
Returning to Glenbrook

Why are childhood memories so strong? People came back who had been part of families fleeing to the mountains during the early war years when there was a possibility Sydney might be bombed – a fear that came true on the night of June 8, 1942, when the Japanese submarines were in Sydney Harbour. Many city children who came to the mountains found a whole new world and have never forgotten it.

The Glenbrook school had only about 50 children from kindergarten to sixth class and to children who had come from schools where there were that many children in one class it was a strange experience.

I remember one little girl who had lived in a very large house in Sydney's eastern suburbs being astonished at the smallness of the cottage her family had managed to rent. "You come through the front door" she told me, "and then you take a few steps and you're out in the back garden".

Our schooling was very good. There was a teacher who took the three younger classes. I remember Miss Love as my first teacher – a sweet young girl being wooed by half the boys in the village who would come to the classroom's open window with offerings of flowers. When Miss Love left to be married we had Miss Fitzpatrick who was ferocious about us learning our tables. I don't think any child passed out of her classes without being able to jump in with the answer to any question on tables.

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