



November 2012

Newsletter

Association of Retired Inspectors of Schools and Senior Educational Administrators

**If you wish to attend the next ARISSEA luncheon,
please print this first page,
complete the Booking slip,
include a cheque for your payment and
post to Jack Harrison.**

Booking slip 7th December 2012 Meeting

Complete and return with your cheque by 16th November to
J. Harrison, 2 Amalfi Place, Longueville NSW 2066 (phone 9427 5399)

Here is my payment of \$_____ (at \$40.00 per head)

for _____ and me to attend the ARISSEA luncheon
at 11.30am for 12.30pm at the Bowlers' Club, 95 York Street, Sydney on Friday 7th December.

Please provide _____ vegetarian meal(s).

Signed _____ Date _____ Phone No. _____

* Print your surname here. _____

Make your cheque payable to the *Association of Retired Inspectors of Schools* and cross it 'Not negotiable'.
Money cannot be refunded for cancellations made after 23rd November.



November 2012

Newsletter

Association of Retired Inspectors of Schools and Senior Educational Administrators

From the President



I would like to thank the members of the committee who have worked to bring the membership records up to date. Significant progress has been made and we hope that as a result we will see our membership numbers increase.

Since the last newsletter I have been busy focussing on music education, particularly in light of the release by the Australian Curriculum & Assessment Reporting Authority (ACARA), of the second draft of *The Shape of the Australian Curriculum: The Arts*. This document incorporates the areas of Dance, Drama, Media

Arts, Music and Visual Arts. The second consultation period for the Music Curriculum concluded at the end of September, 2012.

At the beginning of October I attended the 2012 Biennial Conference of the Kodaly Music Education Institute of Australia which was held in Adelaide. The conference topic was *It's Time... The Importance of Music Education*.

Participants represented the educational spectrum from pre-school to tertiary level and involved classroom, instrumental teachers, professional musicians and composers. Choirs from Queensland, Victoria and South Australia added 500 choristers between the ages of 6 to 70 years old to the musical mix.

Professor Ann Brewer and I presented the keynote address, while presenters from Hungary, England, America, New Zealand and Australia, including Richard Gill from the Victorian Opera, provided papers, lectures and workshops.

Representatives from six Australian Universities, music institutions, private and state schools across Australia, New Zealand and south east Asia, all contributed to and enjoyed a vibrant musical experience. The quality of the choral performances was

inspiring with many programs emphasizing the contemporary Australian choral repertoire.

A moment of reflection for me was triggered by the conductor of the Young Voices of Melbourne and principal guest conductor of the Gondwana Voices, Mark O'Leary, the conductor of the Queensland Kodaly Choir, Dr James Cuskelly, and the conductor of the Young Adelaide Voices, Christie Anderson. They were all young school students studying under teachers who became involved when the Kodaly Developmental Music program was being introduced into the Metropolitan West Region of Sydney.

The Voices of Birralea, conducted by Julie Christiansen included in their repertoire, a number of compositions by Paul Jarman. Paul is an extremely talented performer and composer, who travelled with the 2 choral ensembles as the artist in residence. Each of the choral performances was musical magic and transported the rhetoric of the papers, discussions and workshops into the extraordinary sounds of music.

All of these groups are community based, not-for-profit organisations that teach excellence in singing, performing and musicianship, based on a Kodaly approach. The choirs perform music from all genres and eras and are now regarded as leading lights in the Australian choral scene.

They perform regularly in and around their home locations, tour all states of Australia and internationally. Listen for them on Australian radio and television and buy one of their many recordings as your next gift. Each of these choirs is a testament to excellent music teaching and learning that is accessible to all.

Dr Deanna Hoermann

From the Management Committee

At the last Management Committee Meeting, the pressing problem of the vacant Secretary position caused by the sad death of Brian Ford was discussed. The Committee was most grateful that Geoff Walton agreed to fill in as Acting Secretary and Allan Mills as Membership Secretary until the next AGM in May 2013.

To contact the Acting Secretary:

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WINSTON HILLS 2153

Email: geoff_walton@yahoo.com or geoff@sandglass.com.au

Telephone: 02 9639 6847 Mobile: 0418 241 406

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To contact the Membership Secretary:

Postal address: Allan Mills, 156 Navala Ave, NELSON BAY 2315

Email: ajm@hunterlink.net.au

Telephone: 02 4984 1643

Following the state government's announcement about reductions in funding for education over the next 4 years and significant reductions in staff numbers (but without any detrimental effect on classroom teaching), I was anxious to obtain some description of the type of changes that are being planned. I am grateful to Brian Powyer, Executive Officer ISEA for the following item.

Proposed New DEC Regional Structure

Brian Powyer

The following points summarise a verbal briefing recently given to the ISEA, by the Department, in regards to the proposed changes for a new regional structure. Further detail is currently being discussed with portfolios and interest groups across the state to further develop this blueprint.

- The new model will remove the separate entities that are Regions, although the strengths of the current model will continue.
- The new model will be fully operational in 2014 - transition to the new model will take place from December 2012.
- The position of Regional Director (there are currently 10 across NSW) will not continue after this year.
- Approximately 40 schools will be in each network or grouped in some way, in which Principals will be accountable to a Director for the effective leadership and management of the school.
- Each Director will be accountable to an Executive Director - there will probably be 5 such Executive Directors in NSW, each supporting the work of Directors and a small team supporting schools.
- Officers looking after defined areas such as leadership, school performance and curriculum implementation will work closely with Directors in their work with Principals.
- Education services teams (supporting areas such as equity, curriculum, leadership, student services, Aboriginal Education) will be aligned to support schools - these will be based close to schools at locations across the State.

August Lunch



Alan Rice and Joan Healy

Members say

John Dugdale

THE LANDING ON THE MOON

It is now some weeks or so since Neil Armstrong died and on learning this sad news no doubt many of us recalled the events way back on 20 July 1969 that made him famous as the first man to walk upon the moon when he uttered those memorable words, "That's one small step for [a] man, one giant leap for mankind." On that day I was inspecting at Sans Souci Public School and, knowing the landing's imminence, its principal and I truanted and went to his home down Sylvania way to watch the momentous proceedings on his television set.

Later that year I was inspecting a teacher at Sylvania Public School and following my practice had asked his Year 5 pupils to write a one-page "story" for me on a topic of their individual choosing. One boy, Norris Smith by name and aged about ten, produced a remarkably imaginative composition in which he wrote about himself as one of the astronauts in the recent moon landing. It was so good that I conceived the idea of sending it to Neil Armstrong at NASA in the USA and with the approval of an excited Norris, his teacher and the principal this I did, accompanying it with a explanatory letter from me.

Several months passed and one morning I heard that there was a commotion at the Norris household; reporters and photographers from Sydney's Daily Telegraph were there. Norris had received a thank you letter from Neil Armstrong and his mother had contacted the press who wanted to know more about the Australian boy's association with the first man to land upon the moon. The next day they published the story with the boy's photograph.

Everyone was delighted with this outcome and I also received a letter of appreciation from Armstrong thanking me for letting him read Norris's great story. I still have this letter bearing the famous astronaut's signature.

With the passage of time all of these events faded away until one day in 2009 a niece of mine remarked to me that she had heard my name in a morning broadcast from Station 2UE. It had happened to be the fortieth anniversary of the first landing on the moon and during its celebration a man named Norris Smith had called the station to tell them of Mr Dugdale, the school inspector, who had sent his boy's essay to Neil Armstrong way back in 1969.

I called Station 2UE to enquire about this and as a result they produced a further broadcast with Norris Smith and I on air talking via telephone together and reminiscing about the original situation and our subsequent lives. Because of this Norris and I were able to meet later when he visited me in my Strathfield home and we had coffee and conversation, he being then in his early fifties and a journalist by occupation.

Norris Smith and I did not then advance our acquaintance, but lately on the occasion of Neil Armstrong's death a friend remarked to me that she had just heard my name on the radio in a program in which a man named Norris Smith was telling his story about himself and the deceased astronaut.

It seems that there are exceptions to Mark Antony's observation in Julius Caesar: "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Here's one of the latter, albeit a small good, that continues to survive!

August Lunch



Cate and Ian Vacchini with Pat Morgan

From the President

Do you know any former colleague who is eligible to be a member of ARISSEA but has not applied to join the Association.

Note that 'eligible' means that at some time during their career they were appointed and served as an Inspector of Schools, a Chief Education Officer or in an equivalent or higher position in public school education.

If so, please invite them to contact Deanna at:
deanna@hoermann.net.au

August Lunch



Geoff Walton and Ray Gillies

Members say [*]

Graham Sims

Past and Present

In our modern, frenetic world of endless technological and social change, “yesterday” seems a long time ago, and anything earlier than yesterday seems so long ago as to be totally irrelevant.

At precisely the same time, therefore, as our population is growing older, the world seems more and more the exclusive province of the young. It is, in many ways, a sad time to be old.

I was recently talking to a group of intelligent, reasonably well educated young people whom I'd encountered while I was cycling at Bicentennial Park at Homebush Bay. (They were studying at the Environmental Field Studies Centre.)

The young folk at the Studies Centre were gobsmacked when I told them about "the mangrove swamp", the Homebush Abattoirs, the bull-sharks we used to shoot, along with the pigs escaped from Barnes Bacon factory, our escapades in the brick pits etc., etc.

They could barely believe that someone still alive and breathing, (and able to ride a bike) could remember and have lived in a Sydney so different from the one they knew.

One of them then mentioned that she lived near Penrith, now considered merely an outer Western suburb of Sydney. In fact, she went on, she lived at Regentville... which I'd probably never heard of. My credibility, (and, no doubt, my antiquity), then rose spectacularly, when I told them the following.

My German, (maternal) grandmother lived, alone, at Regentville, about three miles west of Penrith, just off Mulgoa Road, for about 30 years, until not long before her death in 1956, aged 86.

With my grandfather, Andrew, she had had eight children, including the youngest, my mother. My grandparents had had a sugar cane farm on Warriga Island, in the Clarence river, near Grafton. Their marriage had ultimately failed and, after living in various country towns with the two or three youngest children, my grandmother, for some reason, bought a block of rural land at Regentville (for the equivalent of \$1.50 an acre!)

She must have first moved there in about 1930, at which time my mother would have been 16, already working (at Arnott's Biscuits at Homebush) and living with her older sister.

Quite why my grandmother chose Regentville remained a family mystery. Although, by today's standards not far from Sydney, it was then regarded as "the back of beyond". In fact, I remember my grandmother, in her German accent, once describing the area as "the last place on earth the Good Lord made ... and He forgot to finish it!"

And here, dear reader, is where the young folk to whom I was relating this story began to really believe I was "telling them a story", of the "once upon a time" variety.

You see, when my grandmother first moved to Regentville, there was neither electricity nor running water. These did not come until many years later and, stubborn old cuss that she was, she was most reluctant to avail herself of either.

I remember my grandmother as indomitable, and just about fearless. (A large, black snake lived beneath her water tank, and we grandkids were under threat of violence if we dared disturb it. "It kills the rats and mice".)

After these few years of lonely tent-dwelling, and, I'm sure, persuaded by some of her children, who were living "normal" lives elsewhere, my grandmother allowed a small house to be built for her, mainly by two of my uncles. (Within six or seven years, both would be involved in World War II, one never to return, and the other to be a prisoner of war in Changi and on the Burma Railway.... but that's another story.)

These two young men, her youngest son, David, and her son-in-law, "Ock", for reasons that are now lost to me, decided, or, more likely, were persuaded, to build her a house on her block of land, in Loftus Street, Regentville.

From what I can understand, at least some of my grandmother's children were concerned about her living alone in a tent, "so far from Sydney", and so far away from where most of them now lived.

Her eldest daughter moved to Western Australia, never to return, and it seems that my grandparents' eight children, with an age spread of over twenty years, were split between loyalty to my grandfather (who died in 1938) and my grandmother, with only the two or three youngest supporting her.

So, in the midst of the Great Depression, my uncles David and Ock (with probable help from another uncle, Louis, took it upon themselves to build a cottage for my grandmother. With money so scarce, "scrounging" was the name of the game. (Scrounging, or scavenging, was a time-honoured Aussie tradition ... now remanifesting itself as "recycling".)

At the bottom of the nearby Factory Road (then known as Factory Lane) was an old mill and a small dairy, both constructed from hand-made "convict bricks". Both the mill and dairy were in disrepair, so my uncles helped themselves to "spare" bricks and wheeled them in wheelbarrows about a mile up Factory Lane and onto my grandmother's block.

By various means, sheets of corrugated iron, timber, (much of it bush timber), cement and assorted building materials were also "scrounged". (Some may have even been purchased), and gradually a little cottage, complete with alligator chimney, bay windows and the inevitable outdoor "dunny" emerged.

Although more "conventional" people were by then living in more "conventional" houses, made either of brick, timber (weatherboard) or fibrous cement (fibro), and with modern appearance and facilities. I remember my grandmother's little cottage

as looking (and feeling) just like something from our pioneering days of the 19th, or even the 18th century.

It had a very simple structure, with a verandah front and back, a “primitive” kitchen with a stone floor and a fuel stove (which never “went out”), a combined laundry and “wash room” (never called a bathroom), a living room (called the parlour), a tiny bedroom (where, later, we stayed) and my grandmother’s bedroom (into which we rarely dared to venture).

Staying in my grandmother’s quaint, simple little house, and the adventure of actually getting there, form part of my childhood memories that will never fade. With Penrith now merely a western suburb of Sydney my use of the word “adventure” may seem strange to contemporary readers.

The facts are, however, that 55 years ago, the geographic centre of Sydney, was about Strathfield; Parramatta was in the “outer west”; electric trains went only as far as Blacktown, where we had to change trains and catch one of the only two or three steam trains which went to Penrith each day. Most of these continued to the Blue Mountains.

If we missed “the Penrith steam-train”, we had either to wait several hours for the next one, or, as I remember, give up and return home.

When we did eventually reach Penrith, the wooden platforms were shorter than an eight carriage train, so, unless we fluked the section of the platform beside our carriage, we had to climb down onto the tracks and walk along until we could climb back up onto the platform.

Of course, as three kids, my younger brother, sister and I thought this great fun. Our harassed mother, struggling with us and our luggage and toys, must have found it less hilarious.

And then, unless we had really struck it lucky, a further adventure began. You see, as I mentioned, my grandmother’s house was in Loftus Street, Regentville, about three miles out of Penrith, just off Mulgoa Road (which continues through Mulgoa, Wallacia and to Warragamba Dam).

Readers familiar with these areas of western Sydney as they are today will no doubt see them as residential suburbs, easily accessible by train, bus and the now ubiquitous family car.

In the 1950s they were decidedly undeveloped rural areas, with only limited residential developments beyond Regentville itself. Warragamba Dam was still being constructed.

Perhaps if I mention that my father, uncle and I went rabbit-shooting in the vast paddocks behind Regentville Public School, and that the suburb now called Glenmore

Park was open grazing land, full of rabbits, foxes and the occasional wild bull, it will put things in context.

So, having arrived at Penrith station, we faced four possible scenarios.

1. My grandmother, expecting us, had driven the three miles into Penrith in her horse and buggy (or, later, sulky) and was waiting for us in Station Street under a shady tree opposite the Red Cow Hotel. Amazingly, the tree is still there, although the surrounds are now unrecognisable.
2. Our train, more by good luck than good management, had coincided with one of the two buses per day that went out along Mulgoa Road to Mulgoa or Wallacia.
3. My mother, either through a financial windfall or exhaustion, or both, decided we could “splurge” on a taxi out to Regentville. Oh luxury, rare indeed!
4. Carrying and/or dragging our luggage, toys etc., we walked the three miles, along Mulgoa Road to Regentville.

Scenario 1 was rare and usually dismissed. Even if my grandmother did know we were coming, she was such a cantankerous old woman that she would pretend she hadn't known, so that our dusty arrival would surprise her by its unexpected inconvenience.

Scenario 4 is burned into my subconscious as by far our most common means of making the journey from Penrith to Regentville. I can still hear my mother saying, “Well, kids, we'll just have to go on shank's pony”, (i.e. on foot!)

When we eventually arrived, our welcome was usually underwhelming. Although my mother, the youngest of eight, was incredibly loyal to my grandmother, the other siblings having died, given up on her or moved far away, we never got the impression that “grandma” was pleased to see us ... or anybody, for that matter.

We were tolerated, rather than welcomed, with the inevitable admonition that:

“There's not much water in the tanks”

“You'll have to go and collect wood for the stove”

“Don't you children get under my feet”

My mother, if lucky, would be greeted with “Well, girlie, now you're here, I suppose you'd better put the kettle on.”

Accustomed to such an effusive welcome, we three kids would “go outside and play”, in an environment so simple and different from our own in suburban Concord. There was a buggy shed, complete with buggy and sulky (four and two wheelers, respectively). In the early days there was even an old white horse called Tim, who one day ate too much oats, drank too much water, swelled up and died.

There were sheds, containing old farm implements, harnesses, milk churns, tins, jars etc., which we never tired of investigating and playing with, although forbidden by grandmother to do so.

Most days we'd go out into the surrounding paddocks, with a homemade billycart, to collect firewood ... always watching out for a belligerent bull or black snake.

When evening came, we'd have "supper" by the light of a mysteriously ornate kerosene lamp which hung down from the rafters, and by about 8pm we'd be in bed, engulfed in white, gossamer mosquito netting, which always trapped one or two "mozzies" inside, while rarely allowing a breath of fresh air to enter ... and we slept like logs.

Although this little world, along with much else, has changed forever, my grandmother's cottage, "modernised" but still recognisable, still stands, obviously well cared for by the man who now owns it, no doubt unaware of its history and its significance to me. Who knows, he may even like to read this story.

August Lunch



Graeme Nicholls

Members say

Stewart House – "Giving Kids a Break"

Geoff Walton

As a component of the support that members of ARISSEA provide for Stewart House Margaret Hopkins, George Green and Geoff Walton spent two weeks in May

working with Tom Croker, a member of the Stewart House Board, to assess the implementation of the *Stewart House Out of School Hours Program*.

Over the two weeks, we reviewed policies, observed the program of out-of-school-hours activities provided for young people, talked with participants and formally interviewed staff. This information was collated against the framework of standards and indicators that had been endorsed by the Stewart House Board of Directors.

From the evidence collected we are confident of our opinion that children and young people who participate in the *Stewart House Out of School Hours Program*:

- have the opportunity to enjoy a well-structured, all-inclusive twelve day away-from-home experience.
- are cared for and accommodated in comfortable, secure, clean, appropriately maintained facilities.
- benefit from working with a team of expert, enthusiastic, committed, caring supervisors.
- are provided with a structured program that encourages them to consolidate and expand their repertoire of effective personal and interpersonal skills.
- are given access to appropriate health services.

Individual and corporate donors are the principal source of the funds required to continue to provide the *Stewart House Out of School Hours Program*. In our judgement, donors should draw satisfaction from knowing that each year they are giving 1800 deserving children and young people an opportunity to benefit from a unique and valuable 12 day experience.

The program in brief:

Every second Monday during school term time, some 90 students arrive at Stewart House. They are placed into age/stage appropriate class groupings for the ten day school program and allocated to one of five dormitory groups. Dormitory groups are the organisational unit for delivering components of the *Out of School Hours Program*.

The program operates from 3.00 pm to 9.00 am on week days and from 3.00 pm Friday to 9.00 am Monday every second weekend. Components of the program include providing safe, comfortable accommodation, quality meals, laundry services, local transport, venue entry, sensitive supervision, opportunities to develop social and personal skills, a choice of high interest holiday-type activities for city and country children and adolescents.

For additional information visit the Stewart House website <http://www.stewarthouse.org.au/>

August Lunch



Fenton Sharpe

Members say [*]

Syd Smith

A GREAT APPOINTMENT

Graham Sims' recent article about his experiences at the airforce school in Malaysia confirms the value of how fortunate it is to have an alternative educational experience and the possible joy it brings to your career later on. It also reminds me of my unusual experience in being appointed to a school in a naval base in 1963.

This was no applying to Head Office and sweating stressfully through incisive questions from a poker faced interview panel and then waiting on tenterhooks to see if I was successful. No this was the usual curt, formal telegram that came out of the blue and simply said, "Please report for duty to Jervis Bay Public School on January 31."

In those days Jervis Bay belonged to the ACT, and still does. At the time of Federation it was to become the port for Canberra but the planning was flawed; no way could you build a railway from Canberra to the coast due to a sandstone barrier known as the Great Dividing Range. What was different in those days was that ACT schools were staffed by the NSW Department of Education.

Jervis Bay was a paradise in itself with peaceful, white sandy beaches and scattered weekenders around the foreshores of Huskisson and Hyams Beach. In those days

you could have bought a block of land for a few hundred dollars. The same land and home has now escalated to the million plus.

Unfortunately I was then spending all my money on an unreliable car so there was little chance I would have been able to buy a block of chocolate let alone a block of land. In those days you could walk all the way along the beach to Green Patch but after the new road was built to access a proposed nuclear power plant, that never happened, it became a camper's retreat. The newly established navy in 1913 had come to Jervis Bay.



Cadets on parade on the Quarter Deck

Known as HMAS Creswell, it became the training ground for Australia's naval officers. Boys as young as 13, were separated from their families and spent several years as a cadet at the base to become midshipman. While obviously a land base it was still known as a ship by the crew and as soon as you crossed the ACT border from Nowra and entered through the white boom gates you were said to be "on board". During the Depression the navy suffered severe cutbacks and was forced to leave and lease the base to a holiday company.

I remember as a boy the man next door telling me he and his wife had spent their honeymoon there. I think the place still has that atmosphere because many personnel who are appointed there seem to start a new family (or restart one) soon after they arrive. This is not surprising as many of them have been separated from their wives after spending years at sea.

Jervis Bay as an appointment

There was no doubt that Jervis Bay was a unique appointment. For example who in the teaching service would be able to leave the school and come to the wardroom for lunch every day? I had silver tray service with stewards serving the meals and

after a brisk conversation I would bolt back to the school to do my share of playground duty. Jervis Bay was a 2 teacher school. I taught the K-2 students while the principal taught Years 3-6. Being an ACT school we had the best of both worlds.



Jervis Bay School

The Department supplied all the stores that every NSW school required and then the ACT also doubled up with their own school supplies. As a result we had more than we needed, a situation I must say never ever happened again in my career. When I went home for school holidays the principal would ask me if I needed some toilet paper as there was no more room in the school to store it. Underneath the school it was jam packed and had become a fire hazard.

About 3 kms down the road was Wreck Bay Public School, another ACT school which at that time was on an Aboriginal Reserve. The two schools have now amalgamated after requests by the navy.

Bob Murdoch, who became an inspector and later a director, was the assistant teacher at Wreck Bay but he was forced to live in the rating's (sailors') and PO'S mess. This was much more informal than the Wardroom where I was accommodated in my own "cabin".

There is little doubt that my 2 years at the Bay were the most interesting years of my life. VIPS like Farren Price, the watchmaker, Lord Casey, a future Governor-General, Justice Dovey (Whitlam's father-in-law) and Leonard Teale, the actor all came to visit at one time. Teale and a host of other actors were housed in the wardroom for several weeks while the ABC filmed Stormy Petrel, a period drama of the time. Each evening the cast would come ashore sick as dogs after filming on the choppy bay

However Jervis Bay taught me one of my first important political lessons. As an honorary member of the wardroom I was asked to manage the soft drink sales and purchases. There was a problem because the accounts kept showing a considerable loss but it did not take me long to work out why.



Naval Wardroom in 1963

When a member of the wardroom purchased a bottle of soft drink it was sold at the price that didn't include the deposit on the bottle. When the member returned the bottle he was given back the threepence deposit, a deposit he had never paid for in the first place. In other words members were buying soft drinks at sixpence below the recommended sales price.

I quickly informed the commander of the reason the mess was making a loss but soon realised this was not what anyone wanted to hear. It seemed many members were well aware of the flaw and were happy to get cheap soft drinks along with the duty free alcohol which is available on all ships. Not long after I was relieved of my duties as soft drink officer.

Other Stories

There are many funny stories that I could tell in those two wonderful years I spent at Jervis Bay. One was the time when I went for my Teachers' Certificate and the inspector was taken out on a frigate the night before. No names will be mentioned but next day he sat at the back of the classroom with a very sore head.

Subsequently I was awarded my certificate but no thanks to my officer friends. During his visit the inspector would eat meals with us and the young officers would tease me in front of him asking how was it possible for me to be sober that night when normally they falsely claimed I was inebriated.

The most dramatic evening however was the night the Voyager went down. The Melbourne had sliced through Voyager during exercises off Jervis Bay. The captain was killed along with 70 odd other sailors and officers. Many of those I knew including a number of cadets training to be officers.

For some strange reason every cadet whose surname began with M died that year. For 3 days I had to go to Nowra to eat as the base became a war lockdown but within 3 days the officers held a party on the beach to let off steam after the worst peace time disaster that had ever taken place. The Officer in Charge of the base was Commander Leach who later became Vice Admiral, the most senior appointment in the Australian navy.

We think we live in interesting times but these were times without the Chinese curse. They were times when teachers could be more creative, feel much more free and able to adapt to a variety of communities and situations. Nothing however prepared me for this appointment. Nevertheless so much was I enjoying it I almost resigned and joined the Naval Instructor Branch.

What stopped me was the night a group of navy wives told me not to join as the marriages of naval personnel can be strained and more difficult than civilian marriages. I thought it over and decided to stay with the Department.

I wonder sometimes how my life would have been had I made that detour then.

Members say [*]

Will Robertson

I believe that the following matter needs discussion.

As a consequence of the burning of the Australian Flag and other happenings, it is time that all people born in Australia are recognised as 'Indigenous'. Although 'political spin' calls that only those who claim some 'Aboriginal gene', indigenous, it is divisive, and these claimants seek advantages over other Australians born in Australia. The present use of the term 'indigenous' discriminates against most Australians and is unjust by the discrimination laws.

I suggest AUSTRALIANS recognise that:

All Born in Australia are Indigenous

The Etymological Dictionary defines 'indigenous' as 'native born in a country' and 'native' as 'one born in a particular place or country'.

Aborigine is defined as 'the earliest inhabitants of Australia', 'a descendant of these people, sometimes of mixed blood'; and at European settlement there were many different 'aboriginal tribes' with many different languages around Australia.

When I attended school at Wilcannia in 1939-40s, I, 'a white boy born in Australia' sat beside Jimmy Crow, a 'black boy born in Australia' and we did the same lessons and played together. There were also children of mixed parents, who were 'half of many other casts'. But we are all 'indigenous, born in Australia'.

On Australia Day, my grandchildren are indigenous, fourth generation, all born in Australia. Cousins but with some different genes from Scotland, England, China, Germany, & Switzerland; other cousins, genes from Ireland, Spain, Philippines etc.

As people with Aboriginal genes have been intermarrying with migrants for over two hundred years, and we all have a mixture of genes, the time for labels and policies that divide Australian people is past.

Culture is dynamic not static and we must all live and work together for the common good. We are all Australians, we are one. We must all be treated equally.

August Lunch



Brian Gillett, Jack Harrison and Cliff Cowdroy

Members say

Tony Re

After lunching today with a group of my former principals (not, note, principles) and talking about travels, I decided to expand on the notes I sent you on Monday. So....

From travelogues that have been written in the past, many of my colleagues in ARISSEA seem to be regular tourists to places oft visited, to the more exotic. Lyn

and I are always seeking hints to make travelling a little easier - items to take; sites to visit; places to stay; and trips to take. I'd like to offer a few hints of my own.

It can be frustrating, well at least to me, to sort through a suitcase trying to find a particular item of clothing or to repack in preparation for heading off the next day, especially on an organized tour.

Before recently spending a month in Europe, I purchased some Packing Cells. They were well worth the money although Lyn was dubious about their usefulness until she tried them.

The Packing Cells came from Kathmandu (no, I do not own Kathmandu shares) and have been a half price special for a couple of months. One "M" size Cell held three pairs of trousers/jeans; another five shirts; and a third my leisure gear. The "S" and "XS" Cells prevented socks from escaping from each other and underwear and the like from hiding in the recesses of the suitcase.

The store also has Packing Tubes, which I found suitable for a single shoe, and Clear Packages which are not as sturdy as the Cells but quite useful especially when going through customs. All these items can be bought online.

Another new purchase I made was a different style of bag for my SLR camera. My normal case screams out "Tourist". The Lowepro Passport Sling looks more like a carry bag that locals might have. While the Passport Sling might not be as substantial as a dedicated camera case, it offers very good protection and has enough room to carry even a jumper. I bought mine at Dirt Cheap Cameras in York Street for just over \$70, the cheapest price I could find on the web.

A third purchase was an extra cover for my iPad made from neoprene/poly. I came across this at Changi Airport and it cost \$A31. I didn't test its effectiveness by dropping it from a height but it seemed that it would give good protection in most circumstances. The iPad itself is invaluable in backing up photos, very quick with SD memory cards.

All trips reveal unexpected delights. This time we found the "Hidden Museum" in Amsterdam; the "John Soane Museum" in Lincoln's Inn Fields in London; and the recently re-opened Gaudi's "Palau Güell" in Barcelona.

If you can suggest anything to make travelling more hassle-free, this could be useful to many of your colleagues. Perhaps Travel Hints might even become a regular feature in our Newsletter.

Members say

Al Ramsay MBE, OAM

Due to a stroke I can no longer drive a car neither does my wife Helen so we have to move from Coffs Harbour where I have lived and enjoyed for 34 years.

Helen and I will be moving to Neutral Bay, Sydney, to an over 55 years establishment which is the centre of activity with all shops and facilities within metres. We have purchased a “small” apartment. Although small it will meet all our needs.

It is called Bouganvillia Village or the Bay Village and has all facilities including an excellent restaurant, pools, craft centre, beautiful grounds and really looks the goods for people like us who cannot drive a car any more. It is only 10 minutes walk from my daughter’s place which is also excellent. Buses to the city take 7 minutes so it is most centrally located.

We will have room for the occasional visitor but there are other good places close by.

The postal address is Unit 125, 7 Waters Road, Neutral Bay. 2089. There are 2 entrances to the establishment one from Waters Street and the other from Military Road. The location is at Cremorne Junction. We haven’t got a landline yet but our mobile is 0427255195. I assume my email will remain the same, if not I will inform you. We expect to move in on 1st October.

Cheers, Al and Helen Ramsay

Members say [*]

BRIAN GEORGE FORD 1933-2012

Laurie Craddock & Alan Rice



Brian and Denise Ford

Brian's outstanding and varied professional career in education began at Newcastle Teachers' College in 1950. He graduated the next year as a General Primary Teacher.

His first appointment (1952) was as a District Relief Teacher (DRT) based at Orange. His general usefulness soon became apparent to the D.I. and he filled some unusual roles. His last D.R.T. role saw him make the fateful move to Morbell, a one teacher school near Canowindra. His task was to close the school because of falling pupil numbers.

It was a fateful decision because the school grew again significantly and Brian became Teacher-in-Charge (T-i-C). In nearby Canowindra he met his life partner of 53 years. No doubt with good reason he regarded this as his best ever decision.

In 1964 the family moved to Sydney and Brian undertook what served as an Art conversion course at the National Art School at East Sydney Tech College. The diploma that he gained turned him from a 2 year trained to a 4 year trained teacher. This was an important factor in his later career moves.

Brian became an Art teacher at Macquarie Boys High in 1965 and moved to Seven Hills High in the same role in 1966. The next change had a slightly farcical element. He was chosen as the Art Adviser for Liverpool Region (later Metropolitan South West Region.) Farcical? Well the Region didn't exist.

1977 was a very significant year in the Ford story. Brian became principal of Old Guilford Public School whose longevity stretched way back into the previous century. It was his first challenge that involved an administrative operation across the primary grades. His success led naturally to his appointment as a District Inspector of Schools, firstly at Forbes and in 1982, Mount Druitt.

His expertise in the new priority of applying technology into administration and classrooms led to his playing a leading role in developments in this area. His leadership in this field prepared the way for some of the exciting developments that followed.

Many of us have benefited from Brian's vast knowledge of computers, their programs and their eccentricities. Like the very best practitioners, he could talk you through a problem on the phone and if that didn't work 'ere long he would be there to fix it. Fixes sometimes took hours. He gave of his time freely. In the new era these skills were utilised by the Department of School Education.

Knowledge of computers led to him becoming Secretary of ARISSEA. In this role over the past dozen years he contributed greatly to the welfare of his fellow retirees from the Administration.

Brian's care for his colleagues was reflected in the many funerals he attended. He felt a loyalty to his colleagues and a sense of care for their families.

Those of us close to him who witnessed the last several months are full of admiration of the stoicism of Denise and the obvious splendid support that the daughters gave, a reflection of their upbringing,

Those who knew Brian well regarded him as a great mate, one of the very best, utterly constant and reliable.

The small group that was close to him in the past months is a small sample of a very large group that felt the same and manifested their concern in many ways. Phone calls amongst friends not wishing to disturb the family were legion.

Without a doubt, Brian Ford will be missed by his innumerable friends and admirers.

Members say

Anne Eggins

MEMORIES OF MERV DUNKLEY

Merv Dunkley was my boss for eight years at Macquarie University and his remarkable leadership has always impressed me. I was sad but not shocked when we were told that Merv had died. The sadness relates to the great loss of a person who really understood the delights and demands of classroom teaching.

The lack of shock was due to the fact that I thought he had died many years ago. This misinformation came from a garage sale of all places, where I was shuffling through an interesting pile of books. Inside the cover of one was the very familiar rubber stamp of Mervyn Dunkley. I asked the young fellow running the sale how he had come by the book. He said his old teacher Mr Dunkley had died and he had been given a lot of his books. The lesson here is don't believe all that is said at garage sales!

I did not know Merv when he was a Mathematics teacher, nor even as an inspector of schools, but only as the remarkable leader of the Teacher Education Program, TEP, at Macquarie. One incident confirmed to me that his interest in and memory of people was sincere and profound. A team of TEP staff were off to run courses in Samoa.

We were passing through all the check-points boarding our flight. Suddenly one of the Qantas staff urgently tapped my shoulder and asked if I knew the man ahead, because he thought he recognised him as one of his teachers from Wagga High School, but had forgotten his name. I refreshed his memory only to see Merv, turn around and with his infectious grin, say to the young fellow: "Robert, what are you doing here? The last I heard you were doing engineering at the Uni of NSW." I was rewarded with more than a Qantas smile.

The TEP was Merv's answer to the dreadful waste incurred by the state government and the disenchanted beginning teachers, who found that they were ill-prepared and not equipped to cope with being "first year out". I have no idea how many people

he had to convince to put his radical approach into practice. They ranged from Bedford, the Minister of the day, through the Vice-chancellor at Macquarie, many Professors, the University Architect, seconded teachers who acted as lecturers and Master teachers to the students, many of whom were mature aged.

The message was clear: spend time in learning about school culture from the point of view of a teacher rather than as a pupil. The whole program revolved about school experience and working with people who really knew what classrooms and current curricula were like. What a vision!

He made it possible, even honourable, for student to withdraw from teaching as a profession if they found it was not for them. His door was always open and his advice only given after listening carefully to what the trainee was experiencing.

Merv Dunkley was a brilliant educator, a patient tactician, a good golfer, lover of fine food and wine and a wonderful friend and colleague, who encouraged and enabled those of us lucky enough to work with him, to do far more than we ever thought possible

From the Editor

Problem with email addresses

Recently there has been a need to provide urgent advice to members via email. In some cases these emails have failed. In each case it is because the particular address's inbox was temporarily full or that the member's email address had been changed. I would appreciate it if the following members would email their correct email address to me at peterrobinson7@gmail.com so that our member records can be corrected where necessary.

Brent Corish
Jack Elliott
Glenice Hancock
Neil Morrison
Lidia Nemitschenko
John Power
Patricia Wilson

August Lunch photos courtesy of Alan Pratt

Articles shown as [*] have been edited because of limited space. The complete article has been included in the email version of the ARISSEA Newsletter.

Note that the email version is also compatible with the iPad. Members who would like to receive the email version should send a request to the Newsletter Editor at:

peterrobinson7@gmail.com

Address changes

(Changes shown in Bold)

BARLOW RW Rex-Dawn
rwmdb2@bigpond.com

CAREY HK Chick-Pat
patchi66@bigpond.com

COLLINS G Garrie-Sandra
sg.collins@bigpond.com

DAVIES OK Owen-Tracy
okdavies@ozemail.com.au

FOX JT John-Helen
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GEORGE GR Geoff-Joy
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Unit 125, 7 Waters Road, Neutral Bay
NSW 2089
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VICKERS JP Joan
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WOOTTEN T Trevor-Helen
trevorwootten@yahoo.com.au

YOUNGHUSBAND N Nola
nolayounghusband@clearmail.com.au

Some of these address changes may be the result of the transfer from the old address system to the new system.

Deaths

08/07/12 FORD BG (Brian)
21 Harrison St, Northmead 2152

13/10/12 NEBAUER AJ (John)
13 Bellevue Drive, Port Macquarie 2444

Members are reminded that material is needed
for the **February 2013 Newsletter**
Accompanying photos are most welcome,
preferably as JPG email attachments.

Copy deadline: 14th January 2013

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