

# DHSESA NEWSLETTER

Autumn 2001

Issue 25

## JAAK (JACK) MUSKENS REMEMBERED

**A** number of people communicated about the recent passing of Jack Muskens, who taught at the school, so we asked Henri Licht, a friend of Jack and his family, to write about this fine man.

Jaak (Jack) Muskens, an integral member of D.H.S. staff, 1960-72, died peacefully on the 20-11- 2000 at the age of 87.

In the comparatively lengthy history of D.H.S., generations of staff and students come and go, anchored in the ethos of their day. The amusing anecdotes, the apocryphal tall story, the simmering gossip, all contributing to the rich tapestry of D.H.S. history.

Students of D.H.S. in the post war era (Second World War) were brought up in a climate of privation, discipline and modest optimism. After all, many of the teachers, then, were ex-military, who treated their students as raw recruits. The prevailing austere social temper, however, was imperceptibly altered by the arrival of migrants.

Migrants, whether refugees, new industrial fodder or disillusioned idealists, brought with them fascinating traditions, fresh ideas and an enviable work ethic which challenged the complacency of Australian Anglo-Saxon culture.

Jaak Muskens was a wonderful example of the highly educated, urbane European, who, perhaps, unwittingly enriched the academic life of D.H.S. more than he was aware.

Jaak came to Australia as an ex-colonial, via Indonesia, on Nov. 25, 1950, with his wife Paulette (affectionately known as Bob) and five children from Bob's first marriage. George and Peter were born, respectively, in 1953 and 1954.

For practical reasons, but also because Jaak was a great advocate of the State education system, all of the children, excepting Peter, went to D.H.S. Muis, Kees, Hank, Will, Paula and George straddled the '50's and '60's and would be familiar to students of those decades.



To understand the meanderings of Jaak's career and his formidable personality, we need to delve a little into his past.

Jaak was born into a trading merchant's family and was the middle brother to six sisters. He was educated by the Jesuits, commonly regarded as the storm troopers of Catholic education in Europe.

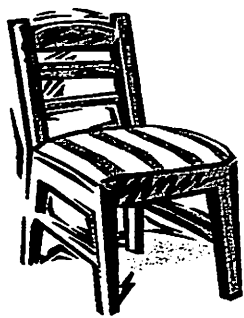
They were highly educated, theologically rigorous and relentless in their moral inculcation. Jaak studied the Classics and went onto the

prestigious Catholic university of Nijmegen to study law.

Jaak's legal career as a barrister was rudely interrupted by the war. He witnessed the landing at Arnhem and expressed his amazement at the ineptitude of the allies in this debacle. He had joined the Dutch Army during the war but given the parlous condition of the Dutch defences at the time was rendered rather ineffectual against the might of the German Army.. This article is continued on pages 6 & 7.

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### From The Chair

On Friday, 16 February I attended the senior and junior assemblies for the Presentation of School Badges at Dandenong High School. The badges were reintroduced two years ago and were sponsored in part by the Association.

They were awarded to the School Captains and Vice Captains, House Captains and Vice Captains, Student Council President and Vice President, and the Form Captains.

Year 12 Certificates were also presented to last year's top twenty-five VCE students. They all had scores over 90% and they were given an appreciative and admiring reception by the student body. The Dux of the School was Burcu Erdem with an ENTER score of 99.65%. Perhaps

even more admirable was the winner of the Caltex Medal for General Excellence, Nimna Rupasinghe. Not only did she achieve an outstanding academic result with an ENTER score of 97.05% but her involvement in school life was wide-ranging and impressive. She was a School Vice Captain, a member of the debating team, chair of the talent quest, a peer support leader, a participant in the International Week Concert, a member of numerous sporting teams -including State Grade tennis. Over the years she received numerous academic awards.

During her acceptance speech Nimna thanked her teachers and went on to praise the School. She revealed that she had entered Year 8 from the private school system and that she never regretted the move for one moment. She enthusiastically declared that DHS was the 'best school of all'.

Her success brought a number of things to mind. The first was a reminder of the waves of migrant children that have passed through the school. In the 1950s and 1960s they mostly came from Western and Mediterranean Europe. This

changed in the 1970s and 1980s when the new arrivals were generally from Asia. During the 1990s additional waves came from South America, the Far East, the Balkan States, and even Africa. The latest influx last year was from East Timor. The total number of nationalities at the School at present is nearly sixty.

During all this time the migrant children were welcomed at the School and they flourished. It has been usual to see them well represented among the ranks of the academic, sporting and musical elite.

The second thought was how well DHS has performed during its long history compared with private schools. This has been due to the efforts of very fine teachers, and to that elusive something - the spirit or ethos of the School. It may not be universally shared (and perhaps never was) but it is still there.

Unfortunately the comparison with alumni groups is not so favourable. Private schools generally

*"Donations are flowing in and as a result the musical experience of many students has been enriched"*

have strong, ongoing associations with an entrenched culture of endowment. Although DHS had an "Old Pupils Association" as far back as the 1920s, its existence has waxed and waned. At present, our Association is active but the notion of making bequests to the School hardly exists. One would think that people of a certain age would have realized that their success owes something to their time at DHS and would want to give something back.

It is my hope that this will begin to happen. Living bequests would be even better because the benefit to the

School could be seen and appreciated. In a small way this is occurring with the Edna Dawson Vukmirovic Music Scholarship. Donations are flowing in and as a result the musical experience of many students has been enriched. But even here we have only raised half the principal needed to finance an ongoing commitment.

I offer these thoughts for your consideration and action.

Greta Jungwirth (deVries)  
President

## FORTY YEARS ON - PLUS A FEW 1936-1939

SOME REMINESCENCES OF A FORMER PUPIL - STUART KENNARD

*Stuart wrote to us in January, 2000, and then attended our Annual Meeting. Following an invitation from the editor to provide a piece for the Newsletter, he recently obliged.*

### Prologue

One of my great grand fathers, John Cannard, arrived in Victoria from Somersetshire, England, on 18th January 1853, hoping to make his fortune on the gold fields. Instead, he found his fortune, as a teamster serving the miners, and by acquiring every bit of land he could lay his hands on, in the Litchfield area, near Donald.

Most of his sons also became wheat farmers in the same area, as did their sons, including my father. He was farming in this area when I was born on 7th September 1923. Fortune did not smile on this generation, as this was during the Great Depression.

Suffice to say, that my father lost his farm, then lost his job on another farm; which drove us to Melbourne. After a long period of unemployment, he had another go at farming, this time in dairying. This was hardly an unqualified success.

As a result, we moved around quite a bit, and I attended the following primary schools: -

- Walpeup
- Oakleigh South
- Glen Iris
- East Malvern
- Sandringham East
- Clyde North
- Upper Beaconsfield, and
- Hallam

We came to Hallam in mid -1935 and stayed there for three years, a period of great stability, almost stagnation.

The Hallam School was situated on the South side of the Princes Highway, and its sporting oval adjoined the Hallam Hotel. The sporting oval was a bit of a luxury, as the school did not have enough pupils to form a team, of any variety. We did play one football match against Narre Warren, which the visitors won. From memory, the score was, 36 goals 0 behinds to 0 goals 0 behinds.

We had one teacher, Mr. Phillips, and a part time sewing mistress, whose name I cannot recall. I was alone in the eighth grade; there was no seventh grade.

There was a rather complicated school system in those days. Country primary schools had eight grades; Grades 1 to 8, high schools had six forms,

Forms F to A, Forms F and E being equivalent to Grades 7 and 8, and some schools, called "Central Schools", had Grades 1 to 6, and Forms E and F.

The minimum school leaving age was 14 years, when most children actually left school; only the most favoured continuing school.

### THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

I completed Primary School in 1935, and obtained my "Merit Certificate". The next year, after a six-week holiday, I was ready for secondary education. Dandenong High School served a huge area, from Longwarry and Kooweerup in Gippsland to Murrumbena in the suburbs. The only transport from these outlying places was by train. The train to South Gippsland was a "mixed goods", a goods train with one carriage at the end.

It used to leave Dandenong at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon; such was the discipline in those days, that the South Gippsland students were not allowed to leave the school until about a quarter of an hour before the train left. As we lived on the North side of the highway, we were too far from the Hallam Station to use the train, there was no other form of public transport and I could not ride a bike. Unlike the primary schools, Dandenong High School did not have a horse paddock, so I was unable to

*"Unlike the primary schools, Dandenong High School did not have a horse paddock, so I was unable to ride my horse and had to make other arrangements. The milk truck doubled as a means of personal transport for the majority of dairy farmers who did not have motor cars. I was able to get a lift to school in the morning with our milk carrier, and on the way home I hitch hiked. Fortunately I became fairly well known to the motorists, and there was only one occasion, when I had to walk the whole distance home. Normally, Year 9 students would go to D Form, but scholarships were available to Year 8 students, who were under 14 years of age, so a special form was created called Es. One of my fellow students in this form was Marion Dawson, later Trigg, who most of you know. After our enrolment, the House Captains were let loose on us, to decide which House we would belong to. I was, reluctantly, selected by the Wattle House Captain, but mistakenly stood with the Orchid House group. This became my House, probably to the great relief of the Wattle House."*

*(Continued overleaf)*

# FORTY YEARS ON – PLUS A FEW 1936-1939

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A FORMER PUPIL – STUART KENNARD

Our Form Teacher was Mr. Smith, who also taught history and, I think, English. Form Assembly was in the Typing Room, so we practised our skills on the typewriters without paper, leaving dirty marks on the rollers.

The Headmaster was Mr. James, who didn't turn me on that much. His eldest son was 18, and had a special Leaving Honours form of his own. He once threatened to throw me in a water trough, when as a goal umpire; I gave a decision that he disagreed with.

Other teachers were W. Lesley Brumley, who taught Maths, he had a heart of gold, but a very sharp tongue. In High School, we had progressed to fountain pens, after having used steel nib pens in Primary School. I had developed a very ornate signature, which I was informed was the signature of a misguided genius. Did I know what a misguided genius was? "No Sir", "A lunatic".

Miss McLean, for some reason known as "Squeaker", taught French. Mr. Phillips, at Hallam, had started me off on French, so I was pretty good at it in the first year. In a later year, I blotted my copy book, when I addressed Miss McLean as "Madame", it wasn't until some time later that I realised that the correct appellation was "Mam'selle".

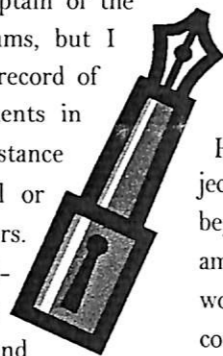
Mr. Solomon taught Science, which I found quite enjoyable. Art was taught by Mr. Mellow, but I was no artist. We also had "Sloyd", which more

rational people would call Woodwork. A year behind us, in F. Form, was the greatest phenomenon that it has been my privilege to meet, David Morris. Dave was the most outstanding sportsman I have known, it is on record that he became captain of the football and cricket teams, but I wonder if there is any record of his individual achievements in sport. I recall one instance when, either the school or his house, had no hurdlers. Dave had had no experience of hurdling, but he competed in the event, and won. He was no slouch as a scholar, as was proved by his academic record, and was an altogether nice guy.

At the end of my year in Es, I was recommended to go into Form D. After some pleading, I was allowed to go into Form C. I think it may have been a mistake, as I was still young and somewhat immature. In the event I had to repeat my final year, so I

*"I had developed a very ornate signature, which I was informed was the signature of a misguided genius."*

didn't gain any time My second year at High School saw the introduction of a bus service between Dandenong and Berwick, so that my hitchhiking days were over. The year 1937 also saw the arrival of Mr. Griffiths as Headmaster. If my memory serves me correctly, it also saw the arrival of a batch of new teachers including Mr. Richards, (Chemistry), Miss Hill, (Maths and Physics), Mr. Lancaster, (Geography), and Dr. Plant, (History).



Miss Hill and Mr Lancaster were superb teachers; I don't think that any of their students would have a bad word to say about them. In Geography, we used to have excursions, to various places to study something or other. We used to travel in furniture vans with a seat along each side; with Mr. Lancaster the excursions were more like picnics.

History was my least favourite subject. Dr. Plant would announce at the beginning of the period, "Right folks, I am going to dictate and dictate fast." He would then proceed to do just that; I could never keep up, so my History marks were not outstanding.

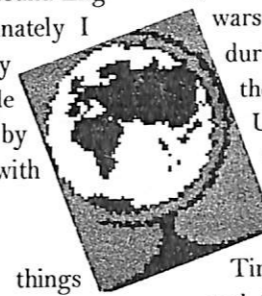
In the later part of 1937, there was an outbreak of poliomyelitis, then called "infantile paralysis". This was an appalling disease, leading to various forms of paralysis, including the loss of the ability to breathe. The victims of this latter form were required to spend months, or even years in respirators, or "iron lungs". The disease was so infectious that all schools in Victoria were closed; I think for six weeks.

In my third year, I played up dreadfully on the bus, and was banned from using it from then on. I was in disgrace at the school, and poor Mr. Griffiths was exasperated, wondering what he would do with this recalcitrant boy. Thankfully, my only punishment was a good dressing down, and I was allowed to finish my studies. I discovered that riding a bike was not as hard as I thought it was, and became a cyclist. My parents acquired a "Hartley" cycle from the Narre Warren grocer, for four pounds and fifteen shillings, and I rode to school from then on.

# FORTY YEARS ON – PLUS A FEW 1936-1939

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A FORMER PUPIL – STUART KENNARD

Somewhere along the line, B Form became Fifth Form. It was sheer bliss to be able to leave History, Geography and Art behind. I took two Maths and Physics with Miss Hill, Chemistry with Mr. Richards, French with Miss Mclean and English with Miss "Biddie" Broughton. In those days, I found English a crashing bore; fortunately I had, and still have, a very good memory, so I was able to struggle through English by linking slabs of quotations with a few appropriate words.



Outside the school walls, things were happening. King George V had died in January 1936. As was customary, he was succeeded by his eldest son. In December of that same year, said son, Edward decided that he would like to marry. At 42, he was certainly old enough, however his intended bride was an American and a divorcee. This was unacceptable to British and Empire parliaments of the time, so Edward was forced to abdicate. He was succeeded by his younger brother, Albert, who became King George VI.

A most bizarre event occurred in 1936. A Mrs. Freer was on her way to visit Australia, but the Minister for the Interior in the Federal Government, decided that she was not a fit person to enter the country. The basis for the refusal was never disclosed, but it was suggested that she was intent on breaking up somebody's marriage. The Government had the power to refuse entry to people who did not meet a reasonable educational standard, to this end; Mrs Freer was given a dictation test in Italian.

Naturally, she failed this test, so she sailed on to New Zealand. After a few months, an embarrassed Government decided that she was not such a threat after all and decided to allow her to return. There is no record of whether she succeeded in her marriage wrecking. There were wars and rumours of wars in Europe and North Africa during this period. In late 1938, the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, returned from Germany with a treaty, promising "Peace in our

Time". This was not to be, and on 3rd September 1939, Britain declared war on Germany; and "as a consequence, a state of war exists between Australia and Germany". At that time, very few people questioned the notion that Britain's troubles were also the Empire's troubles. Despite the fact that it had only been 21 years since the previous war, there was a general feeling that a war was inevitable. Most young people were relieved that war had finally arrived, so that they could get on and win it. As an almost sixteen year old, I couldn't wait until I was old enough to be involved.

## EPILOGUE

It had always been my ambition to become an engineer, but there was no possibility that I would be able to undertake tertiary education; in fact, keeping me at school until I had matriculated had been quite a strain on my parent's resources.

My first job was as a Junior Clerk in a Melbourne electrical company. Among my duties were buying cigarettes for the Accountant and running errands to impossible deadlines to the other end of town.

After a while, I obtained a much more congenial job as a Junior Draughtsman at a Melbourne firm of consulting civil engineers. I did eight hours night school a week, but to no avail because this was the year that I turned 18 and was old enough to join the Royal Australian Air Force.

I am colour blind, so I could not achieve my ambition to train as a Spitfire pilot, and win a Distinguished Flying Cross. I trained as an aircraft mechanic, which gave me a lot of useful skills, for life in "Civvy Street". I served for over four years in the Air Force, from November 1941 till April 1946. The furthest that I got from home was Charters Towers in North Queensland. This was a five and a half day journey from Melbourne, unless the coast railway was flooded, which added another day to the trip.

Some time after I left the Air Force, I obtained a position with the Country Roads

Board, and resumed my engineering studies part time. I obtained a qualification as a Municipal Engineer in 1954, and embarked on a career in Local Government.

In 1947, I proposed to the sister of one of my Air Force mates. I was accepted; we were married in 1948 and lived

happily ever after. There was issue of four children, which, over time resulted in ten grandchildren.

*"Most young people were relieved that war had finally arrived so that they could get on and win it"*

## Jack Muskens Story (cont'd from page 1)

At the end of the war, Jaak rejoined the army and volunteered to go to Indonesia, or the Dutch East Indies as it was then called. In 1947, Jaak was reunited with Bob and the children, and he worked as a lawyer in the Civil Aviation Department. Like so many ex-colonials, when Indonesia gained its independence in 1949, the thought of resettling in Holland didn't appeal. Moreover, Jaak and Bob felt that Holland had little future. So, Jaak and Bob joined the stream of migrants to Australia in 1950.

Jaak, much to his disappointment, couldn't practise as a lawyer but having many mouths to feed, couldn't afford to be fussy. He embarked upon a great variety of jobs. His positions included booking clerk, factory worker, bookkeeper, manager of a sawmill, partner in a pastry fondant business and finally secondary teaching.

Jaak belonged to that quaint melange of post-war migrant teachers whose native professional skills could never be fully realized; partly because of the dislocations caused by the war but mainly because of the Australian government's persistence with Anglomorph purity and perceived superiority. How times have changed.

Dandenong, once a thriving market town, now became a centre of manufacturing, especially in the automotive industries. D. H.S. became a melting pot, and still is, of nationalities where Russians and Poles rubbed shoulders together with the Dutch, Germans, Greeks and Italians. These in turn blended remarkably well with the local Australians. This interaction, was mirrored by the polyglot students at D.H.S. But, more interestingly perhaps, D.H.S. as a burgeoning high school, attracted a variety of talented migrant teachers, some of whom came from ideologically opposing backgrounds. Into this ethnic maelstrom came Jaak Muskens.

To characterize the particular dynamics of D.H.S. at this time i.e. during the '50's and '60's, allow me to give an example. Some of us will remember the zealous enthusiasm of Siegfried Martini (Siggy) whose somewhat surprising antics against the Russians on the Eastern Front

caused wry amusement to the Jewish teachers on the staff. Both Mr Rich and Mr Zimmerman having experienced the horrors of the war would strongly disagree with Siggy and tempers would occasionally flare up. Into the fray would step Barry Jones or Jaak to steady the debate. Jaak's legal brain and attention to detail would complement the broad historical sweep of Barry's analysis and take the wind out of the sails of both adversaries.

As former member of staff, Tony O'Brien put it, Jaak exhibited 'an inexorable, sometimes pedantic Dutch rationality', which had its calming effect on the more excitable members of staff. In the early '60's, Barry Jones usually spoke at the Myer Music Bowl on behalf of the teacher union advocating some industrial motion. At times, he would be quietly followed by a rather nervous Jaak, whose understated but equally forceful arguments would invariably ensure the adoption of the motion put.

"... students recognized his linguistic thoroughness and passion for getting at the truth without fear or favour."

Jaak taught at D.H.S. for around twelve years 1960-72 and then moved onto the Correspondence School. He also conducted Saturday morning classes for Dutch language students. Always a busy man, he worked for the Good Neighbour Council translating and explaining legal matters to Dutch and other migrants. His Dutch was beautifully spoken and crafted.

Given his knowledge of Indonesia, it was logical that he should teach Indonesian post-graduates the intricacies of Dutch mercantile law. Educated Indonesians before the 1960's usually spoke Dutch and were restricted to Dutch academic literature. Jaak, therefore, was in a special position to help. But what kind of man was Jaak? This tall, handsome Dutchman with an erect, military bearing was always subservient to matters of the intellect. He was finely tuned to the nuances and derivations of words. He knew Dutch, Greek, Latin, French, Indonesian, German, and, of course, English. His sensibilities were keenly aroused when listening to French music. He was a slavish stamp collector and loved walking.

(Continued on page 7)

## Jack Muskens Story (cont'd)

Former member of staff, Greg O'Loughlin, had a very high regard for Jaak: 'Jaak was always attentive and careful with his words'. His students may recall a somewhat hesitant teacher clearly focused on specific tasks. Brighter students recognized his linguistic thoroughness and passion for getting at the truth without fear or favour. While Jaak could be obstinate his gentle sense of humour would soften his rather imperious manner. He had a great impact on other members of staff. As Tony O'Brien remembers, 'if today in Tasmania I teach Latin, it is in no small measure due to his influence'. Jaak belonged to that generation of teachers who were primarily interested in the imparting of knowledge and skills whereas behaviour became a secondary concern. He disliked hypocrisy and sloppiness. He was scrupulously fair and instinctively loved to explain and elaborate.

Those who knew Jaak respected his integrity and learning. In the constantly evolving history of D.H.S., he played his part and will be sadly missed.

A letter has just been received from Will, that he has sold his newsagency at Kilcoy, in the Glass House Mountains region of Queensland, to move into Brisbane for family reasons.

Ex-student, Barb. Jeremiah (nee Ross), home from England for Christmas, recalls with great affection, visiting the Muskens family, who lived in Springvale next to her grandmother. Barb's sister, Julie was at DHS when Jaak taught there. Barb would attend the local picture theatre with Paula, and she mentions several of the older boys, Hank, George and Wilbur. Mrs Muskens (Bob), also impressed Barb. with her interpreting skills which were utilised at that time, at a local surgery.

### Editors' Note:

A special thank-you to Henri, for writing this beautiful piece. Henri, whilst teaching at Wantirna High School, was invited to speak to a United Nations colloquium on Leo Tolstoy, his MA subject. We have invited him to write on this honour for the next Newsletter.

## Ex-Students of Tomorrow

'Education Age' late last year invited 11 students from different Victorian schools to meet in the Victorian Parliament, and say how they would run the country for a day. Luda Wang represented DHS, and we report her address to provide a snapshot of the issues which confront students of today.

"Australia's indigenous people deserve an apology from the Government after generations of mistreatment. My first action would be to say sorry. Education is a priority, and I would increase funding for Government schools. As a public school student, I don't have anything against private schools, but it's still apparent that public schools need more resources.

Gambling is an issue that needs to be addressed. I would abolish all poker machines. They cause the most damage to society, as they're easily available. They are the most dangerous form of gambling

and should be removed from society.

One issue I believe in is organ donation. We have a real shortage of available organs, and I would follow the example of Belgium, which has a policy of presumed consent. If people had to opt out of organ donation, rather than opt in, donations would increase by more than 50%, as they have in Belgium.

Petrol is too expensive, and tax should be cut. I wouldn't go building new roads - what's the use of building new roads, if people can't afford to drive on them?

I would propose a zero tolerance policy on heroin. Convicted traffickers would be jailed, and addicts sent to rehabilitation programs. We must take care of our most needy citizens. More resources should be directed to shelter for the homeless, one third of whom have drug problems, increasing the vicious circle of poverty and drug abuse".

Here is the long-awaited report of the very successful class of 1975-1980, twenty year reunion, March 17th, 2000 at The Dandenong Club

*'Have you heard about the reunion?  
I'll go if you go.'*

The enquiry calls about the reunion indicated initial hesitations for past students thinking of attending this 20 year reunion. What would it be like? Who would be there? Would I know anyone? In the end, over 70 students (one from interstate) and teachers attended and had a great night at the Dandenong Club. Some reactions show the flavour of the night:

*'People walked in and just smiled - then they laughed - a very natural and spontaneous night followed.'*

*'I liked the quiz - house against house - I thought I couldn't remember anything about school, but the quiz brought so much back to mind.'*

*'Everyone looked exactly the same - I couldn't believe it.'*

*'It was great to see the teachers.'*

*'I was amazed at how many people I instantly recognised. It took a few minutes for all of your life between school and that moment to disappear. Everything you'd done like work and family was left at the door, and it was like walking back into the school yard.'*

*'We sang and sang - not just the school song, but all the 70s stuff.'*

*'People kept asking me: aren't you the runner?'*

*'I was sorry it had to end: the feeling of the night stayed with me for days afterwards - I kept thinking about everyone, and how good it had been to see them.'*

*'A memorable evening where some of our best years were revisited, and stories of our 'mischievous' youth reminisced. Bring on the next reunion I say.'*

And from a teacher: *'Perfect venue. Bright and colourful - nothing to do but eat, drink and talk. 20 years is an optimum time for a catch up. As well as meeting up with past staff, I enjoyed the added attractiveness of maturity - students being 'at one' with the staff. A fantastic time to bring back long forgotten memories.'*

The group plans some sort of follow up in 2001 - maybe a picnic in a park, or a restaurant night. Some connections made on the night have already resulted in social follow ups - we have heard of a group of girls meeting for dinner, and a group of 8 guys having a golf match in December. Thanks go to the Organising Committee and to the Ex-students Association.

Class of 1980



MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

We received a lovely little letter from **Mollie Cowen**, following the last edition. Mollie was, of course, music teacher during the 'Olympic' era that we featured. Mollie has maintained a long link with Dandenong, through the Dandenong Festival of Music and Art for Youth. Her clear recall of events of those times, and her appreciation of our Association, was 'music to our ears'.

'The Journal' carried two great stories recently which we can link, as they featured two of our own, mother **Gwen Jarvis** (nee **McPhee**), and her daughter **Sue**. Gwen was appointed a "Living Treasure of Greater Dandenong", and the list of her achievements and work in the community is impressive. The organizations to benefit from her involvement were the Methodist Church, and later the Uniting Church, The Truby King Infant Welfare Centre, Dandenong West Kindergarten, Dandenong West Primary School, the Girl Guides Association, The Dandenong Festival of Music and Art for Youth, and perhaps her proudest achievement, the setting up, with husband, and Dandenong Councillor of many, many years, **Maurie**, of Wallara home for those with intellectual disabilities. **Maurie** was on our School Council during the 1980's. Gwen's father had been a Dandenong Councillor. **Sue** was featured after completing a commission to portray the 'most significant record of Greater Dandenong's multiculturalism'. It featured 120 locals, whose portraits were taken whilst participating in festivals and community events in Greater Dandenong. Sue is now a full-time artist.

The Pakenham-Berwick Gazette last year carried a very positive story on the principal of a newly established accountancy business in Hampton Park, ex-student from the mid-1980's, **Enzo Giaquinta**. It also carried an obituary for a noted community carer, ex-student **Lesley Chapple** who left DHS in approximately 1931.

Former teacher **Judith Eckstein**, provided an obituary which appeared in The Palladians News staffer, whose death we reported in the last issue. Adeline won a scholarship to a Melbourne High School, where she was Head Prefect, House Captain and Dux of the school. She then won a further scholarship to Queen's College at the University of Melbourne, and completed an MA with Honours in mathematics and physics, and a Dip. Ed. (Architecture was her first love, but men only were admitted to the faculty in her day). She taught at a number of other Victorian schools, including MacRobertson Girls' school, and overseas. "As a skilled teacher, wise counsellor, devoted member of her church, cornerstone of her family and a friend to many, Adeline will long be remembered".

'The Age' report of a recent Federal Court case, names ex-student **John de Wijn, QC**, appearing for a client, before fellow ex-student, **Justice Donnell Ryan**. In addition, the Victorian Law Institute Journal recently carried advice that Donnell's brother, **David** has established a solo law firm at Port Fairy, where he has practised for some years.

Last Christmas, 'The Age' carried a review of a newly commissioned musical for young people, and a featured artist was **Brandon Ah Chong**, an ex-student from the 80's



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**Historian/Ordinary Member:**  
Dawn Harris

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RECORDS WANTED



**notice board**

Harrisfield Primary School ex-students are asked to contact Allan Stark, 21 Rainbow Valley Road, Park Orchards 3114 or via (email; starkers@telstra.com). Because of a fire, the school's early records are incomplete. An attempt is being made to fill the gaps, and locate ex-students, particularly the early ones, well in advance of the school's 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary.

WANTED

For uniform collection – a girl's navy tunic and a girl's blue tunic. Also, straw hats worn as part of the summer uniform. Please send these to the School Office marked 'For DHSESA archives'.

VOLUNTEERS REQUIRED;

To help catalogue items in the archives for a few (pleasant) hours per month. Contact DHSESA Historian, Dawn Harris, on 9787 5136.