



A PUBLICATION
OF THE ALUMNI OF
WAGGA TEACHERS' COLLEGE

TALKABOUT



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OUR DIAMOND JUBILEE

The year 2007 marks the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of Wagga Wagga Teachers' College. It existed for only twenty five years but in that time it gained the reputation for producing some of the finest teachers in the N.S.W. Department of Education.

Why was it so successful? There are many reasons for such success.

To begin with it was a practical institution. The lecturers had all been successful and outstanding classroom practitioners who were able to instruct and inspire their students.

Because our College was residential it meant that many of the lecturers lived in harmony with the students and our College participated in community activities such as church, social and sports which gave us an introduction to the community.

In the early years the ex-servicemen added early maturity to the younger students and although they were deemed to be more privileged than the ex-high school students there was barely a trace of this. Added to these there were some students who had come in from other occupations seeking a more challenging career.

Many of our lecturers participated in extra-curricular activities such as sport, drama and interest groups ensuring that there was a solid core to "our College". Any gaps in our training were filled by the fact that we were a community dedicated to producing top line classroom teachers.

Students were exposed to regular demonstration lessons at Gurwood Street Public School. These were not rehearsed lessons and we were privy to classroom triumphs and classroom tragedies from which we learned some of the do's and don'ts. Some of us were privileged to watch a very young dem teacher Doug Swan in action. Yes, it was the Doug Swan who became the Director of Education in the 70's.

Although Wagga Wagga Teachers' College was designed to produce primary teachers, many of its graduates gained degrees and transferred to secondary schools, some of them going on to become Principals of High Schools and some gained further promotion. But also there were many who remained dedicated to primary teaching where they earned great community respect.

I can give you one example of our preparation for teaching. It concerns the Training of the Small Schools Section.

Our lecturer, Eric Hawcroft, arranged small schools demonstrations and prepared us for a small schools community life.

"When you go to a small school community you will occupy an important place in the community!"

He advocated that we be competent in a sport and be able to dance.

During P.E. lectures our session was coached tennis by Bob Howe (who was an Australian Davis Cup representative) for five weeks. Then for five weeks the Small Schools Section was joined by the Infants Section to learn dancing. We all thought that this was great!

Each student had to make a teaching aid each week. When I was appointed as a T.I.C. I had a tin trunk full of substantial and operational teaching aids.

We were indeed indebted to Eric Hawcroft.

I'm sure other graduates of Wagga Wagga Teachers' College would praise equally their lecturers for their solid preparation. For many years friendships were rekindled by reunions – some small, some open – and then ten years ago the Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Alumni Association was formed.

Our College paper Talkabout was resurrected and has been very successful, a Scholarship Fund was created and has now reached over \$54,000. So far \$15,000 has been dispersed as Scholarships to students of Charles Sturt University Wagga Campus.

We now face the proposed amalgamation with C.S.U. graduates and students. It is something for all of us to think about so that decisions can be made at our Diamond Jubilee Reunion in September.

WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ?

Lew Morrell (1949-50)

WWTC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

INAUGURAL AMALGAMATION MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting was held at the Teachers Credit Union building on 13th February, 2007.

We were pleased to welcome back President Bob Collard who has been recuperating after major surgery.



PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

2006 might well be identified as a year of reflection.

Reflection on what has been achieved not only in the calendar year but what had been initiated and consolidated in the decade since our establishment.

Reflection on the uniqueness of this alumni which continued with its strong bonding and ongoing commitment to each other, particularly in our more difficult times.

No-one is more aware of this than our family as we battled through this year, but with the certain knowledge and thankfulness that we had the support and friendship of all in our alumni. Reflection on the members of the management committee for their dedication and willingness to spend vast amounts of time and personal expense in stepping up to attend meetings, often outside the Sydney environment; ensuring the ongoing development of Talkabout, the in-depth search for missing alumni, the monitoring and guidance on our financial situation, the leadership at meetings when I was unable to attend, the contribution to decision making at our meetings and the sincere belief of all in what we hope to achieve.

Reflection on the improved association and future directions between WWTC Alumni and CSU.

Reflection on the roll and necessary support of CSU Alumni, their expertise and continued efforts under reduced circumstances.

Reflection on the future path we will follow to preserve the identity and importance of WWTC.

My final reflection would be on the feeling of humility that permeates our contributions.

To have been given the opportunity and encouragement to pursue our aspiration has been an experience that we all must treasure.

Our enduring gratitude must be extended to the Teachers Credit Union for their ongoing encouragement through the use of their facilities and the courtesy and preparation of the rooms and organisation of our lunches. Finally, the gathering at the Reunion in September, 2007 should be an outstanding and history making occasion.

Let's make it so.

Bob Collard MBE.

The election of office bearers for 2007 was conducted by Michelle Fawkes and resulted in:

President: Bob Collard MBE
Vice President: Graeme Wilson
Secretary: Dorothy Tanner
Treasurer: Lindsay Budd
Auditor: Margaret Easterbrook
Research & Records: Ann Smith
Talkabout Editors: {Lindsay Budd}
{Lew Morrell }

Other Committee Members:

Phil Bastick, Col Crittenden, Mal Hanratty, Nigel Tanner, Kevin & Win Wilcox.

The Inaugural Amalgamation Meeting was held at Charles Sturt University at Wagga Wagga on Monday, 11th December, 2006.

Our Alumni delegation comprised Malcolm Hanratty, Winifred and Kevin Wilcox and myself.

The C.S.U. delegation comprised Karen Jamieson, Professor David Green, Michelle Fawkes (per radio link), Professor Tom Lowrie, Head of School of Education, Dr Andrew Wallace, Course Co-Ordinator, and Roslin Brennan Kemmis, Senior Lecturer in Education.

The main points in proposed changes to the Constitution were as follows :-

- that the name of our Alumni be changed to Wagga Wagga Teachers' Alumni.
- that "The University" means "Charles Sturt University Wagga Campus.
- that the management board be changed from five to ten members of which the Official Head of the School of Education be a member ex officio.
- that membership and finance be handled by the C.S.U. Wagga Campus.

Lew Morrell

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From Ann's Mailbag



Where are we going? .We know we can't stay as we are, especially with the new amalgamation. It is essential that we find as many people as possible otherwise not all our eligible Alumni people will have had the opportunity to be on the mailing list. Some members don't want to be listed. That's fine! Just let us know and "No – their Choice" will be placed against that name,

At present there are c 4,800 names and c 635 are not accounted for. Each posting, some newsletters for various reasons are not received and they come back to the Alumni Office marked "Return to Sender". In the December posting there were less Returns and I was able to find more than half before the owners realised that they had not been received. Some of these included **Murray Millar (Pioneer)**, **Knox Durrant (50- 51)**, **Phillip Carlton (58-59)**, **Tony Ireland (64-65)**, **Ken Freer (56-57)** **Richard McEvoy (64-65)**, **Noeline Trotter nee McAuliffe (1965)**, **Catherine Harris nee Stratton (66-67)** and **Norma Laing nee Perkins (59-60)**

In Memoriam is on another place in this Talkabout. Here is some more information about these people. Karen Conlay told me that her husband, **Bernard Charles Conlay (1966-67)** died about six years ago. **Marion Fox (62-63)** was a great Librarian and teacher and a passionate unionist. She taught in Victoria, but died in Wollongong. **Ralph Perrott (56-57)** died last November from Muscular Dystrophy.

William Dawe (53-54) also died in November 2006. Is my Information correct that **Robert Denny (57-58)** is deceased, and was **George Sydney O'Brien (1966-67)** the student who died while at College?

Thank you **Barbara Deece (1961-62)** for helping find more addresses when they were having a reunion in Tweed Heads in November 2006. **Marie Eedy nee Tafft (49-50)** retired nine years ago and has a guest house In Orange. She wants to keep in touch. I have found all the **Keeleys** except **Louise Gwendoline Keeley** who is marked being at Wagga in 1971 and graduating 1974. Where is she? There are a lot who enrolled in 1971 still without an address and there are at least four people in each sections 6614, 6615, 6616 and 6617 who have never had an address on the WWTC Data Base.

Glenda Wade (66-67) and **Catherine Denise Whittaker (66-67)**. Do you live on the Gold Coast?

Norma Laing lost her home in the Canberra bushfires 3 years ago. I seem to have lost touch with some of the Overseas ex-student members. **Robert Caden (1957-58)** in Canada, **Beverly Hicks (52-53)** in New Guinea and **Therese Kennedy (68-70)** in Singapore are some who come to mind.

It is interesting to learn about some of the other occupations and interests taken by ex students from Wagga. **John Uncle (66-67)** is an Aid Station Director of Iron Man. **Frank Piasecki (66-67)** head of sport at a college in Burleigh Heads. **Vernon David Johns** is on a farm at Gilgandra; **Raymond Markey (66-67)** is a professor at Wollongong University. **Brian Upton (59-60)** is interested in Family History.

Does anyone remember **Miss S M Siebert**, **Miss A O King** and **Miss S M Kiddle**? They were all librarians or assistant librarians of the College library in June 1950.

In conclusion thank you **Lilian Chapman nee Davies (1960-61)** for recognising by way of a letter the amount of work done by the Research and Records Officer I do hope I will

meet you at the Open Reunion in September this year in Wagga.

In Memoriam

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

Bernard Charles Conlay 1966-67
About six years ago.

Ralph William Dawe 1953-54
Died 18th November 2006

Marion Fox 1962-63
Died 19th November 2006

Terence Gleeson 1947-49
Died 21st June 2006

Arthur Angus Kennedy 1947-49
Died 14th October 2006

Ralph Perrott 1956-57
Died 13th November 2006

Neil Dalziel (husband of Maureen)

Robert Victor Denny 1964-65
To be confirmed.

THE BIG REUNION

There are still places available for the 60th Anniverary reunion. If you have misplaced your application form you can download one from the CSU website:

<http://news.csu.edu.au/alumni>,

OR

phone Michelle at the Alumni Office. Ph 02 63384629.

1959-62 SESSIONS

The sessions from 1959 to 1962 are getting together for Brunch on the Sunday of the reunion weekend.

When: Sunday 30 September

Where: WW Boat Club

Time: 10.30 am to Noon

Cost: \$10.00 per head

Organiser:

Ray Petts – 02 6928 5515

Send payment to Ray Petts at:
"Akoonah"

RMB 916A Mangoplak Road
Wagga Wagga NSW 2650.

TEACHING MEMORIES

CUMMERAGUNJA ABORIGINAL SCHOOL

Part 2

Robert Smyth continues the story of his first appointment and the two years he spent as TIC of Cummeragunja.

A Lesson Well Learnt.

When you are young and brash, you make some terrible mistakes. I suppose everyone does the same. Hopefully, we learn from them!

One day, I was writing on the board and one of the boys was making silly comments and fooling about every time I turned to write. I, in my boundless wisdom, said that he should be careful because I might just turn around and throw the piece of chalk at him. He thought that was a great joke and replied, "You couldn't hit me anyway!!" I continued writing and was using a good sized piece of chalk. It wasn't long before he started up again. I suddenly whipped around and let fly with the chalk. It flew as straight as an arrow and hit him fair between the eyes. I'm not sure who got the biggest shock, me? him? or every other kid in the class? When I recovered somewhat I said, "Now, pick it up, bring it back to me, then sit down and get on with your work!!" He scrambled out of his seat, picked up the chalk and brought it out to me with a stunned look of disbelief on his face. He sat down again and didn't lift his head again for the rest of the session.

For some time after that, whenever I turned from writing on the board, every kid ducked! I made a silent little vow to myself never to make rash statements to kids, and never throw anything at a kid again. That vow was sustained for the next 42 years of my teaching career, even though at times I felt like throwing much more the a piece of chalk at some of my 'gems'.

Money, Equipment and Supplies.

I was appalled by the lack of equipment, no money and no Parents and Citizens Association. I had bought myself a new 'duplicator' which was a roll-on type like the old roll-on blotter. I would cut a 'stencil' (half a sheet of Gestetner stencil) paint ink on the pad, stretch the stencil over it, secure it with rubber bands, then roll it on to each student's book. The kids thought it was magic!

I wrote to the inspector asking if there were any funds I could use to get some basic equipment such as a typewriter, duplicator, tape player etc. He did some investigation and found out that schools like mine could access a special fund for the purpose and no one had used it for at least 10 years. Of course, the Department didn't think they should advise the Teacher-in-Charge about such funds!! I was able to access this money plus the unused

amount for the whole time since the fund had commenced.

The kids thought it was Christmas (and so did I) when all the new equipment came. The spirit duplicator was a great hit and the kids would inhale the 'metho' fumes when I handed out a freshly duplicated work sheet!! (I did not think anything sinister about it at the time!)

Free Milk.

During the 1960's, the Government provided free milk to all students in schools. At Cummeragunja, there was no milk delivery at all. The school was supplied with a large galvanized cylinder with a lid and plunger, a large galvanized jug and tins of powdered milk. The Save The Children Organization provided tins of Actavite. On the second or third day, Maxine came to me and said, "Aren't we havin' milk any more?" I asked for more information and she showed me the mixer and tins and 'taught' me the procedure. At recess time, we took the gear out to the bubblers, rinsed the dust out of the cylinder, put one mug of water in for every student and one for the teacher, one spoonful of powdered milk as for the water, and one spoonful of Actavite for each. We replaced the lid and worked the plunger up and down to mix it all up. We poured it into the large jug and all the kids lined up with their own mugs, held them out for a fill-up and stood in the shade of the tree to drink it. Every student lined up and I can't remember any student refusing to have their mug of Actavite.

We then washed it all out meticulously and returned it to the cupboard. That continued for the whole of the two years I spent at the school.

Physical Education Adviser.

In those enlightened days, various Advisers travelled about the schools to 'help' the teachers with their teaching - Music, Art, Phys. Ed., etc. The first one to arrive was the Phys. Ed. Adviser. I had been at the school for a couple of months and the children were quite confident and working well for me. I remembered my first day and the Inspector's visit so spoke quietly to the kids before he came and told them that he was an expert P.E. teacher and would teach them some great games. He took them out to the paddock near the school and started to play 'What's the time Mr Wolf?' With my encouragement, they reluctantly started out following his instructions while I stood in the shade of a tree.

To my embarrassment, one by one, the children broke off and came and stood beside me in the shade. Eventually, I had all students standing close to me, leaving him standing out on his own. I tried to explain that they were just shy with strangers! He asked me how I took P.E. and said he would stand in the shade

and watch. With much trepidation, I took the students through a normal P.E. lesson and they performed admirably. About half way through the lesson, he wandered over to me and said, "It is obvious that you know more than me with these children and don't need my help." With that, he walked back to his car and drove off!

I don't know whether he reported back to the Inspector or not, but I did not see another adviser for the next two years!

Health Sisters and Vaccinations.

One day a car arrived and two Health Department Sisters came into the school to inform me that all the children had to have Anti-Polio Vaccinations. That meant NEEDLES!!! When I mentioned this to the kids they all went 'white' in the face!! I sympathised with them this time because I also hate needles. They all point blank refused to have needles and threatened to take off to the bush if we insisted. I asked the Sisters if I was to have one too. When they said yes, I asked them to wait outside while I talked to the kids. (I contemplated joining them 'up the bush').

I talked about Polio and what a dreadful disease it was. I told them that I had to have a needle too and that I hated them as much as they did. I made an 'agreement' with them, that if I went first, would they follow me?? They agreed, so we all lined up, me in front, sleeves rolled up and trooped past like sheep. I stood by and held the hands of those shaking badly and every student had their injections.

We all went over and sat under the tree while the Sisters packed up their gear and left. After a while I walked around to check on them, then said, "Well, how about that? We all survived!!" I was greeted with big round eyes and beaming smiles so we went back into class and continued from where we had stopped when 'those needles' arrived.

Ned Atkinson and Mark Cooper.

Ned was a small, wiry, tough lad who did not like to be pushed around. Mark was a big lad who liked to tease the others occasionally. One morning I was writing work on the board and Ned was muttering and complaining. I told him to be quiet and get on with his work. Every time I turned to write, Ned would start again and I would tell him to get on with his work.

This went on for a while until there was a startled yell of agony and Mark leaped out of his seat and rushed out to me screaming, "Look at what Ned did!!" There, imbedded to the hilt in his arm, was Ned's ink pen. (We used pens with steel nibs and ink) I pulled it out, poured neat acriflavine into the wound and put a bandage on his arm. I then turned to Ned who had been vehemently declaring his innocence all the time and said, "Please explain?" He

TEACHING MEMORIES

explained with much arm waving, that every time I turned to write on the board, Mark would jab him in the back with his ruler. When I kept blaming Ned for the noise, he turned the pen around in his hand, waited until I turned back to the board, then suddenly struck out with his pen and scored a direct hit. I turned to Mark and said, "Is that correct?" He said, "Yes". I said, "Did you get what you deserved?" He said, "Yes". So I said, "What punishment should Ned have?" Mark replied, "None Sir!"

So that was the end of it. Mark's arm healed up well and the ink was not toxic! I don't think Mark ever picked on Ned again! !

The War.

One evening, Johnny Lawford and I were out kicking the football in the paddock next to their house, which was situated about 1 mile from the Cummeragunja settlement, across the river.

We heard what sounded like a high powered rifle being fired over at the settlement. It went off 5 or 6 times, then we heard a lot of shots obviously from smaller rifles. This went on for several minutes. The high powered shots continuing, with dozens of smaller calibre shots also continuing. Finally it all stopped and we heard no more.

Next morning I walked to school as the roads were impassable to cars and bikes. As I came to the settlement it seemed strangely quiet-even deserted. There weren't even any chooks scratching about. I stopped behind a tree and observed for a while but could see no movement. I wondered if I should proceed or go back home and ring the inspector. I decided to venture on. I felt like someone in a wild west movie, walking down the deserted track between the houses, feeling I was being watched by many hidden eyes! I kept on going, very nervously, until I made it to the school and quickly unlocked and dived inside.

When my heart rate and breathing returned to something like normal, I set about preparing for the day, but watching out the windows for any movement. At about 9.15, the kids started to sneak out of the trees along the river and dart inside and sit down, keeping their heads down. When they had all arrived, I felt like crouching down on the floor too, but asked, "What happened?" This time they all tried to tell me at once. I finally restored some order and got them to speak one at a time.

It seems that the day before, a very well known part-time resident of Cummeragunja had returned. The part-time residency was because, for the most part, he resided in prison! Apparently he had a faithful girlfriend who waited patiently for him and they lived in a small one-roomed tin hut. He was out playing marbles with some of the other unemployed young men when his girlfriend came out to

call him in for his evening meal. He had not finished his game and told her so by punching her in the face! She scuttled back into the hut.

One of the other young men, who was a close friend of the woman, quietly got up, walked off and found a branch of a tree, sneaked up behind the 'crim' and smashed the branch across his head. It would have killed a normal person. All it did was stun him for a few minutes—long enough for every person in the vicinity to disappear. The 'crim' got up, walked into his hut and came out with a .303 rifle. He then ran about the settlement, swearing at anyone and everyone, and firing off the rifle in every direction.

Within a minute, there was a continual hail of .22 calibre bullets flying out from the houses. The 'crim' made a run for the river and jumped over the bank. He continued to shoot back over the bank for a while, then ran for the river and swam across backstroke with one arm, firing the .303 back at the other blokes who, by this time, were lined up on the bank trying to get him in the river. He made it across the river and scrambled up the bank and into the trees. He fired the last few shots back across the river and then apparently ran out of ammunition. He disappeared into the trees in Victoria.

When the 'war' started, the women and kids all took off for the bush. The kids returned next morning to come to school, not knowing if the 'crim' was still there or not.

The most amazing thing about this event was that no-one was hit by a bullet!! I suppose that is why they had not joined the army!

The 'crim' was apprehended a few days later and returned to prison. The settlement breathed a sigh of relief and settled back down until the next time he was let out!!!

An Irrate Parent.

One of the problems at the settlement was with treatment of sores, cuts, boils and such. With some of the money from the special grant, I bought a good supply of bandages, disinfectant, band-aids and so on. Each morning I had 'Wound Parade' because I could not stand teaching the kids with large pus-filled uncovered sores on their legs and arms. I had sent notes home to the parents asking them to buy some disinfectant and bandages and treat the kids before they came to school.

Tommo and Robbo Weston were regular customers every morning. One day I saw Mr Weston (who only had one arm) drive a 'new' car into the settlement. The next morning, Tommo and Robbo arrived with their uncovered sores as usual. As I treated them, I asked if Mum had got some disinfectant to treat them at home. I got the usual reply, "We can't afford them". I, in my young, inexperienced naivety said, "Oh! I saw Dad come home with a new car yesterday - surely

he can afford to buy some bandages and Dettol??"

Early next morning, I was sitting at my desk, writing up the day's programme when the front screen door was almost ripped off its hinges and in barged a very angry Mrs Weston. She snarled at me, "Are you slingin orf at my kids??"

At first I had no idea what she was on about. She gave me a tongue lashing about their private affairs, what her husband did with his money, and how much she had and went on and on until I finally worked out that it had something to do with buying disinfectant.

When she had exhausted her tirade, I apologised for upsetting her and explained that I had been treating her kids for the past 6 months and thought it was a good idea for the parents to help a bit. She claimed she had never received any note about it, calmed down, promised to buy some Dettol and 'stuff' that day and then offered to help drive the kids in to the dentist in their new car. They didn't call me "Old Silver-Tongue" for nothing.

Mav May Walker and Morning Talks.

This story may or may not be true. If Colin or Roy ever read it, they may say it was a load of rubbish - anyway, this is how the story went.

Each morning, I would get the Upper Division kids to work with tasks written on the board or from work sheets, then take the Lower Division kids into the next room for Morning Talks, Tables, Pre Reading, Spelling etc. This particular morning, May May was beside herself, brimming over with her morning talk. I finally got them all settled and said, "Now, May May, your turn for morning talk.

Quote:- (as close as my memory can be.)

'Yesterday my Uncle Roy came to visit us. Daddy was at work. Uncle Roy and Mummy went into the bedroom and shut the door. Daddy came home from work and he and Uncle Roy started to fight. They ran about inside a bit then Uncle Roy ran outside. Daddy was chasing him and yelling and swearing at him. They were running round and round the house. As Daddy ran past the wood heap, he grabbed the axe and chased after Uncle Roy. As they ran past the car, Daddy swung the axe at Uncle Roy but missed him and hit the car. You ought to see the 'dirty big hole' he put in the side of the car!!!'

I just said, "Thank you May May. Whose turn is it next for morning talk?" Whether it was true or not is pure conjecture. As I walked home that day, I walked past Colin's car and sure enough, there was a 'dirty big hole' in the side of it!!!

(to be continued in the next issue)



ROOM MATES REUNITED

Ann Smith has spent countless hours searching for lost Alumni.

She finally caught up with one of her room mates of 1948-50.

The photo shows Dora Amos (Boughton) and Ann Smith (Broadhead) who have met up for the first time in 56 years.

Ann and Dora roomed together in a room for six. Ann has also traced Pat Bool, Fay Kendall, Phillipa Albery and Margaret Bailey (Christie). She has been able to meet up with five of the 6.

Most of us have received letters from 'concerned' parents. This one was received by Ann Smith and passed on to me. It was laboriously written in capital letters and I have reproduced it with the actual spelling. Ed

DEAR MADAM,

I AM WRITTING THIS LETTER BECAUSE OF THE WAY YOUR SPORTS DAY WAS HELD.

I DID NOT ATTEND BUT ONE OF THE OTHER MOTHERS TOLD ME THAT WHAT MY DAUGHTER SAID WAS INDEED CORECT, "THAT SHE HAD WON HER RACE AND WAS NOT EVEN GIVEN A PLACE BECAUSE THE JUDGES (TEACHERS) WERE NOT IN A SUITABEL POSITION TO JUDGE AND THAT THEY WERE TO BUSY TALKING"

I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT IF YOU WERE GOING TO HOLD SUCH EVENTS THAT THE JUDGEING WOULD BE AS FAIR AS POSSIBLE, I SEE THAT FAIRNESS IS NOT A HIGH PRIORITY. I HAVE ALWAYS TAUGHT MY CHILDREN NOT TO WORRY IF THEY DONT WIN, BUT TO TRY THEIR HARDEST. BUT IT HURTS WHEN YOU SEE THAT THEY TRIED THEIR HARDEST AND SUCCEEDED THEN THROUGH NO FAULT OF THERE OWN TO MISS OUT.

MY DAUGHTER DID NOT COMPLAIN, WHEN ASKED SHE TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED AND THEN WENT AND PLAYED, SHE WAS NOT HAPPY. MY OTHER CHILD LOST HIS RACE BUT DID NOT COMPLAIN BECAUSE HE TRIED AND LOST NOT WON. IF ANY OF MY OTHER CHILDREN HAD SAID THAT THEY WON AND NOT GOT A PLACE I WOULD BE SKEPTICAL BUT MY DAUGHTER MOVES LIKE GRESSED LIGHTENING AND WITH THE OTHER MOTHER AFFIRMATION I BELIVE HER.

I WILL NO LONGER ALOW MY CHILDREN TO PARTICAPATE IN THESE EVENTS, THEY WILL ONLY BE ALLOWED TO ATTEND CLASSES, NO MORE. COMPETITION IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL ONLY IF THE EVENT ISNT RIGGED.

I NOW KNOW WHY THE YOUNG PEOPLE LEAVING SCHOOL CANT READ OR WRITE THE TEACHERS ARE TO BUSY TALKING OR LOOKING OUT FOR THEM SELVES.

IF IT SEEMS BY THIS LETTER THAT IM MAD, THEN YOU ARE DAMED RIGHT! I AM MAD.

FROM A UPSET PARENT.

REUNION PAGE

REPORT ON WWTC REUNION 1963-64

Held in Armidale on 26 to 28- 01- 07

A great reunion of 63-64 students was held in Armidale on the Australia Day weekend from 26 to 28th Jan. Ex-students and partners attending were Jock and Gail Grant, Grahame and Fay (Bailey) Keast, John Cassidy, Judith Dark, Vanlyn Davy, Graeme O'Brien and his wife Sue, Gerard Say, Tom McKinnon, Marion Giddy (Smith), Mervyn Smith and his wife Helen, Suzanne King (Upton) and her husband Gerd and last but by no means least my great friend Russell Warfield and his wife Lauren. Russ and I have been friends for forty four years and he was best man at my wedding in Gunnedah in 1976. It was sad that my room mate at College – David Giles and his wife Lyn (who graduated with me in 1965 – Yes! I repeated) could not be present but

David rang me on the day the reunion ended to find out how it all went. There were apologies from others including Dennis Forsythe, Bill Semple, Robert Hughes, Bernie and Janice (Kerin) Fitzpatrick and Catherine Morris. If I have omitted anybody from this list I apologise. Russ and Lauren arrived on Thursday and we had a great dinner and revived many fond memories of WWTC. The next day it was off to Saumarez Homestead to view the National Trust home and a very enjoyable time was had there except when Russ was backing out of the car park to be abused by another driver. It just happened to be Grahame Keast who was up to his old tricks..

The evening of Australia Day was held at the Wicklow Hotel where dinner was served and between dinner and drinks many memories of our time at WWTCV were discussed. The Wicklow staff were great and a great night was had by all. An interesting incident occurred at the Wicklow when two twenty year old ladies arrived at the door and certain male members of our group thought this was wonderful. Actually they were two ex-students of mine who had come upstairs to say hello to me.

On Saturday the majority of the party joined the Heritage Tour of Armidale with myself as the tour guide. It was a



L to R Back Row: Tom McKibbin, Sue Upton (King), John Cassidy, Russ Warfield, Merv Smith, Graham O'Brien. L to R Front Row: Fay Keast (Bailey), Van Davy, Colin (Jock) Grant, Marion Giddy (Smith), Graeme Keast.

great tour – with me being heckled a great deal but I'm glad to say I gave back as good as I got.. Response to the tour was great and I urge any ex-students coming to Armidale to take this tour. The Heritage Tour goes from the Tourist Information Centre from 10 am to 12.30 pm and is a free tour. (7 days a week).

Following the tour a relaxing lunch was held at the New England Regional Art Gallery.

Evening activities included dinner at the Imperial Hotel. Judith Dark arrived that evening by train and joined in the festivities – she had been in Tamworth attempting the World record in Line Dancing. As the evening was drawing to a conclusion some local lads let off a fire extinguisher at the Hotel which created a thick mist in the Hotel gardens. Graeme O'Brien and myself rushed to give a lecture to the offenders but instead found that the two young men were victims of the incident. They had been having a quiet drink in the gardens when hit by the fire extinguisher. Life is never dull in Armidale.

Some of our company had to leave early on Sunday but twelve brave souls made it to FUSIONS for a farewell coffee. Every last Sunday of the month in Armidale is a market day – held in the Mall – and the ladies in the party had a

field day shopping. After sad farewells it was home and I spent the afternoon sleeping after an exhausting but thoroughly enjoyable and sentimental weekend.

There is the possibility of a reunion down the South Coast in March 2008. For later information you can email keasty@telstra.com.

Jock Grant.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

The next meetings of the Alumni Association will be held at the Teachers Credit Union Building Homebush at 11 am on: Tuesday 8th May 2007 and Tuesday 14th August 2007. All Alumni are welcome.

WWTC ALUMNI LUNCHEONS

The next two luncheons will be held at Icons Brasserie in the Marriott Hotel, Pitt St Sydney on: 15th May 2007 and 21st August 2007. For bookings contact Lindsay Budd on 02 96013003 a week before.

LETTERS PAGE

Dear Editor,

I enjoyed the November 2006 issue of Talkabout very much.

Of particular interest to me was Jenny Briggs' article on train travel. I too remember many freezing hours on Goulburn station waiting for 'Old Smokey' to take us to Cooma.

Also, Jenny's account of her trip on the Shongololo train from Victoria Falls to Johannesburg was interesting to me as that journey (and/or St Petersburg) is the next item on my travel wish list.

As Margaret and Brian McGowan were also in my cohort, I enjoyed reading her news.

My most fulfilling years in education were at boarding high schools in Papua New Guinea. For most of the time I was in charge of social sciences, girls' welfare and girls' sport (Kerevat and Madang, 1968-73).

In 2003 I traveled in Peru and Argentina, which I'd thoroughly recommend, though I only stayed a few weeks.

Lately house renovations have used up much of my spare cash, but I hope to 'do' the above travel before the knees break down.

Yours sincerely,

Nancy Munro (1957-58)

Dear Lew,

I have just received a copy of the latest TALKABOUT and read with interest Ray Fielder's desire to catch up with the team members of the Australian Rules Team of 1951.

I must confess that I have received a bit of a razzing since the publication of that photo. It seems to have got into the hands of church folk as well as fellow members of the local SFS.

I did play my last games of Aussie Rules in Culcairn when I was 55. I soon hung the boots up after that. Maybe we can all meet at the 60th Reunion and get the photograph taken then as I plan to be there.

Since College days I taught for a few years at Primary School teaching before I turned to Science teaching in Orange. I married Jenny in 1958 and since then I've been through the 'mill' finishing my career at Ulladulla High School in 1991.

We have had four great children. Bruce is a solicitor with the Attorney General Department in Sydney. Doug is a teacher in Darwin, James is a farmer/audiologist in Tamworth and Jill is a nurse in Austin Texas.

In our spare time I completed a BA and an MSc in Earth Sciences and Jenny completed a degree in Psychology graduating in Wagga on the same day as our daughter.

After I retired Jenny and I went to Tassie for six years where I completed a PhD in Geology. Title: 'Aspects of Ordovician conodonts and the Stratigraphy of Thailand and Tasmania.' Funny, no one has beaten a path to my door requiring additional information on that topic.

Jenny and I now reside in Mollmook and we are able to visit our four children and their families and our twelve lovely grandchildren. I write the odd science paper and I am mostly involved with gardening, conducting a small choir, Rotary and the SES.

Jenny is an avid quilter and spends some of her time with a groups of Creative Writers. We have had a very fortunate life.

Christmas this year will be in Austin, Texas where we will be visiting our daughter, husband and our two lovely grandchildren. We will see the other families and their offspring in January on our return.

Best wishes to all,

Robin Cantrill (1950-51)

Dear Michelle,

Just a note to say I received the latest issue of Talkabout on email for the first time. As I live in Tennessee in the USA

it is a very efficient way to receive a copy.

I am retired from teaching now but I did a little "substitute teaching" here in the US before deciding to completely give it away.

I have always enjoyed reading Talkabout. Please keep up the good work that you are doing.

Kind regards,

Kerrie Forrester (BYFIELD 1967-68)

Dear Michelle,

I have been receiving Talkabout for a number of years now without my acknowledgement. It is high time for that to be rectified. Firstly I thank you, or was it Anne Smith, for tracking me and continuing to send the Magazine, and find enclosed something towards postage and the scholarship fund.

Being an outdoor student living at home in my WWTC years of 61/62 made me a little more detached from college life than others in my 617 Junior Secondary section. However I have distinct recollections of a number of people and occasions.

Lecturers: Gammage, Mackieweiz, struggling to inspire would-be secondary science teachers, and E. Bridges doing the same - in academic gown! !! in maths. (Do I hear "We'll make Fanny Bridges do a Can Can in the gym..." to the tune of Glory Glory Hallelujah or am I hearing things? I'm sure the above must have got a hearty rendition more than once on a bus coming home on the last day of a 3-week prac at Cootamundra or somewhere)

And then there was the sincere fellow (in academic gown of course) who seriously persisted in attempting to get us 18 and 19 year-olds to phonetically analyse speech with an exam at the end which we all failed bar 1 or 2. The majority of the class treated it all as some sort of cruel joke, totally irrelevant, which it was.

LETTERS PAGE

Occasions: The famous march to meet Hale at the bridge and his response, of course, would stand alone. Standing in line fortnightly, to receive that allowance. How many pounds was it? - wonderful days. And then of course Gaudeamus Igitur with L. Orchard on piano. Meant nothing but a ridiculous imposition then (did anyone ever tell us what we were singing about as we fulfilled tradition?), but now, on nostalgic reflection, stirs the soul.

I'm now about to retire like everyone else of my era, having owned and run a tutoring business for the last 17 years. Prior to that I taught science in private schools in Sydney and Newcastle, married a nurse, had children, held out for six years as principal of a mission High School in PNG, gained a degree along the way from Macquarie Uni, which followed my first appointment to Finley High school for 3 years. How brief is a working life, yet rich and sufficient when one teaches.

Archie Steel 61/62 Jun Sec

Dear Lindsay,

Please find attached my Talkabout subscription for 2006. Now that we have a satellite dish I'll take advantage of receiving it by e-mail. Previous dial-up connection was at the end of 20kms of ancient copper wire. Very frustrating!

I look forward to receiving my copy of Talkabout and am amazed at the different paths which we have travelled since leaving WWTC. I am sure there will be a chuckle from some when I say that I was recently subpoenaed by the RSPCA to appear as an "expert" witness in an animal cruelty case.

A different path was the Kokoda Track. As a 70yr. old I was able to negotiate this last year without too much difficulty but it had been a great incentive to get fit. Our party contained a doctor and dentist and various others who were able to make a contribution to the locals so we were able to take our time and smell the roses. Spent a little time in the classroom at Menari. Thirty-nine children who seemed to range in

age from about three to young teenagers. The ubiquitous machetes were just placed neatly on the floor underneath the desks! Some of the senior students at Kokoda were walking more than 15kms each way. Very little equipment though the Principal at Kokoda had a state-of-the-art loud hailer.

We had a lot of fun with a Shanghai competition which I organised at Menari. The whole village turned out. Everyone has what they call a "rubber gun". I probably hadn't used one for over 50yrs so didn't win.

Soccer and touch football extremely popular. Locals are magnificent builders, linguists and gardeners but hopeless diesel mechanics.

Had a dawn service at Isurava where Bruce Kingsbury won his VC. Very emotional! Also walked the beachhead from Buna through Sanananda to Gona. Discarded and wrecked military hardware, from both sides, still very evident.

Bob Muir (1952-53)

"Nullamanna"

Barham 2732.

Hullo Lins,

Have just read the July 2006 Talkabout kindly provided to me by a relation. I failed to receive this edition so thought I must have been taken off the mailing list.

(Knox's Talkabout had been returned because the Postcode for Barham had been incorrect. That has been remedied and he should now get Talkabout. Ed)

I enjoyed "Goodger's" snapshot of Mick Rowlands and relived some escapades we were both involved in. I recalled playing footy somewhere and Mick, in his usual unscientific way, made an attack on a wall of opposition players and came off second best! As he fought to regain his senses, many suggested he should retire and have a rest session. Irrespective of the mantle the messenger had, Mick would wave his hands about and endeavour to convince he was OK.

When all efforts had failed, I tapped him on the shoulder and said quite sternly, "Mick, I am the Captain, and you are to go off". To which Mick replied, "I am the Vice-Captain and I am bloody not going off!"

Still running a farming operation with the assistance of our youngest son. The last four years have been a relentless battle due to annual severe water restrictions. This year has been especially severe, as NO water allocation was made available.

Irrigation water is no longer "tied to the land" - it can be bought and sold like shares on the Stock Exchange. To provide the basic water needs for our stock and domestic use, we have had to purchase water from those not wanting to use it. Imagine our disgust and frustration, when the NSW Government stepped in and "stole" from us, without any compensation, some 52% of the water we (all landholders) had. Their aim being to safeguard the 83% of allocation all townspeople had been given.

People who had planned and bought water to keep their enterprises mainly intact, suddenly found themselves "up the creek without a paddle" and left to bear the unreasonable consequences. People with livestock have had to reduce numbers quite severely, the market has been flooded, and values have crashed. Sown rice crops have had to be dewatered, many dairy farmers have been forced to sell up whilst those in vegies/fruit have had to purchase additional water at ridiculously high prices (up to \$650 per megalitre) just to keep their trees, vines etc alive.

Our personal situation is much better than many but we have had to destock 1000 breeding ewes out of a flock of 1650 and our cattle are continually being moved off farm. Unless God intervenes with almost flood type rains in the very near future, the situation facing land holders by March 2007 will be devastating.

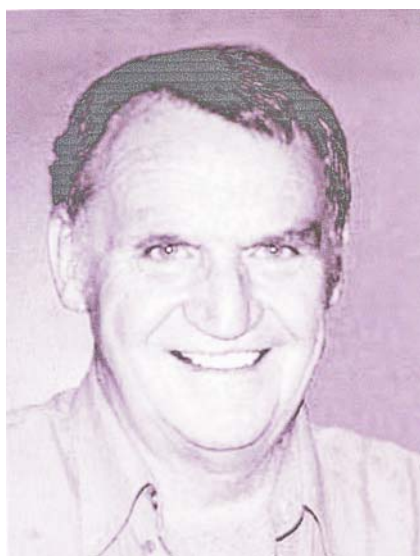
Enough of that, cheers and keep up the good work.

Regards,

Knox Durrant (1950-51)

TEACHING MEMORIES

WAY BACK WHEN



Barry Cohen 1956-57

You might expect that recollections of your youth would fade somewhat with the passing of five decades. However, after 35 years of teaching and 14 years in retirement, the memories of my first appointment remain crystal clear. It is fifty years, almost to the day, that I set out on my big adventure.

It was April 17th, 1957 when I walked out of New Holsworthy army camp near Liverpool. I had dutifully completed my time in the Australian Armed Forces.... well, actually it had been ninety days of compulsory National Service. I carried my 'hat: fur felt: one: turned up at the side', an army great coat and a pair of hobnailed boots. For some reason they did not let me take the Bren light machine gun. that I particularly liked. On returning to my home town of Cootamundra, I awaited the telegram that would send me to a school somewhere between the Pacific Ocean and the South Australian border. The wait was short.

"Report 29th April. Assistant Ballimore Public School." No "please", "good luck" or "it's 15 miles east of Dubbo".

Having grown up in the country, the prospect of living and teaching in an isolated area did not worry me.

As I approached Dubbo, I was amazed at the flatness of the land. It would not have surprised me to see a billiard ball roll past the window of the rail coach.

As there were no rail or bus links between Ballimore and Dubbo, it was a matter of hitch-hiking. I arrived and presented myself at the local pub. When I announced that I was the new assistant teacher I was met with a puzzled stare.

"That could be a problem, mate. We already have one. He only started this year!"

A quick call to area office solved the problem.

"Whoops, typographical error. Report 29th April. Assist. Balladoran Public School." No "sorry", "good luck" or "it's 30 mile north of Dubbo".

I had a day or two to fill as there was no immediate way of getting to Balladoran. I stayed the night at the hotel, 24th April. Some locals planned to travel to Dubbo for the ANZAC Day service the following day and invited me to go with them. Being a recently 'returned soldier', well sort of, I accepted their offer. I didn't anticipate the locals' love of a beer, so when it seemed as if they might return to Ballimore in the early hours of 26th April, I decided to walk from Dubbo back to the hotel. This might have seemed an extreme measure but I had recently experienced a few route marches, fully equipped in the mid-summer heat so it wasn't a big deal. And I was only nineteen!

As there were no rail links between Ballimore and Balladoran it was a matter of hitch-hiking, this time in the back of a ute owned by a wool and hides dealer. I rued the fact that I had

only a limited supply of deodorant.

Between Eumungerie and Gilgandra on the Newell Highway, a road branched off to the right. At the bottom of the hill a mile away I saw huge wheat silos, two houses and a dilapidated tin shed. Beyond the village, further than the eye could see, was scrubland.

I jumped from the back of the ute in a cloud of flies ... no doubt attracted to my distinctive aroma and walked into a nearby house. The other building turned out to be the local Post Office and store. The 'nearby house' was the T.I.C.'s residence where I was warmly welcomed by a Malcolm Hardes.

He was the Teacher-In-Charge of the one room school across the creek from the C.B.D. Almost overnight an aboriginal settlement had been formed on a twenty acre block, also across the creek. Needless to say the new assistant had arrived before a second building so my first classroom turned out to be the supper room of that old, tin shed I had seen from the turnoff. It was the local hall, with a small kitchen area at the rear. In this unlined room I was to have a table, blackboard on an easel, some desks and a group of 18 multicoloured kids in three classes. Twenty yards down the back were two pit toilets with resident redbacks. Forty years later I was in the hall and noted that the directions I had written for opening the school concert curtains were still clearly visible on the wall.



Balladoran Hall 2005, little changed in fifty years.

TEACHING MEMORIES

T.I.C. Hardes drove me a mile or so along a track that ended at the home of Mr and Mrs Alf Dawes. I was to board very happily with this couple for my first year before rotating with other families. Initially I walked down the track to work. When a demountable finally arrived and was placed next to the main school building I walked cross country. The Dawes' sheep farm was about 3 miles from the school by car but only 300 yards over land... and the creek! I would jump it in dry weather, or utilise a fallen tree after rain. Jan Gallagher (now Saunders) from the same W.W.T.C. session paid a visit to the Dawes' farm. I loved her comment that I could not have been more isolated had they posted me to the moon.

The following years were six of the happiest of my life. There were local dances and balls, tennis days, spotlighting for foxes and in nearby Gilgandra, cricket, football, open air cinema and drama club. Despite what many city folk believe, there is plenty to do in the bush. Having worked on rural properties as a school boy in Cootamundra, I was also able to help Balladoran farmers doing rouseabout jobs.

There are countless anecdotes associated with my time at Balladoran. I have space for only one.

In 1959 I bought my first vehicle from a local farmer. It was a black, 1938 Ford Customline utility. The body work was suspect but it had a new V8 engine. From the front it looked like a gummy octogenarian. It had no grill! I managed to make it respectable with the shelves from an old cool safe. One afternoon I was driving my pride and joy home from work when, passing an aboriginal family's shack, I saw dense smoke billowing from the wall that supported an external chimney. As any macho hero would do, I kicked in the flimsy door, tore off the rain tank's filter, grabbed a saucepan and quickly extinguished the blaze. I was standing by the skewed door feeling pretty proud of myself when I noticed two dark thin shapes approaching in a thin cloud of dust. The two fellas lived in the rescued shack. I was expecting rapturous accolades, heartfelt thanks and lots more

"Geez, you made a mess," one commented when surveying the interior. Both turned on their heels and retreated into the dust cloud. I then understood the meaning of the word, "deflated".

When the time came to move on, I was posted to a demonstration school in Sydney's inner suburbs. For a "bushie" like me it was like 'serving time'. Luckily my time only lasted two years and I moved back to where I felt comfortable. There was a succession of one, two and three teacher schools, all in isolated rural communities; Dangarfield T.I.C. (beyond Aberdeen), Barry T.I.C. (beyond Blayney), Carrathool P3 (beyond the Black Stump), Beckom P3 (beyond Temora), Monteagle P3 (beyond Young) and finally Nashdale P3 (beyond Orange).

I had started school in January 1943 at Holbrook and walked away from Nashdale on 19th December, 1993. Fifty years of going to school each day! That is probably why my time at Nashdale was quite forgettable. Or maybe it was because I was living in the 'city' of Orange and driving to work each day.

My two girls were raised in the country and whilst they now live in Sydney, they benefited from an upbringing with their animals, a safe environment, open spaces and many other advantages the bush has to offer. They had their pet cats, dogs and horses. They met up with foxes, kangaroos, emus, the odd snake and baby possums in the chimney. The less said about the two mice plagues the better. They were able to drive vehicles and ride motor bikes in open paddocks before being old enough to get a licence. Both maintain their love of horses and still own one each. The younger daughter is the C.E.O. of the N.S.W. Equestrian Federation while the older daughter is a police prosecutor, studying to become a lawyer. My two grandchildren are 28 carat city slickers and they sit wide-eyed when I recount my experiences in the country. (Maybe that is because I tend to embellish them a bit!)

My time in the schools had its share of good times as well as bad, but no time was as enjoyable as the first six years at Balladoran.

I sit here on the Central Coast listening to hoons in their screaming cars, or squirm as motor bikes that have never seen mufflers shatter the neighbourhood peace. I feel sad when people walk past, not two metres away and pretend not to notice you.

I close my eyes and travel back in time, feeling the warm summer winds blowing in from the northwest plains. I hear the distant 'caw', 'caw' of crows as they float across the late afternoon sky and the high-pitched laughter of children in a bare, dusty playground.

You can take the boy from the bush . . .

I know that one day I will go back west of the Great Dividing Range, either to set up a new home or to be scattered in a quiet bush setting where the only sound to be heard as the sun slides from a bright orange and yellow backdrop, is the slow, rhythmic 'thud', 'thud', 'thud' of a passing kangaroo.

Barry Cohen (1955-56)

CRICKET FANATICS AT PRAC

When I married I was appointed to Yarragundry, 15 km west of Wagga where I followed Ralph Bryant. One of the first books I saw at the school was a copy of "*Around the Boree Log*" which had been presented to the school by three Wagga TC Prac students from my session – Phil Bastick, Charlie Virgin and Blue Paton.

I used to look forward to the Practice Teaching sessions as I enjoyed helping the students come to grips with small schools teaching.

I remember one Prac when the England Vs Australia test was being played. While one of the students was teaching, I and the two other students would take the wireless out on to the veranda and listen to the cricket. At one stage Australia had taken two wickets in one over and the commentator was getting quite excited.

Next thing the student who was teaching came rushing out and said, "Could you turn that thing down? Mr Blakemore has arrived and is trying to listen to me teach!"

Lindsay Budd 1950-51

A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

JOHN SUTTON 1940 - 2006

John Sutton was born 5th September, 1940. The son of a wharf labourer, he spent his formative years in Sydney, attending Ashfield Primary School, then completing his Leaving Certificate at Cleveland Street Boys' High.

Leaving school, John thought his career lay in the pool room, but his parents had other ideas and he was a late entry to Wagga Wagga Teachers' College in 1958. Here he continued his love of sport, representing the College in Rugby Union. Camaraderie and practical jokes played a large part in the life of the residents of Ipai dormitory with "Sutto" the main ring leader. Life long friendships were formed during this time, particularly with Dave Mulrooney and Terry Burke.

John's first appointment was to Wreck Bay, the Aboriginal settlement at Jervis Bay. He boarded at HMAS Cresswell, the Naval College, and while there he continued to hone his social and sporting skills. He developed a deep empathy with the aboriginal children and their people. When the salmon were running no-one would attend school, so John (always the ideas man), would use this event as motivation for an on-beach maths lesson. Just prior to his death John visited the Huskisson Museum and, to his delight, in a photographic display he recognized some of his former pupils.

1962, and his next appointment was Fairfield West Public School. During this time he married Pauline, a sweet young import from Western Australia. Keen to return to the country, they moved to Brucedale, where John was teacher-in-charge of Brucedale Public School, a small school near Wagga Wagga. This historic little school was attended by Dame Mary Gilmour as a child.

On the journey to Brucedale, Pauline commented that she would like to have a house cat, words she would live to regret. On arrival, they were greeted by a residence surrounded by twenty cats, which had to be "relocated" with the help of the local farming community. This was not the only occasion when the help of the locals was needed. The huge goanna that decided to take up residence in the girls' outside toilet had to be persuaded that school toilets were not a safe haven for reptiles.

In 1965 Turvey Park Demonstration school was John's next appointment,



where he taught years 5 and 6. In 1969 he was transferred to Ashmont Public School as Deputy Principal. Here he enjoyed coaching the school Rugby League Team, particularly when his team came up against Koorinal Public School, containing the Mortimer boys, who went on to play for the Sydney Bulldogs. As referee of these inter-school matches, his decisions were sometimes questioned by the opposing team, but he remained firm and resolute — his boys deserved a chance, by fair means or foul.

His next promotion in 1974 was as Principal of Coolamon Central School. He introduced many new initiatives at the school, and received a grant from the Department of Education to publish a paper entitled "Management by Objectives". He became a Rotarian, and a keen golfer, joining the Coolamon Golf Club. His family of three boys - Jon, Mark and Peter - really appreciated the sporting opportunities Coolamon offered, and were ecstatic at having the key to the PE storeroom.

In 1978 the family was on the move once more when John was appointed District Inspector of Schools, Griffith. Amongst John's duties was the role of Chairman, Country Areas Program, it was through this programme that he was able to extend his passion for disadvantaged schools, and the educators and children who lived in isolated areas. He continued his association with the Griffith Golf Club and Rotary and he considered his time there as one of the most rewarding of his career.

A different phase of his career began with his appointment as Assistant Director, Hunter Region, Newcastle.

Eighteen months later, in 1986, he applied for and was appointed Director, Western Region, based in Bathurst. John was back where he most wanted to be - west of the divide, and championing country schools which included 29 secondary, 18 central, 154 primary schools as well as a regional staff of over 40.

His area stretched west to Broken Hill, east to Lithgow, south to Black Springs and north to Mudgee - a huge area to cover, but one John embraced with enthusiasm and dedication. John favoured personal face to face contact with colleagues, so his car became his office and with the introduction of mobile phones (which he did resist for a time because he enjoyed his country music while travelling), faxes and computers, he kept a firm finger on the pulse.

In 1998 he was appointed Assistant Director General, Primary Education NSW. He was now responsible for providing quality education in 20 school districts outside the Greater Sydney and Newcastle areas. John was responsible for a number of significant initiatives, only one of which was the introduction of satellite delivery of distance education lessons to students in remote areas.

John also had to manage a range of serious issues including community disputes, reported incidents, grievances, complaints investigations, reviews and Ministerial correspondence and briefings. He was responsible for the management and training of 20 District Superintendents. He was also closely associated with the education faculty of Charles Sturt University.

John retired in March 2003, and eighteen months later was diagnosed with cancer. He broke the news to his friends and former colleagues himself, as he didn't want any speculation or awkwardness. When asked what he most wanted to do as he faced his own mortality, his reply was, "I just want to do the ordinary things I do now for as long as I can". And that's what he did.

The positive attitude, forceful personality, determination (some would say stubbornness), tenacity and perseverance that characterized John's life stood him in good stead during his most difficult battle. He passed away in February 2006, at home with his wife and family, in the living room with the sounds of love, life and living around him.

A LIFE OF ACHIEVEMENT

John is survived by his mother Mavis, his wife Pauline, his sons Jon, Mark and Peter, their wives, Margie, Sally, and Natalie, his grandchildren David, James, Blake, Mia, Cal, Lily and Jude who was born six weeks after John's death.

Dave Mulrooney –WTC 58/59

Wendy Craze (nee Louttit) WTC 59/60

ARTHUR ANGUS KENNEDY 1928 – 2006

Arthur was one of the "Pioneers" at Wagga Wagga Teachers' College which received its first intake of 150 students in May, 1947. While there he entered fully into College life including Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. He made many friends including the writer.

He grew up in Sydney and attended Fort Street Boys' High School with a life long friend, Ken McLean who was also at W.W.T.C.

After College, Ken was appointed to Glenellen, a small school near Gerogery. Later he taught at Birchgrove, Chatswood, Parramatta West and Marayong and was principal at Belrose, Five Dock and Gordon – he retired from Gordon Public School.

Arthur was a devout Christian and played an active part in several parish Churches including Wagga Wagga (while at College), Castle Hill and Killara. He was, at times, at variance with the direction of the Anglican Church in Sydney but his faith was steadfast.

The N.S.W. Teachers' Federation was keenly supported by Arthur as an active member of the Men Teachers' Association and Deputies and Assistant Principals' Association as well as a member of the Federation Council for a number of years. Arthur's contribution was a very valued one where his quiet, logical approach was respected by his colleagues.

Arthur joined the Cubs in 1936 which was the commencement of a life long interest in Scouting. He attended Jamborees in Melbourne and Sydney and after College, he was a Cub Leader at Petersham and a member of the Rover Crew.

Another area of concern was the Marella Aboriginal Mission which Arthur and his parents actively

supported. They provided respite care for one of the children there. For a time Arthur was a member of the Mission Council.

Arthur was a staunch member of the Masons where he rose to a very senior rank. For many years, he was deeply involved in Lodge Education and Lodge Baden Powell. He was widely recognised among Masons as a lover of the Craft and one whose example could be followed.

Arthur provided unfailing support for his parents especially in their latter years. Arthur had a love for music, literature and drama and after his retirement he completed a Master's degree in Children's Literature. In his last visit to London, he was so keen to use the time available, he saw twelve plays in a week !

Wherever he went, he made friends who appreciated his dry humour, his pearls of wisdom, his high personal and moral standards and his commitment to tasks in hand. Arthur made a valuable contribution to society.

EDITORS NOTE : This was compiled by John Orange with the assistance of Neville Mison.

John Orange and I attended the funeral service for the late Arthur Ashworth, one of the outstanding pioneering lecturers of W.W.T.C.

Lew Morrell

In Memoriam

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

Bernard Charles Conlay 1966-67
About six years ago.

Ralph William Dawe 1953-54
Died 18th November 2006.

Marion Fox 1962-63
Died 19th November 2006.

Terence Gleeson 1947-49
Died 21st June 2006.

Arthur Angus Kennedy 1947-49
Died 14th October 2006.

Ralph Perrott 1956-57
Died 13th November 2006.

Neil Dalziel (husband of Maureen)

Robert Victor Denny 1964-65
To be confirmed.

Words To Ponder...

A day without sunshine is like, well, night.

On the other hand, you have different fingers.

99 percent of lawyers give the rest a bad name.

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say will be misquoted, then used against you.

Honk if you love peace and quiet.

Despite the cost of living, have you noticed how popular it remains?

Atheism is a non-prophet organization.

He who laughs last thinks slowest.

Support bacteria - they're the only culture some people have.

When everything's coming your way, you're in the wrong lane and going the wrong way.

If at first you don't succeed, destroy all evidence that you tried.

Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.

For every action there is an equal and opposite criticism.

Bills travel through the mail at twice the speed of cheques.

Never do card tricks for the group you play poker with.

Success always occurs in private. Failure occurs in full view.

The hardness of butter is directly proportional to the softness of the bread.

The severity of the itch is inversely proportional to the ability to reach it.

To succeed in politics, it is often necessary to rise above your principles.

You never really learn to swear until you learn to drive.

The sooner you fall behind, the more time you'll have to catch up.

A clear conscience is usually the sign of a bad memory.

Change is inevitable, except from vending machines.

If you think nobody cares, try missing a couple of payments.

Love may be blind but marriage is a real eye-opener.

NEWS FROM CSU

Get Connected to CSU Alumni

Charles Sturt University has launched a new Alumni Website with the aim of:-

- Increasing awareness and knowledge among alumni of University research and achievements
- Maintaining and encouraging relationships with alumni in a cost free environment
- Providing cost effective distribution of information via bulk email

Everything you need to keep you connected with the University can be found at

www.csu.edu.au/alumni

The Alumni website also offers - Alumni and CSU News, a special Alumni Spotlight feature as well as access to all alumni publications including *Talkabout*.

Phase two of the website will be an on-line network - *Your Alumni*.

Your Alumni will:-

- δ let you search for alumni by country, state, campus, discipline or name
- δ provide a calendar of CSU events
- δ provide a bulletin board
- δ give you the opportunity to post a Diary message
- δ provide a business network that lets you tap into alumni within your industry or specialist area

Log on and register NOW at – www.csu.edu.au/alumni Click on **KEEP IN TOUCH**

Learn about the benefits associated with the CSU Alumni Membership Programme by going to the Members & Benefits pages.

Take advantage of CSU Alumni Library Membership

Library membership provides access to:-

Borrowing

All CSU Alumni are entitled to access the physical collections of the Library under the terms of the Community Borrower's scheme.

Electronic Resources

CSU Alumni who are Gold Card members can apply for access to a wide range of online resources including more than 3,500 full text journals provided through EBSCO's *Academic Search Alumni* and *Business Source Alumni* databases.

NB Terms and Conditions – Library databases

These electronic resources are for non-commercial use in your personal research or study only. Users do not have permission to systematically download or copy large amounts of these resources, thereby creating their own databases; or to distribute these resources to third parties. For further information on the terms and conditions by which users can access these electronic resources, refer to the terms and conditions information on the electronic resource itself or contact the Library.



The Wagga Wagga Teachers' College Alumni Association Scholarship Appeal



KEEPING THE SPIRIT ALIVE IN 2007 TO SECURE THE FUTURE

The WWTC Alumni committee is seeking your continuing support for the Scholarship Fund in 2007. Although we have reached our target of \$50,000, we are keen to see this expand and allow us to either have an additional Scholarship or to make the present one more prestigious.

It is an important project as it serves not only to assist students who have affiliations with our members but also to perpetuate the spirit and comradeship which was established so long ago and still exists. The WWTC Alumni Association will have direct input as to how this Fund is managed and where the Fund will expend its monies. All information pertaining to activities of the Fund will be communicated to our membership through 'TALKABOUT'.

Your willingness and courage to 'secure the future' providing for the best possible education for members of the WWTC Alumni family is an outstanding goal.

In order for donations to reach their destination as quickly as possible, please take note of the following information:-

**Scholarship Fund donations must go directly to the CSU Foundation at:-
The Grange, Charles Sturt University, Panorama Avenue, Bathurst NSW 2795**

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

As you know, we pay for the printing of TALKABOUT and now we have to bear the cost of postage. It has therefore been decided that an annual contribution of \$10 per member is required and that this will fall due at the time of the March "Talkabout". **Remember to send your contribution directly to the Treasurer. If you require a receipt please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.**

The Alumni Office over the years has been a great supporter of the Association and will continue to provide what assistance they can. They will still do the mailing of Talkabout. To assist them to cut costs you can opt to receive your "Talkabout" by email. Simply tick the box on the bottom of your contribution form. The Alumni Office will appreciate your help very much. If you have any questions please do not hesitate to contact the Alumni Office on 02 63384629

**I want to support the WWTCAA Scholarship Appeal
(All gifts over \$2.00 are TAX DEDUCTABLE.)**

My gift for 2007 is: \$ _____
 Please find my cheque for \$ _____
 OR please debit my credit card for \$ _____

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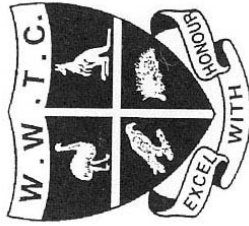
Card type: Mastercard Visa
 Name on Card: _____
 Expiry Date: _____
 Signature: _____
 Surname: _____
 Former Name: _____
 Given Names: _____
 Address: _____
 Postcode: _____
 Years at College: _____ to _____
 Home Phone: _____
 Work Phone: _____
 Facsimile: _____
 E-mail: _____

**Here is my annual contribution to the production of
TALKABOUT.**

My contribution for 2007 is: \$ _____
 Surname: _____
 Former Name: _____
 Given Names: _____
 Address: _____
 Postcode: _____
 Years at College: _____ to _____
 Home Phone: _____
 Work Phone: _____
 Facsimile: _____
 E.mail: _____

I would prefer to receive my Talkabout by email

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Volume 10 No 1



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If undeliverable please return to:
The Alumni Office
Charles Sturt University
Bathurst NSW 2795 Australia

POSTAGE
PAID
AUSTRALIA

Place address sticker here.

Change of Address

If your address details are incorrect please notify Michelle at:

alumni@csu.edu.au

or

The Alumni Office
Charles SturtUniversity
Bathurst NSW 2795 Australia