

PANORAMA

A MAGAZINE FOR ALUMNI AND FRIENDS
OF BATHURST TEACHERS' COLLEGE
CHARLES STURT UNIVERSITY
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REPORTS FROM THE 2013 AGM ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT

2012 has proved to be an interesting year for me as a new-era President with its activities and its special challenges. I really am only beginning to appreciate and 'see' just what Helen Egan has done over the past decade since this Alumni Association started in 2001. The association has been very active in the things it has initiated and achieved over that time and this is due in no small part to Helen's leadership and the committee support she has garnered to help her. Thank you Helen.

The main purposes of the Association at the moment seem to me to be threefold. These include communication about and promotion of fellowship activities (such as year meetings and reunions); provision of a scholarship to assist a worthy student, with a family connection to a BTC graduate, in his/her studies in an educational (or other) course at a CSU campus; and some significant fund raising activities.

The success of these three purposes relies on effective communication, teamwork and a strong willingness to volunteer time and labour. The alumni of BTC seem to provide these elements in 'bucket loads'. This is a really admirable situation for such an association to prosper as BTCAA does. However because of the 'ageing' (in inverted commas and certainly not derogatively) of early graduates, and a lesser involvement of later graduates there are some challenges ahead in keeping the association alive.

Early last year (8th May) a presentation of the BTCAA Scholarship was made to Kristie Caton, an education student at the Dubbo Campus of CSU. Kristie was a confident, knowledgeable and very worthy recipient. I was most privileged to represent the BTCAA at the impressive evening ceremony and to present the scholarship award to Kristie. Her connection with BTC came through her grandmother. Together with her mother there was a three generation family group at the presentation – very special

indeed and a measure of the significance of the BTC connection.

Special thanks too must go to our three representatives in Bathurst who read and discussed the application of the final few screened candidates to determine the ultimate winner. Thank you to Helen Baber, Alan Smith and Rod Allen.

The ability to award this scholarship does not come to us by way of a spaceship from outer space or indeed a benevolent donor. Most of the funding comes from hard work through the hosting of an annual Open Garden in Katoomba; held officially last year from Friday 12th October through to Monday 15th October, with a couple of extra unofficial days. The garden involved belongs to Gail Metcalfe (60-61 cohort) who most generously allows the BTCAA volunteers to act as guides, gate keepers, provide morning and afternoon teas and generally assist Gail with the Open Day, this in return for the funds taken.

These takings fund the scholarship so a huge vote of thanks go to Gail and the team of volunteers who help facilitate this event. Thank you all. And who will forget the first of the Open Days (the Friday) that saw the magical spring garden covered in a record fall of snow, creating a different and equally fascinating garden for that day.

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Other activities in the year have mainly centred on meetings and reunions. The end of May saw the beginning of what will hopefully be an annual BTCAA winter luncheon in Lawson, general in the context of not being related to a particular year group. It is open to all comers who may be interested. For 2013 the date planned is 29 May. There have also been several year group get togethers such as the 64-65 cohort, the 61-62 cohort and the 57-58 cohort. The 62-63 group has recently had their big event in Bathurst. By big I mean the get-together centres on the digits 5 / 0 (not Hawaii but the number of years since starting or leaving Bathurst Teachers College). That these reunions take place is testament to the collegiality, the familial connection the ex-students have, all emanating from that Alma Mater Bathurst Teachers College.

Much of the information in this report is published in more detail in the biannual alumni magazine *Panorama*. This publication, put together so efficiently by a committee led by Carole Goodwin, is greatly valued by ex-students as a source of information and a kind of advance diary of the year's activities. However it is a costly item to print and mail out (in excess of \$2000) and is putting pressure on the funding the Association has or is able to raise,

Various ideas to help this magazine remain 'alive' have been raised and discussed in quarterly committee meetings. Two of the most significant ideas are the seeking of sponsorship from businesses and organizations in and around Bathurst and the introduction of a BTCAA membership levy of \$25 per year. The first of these ideas has seen letters inviting sponsorship sent out, the second is the subject of a special motion for this AGM to consider today.

The BTCAA is a unique group covering ex-students from 1951 through to 1969. It is an active, self supporting association that serves its members well and helps the CSU community in other beneficial ways. I am proud to have been its President over the last year. I commend this President's report to you all.

WAYNE BENSLEY
PRESIDENT

wrbensley@hotmail.com

WARREN POOLE – GUEST SPEAKER

Retired Principal, Warren Poole, is a dynamic speaker with a lively sense of humour, who chose in his address to the AGM to focus on present-day educational currents and trends. With a spouse who is also a Principal and two children who have attended CSU, he has plenty of feedback from his own family as well as from his recent activities. In 2010/11 he was part of a group in Britain from New Zealand, Australia and the UK studying *Alternate Models of School Leadership*. He asks: "Why are there no school leaders?" which he then answers by listing some of the problems of twenty-first century society.

There are increasing demands on school leavers, problems with a work/life balance, a growing disrespect for authority and burnout and retirement of experienced teachers able to mentor the beginning teachers. This problem was highlighted in the weekend edition of the SMH 9-10 March where the President of the NSW Teachers Federation Maurie Mulheron is quoted as saying: "In the next four or five years we're going to have the greatest number of older, experienced teachers retiring at the same time as the greatest number of young teachers are coming into the profession". In many of today's schools the focus is on management rather than leadership and there is no on-the-job help.

When still a Principal, Warren took part in the *Forty-Seven School* pilot project which granted autonomy to the principals involved for funding, staffing and direction for education in their school, each participant being chosen because of their school's achievements. This sort of autonomy allowed him to employ a retired Maths teacher to teach higher-order Maths, implement a Speech Pathology program, employ a specialist swimming teacher and a teacher to act as mentor for beginning teachers. He is a firm believer in merit pay for teachers and for teacher accreditation. He is now a Professional Learning Partner where teachers can draw on the knowledge and intellectual bank of "the silver network".

Warren says that Principals now need a business background rather than being educators. In Australia the concept of Executive Head is being developed, one person to be in charge of five or six small schools. This model is being trialled in the Hunter valley. Another idea is for leadership federations which can work together using video conferencing. Other possibilities for change include multi-campus employment and chain schools with one principal in a head office responsible for a group of smaller schools with similar structures.

Challenges facing educators include the establishment of a National Curriculum with questions about what effect this will have on our schools, what the curriculum implementation process will be and whether it will be, as stated in the Melbourne Declaration of 2005, content-based, not program-based. When Warren started using terms like Quasar Readers and Augmented Reality, some of his listeners were thankful they were no longer faced with these challenges. He also talked about the effect of Social Media with students being able to access programs like *The One World Classroom* and *The Khan Academy*. In a world where students are asked to BYOD (bring your own device) and where teachers can mark the roll using facial recognition technology on their iPhones, some of us who have taught in disadvantaged areas in Sydney and the bush were left wondering if disadvantage would become even more entrenched, unless a real effort is made

to ensure that the funding model employed takes note of these.

Greg Woods thanked Warren for his interesting and enthusiastic address, warmly endorsed by all attendees.



Wayne Bensley is seen here relaxing with Warren Poole

REFLECTIONS ON SMALL SCHOOLS

Crabbes Creek Upper, Cubbaroo, Pine Point, Three Peaks, Daisy Plains, Rocky Creek, Happy Jack – are any of these names familiar? They are just some of the small schools that opened and closed during the life of Bathurst Teachers' College 1951–1969. Perhaps you were appointed to one of them.

During the life of the college almost 800 schools opened, many of them one or two teacher schools, and approximately 170 of these schools closed, nearly all one teacher schools. As we know, it was a time of an expanding population and the development of regional NSW, and education resources were stretched. By the 1970s the move towards greater urbanisation and improved transport services were under way, and more one teacher schools were being closed. The number of these schools declined from 1,450 in 1950 to 152 in 2008.

Those of you who received your appointment to a one or two teacher school in your first year or so would have no difficulty recalling your immediate reaction. Joy? Despair? Bewilderment? There would have been many different responses. For me, it was “Where is it? Why me? It's a one teacher! But I'm perfectly happy here! I'm really an important member of this staff! Surely they can't send me! How do I get out of it?”

Slowly over the next few hours I became reconciled to having to move, and the words “to suit the exigencies of the Department” became painfully clear. Four days later, and with no assistance from my employer, having hitched a lift with a truckie for the last thirty miles, I was at my new school meeting my fourteen students. (Thankfully a small number, as thirty-three was still

the maximum number for a one teacher school in 1969, the year that BTC ended.)

Like others, being single, male, not having attained a Teacher's Certificate or not having fulfilled country service requirements, I was a prime target for a one teacher school. Not that young women in similar circumstances were exempt from being posted to small and sometimes remote places, as many were sent to two teacher schools, usually to teach the infants or lower primary classes. And like the males, some were appointed straight from college.

Of course, a number of students had no reluctance about small schools or faraway places. From the beginning, the College ran a small schools option course in the second year of training and a number of my year went straight from college to a one teacher posting. I wonder when this option finished? For anyone intending marriage a school with a residence was an incentive, and people brought up in a small rural setting may have wanted to avoid bigger schools in larger centres. Some may have wanted to be their own boss, others just the solitude – who knows?

After the initial adjustment to being the sole teacher in a very different social setting, most teachers coped well. Some enjoyed the situation so well that they stayed beyond their mandatory two years. Some settled into the community and stayed for many years. Rarely, if ever, was the community not highly supportive, especially if the teacher made the effort to fit in. Some communities even worked to build a residence for teachers committed to staying on. Despite our lack of experience, the teaching was most rewarding. Most of us would have taught children who were cooperative, enthusiastic, respectful and supportive of one another. However at times, it could be a lonely life.

What of the present? A member of the Small Schools Committee, Mick Collins, in charge of Boomi, a two teacher school near the Queensland border and not far from Goondiwindi, has offered the following information. His two teacher school has 39 students plus a teacher's aide who was provided by the Department to assist a student with a disability. If there is only one teacher, a teacher's aide must be employed. Today, communication in small schools has improved greatly. The internet provides much support, enables teachers to connect with other teachers and is a valuable teaching resource. Casual sick relief causes problems, as it does in all schools, regardless of size. Consultants are rare.

With far fewer small schools, staffing is not the problem that it was in the days of rapid expansion. Most of the established small schools have a residence and teachers tend to stay for longer periods of time. When bonding of teachers was abolished, the Department even had to offer incentives such as use of a car to fill schools in remote areas. I wonder if people can recall the

incentive offered to them to teach in a small school back in the fifties and sixties.

ALAN BEGGS 51/52

The following account is by one of those Alumni who completed the Small Schools option in his second year. Barry Wooldridge BTC 58–59, has written an account which makes very enjoyable reading. Unfortunately due to space constraints it cannot be reproduced here in full but those with Internet access can read it at the link to “Panorama” on the CSU Website where Barry writes of teaching practices which will resonate with those trained at BTC.

TEACHING AT GREG GREG 1960–61

I'm not sure on which map I found Greg Greg after receiving my appointment to teach there. The notice only said *Greg Greg Riverina Region*. This was a huge administrative area stretching from Khancoban to Wentworth and north to Young, Temora and Griffith. Eventually I found the tiny dot which located Greg Greg south of Tumbarumba and north of the Murray.

My brother generously offered to drive me and his remarks as we headed further and further down the highway, past Goulburn, Yass and the Gundagai were of wonder and incredulity. (Even in 1960 driving so far from the city was a venture not readily undertaken and destinations more distant than Goulburn, Bathurst or Newcastle had an aura of the exotic and unknown). When we left the highway and travelled through Tumut and Batlow an increasing tone of dismay crept into his remarks. The grim silence accompanying the final section of the journey on the winding, rough, dirt road from Tumbarumba through Tooma was broken by expressions of amazement on arrival at Greg Greg and finding it consisted only of the school, a solitary box kept company by a large tree in an overgrown paddock and a handful of scattered houses, the homes of the valley's mainly dairy farmers. ...

...Greg Greg provided a wonderfully gentle introduction to teaching. The children, sixteen in number, were extremely acquiescent and cooperative. I cannot recall any difficulties with their behaviour towards me or between themselves. Not that everything was always perfect. One afternoon there was a knock on the door at about 4.15pm. It was the father of four school-age children who lived across the road. His terse and somewhat cryptic declaration at the doorway was, “We're one short!” My obvious puzzlement led him to add, “One didn't get home.” It became easy to understand the message when I simultaneously heard a tiny sob coming from behind the door. I opened it and there stood John, the missing child. With a terrible sinking feeling I remembered I had told John during the afternoon to stand in the corner in front of the room because of some misdemeanour. Either he had pulled the adjoining door across the corner with himself behind it or it had been pushed there by some

other children. Whatever the cause, he had stood there in complete silence as I went about my after-school work and perhaps would have been there until I discovered him when closing the door on leaving. My embarrassment was profound. Fortunately the father did not make an issue of my mistake, and I learnt never to put children in corners – especially if they were not likely to advertise their presence if forgotten. ...

... The schoolroom was heated quite effectively by a Warmray wood heater. It had to be because of the frequent foggy days (Greg Greg: Place of *Frogs* or Place of *Fogs*?), when the mist would still be present in the afternoon, icicles would still be dangling from the fence at midday. An enduring memory is of the indoor barbecues. It was the custom for families to kill a steer in winter, hang the carcass in a shed and let nature provide the refrigeration. The children would bring a piece of steak to school and at about midday the enamelled cover-plate on the Warmray would be removed to expose the heater's metal casing. On would go the meat and the room would rapidly be filled with the aroma of sizzling steak. It certainly put an edge on one's appetite!

The children lived reasonably close to the school. Most travelled by car, one group of parents forming a car pool and taking turns to provide transport for a week. During my first year I did not have a vehicle and depended on these parents to take me; three afternoons a week the mailman came through at about 5 o'clock and I would often wait for a ride home with him. Otherwise my time at school for lesson preparations and administration was severely limited. ...

... The District Inspector of Schools was based at Tumut, about 120 km away on difficult roads. I was visited twice in my first year. The second visit was for my annual inspection and, as was the procedure, I was notified of the week, not the day, when I could expect him. It happened that the week he was to visit coincided with the car pool turn of a woman who, with her busy list of morning tasks, sometimes found it difficult to be on time. I contacted her and told her how important it was for me to be at school by 9.00 a.m. every morning of the coming week. In spite of her best intentions, she was late collecting me on Monday. As we approached the school I was anxiously looking ahead to see if the inspector had arrived. To my relief, I could see no sign of him. It was an unpleasant surprise then, as I was hurrying in, only a few minutes late, to have him appear from behind the school. He had driven in, closed the gate and parked his car round the back. It did not get the inspection off to a relaxed start. Later in the day he asked me why I was late and I explained my reliance on parents for transport. His curt response was, “I suppose you've heard of bicycles.” When I later received

my inspection report it contained a critical reference to my lack of punctuality.

The inspector was “one of the old school” and, amongst other traits, was very fastidious about his appearance and very correct in his demeanour. At lunch time he said he would join me in my supervision of the children, implying that this was naturally a daily routine for me. He must have known that was quite unnatural, as there was no necessity to supervise such a small group of well-behaved children. To their puzzlement we joined them under the big tree. Like me, they watched engrossed as he carefully removed the lid of his lunch box and daintily unfolded the soft, white serviette in which his sandwiches were wrapped. Like me, they saw the rush of blowflies instantly descend. After all, every local farmer raised pigs, and it was summer. The look of aggrieved distaste that soured his face was something we will never forget. “Perhaps”, he said, “we could make an exception today and eat inside.” Perhaps we should never have been outside in the first place! ...

...Though mainly uneventful, my time at Greg Greg was always interesting and enjoyable. It was the kind of first appointment (Teacher-in-Charge, the equivalent today of being in a promotions position for experienced teachers) undertaken by many teachers at that time. Most were challenging situations but provided the opportunity for the rapid development of teaching, administrative and inter-personal skills. Small schoolies regarded themselves as a distinctive echelon in the service, and many remember this part of their career as a time they would not have missed. The tales they tell each other, of events inside and outside school, might be coloured by some unintended exaggeration but the sense of adventure, of growth and *esprit de corps* shines through.

BARRY WOOLDRIDGE 58/59

TEACHING AT A LOWER DIVISION SCHOOL



In January 1962, I was working for the holidays at a vacation care centre in Condobolin and anxiously awaiting notice of my first appointment. I imagine my surprise when I was advised I had an appointment to a two teacher school at

Left: Gail Metcalfe and Val Woodward at the AGM

Mulgoa. I had no idea where this village of Mulgoa was situated – surely it was way out west. But no, it is just south of Penrith on the way to Warragamba Dam!

As I was a day student at BTCAA and had never been away from home it was quite a wrench for me to be leaving home at the tender age of just -turning 18. A visit to the school to meet the headmaster, Mr Don Peel, and his lovely wife Dorothy and their family eased my anxiety. However, I was advised that the only accommodation available was with a couple who lived on a farm about a mile from the school and who “always” boarded the teacher. A visit was arranged and I was assessed and approved as suitable. I was shown my room, an unlined sleep-out with no wardrobe or door – just a curtain. There were many rules to be followed particularly meal times and bathing arrangements. Only one bath a week was allowed (tank water you see). I had already been advised of this rule by the headmaster’s wife, who assured me that the tradition was that the teacher bathed daily at the school residence.

I was warmly welcomed to the school and quickly settled in to village life. I had a group of 30 children in four grades: kindergarten, transition, first and second grade, including one delightful young girl who was intellectually disabled. Most of the children walked to school – as did I. Apart from the diversity in age range there was a distinct diversity in ability. I developed an affinity with slow learners and devised many additional activities for them. The classroom was an older style spacious room with storeroom attached. Everything but the kitchen sink was in the store room including the sports equipment and “printing” facility – a jelly pad with purple ink! Preparing stencils was sometimes a nightmare and of course time consuming. Tank water was used for drinking and hand washing. Pan toilets were “down the back”, with a separate one reserved for the teachers. During winter I was responsible for lighting the fire each morning. To encourage the children to drink the “free” milk I made warm Milo.

The headmaster and I had morning tea (supplied by his wife) together in my classroom. These sessions were mini staff meetings where we discussed teaching skills, programming and up and coming events.

In my third year at the school it was recommended by the Inspector, that I apply for a transfer to Sydney to the special school in Henry Street Strathfield. Pending a vacancy at Henry Street, I was appointed to Russell Lea Infants and thence to North Rocks School for the Deaf.

I loved my time teaching at Mulgoa and found the children and parents enthusiastic, trusting and co-operative. The parents were very interested in their children’s progress without being demanding.

One of my happy memories of my three years at Mulgoa was training five fathers and the

headmaster Don Peel, for a floor show at the annual P & C Ball. I gave no thought to being a young woman alone with six men at night prancing around learning, 1) The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy, 2) The Can Can and 3) a Flamenco dance. It was great fun and a huge success each time.

Every second weekend I would travel home to Bathurst catching the last bus to Penrith at 5pm, waiting on Penrith Station for the Forbes Mail train at 9.30. The reverse on Sunday evening – the 12.00pm mail train arriving at Penrith at 5.00am and waiting for the first bus to Mulgoa at 8.00am. By August of the first year at Mulgoa I had purchased a car and freedom! No more cold nights and mornings on train stations. One wouldn't consider doing it today, it would be too unsafe.

GAIL METCALFE (M^CGILL 60/61)

REUNION REPORTS

The 1961-62 intake of BTC students held a highly successful reunion last November. Over seventy former students attended and with special guests and partners almost a hundred attended the dinner on the Saturday evening. People came from all the mainland states and two from overseas - Canada and New Zealand.

The organising committee of Graham Hayton (Chair), Megan Weston (Davis), Judy Cant (Westcott), Barry Cant, Les Scarborough and Barry Lovegrove met a number of times in Sydney and Bathurst during the eighteen months leading

up to the reunion. Graham undertook the massive task of locating colleagues, many of whom had not been heard of for half a century. Thanks to Graham's tenacity, co-operation from BTC Alumni Association, committee members and those who had news of others, all but about 15 of our intake of 150 were contacted. Most had email addresses, which made communication efficient and inexpensive.

The weekend began with a barbecue at the CSU's James Hardie Room on Friday 16th November. Barry Cant welcomed everyone and outlined the weekend's activities. It was a very enjoyable evening renewing old friendships, catching up on the last 50 years and sharing many happy memories. Di Robberds (Geddes) entertained us with a poem she had written as her memoir. On Saturday morning we were taken on a guided tour of the CSU campus including a visit to the late L.J. Allen's residence, Women's dormitories and the old assembly hall. Saturday afternoon's free time provided opportunities for small groups to gather (sport, dormitories, fellowship groups etc.) and catch up.

Saturday night's reunion dinner was the highlight of the weekend. Special guest speakers were Associate Professor Jane Mitchell, Assistant Dean, Faculty of Education CSU and Dr Wilfred Ewens, a PE lecturer who began at CSU the same year we did. Chair Graham Hayton welcomed everyone and handed over to MCs Megan Davis and Barry Lovegrove for the evening. Michael Parkin presented a most entertaining address on behalf of ex-students aided by a "belle" of St



Agnes who gave us an insight into life at "Aggies" in the early sixties.

Our weekend concluded with a short memorial service followed by brunch on Sunday morning. At the service, led by Pastor Les Scarborough and Reverend Rhana Wright (Jones) the names were mentioned of those colleagues who had passed away. We were delighted that Jean Lloyd, widow of our SRC President, Ken Lloyd, was able to attend the dinner and service. Jean lives in Goulburn where Ken was Principal before his death. After brunch, Judy Cant thanked everyone for their attendance and suggested that an annual reunion lunch be held each November. This suggestion was received with enthusiasm.

Many of us stayed at the university motel which was comfortable, well priced and extremely convenient.

We must take this opportunity to thank the CSU catering staff for their co-operation and for providing such wonderful facilities at reasonable prices, thus ensuring the success of the reunion. Thanks also to the BTC Alumni Association for their assistance in contacting ex-students and lecturers.

An amount of \$564.74 was left after all expenses were met. At a final committee meeting in February it was decided to allocate this money to the Alumni Association. It was also agreed to conduct a reunion lunch in Sydney in mid-November. Details will be provided by email or post later in the year.

* MEGAN WESTON (NEE DAVIS 61/62)

Below is the poem that Di Robberds contributed to the evening; it will revive memories in all Alumni, regardless of the years attended.

REMEMBERING BTC

After finishing my Leaving it was as clear as it could be
That school teaching would be a good career for me.
I'd already ruled out nursing – too much blood and lots of gore,
And as a humble secretary I knew I'd end up poor.
The choice was somewhat limited in 1961
So there wasn't too much soul searching to be done.
So off I went to Bathurst with my hormones all a flutter,
To become God's gift to teaching – and earn my bread and butter.

Our spartan little dorm room was as snug as it could be,
Not much room for possessions when you put in beds for three.
The hanging space as limited, but we had one massive drawer,
And a cupboard up the top you could reach – if six foot four.
One small wooden desk and hanging bookshelves for our stuff,
No such thing as heating – Bathurst bred 'em tough!
The plush communal shower block was half a mile away
And a hive of activity at any time of day.

Here we entered vestal virgins, we were as green as we could be,
But we had our zealous wardens to guard our virginity.
Had we all lived in a convent we could not have been more pure,

That was of course provided that you got inside the door

Before it was locked to keep out all those lusty men,
Eleven pm weeknights and Sunday nights at ten!

Women outnumbered men to the tune of three to one
So no need to guess who had the lion's share of fun!

You really had to be a smoker to prove that you were cool,

To admit you couldn't do it made you look a dreadful fool.

And you didn't have to go outside to do it in the fog,
You could smoke in your cosy bedroom getting kippered in the smog.

And the blokes worked on their drinking to perfect the gentle art,

But it didn't take too many ales before they fell apart.

One innocent did a chunder on Archie Miller's mat,

And even after fifty years he hasn't lived down that!

The food in the spacious dining room was as crook as it could be,

The cause of constipation and bouts of dysentery.

So we'd rush off to the matron for the aspro-gargle cure,

Then back to Fred's canteen to eat a little more,

And fend off anorexia with all those tasty pies,

And in no time at all you could double your dress size!

If you hadn't any money you could put it on the tick

But the monthly bill from Fred's canteen could make a grown man sick.

The highlight of the year was Swimming Camp at Broken Bay,

And getting lots of medals was the order of the day.

It was easy doing water skills – the water dark and thick,

But it was a little tricky diving through it for a brick.

We were made to go on bush walks in the stinking summer heat

Just surviving that long route march was quite a feat.

One girl was bitten by a red back spider on the toe

And the gastric epidemic added flavour to the show.

The place you did your courting was down the college drive

You had to take a blanket if you wanted to survive

And not die of hypothermia or get frozen to a tree.

Yes, young lovers had to be as hardy as could be!

The intrepid chose the haystacks at the Experimental Farm,

Dodging cow pats in the moonlight only added to the charm.

But I won't go into detail, or censored I will be

For lacking in decorum and short on dignity.

(And back to the drawing board for ditty number three!!)

It does sound a trifle trivial from what I've had to say,

But we fitted in an education tending lectures every day,
And practice teaching twice a year was where we really learnt our stuff,
Before a class of forty kids it was very hard to bluff.
Doing lesson notes and teaching aids you'd stay up half the night,
And in the crowded dormitory tensions could be tight,
Not to mention coughs and sneezes acquired on the way,
We learnt teaching's not a glamour job you'd take on for the pay.

If you had a bit of snazzy clothing, it always did the rounds
And when it came to sharing our kindness knew no bounds.
If you would share your best new shirt, why not your boyfriend too?
How far you took the principle was entirely up to you!
Yet in spite of close confinement we got along just fine,
And those close associations have stood the test of time.
As we now approach bewilderment it's good to gather here
To indulge in reminiscence, lots of laughter and good cheer.

DI ROBBERDS (NEE GEDDES)

SOUTHERN REGION GET-TOGETHER 2013

The Annual Get-together for the Southern Region will be held on 31st July, 2013 at Coolangatta Village Restaurant. For further details, contact the organiser, Bill Thompson on Tel: 4421 4780 or email Rex Halliburton: jan.reg@bigpond.net.au

B.T.C 64/65 SESSION

All who attended B.T.C for all or part of the 64/65 session are invited to join the 50th Anniversary reunion to be held in Bathurst on the weekend of 28, 29 and 30th March 2014. Whether you started and left after a few weeks in 1964 or started before us and repeated to join us, all are welcome. Just be able to remember the important educational role that college played in everyone's life i.e. the apples from the Ag farm, racing down the drive, green tins, etc.

These people cannot be located. Any help you can provide to find them would be appreciated.

Patricia Margaret **CROWE**, Carolyn Ann **DEIN** (from Orange) Suzanne Colleen **DRANE**, Robert Lester **FROST**, (was in Darwin in 1980, not now in electoral roll), David (Bert) Albert Victor **GLOVER** (from Katoomba, married and living in Ontario) Carolyn Joan **GRIFFIN**, Catharina **AUGUSTSA** Nicolina **HENDRIKS** (from Mudgee, married – name now unknown, in Qld) Therese Marie **HENRY** (married name **THORNE** was teaching in Canberra), Sandra Rae **IRELAND**, Margaret Ann **McLEAN**, Anthony John **WARD** (might be in Northern beaches, might have been a

lecturer unlike most BTC males who tried to be lechers, not in electoral roll at present nor in White pages in Northern beaches)

Please contact David Bales to be kept up to date with plans as they develop or to join one of the informal luncheons that are held every few months

DAVID BALES 0407 284 546
sdbales@gmail.com
70 Malison St
Wyoming 2250

50 YEAR ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION 1962-1963 Session

As advised last issue, this event will be held on the weekend of **Friday 31 January – Sunday 2 February 2014**, at Bathurst on the Charles Sturt University Campus.

It is most important that both the CSU Alumni and the Organising Committee has up to date contact information, which should be advised to Bruce Fairhall (bruce@fairhall.id.au) and to the Alumni (<http://www.csu.edu.au/contacts/alumni-registration>) so we can contact our colleagues with full details.

The weekend will be similar to previous gatherings with an informal Friday evening, programmed events on Saturday, a formal dinner on Saturday night and some informal times to share on the Sunday.

We had 183 people to locate, and only have THREE yet to be found. Please advise me if you have any information/clues at all of the whereabouts/family/friends of: Janet (Mandy) Parkin; Ngaire Pownall and Aline Johnston (Ter Horst?). Surely someone can help ...

Hopefully you will be able to join your fellow BTC 1962/3 Session members to rekindle old friendships and catch up on the past years. Spouses and partners will of course be very welcome!

The next notice you receive will be a Registration form outlining what is proposed over those three days, with predicted costs for the events planned. There will also be notices in *Panorama*.

BRUCE FAIRHALL
For the Organising Committee

PIONEERS REUNION 2014

Following a successful reunion in May this year, the Pioneers have decided on a repeat performance early in 2014 to be held in Coonabarabran. Further details will be in the next issue of *Panorama*.

IN MEMORIAM

Allan James Stent 1938 – 2012

Allan James Stent, universally known as "Jim", passed away on 27 August 2012 at the age of seventy-four years after a long battle with

multiple myeloma and the kidney failure it had caused six years before.

After a brief period of studying Electrical Engineering, Jim transferred to Bathurst Teachers College in 1957 and trained in Primary Teaching, after which he was appointed to Brewarrina where his first job entailed teaching a combined Year 2/3 class of 38 pupils. His second appointment was Zig Zag Primary in the foothills of the Mountains in the Lithgow district. Then in 1962 Jim was seconded to Lithgow High to fill a Mathematics vacancy, having done a Maths Option in his Primary training. He had found his niche, and to ensure his future in the Secondary system, Jim studied through UNE to graduate in Arts with a major in Mathematics. While he was at Lithgow High, he met Margaret, a graduate of Sydney Teachers College and they married in 1964.

In 1968 Jim was chosen to undertake a twelve month's Exchange teaching in Chipping Campden in the Cotswolds, a beautiful area of the United Kingdom. This was followed in 1972 by three years in Malaysia at the RAAF school, where their son, Andrew, was born. On returning to Australia Jim was appointed to Canowindra High where he served as Head Teacher Maths for the next thirty years, retiring in 1995. There is no doubt the Department of Education had been good to him.

Jim is survived by his wife Margaret and his children Amanda and Andrew as well as their partners and two grandsons, Benjamin and Joshua.

Joan Ross (nee Cox)



Joan was born on 20th January 1935 in Wellington NSW to Claude and Linda Cox, becoming a little sister to Kevin. The Cox family lived on the property *Sommercroft* in Neurea

outside Wellington that bred sheep and raised crops.

On reaching school age, Joan attended a one teacher school at Neurea where she completed her primary school education. She then moved into Wellington to stay with her Auntie Dot and attended St Marys Convent for her secondary education and received her Intermediate Certificate, after which she attended Wellington Intermediate High School and gained her Leaving Certificate.

Having decided to pursue a teaching career, Joan was accepted into Bathurst Teachers' College. During the October long weekend in 1953 she was invited along with two of her college friends on an outing to Lake Canobolas near Orange where she met a young farmer – Hugh Ross. This started a romance that spanned nearly sixty years.

When Joan completed her teaching qualification, she was appointed to Wellington Primary School where she was obliged to complete three years of teaching to meet her bond requirements, During this time she also attained her Justice of the Peace qualification.

Hugh and Joan were married at St Andrew's Presbyterian Church on 5th April 1958 which was Easter Saturday. As a married woman Joan was unable to transfer to Bathurst schools and had to resign her teaching position. A honeymoon to Lord Howe Island followed. The young couple settled on the property *The Springs* just outside of Bathurst where they built the family home. Two children followed, Malcolm in 1959 and Alison in 1963.

Life was full and varied, raising the children and having a strong interest and participation in their school activities, along with recreational pursuits such as crafts and tennis, and the maintenance of the property's books. One of the highlights of the years of farm life was the awarding of the Central West *Farmer of the Year* award in 1974 to Hugh and Joan and their property partners, Hugh's brother Cam and wife Jill. One of the prizes awarded was a cruise and as Joan got terribly seasick, Cam and Jill took the cruise and Hugh, Joan, Malcolm and Alison travelled to the Singapore and Hong Kong regions.

In 1980, after enduring too many Bathurst winters and the unpredictability of farm life and with the children's education completed, the couple decided to move to Maroochydore, Queensland. The family had taken yearly holidays to the Sunshine Coast since the late 1960s and had begun to invest in property in the developing area. Malcolm had already located to the coast and Alison moved to the area in 1985.

Various business interests and the conscientious management of business records, including Biloela Caravan Park for approximately nine years kept Joan busy, along with and enduring interest in crafts, social justice issues

and politics. She was an integral support to Alison, Matthew and Jessica and was instrumental in the grandchildren's upbringing. In 1991 she was thrilled to welcome her daughter-in-law Helen to the family.

In the mid 2000s Hugh and Joan moved to Bundaberg, in part to be closer to business interests in the area and to return to a slower paced, country environment. They built in Sugarland Gardens and established a network of friends and varied interests.

Although Joan's passing was unexpected and too early, comfort is found in the support of her family and friends.

ELIZABETH LAING (1953/54)

In the year of the centenary of the crossing of the Blue Mountains, it is interesting that Joan was a descendant of William Cox, builder of the first road to Bathurst.



Julie Worldon (Twemlow 1956/57) Carole Sharp (Roth 1961/62) and Denise Cramsie (Strahan 1958/59) relax at the AGM in February, where the motion was passed to introduce a membership fee. For further details, see Page 11

JULIE WALDRON WRITES ...

In between my move from North Queensland to South Coast NSW I managed to fit in attendance at the Alumni AGM and lunch in Sydney. This was my second time and once again I enjoyed the chance to renew acquaintances. I am impressed by the dedication of those involved in keeping the Alumni running. Many thanks!

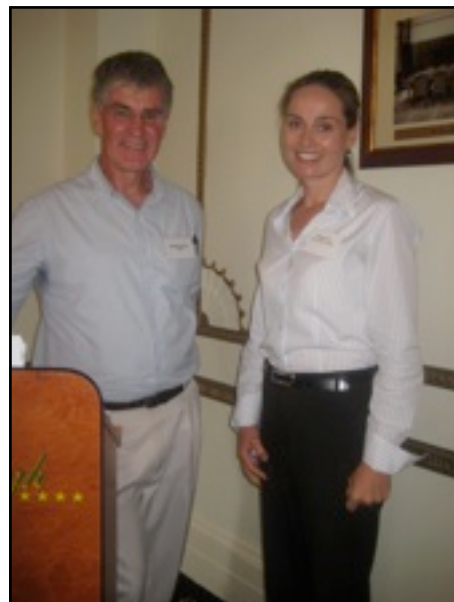
Seaforth, near Mackay was an idyllic spot, especially during winter but I won't miss the steamy summers! My new abode near Narooma will be cooler.

I'm hoping to be able to attend more get-togethers now that I won't be affected so much by the "tyranny of distance".

NEWS FROM CSU

Stacey Fish, the Faculty Advancement Officer in the Advancement Unit at CSU provides wonderful assistance to the committee and her help is much appreciated. At the moment she is very busy attending CSU Scholarship ceremonies

at the many campuses spread throughout NSW, but we were very happy that she found the time earlier in the year to come to our AGM and present the annual Alumni report.



Right: Stacey Fish, with Wayne Bentley, after giving her report to the AGM.

The latest figures on the Scholarship Fund show that contributions stand at \$29 820.55, with some recent donations yet to be added. This amount is made up of 686 gifts, with the average gift being \$43.47 and the number of donors totalling 332.

AND THE WINNER IS ...

This year's BTCAA Scholarship winner has already been selected and Gail Metcalfe, our Alumni Treasurer, will be at the ceremony to present the award on Friday 31st May to:

LARA LAMBKIN

Lara qualified as a Maths Teacher with a Dip. Ed. and is currently competing her last subject for the Graduate Diploma of Psychology via Bathurst Campus of CSU (distance education) while continuing to teach full-time and be involved in bringing up a young family. Her mother, Gloria Moritz was a student at Bathurst in 1960/61. The Committee is delighted to have such a talented candidate.

CALL FOR ARTICLES

Information about reunions as well as correspondence and feature articles are supplied by you, the members of BTCAA, so if you have a contribution you would like to make to "Panorama" please contact one of the editorial team: Carole Goodwin:

carole9999@virginbroadband.com.au

Denise Cramsie: dlcramsie@netspace.net.au

Alan Beggs: alandbarb1@optusnet.com.au

or write to

Stacey Fish, The Advancement Unit
Charles Sturt University, Panorama Ave,
Bathurst, NSW, 2795.

