



Newsletter

ABN: 78 259 388 090

No. 1

February 2021

From the President

We begin 2021 optimistically, leaving behind a year when our lives changed so dramatically. I have not presided over a face-to-face meeting as President and there are new members who have not attended a meeting.

With optimism we planned for a Christmas luncheon last year and sent an invitation to Mark Scott AO, the Department of Education Secretary, to address us. However, the luncheon had to be cancelled as we did not reach the minimum number required by the venue.

The committee continued with its scheduled meetings by Zoom quite successfully. Work was completed on crucial matters, one of which was the amended constitution that is attached to this newsletter for your perusal. The amended constitution will be approved by members at the AGM, which is scheduled for 4 June 2021, hopefully at the Department of Education in Parramatta. The venue and time will be confirmed in the newsletter prior to the AGM.

The newsletter continued to be emailed and posted to members allowing us to keep in touch. Reading the interesting and entertaining articles provided by our members ensured that the spirit of our Institute continued.

Here's hoping that this year positive developments with COVID-19 and a vaccine to stop its path will allow us to meet and enjoy the camaraderie the Institute offers.

JANINA SULIKOWSKI

President



Secretary's Report

The executive held its first meeting for the year on Monday 8 February through Zoom, but with the encouraging prospect that face-to-face meetings for members will be much more possible this year. With this in mind it is important to note that the date for our Annual General Meeting has been moved to Friday 4 June 2021. It is hoped that by

moving the meeting five weeks later, with the vaccination well under way, more members will be able to attend. It was disappointing that the December meeting last year had to be cancelled; we were only five people short in meeting the minimum number required by the hotel.

Cancelling the December meeting also meant that we couldn't hear from a guest speaker from the Department of Education. Our links with the Department are important for our members. We are looking to hold the Annual General Meeting at the Department's head office at 105 Phillip Street, Parramatta, to help with that ongoing connection. This will be an important meeting with a motion for a new constitution to be considered for approval. A review of the constitution was detailed in the April 2020 Newsletter with members invited to respond. Thanks to Ray Gillies, our Treasurer, for his work on this.

As a result of changing the date of the Annual General Meeting, it was decided to have the following luncheon meeting on Friday 20 August 2021, with our Christmas luncheon in its usual place on Friday 3 December 2021. This we hope will help members to attend the three meetings. It was decided at the executive meeting to try to hold these two luncheon meetings at the Castlereagh Boutique Hotel. John Allsopp, our Luncheon Coordinator, has worked hard to maintain our relationship with the hotel during these difficult times and the hotel has been very understanding. With the distribution of newsletters normally happening around four weeks before a meeting because of the luncheon booking-slip, the next two newsletters will come out on 6 May and 20 July.

Alan Laughlin, our Stewart House contact, reported on the difficulties faced by Stewart House because of COVID-19. Members are encouraged to continue their much-needed support.

In 2019 IRSEA was invited to lay a wreath at the first ANZAC Remembrance Service held at the Department's new head office at Parramatta. Unfortunately, COVID meant that last year's service had to be cancelled, but the service this year is to proceed on Friday 23 April at 10.30 a.m. at 105 Phillip Street, Parramatta. Members are most welcome to attend this service.

If any further details come to hand I will email members. If you are interested in attending and don't have an email please let me know (phone 0422 856 919) and I will be in contact with you. Members have found the ANZAC Remembrance Service a most moving occasion.

It is important, not only during these COVID times, that we can stay in touch with you. Please let Allan Mills know of any changes to your contact details, including address, email, and phone numbers. Also a reminder to contact Kerry Knox, our Welfare Coordinator, about issues concerning the welfare of members such as serious illnesses or deaths. Kerry can be contacted on kknnox@bigpond.com or 0417 410 283 (mobile).

All the best for the coming year.

BRIAN DAVIES
Secretary

Treasurer's Report

IRSEA's Society Account has a credit balance of \$3925 and our term deposit holds \$15 963. Our financial year ends 31 March and membership subscription forms for 2021 fees will be sent out in April.

Proposed new IRSEA constitution

The executive committee has developed a revised constitution for the IRSEA that will be put to members for approval at the 2021 Annual General Meeting.

The new constitution is to revise some clauses based on our experience over the last five years, including the unanticipated challenges of COVID-19, and some changes in guidelines from NSW Fair Trading regarding the Incorporated Associations Regulation 2016. The proposed revised constitution is included separately with this newsletter or as a hard copy for those receiving the newsletter by post,

The IRSEA 2021 AGM will consider a special resolution: 'The new constitution of the IRSEA is approved by the members and is to be submitted to NSW Fair Trading as required'.

Proposed IRSEA website

The executive committee is considering the development of an IRSEA website. We would welcome your ideas of what should be on the website and any offers of assistance to build it.

RAY GILLIES
Treasurer

Friends of Stewart House

Owing to the COVID-19 restrictions, there was no suitable room available in the Department's building in Parramatta. A Zoom session was discussed, but we would like to have a face-to-face meeting; so the AGM is postponed until June. We will advise of the date closer to that month.

Just a reminder about **raffle tickets**. If you have not purchased your tickets for the Annual FOSH raffle, there is still plenty of time!

Raffle Tickets: \$2.00 each or 3 tickets for \$5

Direct Deposit to: Teachers Mutual Bank

Name of Account: Friends of Stewart House

BSB No: 812-170

Account No 263444 (add S1 after the bank account number when transferring money from another Teachers Mutual Bank account).

Please ensure that the following information appears on our part of the direct deposit:

- Your name
- Details of payment Raffle Tickets (\$2 each or \$5 for 3 tickets).

ALAN LAUGHLIN
Secretary, FOSH

Membership News

Welfare News

Kerry Knox our welfare representative on the IRSEA Executive has advised that our colleague, **Mandy Tunica** has entered an aged care home and requires full time care now.

Membership Report

Our present membership is 150, comprising 40 women and 110 men.

During the previous calendar year we have lost 12 of our members:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Date of Death</i>
Noila Berglund	23.02.2020
Arthur Buchan	20.06.2020
Chick Carey	16.07.2020
John Farnsworth	6.05.2020
Don Lawler	2.05.2020
Colin MacDonald	7.12.2020
Noel McClelland	14.06.2020
Reg Pollock	13.04.2020
Betty Roberts	18.10.2020
Bill Summers	7.11.2020
Doug Swan	16.07.2020
Joan Vickers	17.04.2020

The new members are:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Joining Date</i>
Kerry Knox	6.02.2020
Cheryl Ballantyne	9.02.2020
Sharon Parkes	14.02.2020
Hetty Cislowski	13.03.2020
Terry Franklin	15.03.2020
Jim White	22.09.2020

ALLAN MILLS
Membership Officer

Committee Members and Office-Bearers for 2020/21

President	Janina Sulikowski
Immediate Past President	Kerrie Ikin
Vice-President	Graham Dawson
Secretary	Brian Davies
Treasurer	Ray Gillies
Newsletter Editor	Syd Smith
Membership Officer	Allan Mills
Welfare Coordinator	Kerry Knox
Luncheon Coordinator	John Allsopp
Stewart House Contact	Alan Laughlin
Public Officer	Ray Gillies
Committee Member	Alan Laughlin
Committee Member	Alan Rice
Committee Member	Chris Carroll
Committee Member	Hetty Cislowski

Members Write

A Brush with Arthur Buchan!

Ritchie Stevenson

My initial appointment in 1961 was as a commerce teacher at Wollongong High School—a school with a fine academic record and a strong tradition in rugby league at the local and state level. As a member of the Commerce Department, I inherited a 6-7 (6 stone 7 lb. weight in those days!) team of small boys to train twice a week (Mondays and Fridays 3.30 to 5.00 p.m.) according to the schedule. The school was endowed with quite large areas of grass and a couple of ovals in those days, as well as a 25-metre small-bore (.22 calibre) rifle range for the cadets.

The grassed area extended right down to the main road which by-passed the road into Wollongong. The patch I used also included a 'scrum machine'—a fairly solid wooden framework with a padded crossbar on the top of the main side, backed by large springs. As part of the training the boys would crouch over in threes or sixes to learn to push hard in a coordinated way to strengthen leg and shoulder muscles, and how to rake the ball with their feet.

One day about 4.30 p.m., a car stopped on the edge of the oval, and after a short interval a well-built gentleman in a neat suit and tie got out of the car

and walked a short distance across to introduce himself.

I'm Buchan—Arthur Buchan! I work in the Education Office in Wollongong. Do you mind if I talk to the boys! There followed rapt attention from the dozen or so boys who had gathered around him—for everyone knew the name, Buchan, of the Wallabies! Taking off his suit coat and tie, which he handed to me, he bent over the machine to take the correct position and push as all watched his form!

Then followed a period when each group of three boys shaped up in position and were carefully adjusted by Arthur to ensure their pushing was most effective. The ball went in and the hooker raked the ball! And so on for 30 minutes or so.

When time was up, he took his leave and drove off home to Bulli. A magic experience for a dozen or so small boys! And for a surprised beginning teacher who learnt as much as the boys! This was repeated every few weeks for the rest of the season and the team did well that year!

But the story doesn't end there!

Two months later, Arthur rang me at school. We had a conversation along the following lines: 'My Rotary Club is part of a network of city Rotary Clubs offering a scholarship for young people to visit and study in an Asian country for one year. If you're interested, you'll have to be guest speaker at our club in two weeks for them to recommend you to the central selection committee in Sydney.'

I'd finished my degree a year or so previously and had specialized in the economics of developing countries. I readily accepted. After some rounds of interviews, I and two other people were selected for the scheme and I spent the next year in India at the School of International Development at the University of Delhi. I travelled extensively in India speaking to over fifty Rotary Clubs and prepared a thesis on debt management in India for a Bachelor of Letters degree through Professor Belshaw at New England University.

So much for a quiet afternoon training my footballers at the scrum machine with Arthur Buchan!!

China: Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow

Syd Smith

'These hors d'oeuvres are delicious. What do you call them?'

'Party Meat Pies,' I replied.

The year was 1977 and it was Australia Day. The interested woman seemingly enthused about a simple item of our culture was the wife of a senior Chinese diplomat, and she was attempting to engage in diplomatic small talk. As one of a group of 25 Australian geography teachers, we had been invited to a reception at the Australian Embassy in Beijing to celebrate our national day, and to fit in

with the occasion, anything even slightly related to our cuisine was on display for neighbouring embassies to enjoy. After all, it had been only five years since Gough Whitlam had developed diplomatic relations with Beijing and a warm and comfortable friendship had followed.

The immaculately dressed woman went on to tell me that there were many high-ranking Chinese diplomats attending this reception and this was a sign of how much China appreciated the warming relationship between the two nations.

Many years later, after my retirement, I was to have a continued relationship with China, attending invitations to visit Chengden and Beijing in 2006 and 2010. In 2010 an international youth conference on the environment was held. The task was to recommend an environmental education school policy for China. It was somewhat limiting as the draft presented was mainly confined to air pollution, perhaps understandable for China, as it was, and still is, a major health hazard for its huge cities. The process to be followed by the students was to discuss the policy document presented to them and then provide feedback to the Chinese Government. In spite of a number of additional recommendations or minor amendments proposed by the students, the original policy remained completely unchanged and simply remained the original draft. Australia, USA, and a few other nations were part of this exercise, but it was obvious from the start this was going to be the final policy, and having a diverse group to discuss it gave it credibility, total agreement, and confirmation. This was my introduction to how the Chinese Government had its own idiosyncratic way of making group decisions, but, at the same time, how they were in stark contrast to our more democratic approach.

In the following years I was asked to give lectures to visiting Chinese students at Sydney University and elsewhere in Sydney. In the early years they noted everything down religiously and without questioning me, but in later years they were thankfully more critical. However, I eventually declined to continue lecturing when students spent half their time on their phones. The mainland Chinese students were entirely different to those from Hong Kong and South Korea, and this was demonstrated most remarkably when the two groups were combined at the one time for the same lecture. They remained separated in their seating arrangements and made no contact with each other during recess. Hong Kong students were well aware of the censorship demanded by Beijing and were appreciative that they could freely use Facebook, which is banned in China of course. I could see how they were to become the protest leaders of today.

On another occasion I helped a Chinese Australian woman set up a Saturday Chinese Language School, but, again, I had to resign when she blatantly ignored the requirements of the Department, particularly when it came to establishing a parent and community group to oversight the program. I also assisted a Chinese friend to write submissions for her employment at SBS and for her husband who had to prepare talks for NSW principals. Her husband, a friend of mine, also asked me to give educational lectures to Chinese visitors and to arrange for Chinese visitors to visit some of our schools. I was also given an education contact in Beijing, but the contact was suddenly terminated because it had been arranged through Facebook. No doubt this was instigated by the Chinese Government, who feared its citizens would be influenced too much by the outside world.

These experiences make me sad when we look at our relationship with China today. Yes, we are different in the way we think, but people, no matter their nationality, have many attributes in common. We want to live in peace, we want a reasonable standard of living, and deep down we want freedom and a transparent government to look after our welfare. I always remember that visit in 1977 when we were hit with the same speech almost word for word no matter which city we were visiting. Then later, when reading the words of a young Chinese woman in her biography, I realized that she in fact hated Mao and the regime of that time. Many hosts in those places we visited were evidently not truly committed to what they had to say at that time, but were forced to read the same words as decreed by the central government. It is equally frustrating when we consider all the hard work that has gone into fostering our close contacts with China, the visits of principals to Chinese schools, the linking of Australian cities to selected ones in China, schools having sister school relationships, and the cultural exchanges that led to great mutual benefits, and, of course, the economic advantages. These gains are apparently suffering an unfortunate decline now. It was interesting that when I once told a Chinese group that I had been to their country back in 1977 they did not want to know. Those old days seemed to be an embarrassment to them and had no relevance to their lives today.

It may be some time before the Australian Embassy in Beijing can arrange an Australia Day reception like that of 1977 and succeed in gaining a full complement of its senior Chinese diplomats to attend. Sadly, their wives are unlikely to have the opportunity now to make small talk to an Australian teacher and learn about, and sample, meat pies. But then again maybe they don't need to ask; they have other ways of finding out now.

Peggy Craddock Reminisces

I hope you do not mind my commenting on the wonderful content of the Newsletter. The obituaries of the wonderful people brought back many memories. It is not just their grieving families who miss them. Their work leaves a lasting legacy. Ian Feneley's brother Shane, a retired school principal, died recently, another whose work enhanced the well-being of staff, students, and community.

Laurie and I were in St Davids in Wales at one time and were having breakfast with men we recognized as being members of the Male Voice Choir whom we had heard the previous evening in the cathedral. One member asked where we came from, and when we told him, he started to laugh. The rugby matches were being played between Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England at that time. He said that when he was very small, his father took him to his first international match at Cardiff Arms Park. Australia was winning, and a player scored right in front of the first row of spectators. A very angry woman beat him about the head and shoulders with her large broom. It was Laurie's turn to laugh. He and his friend Arthur had been reminiscing not long before we had left home, and Arthur had told him about that same incident. The choir members were astonished that we knew who the player was, and they all stood up and gave Arthur three hearty cheers! Later, back home, Laurie told Arthur about it, to his great amusement.

Cliff Cowdroy's article about the Correspondence School brought back many memories. We had one at Walgett Primary school, with two wonderful teachers, Celia English and Nita Caldwell. Students came in once a week and sent in work as well. When parents managed to get to town, over almost non-existent black-soil roads, the children would spend the day in the classroom, later leaving after lunch to get home before the kangaroos and wild pigs came out. They would borrow a couple of weeks' worth of books and a reading kit or two whenever they could get to town. For the primary school children, I had made kits. Each child had to state his/her name and age, and then proceeded to demonstrate a turn-the-page signal and read. The idea was that the isolated parents could hear what might be expected of a child the same age as their own. The kits were very popular, and Cliff Carey was very interested in them. Those with eight copies of the books were put with the copy of the cassette and used by teachers going on relief to other schools. In regard to the high school subjects, teaching of, say, science or French to a distant high or central school was arranged by video link. Most of the staff at Walgett enjoyed the visits by people like Tom Allport, Chic Carey, and other Head Office folk, because they brought the outside world into an isolated community. I think that the video link teaching might have been implemented through

the Disadvantaged Schools Program.

The Correspondence unit was wonderful for the local children as well. The variations in the delivery of schooling to isolated children, including the one where a teacher who taught a subject unavailable to an isolated school would give the lesson from another high school. These were of extreme importance to isolated and disadvantaged communities. I guess Eddie Woo's work is a sort of continuation of this.

The Newsletter is a source of information and a great 'catch up' aid for all members in this COVID time.

Stay safe and well.

Teacher Tony's Tallong Tale

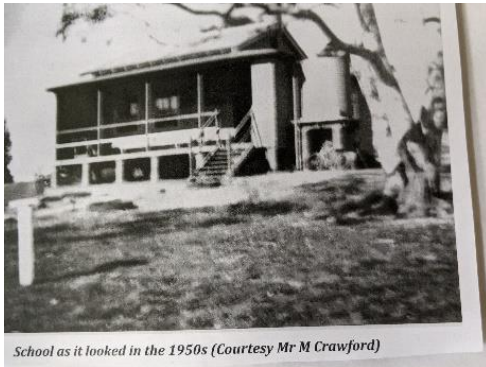
Tony Re

Foreword: In 2018, Jim Fletcher, who was the second last Manager of the now disbanded History Unit of the Department of Education, encouraged former colleagues at Balmain Teachers' College from 1956 to 1957 who had taught in small schools to write reflections of their experiences. The suggested 1000 word limit was a challenge unmet by contributors. Peter O'Brien, who became a successful academic at Macquarie University, wrote *Bush School* detailing his time at Weabonga. Published this year, *Bush School* is highly recommended to anyone interested in teaching conditions sixty years ago and to those who enjoy the history of education, a much-neglected field these days. And where is Weabonga? Read the book to find out. Four cluster directors emerged from these two years at Balmain TC: Alan Rice, the late Margaret McKimm, the recently departed Bill Summers, and myself. My reflections on my time at Tallong follow.

'School numbers had grown sufficiently so that a second teacher was appointed (1959) but unfortunately he/she has not been identified.'—This problem, identified in the excellent 2014 centenary book for Tallong Public School, *Memories*, has been solved. Moi!

Mutton, mutton, mutton for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, the cause of my first disagreement with the Department. I was not prepared to put up with having to live with reluctant hosts and primitive living conditions at the one-teacher school I was first allocated to. Fortunately I reached a truce with the Departmental hierarchy so I was given another appointment. Tallong it was, and I was very much welcomed by a relieved Brian Joyce, the recently appointed teacher-in-charge in his third year of teaching. Brian had to cope in a single classroom, built in 1914, with thirty-plus students. With his 'seniority', he gladly gave me the younger grades. Neither of us had any training or experience in teaching the earlier years. Where was I to be located to cater for the needs of fifteen

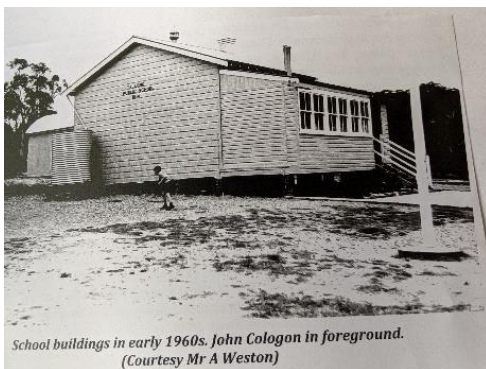
Kinders to Grade Two? Team teaching was unheard of and would have been frowned upon by the rather staid school inspector.



School as it looked in the 1950s (Courtesy Mr M Crawford)

There were two options: enclosing an open porch about two metres by six metres, or the Memorial Hall. This was a building typical of the times—uninsulated, very draughty, and far larger than was required for a classroom. The Department found money to enclose the narrow veranda and it eventually became our ‘classroom’. But at the time, there was little thought given by the decision-makers to ensure that teaching conditions were at least adequate.

I survived pneumonia from the freezing hall just before we became ensconced in our new little teaching nest. I could discard the duffle coat, jacket, jumper, and two pairs of football socks and wear more normal clothing to school as we now had a portable heater. Utter luxury!



School buildings in early 1960s. John Cologon in foreground. (Courtesy Mr A Weston)

And there was team-teaching of a sort. When the workers from the Public Works Department enclosed the veranda, they left the original large window intact so Brian and I could see, hear, and converse, learning from each other. Plenty of time was available after school or in the evenings for lesson preparation and we both discovered that we could become confident and competent teachers. And we could do this without adhering to the rigid timetabling insisted upon by the Department and could experiment with our teaching techniques. There was absolutely no Department support for children with any noticeable disability. It was left to teachers to work cooperatively with parents, as I did with one youngster.

The children at Tallong Public were keen to learn,

courteous and pleasant and came from numerous backgrounds. Some were from the wealthier families who had orchards or raised cattle and horses, others from long-standing families in the small village, and most of the remainder were the offspring of railway workers as Tallong was a service area for state railways. A Jehovah’s Witness family, new to the village, was accepted in the community and welcomed Brian and me into their home.

A highlight of the year was the annual Small Schools Athletics Carnival. In my year, it was held at Exeter on a day when the wind howled non-stop, a feature of the Southern Highlands and its fringes. In true country fashion, this did not deter the enthusiasm of the children and their parents. There was just one tent, for the announcer and the manager. Luck was on my side as I had volunteered to be on the mike.

Fortunately Brian and I were simpatico, both having survived our first year of teaching. Like previous teachers, we boarded with Mrs and Mr Kettle who owned an apple and pear orchard. And although it was easy to think of them as the hillbilly film figures, Ma and Pa Kettle, they were far from this. Unlike the American Kettles with their fifteen children, they had two grown-up sons, one being a medical professional and the other the father of a current major political figure in Goulburn.

The Kettle home was country comfortable, but lacked the facilities cityites like Brian and I were used to. The long-drop toilet had one unforgettable feature—redback spiders the size of small cherries. A night visit could have been disastrous, so daytime it was, with a detailed check of the whereabouts of these poisonous critters. Electricity never came to the Kettle residence.

Thankfully the large stove was kept alight during the colder months, as it was the only heating in the house. To reach my bedroom entailed a dash from the heated living-room down a freezing corridor and then a dive into bed. The sag in the middle was actually a blessing as the many blankets could form a comfortable cover. Football socks and flannelette pyjamas were necessary for extra warmth. The cold months could extend to December when, in the first week of that month, an icy slush made the trek to the school somewhat difficult.

Unfortunately the Kettles’ house was destroyed in the devastating 1965 Chatsbury–Bungonia bushfires. All that was left in the ashes of the residence were two urns containing the ashes of two relatives. The local orchards, the lifeblood of the district, were all destroyed, but the school escaped. Also saved was the quaint railway station. It was spared then, but when the servicing of the tracks ceased, the government did to this heritage structure what is still common. Demolition.

Adjacent to the school is a tennis court. Brian was quite a good player and we often played three sets after school. Despite my competitive nature, Brian usually won each set. We joined the Marulan team, playing night basketball in Goulburn in barn-like conditions in mid-winter. After our usual loss, we drowned our sorrows back at Marulan with red wine from a small barrel brought by train from the Riverina. Drinking also featured at the regular Saturday dances at the Memorial Hall. Alcohol was banned from inside the hall, but outside was a different matter.

Weekends, though, were usually spent back in a much warmer Sydney. I had a Hillman Minx, which was battered by rural roads, replaced by an Austin A40. Neither could be classified as being the pride of the British. But they got Brian and me back to the big smoke, where I had a wonderful girlfriend, who, luckily for me, became my wife and life partner. The 150 km trip to Sydney, which took over three hours, passed Bass Hill Public, where I later became principal and a number of the schools that I was fortunate to supervise.

Later in the year, Tallong Public was moved into a different inspectorate. The new school inspector, Bill McGrath, was an outstanding educator, who became the first lay principal of the Catholic Teachers' College. Bill showed a genuine interest in the professional and personal development of both Brian and me. For me, he was a role model as a senior educational administrator.



Both Brian and I left Tallong at the end of the year. Brian, I believe, headed for Canberra, while I was appointed to Maroubra Junction Public. Tallong was the making of me as a teacher and gave me the basis for a successful and enjoyable career in education. And I must have been doing things well. In his School Inspector's Report of 24 November, Bill McGrath wrote in part, *'It is apparent that the school is providing all pupils with a very satisfactory educational programme. Both teachers are refined in their approach to all aspects of school management and the response from the pupils shows the value of this.'*

Afterword: In November of this year, I contacted the principal of Tallong Public, Emily Morrow, who invited me to visit the school. I was made most welcome by Emily, her staff, and the very courteous and inquiring students. The school had grown to 66 pupils and was alive educationally. There was a 'buzz' in the air. The school is focused upon giving students the skills for an unknown but exciting future, with the Department giving support unimaginable during my time there.

The school has excellent community participation. As part of its 2014 centenary celebrations, the seventy-six page *Memories* was published. It is a first-rate publication, guided and edited by Janet Black, who has set an example for other schools to follow. Janet was also responsible for co-writing and co-editing *Tallong—A Heritage* and undertaking research for John Lombard's *Tales of Tallong*.

Wingello and Penrose Public Schools, also on the Highland Way, continue to struggle for enrolments, but Tallong Public is growing and flourishing. And Weabonga? Read *Bush School* or listen to Peter O'Brien being interviewed by Richard Fidler on a 'Conversations' podcast.

The views expressed in this newsletter are those of individual members and do not necessarily reflect those of IRSEA. IRSEA accepts no responsibility for the accuracy of those views.

Valete

Bill Summers

17 November 2020

William Leslie Gordon (Bill) Summers was born in 1938 and commenced his duties as an educator in 1958. He was given his first inspectorial position in 1976 in Armidale and then proceeded to Kogarah area as a Cluster Director in 1982. In 1989 Bill moved on to the Cronulla area as a Director of Schools. He retired from that position in April 1993 and remained in the St George/Sutherland area until his death.

Friends Jim Fletcher and Tony Re have also informed us of Bill's death, and Tony Re shared some wonderful memories of Bill, including their being educated together at Sydney Boys' High and training together at Balmain Teachers' College. Bill was also best man at Tony's wedding. Tony and Bill went their separate ways after being in National Service together and only met up again in Armidale when Bill inspected Tony for his List Four. Following that, Bill and Tony were Directors of Schools together and so the circle was complete. Tony described Bill as a 'true leader, one of the most honest and decent people I have ever known'. I know that many people share that opinion and it is a wonderful legacy for Bill's family.

Colin McDonald

6 December 2020

Cliff Cowdroy writes:

It may not generally be known that Colin was appointed interim Director of the Visual Education Centre, Burwood, right back in the early 1960's. This departmental unit held a massive archive of 16 mm films that were dispatched to all government schools in NSW on a request/loan basis. Staff included librarians, curriculum development officers, filmographers, and clerks. My office was located in the ABC in William Street, Sydney, and I worked closely with Col. He saw to it that the Centre produced quality outcomes, given the exacting standards (in those days) of the ABC's Education Division. I then encountered Col again in Head Office Staffing and appreciated his great understanding of Victorian England and its impact on the then colonies.

Peter Robinson writes:

I first met Colin Macdonald in 1970 while I was marking the School Certificate Science papers at the Showground. In my naivety I thought that all inspectors were of equal status regardless of what they were doing and where they operated. I knew that Colin was a science inspector, but now found that he was also our senior officer at the temporary School Certificate Marking Centre.

Wendy and I had bought a home at Rydalmere, near Carlingford, while we both were still teaching at Randwick, creating the need for a lot of driving through very heavy traffic. As I had just gained my Second List for 1971, I looked up the possible Science Master positions becoming available for the next year and applied for an Agriculture High School within a couple of kilometres of our home.

When I told Colin of my appointment, he seemed surprised and impressed, and wished me well. The appointment that changed my whole career, the most academically selective public school in the state, and I was to set up a new science department 7–12 as a school department separate from the agriculture staff and farm.

In the following years I kept in occasional touch with Colin by my involvement in a number of interschool and inservice activities, which also helped me to keep my staff in touch with secondary science.

After I had been science master at James Ruse Agricultural High School for six years, and while doing my two years at Plumpton (at my request), because of my interest in CLIC television and experimenting with video teaching, I continued as the part-time Science Adviser to Western Sydney Region. I was also one of three Chemistry HSC Examination Paper Assessors for three years and a

Chemistry marker for the Higher School Certificate, so I continued my contact with Colin, who was, as Staff Inspector (Schools), the senior officer in charge of the Marking Centre, as well as the logistics, staffing, and equipment for the centre.

When I was deployed to the Teaching Resources Unit in the Services Directorate, I found that Colin was the Assistant Director of Services and effectively my new 'boss', particularly in the development of the School Annual Requisition.

I actually never found Colin to be my 'boss', rather my mentor, guide, and reference in work that was mainly exploratory and developmental, in areas that were frequently new and unexplored. These included administrative, technical, and educational. I was also intrigued by just what a staff inspector did. I started keeping a rough listing of what Colin was responsible for over the following years.

As Staff Inspector (Schools), Colin was also involved as:

- Officer in Charge of the Audio-Visual Centre, Burwood, which included the largest library of 16 mm K–12 films in the world.
- Involvement in the writing of the Senior Multistrand Science textbook.
- Visiting schools researching DSE questions.
- He was involved with the design of new science labs to suit the new courses.
- Overseeing a varied array of activities and services such as the annual school Equipment and Materials Requisition order forms that were serviced by Government Stores.
- The various contracts that were arranged to enable schools to purchase special equipment that had been tested and selected as the most suitable for school use, by the committee of experts from various appropriate government departments, which Colin also chaired.
- Environmental Education and establishing Field Studies Centres.
- Religious Education: the Minister's Advisory Committee.
- International Cooperation: visiting representatives were included in an inspectorial panel for a day.
- Supervising education officers at the Museum and Zoo Education Centre and production of Educational Bulletins and Newsletters; and other varied duties as they emerged.
- The duties as Staff Inspector (Staff), an inspector *on* staff, not *of* staff.

Review of School Supply: expansion of the Requisition to include learning materials such as reading schemes and infants materials.

Colin was moved by the DG to Deputy Leader, Policy and Research Unit. He was later promoted

to Leader, with status equivalent to a Director.

With the winding up of ASCIS Ltd on 30 June 1990, Colin requested that his retirement be delayed until 19 July 1990. It was granted.

During his early retirement, Colin and Sarah travelled to various cities, particularly in Europe, researching the historical churches and cathedrals they visited, which he included in the books that he produced.

Colin was one of the most professional educators, and an honest friend that I was fortunate to have had in my professional career.

Helen Buchanan

20 January 2021

Helen Buchanan, a very passionate supporter of Stewart House, and the oldest member of FOSH, passed away in Wagg Wagga on Wednesday, 20 January, 2021.

Helen was the wife of **Donald Buchanan**. When she joined WAWILI (Wives of Administrators, Wives of Inspectors), now known as FOSH, Don was appointed Inspector of Gunnedah (1962).

Helen was a very familiar face at the AGMs, travelling up from Wagga Wagga to ensure her support extended from 1962 to 2020. Her friends cannot remember her missing an AGM. She was always ready to provide support for anything that helped Stewart House. Helen had many friends who are still members of FOSH, and she will be remembered for her compassion and fun loving approach to life.

We are very sad to lose such a valuable and committed member of FOSH. We would like to convey our deepest condolences to the Buchanan family.

Helen's funeral was held at the Alan Harris McDonald Chapel on Wednesday, 27 January 2021.

Norman Green

26 January 2021

Norman Douglas Green passed away on the 26 January. It was a very fitting day for Norman to leave us as he was a proud Australian who loved a 'sunburnt country' and lived hoping that Australia would one day become a republic.

Norman was born in 1929 and started his teaching career in 1947 in a small country school. He was Principal of Lake Albert Demonstration School and Coolah Central before taking up his promotion to Inspector, Cooma, in 1965. Norman was an inspector in the Cessnock, Kiama, Newcastle South, Bankstown Burwood, and Marrickville areas over a fifteen-year period. He also spent some time in the Student Services area.

Norman loved teaching and continued in his

retirement as a casual teacher teaching singing at Camdenville Public School. His love of music was well known, and he spent many years with the Sydney Male Choir and the Men's Shed Chorale.

Norman will be missed by his wife Jan Horlock (Norman's first wife was Lexie, now deceased) and his family.

Norman was able to celebrate a 'wake at 88' in 2017 so that nothing was left unsaid in this life. There is no funeral for Norman as he donated his body to medical research.

Many people will miss Norman but will have wonderful memories of him and his passion for teaching and music. RIP Norman Green.

Noel Ernest McClelland

22 January 1923. – 9 June 2020

by Norm Robinson

I feel privileged to be asked by Syd Smith to write this story of Noel McClelland's life because I've known the McClellands for the past sixty-seven years. I took up my first teaching appointment on 19 April 1954 as the agriculture and science teacher at the Nimbin



Central School after completing four months in the 12th National Service Battalion, Holsworthy, Sydney. Noel's father, Ernest McClelland, owned a property called 'Dalkeith' at Blue Knob 7 km north of Nimbin. Thus Noel grew up in the Nimbin area and went to school at Blue Knob. My late wife, Bernice, also grew up in Nimbin and her parents were close friends of the McClellands. Consequently, I soon came to know Noel's parents and his brother, Bruce. Noel's parents were devout Anglicans. His father died in 1954 and in 1956 his family donated the Memorial gates of St Mark's Anglican Church, Nimbin, in which Bernice and I were married on 24 August 1956. When I was appointed to the Science Panel in January 1970 Bernice and I and family moved from Canberra (I was the Foundation Science Master of Deakin High School as the Canberra schools were part of NSW Department of Education) to live in Epping. Noel and Joy and family lived in Carlingford and we used to visit each other because of the Nimbin connection. I worked on many an inspectorial panel with Noel. Also, he was very helpful to me as a new inspector. Our families have kept in touch every year right up to Noel's death. When Bernice and I moved to Epping she did a cake-decorating course at TAFE and the first decorated cake she did as a gift was for the 21st birthday of Noel and Joy's eldest daughter, Alison. I wish to acknowledge and thank Alison for providing me with Noel's funeral service

eulogy, which has helped me write this story about her Dad beyond just my memories of the McClellands. Finally, I've been an active member of the City of Lismore RSL Sub-branch for the past thirty years, of which Noel's nephew, Wilson McClelland, is Secretary and has been for many years.

Noel McClelland was born in the village of Nimbin on 22 January 1923, the fifth child of Ernest and Flora McClelland. He was raised on his parents' dairy farm 'Dalkeith' at Blue Knob 7 km north of Nimbin in a loving close-knit family whose inherent traits were, to quote Noel, 'a simple, open good-heartedness; a ready kindness and hospitality towards others; a quiet positive acceptance of life's occasional misfortunes; and, above all, an abiding sense of humour'. This was the legacy he maintained throughout his life. Noel had a natural aptitude for learning and his parents valued education, and with the nearest high school being in Lismore 40 km from home, they determined to meet the financial cost, despite hard times, to enable Noel to board with a family during the school week and attend Lismore High School, at the time the largest high school in NSW, from 1934 to 1939. In his final year of school, Noel was elected a prefect, was a member of both the tennis and cricket teams and was awarded a cricket 'blue'. Upon gaining his Leaving Certificate Noel was awarded a 4-year teachers' scholarship at the Armidale Campus of Sydney University. Noel greatly enjoyed his first two years of university in 1940–41. To quote Noel, 'the halcyon days of youth'. He shared a stately home called 'Loombra' with twelve other young men and was a member of the university's tennis and cricket teams.

On 4 December 1941, three days before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour, Noel enlisted in the Sydney University Regiment at Ingleburn. After a short time in the army, in August 1942 Noel was accepted into the RAAF. He initially undertook flying training in Tiger Moths in Narrandera followed by twin-engined Ansons in Bundaberg, graduating with his 'Wings' as a Pilot Officer in October 1943. His posting to 36 Squadron saw him fly C-47 Dakotas in Northern Australia, New Guinea, and beyond, conveying troops and freight to forward bases and carrying out supply drops often over difficult terrain in treacherous weather. One memorable flight was transporting American actor John Wayne to entertain US troops. The famous actor joined them in the cockpit for the journey and commented, 'I don't know how you guys fly these kites'. Noel's flying service continued in this theatre of war until he was selected in July 1945 to fly new Dakota C-47s from California to Australia. Upon arrival in America he learnt that atomic bombs had been dropped on both Hiroshima and then Nagasaki and the war was over. During the long wait for a boat home, Noel did some

sightseeing in California as well as a trip down the Grand Canyon. Noel's final RAAF flying duties involved transporting occupation forces to Japan. He was discharged from the RAAF in April 1946 and spent the remainder of the year back on the farm at Blue Knob with his parents and siblings.

In 1947 Noel returned to Armidale to complete his university degree. During this second spell at Armidale, romance developed with a fellow student teacher, Joy Debney. Upon graduating at the end of 1948, Noel's first appointment was to Mullumbimby Intermediate High School, where he was destined to spend 17 years, initially as a teacher of English and history, and from 1960 as English and history master. Joy's first appointment was to Ballina High School and in December 1950 Noel and Joy were married. Their first born, Alison, was born in 1953 with Catherine, Lesley, and John following in due course. The years in Mullumbimby were very happy, busy ones with many long-term friendships established, including the Muscio family. Mike Muscio later became a member of the secondary panel of inspectors. In Mullumbimby Noel was an active member of both the Mullumbimby RSL and Apex Club.

In 1966 Noel was appointed deputy principal of Kyogle High School, where once again special friendships were formed, including with the McKinnons. Ken McKinnon later became a member of the secondary panel of inspectors. Ever diligent, meticulous, highly organized, and capable, Noel's expertise was recognized and in 1969 he was promoted to the secondary panel of inspectors as a history inspector. The family moved to Sydney, purchasing a house in Carlingford. After several years travelling throughout NSW to inspect teachers and schools, Noel was appointed to the St George Region, and his travelling ceased. He retired in 1983.

Upon retirement, Noel and Joy had more time to pursue leisure interests. They travelled throughout Australia and to New Zealand. Following an operation in 2016, Joy moved to Aurrum Nursing Home at Kincumber, close to their daughters Catherine and Lesley. After 47 years at Carlingford, the family home was sold and Noel moved into a serviced apartment near Joy. Sadly, Joy died in August 2019 and Noel soon after in June 2020, aged 97. Noel's ashes have been placed in the McClelland Family Private Cemetery on the former 'Dalkeith' farm at Blue Knob. The boy from Blue Knob has returned home.

Next Newsletter: Dispatch 6 May 2021 (copy by 30 April).

Next Committee meeting: 15 March 2021.
