Joan Neich (nee Morice) Notes

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People:

David Ditchfield
Sister Lindsay
Mr Hedger
Dorothy Nuske
Nurse Nore
Nurse Pierce
Nurse Babb
Nurse Dryer
Nurse Smith
Nurse McNabb
Sister Morrison
Sister Twyford
Sister Lily
Nurse Kitey
Barry Farnsworth
Mr Westh
Hugh Jeffrey
Harry Findlayson
Miss Dent
Mrs Dent
Matron Morrison
Mr Green
David Palmer
Ken Bunn
Ada Sharp
Mrs Nightingall
Richard Chugg
Madame Sophie Rees
Hobsbaun/Mehoin/
Ernest Lewellen

Joan Neich nee Morice
19th November 1990
Questioner: Alan Nuske

I came to the RVIB in 1934 as a result of the nursery having been opened. David Ditchfield was the first child, and I was the first girl; I believe we were known as King George and Queen Mary for a little while. I don't remember very much about the very first people who were caring for us, but the one that recall most vividly (and other people in nursery would too) is Sister Lindsay who was there for quite a number of years. The nursery wouldn't have passed muster these days as far as hygiene was concerned; I don't ever remember, for instance, washing my hands after I'd been to the toilet, until I came up to the big school. We had a funny little toilet set; it was a row of holes along a bench – probably 5 or 6 holes, I don't remember; each of them had a little chamber pot underneath, and I presume they were emptied. It was quite a social occasion after breakfast, where we all sat there and chatted, and when we were all finished, we went off to something else; that probably wouldn't have been approved of too much.
I remember that there were renovations carried out not terribly long after I was there, and from having been bathed in a baby's bathtub, I remember graduating to what we used to call our "silver baths"; from my memory, they were more like wash troughs – they were metal and we climbed up steps to them; that was a big step forward, and we had a gas heater to heat the water. Sister Lindsay, I'm not sure when she came, was certainly a mother figure for me, and for David, I should imagine, too. Our families were persuaded that the nursery would be the best thing for us; my mother had died, and my father was left with 4 children under 5; David had a difficult family situation too. Mr. Hedger always had an eye for something that was going to bring in money, I think – and what could do it more so than blind babies. Anyway, Sister Lindsay set up a programme of study (you might call it) for us; we had these big square frames that had leather … I don't quite know how to explain it … they were set up so that there was a row of … one had a row of buttons and button holes, one had a row of hooks and eyes, one had a row of press studs, and one had a set of eyelets that you threaded up with a lace and then tied a bow at the bottom; this meant that I and most others were able to care for themselves, dress themselves, tie their shoes, and so on - before we went up to the big school. I notice these days, that children in the school where I teach often are not too crash hot at tying bows when they've reached the age of 10; so I'm very grateful for the fact that this was expected when I was little, and I overcame it before I got too sensitive about not being able to do it. We also had things we called "pushers" – we had a spoon and a pusher, not a spoon and a fork; it was like a fork, the prongs of which had been fused together; I don't know how that made it easier, but apparently it did. We had a little choir, and Sister Lindsay played the piano very nicely; I can remember us singing songs in 2, and in one case 3 parts; by this time, our family had grown to about 9 children, I'd say; she expected us to be able to sing parts, and I'd love to know what it really sounded like now. The nursery in my day had very little in the way of equipment; we did have rockers out in the little yard – things that had horse's heads on either side and a handle across the front, and you'd climb into the seat and had a good rock; they were frowned on later on because I think people thought that they might encourage some mannerisms; I probably had lots of mannerisms, but rocking was never one of them, and we used to spend many pleasant hours rocking away and chatting away. We also had little tricycles, and I think there

was a doll's pram, but that was about all … oh, and blocks. The boys and girls slept in the same … what we called the night nursery, and our contact with the boys was very natural, I think; as we grew older, the 4 and 5 year olds were encouraged to help the littler ones with their toilet or with their dressing, and so on. It was very much a family atmosphere as far as I can remember. Our meals were fairly bland – we had lots of offal, lambs fry, tripe, beans, junket, jelly, a lot of milk to drink; I don't remember ever seeing a whole piece of fruit in the nursery – we had pieces of apple and pieces of banana. One of the things we missed out on was seeing things in the raw; I remember being very surprised to see this block of stuff that somebody said was the butter, when I went home one day – and I said "no it's not butter; butter is runny stuff that's on your bread"; it took me a while to associate butter with those 2 very different sort of things; I think our cooking was done in the nursery kitchen, but I'm not sure, but we didn't see the process at all; so in some ways we were trained very well, and in some ways we missed out. As we got our meal put in front of us, we always had to say grace; as far as I remember, we always said it the same way. "thank you God for my nice dinner, amen – thank you nurse (or whoever it may be)".

Alan: What about the playroom?

I wasn't in the nursery when the playroom came; I was most envious of it when I went down and saw it; it had beautiful things in it, but that's for someone else to talk about it, I think; I was up in the big school by then.

Alan: Do you remember your transition to the big school?

Yes.

Alan: Had you seen any of the people?

I had seen some of the girls and some of the boys, I think, mainly in the playground. There was one time when there was work being done in the school in the girls' living quarters, and some of the girls – Dorothy Nuske (as she was then) was one, came down and slept in the nursery, so I knew her fairly well; we were sent up to the school for the actual school period for a while, and we'd come back to the nursery for dinner and when school was finished. We were gently moved from setting to another, but I remember that I cried when I left the nursery because the big school was so different; having been a big fish in a small pool, I was now the lowest of the low, and I didn't like that very much. Also, the caring was different although some of the big girls looked after us, but we were expected to take more responsibility; there seemed to be more ways of getting into trouble than you can imagine.

Alan: Talking about trouble, what was the discipline in the nursery like?

It was the old fashioned discipline I suppose. Sister Lindsay had grown up in the 1880's … or the 1890's … anyway, at the turn the century, and she expected obedience, and she expected people to know what they should be doing; I think that the time when I got into the most trouble … no there were 2 times when I got into real trouble; one was when there were clothes drying on the fender in front of the fire, and I wanted to see … I didn't see why they wouldn't dry better *in* the fire, and I threw some of them in and copped it for that. Another time was when I really wantonly

destroyed something because … I can't remember what the thing was; I said that I wanted to know what was inside it, and someone said "oh the music's in there", so then I said, "now I'll be able to see what music feels like", and I broke whatever it was – I think it was a little concertina; anyway, the music got away from me, and I got into trouble.

Alan: What actually happened?

How was I disciplined?

Alan: Yes.

Alan: I can remember being smacked … bending over with Sister Lindsay hunting around in the drawers for the ruler. I can't remember the actual blows …

I got smacked on the hand, I think with a hand; I don't think I got the ruler. I think that once, I bit you on the hand and I probably (I hope) got smacked for that.

Alan: If not, I'll fix that later.

Ha, Ha.
I don't know what else I can say about the nursery. We had quite a turnover in nursing staff, and they were quite a mixture. There was one nurse that we were all a bit scared of, because if we were frightened of anything, she'd make us sort of face it, but she did it in a fairly brutal way. We were rather scared of balloons (one or 2 people and I), and she'd come up and burst them in our ear, and things like that, which I think she thought might shock us into thinking that they didn't really do harm; but I think she actually exacerbated the problem that way.

Alan: Was that Nurse Nore(?)

Yes, that's the one. We also had Nurse Pierce, Nurse Babb (Nurse Babb came after I left), Nurse Dryer (who I think was Anne Dryer of Kindergarten of the Air fame, but I'm not quite sure about that).

Alan: Nurse Smith.

Nurse Smith came after I'd left. There was Nurse McNabb who was a Scot. There were other sisters too; there was Sister Morrison, Sister Twyford(?), and Sister Lily(?) whom I just remember. What other nurses had we? Nurse Kitely(?), I can't really remember her very well. I fancy, from what I heard former Nurse Babb say last year, that Sister Lindsay must've been a pretty hard taskmaster to the nurses because she was talking about one boy, Barry Farnsworth, who came, and whose prognosis was almost hopeless (it was said that he would never walk or talk), and that just strengthened Sister Lindsay's determination, and she did wonderful things with him, but in the process, she demanded that the nurses had to cook special meals …; I was told how they cooked the meat and mince it up and strain it and do all sorts of things, so I gather that she expected a lot from them (mind you, she probably worked as hard as any of them).

Alan: I suppose that the next important event that needs covering is the visit to Olinda.

Yes. I was fairly unusual perhaps because I talked to other people who were very apprehensive about the move, but I was excited about it because it was something different, and it meant that we were going to the country; it was sort of exciting that we were being evacuated and we were leaving the building that I hadn't had such happy memories of – we were leaving that behind. To go up there and find that we had small bedrooms with 3 or 4 sharing, and carpeted sitting room, and a lovely big … well it was the ballroom … there were 3 classes as the schoolroom which had big open fireplaces, and it had a chiming clock; in many ways it was much more homely than the old building had been. It didn't bother me very much that we were in with other classes, but it must've been a nightmare for the 3 teachers. I used to keep an ear open to the history lessons that were given in the class I wasn't in, because Mr. Westh was the history teacher and he just made it live, and I probably learnt as much about other people's history as I did of mine. The discipline was different up there; we left behind a lot of unhealthy traditions – we put them away and came into a new era, in a way; the fact that we could go walking down to the township on a Saturday, and that there were lovely birds and there wasn't the noisy traffic. The experience of Olinda was wonderful. Also, I think that we learned to entertain ourselves a lot; there were a lot of wet drizzly days where we could not go outside and, I'm not sure but, I think the boys did this too – we'd often get around the piano and make up stories (we used to call them operettas) with musical accompaniment; we'd look in forbidden cupboards and find all sorts of equipment that nobody used (beads and blocks and things), get them out and do all sorts of things with them; we'd go through the Braille music – I found that learning Braille music was much nicer that way, it weaned me into thinking that it was quite a human thing to do, eventually.
Of course, we had some very odd members of domestic staff up there, and I think that Hugh Jeffrey said that every week when he came up, he'd be ready to hear that someone else had left. There was great excitement when one of the housemistresses (the headmaster's daughter, no less) eloped with a local bus driver. So, there were things to keep us talking.
We were there for the whole term and we were all in the same boat, whereas in Melbourne, many of us went home for weekends while the country children stayed for the term – and I think in the early days, perhaps for the whole year. I think Dorothy was one of those that couldn't get home, except once a year.

Alan: I'd forgotten that she'd gone to Olinda.

No, she didn't go to Olinda, but in the early days in Melbourne, she was one that had to stay for the whole year. She did visit Olinda but she wasn't a boarder – she wasn't a pupil of the school.

Alan: tell me about your memories of Garnett Dent

Oh dear, yes well, we had had a headmaster called Harry Findlayson that everyone was very fond of and when he left, the girls, I remember, were devastated; we used to have a little ceremony down at the flagpole where we sang "oh God in help in ages past" and we said a Hail Mary so that the Catholics wouldn't be offended, and then we sang a song that began, "goodbye teacher we must leave you"; well, we carried

out this ritual for a while. Anyway, in the meantime, along came Mr. Dent with a north-country accent (I think, but I'm not quite sure, but he used to tell us "it was time to go into sing-ing", and things like that). I didn't get to his class for 2 years after he came, but when we went to Olinda, I was up to Grade 6, and that was one of Mr. Dent's classes. Apart from him reading the paper to us in the first period in the morning (and sometimes dropping off to sleep), we were often left for period after period to just ... read books ... we weren't supposed to wander around and talk or anything, but there was no direction as to what we should do. Every now and then, he'd come in and say that somebody had complained that we don't have spelling, and he'd call someone out and say, "spell Egypt", and they might or might not spell it; and then he'd say, "don't tell me that we don't learn spelling here", and he might read us a poem and say, "now, no more complaints that we don't do literature".
One interesting thing that just came into my mind, was the way we did arithmetic at school; with Mr. Dent, everyone worked the sum together, and the ones that got it right, got it right, and the others just went on to the next sum anyway. When Mr. Westh became out arithmetic teacher, we were all supposed to work at our own pace, and when we'd finished the sum and it wasn't correct, we were to go back and correct it; of course, we learnt much more about the workings and the process of getting it right that way. When we went to Olinda, we not only had Mr. Dent, but we also had Mrs. Dent and Miss. Dent (of the elopement fame). Mrs. Dent read to us quite a bit, and I quite enjoyed her reading – this would've been outside school hours because she took the kindies in school; but I don't remember much about her character ...

Alan: Then came Geoff Green

Yes. I think my most vivid memory was Matron Morrison, who was the matron at the time, came in and sort of read a speech that said that Mr. Garnett Dent ... that was the first time I'd heard the name – I think we made up all sorts of names that we thought the "G" might stand for, but we'd never thought of "Garnett"; she read a speech, and it sounded so artificial and so formal to me, that no one got up and said that they were sorry to see him go, or that would remember him with affection (I don't think we did). The next term when we came back, everything was different; from having virtually no English and a spot of arithmetic her and there, we suddenly had two English periods a day, we had proper history and geography, and current affairs lessons, arithmetic was slotted into a certain time of the day, and the older children had to go back to class after tea and do what we called homework (it wasn't homework exactly, it was just another class). I remember that for the first few weeks, I was just dead on my feet at the end of the day; I'd never worked so hard in my life, but at the same time, it was so inspiring to think that he cared so much about how we were taught – he wanted to catch us up on things that we'd missed; I suppose someone must've told him what the situation had been.

Alan: Would your first impression have been like mine – the first thing that struck me was his resonant voice.

Oh, beautiful voice, yes. He sounded more like my idea of a schoolmaster – perhaps from having read "Goodbye Mr. Chips" or something. It was reported by one of the girls on the first morning that he had said to Mr. Forbes, "good morning Forbes", and I thought, "oh yes, this is it, now we've got the real thing", and then he addressed the boys by their surnames at roll call. Speaking of his resonant voice, when he read to us,

and he read a lot (he introduced us to lots of literature), I was just spellbound – even if it was boring, because his voice just so expressive and resonant, and it just carried me along; he could've read me anything, I think.

Alan: When did you become interested in music, and what are your memories of David Palmer?

Well I think, possibly, that my musical interests were fostered in the nursery because we did a lot of this singing, and I heard Sister Lindsay play, and I knew that she played well. I can remember playing little tunes on my toy piano, one of those terrible "tinkly" ones that used to be around. When I came up to the big school, I was taken as a student by Mr. Palmer; I remember him as a very gentle sort of person and, I've never quite understood this but, people under him learnt very quickly; people would learn a whole piece in one lesson (a reasonably complicated piece), and there was a noticeable slowdown later on, and I never quite worked out why that was; perhaps it was because he perfected a method of teaching by ear, that he tried out over generations, and it worked. He did teach us Braille music in a class, and I had a reasonable knowledge of it, but I made a big distinction between what I was learning (meaning what he was teaching me by ear), and what I was working out (meaning what I learnt from Braille), and it took Hugh Jeffrey and George F indlay to sort of put that into proper perspective and make me realise that learning from Braille was going to be the way I would go in the future. Mr. Palmer was quite interested to find out what our capabilities were, and he'd give us little ear tests and things; he also took singing. We had a fairly motley repertoire of songs under Mr. Palmer; because it was coming up to wartime, we learnt all these terrible England songs and victory songs and so on, but we enjoyed them I suppose; at the same time, we were learning very trashy sorts of jingoistic poetry, so I suppose that those 2 went hand-in-hand. Mr. Palmer seemed to be able to handle most instruments, or have a working knowledge of them, so we were given a chance to start learning the violin (or I was); there were other people that played the flute (I presume Mr. Palmer taught them); of course he had the band – the adults band which apparently did quite ambitious things (I don't really remember that). I'm grateful for the start that Mr. Palmer gave me.
I think that by the time I got to Grade 4 (which was what I was studying for when I left Mr. Palmer), I was ready for the stricter discipline that Hugh gave me, and I was lucky to have both of those experiences. With Mr. Palmer, you did an exam every year and then you moved on to the next one, and so on; with Hugh, you worked more on technique and learnt more slowly, and, I think now in retrospect, more thoroughly. Concerts were a very big thing in those days; we could be called out of school to perform at various times – we might be in the middle of anything and someone might come and grab you without any notice, and you'd be transferred to Ormond Hall and told, "you're going to play the piano" or "you and somebody are going to sing a duet", and they just hoped that we knew what we were doing. As the war got into its difficult stages, we were introduced to "Junior Red Cross" which a lot of us found great fun; we were organised into concerts to raise money for Red Cross or for the war effort or something, and sometimes they (the concerts) would be in Ormond Hall. I remember a penny concert that we had in Ormond Hall, and I remember one that was held at Werth's (??) Olympia at night, and I think there were other places too. Usually, the band would open up with a big flourish; if it was the whole school, we'd sing a couple of songs, and then there'd be some piano solos and recitations; I remember playing duets with 1 or 2 other people. In the earlier days there would've

been dancing, but in my time there was not. Then, they'd take these big sheets around, and you'd hear the coins dropping in – they must've weighed a ton by the time all the pennies got in because the amount raised went up to thousands of pounds, and I suppose that people didn't put more than a penny in when the sheets went around. Mr. Hedger would give an inspiring pep talk; I think he was in 2 minds, as he wanted to get kudos for the RVIB and also raise money for the war effort. They were quite exciting; we didn't mind missing school or being taken out at night and so on, but once we went to Olinda, that came to an end – all our concerts after that were performances for our parents. Sometimes, when we came down for holidays (from Olinda), it would be arranged that when we got down to the RVIB (from where we were picked up by our parents), there would be some sort of gathering in Ormond Hall; I remember the choir, not long after it was formed, singing "Who is Silvia" and "Where The Bee Sucks" to the assembled multitude. Because we were travelling down on the bus, we were forbidden to sing on the bus, which was a bit hard because we used to love screaming and yelling and talking and singing as we travelled down, because we were all very excited about the holidays; so we travelled in a rather subdued state that time.

I suppose there'll be a lot of talk about Stan Hedger who was our superintendent for many years; there were various sides to his nature – you could think of him as quite a benign carer for the children; for instance when we went to Olinda, he had our playground equipment moved up there and installed (which must've been quite a big job). Also, he had a search around for a suitable place, and he really took care to find a place where we would be comfortable when we went to Olinda. Anyway, one of his fortes was fundraising and apparently, at the end of what we would we used to know as the "blind concerts" (which were put on in the Melbourne Town Hall with quite a spectacular program), he'd get up and give a rousing inspirational speech about the blind and what they could do and what money we needed. At some time during his tenure, there began to be radio advertising, and it was so embarrassing; apparently it brought the money pouring in, but one of my most humiliating experiences (and it happened several times) was when I'd got to uni and I was living in college and felt the equal of the other kids that were there, and we'd be sitting around in someone's room having coffee or talking, and the radio would be going, and then all of a sudden there'd be something like … "today's sunset might be an everyday occasion to you, but for me it is only a memory" (and that would be somebody who'd lost their sight that was advertising for the RVIB); there were such phrases as "they have to travel their journey of 70 years in darkness and never see the sun"; I used to just squirm when I heard these things, and I'm forever grateful to the Guild of Professional Blind (as it was called in those days) because they (it was after Hedger's time but in Ken Bunn's time) but they confronted him and the board about this negative advertising, and for a while the objection was raised that this was the way to get the money. The guild made the point that this was counterproductive if it was, at the same time, taking our dignity and perhaps hindering our chances of employment. Anyway, they won in the end, and much more positive advertising came on the radio, and I think later on, on the TV; but I'll never forget those things.

One aspect of our school life for which I was most grateful was our introduction to current affairs. our training in debate, and in the procedures connected with conducting a meeting; Mr. Westh was mainly responsible for this. Towards the end of my school life, they obtained guest speakers from government departments and the senior class was expected to attend (well, it was in school time so naturally we attended); one person was expected to chair these sessions, and another person was

expected to propose the vote of thanks, and everyone got a chance to do it; Mr. Westh and, sometimes, Mr. Green would sit in and just let the thing proceed. We had very good speakers, and sometimes they had samples of things to show us (all sorts of things were passed around). Mr. Green, who was a great stickler for doing things properly, wasn't always impressed with the way some of us proposed our votes of thanks (he thought they were very juvenile, I suppose), and he said on one occasion, "next time I'll propose the vote of thanks"; so next time came along, and came the time for the vote of thanks, and he began, "When I was in England ...", and the boys apparently had a great laugh about this later on and said, "how could we start a vote of thanks like that – none of us have been outside Victoria"; so we thought that Mr. Green was being a bit unfair.

We were very lucky in the library that we had; I think they must've just about bought everything that the NIB put out; it was a magnificent library in its day, but it wasn't terribly modern because ... well what with the war and so on, the NIB had got a bit behind. Oh, and while I'm speaking of the library, I must also mention the books that were transcribed on the premises (or in Melbourne anyway); they were done on hand frame and in many cases, say with a school reader, there would need to be perhaps 8 copies, and one person had to Braille out those 8 copies one at a time; the Braille was just perfect – Ada Sharp and Neil Westh I think were the 2 Brailleists; it must've been an absolute purgatory to have to do all that – especially if you mucked up a page and had to do it again, but that Braille would've stood up against any other Braille that I've seen. Anyway, getting back to the library: Mr. Hedger was probably more benign towards us than he was to the adults (I've heard stories since I was at school about confrontations that happened there), but I think someone only needed to ask, and he would come forth with what was needed, so that when we were doing a Shakespeare play and we needed copies, he would ... well they must've arranged it in advance but by the time we knew about it, there were copies for each of us (there might have been 10 copies). The fact that Mr. Green, who supervised and instructed us in English, and Mrs. Nightingall who was our speech teacher, worked together meant that there was a good follow-through for anything that was needed. So we were able to read Shakespeare more or less as if we were acting it rather than study it by sitting up and listening to someone talk about it; I found that a great help when I went to secondary school because, as it happened, the play we were studying was MacBeth which we'd read together the previous year. I found that although I hadn't learnt things by heart, I really had quite a good grasp of it because it was made so enjoyable. Mrs. Nightingall (I don't really know how long she was in the school) gave us a very good grounding in the anatomy that involved speech, and in the composition of sound and diction, as well as just learning to recite poetry; she also did great things for our vocabulary by getting us to write what we used to call "tongue-twisters" which meant that we had to get as many of a certain sound as we could present – we'd have a week to do it and you might have a tongue-twister on "sp" words (words beginning with "sp"), and we often had to look up the dictionary to find new words because we all wanted to get as many sounds as possible; that helped in both learning to use the dictionary and in broadening our vocabulary, and I thought that was invaluable.

Just getting back to music for a minute, there was a time when I was going through the school when we were getting an excellent musical training in many areas and, it's hard to explain why these things happen but, quite a few of us went on to graduate as Bachelors of Music; we were given every opportunity – we just couldn't fail to do something with it I suppose. One of the really lovely things that happened was ... it all began at the time when we were going to celebrity concerts at night, and we were

encouraged to do a lot of listening and so on … anyway, one day we went to a daytime concert (I can't remember what it was) and the only seating that was available was in the organ gallery at the Melbourne Town Hall; I enjoyed that because I had never been near the back of the orchestra before and you could hear all the inside parts and it was very good … didn't really get the sound of the whole work so well, but anyway, in the interval, Richard Chugg who was first flautist in the orchestra came over and spoke to us; one of the things they were playing was "The Firebird" and we were talking about the base flute and so on, but anyway, he was quite impressed by the knowledge that we had, and he organised several chamber groups to come and play to us on a Friday afternoon in the dining room; the acoustics were lovely in there and I remember the string quartet (Proctor Quartet) playing Schubert quartet in A minor for us, then Richard Chugg himself played in a group that played one of Mozart's works for Glass Harmonica and strings; and we had a singer whom I've never heard of since – Madame Sophie Rees …

Later on, the pinnacle of it all was when Hobsbaum(?), Menhuin and Ernest Lewellen came and played some Beethoven sonatas for us (the Spring and the C-minor are the ones I remember), and I think we would've been a very attentive audience; we were trained to listen, and I think they would've known that we were appreciative of it; it was a wonderful opportunity to hear those things because recordings weren't so good in those days - the 78's were quite good, but to actually hear those people in the flesh, where you could almost reach out and touch them, was just wonderful.

By this time, Hugh Jeffrey and George Findlay had been our music teachers for quite a few years and when some of us went on to the conservatorium, I was very impressed with the fact that Hugh used to make himself available after school hours (I don't know whether there was any arrangement with his employers about this) - we could come back, and we would go back into the room we' d call "the big music room" and just stand around leaning on the piano or sitting on the floor, and chat about anything that we wanted to talk about – things that were puzzling us in our counter point or the works we were studying; he would have a little gramophone there the works that we were studying (in the particular year I'm thinking of, we were studying the Heroica and the Mozart Symphony No. 40), and the background that he gave us in those informal chats, I found, were most valuable; I noticed that my fellow students would have to look up books and sort of memorize phrases to do with the analysis of the works, whereas we'd been so well instructed that we could listen for these things, and it wasn't a matter of cramming to get through the exams (that was always the easy part); so I'll always grateful to Hugh for all the time he gave us