



#growingupgriffith

I remember my early school days, riding my bike to St Mary's School Yoogali hail, rain or sunshine. In my last year at St Mary's, there were only four of us in 6th grade - two boys and two girls, and we felt very special. Sister Majellan gave us extra attention, and I was officially one of the BIG KIDS. From there I went to the Marist Brothers in Griffith - what a reality check! Hundreds of boys, I was a small fish in a big pond and the Brothers were much meaner than the Nuns.

After completing school Dad said I had to get a job in town rather than stay on the farm. I duly applied for a spare parts traineeship with the Griffith Producers in Banna Avenue. I was interviewed by the accountant, the late Jim Reynolds and I was successful. I have fond memories of my time there, the chairman of the Griffith Producers at the time was the late Tom Morley. My boss Cliff Skein told me 'if you see old Tom come in make sure you look like you're busy!' - Mayor, Cr John Dal Broi

I remember dad waking me up in the dark before school to chip grass around rockmelons we grew for market. I also remember my brother Chris drifting his car into the driveway only to end up in the channel instead! It was common for us to undertake major mechanical repairs and rebuilds in the backyard shed with pretty basic tools (and knowledge). - Cr Simon Croce

I did not grow up in Griffith but my school had Griffith High School teams travel to Hay for sport. What the students visiting Hay always looked for was bananas as bananas were not available in Griffith at that time.

I began my teaching at Griffith High School, which was the only public high school in Griffith in 1965. It had an enrolment of 1000 plus.... a big, busy school with a large staff and many students staying at the hostel. Some of the original buildings are still there and in use. - Cr Pat Cox

My memories of growing up in Griffith were visiting my grandfathers farm 'Wychie' at Benerembah and playing in the shearing sheds with my cousins. Whenever my grandfather came to visit us, he would bring donuts - which I think he got from the Garden of Roses cafe next to the old Lyceum Theatre. He was a very tall man who had a very kind heart.

Another memory I have was of a school swimming trip to Donaldson's pool. I couldn't swim very well and someone dared me to jump into the deep end from the diving blocks. Being the clever person I am, I figured if I jumped towards the side of the pool I could reach out and grab the side and all would be well. Only problem was I jumped too far and hit my chin on the metal grates at the side of the pool, my chin split open and blood went everywhere. My teacher had to take me to the hospital and the only way to get me there was on the bus the took us to the pool - so the bus took the two of us to the hospital, I was stitched up and then the bus driver and my teacher delivered me to my grandmother's house at the top of Boonah Street. She let me curl up on her sun lounge in the front room until mum and dad could come and get me.

- Cr Alison Balind.

Have you got a memory or story you would like to share?
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