

# NEWSLETTER



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President 3350 2874

P.O. Box 416, Chermside Qld 4032

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Secretary 3359 3022

## Message from the President

### Council Local History Grant



The Society successfully applied for a Brisbane City Council Local History Grant in 2002 and we received the money last October. We had a year to use the money and this has also been successful.

The major items we bought were the 4-drawer filing cabinets and a stationery cupboard. The Society began in 1998 and many members collected and stored material suitable for our future archives. The purchase of the filing cabinets has allowed us to assemble all this material and arrange it in categories in suspension files in the cabinets. The major benefit is that we now open to the public and already non-members have used the collection.

Another benefit is that our members can now see exactly what we have in the collection and in some instances, where they can contribute to it.

We also bought conservation products to help preserve and display important materials, such as maps. Archival-quality photograph albums and inserts are protecting our growing photographic

archive which includes many photos of classes from Chermside State School.

We participate in community functions and at the recent Brisbane City Council Mountains to Mangroves Festival in nearby 7th Brigade Park, our display was enhanced by the quality of the presentation. We bought a small laminator with the grant money and for the first time, our display had a slightly more professional look about it.

None of these purchases would have been possible without the grant. We are grateful that it has made the dream of a local archive a reality.

## **Reunion of Chermside State School Pupils from the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s.**

*Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> November 2003 at 2.00 PM  
In the Chermside Historic Precinct*

**There will be a display of photos and other  
memorabilia with afternoon tea. The old  
School and the Drill Hall will be open for  
inspection.**

**Come and bring your friends.**

## Continuing *Chermy*, the story of Colin Tune's days at Chermside State School.

In Grade Four my 'facilitator of the facts' was Miss Fischle, a first year teacher with little 'rein' on the class. The school day was an uncontrolled rabble. Once again, unfortunately, Joan's mother was a member of the church ladies' guild, so Colin's frivolity needed to be restrained. Miss Fischle gradually mastered her chosen profession and by the end of term two the class was stable and productive. This was the year that I contracted Chicken Pox. Much to my Mother's dismay, the doctor ordered me home for a week, thus ruining my Chermside State School perfect attendance record.

Joan Fischle finished her career still a "Miss", a principal of a school on the south side of Brisbane. When Wellers Hill State School, where I was the principal, suffered a classroom block destroyed by fire in 1993, she was the first to phone, offering assistance.

There was no intra-school Athletics Carnival. However, a Zone Sports was held at Nundah, where the fastest runners and strongest field athletes represented the school. Spring selection for the Zone Sports was made by lining students of the same age group along one boundary fence, a teacher called 'go' and we ran across the school field to the other boundary fence – the first four to arrive were chosen to represent the school. It was simply a stampede with many bodies tumbling to the stony ground, no lanes no rules no etiquette.

Zone Sports Ball Games were organised and Tunnel Ball was the focus. Lines were marked on the bitumen parade area. We trained and trained all lunch hour, "stop watched" measuring every team's 'PB'. I can still hear the sound of leather medicine balls skidding on the bitumen as the next team member to reach the head of the line flung the sphere with a 'last gasp' of effort straight down the tunnel of spread legs.

In Grade Five my 'conveyor of the concepts' was Mr Mahony, the son of the local police sergeant. I taught with Paul ten years later on staff at Aspley State School. He too was a teacher in his first year of service. I was particularly poorly behaved that year. Perusing my life, I believe that I now understand just why, however I take responsibility for my actions and

I am not proud. I was regularly sent from the room. One day, my brother Keith who was then in Grade One, threw a block of wood in the air and struck Aleda Semple in the head producing a gaping wound.

Mr Haupt, the Head, on arrival at my class, seeking my home phone number, found me outside and informed my parents that I was consistently expelled from the room. Some days later instead, I was ordered to the office. I ran away and hid, returning to the classroom fifteen minutes later. When my disobedience was discovered I received four strokes of the cane instead of the one that I would have suffered. Mr Haupt had a small office. He stood you along one wall. You were ordered to hold out your hand, with the palm open and up. He took the cane and lifted your hand with the stick by placing it under the palm. When at his desired height, he raised the whippy wood and brought it down onto your palm with such speed that the arc of descent was punctuated by a whistle of air. The sensation was instant stinging pain followed by a numbing of the fingers. When I received the second on each hand I was unable to write for the rest of the day. It was my tenth birthday.

I seem to remember that this was the year that painters worked outside the room on Melbourne Cup Day so with ears straining, we heard the race. 1959, didn't Borehead fall and Lord Fury win?

Because of his inconsistency, I loathed the adjacent Grade Five Teacher, Mr Reason. He would allow any sort of fun then 'about turn' and punish a student for a similar behaviour on another occasion. One day, I simply had a piece of grass in my teeth during morning exercises. He called me forward and "king hit" me across the ear. At that time I had an abscess in the inner ear. The pain was excruciating as it burst. He then made me run around the oval for half an hour. For the three decades of my teaching career, I always held the view that children do not begrudge punishment, which is just, appropriate and consistent.

Every morning the whole school assembled on the bitumen area for parade. The deputy principal, Mr Hopkins shouted, "Parade Attention" and with military precision we snapped to the command. He would call for the playing of the National anthem and the band rendered God save the Queen. We looked at the flying flag at the head of the pole rigidly at attention with our hand across our heart. At the

conclusion, we recited a piece of prose about our love of country.

In the latter years, I was a member of the Chermside State School Band, an elite honour and the envy of my classmates. My mate, Joe Rentoul taught me to play the drums and assisted my entry. One had to start on the triangle, then as vacancies occurred one moved to the cymbals then to the side drums and bass drum. Chermside State School featured a fife band and the girls played with skill giving us pleasure rendering the percussion, using the four side drums and single bass drum. On several occasions, we participated in parades through the streets of Chermside and Wavell Heights. Once we even shook hands with the Governor after playing at a Scout Muster.

Under the school buildings, girls played a game called 'beam'. Two participants stood either side and under a timber bearer, throwing a tennis ball, which hit the support and rebounded to be caught by the thrower. The girls varied the rules however the degree of difficulty was increased by systematically taking a pace further away from the beam. Finally, a participant would miss and the ball flew through to the person on the other side, who then competed. When I was in the younger grades, I watched them fascinated at the precise skill displayed. In the eighties, when visiting on a holiday from Cairns, I took a sentimental journey to the Headmaster, Mr Haupt, then a frail aged man. He died soon after. On the way to his house, I passed through the Chermside State School grounds and marveled at just how low the buildings actually were. Indeed, I was unable to stand erect. As a child, they seemed so lofty.

In Grade Six my 'example of the exemplar' was Mrs Monsour and we were located to the Rode Road side of the complex, recognition that we were now in the senior school. Our desks were paired adult sized, similar to those still employed in high schools. She was a 'matter of fact' teacher with not a lot of personality but featured interesting approaches, not that teachers were afforded flexibility in their curriculum delivery. I learned a lot that year. Social Studies was particularly interesting concentrating on other countries of the world as well as the sea explorers from Marco Polo to Captain Cook.

Classrooms were becoming more interesting. Of course, no child's work was displayed however maps and charts gave succour to the curious, bored eye.

In my eight years at primary school, I only remember two or three playground fights. The vindictive, complicated nastiness of this day and age was not pervasive. We all 'got along' and we were happy to be children never demanding to have all decisions explained to us. We allowed grown ups to rule our lives so that we could pursue the important adventures of childhood. Fighting was probably the most serious school misdemeanour, guaranteeing at least four strokes of the cane.

In Grade Six, we had music once a week. All four draughts of the year level were herded into one room and a visitor, Mr Moxey, taught songs of little interest to eleven year olds. At this time, I learned 'Crimond' and the 'Happy Wanderer'. We mumbled a quiet chant, "Musical Moxey makes me mad". I loved music but have always been disadvantaged by a poor singing voice. Half a dozen of us, all boys were deemed to not be musical and were banished to work in the potato patch beside one of the buildings. This mortally hurt my feelings. From Mr Moxey's degradation of me, spawned the benefit throughout three decades of my career in education that no student of mine would ever suffer the same. In all of the choirs that I have conducted, I have never precluded any child, who wished to participate.

We invented a game, which we named Bongo. All competitors stood in a circle with both fists held at waist height in front of their bodies.

Someone counted "one potato two potato three potato four; five potato six potato seven potato more". Around the circle each fist would be counted and if yours was tapped on "more" you had to put that fist behind your back. The last person to have a fist (we called them a 'spud') in the middle was deemed to be "up", which meant that he was the person deigned to be the 'seeker'. That boy would then close his eyes and count to five hundred by fives. During that time, we disappeared into the mass and bustle of busy, active humanity, which was the playground.

The person then had to wander and find us – when we were spied he would cross his arms above his head and call "Bongo 'Tuney'" (inserting the person's name). You then had to follow him around the grounds until either all were found or if a participant could touch him unseen then everyone was free and the process repeated. This game was enjoyed hundreds of times without argument, squabble or quibble.

Colin Tune's lively story will be concluded in the next issue of the newsletter.

The Editor would like to hear from other ex-students and teachers of their adventures at Chermy.

## **Two New Bridges over Two Old Creeks link Two New Precincts.**

On Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> July 2003 BCC Councilors Terry Hampson and Helen Abrahams opened the two new bridges over Somerset and Downfall Creeks. These bridges in 7<sup>th</sup> Brigade Park link Kid Space on Murphy Road with the Historic Precinct on Early Street

Costing \$175,000 dollars, the erection of the bridges was preceded by a hydraulic investigation of the two waterways to protect the banks and ensure that the bridges did not cause any flooding to upstream properties. The bridges form another link in the city wide network of cycle/pedestrian tracks that are continually expanding in the area.

The Society finished the monthly meeting a little early so that members could attend the opening, which was followed by afternoon tea in the old School.

The new bridges were used by many people who parked their cars beside the Historic Precinct, walked to Kid Space and enjoyed the final day of the Mountains to Mangroves 2003 celebration.

Prior to the opening of the bridges, the lower end of Banfield Street was renamed Early Street. This commemorates the Early family who owned a shop that stood for many years in Gympie Road.

## **Rededication of the WW1 Memorial Gates at Marchant Park**

In 1972 vandals destroyed some of the marble plaques on these gates. With them went about 100 names of local Diggers who served in the Great War.

After several years of research, which was marked by wholehearted co-operation of local people, the names were found and the restoration began.

This was financed by the Gambling Community Benefit Fund of the Queensland Government to the tune of \$6,258. Most of this money went to pay for the inscribing of about 100 names on the marble plaques.

The amount left over was, after getting approval from the Fund, spent on a new computer for the Society and a gunmetal plaque for the gates. The plaque commemorates the restoration and rededication of the Memorial Gates.

About 110 people attended the ceremony on Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> August, 2003. Four speakers gave short talks on the significance of the restoration and the means as to how it was carried out. There were many people present who contributed to that process by freely giving information about the Diggers and their families.

One member of the Society, Viv Heiner, was also present as a four year old when the gates were dedicated in 1924. Viv recently donated her copy of the program used at the original opening to the Society. Other Diggers' descendants brought along documents and photographs to share with the gathering.

The morning tea that followed in the park was attended by many of the visitors. Small groups of families and friends gathered under the trees. Many were still there over an hour after the official ceremony ended.

The Society thanks all of these people for the help they gave and looks forward to receiving more family information in the near future. The work will not be complete until the WW1 database is complete and available for public use.



