

## ***SCHOOL LIFE***

I remember as a big deal my mother would give my brother and me three pence each to buy a meat pie for lunch, and we used to walk across open paddocks to one of the shops near the golf club in Babbage Road, which sold them.

*(Laidley Pinnington, 1923-29)*

### *The Plum Fight*

The 'big school' was completed, Mr Alldis had replaced Mr Murray as Headmaster and my peers and I now attended class in the new building. Lunch took only a few moments to consume and my mates and I would then gravitate to the big playground for football, cricket, marbles or a game of chasings.

One day we gravitated to the very far corner of the playground, adjacent to the back yard of the first house in Addison Avenue. The grass was fairly long and one of us found a plum. Quite a large, dark over ripe plum. We all started looking for an edible one but they were all soft and squashy. The inevitable happened and the six of us started throwing them at each other. The ammunition soon ran out and I hopped up on to the fence. There was an enormous plum tree and the ground underneath paved with rotting fruit. We tossed what we hoped were edible fruit back and this developed into a fairly long fight but a happy one, and you can imagine what we all looked like! Things quietened down after a time, and in fact there was quite a lull.

I clearly remember experiencing a strong feeling of fear. There should have been the sounds of a hundred or more yelling and screaming kids but it was dead quiet. In fact both bells had gone and school was in.

We flew over the six foot paling fence like birds and up to the school steps. Here stood a teacher – I think it was Mr O'Brien our popular sports master. He said, *Get washed and report to the Headmaster.* So we did.

I was asked to explain our behaviour (I don't think this took very long). Mr Alldis said we were now to be punished and would then go and apologise to the owner of the plum tree. He then walked to the corner of his office and selected a new cane from about eight standing in the corner. He asked who was first and I immediately stepped forward. I had had some thoughts about this and quite a bit of experience. The main thing is to hold your hand rock steady.

*Well,* said Mr Alldis, *you will now go and apologise.* He made the six of us stand in a row on the verandah facing the door while he explained to the lady of the house what these horrible young louts of children had done. Having had his say without listening to the now quite distressed woman we were told to kneel down and apologise and tell the woman how sorry we were and that it would never happen again. Then he dismissed us. End of story.

This is the most vivid memory I have of my days at Roseville.

*(John Witney, 1926-33)*

We had a sand tray in the classroom and we had to bring in a native plant specimen and put it in the sand tray near the slope, gully or creek. We were taught the botanical name of each plant and something about it. My interest in native plants started from those days.

*(Shirley Cherry (Whittal), 1935-40)*

There was no tuck shop but a shopkeeper in Roseville came every lunchtime and parked his car at the Addison Avenue gate. His car had a running board and the short boys used it to make a purchase, the taller stood on the ground. There was a wide range of icy poles, lollies and school supplies.

*(George Nethery, 1935-39)*

These were depression years and many of the pupils were from struggling homes. We were allowed to purchase food from cars in the street beside the school on special days. Pies and cream buns cost one penny each. These were my favourites.

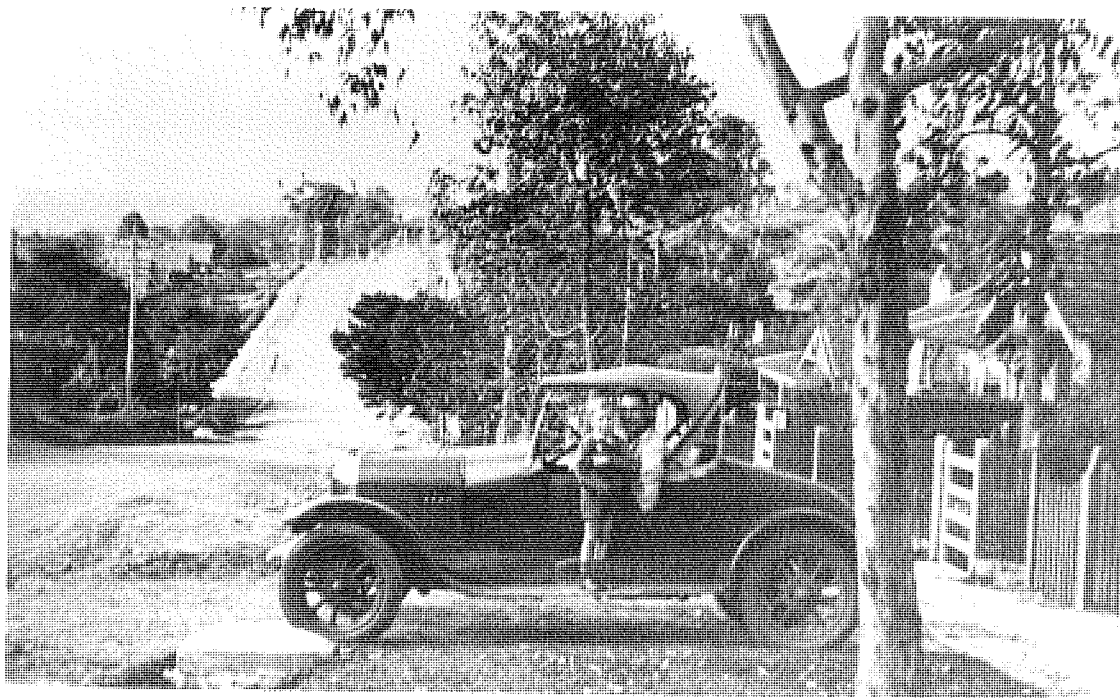
*(Marjorie Rowlands (Munro)*

Every lunchtime two cars parked at the school gate selling pies, sausage rolls drinks from the boot of the car. I think they were the local shopkeepers.

*(Marianne Allen (Marx), 1942-45)*

Another significant memory was when my Mum gave me money for lunch one day (this was an unusual occurrence) and I purchased and ate three cream buns. Of course I was violently ill and had to be sent home.

*(Scott Pfeiffer, 1957-63)*



**Mobile Tuck Shop, 1930's style.**

Sometimes when a teacher left the room or everybody's attention was taken a prankster would drop a piece of carbide into his neighbour's ink well and within ten to fifteen seconds the ink would boil and bubble all over the desk and create mayhem in the class. If the culprit was discovered it was up to the Headmaster for six and stay behind after school and clean up the mess. Calcium carbide was used to make acetylene gas for lamps.

*(Noel Clare, 1927-33)*

We lived in Archer Street, Roseville. A girl living up the road took me to school on the first day. I went home with a list of questions:

- What was the "E" for in my second given name?
- What were my parents' names?
- What was my father's occupation?

Neither of my parents ever came to the school.

*(Gordon Farrell, 1927-34)*

In Kindergarten the class bully targeted me and on one occasion chased me home. I won and continued to improve my running skills, including second in the twelve years' championships (1940) to John Treloar.

*(John Gray, 1934-40)*

I was chosen with another boy to wash up the teachers' cups and saucers after their morning tea and lunch. For this, I was given thirteen day old chicks at the end of the year. One died but the others ultimately were a source of eggs and finally a meal.

*(John Gardner, 1941-44)*

Towards the end of my school days at Roseville we were told the school and furniture were to be repainted and were asked what colours we would choose. Whatever we chose, when it was finished our desks were a very pretty shade of eau de nil, and I'm sure no pupil would ever have thought of that! I think the walls inside were cream and green.

*(Sally Garrett (Johnson), 1945-51)*

I can still smell the smell of milk which had been left in the sun until about 11.00 am, and the short Government issue straws for the milk. I remember the lines of terrified children waiting for their polio injections.

*(Brian Selby, 1952-57)*

I transferred to Roseville at age seven and was horrified to learn that the girls' toilets did not have doors. I resolved never to use the toilets at school. One desperate day I managed to pop in when no one was about but before I was quite finished I heard someone approaching. In embarrassment I hopped off the toilet seat too quickly and managed to saturate my bloomers. That afternoon the summer heat caused a telltale odour to fill the classroom. The teacher spent the entire afternoon sniffing very noisily around every child and making threats for the culprit to own up. I kept my mortification to myself and managed to remain undetected. It remains the worst day of my school life.

*(Pauline Osborne (Duncan), 1952-56)*

The competition was to be able to throw your school bag (a hard globite case) up the stairs. There was a landing half way, so this was nearly achievable. At the corner of Lord Street and Archbold Road grew a huge mass of vines and scrub. On the way

home the technique was to be able to throw the bag over the top of the vines to land on the road below.

*(Kingsley Forbes-Smith, 1963-69)*

For the entire period I attended Roseville Public School the Department of Education provided pupils with a free drink of milk each day. Milk was delivered to the school in metal crates. Each crate contained approximately twenty glass milk bottles one third of a pint in size. The milk was left in a small brick shed near the Addison Avenue gate and it was my job with two others to deliver some of the milk to the Infants' School. This was done using a small cart, which safely accommodated four or five crates of milk. The cart was loaded and pushed up the hill to the Infants' School each day. As the year progressed six crates became the norm, followed by eight and then nine. At this point disaster struck and the milk cart and its load of nine crates rolled enroute to the Infants. Milk and broken glass went everywhere. No one was sacked from this job but the infants were certainly short of milk that day.

*(John McRae, 1965-71)*

... Not having to do homework the night of Prince Charles and Lady Diana's wedding when I was in third grade (thanks Miss Cochrane). Senior school dances in Years Five and Six at Chatswood High School Hall, with mothers (no fathers in those days) providing a great supper. The bad bit was that we had to practice the barn dance for weeks beforehand!

*(Jodie Walsh, 1978-84)*

In Kindergarten, in the year 1992, it was an exciting year. I only started in the fourth term but it was still strange to start. I remember that I came on the first Monday in full uniform. I felt very smart.

In Year One a new principal came to school. Her name was Mrs Richmond. That was a hectic year. New buildings were built. It wasn't much fun. We only had half a playground to play on! We were very glad once the buildings were finished. There was a new administration office, a library and best of all, a new canteen.

In Year Five I had Ms Dunn. I did so many speeches! I did one called *Mrs Richmond's 92<sup>nd</sup> Birthday*. I had to do lots of things, being School Captain. I was even interviewed for the school video. Well overall, I've had a great time at Roseville, and I will be sad when I have to leave next year.

*(Huw Davie, 1992-98)*

I started Roseville in Kindergarten 1992. For the past two years I had been coming to Roseville every Monday and Thursday morning to take my sister to band, so I was familiar with the school and the people in it. Mrs Kerry was my teacher for Kindergarten, and she was great.

In Year One a new principal came to the school, taking the place of Miss Johnston. Her name was Mrs Richmond. This was also the year that the new buildings were made. I remember sitting outside with my friends watching the buildings progress. Year Two was another great year for me. Come to think of it, all of my school years at Roseville have been great ones, and I have left a lot of great memories in my wake. Year Six, my last year, was the year I became School Captain, which has made school much more enjoyable.

As I think back to my younger days I have had a wonderful time and will be very sad to leave Roseville and all my friends.

*(Sophie Gulliver, 1992-98)*