

Hawthorn Historical Society



Newsletter • August 2017



**Hawthorn History
Seminar**
Saturday 19th August
Prof Miles Lewis
**MELBOURNE
MANSIONS**
See page 10 for details

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Hawthorn Historical Society

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Hawthorn Historical Society is affiliated with the Royal Historical Society of
Victoria

President's Letter

Despite the chills and wintry conditions the Society has been highly productive over the last three months.

Our visit to the **Telecommunications Museum** in May was well attended and the volunteer guides were generous with their knowledge. This is a hidden gem in Hawthorn. It is hard to imagine the extent of the collection behind a rather bland facade in Burwood Road.

Our thanks to member **Rupert Dalley** who in June gave a thoroughly interesting presentation on his family and its important contribution during Hawthorn's early years. We've also made good progress with several of our ongoing research projects and held **local history room** sessions on the second and fourth Wednesday. During these times a small team of volunteers are available to help members of the public but we also work on shorter-term tasks which help grow our collection. Next year I will be asking for more volunteers to fill the roster. Our **Facebook** posts give us a higher profile in the community and attracted much interest and a flurry of comments recently – in particular our post about the lawn-mower man in Burwood Road reached 44,000 people. The delightful reminiscence of Mr Jones at Auburn Primary School in this edition came through our contact with its author via Facebook. We welcome the generosity of the online community in sharing their photos and stories with us via this medium.

And this weekend has been busy but satisfying. We were delighted to be asked once again to conduct tours for **Open House Melbourne**, of the Hawthorn Arts Centre previously the Hawthorn Town Hall. More than 220 members of the public took the opportunity to join either our tour or take a self guided walk around this wonderful building. Some highlights included a look behind the stage, and into the bowels of the building to view it's foundations, the old stables, the fire tower and a windy visit to the portico, which offered great views of the city and Burwood Road. All participants were genuinely excited. We knew it was a big

commitment and so we scheduled it as a HHS event. My only disappointment was that more of our members didn't make the time to join us. A very big thank you however to Liz Yewers, and also to Robert Yewers, John Torpey and Andrae Talarico for their support.

Our next event is the **Hawthorn History Seminar** with the theme of **Melbourne Mansions**. To be held on the afternoon of Saturday 19th August. We have secured the distinguished architectural historian Professor Miles Lewis as our main presenter and he will deliver the inaugural Michael O'Grady lecture. We will have an exhibition from our collection and also have three other interesting speakers, Mark Weller, and Barbara and Maree Wilding, who will be sharing their expertise and insights into the restoration of period houses. Please come along and support this great program and don't forget to ask your friends. For early bird registration and a discount go to <https://www.trybooking.com/296165>

I hope shortly to have some news concerning the availability of a room for the society where we can store our information and resources, engage in research and conduct our business. Whilst we continue to work toward a suitable "home", interim accommodation will certainly assist the every-day functioning and long term viability of the Society.

We are now preparing for our **AGM and election** of a new committee in mid October. Two current committee members Oriel Flewell-Smith and Jenny Bowen have indicated that they wish to step down for the coming year and it is with sadness that I must thank them for their great support and enthusiasm over a number of years. Please consider nominating for your committee. A turnover of personnel is often a good thing and the tasks are not onerous if we share the load. All are welcome to join the team and as Liz Yewers has said so well "we are an equal opportunity employer". So is it your turn? Give me a call - 98897498.

Best wishes

Libby Love

Only Hard Work Brings Success A Reminiscence of Mr Jones at Auburn South Primary School by Frank Pagram

While I enjoyed and was good at arithmetic, and Mr Pratt (my grade five teacher) reinforced the multiplication tables through class games, he sometimes let us discover our own ways of solving problems. This was the case for adding and subtracting vulgar fractions and mixed numbers, so when we were allocated a set of these I solved them, more-or-less, by trial and error (generally getting them right, but taking longer than necessary and feeling frustrated).

In 1968, the powers-that-be decided that streaming would be introduced for arithmetic. This meant the brightest students in that subject would be sent to Mr Jones' grade six class, the average ones would remain with Mr Pratt, and the weaker children would go to Miss Smith's grade five. I presume we were given a test to decide to which stream we would be allocated (I had no fear of tests then, as my mother said they were just a way of finding out what help you needed). I must have done very well, because it was decided I would go to Mr Jones' class. As far as I recall, Richard and I were the only two grade five boys given this privilege.

Before I could start, however, I was to attend a boys' ten-day school camp at Somers, a small, beachside town on Westernport Bay, about an hour's drive south-east of Melbourne. Boys from my grade and Miss Smith's grade, including children I knew from our infant classes who had been separated from us when the composite grade was formed, were able to attend this non-compulsory event with boys from other local state schools. I was both nervous and excited because it was the first time I'd been away from home without my parents or close relatives.

When I returned from the camp, the arithmetic streaming had commenced; and since Richard didn't go to the camp, everyone in Mr Jones' classroom (room 11) was into the swing of things, except me. The streaming took place from 9.30 to 10.30am, Monday to Friday, so at 9.30 I tentatively

entered room 11, and took the nearest seat I could find, one desk back from the doorway.

The first task of the day was "Accuracy", which consisted of five problems (addition, subtraction, multiplication, fractions, and one other), and took about fifteen minutes. Mr Jones took us through the solutions on the blackboard and we corrected each other's work. We were then allocated a daily exercise from the text book, *Understanding Mathematics in Primary Schools*, which had the answers in the back.

Later in the week, on Friday, the entire hour was devoted to "Mental Gym". This activity was indeed a marathon session, with lots of problems of different types that required quick thinking to get through everything (the first time, I didn't). Like "Accuracy", it was competitive and at the end students were asked to indicate, by a show of hands, how many answers they got right.

It soon became clear that Mr Jones despised what he called the "New Maths". Instead, he taught us the "golden rules", which we dutifully recorded in our "Maths Rules" book. We also had an exercise book entitled "Spatial Knowledge", which Mr Jones said was just a fancy name for Geometry. While he used the name as a token gesture, he said the "cabbage leaves" of New Maths only confused people. He was determined to make things simple.

One of the first things I learned in Mr Jones' class was a straightforward technique for adding and subtracting vulgar fractions and mixed numbers. Why couldn't Mr Pratt have taught us this, I wondered? Suddenly, I started liking maths (no longer called arithmetic) more! Mr Pratt once said there was no point in learning the rules if one didn't know why they worked, but I was of the opposite opinion. Learn the rules and, if you are bright enough, you'll soon see why they work, and if you're not you'll still be able to get the right answers!

Mr Jones taught us rules for just about everything, and we recited tables for measurement, weight, and capacity using the still-current Imperial system. In the last term of the year, he even introduced algebra. Here I was, in grade five, doing something that many high school students had trouble with! A couple of years later, when my parents mentioned they heard a child was having trouble in Mr Jones' maths class, I replied, "If Mr Jones can't teach them maths, nobody can."

In December '68, we said goodbye to the other half of the composites, the now grade sixers who had been with us for the previous three years. And, in February '69, we said hello to a number of the kids who'd been separated from us since '65, and some new ones. We were now full-time students in the class of Mr Bill Jones!

I took up the same seat as I had the previous year for the streaming. By this time, most if not all desks in the school had two lids, so there was no longer the problem of having to wait for the kid next to you to put the lid down, or vice versa. The kid next to me was Peter, who told me years later that sitting next to me in grade six made him more serious about his study.

In Mr Jones' class we knew things were serious. Boys were allocated one half of the classroom, girls the other. We probably had more exercise books in that one year than we did for the previous six years at the school. We had books for: Maths Rules, Spatial Knowledge, Mental Gym and Accuracy, Spelling, Grammar Rules, Composition Rules, Composition, English, Poetry, Nature Notes, Social Studies, Science, and Tests.

The blackboard was divided into clear, neat sections, with no spare space. On the right, behind Mr Jones' desk, was a memo section with "No smock no craft" among occasional other reminders. Above that was spelling. To the left was maths, while on the other side of the rotating pin-board was English and poetry. Social studies was on a portable blackboard. Other subjects were written up and wiped off as need be.

The day started with spelling. Mr Jones took us through our six daily words, giving us hints for remembering the correct spelling (e.g., practice the

noun ended with "ice", also a noun). As a class with Mr Jones, we recited the words in syllables; for example, "I practise (the verb): prac – tise." After we'd done this several times, Mr Jones wiped the word off the board, so our last couple of recitations were without visual clues. We then followed the same procedure with the remaining words.

Then we opened our spelling books, which, like all our regular work books, we'd already ruled up in readiness. One by one, Mr Jones gave us the words and, after writing them all down, we swapped books to correct them. Then came maths, which followed the same procedure as the previous year (but the streaming had been discontinued). Because Richard and I had already used the set text book, we were prescribed another book from *The Dux Series* (I had no idea what dux meant). After maths, at 10.30, the boys on milk duty would distribute the crates while the rest of the class recited the monthly poem out loud.

Poems included *Abou Ben Adhem* by Leigh Hunt; *An Australian Sunrise* by J. L. Cuthbertson; *Daffodils* by William Wordsworth; and extracts from *The Rubaiyat* by Omar Khayyam, *The Man From Snowy River* by Banjo Paterson, and *Gray's Elegy*. After a month of reciting the same poem every day, we knew it by heart. One of Mr Jones' favourite stanzas (by Thomas Gray) was:

*Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.*

He urged us not to become unseen flowers.

Between recess and lunch there was more variety. We had specialist teachers for music, art, library, religious instruction, and phys. ed., subjects that Mr Jones never taught (although he did umpire the girls' sport, rounders). After lunch on most days came English, where we completed exercises, such as "Enriching Sentences" that not only gave us grammar practice, but also, because of their content, reinforced facts we'd learned in other subjects such as social studies.

Mr Jones taught English with as many "golden rules" as maths. It was "one" not "you", "who" not



Grade 6, 1969, on the Burgess Street side of the school (I was absent that day).

“that” for people, “small” not “little” (unless one was discussing quantity), and “Mek-ic-o” (at least in Spanish) not “Mex-ic-o”. He wandered around the class correcting our work, always using a pencil, not a red pen, so if we got something wrong he could easily change the cross to a tick when we had it right. In every photo I’ve seen of Mr Jones, including those from other years, he always had at least one sharpened pencil in his pocket, as well as shoes shined to the hilt.

Although we followed the clock precisely, Mr Jones didn’t tolerate “clock watchers”. The classroom clock was on the back wall, but if our teacher noticed anyone turning their head to look at it, they got an earful. Even though I wore a watch, I was cautious about glancing at it in case Mr Jones noticed.

On Wednesdays, instead of the usual six spelling words, we were given thirty, which we completed on slips of paper later handed in to Mr Jones to correct. When ruling our papers up, Peter and I would leave a space for Mr Jones’s comments, such as, “As good as Peter!” We invariably got 100%.

On Monday afternoons were “Little Man Lectures”. These “lectures”, not compulsory, provided an opportunity for any students so inclined to stand at the front of the class and give a talk. I gave them a miss, but Laurence seemed to delight in them, with his favourite topic being Sydney’s Taronga Park Zoo. Even though his lectures were boring and we often laughed at them (not because they were humorous but because they were stupid), by the end of the year I think we knew every animal in that zoo!

Once a month we had tests, including English, dictation, comprehension, maths, social studies, and composition. Mr Jones also collected our social studies, science, and nature notes books to mark. For handwriting, Mr Jones picked one book at random, thus encouraging us to always write neatly.

Up until Mr Jones’ class, I was in the habit of writing vertically. This was the way we had always been taught. Mr Jones, however, wanted us to write on an angle, with the letters sloping slightly to the right. I resisted at first, but when, in about the third week of first term, Mr Jones showed the class pretty Soula’s social studies book as an example of what he expected, I was ashamed, as my book, with its vertical writing, was not especially neat.

So I got a new exercise book, the same style as Soula's, and in fountain pen (compulsory) neatly transcribed everything we'd done so far in my old book to the new one, using the sloping writing Mr Jones recommended. While I didn't restart all the other books, I switched to sloping writing also, and as it turned out my handwriting, which had previously not been a strongpoint, suddenly improved. I have continued this style of handwriting ever since. The legacy is that my signature, developed in Mr Pratt's class, is vertical while the rest of my writing is not.

As each monthly assessment item was completed, we recorded the mark in the back of our test book (Mr Jones trusted us to do this correctly). At the end of the testing, when all the boxes were full, we added up the marks to get a total. Mr Jones would then count down slowly, one mark at a time from the highest possible, until the first student put his or her hand up to indicate they had received that mark. Mr Jones noted the name of the top student, second top, and so on. This process continued until a certain mark was reached, maybe two-thirds of the possible maximum, at which point Mr Jones asked everyone else to put their hands up. While the top students were publicly acclaimed, the bottom ones weren't shamed.

The first time this procedure occurred I was surprised to discover I'd come second, just behind Richard Parncutt. While I knew from the previous year's streaming that he and I were both good at maths, I didn't realise we excelled in so many subjects (to be fair, no marks were included for the subjects Mr Jones didn't teach). And so it continued for the rest of the year. While I never came first, according to Mr Jones' system I was often second or third in the class! This did wonders for the self esteem of a boy who for years had been teased and/or ostracised because of his lack of sporting interest/ability, awkwardness in undertaking everyday tasks, and poor social skills. In academic work, finally I had found a field where, not only could I perform, but also receive "public" recognition.

The "reward" for coming top was to ring the bell. The school now had two bell systems, a beeping sound sent out over the loudspeakers to mark the morning assembly, and the original "ringing" bell

that marked playtimes, lunchtime, and home-time, whose button was in the corridor.

Once when I came second, the top student was away, so I was given the task of ringing the bell. The beeping "bell" gave me the most trouble. The machine was in the headmaster's office and connected to the radio. I couldn't seem to stop the radio playing in the background while I was trying to send out the beeping sounds, so the "bell" actually sounded a few minutes late. Fortunately, nobody complained.

Once, Richard, whom we then nick-named Prune, had a bike accident and broke his wrist. When he returned to school with the wrist in plaster, he also had a black eye and other cuts and bruises. "Look me in the eye!", he implored, as he realised his injuries were having an effect. Standing out in the sun for assembly, I started feeling quite ill. Everything was going black and I felt unable to continue, so I left the formation and went over to Mr Jones, saying "I feel sick after seeing Prune". Mr Jones told me to sit at the side with my head between my legs, which soon got the blood flowing again.

In Mr Jones' class, I really did feel I was at the top of the school and anything was possible. However, any new-found confidence didn't come without consequence. Once I had to go into the Infant Mistress's classroom to relay a message. I briefly knocked, then walked in before being invited. The Infant Mistress, Miss Malcolm, tore me to shreds. Miss Malcolm was a tough cookie, a chain smoker who even smoked in the classroom without censure. "How dare you interrupt my lesson?" she barked. "I thought a grade six boy would set an example, but not you! Aren't you ashamed?" She made me sit in the corner facing the wall, where I had to stay for the rest of the lesson. For an eleven year-old boy in the top grade, it couldn't get much worse than being humiliated in this way in front of thirty children half one's age. Of course, I cried.

As mentioned earlier, Mr Jones wielded authority. He was the teacher to whom boys (not girls) from the school were taken to receive the strap, a form of corporal punishment now outlawed. However, during my period in Mr Jones' class, I was never aware of him actually hitting any boy with the strap.

When, on the handful of times per year a naughty boy was sent to Mr Jones for the strap, our teacher put on quite a show! He cleared a space on his table, which was on the platform next to the classroom entrance (and thus just in front of me). He then called up two boys to hold the table. The boys stood at each end while Mr Jones showed the naughty boy the strap, pointing out how thick and tough it was and how much damage it could inflict. Then, as the boys held the table (presumably to stop it from collapsing or falling off the platform), he slammed it a couple of times with the strap. Next, he showed the naughty boy the new indentations on the table, pointing out that if the boy didn't behave himself, the next indentations would be on his legs. By this time, without fail, the naughty boy was bawling his eyes out and promising never to misbehave again. And so he was sent back to his classroom and we resumed where we left off.

Only on one occasion did I see Mr Jones make a major error of judgement. Tony, one of the kids who had been separated from us since the end of grade two when the composites were formed, was now back in our class. It was clear from the way he dressed that Tony came from a poor family, but he was a nice kid who tried his best. One morning, and not for the first time, Tony arrived late, and Mr Jones hauled him over the coals about it. Going red in the face, as Mr Jones often did when he was angry, he yelled at Tony, demanding to know why he was late. Tony started to cry. "My father died this morning," he said. I can't remember what happened afterwards, but I imagine Mr Jones backed down very quickly. The rest of us were in shock.

On another occasion, I felt Mr Jones was a bit harsh in marking our compositions, but maybe they were overwhelmingly bad, after all. He explained his marking system, which was setting aside Sunday afternoon to read all our stories quickly, then putting our exercise books in piles based on his initial assessment. He then went through the compositions again, comparing the standard of each to others in that pile, and read them one more time before issuing a final mark. Thus, he read each story a total of three times.

Maybe his gout was playing up that day and he had too many sips of brandy ("for medicinal purposes only!"), but on the Monday afterwards he got stuck into us. Believing my story was quite good and that I would be immune from his criticism, I quickly changed my mind when he told the class about one student's nonsensical shipwreck story where the survivors, on reaching an island in nothing but their clothes (and in one case a bikini), immediately started cutting down trees. "Where did they get the axes?" he said, red-faced and trying to run his finger around the inside of his shirt-collar as his neck circumference expanded. It was my story: perhaps I'd seen too many episodes of *Gilligan's Island* on TV!

While in Mr Jones' class, a new set of children's toilets was built on the asphalt outside the cloak room, where our grade one photo had been taken five years earlier. These were long overdue, as the other toilets, which you could actually glimpse into from the fire-stair just outside our classroom, were in a pretty sorry state. Always interested in buildings, I watched the new toilets being constructed with fascination. It seemed strange to me that the boys' toilets were bricked in entirely, with no outside door. Apparently, this was an oversight (pretty major if you ask me!), so a hole was knocked in the southern wall for a door to be made. However, this door allowed one to see the boys peeing in the toilet, so an extra small wall, on an angle, was constructed. Talk about making things up as you go!

Apart from, or perhaps because of, my admiration for Soula's social studies book, I became infatuated with this Greek girl. Aged eleven in '69, I started going through puberty, and feelings for the opposite sex arose that I hadn't experienced before. Soula dressed beautifully and seemed to also smell beautiful. Whenever she came near me, or on the odd special occasion said a word or two to me, I went red and felt awkward and embarrassed. At home, I put our grade six photo on the top of the small cupboard my father's brother had made for me, and kissed Soula's "face" every morning before I went to school. I even asked my parents if I could have a red jumper just like one of hers. Never did I tell Soula about my feelings, however.

Sitting in front of me was Graeme. While we weren't close friends, we occasionally played together. Graeme lived in Auburn Road, just south of its intersection with Invermay Grove, and had a large tricycle like mine. I remember playing elastics with him in my backyard. In the game, a piece of elastic was stretched between two sets of sticks (or two sets of legs if there were enough people), and by standing inside the elastic loop it was possible to do various tricks including twisting and jumping, until the elastic straightened out again. Elastics was supposed to be a girls' game, so I don't think we broadcast the fact that we played it.

Of course, the BIG EVENT of 1969 was the manned moon landing, the first time humans would set foot on an object in space other than the Earth. It was pretty heady stuff. For a couple of weeks in July, the Apollo 11 voyage to the moon, with three astronauts, was the main news item, covered extensively in all the newspapers and leading each TV and radio news bulletin. With my father, I arose around four in the morning to watch, live on TV (via the new medium of satellite – up until there was only coaxial cable), the Saturn 5 rocket take off from Florida in the United States. Each day, we were given updates on the mission's progress until the day came (the 21st of July in Australia) when the first astronaut, Neil Armstrong, was to set foot on the moon (Buzz Aldrin was to follow, while Michael Collins remained in the command module orbiting the moon).

Monday July 21 was a school day and attendance was, of course, required. However, knowing what an important historical event this was, some of us (at least) were allowed to watch, in the school's TV room, Armstrong descending the ladder and stepping onto the moon. The black and white picture was unfortunately so fuzzy that it was hard to distinguish what was going on, and Armstrong's first words as he lowered his foot to the lunar surface, "That's one small step for (a) man, one giant leap for mankind", were almost impossible to decipher. It was only when an announcer stated that Armstrong was now on the moon and this is what he said that I realised what had taken place. Of course, the footage was replayed over and over, but I felt privileged to have seen the event "live".

The new library teacher, Mrs Attwood, wanted us to make what she called a "Hobby Book". Since the hobby of many of us, at the time, was following the Apollo mission, mine wasn't the only hobby book submitted on this subject. Because we were saturated with information about it, it wasn't hard to put together a book describing the moon mission from take-off to landing back on Earth, complete with pictures and descriptions of the astronauts and spacecraft, and a map of their voyage relative to the Earth and moon.

In addition to Mrs Attwood's book, we were expected to complete two projects per year for Mr Jones. We could choose our own topics, so the first project I did, due in June, was titled "Our First Settlers". I filled up a small exercise book and handed it in proudly, but was a bit disappointed when Mr Jones gave everyone, regardless of the quality of their project, full marks (10) for trying. Come December, when our second project was due, and thinking the same system would apply, I merely cut out sections of an educational magazine and stuck them on a piece of project-sized cardboard.

However, when it came time for us to show our projects, it immediately became obvious that not everyone was going to get a 10. As I stepped onto the platform out the front, next to Mr Jones' desk, and held up my project for everyone to see, I knew it wasn't going to be pretty. Peter said he cringed as he watched me trying to hold back tears. I got a six.

So devastated was I by this result, that night I completed another project on the topic "Sound", putting much more work into it. I didn't sleep too well, concerned that Mr Jones wouldn't accept it. But he did. I got 8 for that project, still short of what I normally received for my work (9 or 10), but better than a 6. However, Mr Jones averaged the marks of the two, so in the end I got a 7. All that work for just one mark, I thought. So close were the top students' marks, getting 7 for my project meant I came seventh in the grade, my lowest rank ever. As it was the last assessment period for the year, and the June and December test periods were the most rigorous ones, I was especially ashamed.

Nevertheless, Mr Jones' final words on the report sheet in the back of my test book were, "An

COMING EVENTS

Saturday 19th August - Doors open at 12.30 pm Talks commence at 1.30 pm

Hawthorn History Seminar

Prof. Miles Lewis A.M

Architectural historian & Professor of Architecture University of Melbourne
will deliver the inaugural Michael O'Grady lecture

Melbourne Mansions

This lecture will explore what we know about where the larger houses of 19th Century Melbourne came from, what they imitated, and how they were financed. It will also cover what we know of the servants' hall, the privy, the bells, the speaking tubes, the stables and the tennis court.

Also Barbara Wilding and Maree Wilding will share their expertise on vintage wallpapers and Mark Weller will bring a practical perspective to restoration of period homes. Also view part of our collection of historic photos.

COST: on the day \$10.00 Early Bird Price \$8.50

<https://www.trybooking.com/296165>

OR Direct Deposit to: BSB 033 050 Account: 146383

Saturday 16th September - at 2 pm

Our guest speaker will be Curator Marjorie Dalvean who will talk about how to care for your family memorabilia.

Saturday 21st October - at 2 pm

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING with Guest Speaker Jan O'Connell

Perhaps you know who invented the lamington. You might remember the ice man topping up the ice box. Maybe you have a Fowlers Vacola bottling outfit.

To celebrate History Week, following our Annual General Meeting, food historian Jan O'Connell will talk about the changes in Australian eating habits. Her new book "**From Mutton to Masterchef**" explores this theme.

**ALL EVENTS at Hawthorn Community Precinct.
584 Glenferrie Road, Hawthorn**

Enquiries re events: hawthornhistoricalsociety@gmail.com or 9819 1218

OTHER DATES for your diary

Local History Room

Wednesday 9th August

Wednesday 23rd August

Hawthorn Library 11am to 1pm

Wednesday 13th September

Wednesday 27th September

Every 2nd & 4th Wednesday

Wednesday 11th October

Wednesday 25th October

HAWTHORN HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC: NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING to be held on Saturday 21st October 2017, 2.30 pm, in upstairs meeting rooms 3&4 of Hawthorn Community Precinct, 584 Glenferrie Road, Hawthorn

AGENDA

1. Welcome and apologies
2. Confirmation of Minutes of 2015 Annual General Meeting, 22nd November 2015
3. Annual Report
4. Treasurer’s Report
5. Election of Committee
6. Forthcoming Events
7. Guest Speaker: Food Historian Jan O’Connell
8. Refreshments

Nominations are called for the 2017/2018 Committee of Hawthorn Historical Society. For enquiries please 'phone Elizabeth Yewers, 9819 1218.

Completed nomination forms should be returned by Thursday 19th October, 2017 to:

The Secretary, Hawthorn Historical Society, Box 8, Hawthorn Community precinct, 584 Glenferrie Road, Hawthorn 3122. Or emailed to hawthornhistoricalsociety@gmail.com

I.....as a financial member of HHS wish to nominate

.....for the position

of

President

Vice President

Treasurer

Public Officer

Committee Member

Signed: (Proposer).....

Signed: (Seconder).....

I,accept this nomination

Signed: Date:

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FOR THE 2017/2018 YEARFalls due on 1st October 2017

Current membership fees :

 Family Membership: \$35.00 **Single: \$25.00** **Family (concession) \$25.00** **Single (concession) \$20.00**

If your details remain unchanged you can pay your membership fee on line

For enquiries and changes to your details. Contact our Treasurer
0400 644 042 or hawthornhistoricalsociety@gmail.com**Direct Payment to our Bank account:**

By EFTPOS: BSB 033 050 Account: 146 383

The Hawthorn Historical Society

(Please include your surname so we can track your payment)

Via our website:Go to www.hawthornhistoricalsociety.com.au

Go to "How do I Join?" and follow the prompts

Our mailing address

Cheques can be mailed to:

The Treasurer,

Hawthorn Historical Society Inc.

584 Glenferrie Road Hawthorn 3122

Hawthorn Historical Society Inc.

ABN 85 074 207 584

PATRON

John Pesutto MP, Member for Hawthorn

PRESIDENT	Elizabeth Love	9889 7498	e.a.love@bigpond.net.au
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	Jenny Bowen	0421 512 131	
	Oriel Flewell-Smith	0412 141 277	

Erratum: Hawthorn Historical Society Newsletter, May 2017, Page 7. Should begin: " Rolf Lie, born 1934, lived at 44 Berkeley Street with Norwegian father Sverre and mother Sybil, and his older brothers Harvey (who died in 2011) and Lorie."