

Memories

by

W. K. BOXSELL, Wallendbeen.

What "girls" hold memories of Matron La Mont, Miss Wales and Miss Owen, of the Cootamundra Training School—we won't say how many years ago?

No doubt there were many other good women who served in the same capacity, but as I look back, I see grand work done under the firm wise hand of Matron La Mont.

Possibly, it was the handful of boiled lollies I received on a shy visit, when my father sent me to the Home with a billy-cart filled with vegetables from his garden, or a parcel from my mother.

No, I am sure there are some "girls" about to-day who will agree with me, that it was the grand inspiring quality in Matron La Mont and her co-workers, at that time, that fills minds with memories of combined love and pride.

On a hot summer evening I have sat on the rail of a front verandah, on the hill opposite to the Home, and listened in the glow of the setting sun to voices harmonising, with light and shadow across the gully as the girls trained for a concert.

Is it any wonder I hold memories of Miss Wales, the girls' teacher (in residence), filling this evening hour after a day's heat and drudging with the harmony of song and hymn.

From the concerts performed there was bought a piano, a wireless and the pride of the Home, a Chevrolet 4 car—what proud and cherished articles from the girls' own personal effort.

Who remembers Miss Owen's pet opossums? Oh yes! I remember them. It was another hot evening in another long, hot, dry summer, water was carried up a worn path from the dam at the foot of the hill. A large round tub was placed in the centre of the cherished flower plots in the court yard—by the passage between the buildings.

Miss Owen was the little Welsh lady in charge of the cooking, she had befriended several little funny friends, who at dusk came bounding along the guttering for their evening morsel—"Willie" was to see the pets fed: backing back to get a better view, then there was a splash, Willie was in the tub of red, muddy water in his new nicker-bocker Sunday suit. Yes, I remember Miss Owen and her pets!

I remember a grand trio of women serving life in a grand style—and service leaves its mark on time.

Books for Condobolin

Fine Gesture by Rotary

A very fine gesture was made by Condobolin Rotarians recently when they presented a library of books to the Condobolin Aboriginal School.

Today the younger generation are learning to appreciate good books more and more and the books provided by Condobolin Rotarians will surely be put to good use:—

(a) In this picture we see some of the pupils admiring the books. The boys and girls could hardly wait for the official ceremony of "handover" to be completed and the visitors on their way, before they began choosing their favourites.

(b) Here we see Rotary Anne L. McKinnon, President Elect Alan McKinnon, and President Basil Gaggin, handing the books over to Fay and Andrew Sloan who accepted them on behalf of the rest of the pupils. On the right of the picture are Rotarian Colin Wheeler (the teacher-in-charge) and Rotarian Bill Hastie.



Aborigines School, Condobolin, showing Rotary handover of library books. Teacher and children admire the books.



Rotary Anne L. McKinnon, President Alan McKinnon (Elect), President Basil Gaggin, handing books over. Fay and Andrew Sloan who accepted the books. Rotarian Colin Wheeler, Teacher-in-Charge, Rotarian Bill Hastie.