Our end of year Presentation Night was crowned by the following awards:

- Lincoln Brown: Numeracy
- Phillipa Traill: Literacy
- Abigail Nolan: Science
- Rorie Chambers: HSIE
- Phillipa Traill: CAPA—P&C
- Lydia Aulton: Sport
- Rorie Chambers: Sporting Medal
- Rorie Chambers: Tennis Championship
- Alishea Rankin: Library
- Jack Gould: Most Improved
- Phillipa Traill: Consistent Effort
- Harold Braun: Citizenship Award
- Abigail Nolan: Ula Egan Memorial Shield

Achievement Award Week 8

to
Jack Gould
for remembering lines in the school play.

Bookwork
Week 8
George Irons

Pip Traill delivering her Captain’s Speech.

Whole School ready for awards.
Dental treatment for children under 18 years of age is **FREE** at NSW Public Dental Health Clinics. Please call 1300 651 625 for the location of your nearest Clinic.

**Reading Roster Volunteers Needed.**

Mondays 9.30-10.30 our wonderful volunteers come in and do individual reading with the students. At the beginning of each term we roster two volunteers on each week, one for each classroom. Please consider if you might be able to come in once or twice per term to assist with this program. Contact the school if you are able to help and let us know what dates suit for you. Unless we hear differently, we will add our existing volunteers to next terms roster.

**ART CAMP**

Four students from stage three were nominated to attend a two day art Camp at Armidale. The students who displayed a talent in art were chosen to develop these talents with students from across the New England region. On hand to harness their creativity were local artists leading lessons with a theme based around nature.

Bugs made from resin inspired the students to invent their own bugs. They went on to make a series of leaf prints using foam for their printing block. Photographic paper and fixative were used in another activity called chemographs to create different designs and colours which changed when chemicals were added. An ink line pattern was another fun activity which had the students pedalling a bicycle to get a circular line painting from the spinning spokes of a bike wheel.
PRESENTATION NIGHT cont’d

TNT—They’re Dynamite!

Outback Jack relaxing in Surfers

Rorie and Harold & Safety Officer.

Jake the Snake.
PRESENTATION NIGHT cont’d

What a performance last night.

The hall filled with friends, family and community members to witness our annual awards ceremony. Books were chosen by the children for their class awards and special book prizes were hand-picked to suit each child. Pip Traill delivered wonderful heartfelt speech of how much she loved being at Premer school and congratulated each staff member for their dedication.

Year 6 received a special pennant and thumb drive to assist with their studies and filled with pictures and work from Premer School. I trust they will enjoy their time at High school and replicate the work ethic they developed at Premer. They have been good leaders in their own ways. Goodbye and good luck Rorie, Pip, Reece, and Harold. Please remember us at Premer.

The school play titled Premer Arena – The Block involved the whole school. It had music dance and drama. There was conflict controversy action and romance. There were themes of persistence and high expectations. The costumes were excellent which added to the performance. We had a spiny burr, magpie, snake, Bus Driver, grey nomad, safety officer just to name a few who all looked like the real thing. Thanks to the creative parents who sewed and organised their costumes.

Harold Braun kicked off the Pot Belly School Concert with a rendition of Simple Melody, Any dream will do and an English Country garden on his clarinet. The students loved the tunes and hummed the catchy melody.

We went on to play our Ukeleles in tune to a contemporary song and the younger students joined in with their percussion instruments for a medley of carols.

Congratulations to the students for their good behaviour and enthusiastic participation during the night.

Welcome to the incoming captains Abigail Nolan School captain, Blake Wortley Weetalibah House captain, Charlie Harrison Hutchison House captain.

I trust you will perform your duties diligently and be a good role model to your peers.

Thank you to the two Charlies, Blake, Harriet, Lydia, Pip, Rorie and Harold who helped in painting and designing the 3 backdrops for our play. Thanks to Anna Nolan for sewing the backdrops. To Miss Donnelly Miss Sally and Mr Easey for all the preparation.

Thank you to all who came and presented awards and to the parents and community for supporting the school. Finally special thanks to community members for their donation of time and expertise: Sally Morgan, Fran Keiffel, Sue Stubbs, Debbie Campbell, Jane Redden, Kaye Chambers, Anne Whipp, Mary Cadell, Meg Campbell, Colleen Gardner, Jackie and Phil Whillock, Rocky Donoghue, Bruce Hockings, George Mathews, Reg Gardner, Bruce Cameron, Rick Beer, Doug Campbell and Jim Mitchell.
PRESENTATION NIGHT cont’d

Emily Chambers and Vicki Braun.

Julia Chambers enjoying the night with her cousin.

Abigail Nolan with the Ula Egan Award for Academic Achievement.

Mr Easey’s Dance Group.
PRESENTATION NIGHT cont’d

Music Teacher Jill Goodman

Ukulele Group playing Hey Ho.

Pip Traill and Abby Nolan.

Rorie Chambers and Pip Traill with their trophies.

Dance action.

Aishea Rankin and Lydia Aulton.
"Draw a wire fence and a few ragged gums, and add some scattered sheep running away from the train. Then you'll have the bush all along the New South Wales western line from Bathurst on."

"The railway towns consist of a public house and a general store, with a square tank and a school-house on piles in the nearer distance...It is safe to call the pub "The Railway Hotel"...A couple of patient ungroomed hacks are probably standing outside the pub, while their masters are inside having a drink."

So wrote Henry Lawson in "While the Billy Boils" in 1892.

And so it was when I alighted from the train on that Monday afternoon in March 1954, that I arrived at my teaching appointment for the next three years. It had been a long slow haul up from Mudgee, the last two hours from Binnaway in an old steamer that could well have been travelled in by Lawson, both the engine number 1224 and the single dogbox carriage dating from the 1890’s.

The locations on the way were just short wooden platforms with a nameboard, but as Premer came into view beyond the tall concrete silos, a compact country town emerged, with a settled patina of dust covering buildings and vegetation alike. A small group of people gathered on the platform, a welcoming committee perhaps, but no, as the train drew to a stop they congregated around the luggage van to collect the town’s supplies of meat, mail, newspapers and medicines from Binnaway. One came towards me, Jim Jackson, revered Teacher-in-Charge for the last 26 years, to induct his first assistant, and as he greeted me I noticed, at some distance in the railway yard, a group of children taking their first peek.

Jim took me across the road to the hotel for a welcoming thirst-quencher and to meet the locals. This was to be my home for the next few years.

Premer was a new experience for me, and as I had observed on my journey there, typical of Lawson’s "railway towns". In 1954, like so many of Australia’s rural communities, it was still in the shadow of the Second World War, and indeed was probably little changed from the 1930’s, since there had been no resources to move forward since 1939.

Premer belonged to the railway: its silos for the wheat harvest, stockyard with regular sales, rail sidings, and signals centre for the passing loop on this Binnaway-Werris Creek link line, together with three passenger trains a week, made it the centre of the entire district. Railway towns generated their own existence: railway staff, line maintenance staff (then called "fettlers") and their families, formed the nucleus around which developed a local school, the pub, a general store or two including the post office and local manual telephone exchange, baker, stock and station agent, garage, several oil depots and a church. In '54 there was also an opportunity shop, but the butcher had closed. Every activity seemed to support a family, and the families made the school. There were perhaps about 250 people in the immediate town district. At one point an extra team of fettlers moved into town for several months, and were accommodated in tents erected on the railway easement just opposite the school. Several children from these families were with us for a time. It must have been cold for them at night.
Although Premer was not too far away from larger centres (Gunnedah, the nearest of respectable size, was 100 kms away, only the last 38 being bitumen sealed), the unsealed roads were so atrocious, and all with corrugations up to a metre wide, that one could feel relatively isolated. Considering the Depression of the 1930’s, and the Second World War, there were very few cars in Premer. All the streets, including the main street, were of graded dirt, and what traffic there was (and there were frequent trucks during the wheat harvest) raised a cloud of yellow-grey dust to settle back over the town and its inhabitants. In season, as the open wheat trucks rattled up to the silos, seed spilled over onto the road, to be eagerly consumed by flocks of wild, yellow budgerigars and pink galahs. (Ellerslie St. was blue-metal sealed in 1955.)

Electricity, too, had not yet arrived in town, and when I turned up with my radiogram, it had to be unceremoniously parked on top of the wardrobe in my room at the pub. The lack of electricity meant that things we take for granted today were not so then. The local stores used kerosene refrigerators for their supplies of cheese, butter and cold meats (there was no ice-cream), I wondered at the idea of lighting a fire beneath the cabinet to keep things cool. The old valve radios were battery operated (there were only two stations by day), many housewives used old-fashioned flat irons heated on the fuel stove, or the more recent irons heated by kerosene, nor had we any chance for electric fans in summer.

The school itself consisted only of the one building -- a room-and-a-half -- to snugly accommodate our two classes, and it was only over a year later that a second building was constructed. My class of kindies, firsts and seconds was my first teaching encounter with small children, and I had much to learn from them. Resources in small schools were basic, our wireless radio was run from a car battery, which also supplied a speaker on the front verandah, allowing my class to engage in the activities of "Kindergarten of the Air", the predecessor of today’s TV "Play School". The wireless gave us access to other teachers and other lessons, since, without mains power, we were without filmstrips, slides, or educational films.

Important as an adjunct to the school's small library and the curriculum texts, was the availability of the Department of Education's Small Schools Box Library: each term we were sent a box of selected books that the children could borrow. Many years later I was to have this system within a portfolio of resources support functions that I managed for the Department.

In the 50’s there were no school buses, so children found their own way, and a number of them arrived by horse, yarding their charges in a fenced area in the eastern corner of the school. Bicycles were not favoured due to the condition of the roads.
Premer suffered from the normal range of mishaps that afflict the country even today. Drought; then in 1955 flooding covered the Premer Plain, except for the railway line which remained the only way in or out of town for some days. In 1956 a bumper crop of wheat found the capacity of the silos wanting, and a large dump was established at the railyards for bagged wheat. Unfortunately, some of the bagged seed was damp, and spontaneous combustion set the dump afire, not aflame, but a slow smoulder, producing plumes of acrid smoke which, in the still weather, drifted over the town for some weeks. A team of wheat lumpers was brought in to shift the dry bags, and working seemingly tirelessly in the March heat, consumed prodigious quantities of amber fluid from the pub opposite.

In late Autumn, following the wheat crop, plague mice arrived in town. Only those who have experienced such can visualise their effect, the town literally crawling with mice, and like the Legend of the Pied Piper, they consumed anything that was edible. I will spare my readers details of some of the methods used to catch and dispose of them. So dense that many were squashed beneath traffic on the street, the plague only abated as the winter frosts moved over the plain, mice freezing at night in the cold.

Premer was to be formative to my future career, but importantly then was it to inform my understanding of small country towns. My time there laid the foundation for a commitment to education through film, and I determined to make a career in educational film and television. I moved on to Sydney, completed university and film school, specialised in educational resources management, was at one time attached to the United Nations Educational Organisation in Paris, and based in East Pakistan, visited projects around South Asia which were concerned with the development of local educational resources. There were many times in my career when I looked back to where my interesting career started — the school and the film shows in the local hall at Premer. I wondered, too, at what had become of the children with whom I had shared the classroom and from whom I had learned so much those many years ago, where they went and what they had done with their lives.
Assembly Awards Week 8

Lydia Aulton for peer support for Year 3.
Alisheva Rankin for peer support for Year 3.
Jake Williams for a clean bowl in cricket.
Parker Collins for remembering lines in the play.

MultiLit Award—Blake Wortley
MiniLit Award—Penny Morley; Jack Gould; Parker Collins

Upcoming Events

⇒ 17th December
   Keepit Dam—whole school excursion
⇒ 17th December
   Term 4 ends
⇒ 20th December
   Premer Chocolate Wheel
⇒ 25th December
   Christmas Day
⇒ 28th January 2015
   Return to School

No assembly week 9 & 10 due to end of year preparations.

My Year

By Miss Sally

I have been lucky enough to spend another year here at the School creating the newsletter each fortnight.

This school offers such wonderful things to the students, I am constantly amazed by the staff & the enthusiasm of parents & volunteers who offer their time & effort to help whenever they are needed.

The lovely children who attend the school are also a revelation to me. They almost always try hard & are polite & inclusive of others. They are also good fun & I have enjoyed interacting with them.

I hope all of the students, staff, parents & volunteers have a safe & joyous summer break. I look forward to seeing you all in the New Year.