



February 2015

# Newsletter

Association of Retired Inspectors of Schools and Senior Educational Administrators

---

## *From the President*



Best wishes for the new year, colleagues! I trust that many of you have been enjoying a summer of cricket, tennis, soccer, the arts and grand-children. For anyone doing it tough, remember to turn to your ARISSEA colleagues for compassionate support.

It is looking like 2015 will be an interesting year for public education and ARISSEA.

- What has the Australian Government in store for school education in the lead up to the 2016 election?
- How will the NSW Government respond? What improvements in public schools and student outcomes will result from the Department's administrative and learning support initiatives?
- What impacts will the NSW Government Sector Employment Act have on our working colleagues? See the NSW Public Service Commission's website: <http://www.psc.nsw.gov.au>.

- Will the future use of the Education Building at 35 Bridge Street, with its physical heritage, be revealed?

The Institute of Senior Educational Administrators (ISEA), with ARISSEA's support, is making a significant contribution to the cultural heritage of public education. The history of the Institute has been written by Dr Reynold Macpherson and will be available very soon.

Many of our members have related their experiences and observations to Reynold as part of his detailed research.

The book is an outstanding immersion in our past 100 years of politico-educational milieu in NSW. It is well worth owning a copy and reading our story.

The ARISSEA luncheon in December brought together more than 40 colleagues and wonderful opportunities to catch up. Special thanks are due to Jack Harrison for his organisation of the event. Eula Guthrie again provided a Christmas cake and a very successful raffle on behalf of the Friends of Stewart House, marred only by a Sarah Murdock moment due to your President's inexperience in reading winning tickets.

Eula also made an impassioned plea for new members to join the Friends. Fred Cook delivered a blast from the past with the 1971 departmental Lists and Cliff Cowdroy reminded us of the needs of country children.

In the nature of things, each year a few of our members or their close family pass on. It is always with sadness and celebration for a life well lived that we record their passing. None more so than that of Laurie Craddock, because he played such a significant part in the work of ARISSEA, as an active member on the executive committee for many years.

Maintaining ARISSEA's membership numbers is challenging, especially since the decline in the number of ISEA's members with the changes to employment arrangements.

Traditionally, there has been a natural flow from ISEA to ARISSEA as a retirement association. I ask members to invite previously retired colleagues and soon to retire senior officers to join ARISSEA even if they haven't been members of ISEA.

Lastly, I am seeking members' support for a new, more comprehensive constitution for ARISSEA that has been drafted by the committee and could be presented for endorsement at the May AGM.

If you would like a draft copy, please contact Geoff Walton, Secretary, or email me at [rcgillies@yahoo.com.au](mailto:rcgillies@yahoo.com.au).

Ray Gillies

### *December Lunch*



Alan Laughlin, Alan Pratt and John Edwards

### *From the Secretary*

Thinking about the Constitution of ARISSEA.

While, arguably, the Association's Constitution (last amended at the AGM of May 8, 1992) has stood the test of time, the 2014-15 Committee decided to undertake a review and to work towards presenting an updated document for endorsement at our AGM on Friday 1<sup>st</sup> May 2015.

Ray Gillies volunteered to prepare a draft document for consideration by members of the committee in August last year. Since then Ray has produced three revisions of this draft.

The latest draft incorporates the committee recommendations that:

- The current Association's *objects* be expanded to include offering advice to policy makers and senior officers in public education and to the wider community, providing support that may enhance the welfare and quality of life of members in regard to retirement matters and contributing to the body of knowledge about the evolution of public education in NSW.
- The format of a revised Constitution document be based on the model recommended by the NSW Department of Fair Trading.

Your committee will be considering 'Draft 3' at its meeting on Monday 2<sup>nd</sup> March 2015. Please contact me ([geoff\\_walton@yahoo.com](mailto:geoff_walton@yahoo.com) or mob 0418 241 406 or ph. 02 9639 6847) if you would like your comments on this draft to be considered at the meeting and I will arrange to mail or email you a copy of the document.

All members will be provided with a copy of the final amended draft that will be voted on at the AGM in May.

**Some dates for your diary**

**General meeting dates/ lunches**

Friday 1 May 2015 (*Annual General Meeting*)

Friday, 7 August 2015

Friday, 4 December 2015

Geoff Walton

***December Lunch***



Kerrie Ikin and Grant Beard

Recently Cate and I were touring the New England area – still beautiful but a bit worse for the wear of an on-going drought. While in Armidale we visited the Dangar Falls – absolutely no water over the falls but we were entertained by a former Armidale resident, George Comino, who, with Vi, was travelling with us.

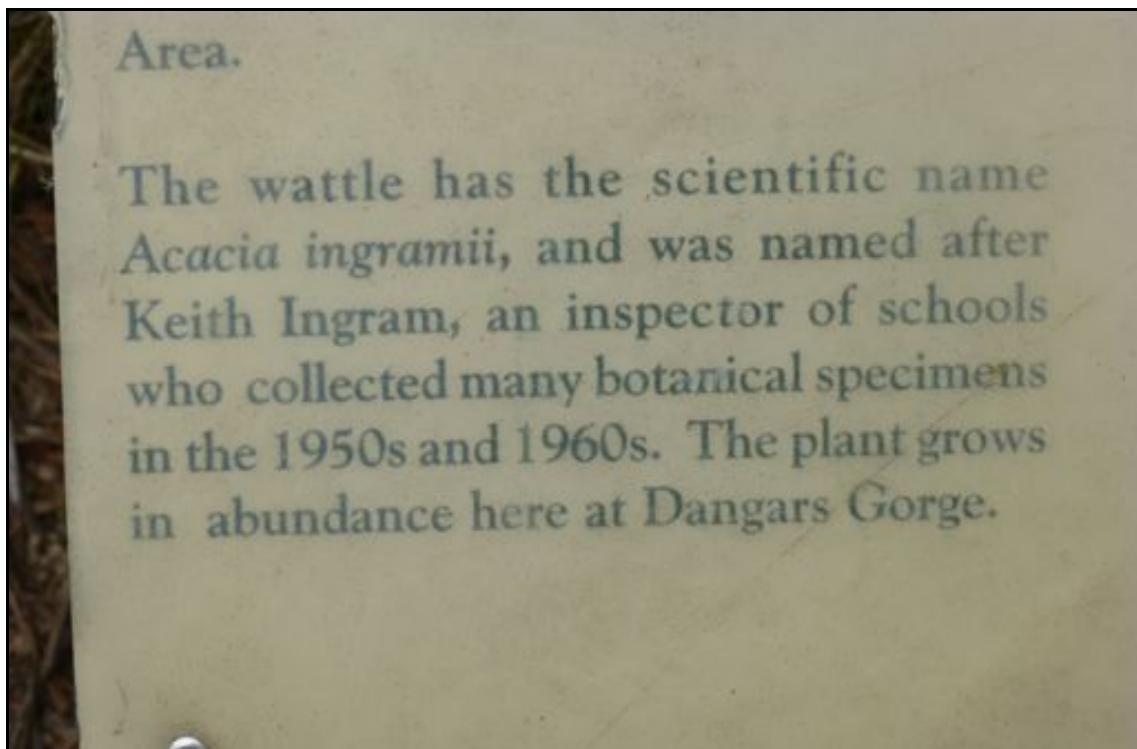
He regaled us with several stories of his younger days in Armidale, including cycling all the way to the falls and swimming in the pool at the base. He declared he couldn't do the same now.

Walking down to the falls we noticed an unusual wattle tree with a small plaque below containing the following inscription:

*The Gorge Wattle is a rare species ...which grows only in the Apsley, Macleay Gorges east of Armidale ... The wattle has the scientific name **Acacia Ingramii**, and was named after **Keith Ingram, an inspector of schools** who collected many botanical specimens in the 1950s and 1960s. The plant grows in abundance here at Dangars Gorge.*

Many of us will remember Keith Ingram from our inspection days. He was always a good raconteur. On occasions, when as ASI at Bathurst, he drove the panel on secondary inspections, they experienced some rather disconcerting rides while Keith watched the road occasionally but mostly turned sideways to point out some particularly fascinating botanical feature at the side of the road.

Keith retired in 1973, moving to Mount Tomah and later to Richmond where he pursued his botanical work of classification. Although an amateur, he was one of Australia's leading systematic botanists.





He inherited his love of botany from his maternal grandfather and was a member of the AIF Forestry Unit in Papua during WWII.

His systematic nature was not restricted to botany, however. I remember that, when I was appointed to the English and History Panel, Keith presented me (and I assume others also) with a two-page comprehensive list of all the possible sentences that could be used in writing inspection reports.

Keith was awarded an OAM in 2000. He died in 2002 but he is not forgotten. His collection of botanical specimen still exists in the National Herbarium at the Sydney Botanical Gardens as, 'one of the largest private collections of specimens of Australian native flora ever collated'.

In 1999 Cate interviewed him, amongst others, for one of the oral history records of inspectors' careers and memories now located in the Mitchell Library. A summary of the interview and a fascinating obituary are both available on the web.

#### *December Lunch*



Graham Sims

Maths: The Universal Language  
(Oh, yeah?)

Graham Sims

Maths teachers always seem to be in short supply.

Quite why has long puzzled me, given the boring logic and predictability of mathematics. (There, if that hasn't alienated at least a third of my audience, I'll be pi- r- squared.)

Many years ago, Sydney Boys High found itself in need of an additional maths teacher, and eagerly awaited the arrival of an exchange teacher, from Atlanta, Georgia, no doubt anticipating that he would greet us with a cheery southern "howdy, you-all!"

His name should have given a tiny clue, and Dr John (Johann) von Strasser was, from appearances at least, a pugnacious, barrel-chested ex-patriot German, who had in fact coached the West German boxing team in the Rome Olympics. (Indeed, he looked as if he had actively participated in more than a few bouts himself.)

However, what Morrie Chalmers, the Maths Master, needed was someone to teach 5D Maths, and, like it or not, Dr von Strasser was the man.

John's English was unique in my long career in languages. On the surface, he was forthright, (boy, WAS he forthright), confident and fluent. It was, however, soon realized that he was also well nigh incomprehensible, in that his fast-flowing utterances were a seemingly endless series of prepositions, conjunctions, interjections, adverbs, pronouns, the occasional nouns and an extremely occasional verb.

A typical exhortation sounded something like, "Vell, you see, together, and so, always, you must, but not, on other hand, remembering, and then, will be so!!!"

This might well have enlivened staffroom conversation and debate, but poor Morrie Chalmers, understandably, became more than a tad concerned as to how much sense Dr von Strasser's pugnacious prognostications and pronouncements were making to his 5D Maths class, who struggled with the subject even at the best of times.

One day, Dr von S. was, unexpectedly, away, ill, so the worried Morrie went in to take his class for him. Rather than give a normal, teacher-directed lesson, Morrie had the bright idea of writing a maths problem on the board and asking a student, named Peter Rumsey, to come to the board and explain the solution to the problem, "the way that Dr von Strasser has been teaching you."

Now, folks, Peter Rumsey was in my French class and, to completely mix my metaphors, he was NOT the sharpest tool in the shed. It was, therefore, both unexpected and perturbing that Peter strode to the blackboard, assumed a remarkably impressive Strasserian manner, and expounded, "Vell, you see, and so, we must, always but never, like so."

"Oh, God help us!" muttered Morrie, and left the room, to go outside for a desperately needed fag.

Given the circumstances, with the Leaving Certificate fast approaching, the despairing Maths Master had little option but to leave the unshakably ebullient Dr S. on class, and hope for the best...or, it seemed, a miracle. To Morrie's, (and our joint) amazement, 5D Maths performed creditably in their exams, although we were never privy to their erstwhile teacher's reaction to this, as he'd already left to return to America.

Before he returned, however, John insisted on speaking to the assembled staff of Sydney High, presumably to express his views on his experience in Australia. I have to say "presumably", because on that memorable day, John really excelled himself in the length, breadth and scope of his incomprehensibility. For about 40 minutes, he tortured both us and the English language, with an uninterrupted, indeed, uninterruptible, flow of cryptically connected(?) conjunctions, prepositions and interjections...and then, seemingly still in full flight, suddenly sat down.

After the proverbial "stunned mullet" moment of silence, our esteemed Headmaster, Murray Callaghan, realized that someone had better say something...and, like it or not, HE was that someone. "Gentlemen," Murray intoned, "I'm sure we'll all agree that Dr von Stasser has given us a great deal to think about...and I suggest we now do, indeed, think about it." So saying, Murray sat down...and we all thought about it.

Perhaps, Mathematics IS the universal language, after all.

#### *December Lunch*



Cliff and Sue Cowdroy



Syd Smith

We have all experienced that unexpected event when something from our past suddenly turns up many years later. As students at Canterbury Boys High, my friends and I suffered interminable boring hours of Economics lessons from an uninspiring, lazy teacher who decided the best way to teach was to grab a copy of a Benham textbook and read it to us in a monotone voice for the full 40 minute period.

To cope with this psychological torture three of us established a clandestine, imaginary radio station at the back of the room where we quietly “broadcast” to an unknown, non-existent audience somewhere out there in cyberspace.

I read the news, Frank Bladwell (who later became an excellent high school principal) did the film reviews and Johnny Tapp, in a staccato voice called imaginary horse races. Of course Canterbury suited Johnny to a tee. Canterbury Race Course was less than a kilometre away and on sport afternoons he would wag school, sit on the race course fence and do his own “broadcast” of the races.

Unfortunately Johnny’s voice was much more audible than the rest of us in that depressive classroom and it was common for the teacher to throw him out into the passage way. Needless to say he never finished senior high school and went off to join his jockey friends and mentor, Ken Howard, to become one of our top race callers. Many years later we agreed a final Leaving Certificate was not for everyone and a knowledge of racing with the skill of race calling could lead to a successful life as well.

Some years later I was appointed as Head Teacher, Social Sciences to Sydney Boys High School. As Graham Sims intimated in a previous newsletter, Sydney High was a unique place in which to work.

Tradition was a key element in its character and the curriculum was unique in that History was a core subject as opposed to Geography. In Year 7 Classics was a core subject with the introduction of Latin and Greek to all students. The History Department saw itself as a separate island having nothing to do with the school library and establishing its own specialist library in one of the classrooms. To be fair the library had a unique collection with an extensive number of references on Nazi Germany and the Gold Rush in NSW and Victoria.

One of the brighter students whom I shall call Benny had a problem or seemed to have a grudge against his Jewish classmates and exhibited extreme ideas on National Socialism and the perceived positive contribution of Hitler to history. This of course was a challenge for the principal, Greg Bradford and the History staff since more than thirty percent of students was in fact Jewish. Exams had to be avoided on Jewish holidays and one had to be aware of the days when certain boys wouldn’t be at school.

Seeing himself as a junior Neo Nazi Benny decided the History library required some enrichment and carefully injected copies of National Socialist propaganda into the neat rows of German history and World War II textbooks.

Over time this was a slow buildup of what he thought was a balanced addition to his pet philosophy. It did not take long for a Jewish boy to point out to the teachers that there was a set of highly offensive material polluting the library and the search began for the perpetrator.

It did not take long before Benny was discovered and appropriate disciplinary action was taken. In those days of course he could have been caned but such punishment would have probably hardened his obsession and increased his zeal to embark on even more offensive projects. Subsequently he was banned from using the library and burdened with other restrictions.

All this political intrigue took place in 1979 but fast forward to 2003 and by then I had become one of the original cluster Directors on the Central Coast managing schools in what was then known as the Lisarow Cluster. Lisarow High School was the largest school and its principal had embarked on a number of impressive innovations and initiatives, all of which had brought some positive attention from the media. Subsequently Nick Greiner decided to make a visit and so the preparations were put in place.

On the official day we welcomed the Premier and his party and escorted them to the staffroom as you do for tea and cakes. Catherine Greiner accompanied her husband, the premier and we talked about Sydney High and how she was related to Murray Callaghan, a former principal but it was then out of the corner of my eye I detected a very familiar face. There stood Benny with cake crumbs on his lips and a warm cup of tea in his hands.

“Hello Mr Smith. How are you?”, he said.

“OK “, I replied, ”but what are you doing here?”

“I’m Mr Greiner’s **bodyguard**.” he smiled.

He must have wondered what was going through my mind. Did I remember the time he seeded the History library? Was he still a Neo Nazi or had he changed over time? How does a former Neo Nazi become a bodyguard? Or to become a bodyguard is being extreme right wing a qualification?

The truth is all those things were going through my mind but the main thought was how the past, just like Johnny Tapp, keeps invading the present, sometimes in the same form but often in the most surprising way.

Syd Smith

### *December Lunch*



Alan and Joyce Rice

### *Friends of Stewart House*

The 77<sup>th</sup> Annual Meeting of Friends of Stewart House was held on 13<sup>th</sup> January with 38 members present. A number of these were country members who are unable to attend functions during the year, but who look forward to renewing old acquaintances at this luncheon. It was reported that 2014 had been another successful year for the Friends, both financially and socially.

2015 also looks to be a busy year with the range of activities that have been planned.

However, it is apparent that a re-think is necessary of the management and administration of FOSH as many of the members are at the stage where they can no longer attend the functions or take an active role in the administration. Many of them are responsible for caring for aged/infirm partners, or other family members as well as having some responsibility for grand children etc.

The current executive of President, Maureen Reeve, Secretary, Margaret Harmer and Treasurer, Dianne Hill are willing to continue on for 2015, with their very active committee members.

During this year discussions will be held with our members and the Stewart House Administration as to how the group can continue, but in a somewhat different role.

It is not considered possible at this stage that the Friends will disband. The group (previously WAWILI) has provided a very valued service to Stewart House for its entire "lifetime" with fund raising, provision of amenities and the Bus fund. It has also provided friendship and social contacts for a large number of people. These aspects will continue.

I would encourage members of ARISSEA and their friends to consider participating in some of the activities during the year. The complete program is announced in later issues of this newsletter, or you can contact me for further details.

The first activity of the year will be a visit to the ANZAC Memorial in southern Hyde Park on Thursday, 19th February. Meet at the entrance to the ground floor through Liverpool Street at 10.15 for 10.30 start. Donation to Stewart House \$10.00. Contact Margaret Harmer (Ph 9744 2625) if you are able to attend.

Joan Healy

[joanhealy@optusnet.com.au](mailto:joanhealy@optusnet.com.au)

### *December Lunch*



Geoff Walton and Allan Mills

Early in 2014 Norma and I went to Perth to see our oldest granddaughter, her husband and their daughter, our first great grandchild, a beautiful little girl, now 8 months old.

For those who've not been there, Perth is an attractive city but the main drawback is that it is built on sand which has all manner of complications when building houses or roads and bridges.

Of particular interest is Kings Park which has a magnificent display of native flowers that we were able to enjoy early in the year. A trip on the Swan River from Perth to Fremantle is a very pleasant experience.

At various times we saw the large live sheep and cattle carriers that travel to the Middle East. They have many decks with the animals penned in small enclosures until they reach their destination where they are slaughtered according to the customs of the receiving country.

We were also able to see the ice-breaker vessels that go to Australia's Antarctic Territory. They have Fremantle as their home port but spend a significant part of their time in Antarctic waters.

More recently we were able to experience two memorable school reunions. The first one was to Bombala, in the far south of NSW, only a short distance from the Snowy Mountains, where you could be guaranteed to get snow every winter. I'd been appointed as the first Deputy Principal to the Central School in 1956.

For me the reunions were a subdued experience as so many of the staff, including both Principals (Herb Paterson and Ted Nankivell) were now dead, most of them much younger than we were.

We have many fond memories of all the staff, nearly all single and many in their first year of teaching, who used to gather at our place in the evening after work, to have coffee and a chat and, in winter warm themselves by the open fire. From being a large Central School, Bombala has now morphed into a High School on a new site and a primary school on the old Central School site.

Bombala, for me, was the real beginning of my interest in secondary teaching, for it was there that I was expected to teach Geography to our Secondary students and there I completed my degree in Economics from London University. Up to that time, no university in Australia would accept correspondence students apart from Queensland which would only accept NSW students if they lived in the Northern Rivers area of NSW which excluded me.

The second reunion was to Tallong, where I'd been appointed as T.i.C. just before we were to be married in 1949. I'd been appointed as T.i.C. in a number of schools before Tallong and had had to move when a house or half a house became available in the area. The Department then made the school and house, or part thereof, available to a married ex-service person who had served in the war and was qualified as a teacher.



Our wedding, set down for the first Saturday in the school holidays, had to be altered as a massive flood hit Kempsey on the day we were to be married. We were married a week later at South West Rocks after having spent two days and nights in the ceiling of Norma's parents' house along with her parents and other relatives, with almost 5 feet of water in the house. We were rescued on the Sunday when a boat tied up to the windowsill eight feet from the ground. We were married the following weekend when the clergyman was able to get a military vehicle to get him over the very muddy road to South West Rocks.

We had to get to Kempsey, then by train to Sydney, another train to Tallong, get into our house and open the school on the following Tuesday morning. As it had been closed for several years, the local community had arranged a large official re-opening with all the local dignitaries present including both state and federal MPs. A rather daunting occasion as can be imagined. One of those MPs was Jeff Bate who was later to figure in Australian History when he married the former wife of Prime Minister Harold Holt who died while swimming off a Victorian beach.

The school re-opened with 20 students. When I left in 1955 it had 60 students covering all grades from kinder to 3rd Yr Secondary, a very challenging situation as those who have taught in one teacher schools would know. The story of that village and school was written up in the SMH some time after we left, in an article, "Tallong is a little Town."

Tallong was celebrating its 100th anniversary when we returned. They had invited back former teachers still living, as well as all past students. It was really great to meet up with former students, many now married, their partners and families, and to see the educational changes that have taken place.

From a one teacher school of one room and a weather shed and outdoor pit toilets it has now become a staffed school with a Principal and three teachers and ancillary staff. The school, now fully sewerred, has four classrooms plus three separated out buildings, one of which is a staffroom, all with very up-to-date technology. The school office is a brick building separate from the other buildings and, apart from the main office and storeroom, has a very well set up sick bay as a full room.

The total population of the school is now 55 and growing, but no secondary students. These now go to high school in either Goulburn or Moss Vale. All a very far cry from the former one room school.

Most of Tallong was wiped out by a devastating bushfire about two years after we left. The subsequent regeneration of the whole community has been truly amazing as so many people are now moving to the area, significant numbers to retire in very substantial brick homes.

*December Lunch*



Ritchie Stevenson and Chris Carroll



Margaret Hopkins and Joan Healy

Graham Sims

One of my great mates at Sydney Boys' High School in the 1960's was a colleague named Graham Hannan.

Sydney High was, in fact, my first appointment, a "plum" position for a first year out teacher. My delusion that the powers that be had recognized my pedagogical prowess from the outset were soon shattered when I learned that it was my expressed interest in a school Army Cadets unit that had tipped the odds in my favour.

Graham Hannan, a senior teacher on the English/History staff, was, as Captain Hannan, Officer-in-Charge of the school's flourishing Cadet Unit, and I was privileged to serve as his Second-in-Charge. My naivete in thinking that my own school experience as a Cadet Under-Officer at Fort St Boys High even remotely made me ready to run a large unit soon disappeared, and I learned so much from Graham's real-life experience and wise leadership.

I say "real-life", as Graham had seen war experience in Borneo. If my memory serves me correctly, the officer in charge of his platoon had been killed virtually on landing, and, as senior NCO, Graham had had to assume command of the platoon. Graham Hannan was, without doubt, one of the finest, most honourable, charming and delightful of men, and an outstanding, scholarly teacher.

Despite our difference in age and experience, we became close friends, helped no doubt by our shared interests in language, literature, history, the Cadets and cricket. We each coached grade teams in the CHS and GPS competitions.

As it happened, we also each lived in The Blue Mountains and commuted together, at least in theory, to Sydney High each day. I say "in theory", because Graham and his wife, Jo, initially lived in Leura, meaning that he caught the upper mountains train called "The Fish", whereas my (brand new) wife, Helen and I lived in Warrimoo, meaning that I caught the lower mountains train called, appropriately, "The Chips".

It wasn't, however, quite as straight forward as this. Graham and Jo were "second-timers" in the marriage stakes, and soon, by happy choice, they had three little Hannans, quite close together. In these circumstances, a good night's sleep, for either of them, was a rare luxury, and the alarm had not been invented that could wake Graham up in time to get dressed, have breakfast and catch "The Fish" before it left Leura at the ungodly hour of 6am each morning.

To make matters worse, their home at Leura was some distance from the station, meaning that poor, sleep-deprived Jo would also have to get up ridiculously early, bundle the baby, (and soon, babies) into their old Kingswood station-wagon and drive Graham to Leura railway station.

They often arrived just as "The Fish" was pulling out. Doing a desperate calculation, Graham, clutching briefcase, tie, coat and other appurtenances, would either gallop down

the platform, to the cheers of the regulars, and be dragged on board by willing hands, or, sometimes, despite their urgings and encouragement, realize that he was just not going to make it.

In this latter case, sucking in lungfulls (lungsfull?) of cold mountain air, he would turn around and gallop back down the platform, hoping to catch Jo before she had begun to drive back home. If he did succeed, the poor woman, with one or more little Hannans on board, usually screamingly awake by then, would have to drive Graham to the next station down the line, where the whole performance would be repeated, sometimes successfully, sometimes not.

In those far-off days, “The Fish” got quite a wriggle on, and did not stop at all stations, and once again, regular passengers would, from their window seats, cheer on the old yellow Kingswood as Jo did her desperate best to beat the train to the next station.

There was one memorable, even if slightly apocryphically enhanced occasion, when they chased the train all the way down the mountains to Emu Plains, before the exhausted Graham finally managed to haul himself on board, to the deafening cheers of the passengers. There were, typically, no cheers for the equally exhausted Jo, as she undertook the long drive all the way back to Leura, accompanied by the understandably tired and unfed little Hannans.

These long and nerve-wracking daily journeys began to be a bit too much, so Graham and Jo, who loved The Blue Mountains as much as we did, decided to look for a place further down the line, as it were. With three little kids, a dog and a mortgage, this idea wasn’t without its challenges, but their prayers seemed to have been answered when a land developer opened up a new estate at Blaxland East, called “Bluegum Estate”.

Not only was this closer to Sydney High AND to us, as occasional babysitters, but the purchase terms and conditions seemed too good to be true, as, indeed, they proved to be.

In essence, intending buyers could purchase a selected block on the estate, with “nothing to pay”, as I recall, for two or three years. Interest, supposedly, would not accrue until after this “interest-free” period had elapsed.

Graham had the sterling idea that they would sign up for a chosen block, take the delayed payment option, save like mad, sell their Leura property, then use their (hypothetically) accumulated funds to pay off their new block of land just before the interest liability came due.

Somehow, coordinated into all of this, they would build a house on their new block, and seamlessly make the move from Leura to Blaxland East.

Perhaps inevitably, Murphy and his well-known Law played a hand in this well-intentioned scenario. Somehow, the Hannans did manage to save enough to be in a position to buy their block of land just before the interest penalty was to apply. Other intending purchasers did likewise.

It was then discovered that the developer, (Surprise! Surprise!) had registered a deed only for the estate as a whole. There were no deeds for the individual blocks! The wretched Hannans, along with others similarly impacted, had to engage in a great deal of complex, costly, legal argy-bargy before they could build on their land.

Eventually, they were allowed to begin building their dream-home, but with considerably less available capital than they had anticipated, and still obliged to live in Leura until their new home was finished and they could at last move in. In fact, they had to spend some time as rent-paying tenants, in what had been their own home.

Given these circumstances, and the continuation of his long, daily commuting, Graham was unable to keep as close an eye on the building of their new home as he would no doubt have wished, and I did not share his blind faith in his builders.

Living in nearby Warrimoo, and with Helen then driving daily to her “new” school, Emu Plains Public, it was quite easy for one or both of us to keep an eye on progress on the emerging Hannan abode, and to give Graham regular reports, for which he and Jo were always genuinely grateful ... but remarkably unconcerned, thanks to their unvarying “not to worry” approach to life.

I had noticed, for example, that the “dish” or driveway on their new property was on the left, or lower side of the block, whereas the attached garage was being built on the right , or higher side.

“Not to worry, mate, “ said Graham. “I’ve always wanted a circular driveway.”

When I pointed out that their front yard area was neither wide nor deep enough to allow for a circular driveway, it was still “Not to worry. We’ll have a semi-circular driveway anyway.”

As things eventuated, there was insufficient room for their Kingswood station wagon to enter the property via the driveway dish, turn in front of the house and then turn sharply enough to enter the garage.

Graham’s “temporary” solution was to pile up some dirt, stones and bits of wood in the gutter at the “garage side” of the house and bump the old Kingswood up and into the garage. This “temporary” solution remained in force for as long as I can remember.(“Not to worry!”)

There was, however, at least one further complication. Graham wanted and deserved “a study”, where he could read, write, mark homework etc in relative peace and quiet.

This proposed “study” was drawn up as a smallish room immediately at the rear of the internal garage. The Council of The Blue Mountains refused to approve this, as the proposed area was too small to be approved as a living area.

Wise heads at Sydney High advised Graham to solve (or subvert) this bureaucratic impasse by simply redesignating the area as a laundry, or, better still, as a walk-in pantry.



Such a subterfuge did not sit easily with Graham's uncompromising ethical standards. "No! No! That wouldn't be right." said he "We'll increase it to the required area. There'll still be plenty of room for the Kingswood."

This Graham duly did. This instruction the builders duly followed... and it was duly discovered that the functional length of the garage was about eight inches shorter than the length of the redoubtable Kingswood.

This inescapable fact meant that the "tilt-a-door" could not be closed with the Kingswood inside the garage, other than by tying the door to the towbar of the station wagon.

Predictably, this was also to be "only a temporary arrangement", although it remained "temporary" for a remarkably long period. Equally predictable was the fact that memory lapses and the hurrying habits of the harried Hannans led to more than one occasion on which nobody remembered to untie the Kingswood before backing it out of the garage. The towbar invariably won such a tug of war, (or tug of door), and the poor old tilt-a door lived up to its name...but, you guessed it, "not to worry!"

NOT TO WORRY!

The exciting finale to this story will be included  
in the April, 2015 ARISSEA Newsletter



This assembled artwork was created in response to two connected images that impacted on me during our most recent visit to Italy.

The first image was a photograph I took at the end of an amazing and exhausting day in the Vatican City after being exposed to the magnificence and extravagance of St Peter's. In order to gain refuge, relief and a sense of reality, my thoughts and the direction of the camera lens fell to the cobbled stones beneath my feet.

The second image is a memory of watching the fashionable Italian families in Bologna releasing their young children from strollers to chase the pigeons in the piazza late in the afternoons.

"Child Chasing Pigeons", the title of this artwork, although a spontaneous and simple response to a different culture, reminds me of my freedom to chase ideas rather than trying to achieve outcomes.

Despite this decadence, I have, with the help of my family, put together my [website](http://www.garriecollinsart.com) of some recent work after almost fifteen years of glorious retirement. I invite you to visit, enjoy and perhaps, respond.

Garrie Collins  
[www.garriecollinsart.com](http://www.garriecollinsart.com)

Laurie Craddock

A decent and wise man has departed from us and we are the better for our association with him. How privileged we were to have worked with him at Walgett 40 years ago as well as within the Inspectorate. Our careers may have developed very differently had we not.

Under Laurie's stewardship Walgett Public School became the vanguard for Aboriginal Education that challenged others to understand the learning of Aborigines. The Department and the Universities took notice of what was happening. His initiative and co-ordination of the Walgett Aboriginal Education Conferences in his time there, were significant gatherings that helped spread the word.

Very personally, you could approach Laurie for counsel. He would put your own best interest at the centre of his consideration every time.

And Peg was with him, always.

Remember Laurie Craddock.

Tony and Keri Negline

#### A TRIBUTE TO LAURENCE JOHN CRADDOCK

The death of Laurie Craddock concluded the life of a most caring, compassionate, friendly and faithful man. In the forty-six years that I knew Laurie, he demonstrated these qualities in his love of his family; in his belief in, and diligence, towards the N.S.W Department of Education; in his work to improve the educational prospects of Aboriginal children; and in his loyalty to me personally while working as a member of my professional team over many years.

I first met Laurie in 1968 when he was the Assistant Principal of Walgett Public School. At the time, I was the District Inspector of Schools based in Moree, a position that Laurie was to occupy later in his career when I was the Assistant Regional Director of Education and the Regional Director of Education. Assuredly, I was never in doubt of Laurie's earnestness, loyalty and support.

Laurie's contribution to Aboriginal people and to Aboriginal Education was significant. He had the capacity to establish positive relationships with Aborigines and with those who delivered support services to them. There was mutual trust.

People believed in his cause and worked to achieve the outcomes that he set. Laurie's leadership of the Aboriginal Education Conferences held annually in Walgett in the late 1970's and the 1980's is legendary. His work at Walgett attracted speakers of State and National significance to the Conferences and the outcomes had a telling impact on the methodology that was applied to Aboriginal Education throughout the North-West and in other locations, too.

Testimony to Laurie's leadership skills was his positive relationships as a Principal with his

executive staff and those in neighbouring schools. Ann Mulcahy, Grace Pead, Bob Campbell and Tony Negline would attest. Similarly, his assistant teachers would commend his patience, his influence on their attitudes to work practices and to Aboriginality, and his guidance in the adaptation of the curriculum to disadvantaged children's interests, capacities and needs.

Laurie had an inimitable capacity to tell stories about people and places. Embellished at great length and told sometimes with extended longevity, they were of immeasurable human interest.

Those of us who witnessed such presentations have etched in their memories his narration of the North West Region's transport officer's incidental visit to the Walgett Ambulance Station in quest of a 'Gin and Dettol'; of the saga of negotiating the flooded Castlereagh River, along with the Principal of Coonamble Public School, with little apparel to protect their bodies; of his excitement when a young lady wearing little other than a hessian dress presented herself for entry on duty at Walgett; and of the management of human discomfort following Principals' Conferences in Moree and a few cleansing ales while traveling home to Walgett in a vehicle containing a new lady executive member of staff. His capacity to laugh, to enjoy fun and to remember and to recall humorous incidents in his career, will be long and affectionately recognised.

Bob Campbell recalls appreciably Laurie's quick humour and his capacity to offer a relevant one-liner. One herpetological occasion still registers in Bob's mind: "While patrolling the Walgett levee bank late one evening with Laurie during a flood, I killed a snake and flicked it into the water (for so I had thought) with my number eight wire waddy. Laurie was behind me and the snake went high into the air, over my head and landed at Laurie's feet.

After he climbed down off my shoulders, Laurie exclaimed, "Listen, son, if you want to get promotion, you do not throw snakes at your Principal."

Laurie's dedication to the cause of Public Education, and to Aboriginal Education in particular, is inscribed indelibly in the minds of many people who worked with him and for him.

He had a genuine faith in what could be achieved and he gave it his best in a range of localities and in the several roles that he occupied.

In transacting all that he did in his work, Laurie had the unselfish support of Peg. She was always available to fit in with the emergencies that arose and she was there to provide hospitality to the many people, including myself, who arrived to support Laurie in the delivery of Public Education.

David Maher

JOHN LAMBERT (1936-2014)

John was born in Wilcannia, did his primary schooling at Brighton, Carlton South and Springwood Public Schools and his secondary schooling at Katoomba High School.

He became an English/History teacher, serving at Sydney Boys High, Penrith High, St Mary's High and as subject master at Cabramatta High.

John was appointed an Inspector of Schools in 1971, and during the 1980's served as Executive Officer, NSW Higher Education Board, Assistant Director Properties, Regional Director Western Region and Director of Studies.

From 1986-1988, John was Director of the new and short-lived Statutory Boards Directorate, and from 1988-1989 was Assistant Director-General (Resources).

In these two positions, and in his subsequent role as the inaugural President of the Board of Studies, I served as John's Professional Assistant.

It would be true to say that John was "a visionary", of immense self-faith and ambition, extremely hard-working and expecting (and receiving) commitment and dedication from those around him.

Getting John to delegate a task to someone (eg me), was like drawing teeth. Things just had to be done "John's way."

As President, John found the ideal Deputy in Sam Weller...the far-seeing visionary brought back to earth, when necessary, by the ever pragmatic and realistic Sam. ("I'm sorry, John, but with the greatest of respect, that deadline is impossible.")

Following his controversial dismissal as President, by the Minister of the time, John bounced back, (one might say, with a vengeance), playing a key role in the design and establishment of low fee-paying Anglican schools across NSW.

John and his first wife, Jan and their three children, spent many years in "Chateau Lambert" in Florabella St, Warrimoo, (around the corner from where my first wife, Helen and I lived.)

Some time after Jan's death from cancer, John remarried, and I enjoyed visiting him and his new wife, Jennifer, over a period of a couple of years, during which, sadly, John discovered that he was afflicted by a fast-growing and inoperable melanoma in his lung.

They were destined to spend far too brief a time together. John died, at home in his beloved "Chateau", on 2 December 2014.

John's Christian faith remained absolute, until the end.

Graham Sims



### December Lunch



John Ward and Bob Chalmers

### Australia Day Honours 2015

BEARD            Alan Francis    Dr            OAM  
148 Andrew Rd, VALENTINE 2280  
4946 8982       [albeard@iinet.net.au](mailto:albeard@iinet.net.au)

GILCHRIST      Stanley William            OAM  
8 Pidcock Place, GOONELLABAH 2480  
6624 6764       [swgilchrist@optusnet.com.au](mailto:swgilchrist@optusnet.com.au)

### Address changes

(Changes shown in Bold)

HAZELL            M            Morna  
1/55 Bushman St  
PARKES 2870

FIOLA (MARTIN)    H            Heather  
[oandh1@bigpond.com](mailto:oandh1@bigpond.com)

## Deaths

4/11/2014      CRADDOCK      L J    (Laurie)  
113 Baulkham Hills Rd  
BAULKHAM HILLS 2153

14/11/2014    MacMAHON      C      (Clem)  
Dockside 4/1 Cherry St BALLINA 2478

21/11/2014    BIELER      D T    (Des)  
"The Pines" 6/78 Bendooley St  
BOWRAL 2576

2/12/2014      LAMBERT J      (John)  
17 Florabella St WARIMOO 2774

25/12/2014    DAVIES      O K    (Owen)    Dr  
28 Point St BULLI 2516

13/12/2014      DICKER Judy (Laurie Dicker's wife)  
19 Milgrove Rd BUDERIM QLD 4556

Members are reminded that material is needed for the

### April 2015 Newsletter

Accompanying photos are most welcome, preferably as JPG email attachments.

When sending material intended for use in the Newsletter it is requested that you send it  
as a .doc file rather than as a .docx file  
and with separate JPG attachments rather than with imbedded photos in the text.

### Copy deadline: 19th March 2015

Peter Robinson,  
Newsletter Editor,  
3 Corunna Ave,  
NORTH ROCKS NSW 2151  
[peterrobinson7@gmail.com](mailto: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.

Without you there would not be a Newsletter!

**Reminder for Luncheon dates for 2015**

**Friday 1st May**

**Friday 7th August**

**Friday 4th December**

**Please keep these dates free**

**Where:                    '99 on York',  
                              Level 2, 99 York St, Sydney**

**Each luncheon is an opportunity  
                              to renew old friendships  
   and develop new ones.**