

THE COPY-BOOK SCHOOL(1921, July 10). Sunday Times.- Pymont School

It was about five years ago that Peter Board, C.M.G., Director of Education, started his **Copy Book School**. He experimented in true domestic science at the **Pymont Public School**. He changed its name to the Pymont Special Public School, and established the only residential domestic science school of its kind in Australia. He furnished the teachers' home as a model residence for working men. A cooking mistress, a housekeeper, and one other member of the staff lived there. It is their home. It is their business every morning to get up, bathe and dress, and leave their rooms in that delightfully untidy state so many of us revel in. It is the duty of the children who attend the school to cross over to the house, as they call it, daily and learn to do housework, home management, and laundry work under real conditions. Those in the know call it: Peter Board's pet hobby. But how many people in Sydney knows that Peter Board's Copy Book School still exists? Peter Board's Copy Book School lies at the end of the Pymont tram terminus. At the end of this section, Peter Board, C.M.G., and his staff have opened a new outlook to the children and mothers of the waterside workers, the Sugar House, and sailors. I know; I've been there. 'We are so proud of our school,' said one of the teachers. Besides the boys and the kindergarten classes, we have over 200 girls all under 14 years, who spend their last two years at school doing practical domestic work as well as their studies. But before I take you over the house, I want you to come with me through the class rooms and judge for yourself what a school of this kind means to the children of poor people.' We saw the class rooms, filled with happy-faced children. Then we crossed the playground and came to the gymnasium, filled with every modern appliance for health. To the right of it lay a big workshop. Here every boy in the school was taught designing, drawing, carpentering, and cabinetmaking. Here, in the evenings, the old boys come and learn to perfect themselves in their pet hobby. Then we entered the back yard of the house, a backyard running with activity. Kiddies in trim uniforms were busily hanging out clothes. The yard had a background of green-painted kerosene tins filled with ferns. The tins were the gift of the Department, but the genuine flower pots lying about waiting to be filled were the result of penny concerts organised by the kiddies themselves. To the left of the backyard was the finest bushhouse I've ever seen in a slum quarter. Two of the three teachers live in the house, and the girls do their bed rooms and make the beds. When they approach the beds (approach is really the only word) they wear over the blue uniforms they scrub in cute little white aprons like the afternoon tea aprons of our grandmothers' day. They call them bed aprons, and they're most becoming. One small girl stands at each side of the bed, and each sheet and blanket is taken up between them by the four corners and laid reverently on teacher's bed.

The Copy-Book School



THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS HARD AT WORK, PREPARING THE DINNER.

LITTLE HOUSEWIVES.

PRYMONT SCHOOL AT WORK.

PETER BOARD'S PRIDE.

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THE LATE MR. WATKIN WYNNE.
 Founder and Managing Director of 186-
 Sydney "Daily Telegraph."

