

Foolish: Leone Flemons

It was back in the seventies.

At the time I was employed as Minute Secretary to the College Board, and to the various Boards of Studies, at the then Riverina College, Wagga.

The College was situated several kilometres from our home, and to get there usually entailed a pleasant drive through the countryside.

On this day, a couple of my boys asked if I could drop them at a fishing spot which was on the way to my work.

The fishing spot was several kilometres along a rough road/track off the main road to the College.

On leaving the boys at their spot, I discovered that one of the car's tyres was flat. As the spare didn't look too promising either, I decided to walk back up the track and try to telephone my boss, to tell him the situation, and why I was late for work. There were no mobile phones then.

After walking for some time, a homestead appeared on the right.

Heading there in the hope of contacting my work from there, the outlines of several large dogs could be seen, asleep in front of the house.

I then couldn't get out of there quick enough and hurried back to the track.

It was a very hot day, and by the time I reached another homestead further along the track, I was very hot indeed.

There, a kind man provided a glass of cold water and invited me to use his phone to contact my workplace.

Not long after, a couple of the girls from work came to pick me up. My boss sent notebook and pens as there was a meeting of the Applied Science Board of Study which I was to attend.

Arriving at the College at last, I felt hot and bothered and rather disorientated. After a quick wash, and stumbling into the Applied Science building somewhat the worse for wear, I gratefully collapsed into a chair and began taking the names of the other people around the large table.

Some time later, Dr. M. came down from the floor above.

He informed me that the actual meeting was being held upstairs and that those gathered at the table were those just having their morning tea.

Later, having finally attended the correct meeting, and having recovered some of my equilibrium, it was time to report to my boss.

A tall, thin person of serious demeanour, when told of my experience of taking names of people merely having morning tea, he bent double with laughter:
'Flemo, you've made my day'.

P.S. Fortunately, Ken was in town and able to pick up the boys, and restore Flo the car to working order once more.