeral in January 2020, one being Margaret Watts (Broadribb) who attended College with Mum.

Ralph Sadler (1960-61)

Recently I received a hard copy of *Talkabout*, March 2021, which Lesley had sent on to me, after I assume she had tracked me down. I was surprised and delighted to receive the newsletter after some years since I last received the newsletter.

About five or six years ago I made the mistake of changing my email address and the supply of newsletters dried up from that time. It was always going to be a difficult fraught exercise trying to remember all those that should have been notified. Clearly the WWTC Alumni address was one that I did not notify.

Many thanks to Lesley for sending on the latest edition. I look forward to receiving future copies. I hope also that if I am obliged to change my email address, the Association will be one of the first to be advised.

Anthony (Tony) McIlwain (1961-62)

The passing of **Peter Jan Veenstra OAM, (1961-1962)** was recorded in the Death Notices of the Sydney Morning Herald for 3 October 2020.

Peter was born on 17 September 1942 and died on 28 September 2020. He was a resident of Orange. He was a little older than most of the cohort and had worked for a couple of years prior to college. As a result, he owned a car, a VW Beetle, unlike most of his colleagues, like me, who rode our bicycles about Wagga. He was generous in offering lifts to us two wheelers.

I remember that he liked skiing and I played with him in a College hockey team.

We weren't close friends and we lost touch after College.

I was intrigued that he had been awarded an OAM and with the help of Google I was able to trace some of his career.

He taught for twenty years with the NSW Department of Education, then at the Kinross Wolaroi school at Orange for the remainder of his teaching career. He was involved with Central West Rugby for over three decades, and was active in various community groups around Orange, as well as being a senior teacher and welfare coordinator at Kinross. He was awarded an OAM in the Queen's Birthday Honours in 2017, for service to Rugby Union, and to the Community of Orange.

He is survived by his wife, three children and grandchildren.

Geraldine Hocking (Clear 1969-70)

Please find that I have paid my sub for the electronic version of *Talkabout*. Bob Hogan passed on my address some time ago as I had let my sub go with the business of busy living and wished to renew. I do enjoy the stories. Sometimes, they remind me of my public school education as a child in rural schools and even prac teachers as they were called then coming to our schools. At other times, it is my own teaching experience as well as past principals sometimes mentioned that I had when I began teaching.

Thank you for your voluntary contribution to this publication.

Betty Sanders (1947-49) I have been notified of her passing. Sad to see the dwindling numbers of our 'Pioneers'.

Chris & Jenny Blake (Beck 1966-67)

Scholarships presented in Bathurst today. Met Emily Press and her parents. All really positive. Had a long talk to Stacey Fish. She looks well and continues to promote the quality of our scholarship to all and sundry.

Another interesting meeting was with the daughter-in-law of Dawn Rigby who presented the Rigby award; her husband passed away a couple of years ago. Greta Porter, who received the award, told us that her grandfather, Patrick McColl, attended Wagga in the fifties but she did not include that in her application. She knows what to do next year.

On to Wagga next Thursday. Stopping At Narrandera and Balranald on the long way around. Had intended having a morning tea but The Thirsty Crow

which used to be open for coffee does not open until 4pm. Helen O'Connell (Moore 1966-67) suggested a couple of places but they needed numbers and a booking.

A good night last night. Chelsea is all we expected and surprised us with a bunch of flowers. Sheridan and staff were amazed.

The influence of our alumni is amazing. The Dawn Rigby memorial scholarship gave a second scholarship in Wagga after the one in Bathurst.

The Indymarra Scholarship is presented by Jean Morrow (1959 ?) and her husband. Met up with them last night and need to follow up for details.

Henry Gardiner must be the grandfather of CSU, dating from his student days through to today, received a special mention because he is leaving Wagga to

live near family at Merimbula. At 87 he is still doing pretty well.

Ken McCubbin (1957-58)

Thanks for your reply. We do share some similar upbringings. My Dad was a postmaster, hence, in NSW, we lived at Tumbarumba, The Rock, Harden, Cootamundra, and later when I started teaching, at Taree. I was born in Victoria, and actually started school in Beechworth at the convent school which was close by. (The state school would not take me as I was only 5, and with the loss of male staff to the war, would only take those over 6). Being a 5 year old Methodist in a Catholic school was no picnic then ... I ran away. I did not go to school again until we moved to Tumbarumba. It is a miracle I actually took up teaching.

London Calling ... Norm Stanton (1964-65)

London was indeed calling for some WWTC students in 1964/65 when a group of us speculated about joining others in the great Aussie exodus of the times – a trip to Europe. Of course, there was the little matter of fulfilling our three-year bond requirements first; and weren't we fortunate, perhaps on reflection, to have a guaranteed position after graduating?!

Over those early teaching years as teacher-in-charge in obscure places like Pinefield, Honeybugle, Bruie Plains, Mellool, Ootha, Walleroobie and The Mullion, numbers gradually diminished as other priorities intervened, primarily romance.

However a determined core remained, regularly travelling from across the state to invest in some serious planning during school holidays, much of it taking place in the confines of the bar at Sydney's Customs House Hotel.

Finally, in February, four of us – Geoff Hutchinson, David Lappan, Norm Stanton and a Bathurst interloper, Phil Brown - set sail on a six-week voyage to take us to London, where we met Warwick Teasdale who'd earlier contracted peritonitis – or was he just looking after his liver?!

It was relatively easy getting a teaching job, especially in less salubrious areas such as South London's Tooting where I taught at "The Links School".

I should have had some misgivings on my first day when the headmaster took me to a three-storey building, stopped at the top of the stairs and pointed me to a classroom at the end of a corridor and wished me well.

He was, after all, very aware that I would be the fifth teacher for this class in two terms. I soon learnt that the boss dedicated far more of his time to his glider flying than running a school.

Many of you will be familiar with the St Trinian's movies. On opening the door to my classroom, I was reminded of this as children, primarily of West Indian descent, hung out of windows, jumped across desks and threw projectiles across the room.

My opening the door made no difference to the situation. So I closed it, took a deep breath, put on my metaphorical mask and tried again.

So began a challenging term in which I learnt that latch-key children really did have their house key tied around their neck, the problem of a lack of resources wasn't confined to schools in western NSW, and that classroom management was a crucial skill for which we were taught all too little in training.

My pressure valve was released in the asphalt playground where the children and I enjoyed many a cricket

encounter, often their only decision with bat in hand (in true West Indian style) being to hit me for four or six, although a broken window was always a risk.

Gradually I made some progress, within and without the classroom, punctuated by unfortunate events such as arriving from a recess break to find "Stanton is a shit" written in large letters on the board. I was encouraged by the correct spelling.

When term ended so that we might head off on a grand European tour, I breathed a sigh of relief and was more appreciative of my initial years teaching country kids in NSW.

On our return I considered trying another occupation and was offered a job as a chauffeur with the Ugandan Embassy, which may have been interesting, but instead had a few weeks as a records clerk at Hammersmith Hospital. I decided teaching wasn't so bad after all.

Horsenden Junior School at Greenford in Middlesex were advertising for someone to teach PE, football and swimming (they had an above-ground pool on site) as well as a senior class, so this seemed a good fit.

I ended up staying two years, enjoying teaching children from a diverse community with a friendly, professional

and sociable staff so that my faith in the vocation was restored. They had a wonderful tradition of "School Journeys", basically longer excursions, that enabled me to spend time in Snowdonia, the Isle of Wight, and several places on the southern coast. I can't say that I benefited a great

deal, in terms of my professional development, from my UK experience but obviously it broadened my horizons and gave me a broader perspective on how schools operated. When I returned to Australia in 1972 I resumed my acquaintance with Julius Gaal at Bridge Street and, true to his word, he gave me the country ap-

pointment I sought, after doing a term at Villawood, which was quite long enough! Teaching in London now seems a lifetime ago and perhaps it was remiss of me not to document the experience as thoroughly as I did when on exchange to North Yorkshire in 1992. But way back then there were other priorities!

Bill O'Neill 1960-61

Article with permission from Northern Daily Leader Saturday May 15, 2021

When Bill O'Neill walks in the school gates each week, he's welcomed by all. The principal and staff know his familiar face well, the kids say hello to 'Mr O' and the canteen staff ask if he'd like to order his regular — a meat pie. Mr O'Neill has been a teacher for more than half a century and has spent decades at Manilla Central School, where he's still helping kids hear the music by teaching them band. 'It's just something I really like doing. It is one of those situations in life where you get paid to do something you really like to do.'

Mr O'Neill became a teacher in the early 1960s and worked at small schools in the region before he became an advisor, travelling to different towns, showing educators ways to teach music. After a stint in Tamworth, he eventually settled at Manilla and still hasn't fully left. He can't quite recall when exactly he started there, but he answered the question with a laugh. 'Lots of the kids I first taught here have now got kids that are here. That's how long,' he said. 'They say

to me, 'You taught my Mum and do you know my Dad?'

The school put on a special spread for morning tea last week, when an award from the Department of Education arrived to celebrate Mr O'Neill's years of service. The Principal presented me with the 50 Year Service Award which we worked out was actually nine years late but that doesn't matter; that bit's not important,' Mr O'Neill said. Although he's been semi retired for some time now and seen sweeping changes, Mr O'Neill said it's the music that has kept him coming back for 59 years.

President's Report - Bruce Forbes



It is now over 20 months since the committee has been able to meet. All correspondence has been by internet connections and surprisingly we have been able to continue our main operations. We continue as an organisation supporting our scholarship students and other organisations providing in education. We continue to receive donations to the scholarship fund and subscriptions for the long running *Talkabout*. *Talkabout* commenced in 1948 and was published through to 1971 as the student paper and became the current message stick again in 1997. Bit of history there. It has now been running longer as a post College journal than the life of WWTC. Please continue to keep Your *Talkabout* alive and well through your written and monetary contributions. Quite often one story leads to another.

Apart from these words, "*Hang in there*" comes to mind.

One can only feel for those current teachers in handling what is being thrown at them on a daily basis: Health orders, masks, sanitisers, ICU's, A-Z, Pfizer, Moderna, deep cleansing, lockdowns, rings of steel, politics and health ministers, state V state, essential workers, quarantine, vaccination, testing, zoom lessons, HSC trials, assessments, social distancing, deep cleansing, conforming to rules, border check points and the multitude of constant changes in regulations.

Are teachers essential workers?
Glad I am retired.

Memorabilia from Ian Thomas' (1947-49) Daughter



Liz Farley (Ian Thomas' 1948-49 daughter)

I know you have said in the past dad did not have to pay any subscription. However, I have just transferred via EFT a donation of \$50.00 as a small contribution to your costs.

Also I am sending a couple of photos I found recently while going through some of dad's old photos. They may be of interest to your readers. They were taken at the WWTC reunion held in 1995, according to dad's labels. The first photo is of my mum, Betty Thomas, (not a student, just married to one). Standing next to a Mr Young (no initial) former lecturer, with Ruth and Kevin McFadden behind them. The second photo is a John Riley, presumably one of his classmates from college days. No label for the woman holding the pennant. There wasn't one with dad in it with these. Could be something for your next edition. I will find more things to send at some stage. I am still working on the boxes... and boxes... and boxes... of things from my parents' place.



From Panania to White Cliffs and Back Chris Lennon 1964-65.

Upon graduation I applied for placement in 3 rural inspectorates and was duly appointed to Panania North PS as a relieving Y3 teacher. During the next 2 years I filled in at a couple of inner Western Suburb schools. In 1968 I was given a "permanent" placement with Y6 at Ashbury PS. My 42 pupils covered a wide ability range but were happy, compliant kids and it was fulfilling to complete a whole year with them. Many of the families were involved with the Horse Racing industry at the nearby Canterbury course. The boys often came to me with "sure things" and if I'd been a punter I could have made a bundle.

On the first school Friday of 1969 I was directed to take up duty as TIC at Bulgaria PS. The local Post Mistress informed me that she was withdrawing her 7 children from the school leaving only 5 pupils. I relayed this to the Primary Registrar who, just after 3pm, redirected me to Birriwa PS. Birriwa is a tiny village with two wheat silos, 3 houses, a small school and a school residence. As a single man I was not permitted to use the residence and found board 12 miles further north in Dunedoo. Most pupils came from prosperous farms and were a happy and active group but the star attraction was a beautiful green frog which I found in the First Aid chest on the veranda. I released the frog but on most mornings found it back in the chest. Did I have a hypochondriac frog or was one of the locals pulling my leg??

After a few weeks I entrusted my car to a local mechanic who ruined the motor. I resorted to riding a bike to school and back each day. One morning, a few miles from school I was forced off the road by a tan Ford. As I reached the school gate I was met by the DI who informed me that I was late and asked why was it so? I replied that a dopey (bleep) in a tan Ford had run me off the road. Guess what was parked beside the school building.

In the meantime one of my team mates from the previous 2 years was appointed to White Cliffs. John was said to be a future Waratah and possibly a Wallaby rep. There was no Rugby in White Cliffs and John didn't like the climate. White Cliffs was a school for single males only, so John very quickly arranged to marry his fiancée. I couldn't stay in Birriwa because I wasn't married, John couldn't stay in White Cliffs because he was married. He was transferred to the Hunter Valley, I was transferred to White Cliffs and a married man was transferred from the Central Coast to Beautiful Birriwa. What a silky smooth system!!

Right from the beginning White Cliffs was an adventure. I still had no car so got a ride on a tomato truck to Sydney Markets, took a train to Parkes, caught the Silver City Comet to Broken Hill, overnighted in a hotel then boarded a mail truck for Wilcannia and another hotel. For the final leg I boarded the Peppercorn Run mail truck. The "road" was a series of corrugations and tracts of bulldust defined by tyre tracks scooting off in various directions. At about 6am we reached "Cootawundi" station, where Ken, the driver, went straight into the kitchen, took coffee to Keith and Barbara in bed then cooked up a huge breakfast for all of us. Word of my imminent arrival preceded me via radio and several pupils were waiting to start school when I was dropped off at the Post Office. There were kids from Kindy to Y6 and a boy doing correspondence lessons for Y10. I relied heavily on my notes from George Byrnes' Small Schools Course.

My residence was an ancient railway carriage mounted on concrete blocks. It was well appointed but like an oven in the really hot February/March weather so I spent many nights sleeping underground. Some pupils travelled from distant stations and drove

their own cars to school. Toad, one of my Y2 pupils reversed his ute into the pub veranda causing part of the roof to collapse; he was barred from further driving.

The village and Opal fields were full of colourful characters including two international fugitives. Tiger Bill O'Reilly's dad was the school's founding TIC and Bill was born there in 1905. He and Lindsay Hasset visited the school whilst on their way to Broken Hill and Adelaide on a speaking tour. Author, John O'Grady spent some time there while doing research for a novel. Buster Noble came regularly to play guitar and sing at the pub; unfortunately he never brought Patsy Ann. Shearing teams visited local stations and some wintered in dugouts nearby. One of them often set up a barber's chair on the pub veranda and charged one longneck Southwark for a trim. If you were one of the first few customers you were well shorn, the later ones usually had to keep the Akubras pulled well down for a while. The General Store owner erected the town's first huge TV antenna so we could watch a man named Armstong walk upon the moon on a landscape remarkably similar to the Opal fields.

Few of the Lower Division kids had ever seen rain. When we finally had a rain storm in November it was preceded by strong winds and a huge dust storm. The first drops of rain absorbed dust and became little mud balls. The youngsters were quite frightened and I stayed right away from the Chicken Little story thereafter. Many of the dugout dwellers appeared in their swimmers (or similar) with bars of soap and enjoyed the best shower they had had in ages.

In 1970 I was appointed to an OA class at Lakemba PS. After 2 years

I transferred to Wonora Road SSP in Hurstville where I taught 16 to 18 year old pupils. This school emphasised Independent Living Skill programs and I became heavily involved in establishing Link courses with Kogarah TAFE, Work Experience and Independent Travel programs. Some of our pupils were emotionally and behaviourally disturbed and their unusual behaviours often required unusual responses. One of my boys was usually placid and had remarkable skill in drawing cartoon characters but became agitated especially if routines or personnel changed. On the third morning of my List inspection the DI was again seated in the back of the classroom. It was too much for the big fellow who pulled out a pair of scissors and began chanting, "Will I stick him now, Mr Lennon?" The DI was turning quite pale so I pulled out a box of coloured chalk and asked L. to draw a cartoon on the board. While L. was absorbed in his sketch the DI scampered through an adjoining room and up to the Principal's office.

In 1975 I was seconded to a year long Spec.Ed. Course at Nepean CAE. My Dip. Spec. Ed. saw me appointed as DM at Mount Pritchard PS where there were no Special Ed. classes. After 2 years I was appointed as P3 at Tooraweenah PS in the foothills of the Warrumbungle Mountains. The position required my involvement in all the cultural and civic activities of the village. I represented the village in Cricket, League and Tennis and finally completed the BA through UNE. I was secretary of the local branch of the ALP and the electoral Returning Officer; the branch President was my Polling Clerk. On Election Day we literally had more Lib/NCP scrutineers than voters.

During a particularly heavy grasshop-

per plague Ned, a local farmer and environmentalist used no chemicals but bought a couple of hundred day old chicks. The chicks devoured the hoppers, foxes devoured the chicks and our local constable shot and skinned the foxes from whose pelts he made a considerable sum. He also used his .410 shotgun to "arrest" many of the large brown snakes which regularly visited the school and residence.

In 1980 I returned to Special Ed as AP at GlenField Park SSP, a residential facility catering for IM/IO pupils with Emotional and Behavioural Dysfunction whose needs could not be met in their local schools. Both the teaching and residential staffs were highly committed and caring but the school always seemed to me to have a pall of sadness. Most of the kids were many miles from home (from Griffith to Gundawindi) and many came from less than desirable backgrounds. Four of our pupils had brothers or uncles who were on the state's 10 most dangerous criminals list. That sadness reached a crescendo on 23rd April, 1983. With no forewarning I drove in to the school to find several police vehicles, ambulance vehicles, TV vans and a scrum of journalists. During the night Samuel Boyd had entered the school. He sexually assaulted then murdered a young local man, proceeded to the Junior Girls' dormitory where he perpetrated sexual atrocities on the 3 female night staff then attacked them with a hammer and a knife. Two of the carers died and the third suffered critical injuries.

The following year I transferred to Minerva SSP in Sutherland where I taught the senior class and served as AP until medical retirement in 2000. The school continued to develop and refine Independent Living, Social Competence and Pre-Vocational Training programs. We liaised with the Board of Studies in the writing of Board Developed Courses and

wrote Board Endorsed Courses which enabled not only Spec. Ed. pupils but many other struggling Secondary pupils to attain definite certification for having completed 12 years of schooling.

As the Department stepped up the Integration/Inclusion process many of our incoming pupils had more severe emotional and behavioural disturbances. Thus we needed to employ more unusual management techniques. One of our large senior boys was a savant (as in "Rain Man"). He was fascinated by and had an encyclopaedic knowledge of motor vehicles. One lunch hour I was called to the playground where J. had become a truck. He was rampaging around the playground colliding with all the smaller "vehicles" including the duty teacher. I believe she expected me to apply physical restraint which I thought to be inappropriate in that crowded space. To her chagrin I climbed onto my imaginary motor bike, turned on the siren and pulled the truck over to the curb. The driver was issued with several traffic violations and the truck yielded several defect notices the combination of which kept the driver and the truck "off the road" for the rest of term.

After retirement I spent a couple of years as a school's sports coach, a private tutor and a casual in both the State and Catholic systems. Many of my casual jobs involved infants grades. During one recess break a little bloke from my Kinder class that morning skipped up to me and chuckled "We thought we were gunna be scared of you." That was one of the most satisfying appraisals I'd ever had.

2021 Scholarship Presentations

Chris and Jenny (Beck) Blake 1966-67

Charles Sturt University was able to conduct the Scholarship Presentation Ceremonies in May this year before the June Covid restrictions were imposed. Once again Jenny and I were privileged to represent the Association at the Bathurst and Wagga events. This year seventy seven students from all the CSU campuses across the state applied for the scholarship. The majority would have been worthy recipients and it was a challenging job deciding on the final two students. A number of the students we considered received scholarships from other donors. For the first time two second year applicants were successful. Emily Press was the first from Bathurst campus to receive our scholarship. Emily already is involved supervising before and after school care and volunteers with disabled children at day care. She looks to have made a bright beginning. We spoke to Carol Rigby, daughter-in-law of the late Dawn Rigby, (Wagga TC Pioneer, 1947-49), who presented The Dawn Rigby Memorial Scholarship this year. We were surprised when meeting Greta Porter who had received the scholarship that her grandfather, Patrick McColl, had been a Wagga student in 1949-50. It's amazing how the influence of Wagga Wagga TC has spread! A week later the second of our scholarships was presented to Chelsea Gray in Wagga. Chelsea has already overcome some challenges in life and has shown initiative in starting her own small business to help support herself. She was so appreciative of the scholarship that she presented us



Chelsea Gray with Chris and Jenny
Wagga Wagga Ceremony



Emily Press with Chris and Jenny Bathurst Ceremony

with an unexpected bunch of flowers. The university staff also thought it a wonderful gesture. Another interesting alumni connection was discovered in Wagga. Jean and Roger Morrow are the donors for the Indymarra Scholarship for indigenous students. Jean Cunningham attended the college in 1957-58. The university made a farewell presentation to Henry Gardiner. Henry attended the teachers college in the early fifties, returned as a lecturer and has been involved in the evolution of Charles Sturt University ever since. He is relocating to the Merimbula Coast to be nearer family. Few, if any, would have had such a long continuous association with education in the area. The comments from students who have benefited from scholarships show that they are encouraged to continue their studies when challenged by time and financial constraints. We can only pass on the thanks of the scholarship holders to the Alumni Association and those who have supported the scholarship fund since it was initiated in 1997. We are fortunate to have wonderful support from Sheridan Ingold and Stacey Fish at CSU. They extol the value of our scholarship and encourage Education students to apply for it.

Some years ago I read Darcy Niland's novel *Dead Man Running*. Darcy Niland and his wife, Ruth Park, had come to Australia from New Zealand and were considered top Australian Irish Catholic writers. In the novel he writes a beautiful passage about memories: "Remembering is one of the beauties of life. You pick up happy memories on the way, from people and feelings and acts. They are with you always, a fellowship and a company of thoughts. You'll be on your own at the end of the day and they'll light up in your mind. Each of them is like a little stove that warms you through and through". Last November I celebrated my 90th birthday. My Church was kind enough to put on a morning tea for me and I was asked by some of my fellow parishioners to recount some of my "little stoves". I thought you might enjoy a few of them.

I started with the one I recounted in *Talkabout* some years ago: in my second week of teaching being called an "f...en old bastard" by one of my kindergarten girls (and it rather hurt because I had only just turned 19!!).

Two years later, same school, I was shut in the outside toilet (it had been a one-teacher school until my arrival two years before, so my classroom was the rented local Lodge hall, with one outside toilet – a dunny covering a hole in the ground). It was "little lunch" time and, while supervising, I popped into the toilet, only to have some child (could it have been the little girl from two years before?) put the latch over the nail so that I couldn't open the door. After much calling out, I was finally rescued. That wasn't the end of my embarrassment; when the next local rag was

published, there was something along these lines: "We wonder why lots of the locals seem to be singing to themselves the old ditty 'Oh dear, what can the matter be?' but the words sound like 'Oh dear, what can the matter be? Poor Mr Bruton got locked in the lavatory; he was there from Sunday to Saturday. No-one could find him at all'."

Another school remembrance, after I moved over to the Catholic Schools system. I was taken on to Staff at a suburban convent school by a Nun with whom I had become good friends when we were on staff together at a previous school. One day, at the changeover of lunch supervision, one of the young lady teachers (who had yet to come to grips with the control of Primary boys) came to tell Sister that she had left a group of boys outside her office for misbehaving. Sister looked at me and said, "Come on, Gordon, some of them will be from your class; let's go and investigate." To all her queries came the choruses of "No, Sister", "I don't know, Sister", which would have gone on till doomsday. But Sister had mastered the art of looking for the weak link. It came in the form of one lad who was beginning to show signs of tears (he had probably been caught up innocently anyhow). She turned upon him with "And you, Billy Smith (let's call him), what are you doing here? I thought you were one of Mr Bruton's well-behaved boys. What would your father say if I told him?" Back came the blubbered reply, "Oh, Sister, he'd belt Christ

out of me". We dared not look at one another!

An interesting thing happened when I was teaching in East London. I was sharing a flat with 2 other fellows, none of us having known the other two before; one of them (Ray) was also a teacher, but in a different school and Authority. One evening (it must have been winter because, although it was early evening, it was quite dark.) Ray and I were hurrying along the footpath to catch a bus to take us into the city, as we were going to see, on stage, *The Boyfriend*, with a young Julie Andrews. Suddenly a woman came out of the gate of an apartment block and our rush knocked her over. We both leaned down to help her up, with exactly the same words coming from both of us, "I'm so terribly sor.....Margaret!!" She had been at college with me, and at one time the girlfriend of Ray's brother! (But, no, she wasn't on her way to see *The Boyfriend*). It really is "a small world".

One final memory of a more serious nature. On New Year's Day in 2000, our Parish Priest and the lady Pastor of the local Uniting Church took a busload of us (we had to get up at 2.00 am) to the mountains, on the back road to Springwood, to watch the dawn of the new century and new millennium break over the plains below. It was quite a spiritual experience. My mind turned back to WWTC days when we sang so lustily Haydn's *The Heavens are Telling the Glory of God* as the set piece in the local Wagga eisteddfod choral competition.

Memories are indeed "little stoves that warm you through and through".

Can You Hear the Singing – The Whitbread Story by Don Whitbread OAM 1954-55

Don Whitbread is a son, brother, husband and father who has chosen to write the story of his family throughout the 20th century in his book, *Can You Hear the Singing? The Whitbread Story*.

He has been teacher, economist, sportsman, musician, public servant, artist businessman and like his father and grandfather, a Methodist. It runs to 400 pages, extensively illustrated and is available at \$40

from Don (4/58 Shackleton Circuit, Mawson. ACT 2607. Ph. 0438861360) or Paperchain Bookstore, Manuka. ACT

For me, beginning in WWTC was not going to be easy, coming from a rather protective environment, only ever living in small country towns, and moving as my Dad got a promotion, I had no lifelong friends. So starting college at 16, like quite a few of us, I was a bit behind the 8 ball. I turned 17 in April after my first prac. People these days find it hard to believe.

I was selected for National Service the following year, passing with A1 fitness. I delayed the training until the beginning of the following year, so I actually signed on to teaching on 27th March, 1959, at Cootamundra, where I took up ownership of a class of 44, 5th class boys on 1st April. (April Fool's Day, I noticed the omens)

Because of my late start to the year, I was the most junior of all staff members, so 20th, July, I took up my post as infants teacher at Merriwagga, (out towards Hillston) following a reshuffle of teachers.

In many ways I enjoyed Merriwagga and its challenges, which included teaching about 24 children in what was previously the "Hatroom" for 2 years, until a new classroom was built, then I got the old one.

While there, the principal had managed to get the children to stop playing World War 2, and to clean up the playground of all the rubbish, mostly metal, and to begin playing games like cricket, rounders etc. But then the news headlines brought with it the possibilities of a new game, - Simmonds and Newcombe, the pair of prison escapees for whom the police were searching. This fad lasted quite a while.

My third principal there was Bob Whitaker, also an ex-WWTC student, whom I had previously known at Wagga High School when I was student there. Bob and his wife were very good to me. Where they lived was just across the road from the hotel. If there was ever a bit of a barney going on at the back of the pub, his wife would be telling him to stay in the house. (Bob used to be a boxer.)

Some of my lasting contributions to the school included a running track, and the planting of oleanders and assisting

in the planting of a windbreak of peppercorn trees.

It was there that I found a new love, a beautiful girl staying on holiday with local relations. Sadly, when she went home, her stepmother destroyed all our attempts at correspondence, so neither of us realized this until we met at the school's reunion in 2007. She was widowed and I was married.

I stayed at Merriwagga for 3 ½ years, longer than almost anyone else, boarding with the Potter family at "Brunker Hill" - incidentally the home of Moya Potter of college, 1955-56. The family were great and understanding of the role of teachers. For quite a while my two different principals and I shared the same room there.

When I moved on, with my wife Cheryl, it was to a one-teacher school with an available residence, (not Departmental) at Cascade on the Eastern Dorrigo.

In our first year there we had 76 inches of rain between January and May. In our third year there we had 24 inches in two days. That really caused flooding problems for Grafton.

The house was owned by the local saw mill. I paid 15/- a week, mill employees paid 7/6. A dairy farmer brought bottled milk to your house for 9 pence a pint. He also sold chokos.

The school served the children of families working in three different mills. At Cascade, Earp, Woodcock and Beveridge, the other, Eades and Co. The third mill was at Briggsvale, owned by Briggs and Sons.

While I took it on as a one-teacher school, it had previously been a two-teacher school, with two separate buildings. Warren Bingham from WWTC had been the last infants teacher there.

Towards the end of my second year there, the top mill in Cascade burned down. The fire started in the middle of the night from ashes around the boiler base being fanned by a very strong wind. Within a short time my numbers dropped from around 36 pupils to about 12 as the mill workers moved on.

(Incidentally, the bottom mill was later deliberately burned down for a movie scene, and later still the Briggsvale mill suffered the same fate.)

While there, my wife, who had no idea of cooking, learned a lot from the local women, and then when I had to take her to hospital in Dorrigo in our VW round midnight for the birth of our first child, the whole village knew, and no children went to school that day.

With my wife, Cheryl, who was half Italian, we were to find that all our children had inherited Thalassaemia Minor, also known as the Mediterranean disease. It meant there was a constant chance of this being passed on, and if two Thalassaemia minors had children, they would produce a child with it in the major form, which was not pleasant.

With the closure and selling off of so many of these one-teacher schools, Cascade is one of the few that remain. It is now a resource centre for school children and others doing research in the forest/jungle. If you visit there, the hoop pines that have all their lower branches gone, are my doing. I had to open up the playground to see all the children. They also helped me to fill in the sunken outlines of the wartime air-raid trenches to make a better playing area.

We had no electricity until two months before I left there. In the playground the games played changed overnight. No longer was it cricket etc, it became Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone, with lots of shooting.

I took my second wife, Wilma through there many years later. Of course much had changed. However, on seeing Cascade, her comment was, "I'll be in the car and back to Dorrigo and home. You can catch up when you come to your senses."

As I did not believe in staying in the same small school for more than three years, for the children's sake, I then moved to Meadow Flat, between Lithgow and Bathurst. Once again a one-teacher school, this one with a Departmental residence.

If you drive past there, you can still see some of my handiwork. Every poplar in

the front yard, I planted from suckers from the back yard of the local shop. It was lower down, and the highway now goes over that site.

The school had previously been surrounded with pines that became snow-damaged over the years, so they had all been removed. I inherited a yard surrounded by pine tree stumps, and the front yard that had become a swamp. I planted the poplars to continue the line from below the shop to up past the school and residence. They also served to help lift the water from the boggy ground.

The old pine tree stumps were a different problem. They were basically rotten, so could be burned. They were also a great home for snakes, of which I killed about 30 while there.

Out the back along the east side fence line, if you visit, you will see a huge tree. It has grown again with many branches springing from its stump. When Wilma (my second wife) and I attended the 125th year celebration of the school we sat through a presentation of the school history by the students, led by the story teller representing the Nutsy Tree, the one that I had cut down. After the presentation, which to me was a bit embarrassing, I approached the principal to confess that I was responsible for cutting it down. It had become snow damaged and was being torn apart. The P&C men contracted to cut it down, they then dragged all the parts up to an open area near the hall, where later a great day was held with chain-saw salesmen and demonstrators, all a great fundraiser for the P&C.

I had never been much interested in sport, so we had not done too well at the district small school sports over the years. I decided to make a better effort this time. So I introduced a small exercise routine, whereby the children could walk, run or whatever, around the rear play area and back to the assembly area. We would often do this before going into class at 9-30, 11-15, and 1-30. I sometimes went round with them. They loved it. It got them warm in the winter, and they all got fitter. Indeed, two boys who lived over the steep hill on the Portland Road, took it more seriously, running to school in the morning, and running home in the afternoon.

Sports day was unbelievable. My chil-

dren won everything. While at lunchtime the other children were worn out from the morning's events, mine were ready and rearing to go. In the wash-up, we won all the trophies, we had double the score of the school that came second, and on average points per pupil, once again we more than doubled any opposition. Fitness truly won the day.

At the end of 3 years, I moved into Coerwull School in Lithgow. I had come to realize that one teacher schools were a legal minefield, where I was the only adult on the site. It was also time I got support in a staff school. There I had a year with 6A and two with 6C. One of the things I did here was teach all my classes the recorder. I had always used my recorder to lead singing, and I believed there was no sense trying to teach music theory, as required by the syllabus, unless the children played some music. I could have the children playing recorders reasonably well so that half the class could play for the other half to sing. We could also have soloists, both doing singing or playing.

George Serov arrived as the new principal there at the same time as I started there. I got to know George quite well. He actually grew up in Temora. His father, Alexi had been a member of the Czarist Imperial Guard, so when the Russian Revolution of 1917 started, he had to escape. He got in to Latvia, where he met his future wife, Marie, and together they escaped to Britain. Eventually they arrived in Australia and Alexi took up a small farm near Temora. Unfortunately he was a professional soldier, not a farmer. To keep food on the table and also to put her children through university, Marie, a commerce lawyer who spoke 7 languages fluently, but not English, took in washing. Her three sons picked up and returned the washing in baskets on their bikes. Later I would meet George when he came to Temora to visit his mother, who, incidentally, still smoked only Russian cigarettes. (For all those who taught with or under George, read the book, *The Russian Tapestry*, by Banafsheh Serov, for the family story.)

I had always wanted to play piano, (we always had one in the house), so when at about 8 yrs old I asked, I was told the music was in the piano stool, and to help myself. I did not last at it long, and being the second of six children, my main

task became looking after the younger ones. So to be asked to learn recorder at college was a blessing. I used mine with every class I had.

Three years later, with a few marriage problems developing, I moved to Temora West. Here I stayed for the rest of my career, to give my children something I never had; to complete their schooling in the one town and have friends for life. I had every class from 1st to 6th over the time I was there. I also had 5 different principals. I was Fed Rep for a while. I learned a lot in that position and had to sit through some disturbing interviews.

Talking of Federation, I had one principal whose friendly advice was, "Everyone should be a member, because one day it may be your only friend."

An incident at Temora High School brought that home. I had told my stepdaughter she should be a member, and she was thankful she joined. There was the very sad case of the suicide of one of the high school staff, and as she shared a staff room with the deceased whom she knew very well, she sought the assistance of Federation. The hearing was held at the local court house, and Joanne had the support of a QC sent by Federation. She was forever thankful of that assistance. The hearing resulted in a number of dismissals, including that of the Area Director and a Cluster Director and brought in some changes to conditions for teachers.

While in Temora, I participated in all the Christmas Oratorios as the reader. However in one we did, I started the presentation by singing solo, unaccompanied, the first few lines. Laurie Orchard, who despaired of my singing, would have been pleasantly surprised.

My marriage problems did not really heal. I was accused of being married to the school, which I guess a few other teaching families share. We had now had 5 children, but had lost one at two days. Then after 14 years, my wife Cheryl, ran off with a ladies lingerie salesman, leaving me with all four children. I had them on my own for almost 7 years, (no woman really wants to take on a man with 4 children in tow!!), but eventually someone did. Wilma, who some may have known as Wilma Preston at

WWTC in 1956 for a short time) became my saving angel. She had 4 children, only her youngest child overlapped with my eldest. Her support just can't be measured.

The day I first met many of Wilma's relations, one man, following a chat with Wilma came straight over to me, to say, "Remember me, I used be in your class in Cootamundra, and you weren't much older than us, were you?" I could remember him well, even to the seat he sat in. He was married with children, and was a veteran of the Vietnam war. Later on we became aware that his children showed signs of the effects of Agent Orange. Toby himself did not have good health, but outlived many of his soldier mates.

Beverley Sinclair (nee Cochrane) another ex-college girl, was one of my relief teachers.

When I walked out of teaching in 1997, with a nervous breakdown, Wilma did her best to help with my problems. I had thought I would have made the 40 years, and would avoid Gordon Young's "Welcome to the teaching profession" talk, where only a very few would retire happily, but, quoting the statistics, reported many would suffer mental

collapse. The latter, I had hoped to avoid. Also, again the Federation was my support, providing me with legal support, then a QC and free airfare and accommodation, to attend the case in Sydney, winning a settlement against the Department.

Since then I have spent a lot of time working with Work for the Dole boys, also ones doing community service, some of whom I had taught in primary school.

Wilma and I started a local Friends of the Cemeteries group, that still operates (others now carry it on), have done a lot of local history work for the Temora Shire, as well as publishing a book with Wilma, encompassing an area of the Shire. ("Our Place, Curragh, Dunnwell, Glynburn, Pucawan and Quandary.") Wilma had gone to school at Pucawan and Quandary.

For a time, we both came to Goulburn, to be nearer a lot of our relations. However, after some years, in tears, Wilma told me she wanted to go home. She was homesick for Temora and all her women friends who had shared so much together. I could not say no. So we sold the house in Goulburn, split the money. Wilma bought a unit close to the shops in Temora and I bought a small house close to the CBD and railway line in Goulburn. It gave me easi-

er access to my daughter at Ambarvale (near Campbelltown District Hospital) who had just been treated for breast cancer. I can travel by train to Temora or visit my daughter for \$2.50, so make regular use of it.

After an incident where I fell into a scam, Wilma, who had been a nurse for many years, declared she suspected most of my children and my siblings had varying levels of Autism, and wanted me to be tested. Sure enough, I am on that spectrum, at 24 on a scale to 100. That is enough to give me social problems, not know names etc, but remember train numbers. No wonder I found college and teaching difficult.

I mention this because in our book club, the first book we had was "House Rules", by Jodi Picoult. Eight of our ten members thought it was rubbish, no one behaved like that! So the remaining two of us, both ex-teachers had to educate them about autism. Only then was the book properly appreciated.

I still love history research, music, recorder and trains, typical of someone on the spectrum. In Goulburn I am a member of some recorder groups, (mostly playing Baroque music) and a book club. I still do work for Temora Shire Heritage.

Vale Frances Gavel (McKeough 1949-50)

Frances Thelma Gavel (nee McKeough 1949-50) passed away in December 2020. Frances was a Condobolin girl and after teaching initially at Ramsgate Public School, she returned to the Condobolin area, firstly at Trundle then Condobolin. She retired from teaching after marrying Dick Gavel in 1957 and spent the rest of her life helping run the family farm, Gulgo and immersing herself in the local community.

Frances was State President of the United Hospital Auxiliaries of NSW (UHA). She served over 50 years with UHA with 12 years on the State Executive, 7 of which were as State President (1986 to 1992) and one as State Treasurer. During her time as State President, the UHA raised over \$20,000

for NSW hospitals, a phenomenal achievement.

In 1994, Frances received the Order of Australia medal (OAM) in the Queen's birthday honours list. After retiring from State executive, she continued to serve as treasurer of the local branch.

Locally, Frances was a life member of Condobolin UHA branch, life member of PAHI Association and committee member as Chief Steward of sewing and handicrafts section of the show for over 30 years, member and treasurer of Condobolin Swimming Club, member and treasurer of the Wallaroi Bush Fire Brigade, president of the Infants School Mothers Club then member of the Primary and High School P&C Associations, member of the Condobolin Health Council, member and treasurer of the Condobolin Historical Society.

She helped run the family farm with the same commitment and vigour she gave



to community service. Her acumen in managing the finances and accounts particularly helped steer the farm through all the tough times of the past 50 years.

Frances was a wonderful host and held a vast

network of friendships across the country. An accomplished pianist, she completed all her Australian Music Examination Board piano grades. Her playing was enjoyed for many years, especially at Christmas.

Frances and Dick were happily married for 63 years. She is survived by Dick, her children, Paul and Carolyn and her grandchildren, Andrew and Isabeau.

Katelyn Rudd - Scholarship Recipient 2017

While it is sad to hear that many worthy students have missed out, it is great to hear that many students are applying for such a life changing scholarship, especially in comparison to other years. Lockdown during school holidays definitely is not ideal. However, I think it has its silver lining. I've come to notice recently the importance of teacher wellbeing and how often many teachers neglect it and their mental health for the sake of the profession. This lockdown, while unfortunate, provides that time for teachers to truly stop and take some time to refill our "wellbeing buckets" that by the end of term are often depleted. I have started a new position recently in my school in Picton. My school is one of ten schools within the Catholic Education Diocese of Wollongong (CEDoW) chosen to participate in the 2021 COVID Intensive Learning Sup-

port Program (CILSP). The CILSP will provide extra support for students with the greatest learning needs, following the disruptions caused by the COVID-19 pandemic and other natural disasters in 2020. The purpose of the CILSP is to deliver targeted and intensive small-group tuition support to students. This has involved me working closely with the assistant principal, my colleagues and other persons of support to deliver small group support to students in Stage 2 across reading, writing and mathematics. Whilst this has had its challenges as it has not been done before so it has involved designing and building something completely brand new. It has been exciting to be behind such initiatives and programs, realising that children, while resilient, have also suffered under COVID. Speaking to classroom teachers they have already noticed some positive improvements so I look forward to seeing what the rest of the year brings for these students.

While I have not encountered any of the wildlife of the sort described, we have not escaped Mother Nature. As you recall NSW once again suffered at the hands of Mother Nature with the 2021 floods in March. Picton was a town anticipated to be impacted, especially my school having suffered a devastating flood back in 2016. School days were often ended early with warnings of the river rising and afternoons were spent sand bagging the classrooms and placing belongings on higher ground. Thankfully we were one of the fortunate ones and escaped the harsh impacts. But I send my condolences out to those who sadly were not as fortunate. Thank you for getting in touch once again. I look forward to reading the article. Hopefully once restrictions have eased we can finally enjoy that face to face catch up. (with Chris and Jenny)

Kaye Schirmer (Bland 1962-63)

14 July 1944 – 7 August 2020

Both Kaye and I attended Fort Street Girls' High and were roommates at college in 1962 - 63. Kaye and Allan Schirmer met at college and married in 1966. Kaye taught at Kandos, Goulburn, Lake Keepit, Gunnedah, Werris Creek, Barooga, Barham, Wakool and Wellington. With the inheritance from her parents, Kaye and Allan purchased

a holiday home at Hat Head and thoroughly enjoyed the coastal lifestyle. Kaye ended her teaching career at Kulnura and retired to South West Rocks. Kaye was an avid reader, loving pet owner and a valued View Club member who travelled extensively within Australia and overseas. A couple of years ago Kaye was diagnosed with Dementia and less than two

weeks before her death she was diagnosed with Oesophagus Cancer. Kaye is sorely missed by her daughter, Kirsten, her grandchildren, Oscar and Nena and her many friends scattered throughout NSW. Special mention must be made of Sandy Brain nee Booth, who was a wonderful friend to Kaye from our college days until the day Kaye died. Elaine Saunders (Hardy 1962-63)

An appeal to each of you:

I am happy to compile and edit an interesting newspaper for you but it is only as good as the material I receive.

May I suggest in these modern times of retirement that a couple of pages incorporating some of the wonderful vacational tours you have indulged in would make good reading for others, especially since COVID will mean some time before overseas tours can be resumed.

Perhaps some of the hobbies that you have now had time to pursue would be worth an account.



Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association

KEEPING THE SPIRIT ALIVE IN 2021 TO SECURE THE FUTURE



IMPORTANT NOTICE

MEMBERSHIP CONTRIBUTIONS

To ensure the continued financial viability of the Wagga Wagga Teachers Alumni Association the following membership contributions and services will apply from 1 January 2021

a) Electronic Membership:

Receive all information and three (3) copies of *Talkabout* electronically. \$10.00 p.a.

b) Standard Membership:

Receive all information and three (3) printed copies of *Talkabout* via standard mail.
\$20.00 p.a.

In addition to either Electronic or Standard Membership members may choose to make additional contributions from the options below.

c) Additional Contributions:

- i. general donation to the Alumni for ongoing projects e.g. digitise archives from \$10.00.
- ii. specific donation to the WWTCAA Scholarship Fund from \$10.00.

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