



November 2014

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

5th December 2014 Meeting

Complete and return with your cheque by 14th 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 '**99 on York**', 99 York Street, Sydney on Friday 5th 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 22nd November.



November 2014

Newsletter

Association of Retired Inspectors of Schools and Senior Educational Administrators

From the President



Welcome to the November issue of our newsletter! I'm looking forward to reading your contributions in this issue and invite you to send Editor Peter Robinson your articles with educational ideas, reflections and personal updates by the next deadline Friday 16 January 2015.

I'm anticipating catching up with as many members as possible at the luncheon on 5 December - always a popular event fuelled by high octane collegiality. Your executive is seeking ways to extend our membership benefits to those who are less robust or live in distant locations and are therefore unable to benefit from our meetings. If you have suggestions, please send them to Secretary Geoff Walton

The August ARISSEA luncheon meeting was an outstanding success. Our decision to invite a quality guest speaker and to encourage members to attend, resulted in a larger August gathering than in recent years.

Ms Jane Simmons, Executive Director, Learning and Leadership, provided useful information about the new structure and clarified the priorities of the Department of

Education and Communities. Her focus was on the reforms that will improve the learning outcomes of public school students.

Members were impressed with the quality of Jane's presentation, as expressed in a member's email to me: "A great presentation and plans mentioned that gave me some optimism. I think everyone felt the same way as I did. Very informative, no bureaucratic waffle and a friendly professional approach which delighted us all."

For her part, Jane was impressed with the number and previous seniority of our members and the warmth of her reception. She has mentioned her experience in very positive terms to the directors that she supervises and more senior officers.

Thank you to everyone who helped to make this luncheon a memorable one. I encourage the committee to plan for a similar event at the next August luncheon.

The presence of Reynold Macpherson at the luncheon was a bonus. I'm sure he enjoyed catching up with many members who had given their resources and time for the ISEA history project. Reynold's writing up of the results is nearing completion and three ARISSEA members have been part of the formal editing group.

As we reflect on the changing landscape in the administration of public education, your executive committee has given thought to the future of ARISSEA. Our current constitution is a minimalist, one-page document from 2001. We have an opportunity to review it and to draft a constitution that deals more comprehensively with our objects, roles and procedures.

The committee has worked on a draft and was surprised that it turned out to be longer than we expected. We have sought to formalise our operations to meet all foreseeable challenges that might come along.

The committee proposes to work the constitution up into a final draft and then to consult widely with ARISSEA members. The plan is to take account of members' feedback and, if there is general support for it, to present a final version formally to the membership at the next Annual General Meeting in May 2015.

The issue of ARISSEA becoming an incorporated association is a separate matter that your executive is not pursuing at this time. If you would like a copy of the current third draft of the constitution with a view to advising the committee, please send your request for an email copy to me at regillies@yahoo.com.au

Ray Gillies

August Lunch



Jane Simmons, Exec Director, L&L, DEC
Guest Speaker

Secretary's Report

Summary Report from the Committee meeting, 29 September 2014

The meeting, held at the York Function and Conference Centre, received reports from the President, Secretary, Treasurer and Editor, the information presented included:

The lunch meeting 1 August 2014 was attended by 37 members and guests. The presentation by our guest speaker, Ms Jane Simmons, Executive Director Learning and Leadership, received positive responses from those present.

Some 35 ARISSEA members have contributed to the ISEA History project. Bill Grant and Chris Carroll are both busy proof reading/editing chapters of Dr Macpherson's manuscript.

The 23 September, 2014 balance in our current account was \$7,960.75.

The due date for copy for the January 2015 Newsletter is Friday, 16 January 2015.

Lunch Meeting dates for next year are:

Annual General Meeting Friday May 1, 2015;

General Meetings - Friday August 7, 2015 and
Friday December 4, 2015.

President, Ray Gillies led the meeting through a workshop session to consider the intent and wording of clauses to be included in Draft 3 of a revised ARISSEA Constitution.

Geoff Walton

August Lunch



Cliff Cowdroy and Jack Harrison

History says

The following is an extract from an article written by W E Black, Inspector South Newcastle, and published in the Journal of the Institute of Inspectors of Schools, NSW, December 1921. (93 years ago!)

THE PLACE OF THE INSPECTOR IN EDUCATION

In Australia, in the very early days of the settlement, a few small schools were established here and there as population spread and circumstances demanded. As some of the school expenses became a charge on the revenue of the Government some kind of supervision became necessary.

The work of inspecting and reporting usually became one of the duties of the visiting magistrate. Occasionally other officers were called on to act. But their reports dealt chiefly with the accounts of receipt and expenditure. They were plainly told that they

were not to concern themselves with school subjects or the efficiency of the teaching as such.

The year of destiny as far as the history of Australia is concerned, was 1851, the year of the publication of the discovery of payable gold. Immediately there followed chiefly from the Mother Country an emigration which was to fix for ever the character of Australian national life, and to indicate the direction in which democratic ideals of essentially British origin would develop themselves.

At that time came to this land our fathers and mothers, stout-hearted and venturesome, some lured by the prospect of wealth, some by the love of adventure, some driven by the force of the wanderlust never far below the surface of men's motives, some by the hope of establishing in the new land the political, social, and economic ideals they despaired of achieving in the slow-changing conditions of the conservative older world.

All were prepared to face hardships scarcely imaginable, to toil with ceaseless energy and unquenchable hope, to pit their manhood and womanhood against whatever fate or hostile natural conditions might have in store for them -- bold challengers of fortune, worthy of the honour of being the ancestors of those glorious lads of ours whose wonderful achievements in the recent war were, and still are, the wonder of astonished Europe.

These were the true founders of the Australia which we know today. With their advent came the urgent demand for the establishment of schools in all parts of the country. It was impossible to train an adequate supply of teachers, but the difficulty was met in an interesting way.

In NSW an officer, styled Installing Master, was appointed to travel from centre to centre. He secured the services of men, sometimes of good educational qualifications, some times devoid of them, willing to attempt the work of teaching, and establishing them in such premises as could be obtained -- sometimes a tent, often a bark hut or abandoned mining tenement -- with whatever apparatus could be secured, -- stayed with them, and conducted school for a short period, a week, a fortnight, a month, as circumstances warranted, and then left them to work out their educational salvation for themselves as best they could.

As in Britain and America, the need of expert supervision soon made itself felt, and the office of Inspector of Schools, at first casual and incidental in its character, at last became, by a process of evolution, an organic part of the education system of the State. The evolution of the office shows essentially similar, though not identical, development in other Australian states.

In the early days of slow communication with central authority, before centralisation of administration became as firmly established as it now appears to be, the inspector was the most potent educational force in the district administered by him. To all intents and purposes he was an educational autocrat.

Teachers were employed, or were refused employment, in accordance with his recommendation; their literary attainments were tested by him, their professional status depended on his annual examination of their schools; his approval could secure for them substantial promotion, his disapproval might lead to their degradation or dismissal. But the rapid growth of population, the institution of more effective means of communication, the expansion of the school system, and the necessity of treating education as a matter of national importance, brought about the development of inevitable changes.

Professional schools and colleges for the training of teachers came into existence, and departmental examination boards were instituted in the course of time, and these relieved the inspectorial staff of certain of their responsibilities, and in this State, by the substitution of the Department of Public Instruction for the earlier Council of Education, with the recognition of teachers as a definite section of the Public Service, the relationship existing between the inspectors and their teachers was still further modified.

The most recent development is the question that has lately arisen whether the retention of the office as at present constituted is any longer desirable. In Britain the question of the abolition of the inspectorship has been raised by the National Union of Teachers. In America the position has been challenged in unmistakable terms by certain educational writers, of whom the best known is Miss Hall. The same challenge appeared in the Sydney press over a year ago by a well-known lady journalist (Mary Gilmore).

At times one hears teachers express the opinion that the supervision by the inspector is now no longer either necessary or desirable, since the teacher, by improved educational attainments and adequate pedagogical training, has reached a professional standing corresponding to that of the doctor, lawyer, or clergyman; that the establishment and use of standard scales and such tests as those devised by Binet, Terman, Courtis, Ayres, Thorndike, Starch, Rudd and others, makes the visit of the inspector a superfluity.

The inference is that the inspectorship under present day conditions is an expensive educational excrescence, whose removal or reduction by the lancet of economy is not only highly desirable, but amply justified in the interests of school efficiency, and some teachers quote with sly malice a recent statement of our Professor Mackie in justification of their assertions, though it is doubtful if the remark should bear the interpretation put upon it by them.

pages 9-11 W E Black 1921

Friends of Stewart House

Tuesday 13th January 2015 Annual General Meeting. Masonic Club (Within the Castlereagh Boutique Hotel, 167-171 Castlereagh St, City)

August Lunch



John Allsopp, Brian Gillett and Terry Burke

Members say

Tony Negline

I remember when...

I was Principal at Lake Cargelligo, a K-12 Central, in the 1970's. As was my custom, I took classes whenever necessary rather than to have them split.

On one occasion due to a Year One teacher's late notice of absence, I found myself at 9.30 walking across the playground calculating how I might spend the day with Year One.

As I passed the gate to the Principal's residence I saw our dog, "Comeon", sitting there watching my movement. The dog, by the way, had been trained never to enter the schoolyard during school time.

Remarkable that, because he did enter at all other times, at weekends and each afternoon after school following the bell at the end of eighth period when he'd eventually find his way to my office. But never during schooltime.

Fortunately this day was to be different. Thinking of what I could do with Year One, Comeon materialised as a theme for the day. Whether inspirational or through desperation, the dog's entry to the schoolyard during schooltime that day was to be a welcoming exception.

After meeting the class we went outside and sat in the playground. I called the dog over. He was very dutiful in that regard and dutiful as he performed his repertoire of tricks with me and the students.

Of course, the dog was the superstar. Student interest I thought had been stirred and a day with a dog theme firmly established.

So back in the classroom we talked about dogs, their dog and mine, how you cared for dogs, how you could draw dogs (and we did with line and colour). We learned a poem about dogs.

We wrote about dogs. From a stencil of the parts of a dog I obtained from another teacher, we cut and assembled the parts with fasteners enabling the parts to move.

We then visited another class to display the craftwork, demonstrated the dog movements, and recite the poem. When the Home Science Room was free we made and ate 'dog biscuits'. It was that sort of day, faithfully adhering to the dog theme established with Comeon that morning.

Toward the end of the day I felt quietly satisfied with the day's success, its strong thematic approach, and what I considered purposeful student learning until I felt a tug on my jacket and there alongside me was one of the Year One students who, without any reservation, looked up at me and said with a slight lisp, "Mr Negline, I'm sick of hearing about dogs!" I smiled to myself thinking, never underestimate children.

There is a sequel to this tale that occurred some weeks later as part of my voluntary involvement with ground work at the local Reserve. A photo of the work had been taken for the local newspaper, of the people and work involved.

I was in the photo with others, one of whom was the father of the student who was sick of hearing about dogs mentioned earlier.

His father related the story to me about his son having noticed the photo in the newspaper and had called out to his father, "Dad, come and see who's in the newspaper".

His father, who had seen the photo earlier told me he was so proud to think his son had noticed him in the photo and was intending to draw it to his attention.

To his eventual dismay, his son pointed to the photo in the newspaper and said, "Look dad, there's Mr Negline's dog, Comeon."

The dog often accompanied me around the place and was at the Reserve with me that day. There he was sitting right in front of the group photo. As I said, never underestimate children...or dogs!

August Lunch



Bob Brenner and Alan Laughlin

Members say

Graham Sims

A TALE OF A TIGER (AS IT WERE)

Some colleagues will be aware that apart from my “normal” interest in languages, stemming from my career background, I have other “oddball” interests in microcars, motorbikes, Big Chief Little Wolf and zoology, especially cryptozoology, which studies strange, mysterious beasties, such as the bunyip, the yeti, Bigfoot, Australia’s “big black cats”, the yowie etc. (Yes I know, folks, I know I’m confirming some of your suspicions about me, aber das ist mir ganz gleich . . . I don’t give a bunyip!)

In refining an article I’d written on some of these creatures, I recently discovered some notes I’d written 40+ years ago, when I lived in Malaysia and Sumatra . . . and which I thought I’d lost.

I’d spent some time with the Orang Asli, some of the “aborigines” of Malaya, deep in the Cameron Highlands, some 6600 feet above sea level, in the rain forest.

There were, we knew, still tigers in the Malayan jungle. One night, driving back from seeing a film at the British Garrison in Tanah Rata, four of us had the memorable experience of seeing a magnificent tiger jump out of the dark jungle and stand on the road in front of us, dazzled by the headlights of my car.

It looked as big as a horse, and it inspired awe, rather than fear, in each of us four young Aussies. The memory of it is with me still.

Walking one day through the forest, with the village headman, Jiwan, I sought to practise my Malay by asking him if there were still many tigers (the Malay for tiger is the wonderful word “harimau”) in the nearby forest area.

In assuring me that indeed there were, the diminutive aborigine, whose first language was not Malay, began some sort of narration, which appeared to involve a strange and fearsome sort of “harimau”, whose name was not lightly to be mentioned.

Struggling to follow precisely what he was saying, I put this down to the well-documented tradition among some so-called “primitive” peoples that words have power, and that if you too glibly mention the name of a feared animal (such as a tiger), you are “inviting” the creature to appear before you.

I scribbled some notes, mostly in Malay, of what I thought Jiwan was trying to say . . . and we went on to talk about happier (and simpler) things.

Very recently, in re-reading some of my old reference books on early Malaya, somehow that wandering talk with the little headman, in the jungle, over 40 years ago, kept coming back into my mind.

And then, amazingly, (or **was** it “amazingly”?). I found my scribbled notes, which I read with fascination.

Armed with my trusty Malay-English/English-Malay Dictionary, by R. O. Winstedt, first published in the 1940’s, I began trying to decipher some of the terms I **thought** the little Orang Asli had been trying to explain to me all those years ago.

And I discovered that he’d been trying to talk to me about “were-tigers”, akin in concept to the old European tradition of the “were-wolf”. Suddenly, what **he’d** been saying, what **I’d** been trying to understand, **and** what some of my reference books referred to, **all** fitted together.

More intriguingly still, when I’d been in Sumatra, I’d heard about an ethnic group called the Korinchi, some of whom had migrated to nearby Malaya, where they were known for three characteristics:

they were devout Muslims,

they tended to be pedlars, especially of cloth, sarongs and pots and pans, and

some Korinchi men were renowned (or feared) for their supposed ability to turn themselves into wild animals, and, especially the most feared of all forest animals: HARIMAU, the tiger.

(Indeed, the term that Jiwan had been trying to tell me was rimau jadi-jadian”, literally “the created tiger” . . . a were-tiger.)

Putting together Jiwan’s attempted story, along with complementary references I found among my many reference books, let me tell you a tale of a were-tiger, so you may judge for yourselves, and ponder whether truth can, indeed, be stranger than fiction.

At about the turn of the 20th century, the prosperous little rural village of Bentong in West Malaysia, then simply Malaya, was suffering from the depredations of a tiger.

While not (yet) a man-eater, the troublesome tiger regularly killed village buffalo, goats and dogs, and its nightly, prowling presence kept the villagers behind their locked, but flimsy doors.

Indeed, even in daylight, they feared to use their diminishing herd of buffalo to plough their padi-fields in case the tiger attacked them.

Elaborate traps had been set around the village, some with spring-guns tripped to fire, and others resembling gigantic mousetraps, baited with live dogs. None had tempted, let alone caught, the wily tiger.

Such was the situation when, late one afternoon, in heavy rain and with the approach of the sudden darkness of nightfall in the tropics, an elderly Korinchi pedlar named Haji Brahim was putting his best foot forward to reach the village, where he hoped to spend the night.

The old man was well-known in the area, where for many years he had been selling cloths and cheap silks, and acting as a money lender for modest amounts.

The rainy weather and slippery pathway through the forest had made him later than he’d intended and, just like everyone else in the area, he’d heard of the Bentong tiger.

As he hurried towards the village, he was suddenly terrified to hear the roar of a tiger from what seemed quite nearby. Old though he was, he ran for his life, wondering whether he was destined never to reach the village and safety.

Unexpectedly, he came across one of the tiger-traps beside the path, ready set, with its cowering village cur tied inside, and with its trap-door wide open.

The old man suddenly had the bright idea that the heavy timber frame designed to lock the tiger inside, would also keep him safely inside and the tiger out.

He crawled inside the trap and happily enough let the heavy wooden door drop shut behind him.

Somewhat prematurely, Haji Brahim congratulated himself on his cleverness, not least of all because the tiger growled and prowled around the trap most of the night, but was unable to get at either the old man or the shivering dog inside.

Although he spent a wet, cold and relatively uncomfortable night, morning found the old man still safe and, most importantly, alive, for which he gave due thanks in his morning prayer.

Even his discovery that he could not open the heavy trap-door from the inside did not worry him unduly, as he was confident that someone from the village would come along the pathway before long.

Indeed, he soon heard a man approaching, and called out to him. The bewildered villager looked about him and could scarcely believe his eyes when, eventually, he saw the old Haji crouching in the tiger-trap, and, more to the point, recognised him, yelling at the top of his lungs “Adoh! It is old Haji Brahim, the Korinchi!” He then ran off down the track, towards the village.

Soon, the mosque-bell of the village rang out and a great throng of villagers, led by the village chief, Raja Alang, made its way along the path, and stood around the tiger-trap.

The chief demanded of the captive pedlar “What is the meaning of this?”

Suddenly, the old man’s relief, after his long night of terror, turned into fear of a different kind, for it had not hitherto occurred to him to associate his ethnic background and assumed mystic powers, with the predicament in which he had unwittingly placed himself.

“Let me out!”, he pleaded, “and I will explain all.”

“You must first explain how you came to be in our tiger-trap,” retorted Raja Alang, “for who in their right mind would release a tiger once it had been caught?”

With increasing fear, Haji Brahim tried to explain how he’d deliberately sought refuge in the trap, to escape from the tiger the night before.

He swore by everything that was holy that he was telling the truth, and, appealing to the many in the crowd who had known him personally for years, pleaded, “Am I not an old and feeble man? How could I do or be such a thing as you now think of me?”

The conservative, tradition-driven villagers remained unconvinced.

“The tracks! The tracks!” cried the old man. “Look around the trap and you will surely see **my** footprints leading into the trap, and the tiger’s tracks as it prowled around outside.”

It had, however, rained heavily during the night, and this, combined with the milling of the crowd around the trap, had obliterated a clear pattern of tracks.

All that could be distinguished were the tiger's tracks leading from the jungle, and then stopping outside the trap. Given their cultural logic, the Malay mind said that a tiger walked **into** their trap, and then, to deceive them, became a man.

Both Haji Brahim and the village Malays were devout Muslims, and the old pedlar offered to swear on the local mosque's Holy Quran that his story was the truth.

In those far-off days, village Malays were normally in favour of what they called "the ordeal by oath", but in the case before them, they faced a terrible dilemma.

If, as they could not help but fear, their captive was that most horrid of creatures, a were-tiger, it would not hesitate to profane their Quran, by claiming to be a harmless old man.

If, thereby, it gained its freedom, then not only would they suffer its awful revenge, but their mosque and Quran would have been defiled by its contact.

The now panic-stricken old pedlar then appealed to those in the crowd who had known him personally for many years, even offering to leave the country forever if set free.

His appeals fell on deaf ears, and, at a signal from Raja Alang, a villager stepped from the throng of people and, through the bars of the trap, drove his spear into the old man's side, with fatal results.

Once fully comprehending the details of this story, pieced together, as I have indicated, over several years, my western eyes have little option but to view it as a tragedy, the taking of an innocent life and, indeed, a murder.

When viewed, however, through the eyes and mind of those simple village folk of more than a century ago, driven by their traditions, culture and fears, perhaps it was not quite so straightforward.

Interestingly, I could find no record or indication that the British administration ever punished or imprisoned those responsible.

And there is, incidentally, (or perhaps **not** so incidentally), one final footnote.

The dreaded tiger of Bentong mysteriously vanished forthwith, never to be seen again.

August Lunch--



Grant Beard

August Lunch



Colin Macdonald

TREADING FOOTSTEPS OF HISTORY
SARAJEVO AND MOSTAR

On 28 June 2014 the world-community will remember the event that triggered the First World War, the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, heir presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and his wife, Sophie, Duchess of Hohenberg.

They were shot dead in Sarajevo on 28 June 1914 by Gavrilo Princip, a Bosnian Serb whose objective was to cut off the south Slav region from the Austro-Hungarian Empire to form part of a greater Serbia, or Yugoslavia.

In May last year, Gwen and I enjoyed the privilege of staying a couple of days in Sarajevo and gaining some feel for those tragic events that took place a century ago, that to this day still produce political, ethnic and religious tensions in the Balkans.

Our members will recall the upheaval that occurred throughout the 1990s in the former Yugoslavia Republics leading ultimately to its breakup, and in particular the bloodbath that took place in Bosnia-Herzegovina in the period 1991-5.

I would like to share some observations from our visit to Sarajevo. Sarajevo is actually quite an attractive small, but rapidly expanding, city of just over 400,000 people. It is located on the Miljacka River, in a Bosnian valley, surrounded by the Dinaric Alps.

The Miljacka River is a very short stream of less than 40 kms, with a very small discharge, and is usually about 10cm deep. It has its own distinctive bouquet; and is a little similar to the upper reaches of Cooks River.

Sarajevo has historically been one of the major crossroads of Europe between east and west, and north and south. Noted for its ethnic, religious and cultural diversity, all religions are clearly in evidence, Orthodox, Catholic, Jewish and Muslim.

Following the end of hostilities in the late 1990s, much of the reconstruction focussed on re-establishing and building new places of worship and other related religious establishments.

We were fortunate to dine with a secular Muslim family in one of those huge, Soviet-style blocks of flats where the residents expressed great concern at the growing competitive emphasis among religions, when the most pressing needs have been to reconstruct community facilities and public services, and improve the quality of life for families in straightened circumstances that have lost almost everything.

In the period 1992-96, during the Bosnian War of Independence, Sarajevo was subjected to the longest siege in modern history, 1,425 days, during which an estimated 12,000 Bosnian citizens and soldiers were killed, including around 1,600 children. Immeasurable damage was done to major parliamentary, government, communications and commercial buildings, as well as to public transport and the many large residential blocks.

It is hard to appreciate fully the magnitude of the violence perpetrated by Serbian forces on the civilian population or to understand the causes – and this occurred just 20 years ago, well and truly in our time.

On one of the afternoons Gwen and I roamed right around the inner city, on our own. Amongst other sights, we explored the 'bascarsija', the fifteenth century bazaar at the old Muslim heart of the city, with its Moorish style wooden fountain, the 'sebilj', built in 1753. For obvious reasons the surrounding area is known as 'pigeon-square'!

After a short walk of about 400 metres, we stopped at the historic Ottoman 'Latin Bridge', dating back to the late 18th Century, where the assassination took place. Very few people were around. Given that this is the site of one of modern history's most significant defining moments, it is hardly an impressive structure.

On the other side of the city centre we walked down Marshall Tito Avenue, Sarajevo's main thoroughfare. Bosnians don't shy away from continuing to use this name given that in spite of being Dictator, Marshall Josip Broz Tito had, during his lifetime, held the former Yugoslav Republics together.

Many still respect him for that. The 1946 Eternal Flame is located at the gateway to this avenue.



Meeting the Old Dictator, Marshall Josip Broz Tito

Further down this avenue, in open parklands on the edge of the CBD, is a controversial memorial known as the 'Monument to the Murdered Children'; the 1,600 children killed during the siege. The monument is surreal and somewhat under-stated, and would be easy to miss.

However, it is a very sobering reminder that many innocent victims of wars are children, forever deprived of their futures. The actual monument comprises two ethereal, glass figure-shapes representing an adult shielding a child.

We learnt that on April 6, 2012, 11,541 red plastic chairs were laid out along the city's main street, representing the 11,541 lives lost during the siege, a solemn reminder of that huge human tragedy. Are we not fortunate to live in Australia? How do we honour the great responsibility that rests on our shoulders with that privilege?

Earlier on the day of our arrival in Sarajevo, we spent a couple of hours in the city of Mostar on the Neretva River, (about 130 kms to the south), also in Bosnia-Herzegovina.



Frank and Gwen in Mostar with the 'Old Bridge' behind.

The current population is about 125,000, the largest ethnic group being Muslim Bosniaks. The city dates from Mediaeval times and for 300 years was under Ottoman rule.

The city's symbol, the 'Old Bridge', was constructed 450 years ago under the orders of Suleiman the Magnificent. It is 28 metres long and 20 metres high, with a high slender, rainbow arch. It could be regarded as one of the world's minor architectural wonders and is mentioned in literature.

Like Sarajevo, Mostar was also subjected to siege lasting 18 months during 1992-3, this time by Croatian militia. There was much cultural destruction in all sections of the community and one particular target was the 'Old Bridge'.

On 9 November 1993, a barrage of 60 artillery shells deliberately destroyed the bridge. After standing for 427 years, the old stones from the bridge fell into the waters of the Neretva.

Through the efforts of a number of international funding bodies, including UNESCO and the World Bank, and the construction skills of Turkish engineers, the 'Old Bridge' was reconstructed and reopened to the citizens of Mostar in July 2004.

While tensions still remain between Serbs, Croats and Bosniaks, and the Muslim, Catholic and Orthodox communities, the Old Bridge is once again open, allowing all these peoples to mix in their daily lives and hopefully learning to live together in peace. We spent some time on the bridge – it is quite an experience – and in its own way, quite a beautiful place.

Our visit to Sarajevo and Mostar came as part of a four-week tour of Eastern Europe and the Balkans that took us by river boat down the Danube from Budapest through the 'Iron Gates' to its delta on the Black Sea near Constanta; and returned via the lower Balkans and Adriatic coast by coach.

We travelled through all Balkan states except Kosovo and Slovenia. Apart from many places of great natural and historic beauty like Dubrovnik, the Plitvice Lakes and Lake Ohrid, the great cities of Bucharest, Sofia and Zagreb – just to name a few – are full of interest and well worth visiting.

In all the cities we were surprised by the great importance placed on their Academies of Science. We met no Romani people and, subject to taking normal precautions when travelling, one can feel perfectly safe and secure in every part of the Balkans that we visited. We can recommend it

August Lunch



Rus Mulholland

August Lunch

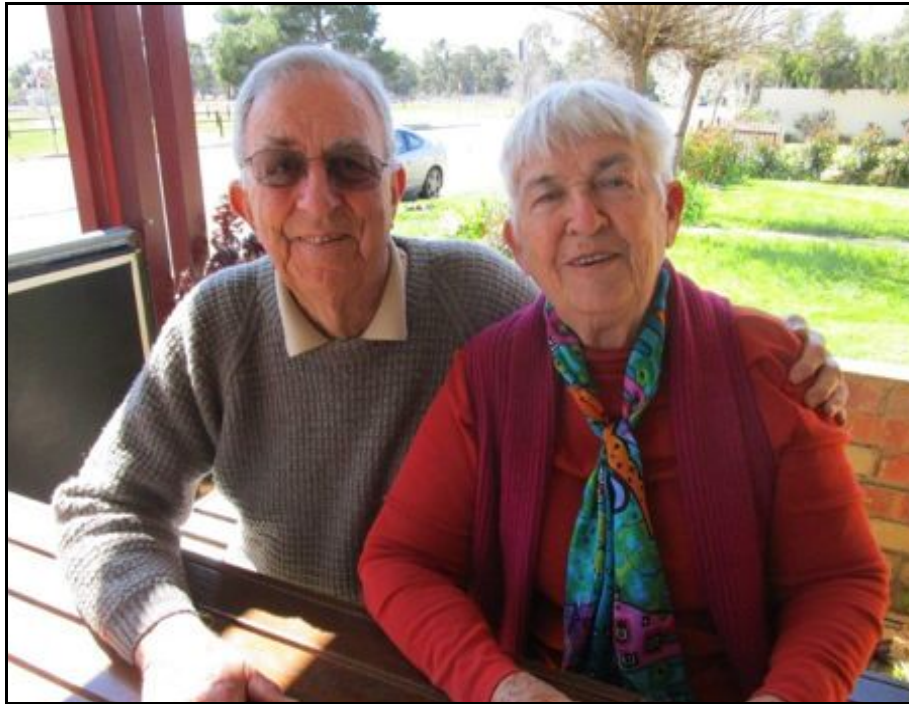


Daphne Mulholland

August Lunch



Tony Re



Helen Buchanan and I enjoyed morning tea at the Uranquinty Bakery Café when Anne and I were travelling to Albury in early September. We had not seen each other for twenty-five years. Helen's late husband, Don, was Headmaster of Baradine Central School when I was Teacher-in-Charge of the nearby Wooleybah Public School in the Pilliga Forest.

Don and I organized a monthly Teachers Federation meeting which included Baradine, Wooleybah, Gwabegar, Kenebri and Pilliga Schools. Meetings were held on a rotational basis in the Headmaster's or Teachers - in - Charge residence.

The agenda entailed an educational talk by each school leader on a rotational basis that was titled THIS I BELIEVE. Written copies of the presentation were distributed. A banquet was then enjoyed by the school leaders and their spouses. As the only unmarried teacher at the time, and one who had minimal catering skills, the Headmasters' wives catered for me in the old, dilapidated shack where I lived. You cannot beat good luck.

ARCHIVING OLD PHOTOGRAPHS

During the process of researching the history of the Institute, the Steering Committee became aware of a number of non-captioned photographs held by the Communications Unit of the Department.

Many of us will remember David Lefcovitch who was, and still is, the DET photographer. Robert Edwards, the relieving photographer arranged a meeting room for the Steering Committee and for a day we worked our way through old photographs of DET events, trying to identify people, places and events.



With boxes of images requiring analysis we offered to ask our ARISSEA colleagues for volunteers to spend a day in Bridge Street with the collection to see if the story behind more of the historical images could be captured.



If you would like to join the team and return to Bridge Street for a day, or days in November, could you please email Alan Pratt on apr81135@bigpond.net.au.

I will arrange a mutually acceptable date, time and location with David Lefcovitch when he returns to duty in late October and I will be in touch with volunteers by email.

Editor Says

Peter Robinson

After receiving the previous article from Alan Pratt, the entire Research and Editorial staff of the ARISSEA

Newsletter were motivated to try and identify the two photographs shown. With such a vast and experienced team on the job, it took less than 10 minutes.

Photo #1 Photo taken at the Dept of Ed Picnic at Clontarf Pavilion, circa 1900. The photo was published in our Newsletter for April 2005, previously published in 'Perspective 1979'. Also included in 'Sydney and the Bush' published in 1980.

Photo #2 Photo taken in the old Education Department Building circa 1910. The old two-storey building that the Department of Education had occupied for nearly 30 years was hopelessly congested. Ref. p.170, 'Sydney and the Bush' published in 1980.

The message is that the knowledge and expertise to identify the photographic history of the Department that existed in 1980, no longer exists within the Department. If our members don't help, who can?

August Lunch



Part of the August Lunch group.
How many members can you identify?

Members say

David Maher

Anne and my daughter, Lynne Moriarty, enjoyed prize winning success with a set of three camellia japonicas at the National Camellia Show in Canberra in September.

In total there were 1,760 camellia blooms on display. Anne and I were thrilled to share the occasion with our daughter.

The three of us were in Canberra to attend the National Camellia Congress.



Lynne Moriarty (nee Maher)

Members say

Graham Sims

Reminiscing

A band of old Inspectors sat down to lunch one day.
We talked and talked and talked of times so far away,
When we were so important; with status we held sway,
Till worthy Dr Metherell told us we were passé.

Our jolly old Inspectorate no longer did exist.
Some of us got angry, others just got (very drunk).
A few became Directors of something called a Cluster,
One day one was a rooster, next day a feather duster.

Principals were happy. Some even had a laugh.
Until the day they realised THEY'D have to vet their staff.
When Principals had problems, or faced a rotten week,
When teachers drove them up the wall, they couldn't call 'the Beak'.

But, fashions go full circle, from history we do learn,
One even hears it whispered, Inspectors might return.
And, if this were to happen, for some it would bring such glee,
SOME of us would say "no Thanks", and one of us, is me.

Editor Says

Peter Robinson

After she received a copy of our August Newsletter, John Hopkins' daughter, Jan Wulff, sent me an email informing us that her father died on 14 February, 2014. Below is a copy of the text of Jan's email that I forwarded to Secretary Geoff.

"He was able to celebrate his 100th Birthday on New Years Day with family and friends, but his health declined fairly rapidly thereafter.

He was very proud to be a member of your organisation and had fond memories of his time with the Department of Education, starting his career in a one teacher school at Borapine, near Tullibigeal, central NSW.

He completed his career as Director of the School Building Research and Development Group and retired in 1974, having made many strong and enduring friendships within the Department.

It was a tribute to this friendship that two of your members were able to attend his memorial service on 21 February".

Jan Wulff

John commenced his teaching career on 9 April 1935 and appointed to the Inspectorate on 21 May 1962 and at the time of his death was the oldest living member of our Association. Our sympathies go to John's family.

Geoff Walton

Members say

Vale Alison Morrison (nee Guy)

Colleagues have advised that Alison Morrison passed away on October 6, 2014. Alison commenced her teaching career in 1943.

She was appointed to the Inspectorate in December 1964 and in September 1974 resigned and moved to the UK. Following her husband's death, she returned to live in Sydney in the mid-1990s.

Colleagues remember her for her innovative work in Early Childhood and Primary Special Education. She taught in schools in the Sydney Metropolitan area and on the South Coast. Lectured at Bathurst and Wollongong Teachers Colleges. Spent the "Coronation Year", 1953, on a teacher exchange to the UK. She was a persuasive advocate for professional recognition for the capacities and capabilities of 'infants' teachers and members of the 'infants school' executive staff. Alison's achievements and potential were recognised in her appointment as Acting Staff Inspector (Special Education).

Friends remember her as an enthusiastic, expert amateur artist, a talented pianist and someone who appreciated well-crafted furniture. While lecturing in Bathurst, Alison was actively involved in fund raising for the *Sub-Normal Children's Association*.

Beryl Raymer, Eula Guthrie and Geoff Walton

Address changes

(Changes shown in Bold)

BURKE Terry & Di **9958 5220**
2/135 Sailors Bay Road, **NORTHBRIDGE 2063**
0409 518 303 terryburke@dodo.com.au

Deaths

06/10/2014 MORRISON (nee Guy) A (Alison)
BOWRAL

Members are reminded that material is needed for the **February 2015 Newsletter**
Accompanying photos are most welcome,
preferably as JPG email attachments.

Copy deadline: Friday 16th January 2015

Peter Robinson,
Newsletter Editor,
3 Corunna Ave,
NORTH ROCKS NSW 2151
peterrobinson7@gmail.com

Have you contributed in the last 2-3 years?
If not, your ARISSEA friends may like to know
what you've been doing,
what you are thinking or
what you remember.

Notice from the Editor

The file of suitable material that members have submitted for the Newsletters is now
EMPTY.

The Committee has approved the funding for four Newsletters each year. The problem is
not the funding, but the need for a constant stream of member submitted material
suitable for an interesting and varied Newsletter.

Every review of our members, has indicated that the most valued aspect of ARISSEA is
the Newsletter, particularly for keeping in touch with former colleagues and what they
have been doing.

Your support, and continued support, is needed if ARISSEA is to continue to provide this
valued service.

Peter Robinson