

THE KING'S SCHOOL
REUNION MAGAZINE



50 YEARS SINCE 1967

Editorial

In School House Broughton in 1965, Charles Jennings sought contributions for an in-House pamphlet to be entitled *The Thunderer* – the title was an allusion to the nickname of *The Times* in the UK, with a passing reference to the fact that our Housemaster, Bob Buntine, played the tuba. The contributions Charles received were, in the main, light-hearted and pithy reports of life in the boarding house. The pamphlet was still in production when we left in 1967.



When Basil Simmons was considering how best to mark the 50th year since we completed our schooling at King's, he thought that a modern or even retro version of *The Thunderer* would be an appropriate vehicle to stimulate interest in a proposed reunion, a means for us all to record our memories of the time at school, and an effective way for us to update one another on what we had done with our lives since we left. As timing is everything, I happened to mention to him that some friends of mine in the RAAF had just completed a magazine to mark 50 years since they had started their studies at the RAAF Academy. Basil decided that idea would work for us and as I had mentioned a Reunion Magazine, and I often had contributions printed in *The Thunderer*, I was a logical choice to be editor. Mmmmm ...

I enlisted a hand-picked crew of luminaries from the world of letters, discussed options for the magazine, allocated tasks, and stood back. The majority of those asked to contribute did so willingly, some did so under duress, and others declined for a variety of reasons. So, what you have before you is our retro School Magazine to mark 50 years since the majority of us left King's – thank you for your contributions; we trust you will enjoy the memories.



Editorial Committee

From left: 'Professor' Basil Simmons; 'Capt' Rod Hammett; Malcolm 'Tintin' Lamb; the Thom(p)son twins, Charles Jennings and Mac Gudgeon; Lead Editor and Mrs Castefoire impressionist, Cyril Payne. Editor-in-Chief and Top Dog: Snowy, as himself.

The King's School 1967 Reunion Magazine

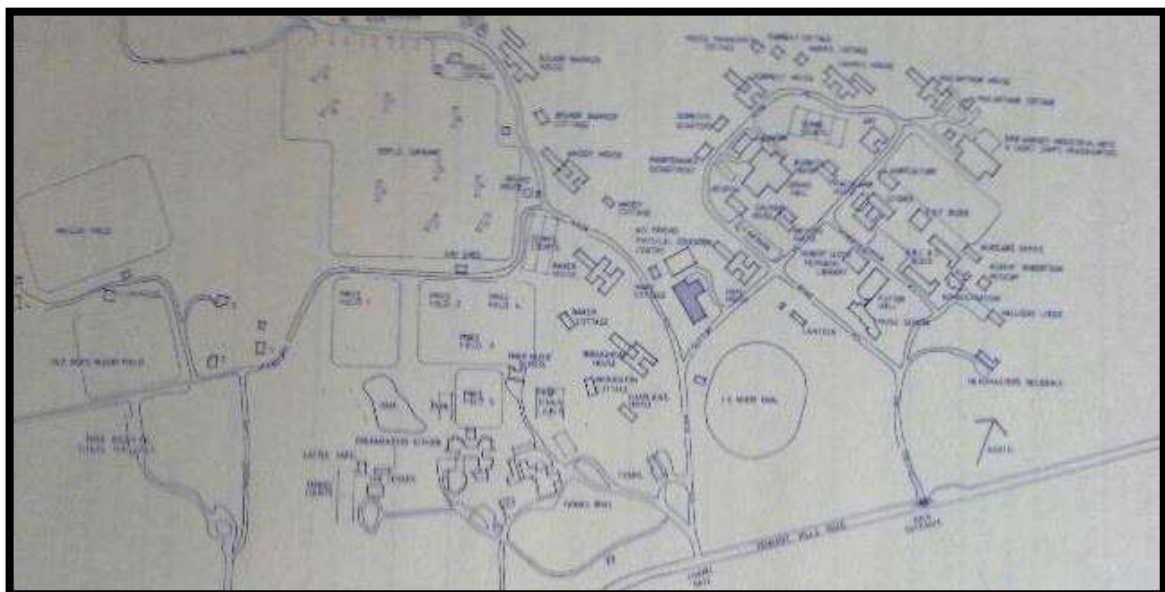
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No. 1

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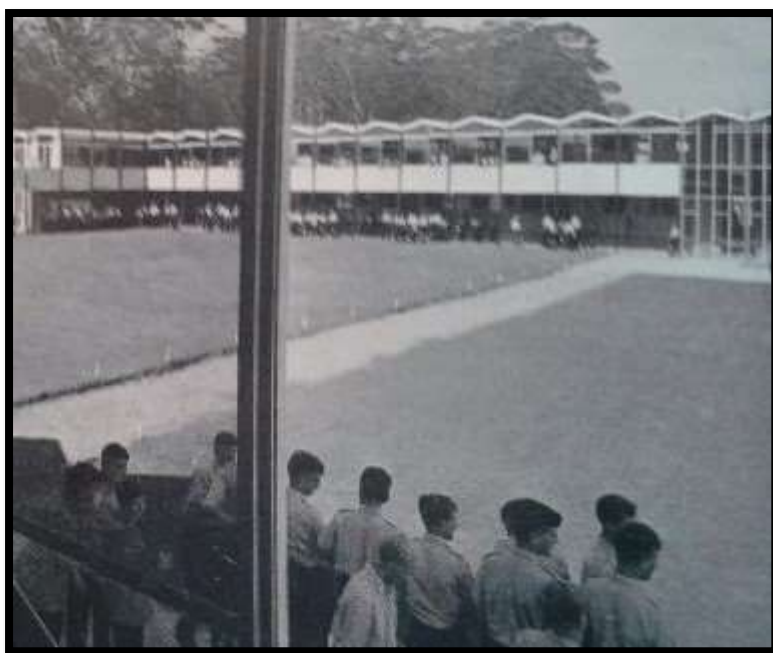
Reflections

The long history of TKS was lost to boys like me who had come up from Tudor House, a prep school administered by The King's School Council. I had seen the tall boys/men at Tudor when they came up to do the *Pirates of Penzance* or *Mikado* in my final year there. Most of the boys from Tudor went on to King's, to join with those who came up from the Prep (Gowan Brae). My father had been here from 1927 to 1931, a fact related to me by Robbo, the master in charge of the bookroom. When I went down to receive my books for year eight he looked me up and down, and said "Marsh WB '27 to '31, how's Bill?"



TKS was a school in transition: we lived in Parramatta, but caught buses to the newly completed classrooms of the new buildings at Gowan Brae, the large property the school had bought from the Burns family on Pennant Hills Road. We ate lunch in the new dining room - the boarding houses were in the throes of being built. The external walls were prefabricated, the steel posts standing proud of the walls, matched the straight trunks of the ironbarks through which we strolled.

Discipline was administered by the senior boys. Socking, corporal punishment, kept us in line and mostly worked; it was, though, open to abuse in the hands of a bully. We made the monitors' beds if we had transgressed; at the Old School some even warmed the toilet seats for monitors - this seemed odd. However, we were firmly stuck in the English Public School paradigm.



Broughton, Macarthur and Old Government Houses were in the streets of Parramatta or Parramatta Park. We slept in dormitories and tidiness was the rule. Our uniforms were character-forming, being a military style salt and pepper coat with scarlet braid, navy trousers with red stripes down each leg. Cricket was played on the Oval in front of Big School or on the oval in Parramatta Park, and there was a weekly movie in Big School on Saturday night. Up at the new school, the Doyle Ground was just ready for football and cricket. Here, we began our

journey to become men. The school was Christian, part of the Anglican Archdiocese of Sydney, where Bishop Marcus Loane was an old boy of the school. In many ways life revolved around the beautiful sandstone chapel where we attended morning Chapel, and sometimes Evensong.

Our Headmaster, Herbert Denys Hake, was nearing the end of a wonderful career. He was a ramrod straight Englishman, who was tall and seemed austere. But his looks belied a gentle nature and he would speak to you with ease. He mostly wore his academic gown and was highly respected. He had a club

foot and we were unsure if it was a war injury, polio, or if he was born with it. Mrs Hake and her two daughters were statuesque and beautiful.

Our parents had chosen this institution, presumably, because they thought it would uphold the values they held themselves.

If we had any doubts about the history of King's it was dispelled in Chapel where we were exhorted to pray for the school's pious and noble founders and benefactors such as were William Westbrook Burton, Robert Forrest, George Fairfowl Macarthur, Percival Stacy Waddy, and Violet Madeline Macansh who



had made a bequest of money that made the purchase of the property that became the New School possible. Her brothers attended the school in the 1880s and 1890s. They were wonderful rugby players but did not produce any children, so their sister Violet very generously willed a large property at Harden to the school for its benefit.

There was a huge controversy leading up to the purchase of Gowan Brae as another property had been offered near Wollongong – there was an outcry from Old Boys who felt that the roots of TKS were rightly planted in the Parramatta area as envisioned by Bishop Broughton.

Tommy Cuff was the senior master and a stickler for good sportsmanship, diligent study and a Christian attitude; he also coached the firsts rugby team. Cricket, Rugby, Rowing, Shooting, Tennis, Cadets and Air Cadets (Air Training Corps) were very important at King's but the School had not won the Head of the River since 1920. Music and other cultural pursuits, whilst promoted, seemed to come second to sport.

The Corps provided a March Past and Feu de Joie on the Doyle Ground that was reviewed by the Governor of NSW, Sir Roden Cutler, in 1965.

There were more boarders than day-boys, but wool prices were gradually slipping from the glory days of a pound a pound in the 1950s, and it was becoming a challenge to pay for a TKS education. We were on the cusp of the biggest social revolution probably since the Reformation. Into this maelstrom of social change we plunged on into the unknown. All social norms were being challenged, Australia was at war with North Vietnam dragged along by the American President LB Johnson, and conscription awaited school leavers. The contraceptive pill had just become available, ushering in the 'permissive society'. The Cold War and the race to put a man on the moon were in full swing.



Our year was the first of the Wyndham Scheme, the first of six years of secondary study

In 1965, we had a new Headmaster, the Reverend Stanley Winton Kurrle. He was a man full of energy, short and quick in his movements. Lorna Kurrle was a striking looking woman, devoted to her three daughters, Susan, Christie, Robin and their son Winton; and like Stan, Lorna had a deep religious faith. He called sport 'games', and we, like most, went through a somewhat tense adjustment period. Stan Kurrle was multi-talented and was a pilot, which was handy as Lorna's family owned *Mathoura* station south of Deniliquin. I am sure his adjustment and ultimate acceptance of us and by us, was not easy. The King's School was a very conservative institution, not given to change, tradition was a keystone of its values. Stan Kurrle proved to be one of the School's great headmasters. During his time, the boarding programme was consolidated, with more boarding houses, and the Chapel was moved from its site at

the Old School. He had an incredible memory for names, was a good hearted and compassionate man, and quickly learned the connections in the web of life that is The King's School community.

The 1967 crew won the Head of the River and rowed their way into history. Their gifted coach, Bob Buntine, had a knack of allowing boys to reach their potential and strive for ever better performance. He accomplished this without shouting, but with a culture of desire to perform well. The way that crew conducted themselves during the race lifted our hearts and the low-key way they donned their hats and rowed to the pontoon after their victory was admirable.

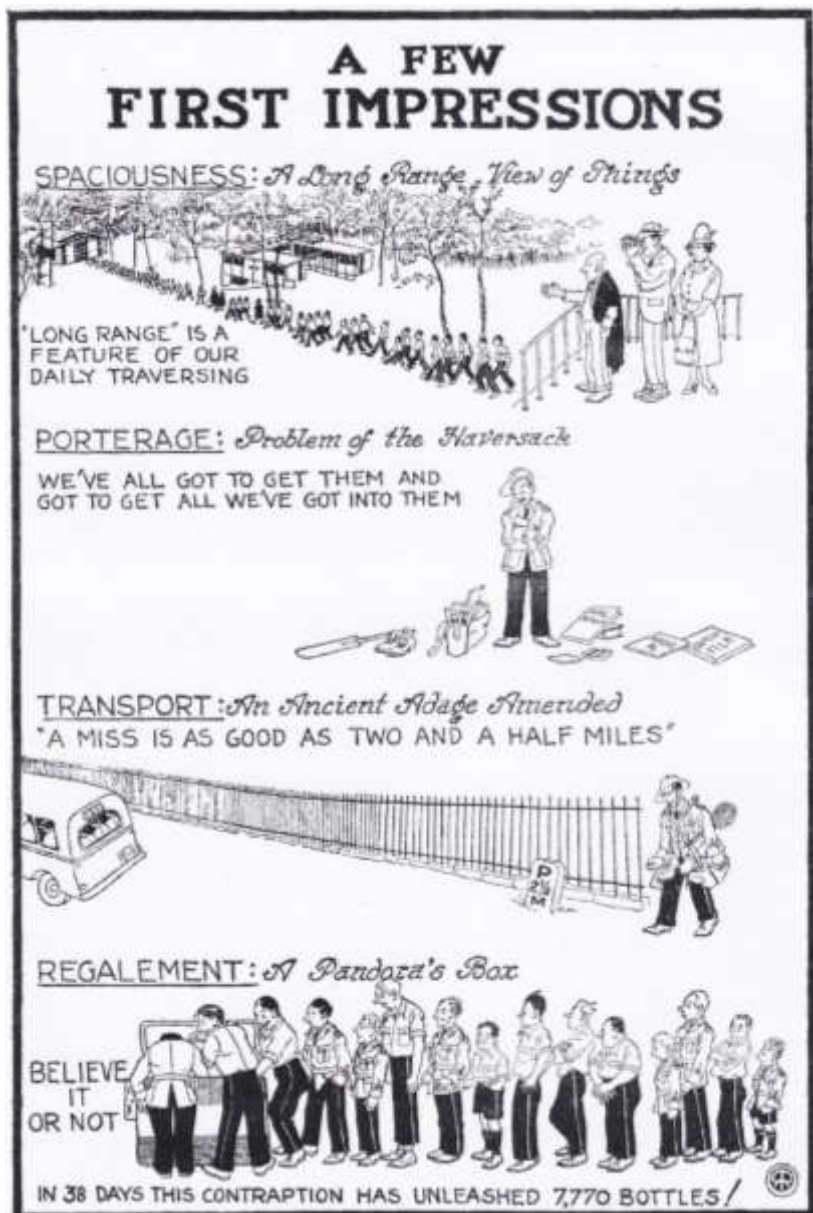
The staff, who struggled valiantly to guide us out of our intellectual wilderness, had to cope with the usual pranks and inattention that beset boys, as those boys identify the foibles of character and looks that a large group of teachers inevitably exhibit. Despite our best efforts to divert their attention, I think they were united in their quest to help us in our studies, and of course they often fulfilled the role of sporting coach, which meant a long day.

Those of us striving with their minds didn't have a venue to show us their prowess; that came later when HSC results came out. The long game of life showed the benefit of their application to study.

The purpose of an educational institution is to find what people are good at and foster that interest.

During our time at King's the boarding houses were established and in 1965 we moved up permanently to the New School. Broughton House was opened in our last year, and the presence of King's in Parramatta ended, after 136 years. The new site gave the school and its pupils room to grow.

David Marsh
Captain-for-Life
Class of 1967



Timeline

Notable Dates 1962 to 1967

by Rodney Hammett

1962

7 February: School began in the new buildings at Gowan Brae. Foundation stone had been laid in December 1960 by Mr (later Sir Robert) Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia.

Wyndham Scheme commenced, with the HSC as the ultimate exam.

Returning master was Mr RK Asboe; new masters included Mr RW Moore.

8 June: Official opening of the new school by His Excellency the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Eric Woodward.



Mr Asboe started the school orchestra.

5 October: Release of first Beatles hit *Love Me Do*.

17 October: Death of Eric Jabour, remembered as mathematics, music and art master to '67ers, and designer of the embroidered panels in the Futter Hall. At TKS 1955 to 1962.

October: Cuban Missile Crisis.

December: Speech Day with guest of honour Dr JR Darling, Chairman of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

1963

February: Establishment of Britten House, the third house for Day Boys after Macquarie and Dalmas. Forrest Annexe was established in the old Woodwork room at the old school. New masters included Mr JWdeB Persse, Mr RA Bevan, and Mr TE Bawden.

August: Stage 2 at Gowan Brae commenced involving the construction of three boarding houses, assembly hall, kitchen extensions and laundry, library and administration staff quarters, tennis and basketball courts, hospital and Headmaster's house. Work on the JS White Oval commenced.

Mr TJ McCaskill Housemaster of Thomas left. Mr JA Kent became Housemaster of Thomas.

Death of Mr WG Cox, master for 23 years; his wife Mrs Cox taught at the Prep.

22 November: Assassination of John F Kennedy.

December: Third term began with total enrolment of 691, made up of 453 boarders and 238 day boys.

Speech Day with guest of honour His Excellency the High Commission for Canada, Mr Evan Gill.

1964

May: New playing fields named 'Doyle Memorial Grounds' in honour of the late Cecil H Doyle who in 1924 gave land in Parramatta for use as playing fields. That land was sold when moving to Gowan Brae.

Mr MF Murray returned to TKS. New masters were Mr JF Healy and Mr BC Showell. Departure of Mr KL Jennings and Mr RW Seaton.

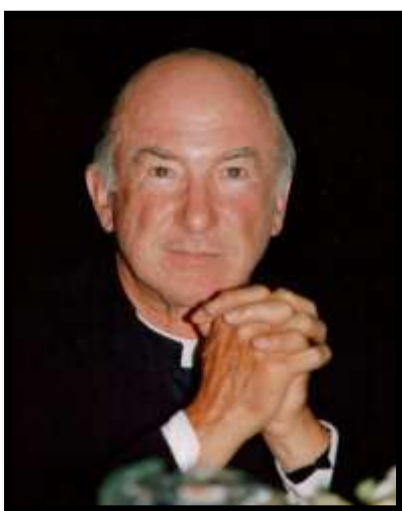
Occupation of new boarding houses at Gowan Brae; Forest, Harris and Macarthur.

12 June: Beatles start tour of Australia and New Zealand.

December: Speech Day with guest of honour His Excellency the Governor-General, Viscount De L'Isle.

Mr Hake retired after 26 years as Headmaster.

Retirement of Sgt White; at TKS 1946 to 1964.



1965

February: Rev SW Kurlle commenced as Headmaster.

New science laboratories officially opened.

April: Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies announces that Australian combat troops will be sent to Vietnam (army advisors had been there from 1962).

May: Thomas House closed and property sold.

August: Hake House began to function.

December: Speech Day with guest of honour the Right Honourable Sir Garfield Barwick, Chief Justice of the High Court.

Retirement of Mr Grice; at TKS 1930 to 1965.

1966

February: First term began with total enrolment of 696 made up of 459 boarders and 237 day boys.

14 February: Introduction of decimal currency in Australia.

20 February: Death of Adrian Kent, aged 39; at TKS 1959 to 1966.

April: Sgt Andrews' excursion to the Parramatta barbers with particular emphasis on the short back-and-sides.

23 August: Lunar Orbiter 1 takes the first photograph of Earth from the Moon.

12 November: Death of Rev HW Baker, Chaplain and history master to '67ers; at TKS 1927 to 1931 and 1937 to 1966.

December: Speech Day with guest of honour His Excellency the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Roden Cutler. Also, Old Government House no longer a boarding house with boys into a new house named Waddy in 1967.



1967

February: First term began with total enrolment of 816 made up of 534 boarders and 282 day boys. The first time that the Wyndham Scheme was studied in all six years. New masters included Mr RI West.

Broughton House relocated to Gowan Brae.

March: Retirement of Sgt Andrews; at TKS 1935 to 1967.

15 April: Regatta Shock ‘Its King’s.’

May: Retirement of Mr HR Pigott; at TKS 1923 to 1935, 1957 to 1967, and then 1969 and 1973. Retirement of WR Milne; at TKS 1959 to 1967.

10 June: Official opening of the JS White Oval. TKS v SJC – it had been in use for other purposes for 18 months but not for rugby until 1967.

27 June: The world’s first ATM installed in Enfield, London.

October: HSC examinations commence.

17 December: Drowning of Harold Holt.



Sources: TKS Magazines 1962 to 1967

Who shares this celebration with us?

by RJH

Sgt Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band immediately springs to mind, released in May 1967; however, we should also remember the momentous 1967 Referendum that recognised First Australians in the Census and gave the Commonwealth a Constitutional role in relation to their fellow Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Australians.

Then there was the first San Francisco Summer of Love in January 1967 which drew tens of thousands of young people to Golden Gate Park to celebrate California’s counterculture.

In April 1967 on television we saw Australia’s first national nightly current affairs program, *This Day Tonight*, on the ABC with Bill Peach.

Australia’s first satellite, WRESAT, was launched on an American rocket from Woomera in November 1967.

John Newcombe winning both Wimbledon and the US Open in 1967.

Australians born in 1967 include Nicole Kidman, James Packer and Tina Arena.

Can this be classed as a celebration? Ronald Ryan was hanged in Pentridge Prison in February 1967, the last person to be hanged in Australia.

Valete

The Valete was published in the May 1968 edition of The King's School Magazine. It does not contain all of those who are part of the 1967 Reunion as it only includes those who left school after they sat for the 1967 Higher School Certificate. Others who can claim to be part of 'our year' are shown at the end of the Valete reprint.

Valete

We are trying to re-establish the practice of having a fairly comprehensive biography of each boy to leave the School. The information includes: name, date of birth, dates at the School and Houses in the senior school, office (i.e. monitor), School Certificate (S.C.—gained on four or more subjects), Higher School Certificate (H.S.C.—gained on one or more subjects), scholarships (whether School or Commonwealth), prizes, sporting distinctions, rank in Cadet Corps, service to some other School activity (drama, debating, orchestra, or any club or society, etc.) any other relevant items of interest, and finally the intended course of work for the year after leaving.

ALEXANDER, J. H. Born 16.4.50. Burkitt 62, Britten 63-67. House Monitor. Senior Library Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prizes 62 to 65. Papers to Faraday club 65 to 67. Lance Corporal. 1968: S.U. (Medicine).

ALISON, A. S. Born 8.11.48. Prep. 61, O.G.H. 62-63, Macarthur 64, Broughton 64-67. Vice-Captain Broughton 67. School Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prize 62. Honour Colours, Rowing 67. 2nd. XV 67. Queensland Touring Team 67. B Shooting Team 66. Earl Roberts Shooting Team (Captain) 66-67. C.U.O. 66-67. C. Coy CDR 67. School Play 67. House Debating 66. Twelve Club 67. Boat Club Committee 67. Joint Top Aggregate King George V Shoot. 66 Crossed Rifles. Guards 64-67. 1968: N.E.U. (Ag. Economics).

ALISON, J. G. Born 28.3.50. Macarthur 63, Broughton 64, Macarthur 65-67. House Monitor 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 4th. IV 65. 3rd. XV 67. W.O.II. 1968: Land.

ALLERDICE, R. C. Born 15.2.49. Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prize 62. Magazine Committee. 1968: S.U. (Arts/Law).

ANDERSON, M. L. Born 8.12.50. Britten 66-67. S.C. 66. 1968: Industry.

ARMYTAGE, T. P. A. Born 15.11.49. Prep 60-61, Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-65, Hake 66, Dalmas 67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Lance Corporal. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Medicine).

ASHTON, P. J. Born 30.5.49. Prep. 58-61, Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-64, Forrest 65-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Colours, Football. 3rd. XI 66. Corporal. School Operas 62-64. School Junior Debating Team 65. 1968: S.U. (Law).

BAIRD, J. D. Born 31.5.49. Thomas 62-63, Forrest 64, Harris 64-67. School Monitor 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. C.U.O. Twelve Club. 4th. IV 66. 1968: A.N.U. (Arts).

BARGWANNA, S. G. Born 7.8.49. Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-67. School Monitor, 1/67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Corporal. 1968: Macq. U. (Economics).

BARTON, C. J. H. Born 21.9.49. Macarthur 62-63, Broughton 64-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 2nd. IV 4th. XV 66. Guards. W.O.II. Crossed Rifles. 1968: N.E.U. (Rural Science).

BASCHE, P. H. Born 4.8.49. Prep. 59-61, Macarthur 62-67. School Monitor 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Football Colours, Football 66. Captain 2nd. XV 67. 2nd. IV 66. C.U.O. 67. 1968: N.E.U. (Economics).

BEST, S. J. Born 15.9.52. Prep. 64-65, Burkitt 66, Britten 67. Captain of Prep. 65. 1968: School.

~~BAXLAND, J. D. Born 1.3.52. Burkitt 64, Macquarie 65-67. S.C. 67. 1968: School.~~

~~BODY, M. R. C. Born 11.4.54. Prep. 64-66, Waddy 67. 1968: School.~~

- BOWMAN, B. A. Born 20.1.49. Prep. 60-61, O.G.H. 62-63, Forrest 64, Harris 65-67. School Monitor, Captain of Harris, 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. School prize 65. 4th. IV, 3rd. XV, 67. C.U.O., Sports Committee. 1968: Land.
- BOWMAN, G. W. J. Born 24.8.49. O.G.H. 62-63, S.H.B. 64-65, Harris 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Rowing Colours 66, Honour Colours 67, Rowing Committee 67. 1968: Agricultural College.
- BRAINE, M. B. Born 12.10.49. Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 1968: Overseas University.
- ~~BRAINE, R. K. Born 6.3.52. Burkitt 64, Dalmas 65-67. S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 67. 1968: School.~~
- ~~BRAND, S. J. Born 17.1.52. Burkitt 64, Dalmas 65-67. S.C. 67. 1968: School.~~
- BRITTEN, P. B. Born 30.9.49. Prep. 59-61, Britten 62-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 3rd. IV. 3rd. XV. B Shooting Team. Lance Corporal. 1968: Land.
- BROUGHTON, P. Born 15.8.49. Hake 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. Paper to Cartesian Club. 1968: S.U. (Architecture).
- ~~CARR, J. B. Born 26.5.50. Prep. 61-62, O.G.H. 63-64, Baker 65, Harris 66-67. S.C. 66. Treasurer Technical Society 67. 1968: College.~~
- ~~CAVANAGH, C. A. R. Born 9.4.53. Prep. 61-62, O.G.H. 63-66, Forrest 1 and 2 67, Britten 3-67. 1968: School.~~
- CHANCELLOR, J. A. Born 18.6.49. Prep. 59-61, Macarthur 62-67. School Monitor 66-67. Vice-Captain of School 67. House Captain 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Colours, Rowing 66. Captain of Boats 67. Honour Colours, Rowing 67. Honour Cap, Football 67. C.U.O. 66-67. A Company Commander 67. Choir. 1968: Business.
- COBB, J. K. Born 11.2.50. Prep. 60-61, Thomas 62-63, Forrest 64, Broughton 64-65, Hake 65-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Vice-Captain of Tennis. Colours, Tennis and Football. B Team Shooting. 2nd. XI. C.U.O. 1968: Business.
- COGGINS, C. P. Born 28.9.49. Prep. 60-61, O.G.H. 62-63, Baker 64-65, Forrest 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. 3rd. IV. 66. Paper to Twelve Club. 1968: S.U. (Economics).
- CUPPAIDGE, R. M. Born 23.11.49. Baker 65, Hake 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. President Debating Society 66. Paper to Cartesian Club. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Arts).
- CURTIS, J. S. Born 22.2.50. Tudor House 60-62, Broughton 63-65, Hake 65-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Colours, Cricket. 3rd. XV. Corporal. 1968: A.N.U. (Arts/Law).
- DAVEY, B. R. Born 6.7.49. Prep. 61, Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. L.A.C. (ATC) 62-65. Band 65-67. Tyndale Society. N.R.A. Club. Choir. Hymn Tune Composer. 1968: Business and College.
- DAVIS, B. M. E. Born 3.11.48. Macquarie 64-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Arts).
- DAVISON, M. R. Born 2.8.49. Prep. 61, Macarthur 62-64, Broughton 64-67. School Monitor (Captain of Broughton 67). S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. School prize 66. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. Rowing Colours 66. Honour Colours 67. Boat Club Committee 67. Football Colours 66-67. Charles Harrison Honour Cap 67. Football Tours: New Zealand 66, Queensland 67. G.P.S. 1st. XV 67. Athletics Colours 65. C.U.O. 66-67. B Coy Commander 67. School Play 67. Guard Commander Victoria Barracks 66 and Singleton 67. 1968: A.N.U. (Arts/Law).
- DOBELL-BROWN, P. N. Born 7.10.49. Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. L.A.C. (ATC) 3rd. XI 67. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Medicine).
- ~~EDOLS, C. H. Born 19.4.50. Prep. 61-62, O.G.H. 63-64, Forrest 65-67. S.C. 67. Colours Athletics 66. 3rd XI. 1968: Land.~~
- EDWARDS, H. T. Born 30.9.49. Thomas 62-63, Forrest 64, Broughton 64-65, Hake 65-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. 3rd. IV 65, 1st. IV 66. Lance Corporal. Junior Chapel Warden. Treasurer Philatelic Society 63. 1968: S.U. (Economics).
- ~~ELLIOT, H. K. Born 16.10.53. Prep. 63-65. Burkitt 66, Britten 1 and 2 67, Hake 3 67. 1968: School.~~
- ELLIOT, V. R. Born 3.5.50. Tudor House 60-62, Burkitt 63, Britten 64, Broughton 65, Hake 65-66, Dalmas 66-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 1968: College.
- EVANS, J. A. Born 8.7.49. Burkitt 62, Britten 63, Macarthur 64, Harris 64-67. House Monitor 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 2nd XI 65-67. Sergeant. A and B Shooting Teams. 1968: College.
- EVERSHED, J. G. Born 22.4.49. Baker 63-65, Forrest 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. Paper to Cartesian Club. 1968: S.U. (Science).
- FISHER, D. B. Born 6.3.49. Prep. 61, O.G.H. 62-63, Baker 64-67. School Monitor 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Robert Campbell No. 1 Scholarship 61 Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prizes 61 and 66. Colours, Football and Tennis 67. 2nd. XI 65. C.U.O. Adjutant 67. 1968: N.E.U. (Rural Science).
- FISHER, W. G. Born 6.6.50. Prep. 60-61, O.G.H. 62-63 and 66, Harris 64-65 and 67. House Monitor 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. 2nd. XV 67. 3rd. XI 67. Basketball 67. W.O.I.I. Lead Trumpeter in Band. 1968: S.U. (Arts/Law).
- FOSTER, C. J. Born 14.2.49. Prep. 59-61, Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63, Forrest 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 3rd. XI. Archives Society Research. Head House Librarian. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Commerce).
- GAMBRILL, J. Born 5.7.50. Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School Prize 67. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Medicine).

- GLASSON, D. A. R. Born 17.4.49. Tudor House 58-62, Forrest 63-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 1st. IV 67. Vice-Captain of Athletics 67. Colours, Athletics 66-67. Colour Sergeant. St. John's First Aid Certificate 67. 1968: Land.
- GORDON, R. E. K. Born 13.4.49. Prep. 58-61, Macarthur 62-67. House Monitor 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 4th. IV 66. Shooting: Colours 66, Honour Colours and Crown Badge 67. Sergeant 67. 1968: Land.
- ~~GOWER, J. P. Born 14.6.51. Prep. 62-63, Thomas 64-65, Hake 65-67. S.C. 67. 1968: Land.~~
- GREEN, D. W. G. Born 20.10.49. Prep. 60-62, Macarthur 63-64, Harris 64-67. S.C. 66. School prize 62. House Play (Crew). House Committee. N.R.A. Club 64-65. King George V Shoot 65-67. 1968: Land.
- GUDGEON, M. I. Born 2.3.49. Macarthur 62-64, Broughton 64-66, Waddy (Captain) 67. School Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. 1st. XV 67. C.U.O. Drum Major. School Play 67. House Debating Team 66. 1968: S.U. (Arts/Law).
- HACON, P. E. Born 19.5.49. Prep. 60-61, Macarthur 62-67. House Monitor 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 2nd IV 67. 4th XV 67. Sergeant 67. 1968: Land.
- HAMMETT, R. J. Born 21.12.48. Prep. 60-61, Macarthur 62-67. House Monitor 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth Adv. Ed. Scholarship 67. Sergeant 67. Photographic Society 66-67. 4th. IV 67. 1968: S.U. (Engineering).
- HAMMOND, R. M. Born 28.3.50. Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. Papers to Faraday Club. Lance Corporal. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Metallurgy).
- HELM, P. de B. Born 20.4.49. Broughton 64-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 1968: A.N.U. (Economics).
- HENLEY, C. A. Born 20.3.049. Prep. 61, Thomas 62-63, Forrest 64-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Corporal A.T.C. Vice-President of Technical Society. President of Photographic Society. Paper to Faraday Club. Gold Duke of Edinburgh's Award. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Medicine).
- HENLEY, D. T. Born 31.10.49. Forrest 63-66, Waddy 67. House Monitor 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. B Shooting Team 66-67. Senior Cross Country 66. Lance Corporal. 1968: Agricultural College.
- HEWETT, M. J. Born 15.7.49. Broughton 65-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. Captain of Cricket Colours, Cricket 67. Honour Blazer. G.P.S. 2nd. XI 67. 3rd. XV 66-67. Corporal. Broughton House Debating 66-67. 1968: S.U. (Arts/Law).
- HILLS, K. L. Born 10.6.49. Prep. 59-61, Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-67. House Monitor 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Sergeant in A.T.C. Secretary of Chess Club 65. Choir 63. Opera 64. 1968: Pilot's Training.
- ~~HOLCOMBE, H. T. A. Born 13.12.49. Prep. 61-62, O.G.H. 63-64, Harris 65-67. S.C. 66. 1968: Land.~~
- HOLMES, D. C. Born 17.9.49. Burkitt 62, Britten 63-65, Macarthur 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. House Debating. President of Photographic Society 66. Choir. Faraday Club. Sailing Club. Magazine Committee. 1968: S.U. (Economics).
- HONEYMAN, P. T. Born 3.11.49. Broughton 64-65, Hake 65-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. 4th. XV. G.P.S. Debating. Papers to Faraday and Cartesian Clubs. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Medicine).
- HORSLEY, M. R. R. Born 25.6.49. Tudor House 58-61, O.G.H. 62-64, Harris 64-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Robert Campbell Scholarship 63. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prize 67. 1968: S.U. (Science).
- HORSLEY, N. M. Born 31.5.49. Prep. 61, Burkitt 62, Britten 63-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Lance Corporal. 3rd. IV 66 and 67. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Medicine).
- HOWARD, M. D. Born 10.4.49. Prep. 60, Burkitt 62, Britten 63-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Honour Colours, Rowing 67, 3rd XV 67. Lance Corporal in Band. Boxing Prize 61. 1968: Business.
- ~~HUDSON, A. H. Born 13.4.52. Prep. 62-64, Harris 65-67. 1968: Land.~~
- ~~HYLES, A. H. W. Born 14.4.50. Prep. 60-62, O.G.H. 63, Forrest 64-67. S.C. 66. 2nd. IV 66, 2nd. XV 66-67. School Play 67 (Crew). 1968: Agricultural College.~~
- JACKSON, C. G. Born 4.2.49. Tudor House 61-62, Dalmas 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 3rd. XI, L.A.C. (ATC), Geography Society 63-64. Chess Club Committee 66. 1968: Business and College.
- JENNINGS, J. C. H. Born 13.4.49. Tudor House 59-62, Broughton 63-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. Sergeant, Band. 3rd. XV 67. King George V Shooting 64-66. House Debating 66. 1968: S.U. (Agriculture).
- JOHNSON, A. R. G. Born 27.10.48. Macarthur 62-67. House Monitor 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Sergeant 67. School Debating Team 66-67. School Play 66. Producer House Play 67. 1968: A.N.U. (Arts/Law).
- JOHNSON, R. K. Born 21.4.67. Prep. 58-61, Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-65, Harris 66-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Sergeant. School Opera 62. U.16 Swimming Champion 65. Open Swimming Champion 67. 1968: S.U. (Pharmacy).
- JORDAN, R. C. Born 20.1.50. Prep. 59-61, Burkitt 62, Macquarie 63-65, Burkitt 66-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. Sergeant. Papers to Faraday Club. Choir. 1968: S.U. (Arts/Law).

JOSEPH, A. H. P. Born 9.6.49. Prep. 59-61, Burkitt 62, Britten 63-67. School Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. School prize 61. 3rd. XV 66, 2nd. XV 67, 4th. IV 67. C.U.O. Geography Society. Choir. 1968: N.E.U. (Ag. Economics).

KABLE, R. G. Born 27.2.50. Broughton 65, Hake 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 3rd. XV. W.O.II. 1968: S.U. (Arts/Law)

KIRKBY, R. J. Born 9.11.49. Prep. 61, Macarthur 62-64, Broughton 64-67. School Monitor, Captain of Dalmas 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. Honour Colours, Rowing 67. Colours, Shooting 66-67. 3rd. XV. C.U.O. Guard 64. Crossed Rifles 65-66. House Debating. Earl Roberts B Team 66-67. 1968: N.E.U. (Ag. Economics).

KYLE, G. B. Born 28.8.49. Prep. 60-61, Burkitt 62, Britten 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Flying Squad. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Arts).

LAMB, M. L. Born 18.4.50. O.G.H. 62-63, Harris 64-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. Sergeant. House Debating 65-67. School A Debating 66-67. President Debating Society 66. School Plays 66-67. Choir 62-64. Magazine Committee 66-67. Secretary Twelve Club 67. Geography Society 67. History Librarian 66-67. Pamphleteer 67. Cartesian Club 66, 1968: A.N.U. (Arts).

LLOYD, A. L. Born 24.9.49. Prep. 59-61, Burkitt 62, Britten 63-64, Forrest 65, O.G.H. 66, Waddy 67. House Monitor 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Sergeant. 4th. XV 66-67. (Vice-Captain). 1968: N.S.W.U. (Arts).

LOGAN, R. A. Born 29.1.49. Thomas 62, Baker 63-67. House Monitor 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prizes 62-63, 65, 66. Vice-Captain Shooting. Colours Shooting (Redate) and Star Badge 67. C.U.O. Senior Chapel Warden (old school). 1968: N.E.U. (Ag. Economics).

LOWE, R. B. Born 27.6.49. Burkitt 62, Macquarie 62-66, Broughton 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. B Shooting Team. Lance Corporal. 1968: Accountancy Training.

MACFARLANE, W. J. A. Born 24.1.50. Prep. 61, O.G.H. 62-64, Harris 64-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. School prizes 62 and 64. School Play (Crew). Papers to Faraday Club. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Electrical Engineering).

McKAY, A. C. Born 14.10.49. Prep. 59-61, Burkitt 62, Macquarie 63-67. S.C. 65. 1968: Business.
MacKAY, R. C. Born 5.5.49. Prep. 60-61, O.G.H. 62-63, Macarthur 1/64, Broughton 2/64-66, Waddy 67. School Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 2nd. XV. C.U.O. 1968: N.E.U. (Ag. Economics).

McMASTER, L. J. Born 24.4.49. Thomas 62-63, Baker 64-65, Hake 65-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 4th. XV. Basketball. Corporal. 1968: Business.

~~McMILLAN, D. C. Born 23.11.51. Prep. 62, O.G.H. 64-65, Forrest 66-67. O.G.H. Junior Monitor 65. S.C. 67. Athletic Team 67. Opera 64. 1968: Agricultural College.~~

MARSDEN, A. H. Born 1.5.49. Burkitt 62, Britten 63-67. School Monitor. Intermediate 63. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Captain of Swimming 67. 3rd. XI 66-67. 2nd. XV 66, 3rd. XV 67. C.U.O. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Medicine).

MARSH, D. S. Born 16.3.49. Tudor House 59-62 (Captain 62), Forrest 63-67. School Monitor 66-67. Captain of Burkitt 66 and Forrest 67. Captain of School 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. John Dallas Futter Scholarship 67. Burkitt Shield 67. Football Colours 66-67. Vice-Captain of Football 67. Brabazon Honour Cup 67. Vice-Captain of Rowing 67. C.U.O. D Coy Commander. School Plays 66-67. Secretary of Sports Committee 67. Paper to Twelve Club. 1968: Land.

MERRICK, G. W. Born 2.7.49. Burkitt 62, Britten 63-65, Burkitt 66-67. School Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. School prize 64. C.U.O. A.T.C. Assistant Leader Tyndale Society. Choir. 1968: Business.

MEYER, B. A. Born 19.6.48. Tudor House 60-62, Broughton 63-65 and 67, Dalmas 66. House Monitor Dalmas 66. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 1968: N.E.U. (Economics).

MINTER, A. C. Born 12.3.50. O.G.H. 62-63, Baker 64-65, Hake 65-67. House Monitor. Vice-Captain Hake 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Adv. Ed. Scholarship 67. 2nd. XV. Colin Friend Cup for Swimming. Corporal. 1968: S.U. (Arts/Law).

MITCHELL, D. F. Born 3.1.50. Burkitt 62, Macquarie 63-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. L.A.C., A.T.C. Choir 66. 1968: College.

MOORE, J. C. Born 15.3.49. Prep. 61, Burkitt 62, Dalmas 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. School prizes 61 and 63. L.A.C. (A.T.C.). Orchestra. Choir. 1968: Mackie Teachers' College (Music).

MORTON, A. R. A. Born 5.2.49. Prep. 58-61, O.G.H. 62-63, Harris 64-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Wentworth Bucknell Scholarship 66. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prizes 62, 67. Canon Wallace Mort Prize (prox. acc.) 67. Corporal. G.P.S. B Debating 66-67, House Debating 65 and 67. Chapel Warden 64-65. Choir 62-64 and 67. Magazine Committee 66. Secretary of Faraday Club 66-67. Tyndale Society. Twelve Club. Cartesian Club. 1968: S.U. (Medicine).

- MORTON, R. J. S. Born 15.2.51. O.G.H. 63, Forrest 64-67. S.C. 66. School Play (Crew) 67. 1968: Agricultural College.
- MUNRO, A. F. Born 7.3.49. Prep. 60-61, O.G.H. 62-63, Broughton 64-66, Waddy 67. House Monitor, S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Captain of Shooting 67. Colours, Shooting 65-67. Sergeant. 1968: Land.
- MURRAY, A. V. C. Born 30.8.49. Prep. 61-62, Junior Macarthur 63-64, Broughton 64, Macarthur 65-67. S.C. 66. Colours, Football 67. Sergeant 67. 1968: Agricultural College.
- NEKVAPIL, M. F. Born 19.11.49. Tudor House 59-62, Baker 63-65, Hake 66-67. Captain of Hake. School Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Captain of Tennis. Vice-Captain of Athletics. Colours, Tennis and Athletics. 3rd. XI, 3rd. XV. A. B. Kenrick Trophies for Discus, Javelin. C.U.O. 1968: A.N.U. (Forestry).
- NEWSOM, D. B. Born 19.12.49. Burditt 62, Britten 63-66, Macarthur 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Speedboat Coxswain 67. Winner of 65 Sailing Regatta. 1968: Business and College.
- NICHOLAS, R. R. Born 30.7.49. Forrest 3/66-67. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prizes 66-67. School Play 67. School B Debating 67. Magazine Committee. Paper to Twelve Club. Pamphleteer. 1968: S.U. (Arts/Law).
- NICHOLLS, G. G. Born 7.8.50. Burditt 63, Britten 64, Broughton 65-67. S.C. 66.
- NORTON-KNIGHT, G. Born 7.12.50. Tudor House 60-63, Broughton 64-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Guard 67. Lance Corporal. 1968: College.
- ONUS, T. C. Born 25.2.49. Prep. 61-62, Thomas 63-65, Hake 65-67. S.C. 66. Staff Sergeant. 1968: Land.
- OWEN-SCHWIND, H. D. Born 7.8.49. Tudor House 60-62, Broughton 63-66, Dalmas 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. W.O.II. Band. 1968: College.
- PALMER, A. J. Born 30.8.49. Prep. 60-61, Burditt 62, Britten 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Lance Corporal. Choir. 1968: Business.
- PALMER, J. C. Born 12.12.50. Prep. 62, Burditt 63, Britten 64-67. S.C. 66. 1968: School.
- PATON, K. B. Born 27.9.49. Macarthur 66-67. S.C. 66. Woodwork prize 67. 1968: Land.
- PATON, T. F. Born 27.9.49. Macarthur 66-67. S.C. 66. Sports Store Yeoman 67. 1968: Land.
- PAYNE, D. C. Born 10.9.49. Broughton 65-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth University Scholarship. 3rd. XV, 3rd. XI. Corporal. 1968: A.N.U. (Economics).
- PEAKE, J. B. Born 16.12.49. Prep. 61, Baker 62-63, Dalmas 64-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Football Colours and Honour Cap 67. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Arts).
- POATE, H. R. V. Born 6.4.49. Broughton 65-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Captain B Shooting Team 66. A Shooting Team 67, Colours and Star, Combined G.P.S. Team, Earl Roberts Team. Sergeant. 1968: N.E.U. (Ag. Economics).
- PRESCOTT, D. A. W. Born 10.3.49. Tudor House 57-62, Forrest 63-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. 2nd. XV 67. Corporal. School Play 63. Stage Manager 66-67. School Opera 63. Papers to Faraday Club 66, Cartesian Club 66, Twelve Club 67. 1968: S.U. (Engineering).
- PRYDE, P. C. Born 20.5.50. Burditt 62, Macquarie 63-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Colours, Cricket 67. 1968: Land.
- RABJOHNS, W. O. Born 17.11.48. Tudor House 60-62, Broughton 63-64, Hake 65-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 3rd. XI. C.U.O. School Play 66. 1968: Land.
- REYNOLDS, A. F. Born 5.12.49. Prep. 59-61, Macarthur 62-67. House Monitor 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Honour Colours, Rowing 67. Vice-Captain 3rd. XV. C.U.O. Weapons' Officer 67. 1968: N.E.U. (Rural Science).
- ROBINSON, P. M. W. Born 5.1.50. Prep. 60-61, O.G.H. 62-64, Harris 64-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Burton A Scholarship 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prizes 63-67. Canon Wallace Mort Prize 67. House Championship Basketball 67. 3rd. XI, 4th. XV. House Debating 65 and 67. School A Debating 66-67. Combined G.P.S. Debating 66. Magazine Committee 66. Papers to Faraday, Twelve and Cartesian Clubs. 1968: S.U. (Arts).
- ROSE, M. H. Born 1.4.49. Thomas 63, Broughton 64-67. Vice-Captain Dalmas 67. School Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Colours, Rowing, Football, Colours 65-67, Captain 67, N.Z. and Queensland Tours, Honour Colours 67, G.P.S. Reserve 67. C.U.O. King George V 64-66. Athletics Squad 64-67. 1968: Business.
- RYRIE, A. R. Born 6.10.50. Forrest 64-67. S.C. 67. 1968: Agricultural College.
- SHUMACK, E. J. Born 28.8.49. Thomas 62-63, Baker 64-65, Harris 66, Baker 67, School Monitor 67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Alan Mitchell Prize 67. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. 2nd. XV. C.U.O. 4 Guards. 1968: S.U. (Medicine).
- SIMMONS, D. B. Born 25.3.49. Prep. 59-61, Thomas 62-63, Broughton 64-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. School prize 61. Honour Colours, Rowing 67. 4th. XV. Operas 62-64. Head Chapel Warden 66. Choir 62-63, 67. 1968: Business.

- ~~SMITH, M. F. Born 9.9.50. Broughton 65-67. S.C. 66. School prize 65. Photographic Society 1968: School (England).~~
- SPEYER, C. H. Born 15.10.49. Tudor House 59-62, Macarthur 63, Harris 64-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prize 66-67. School Play 66 (Crew), School Play 67. Faraday Club 66-67. Sailing Club 65-67. 1968: S.U. (Arts).
- STEVENS, W. J. Born 12.5.49. Prep. 60-61, Burkitt 62, Macquarie 63-67. School Monitor. House Captain. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Neville Body Sports Prize 67. Colours, Cricket 65-67, Athletics 67. Combined G.P.S. 2nd. XI 66, 1st. XI 67. W.O.II. 1968: College.
- ~~STODULKA, T. B. Born 11.3.51. Prep. 60-63. Burkitt 64, Britten 65-67. School prize 64. S.C. 67. Librarian, Orchestra, Choir 64 and 65. 1968: School.~~
- THROSBY, T. Z. Born 7.9.49. Tudor House 57-62, Baker 63-65, Macarthur 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Drawings in Magazine. 1968: Newcastle University.
- TONNER, R. C. Born 12.5.49. Prep. 59-61, Burkitt 62, Macquarie 63-65, Burkitt 66-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Adv. Ed. Scholarship 67. School prize 62. 3rd. XI. Corporal. Secretary Chess Society. 1968: S.U. (Law).
- VINCENT, T. C. Born 28.8.49. Prep. 60-61, Burkitt 62, Macquarie 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. 1968: N.E.U. (Economics).
- WALTERS, D. A. W. Born 12.11.49. Tudor House 61-62, Baker 63 and 65, Macquarie 64, Forrest 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prize 66. Papers to Cartesian Club and Twelve Club. Lance Corporal. 1968: A.N.U. (Arts).
- WARNER, D. S. Born 26.10.49. O.G.H. 63, Baker 64-65, Harris 66, Waddy 67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Adv. Ed. Scholarship 67. Open Javelin Champion. Lance Corporal. 1968: N.E.U. (Science).
- WATERHOUSE, P. L. Born 6.12.49. Prep. 59-61, O.G.H. 62-63, Baker 64-67. House Monitor 66-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. School prize 61. Captain of Athletics 67. Athletics Colours, 66-67. 2nd. XV 65-67, 2nd. XI 65-66. Sergeant. President of Technical Society 66-67. Plastic Embedding Club 67. G.P.S. Open Long Jump Champion 66 and 3rd. 67. Beaumont Cup 61. 1968: S.U. (Chemical Engineering).
- WATSON, A. K. Born 18.12.49. Prep. 59-61 Burkitt 62, Macquarie 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship. Commonwealth University Scholarship. Orme Prizes 66-67 (all three in 67). 1968: Macq. U. (Arts).
- ~~WATSON, S. C. Born 13.3.54. Prep. 63-65. Burkitt 66, Britten 67. 1968: School.~~
- WATT, G. C. Born 19.9.49. Thomas 62-63, Forrest 64, Broughton 64-65, Hake 65-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Violet Macansh Scholarship 62. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prizes 62-63 and 67. 4th. XV, 3rd. XI. Sergeant. School B Debating Team. Debating Committee 66. Paper to Cartesian Club. 1968: S.U. (Medicine).
- WILLCOCKS, G. C. Born 8.10.48. Thomas 62-63, Forrest 64-66, Waddy 67. School Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Commonwealth Adv. Ed. Scholarship 67. Colours, Cricket 65-66 and Shooting 65-67. 3rd. XV. C.U.O. 1968: N.E.U. (Rural Science).
- WILLCOCKS, R. M. Born 8.10.48. Thomas 62-63, Forrest 64-67. School Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth University Scholarship 67. School prize 67. Vice-Captain of Cricket. Colours, Cricket and Football. Honour coat, Cricket 66-67. W.O.II. Papers to Twelve Club. Cartesian Club. Magazine Sub-Editor 67. 1968: A.N.U. (Arts/Law).
- ~~WILLSALLEN, P. H. Born 21.6.50. Tudor House 64-63, Baker 64-65, Macarthur 66-67. S.C. 66. Citizenship Prize 66. Chapel Warden 64-67. Head Chapel Warden 67. Technical Society 64-65. Secretary Photographic Society 66. Secretary Tyndale Society 67. School Play (Crew) 67. Choir 67. 1968: Business Training.~~
- WILSON, M. C. Born 6.4.49. Broughton 64-67. House Monitor. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship 65. Honour Colours, Rowing. 2nd. XV Athletics Squad. W.O.II. Guards. 1968: U. Q'ld. (Vet. Science).
- ~~WINDER, P. H. Born 21.5.53. Burkitt 65, Britten 66-67. 1968: School.~~
- ~~WOOD, P. W. J. Born 29.3.52. Prep. 63-64, Burkitt 65, Dalmas 66-67. 1968: School (Philippines).~~
- YOUNG, G. B. Born 13.8.49. Prep. 59-61, Burkitt 62, Macquarie 63-67. S.C. 65. H.S.C. 67. Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship. School orchestra. Library Monitor. 1968: N.S.W.U. (Electrical Engineering).
- ~~AMORY, J. M. Born 29.10.50. Thomas 63-2/68, Hake 3/65-66, Harris 67. March 68. Britten March 68.~~
- ~~BEVERLEY, H. M. Born 26.1.51. Broughton 65-67.~~
- CALDWELL, R. H. D. Born 29.11.49. Prep. 61, O.G.H. 62-63. Broughton 64-2/67. S.C. 65.
- ~~COOK, N. H. K. Born 19.11.50. Tudor House, Baker 64-65, Harris 66. March 68. S.C. 66. School Debating.~~
- ~~PARKER, J. M. Born 24.5.51. Forrest 66. February 68.~~

The following is a list of those who did not leave with the rest of us in 1967, excluding those who left prior to 1964:

1968: Jeremy White and Chris Wild.

1966: J R (Ross) Alison, Andy Bligh, James Burns, A F (Tony) Emery, Gordon Evans, Stephen Friend, Jock Granger, Andrew Heath, Bruce Higgs, Christopher Hudson, John Lord, David Middleton, S R (Kym) Monkton and Robert Pearce.

1965: Chris Avery, Ken Baldry, David Bath, Daniel Brown, Chris Burn, Peter Clinch, Bruce Cox, David Garnock, Clark Goodwin, Andrew Hall, John Healey, Chris Hood; Chris Leu, Robbi Luscombe-Newman, Wesley Steele, Jeff Thatcher, David Van Nooten and Peter Wilson.

1964: Stephen Aitcheson, Rod Clinch, Ian Hemphill and Garry Redman.

The New School

by Keith Asboe

In 1936 Herbert Denys Hake brought a cricket team of English schoolboys to Australia. They visited The King's School and later Mr Hake wrote in his diary, 'This school will never progress until it moves to a new site.' Three years later he was appointed its Headmaster.

TKS struggled throughout the years of the Second World War, but on its conclusion in 1945 negotiations for a new site began. After some delays and reversals, suitable land belonging to the Presbyterian Burnside Homes became available. The Preparatory School began teaching in 1955 using the former home of Sir James Burns.

The first days in 1962 saw teaching on the new site of the Senior School while the boarders remained in their existing Boarding Houses in Parramatta. Gradually more buildings and facilities emerged and when the '67ers arrived the School functioned well. To have been there either as students or as members of the staff was a challenging and exciting experience. I salute the boys attending The King's School during the 'sixties for their forbearance, good humour and for the contribution they made to the eventful and long-lasting development of this historic School.



Higher School Certificate

This is a reprint of the results in the May 1968 edition of The King's School Magazine:

Higher School Certificate 1967

Below are the results of the 1967 Higher School Certificate examination, the first such examination to be set under the new (Wyndham Scheme) six-year secondary course. A certificate is awarded to a candidate passing one subject or more (provided he has sat for examination in at least five subjects); of the 106 School candidates, 105 received a Higher School Certificate on this basis. Matriculation requirements vary, university to university.

A subject can be entered at one of three levels, and passed at that, or a lower level, indicated by 1, 2 or 3, following the subject number. Mathematics and Science are offered in full and in short courses. A first level pass (1) is obtainable only in the full course, and a third level pass (3) is obtainable only in the short course. The letters 'f' and 's' indicate in which course a second level pass has been obtained. If Maths, and Science are passed in the full courses, they count together as three subjects.

Key to subjects: 1 English, 2 Mathematics, 3 Science, 4 Modern History, 5 Ancient History, 6 Geography, 7 Economics, 8 French, 9 Latin, 10 Music (A.M.E.B.), 11 Agriculture.

* indicates the award of a Commonwealth University Scholarship.

† indicates the award of a Commonwealth Advanced Education Scholarship.

*J. H. Alexander 1-1 2-2f 3-1 8-2	P. E. Hacon 1-3 2-3 3-3 6-3 7-3
*A. S. Alison 1-2 2-2s 3-2s 4-2 6-1 7-1	†R. J. Hammett 1-2 2-2f 3-2f 4-1
J. G. Alison 1-2 2-2s 3-3 4-3 7-3	*R. M. Hammond 1-1 2-1 3-1 8-2
*R. C. Allerdice 1-1 2-2f 3-2f 8-2	P. de B. Helm 1-3 2-3 3-2s 4-2 6-2 7-2
T. P. A. Armytage 1-1 2-2f 3-2s 8-2	C. A. Henley 1-3 2-2f 3-2f 8-2
P. J. Ashton 1-2 2-2s 3-2s 4-2 5-2 6-2	D. T. Henley 1-3 2-3 3-2s 4-3 6-3 7-2
J. D. Baird 1-3 2-2s 5-2 6-2 8-2	*M. J. Hewett 1-2 2-2s 5-1 6-1 8-2 9-2
S. G. Bargwanna 1-2 2-3 4-2 5-2 6-2 8-3	K. L. Hills 1-3 2-2f 3-2f 5-2
C. J. Barton 1-3 2-2s 3-2s 4-3 7-3	D. C. Holmes 1-2 2-2f 3-2f 6-2
P. H. Basche 1-3 2-3 4-2 5-3 6-2 7-3	P. T. Honeyman 1-2 2-2f 3-2f 8-2
B. A. Bowman 1-3 2-2s 3-3 4-3 6-3 7-3	*M. R. R. Horsley 1-2 2-1 3-1 8-2
G. W. Bowman 1-3 2-3 3-3 4-3 6-3 7-3	N. M. Horsley 1-2 2-2f 3-2s 8-2 9-2
M. Braine 1-1 3-3 4-2 5-3 6-2	M. D. Howard 1-3 2-3 3-3 4-3 7-3
P. B. Britten 3-3	C. G. Jackson 1-3 2-2f 4-3 5-3
*P. Broughton 1-1 2-2f 3-1 4-2	*J. C. Jennings 1-2 2-2s 3-2s 4-2 5-2 6-1
J. A. Chancellor 1-3 3-3 7-3	A. R. G. Johnson 1-2 2-3 3-2s 4-1 6-1 7-1
J. K. Cobb 1-2 2-3 4-2 5-2 6-2	R. K. Johnson 1-2 2-2f 3-2f 4-2
*C. P. Coggins 1-2 2-2s 4-2 6-2 7-1	*R. C. Jordan 1-1 2-2f 3-2f 8-2
R. M. Cuppaidge 1-2 2-2f 3-2f 5-2	A. H. P. Joseph 1-3 2-2f 3-2f 4-3 6-1
J. S. Curtis 1-2 2-3 4-1 5-1 8-3	R. G. Kable 1-2 2-2f 3-2f 8-2
B. R. Davey 1-2 2-2s 3-3 8-3	*R. J. Kirkby 1-2 2-3 3-2s 4-2 6-1 7-1
B. M. Davis 1-1 2-3 3-3 4-2 5-2 8-3	G. B. Kyle 1-3 2-3 3-2s 4-2 7-3 8-2
*M. R. Davison 1-2 2-3 3-2s 4-1 6-2 7-1	*M. L. Lamb 1-1 2-2s 4-1 6-2 7-1
P. N. Dobell-Brown 1-3 2-2f 3-2f 4-2 8-2	A. L. Lloyd 1-2 2-2s 3-3 4-3 6-2
*H. T. Edwards 1-2 3-2s 4-2 7-1 8-2	*R. A. Logan 1-2 2-2s 3-2s 6-1 7-1
V. R. Elliot 1-3 2-3 3-2s 4-3 6-2	R. B. Lowe 1-2 3-3 4-2 5-2 6-2
J. A. Evans 1-3 2-3 4-3 6-3 7-3	W. J. Macfarlane 1-3 2-2f 3-2f
*J. G. Evershed 1-2 2-1 3-1 4-3	R. C. Mackay 1-2 2-2s 3-2s 4-2 7-2
*D. B. Fisher 1-2 2-2f 3-2f 6-1	A. H. Marsden 1-2 2-2f 3-2f 8-2 9-3
*W. G. Fisher 1-2 2-2s 4-2 5-2 6-2	D. S. Marsh 1-2 2-2s 3-2s 4-2 5-2
C. J. Foster 1-2 2-3 3-3 4-2 5-2 7-2	L. J. McMaster 1-3 2-3 4-2 6-2 7-3
*J. Gambrill 1-2 2-1 3-2f 4-2	G. W. Merrick 1-3 2-3 3-2s 4-3 7-3 8-3
D. A. R. Glasson 1-3 2-3 4-3 7-3	B. A. Meyer 1-3 2-3 3-3 4-2 5-2 7-2
R. E. K. Gordon 1-3 2-3 3-3 4-2 6-2 7-2	†A. C. Minter 1-2 2-3 4-2 5-2 6-1
*M. I. Gudgeon 1-2 2-2s 3-2s 4-1 5-1 6-2	D. F. Mitchell 1-3 2-2s 3-2s 4-2 5-2

J. C. Moore 1-3 2-3 4-2 5-3 6-3 10-1
 *A. R. A. Morton 1-1 2-1 3-1 9-1
 A. F. Munro 1-3 2-3 3-2s 4-2 6-3 7-3
 M. F. Nekkavil 1-2 2-2s 3-2s 4-2 5-2
 D. B. Newsom 1-3 2-3 4-3 5-3
 *R. R. Nicholas 1-1 2-2s 4-2 7-1 8-2
 H. D. Owen-Schwind 1-3 4-3
 A. J. Palmer 1-3 2-3
 °D. C. Payne 1-2 2-2s 3-2s 4-2 6-1 7-2
 J. B. Peake 1-2 3-3 4-2 5-1
 H. R. Poate 1-3 2-3 3-3 4-3 6-2 7-2 11-2
 °D. A. W. Prescott 1-1 2-2f 3-1 4-1
 P. C. Pryde 1-3 2-2f 3-3 4-3 8-2
 W. O. Rabjohns 1-3 2-3 3-2s 6-2 7-3
 A. F. Reynolds 1-3 2-3 3-3 4-2 6-2 7-2
 °P. M. W. Robinson 1-1 2-1 3-2f 9-1
 M. H. Rose 1-3 2-3 4-2 5-2 6-2 7-3
 °E. J. Shumack 1-2 2-1 3-1 8-2

D. B. Simmons 1-3 2-3 3-3 7-3
 °C. H. Speyer 1-1 2-2f 3-2f 6-2
 W. J. Stevens 1-3 2-3 3-3 4-3 5-3
 T. Z. Throsby 1-2 2-3 3-3 4-2 5-3 6-2
 †R. C. Tonner 1-2 2-2s 3-2s 4-1 6-3
 T. C. Vincent 1-3 2-2s 3-3 4-3 5-2 7-3
 *D. A. W. Walters 1-1 2-2s 3-2s 4-1 8-2
 †D. S. Warner 1-2 2-2f 3-2f 4-2 6-1
 P. L. Waterhouse 1-3 2-2f 3-2f 9-2
 °A. K. Watson 1-1 2-3 4-1 5-1 6-2
 *G. C. Watt 1-1 2-2f 3-1 8-2
 J. N. White 1-3 2-3
 C. A. G. Wild 2-2s 3-2s 6-3 7-3
 †G. C. Willcocks 1-2 2-2f 3-2f 4-1 8-3
 *R. M. Willcocks 1-2 2-3 4-1 5-2 6-1 7-3
 M. C. Wilson 1-2, 2-2f 3-2f 4-2 5-2
 G. B. Young 1-3 2-2f 3-2f 4-3 8-3

A list was published of those who had shown "meritorious performance in the attainment of passes at first level." The following School names appeared: P. M. W. Robinson—2nd in Latin, 27th aeq. in Maths. and 46th aeq. in English; A. R. A. Morton—20th aeq. in Latin; R. M. Hammond—35th aeq. in Maths.; A. K. Watson—22nd aeq. in Ancient History and 86th aeq. in Modern History; J. S. Curtis—22nd aeq. in Ancient History; A. R. G. Johnson—45th aeq. in Geography; R. M. Willcocks—84th aeq. in Geography; M. R. Davison—18th aeq. in Economics; R. J. Kirkby—80th aeq. in Economics.

Uniforms Explained

Part of the job of the Editorial Committee has been to identify photos, and in particular those who are in them. This photo was sent to Basil and David Fisher, in the hope of establishing those who can be seen in the photo of the 1964 Ceremonial Parade – the third one along looks very like a youthful and thin D Fisher. But David thought that without some DNA evidence, he could make up some names, but that's the best he could do. (There is also some conjecture that the second person along is Jim Gunn from the year behind us.) Basil's response was: 'I guess that the purpose of the uniform is to display solidarity and commonality, removing individual characteristics – so it's worked!'



Deaths

The following members of our year have died – the CVs are from *The King's School Register*:

ALEXANDER John Howard 8002 (1962–67) LJ Alexander Engineer Epping; Bur, Bri, Hm. Cdt. Medical Practitioner. Died 15/3/1978.

John died after falling down a crevasse while trekking on a glacier in New Zealand.



BROUGHTON Phillip 8628 (1966–67) A Broughton * Dental Surgeon Tumut; Hake, Cdt. Architect. Died 1/1/1995.

Phil died after a long illness.



DAVEY Bruce Ronald 7878 (1961–67) RS Davey Builder Blacktown; Prep, Bur, Dal, Cdt. ATC. FTCL. LTCL. ATCL. 1973 Music Teacher 1981 TKS Prep Head of Music. 1982 Principal Music Studio. KSM Dec 1999. KSM Dec 2000. Died 17/8/1999.

Bruce had a massive heart attack while mowing the lawn at home.



ELLIOT Victor Roderick 8183 (1963–67) DCH Elliot * Solicitor Murwillumbah; Tudor, Bur, Bro, Hake, Dal, Hm. Cdt. M I R Medical Radiographer and Grazier. Died 20/5/2000.

Newspapers reported that Vic, the Senior Radiographer at Tweed Heads Hospital, was shot dead by gunmen who bungled a robbery.



HALL Andrew Vernon 8048 (1962–65) FVM Hall * Grazier Pulletpop via Wagga; Thom, For, Har, Cdt. Diesel Fuel Injection Specialist and Company Director. Died 21/8/2002.



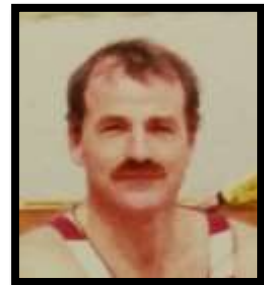
HARLEY Bruce Francis 8054 (1962–65) GF Harley Architect Baulkham Hills; Bur, Dal, Cdt. Died 1/7/1994.

HORNE David Anthony Ife 7598 (1959–66) JI Horne School Master TKS Parramatta; Prep, Bri, Jnr Mac, Mac, Cdt. Violet Macansh Scholarship 1962, Photographer and Writer. Died 1/1/1984.



JOSEPH Andrew Henry Prentice 7610 (1959– 67) MR Joseph Medical Practitioner West Pennant Hills; Prep, Bri, Bur, Sm. HC. Hm. CUO. Commodity Broker. Died 22/5/2005.

Basil and Andrew had sculled to Roseville Bridge and returned to Mosman Rowing Club at the Spit when Andrew collapsed. Three of the rowers who had been rowing applied CPR for half an hour after he went into a coma. Paramedics arrived and took him to RNSH where he had bypass surgery. He remained in a coma on life support for ten days but didn't recover.



KABLE Ross Guy 8515 (1965–67) DG Kable * Electrical and Mechanical Engineer Bega; Bro, Hake, WO.II. BA LLB SydU. Solicitor. KSM June 1987. Died 2/1/1986.

Ross died as the result of a brain tumour.



LLOYD Angus Laurence 7614 (1959–67) SB Lloyd * Company Officer Castle Hill; Prep, Bri, For, Wad, Hm. Sgt. Special Education Consultant Toronto Canada. Died 13/1/2003.



MAKIM Malcolm Norman 7941 (1961–65) NJ & M Makim Grazier North Star; Prep, Jnr Mac, Bro, Cdt. Grazier. Died 23/5/2005.



MCKAY Carl Adrian 7619 (1959–67) GR McKay Company Director Carlingford; Prep, Bur, Macq, Cdt. Equipment Operator. Adrian McKay Memorial Prize for Grade Five Handicraft at the Preparatory School endowed by his parents. Died 13/4/1973.



MITCHELL David Frederick 8090 (1962–67) JF Mitchell Medical Practitioner Blacktown; Bur, Macq, Hm. Cdt. LAC. ATC. Sales Consultant. Died 9/6/2017.

David died after a long illness.



MOORE John Charles 7945 (1961–67) AC & SC Moore Engineer Dundas; Prep, Bur, Dal, Cdt. K.G. Mazoudier Prize 1961, Dip. Music Ed., L.T.C.L., M.I.M.T.; Head Teacher, Dept. of Education. Died 30/11/1998.

OWEN-SCHWIND Dennis Herbert 8244 (1963– 67) B Owen-Schwind Transport Supervisor Sumatra; Tudor, Bro, Dal, WO.II. Insurance Manager. Died 14/7/2017.

Bert's illness was detected in May 2016 and he succumbed to complications associated with bowel cancer that spread to other areas. He battled the disease for many of the last few months and weeks, but was comfortable and accepting of the inevitable. He was a good man and a friend to many of us for nearly 60 years.



House Reports

Baker House

by David Fisher

Baker House was named after the Rev E M Baker (Headmaster 1919 to 1932). Post war, it was a time of ‘muscular Christianity’ where boys were encouraged to play hard and study hard and no one exemplified this more than Rev EM Baker. For some, this was a ‘golden era’ where once again the School reigned supreme on the sporting field, boarding numbers doubled and the Chapel was extended as a memorial to all those who paid the ultimate sacrifice during the war.

So how did Baker House fare in 1966/67 with these lofty goals to live up to?

Baker and Forrest House (the latter renamed Waddy) had the unusual experience of lodging at the Old School and taking a bus each day to the New School for classes and sport. Both were junior houses (Years 7 and 8) with a sprinkling of monitors to manage the creche. There was some 80 juniors and seniors boarding in Baker at the time. Monitors in 1967 were Jock Shumack, Peter Waterhouse, Rod Logan Ned Manning, Chris Wild, R Bell and David Fisher.

The Baker Housemaster, ‘Godsie’ McConnell, was an old timer at the School and was very much a hands-off house master. He did have an assistant master and, as I recall, at least one or two masters using the house for accommodation. At least one, Mr Mortimer, was not a fan of the availability of corporal punishment in use by monitors. He would be seen lurking around the corridors when the sand shoe was in operation collecting evidence for his cause. Based on today’s standards he was ahead of his time, but did cause some waves at that time!

One benefit for us seniors living at the Old School, was the access to the services offered by Parramatta CBD. I do recall Charlie Mackay and several of us knowing the route to the Woolpack Hotel. Another



benefit of the Old School location (and minimal supervision of the seniors) meant that several of us were able to purchase an old sky-blue Zephyr 6 and have it garaged at a nearby apartment block. The vehicle was taken out on several outings including the 1967 GPS athletics carnival in the city. Upon the return journey (driving down Pennant Hills Road) the Headmaster’s wife, Mrs Kurrle, drove up alongside the Zephyr. In the wink of an eye, the driver and passengers slid down below window level leaving only a pair of hands visible on the steering

wheel. It is not known to this day whether Mrs Kurrle observed the farce and chose not to inform the headmaster, or our clever camouflage had worked.



Baker House in 1967

Many of the Baker House year 7 and 8 boarders have gone on to make a significant contribution in a wide range of fields. The house monitors would like to think that (for most) their 'Baker time' was both enjoyable and a memorable part of their school experience.

Britten House

by Pip Britten

Towards the end of a Burkitt House meeting in 1962, the Housemaster, Brian Downey, announced a new senior day boy house was to be formed called Britten House, so it only seemed fitting I should be the first boy selected for that house. Brian Downey was to be the Housemaster.

There was a friendly atmosphere at our weekly meetings held at lunch time on Thursdays as I remember Rod Hudson was our first captain and one of my first memories was a 'house test' of our general knowledge of school, school captain, vice-captain, members of The Eight, captain of cricket, etc. Many boys failed and had to sit a similar test the following week. That is my only real memory of six years of weekly meetings.



Intra-school competitions were between houses. Britten House seldom excelled and we appreciated athletes such as Cam Henderson and John Healy and others I cannot remember.

It seemed a happy house and provided a bond between members.



Britten House in 1967

Broughton House

by Basil Simmons

The knowledge tests in the first week of each school year, when we were required to recite School and House Monitors, School motto and other details important to survive day-to-day life in the School, didn't cover the history of Broughton House. Therefore, 50 years on, it has been interesting researching this topic.



The name Broughton brings with it a rich history. You may not be aware that Bishop William Grant Broughton was educated in England at The King's School, Canterbury and had a great interest in education. He was instrumental in establishing The King's School in Sydney for sons of the wealthy.

In our time, we have seen Broughton House evolve from the old mansion in Thomas Street, Parramatta to School House Broughton at the Old School, to the new Broughton House at Gowan Brae. More recently it has been recreated as Broughton Forrest House.

Old Broughton



I imagine that the old Broughton House that many of us experienced in 1964 would have been unchanged for decades. Wayne Rabjohns reminds us 'the house could have fitted perfectly into a horror movie with peeling paint, unsafe verandas and cracked windows which hadn't been cleaned for years.' The Housemaster, Jack Horne, fitted the picture perfectly with 'receding hairline and sallow complexion. His tan shoes had never received a polish as the toes were completely white, partly covered by

ill-fitting tan corduroy pants.' Accommodation was Spartan with most beds situated on the balconies – cold in bed during winter, while looking at the flames coming out of the chimneystacks at the Clyde petroleum refinery. As a senior house, we were the youngest boys and received more than our fair share of bullying. Quite Dickensian in character. Peter Helm and no doubt others experienced dyking. Charles Avery recalls the annual boxing competition of Broughton versus Macarthur. Do you remember the milk bar across the road that we could visit after signing out? Old Broughton closed towards the end of 1964.

School House Broughton (Old School)

We commenced the 1965 school year in the Old School in the newly formed house, to be known as School House Broughton, occupying what was previously Forrest House (as they had moved to new accommodation at Gowan Brae). The number of boys doubled as they came from Old Broughton, Macarthur and boys new to the School. We were there for two years until the new House at Gowan Brae was ready for occupation.



Bob Buntine was Housemaster of School House Broughton and then new Broughton. In 1964, Hugh Rose (who was renowned for his effectiveness with the sandshoe) was House Captain and in 1965 it was Nick Paspaley, followed by Tommy Atkins in 1966.

Some of the memories from those two years include:

- Catching the school bus after breakfast and returning after sport (or walking by those who missed it or couldn't squeeze on board).
- Massive dormitories – all the better to be observers of those unique competitions between Cobb and Poate.
- Cleaning duties after 7am roll call.
- House tests on Sunday nights inflicted on 5th formers.
- Saturday night movies in Upper School run by the Technical Society.
- The leaving certificate repeaters (including Hemphill and Foster) in the Annex.
- One afternoon seeing Little's bedframe perched on top of the diving tower.
- Little's Mini Minor placed between two trees, making it impossible to escape.
- Dummies made up in bed (in the Annex) to cover absence without leave.
- Discovering that all the buttons had to be buttoned - or face punishment.
- Having the reverse imprint of a Slazenger sand shoe emblazoned on one's backside.
- Having your head shoved down a toilet and flushed.
- The Boxing competition - being matched against a person who was older and larger and being thumped.
- The food was good - especially the meat loaf.
- Buying ice-cream with caramel sauce and malt at the shop over the road.
- Shaving for the first time - and removing a fair amount of face in the process.



Broughton House (New School)

As new Broughton wasn't ready for the start of the 1967 school year, we boys were farmed out to other houses at Gowan Brae as well as Old Gov. This was possibly for several weeks (our memories are a bit vague in this regard). Moving into our new house some time during first term we were at last able to enjoy the benefits of living on site – no more busing to and fro!

Some memories of our final year:

- Bob and Ivy Buntine had a very positive impact on all members of the House.
- Working bees on Sundays planting grass-runners and building paths and walls.
- Dedicated studies with wall heaters (big plus!).
- Billiard table and table tennis (Cyril was an ace with both).
- Carving our names in the Carving Boards after the HSC – implemented by Bob in 1967.



- Work gangs building more sandstone paths and walls after the HSC.

The Broughton House that we experienced, particularly in our final year, was a great experience for most of us. After many years of boarding – living together 24 hours a day – we developed very close friendships so that 50 years later we continue to have strong links. The School, and the family that we became as boarders of Broughton House, helped to mould our characters. We experienced discipline and moral codes at School that have seen us in good stead for the ensuing years.



Broughton House in 1965

Burkitt and Dalmas

by Stephen Bargwanna
(House Captain for a short time)

Before Dalmas there was Burkitt House. Who Dalmas or Burkitt were nobody seemed to know. [1] Recognizable names like ‘goanna’ or ‘gumnut’ would have been more useful. Still, everything was a mystery lined up on our first day on the oval at the Old King's School in front of an imposing stone mausoleum with its massive columns and clock, the unloved, fetid Parramatta River oozing its way to the sea at our backs.

In front of us, very big men in uniforms shouted indecipherable commands. In front of them, a deathly apparition - an impossibly old man, tall, thin, barely upright, a mass of grey hair. He was our leader, our Headmaster, Mr. Hake. It appropriately rhymed with rake. He looked like he'd stepped out of a Dickens novel.



Some years later it was Dalmas House. The lines were the same but more horizontal, next to each other rather than in the Indian file of those first days. Then the forensic inspection from polished shoes up through the uniform to the face and hair. Expressions had to be blank, anonymous. No smirk, no joy.

I spent a lot of time it seemed in lines at school. Dalmas House assembly was the start of the day followed by more random class lines, very rigid cadet corps lines, and then finally more chaotic rugby lines (lineouts, shaking hands, etc). I was promoted beyond ‘being inspected’ to being ‘an inspector’, the Captain. That didn't last long. Guilty of an indiscretion it was soon back to being inspected. Chin up.

For us tortured day-boys the line was a wonderful opportunity to hide after the public spectacle we had to endure every day in our military regalia. On the street, in the milk bar, at the bus stop, on the bus, there was nowhere to hide. We stood out like shags on a rock. The black, sometimes shiny, shoes, the navy-blue pants with red stripe, the grey jackets with swirling red braid, occasionally stripes of rank,

shiny metal buttons, the blue shirt and neck tie garrotte topped by the iconic soldier's slouch hat. Holy mackerel what a uniform to defend, be proud of ... what a burden put on young boys battling a swirling cocktail of hormones and testosterone, striving for anonymity and somewhere to hide when there were none. Nobody else wanted to know us, except to whistle and razz. It was like we were from an asylum. Still the bizarre spectacle we had to endure forged in some of us a sense of independence and pride, a certain attitude that could be both good and bad in later life. Others probably suffered for the rest of their lives.



But, looking back it was great to line up at the start of the day with confreres at the asylum. Great to march into assembly to reaffirm that God would save our gracious queen. Great to be issued with the orders of the day before hitting the books, which became, along with the rugby field, the ultimate places of escape, at least to me?

[1] Editor: Burkitt was the Senior Master 1868 to 1886. Dalmas was a Master 1859 to 1883 and the 'right-hand man' for the Headmaster Rev G F Macarthur.

Forrest House

by David Marsh

I began and ended my TKS life as a member of Forrest, or as it was known at the Old School, School House Forrest. Bill Carpenter was the house captain; he was an old Tudorian and had a weather eye out for us to guide our transition to this more structured and alien world. I went from being someone to being a twerp with no status. I learned some lessons about pride, going from Dux of Tudor to the C form at King's. Early concerns about how to cope were dispelled by realizing that if you functioned within the rules life was okay.



Meeting the Headmaster and Mrs Hake in Big School, with my parents, in my other-worldly uniform, and feeling very gawky, was challenging to say the least. Working out where you should be and reading notice boards was essential to a smooth start.

Watching the God-like rowers training, the golden-haired Stuart Anthony and his muscular mates, bowling to Peter Horwitz and Peter Hoskins in the nets, marching in to Chapel for evening services, the easy rhythm of swinging arms and legs, the beauty of the Chapel and the carved pews, marching practice after dinner to improve our performance and being tackled by Bill Reardon and another house monitor I can't recall, maybe Nick Dawson, feeling the ground shake as he halted in front of you for inspection on Chapel parade, scavenging butter and storing it on the cross bars of the trestle tables in the old dining room, bussing up to the new school, forgetting critical books, spending first lunch watching birds nesting in the bush behind the dining room, playing cricket against other schools and meeting other boys against whom I would play cricket and football for the next five years, watching Chris (Pud) Manning throw an amazing dummy and score a try against Scots, being the only one who loved lambs fry and gravy with toast on Saturday morning; all these, and many others populated my mind with fresh experiences.

In 1965 Forrest moved up to the new boarding house at Gowan Brae. We became Forrest House. This was a new experience, we saw a lot more of Mr. Cuff as his house was only ten metres from ours. Having a cupboard next to your bed, everything was new and no more buses. The amphitheatre shape

of the Futter Hall, watching the wall slabs go up and the floor concrete being poured instead of concentrating on Keg Milne's math class, seeing one of the tall slabs fall down luckily no one injured, trying to work out what the school Sergeant's role was, enjoying their sense of humour, not using the library, loving science but not doing well at it, remembering Colonel Buring's demonstration that water behaves like a solid, he filled a four litre brown glass bottle, applied the cork and then hit the cork hard with a hammer, glass and water everywhere, but it sank in. Bernie Cannon rubbing a Perspex or ebony rod to show us about static electricity, confirmation classes with Rev. Baker, Warwick Fisher bringing him up to speed with the Beatles as adults tried to grasp what was going on in this madness of popular culture. Getting into trouble for filling the house captain's (John Banks') cricket boots with shaving cream on April Fool's Day, starting to row, not really looking forward to Corps on Monday afternoon, learning the order of seniority of monitors before Commem. Day, watching Cam Armstrong get the bat for top scoring against the old boys, the bat was almost as big as him! Getting into the junior eight crew, not winning many races, but enjoying the feel of the boat sizzling across the water, losing half a stone on a hot Saturday morning on the Parramatta river, nearly rowing into a steel hawser strung across the river up near Parramatta in among the mangroves, sinking at Iron Cove on a rough day. Finding my way into good teams in football and relishing being a breakaway.

1964 House Captain was Alex Halliday, 1965 House Captain, John Banks.

Fast forward to 1966, David Waugh was the Forrest House Captain, also the School Captain. A multi-talented bloke, whose parents were, like mine, both medicos and contemporaries. He was musical, artistic, academically gifted and played in the GPS Firsts rugby. He had it all and went on to senior positions in urology. We were in our fifth year of secondary schooling, those repeating the leaving were effectively in their sixth year of secondary. We went on to year twelve as the first of the six-year Wyndham scheme.

School spirit was strong and one felt pride running out to represent the school at all levels. Being young and fit, idealistic and testosterone charged, was a heady mix to control. We began to discover that girls



were not that hard to talk to especially when cool blokes like John Lord brought a bunch of Abbotsleigh girls to the football. Being asked to stay with other boys' families, mostly on farms, sparking my interest in what was to become my life's work and passion. Being given responsibility in the boarding house and later in gradually more senior positions that carried with them responsibilities I took seriously, travelling to New Zealand to learn how to play rugby, travelling to

Queensland to learn how generous our old boy hosts were, who had us to stay in their homes and were so excited when we won some, perhaps most, of the matches we played.

A highlight for me was being part of the school rugby team on the day the J.S. White Oval was opened, Robert Willcocks played a pivotal role. SJC kicked off, the ball was passed to Robert who put up a towering left foot kick deep into enemy territory, the ball, a bit greasy, was not gathered cleanly by Clive Smoker, the fullback, Willcocks following up, toed the ball through, John Hudson showing

lightning speed picked up and scored, all in about a minute. Perhaps the occasion gave us an injection of enthusiasm and our 18-6 win over our old rivals St Joseph's College was a great thrill.

Finally, realising on speech day, perhaps a bit late, that the HSC was the ultimate goal. But also that all the experiences we'd had, and the relationships and friendships we'd formed, whilst not measured in the University entrance score, were nevertheless important in the big game of life on which we were about to embark.

A Shattering Experience

by GCW

As a first year in Thomas House, another boy and I were rostered on to take the drinks over to the First XI in Parramatta Park. He was carrying the bucket of orange cordial, and I the large tray of glasses. We had been instructed on pain of death never to take our hats off in public. So, as we reached the middle of the crossing on a very busy O'Connell Street on a windy morning, I instinctively grabbed for my hat managing to drop two dozen glasses in the middle of the road, most of which shattered – the sound of breaking glass imprinted on my memory.

Hake House

by Wayne Rabjohns

Life at Hake House was far different from that at Old Broughton. Everything was new, especially the beds. Gone also was the oppressive monitorial system. Fabian Fay was captain of the new house. 'Fabs' ran a very relaxed outfit. Roll call was at 7am for which you had to be dressed. That meant boots or shoes on. (Some of the seniors would arrive with little else.) The Housemaster was J A 'Thumper' Kent. Thumper was a low-profile Housemaster, possibly due to his being terminally ill. During the holidays, he passed away.

1966 saw a new Housemaster, Mr Brian 'Sperm' Downey, noted for his expertise in Biology and also due to his Cadet Corps fame. Sperm would enter



the room in a cloud of heavy pipe smoke that would linger long after he had left. I took up smoking a pipe and used the same type of tobacco to avoid recognition – it was assumed the smoke belonged to Sperm!

Under the guidance of Thumper Kent and Sperm Downey the gardens were established around Hake. We hauled a huge amount of sandstone in wheelbarrows from the bush. Two boys pulling ropes at the front of the barrow and quite often me on the handles. I learnt my wheelbarrow skills on the farm at Goulburn. Sunday lunch was a BBQ of sausages, steak, tomato sauce washed down with plenty of cordial.

That year we also gained a new House Matron, a little older lady, who regularly popped into the showers saying, 'Any wet towels in here?' The seniors soon worked out what she was really looking for, providing her with plenty to see.

I was excused from playing rugby having previously had a nose reconstruction. This meant that on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, while others played sport, I entertained myself. While wandering around I discovered a street less than a couple of hundred metres from the front gates where a number of Tara daygirls lived. It was like heaven. Their mums would prepare afternoon tea for me: hot chocolate, cake, the works. After which I was guided into the girls' bedrooms to assist with homework. I can say that the whole episode was usually a learning experience.

The next year Mike Nekvapil was House Captain with Andrew Minter his Vice. At this stage John Cobb was showing no signs of political interest. He and Les McMaster would regularly 'blow in the wind'.



Les and I shared the same study and we had a similar interest (or lack thereof) in schoolwork. As one weekend finished we started to plan the next one. We purchased the Stone Mason, Lew's car which was a Super Standard Ten. You could pick the floor mat up and view the road below. It gave us increased freedom and a reason to do less work. Some afternoons we would

bolt to the car, drive to the Newport Arms, have a couple of beers and be back at school for tea.

John Curtis embarked on a huge study fest. His ability for work never slowed after school as his credentials show. John has subsequently risen to great heights in industry as a company director and Chairman. John is a Member of the Order of Australia.

Living in Hake House for most of us was a great educational experience!



Hake House in 1967

Harris House

by Malcolm Lamb

Named for a very bearded late nineteenth-century Headmaster, the Revd. Edward Harris, our House came into being as one of the three first new houses at Gowan Brae in Term II, 1964. Our Housemaster was the redoubtable 'Penny' Parker, English teacher (I think Head of English) and co-coach of the First Fifteen. He was a genial, somewhat low-key figure about the House but I believe he was very well-liked as was his ebullient and generous wife, Esmé. Ian Humphreys was the ever-charming assistant master. Sadly, we also had to deal with a dragon of a 'house mother' - a Mrs Philp.



The House was new and bright. Its members thrown together from a range of different houses - suddenly, our already-known senior houses were taken from us; for example, this writer was due to go to Baker following father and brother. We resented the change of plan and our total lack of say in it: in fact, that was TKS all over - your own opinion mattered very little.

Nonetheless there were compensations, at last no bussing, everything was new and clean, and an easy commute, as it were. Tennis courts laid on, a new fresh dining hall (that did not mean better food, however) and 300 acres of bush to romp in. Big downside was the lack of easy access to the joys of Parramatta.

James Baird remembers a range of vignettes:

Cleaning webbing and polishing brass fittings with Brasso. Washing football boot-laces around taps before Saturday matches. Parades, parades and inspections. Roll calls. Dorm inspections. Peter Robinson reading comics the week before the Higher School Certificate while we mere mortals swatted away. Fierce pool competitions. Inter-house basketball competitions on the new multipurpose courts.

Some things didn't change - socking remained in force and Nick Dawson was especially fearsome.



'Jobs' remained in vogue, and a strict hierarchy prevailed as oppressively as ever. On socking, this little anecdote also comes from James Baird,

Some things stick in my mind – like Brian Bowman attempting to 'sock' some young offender in Harris House but Brian had taken his shoes off and in the run up to the 'sock' lost his footing on the parquet floor and ended up on the floor at the feet of the offender. Embarrassing! End of the punishment!

Everything was so new, Harris boys (and those in Macarthur and Forrest) were engaged in a new manifestation of 'King's School volunteering' - that is, the ubiquitous and slave-like work parties which occupied our Sunday afternoons. We made walls, steps, paths - anything that involved Hawkesbury sandstone. It was almost a competition between Houses. Persse's Forrest boys developed more skill with the mallet and the chisel because of good role modelling. Parker's enthusiasm for this was less marked so our walls were more subject to collapsing as our own enthusiasm was more restrained.

In a rare moment of consultative democracy in our first year, we were asked to comment on the new facilities. The one comment that stuck in my mind was 'higher doors on dykes'. Now, I hear, Harris House is gone - no idea what's there now.

The best part was fifth and sixth form when we got our studies. Our own kingdoms at last - privacy was at a premium at TKS in those days and our studies were a hideaway from the masses. The studies were the single concession to the twentieth-century. Just as dormitories were being swept out, TKS was building more: it was cheaper to house people in them that it was to build study-bedrooms. Within twenty years of these new houses being built, the School was providing new, and more salubrious, accommodation for the next generation of boarders.

We survived well enough.



Harris House in 1965

Macarthur House

by John Chancellor

In February 1962 twenty boys (stiff upper lip sons) were deposited (abandoned) by their tearful mothers and fathers at an uninsulated fibro (probably asbestos) construction (WW 2 shack) located in Thomas Street, Parramatta. The number one song on the radio was Lucky Stars 'I've been Everywhere, Man'. A radio was called a 'trannie' but that is something else now. Robert Menzies was Prime Minister and Charlie Moore was Captain of Macarthur. At dinner time the little guys (that was us) sat at the bottom end of the table and the big guys (Charlie Moore, Gordon Burch, Spike Jones, and that big Cleveland bloke) sat at the top end. They controlled the serving spoon along with the butter ration. 'Big' and 'little' was basic to how the world worked in year one.



Mack's Corner Store sold cream buns, strips of liquorice, Weston's Wagon Wheels and Eskimo Pies, etc. If you could push your way through the crush the best deals came from Justin Jordan who had persuaded the Mack's to let him serve behind the counter and provide a discount if you dealt direct with him. Enterprise was being learned early. When Even Stevens won the Melbourne Cup in 1962, Mal Makim, our resident bookmaker, cleaned up.

In 1964 the house was split and fourteen of us moved to the new Macarthur where we learned how to become stonemasons, splitting blocks of sandstone to landscape the gardens. Those who went to new Macarthur were Jamie Alison, Ross Alison, Phil Basche, Andy Bligh, John Chancellor, Richard Gordon, Peter Hacon, Rod Hammett, David Horne, Adam Johnson, Kym Monkton, Andrew Reynolds and Tim Throsby. Most of us turned fifteen that year and our characters and values were being formed. Dave Holmes and Dave Newsom joined us at Macarthur in 1966.



It is with great fondness that I reflect on the impact that Harry Read had on us. We were adolescent plasticine and Harry moulded us. Whenever things go wrong or the going gets tough many of us still start with the question 'Tell yourself the truth' or as Harry said, 'Know thyself.' Rest in peace Harry – it all turned out OK in the end.

We were the guinea pigs of the Wyndham Scheme. In 1967, 'A Whiter Shade of Pale' and 'Itchycoo Park' filled the airwaves and the last

few months of the year were occupied by the HSC upon which we were told our lives were to be determined. They seemed to get that bit wrong. On a sizzling hot afternoon in December 1967, we walked out the gates as soon as Speech Day ended. None of us really had much of an idea about what would happen next. Some went to the pub. Some caught the train at Parramatta and lit up a cigarette. Others went to the beach where we ate beer instead of food. Apart from David Horne, I believe we are all still alive. We seem incredibly happy to see each other and I share in that sentiment. I really look forward to catching up with all of you.

Macquarie House

by Jeff Stevens

Macquarie was of course a day boy house and our Housemaster was Mr Buring. He was a kindly man who took an interest in all the boys. We were of course the best day boy house in the school at the time!

The Captain of the House in '66 was Hugh Wade and I took over from him in '67.

The main purpose of belonging to a House as I recall was to receive communication from our Housemaster and the House Captain and to provide a sense of belonging.

We met on a regular basis in a classroom at lunchtime but I don't recall any significant events that stand out in my memory today. We would have a fireside chat about current issues for about 30/45 minutes and then off we would go.

John Lord, who left in '66, wrote to me saying 'he has no recollection of anything remarkable happening in Macquarie but then again nothing probably did.' We must share the same memory.



We of course participated in all the organised school activities including inter house sports carnivals, school clean up's etc. We always gave of our best and we had a smattering of boys who did well both academically and on the sporting side.

The morning roll call followed by the march into Chapel was a daily ritual that we all looked forward to. You didn't dare be late and your shoes had to be 'clean'. There was very rarely anyone absent.

I do recall being encouraged by Mr Buring to give the House some marching practice as feedback to him was that we were a little below standard. So, on quite a few lunchtimes we could be seen marching from the parade ground down toward the front gate and back. We eventually reached an acceptable standard and on many of these occasions managed to hum a little tune to help keep in step. Of course, the old 'Left, Left, Left Right, Left' was also barked at the troops for encouragement. The rest of the School always looked bemused by our enthusiastic display.



Macquarie House in 1967

I had three good friends in Macquarie during those days, Geoff Young, Tom Vincent and Phil Pryde. We often spent time together at school and in school holidays would often pay each other visits. Regrettably we have drifted apart over the years and I have lost contact with Tom and Phil altogether.

One challenge for the day boys that the borders didn't have was the journey home from school: In winter after footy training at about 6.30 pm, walking in School uniform from Parramatta Railway Station in the dark to my home in Harris Park, was occasionally a challenge. I will always be grateful for the boxing lessons we were given in Prep School which occasionally came in handy.

They were good days where a sense of belonging was established and friendships formed.

Army Mates

by **BAB**

Andy Bligh had an army mate living on the Gold Coast who thought Andy had gone to school in Sydney so asked him where. A Bligh never lets on too much, so just said he went to school in Sydney.

'Sydney's a big place,' says the army mate. After more pestering he says, 'But where in Sydney?' 'Parramatta,' says A Bligh. 'But where in Parramatta?' A Bligh says, 'King's.'

'Oh,' says the Army mate, 'I have a noisy little neighbour who went to King's also. His name is Jeremy White.'

Old Government House (OGH) Vice-Regal Living

by Malcolm Lamb

I remember many years ago driving through Parramatta with the family. Pointing to OGH I said, 'that's where I used to live'. Cries of disbelief. In a way, they were right - it was extraordinary to have a hoard of 12 to 14-year-old schoolboys living in a beautiful Georgian, heritage-listed building in the middle of a grand park.



It was hardly vice-regal. Some of the worst food I have ever eaten came from the scungy kitchen and we weren't allowed into any of the rooms (there were not many) which were more or less civilised. Our world was the dormitories - Denison, Gipps and Brisbane upstairs, and Darling downstairs, which was the pick - for those in 'second form' because it was a quick jaunt through the prep room to the showers. Otherwise it was a trudge across the asphalt tennis court in all weathers. The smallest of us copped Dennison dorm where the beds came from the Crimea and you needed ropes to get out they were so saggy in the middle. They were also very short (which didn't worry me) but this did annoy some of the lankier specimens in our group.

Exit from this 'cage in the park' was restricted, as was entry. We were fearful of the 'hoods' but felt protected by 1962 captain Arthur Webster who kept all at bay (including ourselves). We were allowed out for: Chapel, the bus which took us to the New School and back; the pool; more Chapel; the Saturday night film in Upper School (1/6 cost), run by the Technical Society, at which we had the chance to cheer the winning rugby team etc before the film; and a small shop at the park gate where we could buy such essentials as Fruit Tingles (but only in groups of three).



Old Government House in 1963

Monitors ruled under the benevolent but somewhat bemused gaze of 'Penny' Parker, his wife Esmé and the wonderful nursing sister Marcia Hotten who came to the new school once her flash sick bay was built. Mr Parker's malevolent dog, Cerberus, was not always a welcome guest at prep time. Being told to 'go along' for 'communicating' in prep meant being socked - there was no appeal and Mr Webster and his associates did not hold back. Even during our weekly and compulsory letter home hour on Sundays, 'communicating' was strictly forbidden.

We learned much and survived.



The Prep, Part 1

by Peter Hacon

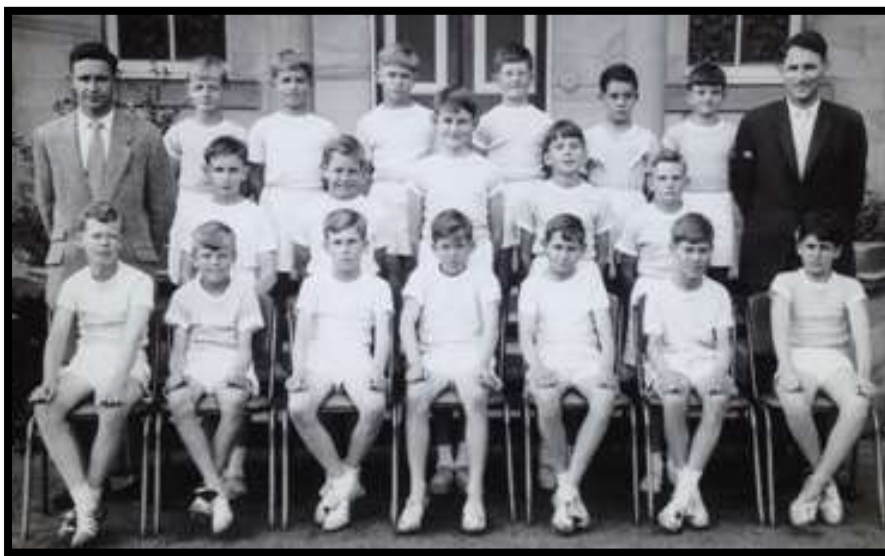
Greetings and salutations to all ex Gowan Brae inmates. Have just had a look at Jim Burns' notes of wisdom at the end of this article and what a memory! With regard to this task at hand, my spirit is strong but memory is weak.

I think it was '55 or '56 that the school came into existence so we are by today's standards early inmates. While most boys started in '59, Kicka Gordon suffered child abuse and started in '58 armed with his teddy bear. In my case 1960 was the start. I think most of us boarders would have vivid memories of being delivered to Gowan Brae for the first time and watching parents drive away. One of the first people to befriend me at the Prep was Tim Armytage and I recall visiting his home and his doctor parents.



The masters were a dedicated bunch and I well remember Year 5 in 1960 with Peter Yeend, then progressing on to Year 6 with Roy Horrocks. I remember travelling to some sporting events with Peter Yeend in the red Hillman Minx – I am sure he thought it was a Jag and seat belts were not an issue in those days. Tom Baddiley was always a source of amusement with his spit-and-polished black shoes and some rhyme that would befuddle us - something about the 'inside skin outside' etc. - maybe someone will recall the rest.

As I remember there was a running battle between Andrew Reynolds and Mr Andrews which escalated when Mark Davison was dragged along the dormitory floor with dire results - a large splinter. After a heated discussion, Andrew Reynolds informed Mr Andrews that he was to be referred as Reynolds not Andrew. Brave we all thought.



Most of us also remember Choom Price breaking down in chapel while delivering the Easter sermon. The hay shed also brings memories where dedicated smokers would gather only to be sprung one day by Peter Yeend and confiscation of the product until the end of term. Jeff Thatcher informed

Peter Yeend that he needed the smokes for the trip home on the NW Mail.

Prep days were the start of many friendships which endure today. I was fortunate to be good friends with Rod Hammett and thereby visited Fiji a couple of times where I met up with Adam Johnson. Rod and his brothers, along with Adam, spent school holidays with us on numerous occasions. There are many Prep stories - the list goes on.

We all left the Prep as big frogs in a little puddle but 1962 saw us little frogs in a big puddle. We all have our memories which will endure.

The Prep, Part 2

by Jim Burns

Memories of Gowan Brae that only Borders would know:

- That lonely feeling as the family car headed down the driveway after Commemoration Day 1959. (Four weeks without contact except by letter to anyone outside school.)
- Bushwalks on Sunday afternoons.
- Very small ice cream square every Sunday lunch with tinned fruit salad if you were lucky!
- The fascination of putting dry ice in a tub of water. Dry ice from the canvas Streets ice cream container.
- The thrill of watching Disneyland on TV for an hour on Sunday night (if you were good)!



- How many friends you had when leave was organised on Thursday night and your mum said you could bring someone home.
- The six shilling maximum withdrawal from your bank account on Saturday morning, then being allowed into Parramatta (back by 12 noon).
- Two pound pocket money per term.
- Boxing with Sergeant White in the Y Hut.
- Getting my head knocked off by Warwick Fisher in a boxing tournament.
- The deathly silence when Peter Hacon at a ‘father and son night’ (movie – ‘A Brother for Susan’) said: ‘I understand about the sperm in the father and the egg in the mother, **but** how do they get together?’
- The surprise next year when Peter was made School Captain after that question!
- Having to spit-and-polish your shoes on the last Sunday of each term in the hope you may win a lolly.
- Mr Andrews’ very red Adams Apple bouncing up and down while arguing with Andy Reynolds about anything.
- Roller skates, silk worms, magnifying glasses in winter, Billy carts, Tom Badley’s immaculate MG car.
- When every border got socked one night because some unnamed peasants didn’t clean their teeth straight after dinner.
- The starting of the Prep swimming pool in the year that we left!
- The starting of JS White Oval with a blue Fordson tractor and a Blitz tip truck.
- Hours of information on truck and tractors from Brian Bowman.



- 1961 Speech Day and what we thought would be the start of freedom. (How naïve, but we did get to wear long pants and use biros!)



Yes, Master

by DBS

As a nine-year-old I prepared for my first day as a boarder at School. I dressed in a most peculiar uniform and on arrival found others similarly attired - I felt a little less different!

My first night was spent in 4 Dorm (a large room with possibly 16 beds) filled with my fellow room-mates who, like me, were spending their first day away from home and family. I was perplexed as I heard boys answering to our dorm monitor's commands: 'Yes, Master' or 'No, Master.' What is this very peculiar military school about, I wonder? Where the dorm monitor, who is also the School Captain, is revered to the extent that we must call him 'Master.' Oh well, I'd better conform to the many new and often strange experiences that we're learning to cope with.

I'm getting to accept the oddities of my new world – 'Yes, Master' and 'No, Master!' We must learn the names of one another – surnames rather than Christian names: Burns, Foster, Hacon, Simmons, White; and the monitors: McMaster ... **McMaster?** Don't we have to call the School Captain 'Master'?

I discover after my second day that our dorm monitor and School Captain is in fact Tigh McMaster – maybe my new family isn't as strange as I first thought!

Thomas House

by Geoff Watt

In February 1962 twenty-three year seven boys arrived at Thomas House to begin their time at King's. Visits to family were not allowed for six weeks to break us in to the boarding ethos.

Thomas was a junior house and not even in the same post code as the Old School. In Westmead on the western side of Parramatta Park it housed about forty-four boys, and our days involved a lot of travel. Each morning we would walk across the park to have breakfast at the Old School before catching a bus to the New School for classes. After sport, a bus would bring us back to the Old School for dinner, then we walked across the park to do prep and sleep in Thomas.



One interesting part of the park walk involved crossing the Parramatta River. The road crossing was the normal way but problems arose when the road flooded. There was a pedestrian bridge, but previous floods had almost destroyed it and there was one girder stretching over the middle of the river between the cement pylons. Walking (or crawling) over the girder with the river rushing below was a scary experience, and one I am sure our parents had no knowledge of. Imagine the OH&S problems today if this occurred. Our walk took us past the Parramatta Girls Home and Basil Simmons recalls one day the girls were rioting and were on the roof of the home where they had all stripped naked.

Discipline was meted out liberally – House cards were used by the teaching staff to keep us in line while School and House Monitors issued jobs and pack drills. Jobs translated into tasks such as garden weeding, cleaning and fag duties. Fags complied with monitor demands to perform such things as spit-and-polish boots, clean webbing and act as manservant.

Our Housemaster was T.J. McCaskill who went from Thomas to Headmaster at Barker College and was replaced by ‘Thumper’ Kent. Claude Lamb was House Captain in 1962 and I recall before being socked by him one day he recited the biblical passage ‘when I was a child I thought like a child etc. and when I became a man I put away childish things’. In retrospect, quite unusual from a seventeen-year-old to a thirteen-year-old.



Thomas House in 1963

I recall we were allocated various duties including manning the phone during prep after dinner – a task no longer relevant today with the advent of mobile phones.

We had a reasonable amount of land around the house with a cricket practice net out the back and a good lawn tennis court in the front of the house. These were reasonably well used on Sundays if you couldn't get leave. Sunday night was the only meal we had in the house and it was transported over from the Old School kitchens. We each had a locker in which any food from home was kept and eked out over as long as possible. A fruit cake could last for ages. Occasionally activities were organised on Sunday nights, and once we had a boxing competition which showed some had no idea while others were quite competent. We were also given teaching on reproduction which involved dissecting out frogs over a couple of nights.

Thomas was also the site of the school hospital, so any boarder thought to have an infectious disease spent his time in bed in the hospital supervised by Matron Young.

Once boarding houses were built at the New School, Thomas had outlived its usefulness and was sold. It was subsequently developed as a retirement home, so there is probably a chance to go back there if anyone is interested!

Chrome Dome

by BAB

Ian Humphreys always had a great grin on his face whether he was in good or bad humour, which made it difficult to read him in the moment. In the School, we knew him as Chrome Dome, while to Harris House members was known as ‘Mudguard’ – Shiny on top and mud underneath. He was a great bloke. Everyone would take the mickey out of Ian because of the way he spoke. He was still there when my son attended TKS, accompanying them on the overseas football tour.

A few of us would venture to the Old Woolpack Hotel in Parramatta. On one occasion, we were part way into a session, looked up and across on the other side of the bar was Humph. Oh shit, caught red handed. When we made eye contact, his finger beckoned us over. We were over age, so that part was OK, not the rest!! ‘Welllll bouys, what are youu drinking?’ Jeez, we thought, he is really a top bloke. ‘Down the hatch. Welllll bouys - youurr shout.’

Tudor House

by David Marsh

When I was nine my parents decided some time at Tudor House would be good for me. We lived in Bowral where my father was a GP. Mum was also a doctor, but had her hands full with me and my four sisters, so she took time off practice until my younger sister Kathleen had left school. The time of having it all; family as well as career, had not yet arrived. My father had attended THS from 1924 to 1927, and was the school doctor, so I saw a lot of him.



Edward Dixon was the headmaster, who was stern but with a good sense of humour. The school was conducted in big two storey brick and slate roof boarding houses, Inman and Medley, with a junior house, Quarter Deck, and an intermediate boarding house, Meyer House in a more contemporary building. The property of, I think about three hundred acres was leased out as a dairy, and situated on the Illawarra Highway about 7km from Moss Vale. There were 130 boys, all boarders except for about 18 who formed the dayboy house, Fisher. For some obscure reason students at Tudor House completed their schooling in what we now call year 7, known to us at Tudor as sixth form. This meant we came up to King’s in year 8.

My memories of Tudor are all good, the staff were caring, we were expected to perform and there was a plus score report each week which resulted in an Honour Card if you had a possible score. These were highly valued.

We had a weekly assembly each Friday. In the foyer of the Assembly Hall there was a book that recorded the names of Old Tudorians who had given their lives in the first and second World Wars. The headmaster and the school captain or the duty monitor would open the glass cabinet which held this illuminated, calligraphied book and one page was turned. The name of the young man who had given his life in service of his country was read out to the assembled school community. We learnt good values, honesty, thinking of others before ourselves, helping those less fortunate than ourselves, Christian values. The school Chaplain was Reverend Prescott, whose son David was in our year. He was a devastating round the bootlaces tackler and won the tackling cup if memory serves me correctly.

The various covered walkways that led to the administration offices and the dining room and tuck shop had been worn into a wavy shape with the traffic of many hundreds of boys.



We took turns to wait on tables, bring out the meals and clear away. Mrs Dowling, a stout lady, was the house keeper, Ray Windley and his wife worked in the kitchen, their son Gary attended the school. It had a harmonious feel about it and there were so many things to do.

Groups were a big deal, especially if you managed to get into Stove Group where you had responsibility for lighting the coke burning classroom heaters. We played cricket with a tennis ball on the 'covered court' near Medley House at any opportunity, all ages were welcome to play. Dad brought me over a couple of

times to the school in the year before I began and I recall some of the older boys were very kind to me, Peter Jeffreys and John Griffith, and included me in the cricket.

Marbles was a big craze during my time and you could hear the calls of 'no fudging', 'knuckle down screwy tight', whatever that meant.

We were allowed to have bikes and the assembly room doubled as a roller skating arena whenever there was time such as before meals and after dinner.

There was table tennis under the hall, you could take a picnic down to Fairfax Lane and build cubbies, down past the Scout hall. We had a scout camp at Berrima in third term which was great, practising our lashings and erecting tents with a fly over the top rail. The scout master was Mr John Maffey who was a Queen's scout. When we were doing some training before camp there was a demo of how to put up the tent and fly. Peter Minnett and David Walters were doing the demo. 'Right,' said Mr Maffey, 'undo the fly,' and being obedient lads and not too sure about the terminology, they began unbuttoning their flies to our great amusement. After dinner in summer it was round the front for a game of Cockey Loram where someone was 'in' and everyone had to run to the other end of the field without being tagged, great fun and the whole school played, it was very inclusive.

Miss Rutherford was the house mistress of Quarter Deck and the Queen of the tuck shop which the senior boys ran, the key was kept at Quarter Deck. One Friday morning in my last year 1962, I went down to get the key to find thick smoke billowing out of the front door. Miss R had stripped her bed on top of a bar radiator. She was in the bath. Literally bathing while Quarterdeck burned. I told her what was going on and out she flew in her birthday suit. I grabbed her a towel and pulled the bedding outside. The whole building was timber so I think I arrived just in the nick of time. In the Headmaster's report at Speech Day Miss Rutherford was hailed as a hero, Marsh did not get a mention! A good lesson in the often unfairness of life.

Another amusing story was a medical comedy show. The Headmaster's younger daughter had come down with hepatitis which was contagious, so the whole school had to be immunized. It was a bright orange substance and the needle was huge. Stevo Locke decided he was having none of this and took off through the paddocks beside the Illawarra Highway with the whole school was in pursuit; it was reminiscent of the keystone cops. Eventually they caught him and he was immunized. I've often wondered what permanent psychological damage he sustained.

We had communal singing on Saturday mornings, and Mr Middenway and later on Mr Birrell were both very musical and we'd have sing-songs round the piano in the hall. TV was new, we didn't have one at home, but the school had one and we could watch it for a while before dinner. The Cisco Kid and Lone Ranger and Tonto were favourites.

After the annual High Tea at the end of our time at Tudor House, Ralph Middenway one of the staff members who was a keen bush walker set off on a hike with group of about eight of us down into the Bungonia Gorge near Marulan. We climbed down and made camp beside a beautiful creek, there was

a long pool near our campsite and we had a refreshing swim. It was late afternoon but plenty of time for a group of us, including Ralph, to climb the craggy bluff that bordered the swimming hole. We climbed a long way up; it was easy climbing but getting more difficult. The dusk came on quicker than we expected and it was too hard to go up, too dangerous to climb down. We clung to the rocks like a little flock of goats. Ralph I am sure was composing mental letters to parents in the likely event that one of us fell. Then we noticed light at the top of the bluff, the moon was rising and casting its pure white



light, this might be our way down. We waited for about an hour as the light slowly made its way down the rocks as the moon rose. It gave enough light for us to find our footing and we all made it down safely. It was probably my first moment of genuine fear that things may not work out well. We all learnt a lot about ourselves that evening.

One morning in Assembly Mr Dixon announced that a man who had been released from jail where he was doing time for sexually assaulting a number of women, had broken into the SCEGGS

Moss Vale Chapel and terrorized the girls. He had a rifle and one of the girls was killed. This shocked us all and I well remember how concerned Charlie Jennings was for his sister, Caroline. There were other boys whose sisters were also present and it cast a pall over our thoughts for quite a while. Rev Prescott spoke to us to reassure us, his daughter Ruth was present in the Chapel that morning. It cracked our innocence and taught us that sometimes bad things can happen.

Charlie Jennings and I were two of the Patrol leaders in the scouts, and had a couple of arms full of proficiency badges. We decided to try and get our Green Cord, a pretty high award. To qualify we had to go on a two-day hike on compass bearings and sleep out for a couple of nights. The kitchen organized the food and off we set with haversacks. The first night we camped in some farmer's paddock, had a nice fire going and all was good. The kitchen had supplied us with a big tin of peas, like those big tins of peaches you could buy. We didn't have any means for keeping things cold so decided to eat the lot. For the next two days we were passing peas that looked like they'd just come out of the tin.

The choir was a huge deal, and I loved singing. Unfortunately, I was always a bit off key, I never did get in the choir. They looked like angels with long blue cassocks and white ruff collars, they had medals with blue ribbons round their necks and the real stars had red ribbons, everyone wanted to be in the choir. Chris Cleveland, Mike Nekvapil and Dennis Garvan, and one of the Gordons (maybe Andrew) were red ribbon blokes.

I had never played or watched sport until I went to Tudor but I took to both cricket and football with relish. In winter we had school till lunch-time then after lunch we had football training, it was often wet and the grounds weren't very level. Big pools of water were everywhere and we got wet and cold. After dinner we'd have more school-work for a couple of hours. In my last year, 1962, we played against a new school from Wollongong, TIGS, The Illawarra Grammar School. I think the captain of the team was Mac Gudgeon. We played Canberra Grammar, Cranbrook, Chevalier and maybe Sydney Grammar prep.

We had fireworks on Guy Fawkes Day. The school Dodge panel van would be loaded up with boxes of fireworks and the masters would let them off in a very controlled and safe manner. One year all the boxes were unloaded and the first rocket was set up. Unfortunately it fell over and shot across the grass into one of the boxes full of fireworks. The whole lot went up together, we thought it was wonderful,

the staff had a slightly different view, probably worrying about injuries etc, of which there were none. Best cracker night ever!

Many of us also learnt to play tennis, a game you can play for life. Seniors could also learn to shoot as the school had a rifle range.

Cricket was important, Bob Darke was the deputy Head and had bowled Arthur Morris when playing for the armed services (I think). Curtis and I were often sent off for a lap of the oval for skylarking instead of practising. We'd start off going round the full perimeter but end up coming in to the middle and jogging round the pitch. Bob was Housemaster of Inman House and he and Colleen were a great couple. They had two daughters, Jane and Louise, and a massive black Labrador called Cotter who delighted in knocking small boys down and practising his reproductive skills until ordered off. Once while parents were milling around before a play or something important, Cotter sauntered up to a rather pompous father and cocked his leg on his dinner suit. The best part was that we saw it and the hapless victim was oblivious.

Ernest Quick, our French teacher ran the Peter Scott Club, dedicated to identifying birds on the school property and seeing if we could find their nests. Later I used these skills of observation in the bush at King's and had quite a big birds' egg collection.

One of the skills you could learn was how to plait leather belts, it's a skill I have put to good use for over 55 years. Edward Dixon taught this. Richard Kearney was in charge of the workshop where we learned how to construct all manner of items, shoe cleaning boxes, boats, canoes, rifle butts, turned lamp stands, coffee tables, cupboards, etc. Later he went on to King's as well, and managed the project that became the J.S. White Oval.

In early years woodwork was taught by a lovely old fellow called Mr Cheetham. He and Mrs Cheetham took the woodwork class on a picnic when term was over.

I left Tudor with a real feeling of sadness, it had been such an important part of growing up and reflecting on it now makes me full of gratitude to my parents and the adults who guided us through those idyllic years of youth. I remember going round and saying goodbye to all the staff and their wives, kitchen and grounds staff, the sister who ran the sick bay and of course all the teachers. They were all genuinely sad to see us go and we were sad to be leaving them, but anticipating the next step as we moved on to King's. Quite a daunting prospect, it was like a leap into the unknown.

A Night on the Town

by **BAB**

One night in early 1967, a few of us, being Jock Shumack, Gawain Bowman, Jim Baird, Bundy Barton and myself decided we'd head to Sydney and the bright lights! Whisky A Go Go was in our sights; a pretty challenging destination half way across Sydney and on a week night.

There wasn't much planning involved – a taxi to Parramatta Station, then the easy part – train to Town Hall. Then we only had to go part way up William Street. We were there with eyes out on sticks and after a few beers we had to make our way home – A fair bit more difficult than going out.

Once back to the House, problems arose: the house was locked up and, like albatross stumbling around, and trying not to wake anyone at 4am, to find an open window to a study was not easy with Penny's house and Chrome's flat being pretty close and that made it more difficult. Eventually we jemmied Gawain and Jock's study window open and next challenge was to get in the window four-foot off the ground. First one in, crash went the book case. We quickly pulled each one in. Next problem was negotiating the long staircases quietly as we crawled up the stairs.

Waddy House by Mac Gudgeon and Charles Willcocks



Last year we were invited to the opening of the new Macarthur-Waddy House, a \$9 million replacement for the Waddy House opened in 1968. It is a 7-star boarding house, on the official boarding house scale of 1 to 3 stars. We were welcomed with canapes, chicken wings, champagne, carpets on the floor and unimaginable comfort. Jonathan Persse, a former



Housemaster of Waddy, gave the opening address. From him we found out much about the Rev Percival Stacy Waddy, former pupil and Headmaster from 1906 to 1916, who, with a very smart wife, oversaw much of the development of the Old School and the house system, setting the school on a firm footing after some difficult years. Much of this was funded from his own pocket.

The Waddy House we arrived at in 1967 was quite a different proposition. Ten senior monitors and 106 junior boys were accommodated at the Old School in the former School House Forrest, which had not been in use for some years. Along with another junior house, Baker, with Dave Fisher in charge, the two old houses were being used as temporary accommodation while new boarding houses were being built at the new school. The other Waddy monitors in our year were Charlie Mackay, Gus Lloyd, Sandy Munro, David Henley, and Dave Warner, along with fifth formers, Dave Mac-Smith, Rick Walkom and Ant Martin. Ron Moore, the always elegantly attired in beige, Housemaster was ably assisted by Ted Bawden, who could grin and smoke a pipe at the same time, thus inspiring us young men to believe multitasking was not beyond us.

So large were the numbers in Waddy that Charlie, Dave Henley and Charles, plus about 20 boys were banished to what had been the year before the Broughton Annexe, a dormitory in the old woodwork room, above the swimming pool. (Appropriate because the pool was built mostly by the boys in 1908 at the instigation of Waddy.) Charles' study was the old dentist's surgery that he decorated with a large oil painting of a bucolic scene we found in one of our forays into the deserted Old School classrooms. Charlie and Dave had the old tuck shop as a study.

We had the dubious pleasure of eating in the old dining room under the watchful eyes of former Headmasters, their portraits hung on the walls, some dripping with ancient butter. Activities included Red Rover, on the playing field, monitors against the boys. These were no-holds-barred but Nick Gemmell-Smith remembers Under 13 Scott Walkom tackling First XV centre Mac, setting the scene for a distinguished rugby career (for the former, not the latter).

As we were off the main school campus us monitors were pretty much left to our own devices. Technically illegal forays in to Parramatta and the Big Smoke, Sydney, were regular occurrences, everyone covering for everyone else should Masters inquire to anybody's whereabouts. The atmosphere was pretty relaxed but we all took our responsibilities to the wellbeing of 106 twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys seriously. A certain amount of hand-holding was necessary at the start of the year when homesickness was at its peak. But by second term most boys had accepted their fate and were getting on with it.

Discipline was meted out in the traditional King's School fashion – detentions, pack-drills and, very occasionally, 'socking'. Looking back from the distance of fifty years it occurs to us that the 'socking' was both cruel and unnecessary and we fervently hope that nobody was scarred for life.

At the opening of the new Macarthur-Waddy building we were both struck by the boys' good manners, confidence and multi-ethnic backgrounds. It appeared to us that the school is in good, young hands.



Waddy House in 1967

The Old School Ice Cream Riot of 1966

by MG

It was Commemoration Day 1966. Parents were invited to share lunch with their sons in the old school dining room. Typically the food evicted from this kitchen came in varying shades of grey. But of course on this occasion to convince the parents that their hard-earned fees were being well spent, the cook, a reformed bank robber trained in the culinary arts in Long Bay, produced dishes only dreamt of by the boys.

The realization that dessert was ice cream, often served at the new school but rarely sighted at the old, created a feverish excitement. Unfortunately, on arrival it was found to have been frozen for so long at such extreme temperature it had taken on the consistency of Arctic mud. Try as we might no dent could be made. Knives, hammered with the soles of shoes, stabbing forks, whacks on the edge of the table, nothing could crack that surface.

The long simmering resentment towards the appalling quality of the food finally found its voice. A boy, gripped by blind frustration, began to bang his cutlery on the table. Within seconds the rest of the table, all Broughton Annexe boys, joined in. Other tables took up the cause. Masters on the stage scowled, table monitors sympathetic to our protestations refused to intervene, parents were agog. The Duty Master hurriedly said closing grace and we all copped a bollocking and detention. It was a puny riot but none the less satisfying.

The Way We Were

Academics 1967

by Charles Willcocks

Surprised to find a heading for academics hidden amongst a list of sporting items? You shouldn't be surprised though, after all one of the prime reasons for being sent to the school was for you to get some good book learning. You might, however, be surprised at the range and extent of things that could be classed as academically related that went on, somewhat subterranean, and which involved many or most people from our year.

All this happened in the context of two major events – the introduction of the six year Wyndham Scheme and the major shift of the school to the new teaching facilities at Gowan Brae. These presented challenges for both students and teachers and had a major influence over the development of school's overall culture and outlook and approach to education, as Jonathan Perse has pointed out in several of his magazine editorials. The former because it established a comprehensive approach to education and a new curriculum and the latter because it provided an ideal environment in which these changes could take shape. More of this later.



Starting with the scholarship holders. We had seven scholars in our year: Dave Fisher, Ross Horsley, Jock Schumack, Dave Marsh, Arch Morton, Peter Robinson, and Geoff Watt. All these featured prominently in the prize lists over the years, but there were many others too numerous to mention individually, except maybe for one, Andrew Watson who won the Orme prize for history in 1966 and 1967, **'all three in 1967'** - his emphasis.

How did we do? Thank heavens it was the first year of the Wyndham Scheme; I am sure I only passed some subjects because the powers-that-be did not wish to see too many failures. Anyway, we did pretty well. Of the 106 candidates that sat, 105 were awarded a Higher School Certificate. Several were mentioned for 'meritorious performance' in the State rankings; Peter Robinson in Latin, Maths and English; Arch Morton in Latin; Richard Hammond in Maths; Andrew Watson and Jack Curtis in History; Adam Johnson and Rob Willcocks in Geography; and, Mark Davison and Richard Kirkby in Economics. Many went on to join the crowds swelling the numbers entering universities and colleges, no doubt disappointing some parents hoping for some cheap labour back on the farm.

Masters, you could write a book on them but here are some I remember from the classroom. At the top Herbert Denys Hake bestrode our world like a Colossus, the main architect of the move to the new school. How he managed to drive his large American car from the back seat was a mystery to us all. His successor, Stan Kurrle, created a more relaxed environment. Other masters included Tommy Cuff and Harry 'Who Fired that Shot' Read, Butch Baker (himself material for a whole book), Brian '...' Downey, Thumper Kent (if only he had taught us the Latin word for 'geese' – well, those who sat School Certificate Latin will know what I mean), Eric Sowerby Drake (a gem – I still remember a drowsy class, shocked awake by him yelling 'Friends, Romans, **countrymen, lend me your ears'** – Mark Anthony, he explained, would have had to yell – he was addressing a huge crowd), Jazzy Asboe and Cedric Ashton (Pete's father) in the basement music room from which slowly emerged a wonderful school music program, Bernie Cannon and Bob Seaton in the science labs, Alain Phillips struggling to teach me French, and dear old Robbo in the school bookshop, always welcoming, who seemed to know every boy by name. Of course many will remember the rather depressing demand, 'Willcocks, bring out your card' – a detention did wonders for your academic performance.

Other academic activities included clubs and societies. I counted nine, the Twelve, Cartesian and Faraday Clubs feature prominently, but also recorded was the interestingly named Plastic Embedding Club (perhaps Pete Waterhouse could explain this one), and many people were recorded as giving papers to one or other of these and sometimes to several. For example, John Alexander, William Macfarlane and Pete Honeyman presenting papers to the Faraday Club, Graham Merrick's and Peter Willsallen's involvement in the Tyndale Society, and Andrew Henley in the Technical and Photographic Societies. And then there were the Philatelic and Geographic Societies and the Chess Club, all reflecting a pretty heavy engagement in mind expanding activity across the school.



Papers to the Twelve Club in our final year give a guide to the extent of the discussions, some to fascinate and some to alarm according to the notes – *Rhodesia – a Split Country* (Dave Walters), *The Life and Work of Mao Tse-Tung* (Malcolm Lamb), food and agricultural matters (James Baird), *Martin Boyd* (Rob Willcocks), *Polluted Air* (Peter Coggins), and *The Philosophy of History* (Dave Prescott). All powered by the suppers provided by Mrs Cuff.

Taking all this into account, to return to the opening theme – was anything achieved by the

Wyndham Scheme and the new school surroundings? I think there was.

Take for example the pamphlet written in 1967 by Malcolm Lamb and edited by Richard Nicholas, *Vietnam – Past Present and Future*. This caused a stir when it came out as I recall – a palace crisis, at least. How could students, students at The King's School mind you, be prepared to challenge authority and in a very public way raise questions about established government policy on a politically sensitive matter? I doubt if there was any mention of it in the magazine or the headmaster's annual report. This event represented a crack in the wall of the dam – our adherence to tradition at all costs, our acceptance of received orthodoxy and our tightly constrained discipline. Certainly it awakened the possibility of questioning such things: I know it did for me.

Peter Robinson put it another way. In writing to Jonathan Persse some years later in a letter published in the magazine, Peter recalled giving one of the first Cartesian Club talks, on existentialism. He goes on:

I do not remember much of this talk, and I think this at least partly because I did not know what I was talking about. However, I do recall that this talk showed me that it was possible to talk with great conviction out of happy ignorance. This has been a most useful lesson, and I have carried on talking nonsense with passion throughout my life in academia. I notice too, from a recent magazine, that I am credited with the suggestion that the club should be called the Cartesian Club. I vaguely recall that there was some half-arrogant idea behind this that we Cartesians thought, and therefore we were, and so they were not. But I cannot remember what we thought, or even if we thought, so perhaps there wasn't much difference between us and them after all.

Surely this reflects a small step on the road towards enlightenment, and subsequent changes in the school's approach to both its cultural and sporting life have borne this out.

This review only touches on a few of the non-sporting activities that went on in the school in our time. There were also school and house plays, the school dramas, choirs, library monitors, the magazine committees and the arts and music in general. The original contributions sections of the magazines also contain a wealth of material reflecting the intellectual life of the school.

The Air Training Corps for Me!

by Keith Hills

What was it like to go to school on a Monday morning in a blue uniform, one of just 15 to 20 boys who were classed as different by the majority? Not great you would think, being continually bullied and looked down upon by the majority, but for me, I was proud to do it, and to wear my sergeant stripes with the little propeller above them on my school uniform.

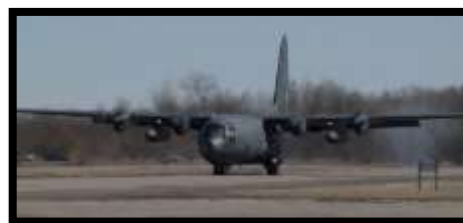
Yes, I was different because I was determined to do what I loved, and that was anything to do with aircraft. My career in the ATC began in 2nd Form, and I had a great time learning about the principles of flight, navigation, weather and anything else 'flying'. We went on annual camps to different



RAAF Bases in NSW and had the opportunity to extend our learning while staying in huts, with beds, not tents and bivouacs like the army louts. Yes, we learnt how to march and other things disciplinary, but the main focus was flying, and we flew in helicopters, Caribou and Hercules troop carriers.

I was so enthusiastic about flying, that when Headmaster Kurrle offered the school the opportunity to learn to fly I was the first to put my hand up, and I achieved my unrestricted flying licence when I was 16, before I could drive, 'legally'. I continued to fly until a wife, family and mortgage became more important and spare funds were somewhat limited. The ATC also gave me the opportunity to go rifle shooting at Long Bay Rifle Range every Saturday, and I represented the state twice in competitions, and on one occasion against the TKS for a trophy shoot, and guess what, we won!

For a boy who was a day student, not interested in sport, smart, but not interested in Latin and French, but interested in woodwork and music, and therefore in a lower class, **and** in the ATC, life was tough, but it taught me resilience and determination to overcome obstacles. I would say my time in the Air Training Corps was the highlight of my period at The King's School.



Smoking or Rowing?

by MCW

I took up rowing in 1964 (my first year at TKS) because some very astute cricket coach dropped me from the Under-15Es to the Under-15Fs - so any result in rowing was going to be an achievement. I was very fortunate to be a big bloke in Bob Buntine's Broughton House and Bob recognized some potential early I guess. I was allowed to pull myself along the side of the old school pool in the swim test. I couldn't (and still can't) swim a yard. Similarly, when Bob hauled me up for smoking at Broughton House Annexe, instead of expulsion, I was told if I did that again, I wouldn't be in any of his crews.

The first Tub IV in 1964 was Mike Rose (stroke), Mike Howard, MCW and Tim Armitage. Can't remember the cox or where we came but I do remember thinking, this is great.

I remember the Parramatta River oil slicks and, to this day, whenever I smell that smell anywhere in the world, I am right back there in that boat and loving the memory.

Athletics

by Jeff Stevens

Athletics was really only a 'filler' activity between Cricket/Rowing and Rugby. From memory the Athletics season against other schools was about six weeks long but of course we did have the annual School athletics carnival and prior to that we had a house competition.

Peter Waterhouse was the architect behind the House points system. He influenced 'Casper' Young to introduce this concept and of course this dramatically increased the number of boys participating in the various athletic disciplines. The J S White Oval in 1967 was awash with athletes trying to achieve the House or School standard all over the ground.



My first memory of Athletics goes back to Prep School where we had to endure the annual Cross Country through the bushland of Gowan Brae. No excuses, everyone had to do it!! (The school was a bit like that in those days!)



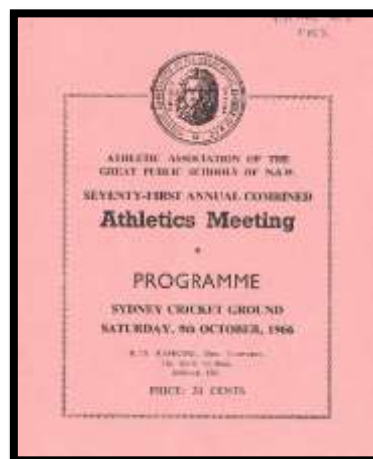
Many of my mates and I had no real enthusiasm for this form of torture but the countryside was at times interesting. As I recall the winner was usually small in stature and finished the journey in remarkably fast time. A few of us usually came in about an hour later. The House competition was always a bit of fun. For many the House standard may as well have been a world record but we all gave it a try.

Once selected in the Senior Team we had a number of competitions to hone our skills before the GPS completion. This was the culmination of all your training and was held at the Sydney Cricket Ground in front of an expectant crowd of about 2000 excited parents and relatives. We trained during the week and those sessions were full of activity. Highly motivated athletes worked hard to reach the zenith of their capabilities.

We had a reasonably talented team that year. I have some results to share:

- Stevens won the high jump and ran fourth in the hurdles (the longest legs in the school helped).
- Waterhouse came third in the long jump.
- Jackson came second in the 800 metres.
- Glasson came third in the 1500 metres.
- White, Hudson, Carter and North came third in the relay.

Regrettably I have no further results of the day. I am sure there were some extraordinary efforts put in that will live long in the memory of those participating. I know that because we came fourth on the day, not a bad result. Ah those were the days.



Vaulting Great Heights

by DCP

My own athletic attainments were very mediocre so I have very little memorable to report, but one thing stands out for me. In early 1966 I was watching Mike Rose practising the pole vault at the pits alongside the Doyle Grounds.

He encouraged me to have a go and under his ardent entreaties I started to get the hang of it - he was such a good coach that come the day of the actual competition I managed to come second in that event at the school sports carnival with Mike right there helping me all the way. His enthusiasm to assist a potential competitor made him a much deserving winner.



Where should we shove our steak?

by CPC

One of the regular bus drivers who took us to the old rowing shed in the old red-and-cream semi-trailer buses was a character. He was able to make his bus backfire and to his own, and our, amusement he regularly startled pedestrians and drivers with his loud backfires, especially when we slowed down going through busy shopping centres. Baker and Forrest House rowers at the Old School were privileged. We were regularly given grilled steak to supplement our basic evening meals during the rowing season. Those who played cricket, tennis and basketball were seen as having a lesser need to develop physical strength and therefore a lesser need for protein. The cricketers and other non-rowers, as they watched the rowers eat their steaks, expressed a different view.

Recollections

by JNW

At the prep school about all I can remember is the cold showers every morning and washing rugby gear on Sundays after Saturday's game. Cold water and a scrubbing brush, not much fun in the cold winters.

In senior school the standout for me was the year of '67, especially the rugby side. That team gave me the experience of 'all for one and one for all' that I've never forgotten. We may have gone our separate ways off the field but once we ran on, we were as one. It was a great feeling, to know that we could all rely on each other.

Then there were the evening chats with Rob Parker and sometimes baby-sitting his children. Overall I had a great time at school and it was a terrific experience.

Cadet Corps

by David Fisher

Cadets have been in existence in Australia for over 150 years. The first unit was established in Australia in 1866, at St Mark's Collegiate School, NSW. This unit subsequently became the King's School Cadet Corps in 1869.

In 1966, King's hosted the 100-year centenary of cadets being established in Australia. The celebrations were marked by a large ceremonial parade held on the sports grounds at Gown Brae. There were representatives from many other cadet corps in NSW with over 400 cadets on parade. The parade was reviewed by the Governor of NSW Sir Roden Cutler VC.



Fifty years on and the 150-year anniversary of TKSCC was held at the School in 2016. It was great to see several Vietnam veterans attending the dinner including Peter Hacon, Brian Bowman and Richard Gordon.

The first year of the HSC saw an increase in cadet numbers in 1967 to around 420 and a squeeze on resources (the School reports of the year describe shortages of equipment). Q Store CUO Rod Logan was under constant pressure and could be heard regularly telling disgruntled under-resourced cadets, 'Youse can all go and

get stuffed' ... or words to that effect.

The annual camp was always a highlight and the train trip to Whittington railway siding just short of Singleton was not without incident. Mac Gudgeon invariably entertained us and on one occasion as we passed through Cockle Creek near Newcastle he quipped, 'Watch out or your cock'll creak'. We were easily entertained then. Singleton army camp is now a shadow of its former self with much of the Hunter Valley dug up and exported to China and elsewhere.

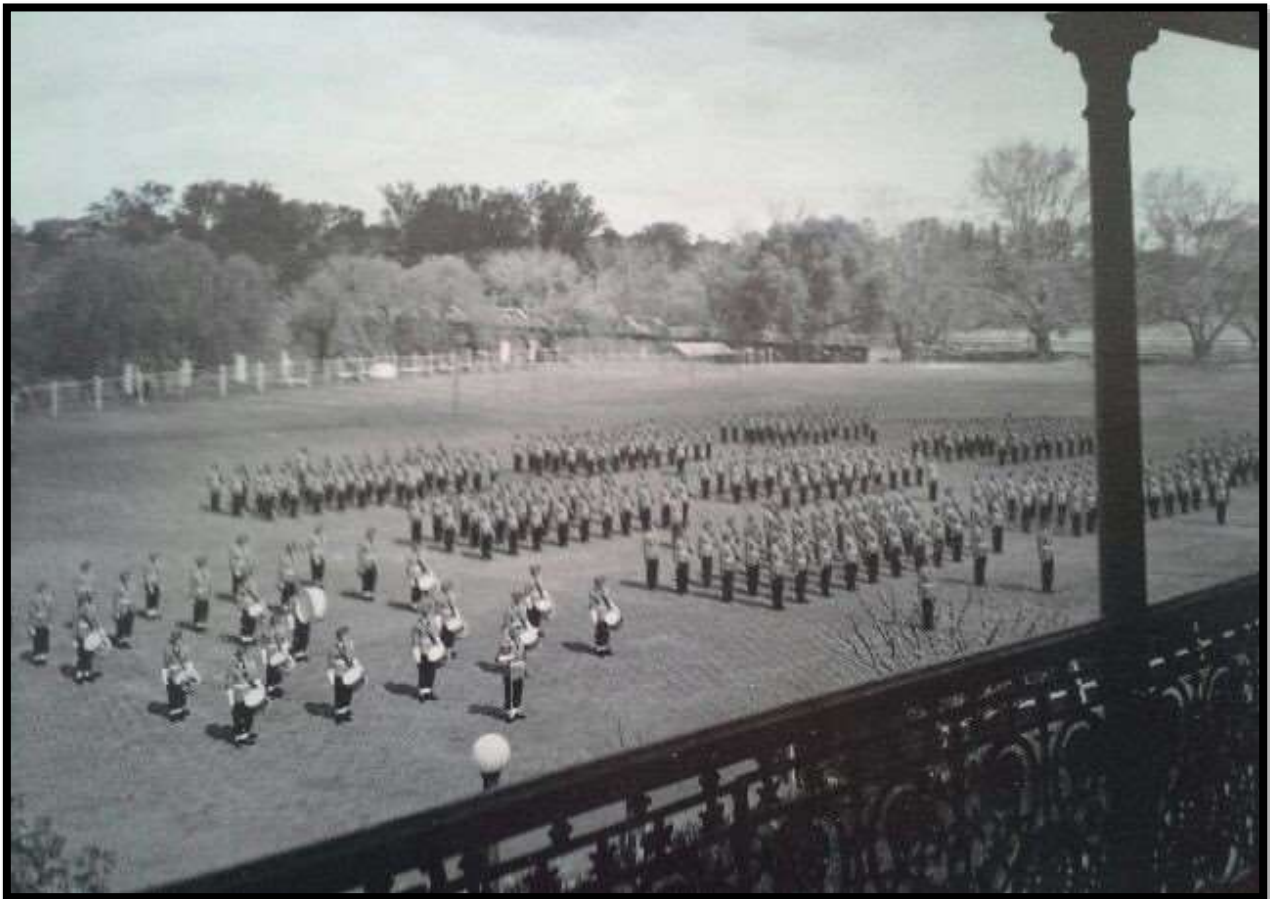
As reported in the School magazine, at the end of 1966 the Corps spent three days in the bush in operations 'Ramvere', 'Pattern' and 'Guerrilla' organised by the regular army. I do recall being involved in a Guerrilla exercise when a small party of us were given the task of recapturing the small



railway siding of Belford being held by an enemy contingent. A simple task except the planning omitted to take into account that there was no moonlight that night and the countryside was pitch black (no night goggles then!). We finally found said siding some 2 to 3 hours after the appointed time of attack. The enemy had obviously grown tired of the game and had departed some hours earlier (according to their generously worded note left on the door).



In spite of the endless drill routines, the incessant polishing of brass buckles, sleeping on paille mattresses and senior cadets shouting at junior cadets, I do think the experience was character building for many and can say that I have fond memories of the TKSCC experience.



Clubs and Societies

by Charles Jennings

There was certainly plenty to do outside the classroom for the '67 cohort. Apart from all the sport we could ever hope for, there was a plethora of non-sporting activities open to us. It seemed the school had a club or society for every taste, whether we wanted to learn to fly or to crutch a sheep, build and paddle a canoe or discuss some esoteric aspect of philosophy or religion. It was all there for us. Some of us threw ourselves into the world of clubs and societies more than others.



The **Technical Society** showed a good range of films of the day - *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, *Cat Ballou*, *The Loved One*, *Carry on Cleo*, *Born Free* and *The Flight of the Phoenix* being a sample. The Technical Society had 'sub-members' and 'probationary periods' for spool boys and operators. No flouncing around there. There was also the **French Film Society**. Presumably boys signed up for that one with differing expectations.

The **Brae Society** was for aspiring financial types. In the August 1967 magazine, the society reported that 'on the advice of our stockbroker, we bought shares in two more companies – Consolidated Milk Industries and Ampol Petroleum'. We can only wonder how those stocks are doing now and whether investments by club members in the intervening 50 years have done them well.

The **Twelve Club** members presented and discussed papers a wide range of issues, but Mrs Cuff's dinners at the end of the meetings seemed to be the highlight. Peter Robinson and Rob Willcocks were members, along with Jim Baird and, we assume, plenty of others. The **Discussion Group**, founded by Jonathan Persse (who became Patron) was set up to address esoteric topics of philosophy and life. It transmogrified to become the **Cartesian Club** on Peter Robinson's suggestion. Rob Willcocks was one of the founding members, and delivered a toast to the club at the 30th anniversary meeting in 1996. Other members included Phillip Broughton, Malcolm Lamb, David Prescott, and John Evershed.

The **Woodworking Club** provided an opportunity for boys to produce handicrafts on wood-turning lathes that were donated by Mr McConnel.

The **Tyndale Society** was focused on a higher plane. The May 1967 magazine reports 'Our speakers have given us an interesting insight into God's work'. Dear Bruce 'Snuzzle' Davey was an active member.

The **Photographic Society** spent most of the time in the dark. With a darkroom and state-of-the-art enlarger the society provided services for other groups, such as the **Archive Society**. There was another Photographic Society at the Old School, too. David Holmes was President of the club in 1966 followed by Andrew Henley in 1967. The Archive Society was popular, attracting more than 300 people to its June '67 meeting to hear Mr Lloyd Waddy speak about the volunteer cadet movement (one wonders whether such a large audience was, itself, volunteer). Clem Foster was a keen member of the Archive Society.

The outdoor clubs had plenty of members, too. The **Canoe Club** held regular trips down the Nepean River and members spent time building canoes, not just paddling them. The **Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme** was introduced in 1967 with 30 boys

The **Referees' Association** met to discuss topics such as 'the qualities of a good referee', 'the scrummage' and 'the tackle'. Boys who were members were prepared for their Junior Referees' badge. Mr Humphreys was president.

The **Geography Society** arranged lectures from visiting speakers and recording meteorological data at the School station and visiting speakers. Malcolm Lamb dutifully recorded weather data and was reported as having ‘developed the obscure phraseology of the meteorologist’.

The **Farm Management Club** held its well-attended meetings on Friday evenings with Mr Minter and visiting speakers.

Peter Waterhouse was a member of the **Plastic Embedding Club** in our final year. I can find no other members, although we can only assume they existed. Maybe they didn’t.

The **Radio Club** meetings were fitted around Col. Buring’s rowing coaching, it seems. Club members built radio equipment, and provided an electrical repair service to raise money for the club. One can only wonder whether that would be allowed today in this crazy world of ‘elf and safety. Have your electrical device ‘fixed’ by a schoolboy!

Other Clubs and Societies included:

- The **Greek Society**, which focused on both Greek culture and language.
- The **Flying Club**, whose members took flying lessons with the Illawarra Flying School at Bankstown, Keith Hills being among their number.
- The **Faraday Club**, with PMW Robinson presenting a paper on ‘the concept of the soul’.
- The **Chess Club**, with Owen Mortimer and Ian Humphreys running the show. Keith Hills was secretary and Chris Jackson also a member.
- The **Small Bore Club**, led by Mr Tuck with 73 members in August 1967, and the School team beating Shore twice with Hugh Poate representing our year. No small bore he.

Then there was a range of other activities that were not exactly clubs nor societies:

- **Music** was quite a big theme for out-of-classroom activities. The annual school orchestral concert was a highlight for some, but it seemed there was a constant lack of ‘cello players. There was also the music we played at weekends – with bands being formed, performing and disbanding at a rate. There were quite a few guitarists and drummers among the ‘67ers.
- There were also **Dances**. Who can forget getting sweaty around the crotch while vigorously swinging Abbotsleigh girls around the dance floor? We also danced the socks off girls from the Roseville Dance Centre.

Not so much a Club or Society, but **Working Parties** also took up quite a bit of our recreational time as the School put its fee-paying slaves to work in the evenings and at weekends after exams to build stone walls, plant shrubs, and create gardens. Britten House boys built retaining walls at the Science Block; Macquarie boys doing similar work around the Art Room; and Dalmas boys planting gardens outside the Examinations Block. It’s a surprise more of us didn’t become landscape gardeners in later life.

Of course, finally, there was the annual **School Play**, and house plays too. Some of us threw our thespian ambitions into these. Adam Johnson seemed to always be involved, moving on to produce his house play in the final year. No doubt good preparation for his later career as a barrister.

All-in-all, we can look back on the wide range of opportunities we were offered through the clubs and societies and be very thankful to have had them. Many other boys at the time didn’t. At best, they kept us occupied, allowed us to follow our passions, and helped us learn what we were good at. At worst, they allowed us to fail at lots of things early in life.

Cricket

by Rob Willcocks

1967 was the Year of the Rowers. Such was the euphoria of ‘the victory’ even Old Boy cricketers got in on the act. They presented a new eight (called ‘The Cricketers’) to the rowers. Mind you, members of the crew of The Eight were not entirely lacking cricket prowess. I see from scorecards of the under-age teams in the old school magazines that between 1962 and 1964 John Chancellor and Dave Marsh scored a few runs and that the names of Andrew Joseph, Mike Howard and Scott Alison appear. Those scorecards remind me what a prolific run-maker Jeff Thatcher was in those days. In 1965 Jeff played in the First Eleven.



Cyril Payne said that ‘Our year was not particularly interested in cricket’. It might not have been but in 1967 there were four open cricket teams of which one, the Fourth XI, Cyril was skipper and Pete Ashton (a former captain of one of the underage A teams) was his deputy. According to Cyril, Cec (Spook) Young, the coach, was but a figurehead. He was ‘as much use as a back-pocket in a singlet’ leaving virtually everything to Skipper Cyril. The team lists that Cyril sent me show such luminaries as Charlie Mackay, Rob Lowe, Robert Pearce, Wayne Rabjohns and Phillip Dobell-Brown in either the Fourths or the Fifths



at different times. Notable too were Peter Robinson and Sam Marsden as joint captains of the Thirds in which Robert Tonner also played as did Robert Pearce occasionally. On the other hand, in 1967 only five of the First XI were from our year.

Cyril remembers team members each week anxiously milling around the notice board when the team lists were pinned up. Each was there to see to which team he had been dropped! It is noteworthy, Cyril says, that members of the First and Second XIs did not share this anxiety as any changes in those teams would already have been ‘big news’ having

been leaked earlier. I think he was correct for another reason. Those teams (in any event the First XI) hardly ever changed - although my brother Charles never lets me forget he was dropped without notice at the start of the 1967 season after having had two successful years in the First XI. (In 1965 they were Runners-Up and in 1966 GPS Premiers.)

Two events of significance whilst we were at School were the opening of the Doyle Field at Gowan Brae in 1962, principally for cricket and football, and the development of the JS White Oval. The first sporting fixture to take place on the JS White Oval was a cricket match between the School First XI and the Old Boys in 1966. This was a real break from the past as the old main oval in Parramatta Park had been in use by the School from 1873 to 1966 - nearly a century. Whilst the cricket facilities at Gowan Brae were magnificent, the newly laid pitches (spongy green tops) were manna from heaven for our two 6ft 3inch plus opening bowlers, Jeff Stevens and John Curtis, although less so for our batsmen.



Speaking of Jeff Stevens, he remembers what a great thing it was for his self-esteem belonging to the various cricket teams and ultimately, when he was 16 in 1965, the First XI. As a member of the team he enjoyed participating in the after-match team dinners and attending the Saturday night films in Upper School - entering a world not often inhabited by dayboys 50 years ago.

Cricket or Rowing?

by AFR

In 1963 I was captain of the mighty under 13Fs cricket team. I had to catch a bus from the old school to Cranbrook. The walk in from Macarthur House left me a little late so I missed the bus. I was at a loose end wandering around the old school when Bob Buntine spied me, 'You look lost, Andrew' (he gave me extra English tutoring so we knew each other fairly well), so I explained my dilemma. 'Oh well,' he said, 'you're too big for cricket - go down to the rowing tank and play around with the oar, I'll be down shortly.'

That was how my rowing career began. Many blisters followed along with the thought that maybe I should have caught that cricket bus after all. I remember many miles rowed in clunky old tubs and many miles travelled on Trailer Tours' goose neck buses. I can still see Bill Milne's heavy-jowled, red face puffing away on his Craven As, hanging from his cherry wood cigarette holder, jammed in to the side of his mouth while trying to bellow at us through his enormous megaphone as he delicately balanced himself in a tiny, aluminium speedboat.

Rowing camp took time away from being at home on the farm. The mums in the rowing-shed kitchen kept us well-nourished and in good stead for the miles rowed on the Parramatta River. I remember the river being filthy and it stank. The only life I saw were these enormous black sea slugs oozing along the bottom of the river. While on the river I was petrified that we would get cut in half by the Putney cable ferry. The worst thing that happened was sinking beneath the Ryde Road bridge during a storm.

Debating and Public Speaking

by Malcolm Lamb

It's perhaps fair to say that inter-School debating was not exactly a sport which attracted enormous crowds and it was not compulsory for boys to attend in full uniform with white shirts saluting any parent who might stray their way. In fact, I remember a debate against Newington, in which we were robbed by very unfair adjudication, conducted in an enormous hall at Stanmore with about three people, apart from us in attendance.

House debating was very strong in our day, due to the enthusiasm and guidance of Jonathan Persse, and we competed for a fine trophy, namely a large, framed reproduction of Pablo Picasso's *Guernica*. No plastic trophies for us! The winning team in 1967 was Harris House, in whom dwelt several members of the School team, comprising Arch Morton, Peter Robinson and the writer. I have no idea of the topic.



School debating was strong in 1967. The A team comprised Adam Johnson, Peter Robinson and the writer and we had three GPS debates that year of which we won one, lost another narrowly and another by a country mile because our stance was too 'extreme'. It was appropriate that the one victory was against Joeys on the topic 'That man went round the bend with the invention of the wheel'. The evil stares of Johnson, the acerbic wit of Robinson and the amazing foolhardiness of the writer were often

too much for most oppositions. The B team had two of our number, Arch Morton and Richard Nicholas who also performed with distinction.



A great perk for being a debater was the touring - always to girls' schools. We terrorised Abbotsleigh, PLC Pymble (from which we were rudely kicked out for inappropriate language), Frensham and PLC Moss Vale (sadly now closed). Many special 'relationships' resulted from these cheery escapades.

The Lawrence Campbell Oratory Competition was a GPS public speaking fest always held at Big School at Sydney Grammar. For two terrifying occasions, the writer represented TKS but could not crack even the bronze medal. Riverview and Sydney Grammar had some murky deal about sharing the honours year in and year out. We also had domestic public speaking competitions.

Losing My Seat

by JDB

I couldn't wait to get to my third year of school so I could take up rowing. Cricket was never going to be my thing!

I have recollections of starting in 'tubs' and progressing from there. I think we had one year of rowing out of the old boatshed at Cabarita before moving to the new boathouse at Putney. I remember the rowing bus driver causing the bus to backfire as we went under the railway bridge near Ryde and on one occasion blowing off the end of the exhaust pipe. Great lunches with steak at the new boatshed. Luxury! Losing my seat in one of the regattas much to the distress and anger of my crew (we were actually in a good position to win that race!).

On returning to school from rowing early one very hot Saturday we could see all the cricketers sweltering out on the playing fields - confirming that switching from cricket was a smart choice. The 1966 GPS regatta was a big event in my sporting life and a great experience. For some silly reason I elected not to row in 1967, much to my regret. Maybe it was the memories of multiple blisters on my hands at rowing camp in 1966!

There was encouragement (?) in different races from Bundi Barton and Andrew Joseph behind me to go faster, slower, stronger, etc, etc. Brian Bowman and Kicka Gordon were certainly not so vocal.

A Socking Travesty

by PBB

I distinctly remember a house meeting on a Thursday in Burkitt House. The Captain of the House announced he had received a complaint about boys not showering after sport and using public transport. He asked boys to own up and it seemed most of the house raised their hands. I remember the previous Tuesday afternoon football practice as a bitterly cold and windy winter's day. I was one of the many who did not shower.

It seemed most of Burkitt House were lined up outside the 'socking room'. When it was my turn I told the socker I had an excuse but of course they were not interested. I was told to bend over and copped six of the best. I had intended to tell them my excuse but of course that was pretty pointless after I had been socked. I have always felt slightly wronged since I lived across the road and obviously didn't catch public transport and of course the monitors would have been aware of that.

I guess socking boys was one of 'the perks of office'.

JWdeBP: Rugby Coach

by RJH

Receiving all the photos from those to whom I want to say thank you so much, I did notice the number of times the illustrious J W de B Persse featured in Champion and Premier rugby teams, also featuring many '67ers. These teams of boys were the silent or not so silent achievers, playing their hardest (as most boys did on the field) but with JWdeB's expert guidance. Some went onto to greater things like making the 3rds in 1967, others still enjoying the lower grades.

The 67ers were:

1965: 7th XV, Premiers

Jamie Alison, Chris Barton, Brian Bowman, Pip Britten, Adam Johnson, Brian Meyer, Mike Nekvapil, Bert Owen-Schwind, Jock Shumack, Basil Simmons, Charles Willcocks and Max Wilson.



1965: 8th XV Champions

Brian Bowman, Bruce Harley, Peter Honeyman, Sandy Munro, David Prescott, Jock Schumack, Basil Simmons, and Geoff Young.

1966: 7th XV, Champions

Jamie Alison, Phil Broughton, Jim Burns, Gordon Evans, Rod Hammett, Charlie Vincent and Percy Warner.



The bright-eyes amongst you will notice the duplication of some names in the 7ths and 8ths in 1965. Basil reliably tells me that often there weren't enough players for two teams so he and others played twice. The results are then even more remarkable!

Drama

by Malcolm Lamb

Drama was played out at TKS in our day under extraordinarily difficult circumstances. The masters who kindly directed our performances were doing this as an extra over and above their many other co-curricular commitments, boarding responsibilities and (gosh) their teaching. There was no budget, no facilities but a bucket-load of goodwill.



In 1967, apart from a string of memorable House plays there were two major productions put on concurrently in August. One was Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, directed by Michael Murray and Jonathan Perse. This was staged in the dining hall. The second was Jean-Paul Satre's *Men Without Shadows* which was directed by Owen Mortimer. Both plays required female players but was TKS going to go cap in hand to Tara? No way. Many of us, all with deep voices and a propensity to need shaving, dressed in drag for the occasion. For my part, as Lady Bracknell, wearing high-heeled shoes was a very challenging experience.



A number of 1967 gentlemen were in the performances either as performers or behind the scenes - or both. For the Wilde play they included Dave Marsh our School Captain who graciously humbled himself to be a butler for the occasion as well as Chris Speyer (also a butler). Chris also did a memorable backdrop for the Satre play. Also in Wilde's play was Richard Nicholas who played John Worthing (earnestly Ernest). The Satre play, as was this one, was dominated by 1968 leavers but Mac Gudgeon stood out as Jean, Scott Alison as Henri with Mark 'Dorb' Davison as Landrieu.

Both plays were written up rapturously by several masters' reviews which appeared in the December 1967 *Magazine* and those involved enjoyed their moments of glory. As Rod

West said of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, 'the overall impression that lingers on in this reviewer's mind is the refreshing vigour and scintillating charm of the performance'. Of *Men Without Shadows*, Robert Parker concluded, 'we were given ... a thought-provoking and moving play, well-acted and meticulously produced, which added up to a stimulating theatrical experience'. All this was done on a shoestring budget or two, using other people's facilities (a somewhat belated thanks to them) and with staff and boys involved doing this on top of a myriad of other activities. Such was the way we were then.

Drama, after our year, entered a renaissance at TKS. Today, the school is acclaimed for its dramatic and musical productions but, back then, we were extremely happy amateurs who showed signs of competence and sparkle.



A Wild Goose Chase

by ARGJ

Our School Play (Thursday to Saturday, 21st to 23 July 1966) was called 'A Wild Goose Chase.' Directed by J W de B Persse, the play is set in a castle in England inhabited by Lord Elrood (David Marsh) and Lady Elrood (James Bell). The baddies ('Capone', Adam Johnson and his offsider 'Wedgewood', Wayne Rabjohns) are trying to steal the Elrood family silver while 'Chester Dreadnought' (Ned Manning), an earnest young suitor, is trying to have his way with 'Patricia', the daughter of Lord and Lady Elrood. 'Hilary Pond' (Malcom Lamb), a wiley amateur detective, is hot on the trail of the baddies. The scene shows Chester Dreadnought (Ned Manning) on his knees with Lady Elrood (James Bell in a dress) and Patricia. Wayne Rabjohns, a truly excellent baddy and Adam Johnson, a deeply disturbed criminal, are in the middle of the photo. Wayne hides in the suit of armour to pull off the robbery, Ned Manning (Chester Dreadnought) gets the girl, and Hilary Pond (Malcom Lamb) catches the baddies.



Music

by Richard 'Will' Kirkby

I was surprised when Basil Simmons asked me to pen something about the King's influence on my classical music awareness (limited as it is) because, among other things, I'm pretty much tone deaf.

When I arrived at the senior school in '62 it seemed to me that music was very much the band and Mr Asboe, but I didn't really participate in either save for a brief and unsuccessful foray into the world of the Recorder in '62. The cadet corps band is of course a much bigger topic and I won't try to cover it here except to acknowledge how good they were.



My first exposure was school related though, by way of Andrew Joseph's father Maurice. Maurice had, as I remember 33^{1/3} rpm discs (this is a 50th after all!) of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, Handel's Water Music (in the big band format, not the original instrument stuff you hear now), and Rossini's Thieving Magpie overture – I was enchanted by these and used to play these when on leave to the point of wearing them out, and I promised myself that given the chance later in life I'd go and buy them, once I had the money for the requisite hardware.

And so I did, jumping in the deep end at the record shops to be totally confused by the difference between a concerto, a symphony and a quartet (four?) - Jack Healy's maths here!! - but that's another story.

Meanwhile back at school big Bruce Davey, who unfortunately is no longer with us, was the one I most remember working hard at the piano out in front while we did our best to follow with the words in assembly; but there must have been others that are beyond my memory. And the other musical focus must've been Edna William's dancing classes with, amongst others, that renowned ballroom dancer

Mal Makim handling The Pride of Erin with such ease and usually from behind Edna's back, for his own safety.

And Mr Asboe continued his commitment to bringing a larger musical life to the school. I remember Andrew Joseph saying sometime in the 2000s that he understood that Keith had been offered the Chair in Music at UNE but turned it down in favour of finishing the job he'd just really gotten started at King's – that's dedication.

Meanwhile again - back on the farm! - our son Simon ('90 to '96) recalls Keith being astonished that a Year Seven boy from Moree would not only know who Mozart was, but how to pronounce his name - so all was not wasted!

So, after seven years at Kings and all that's followed I've managed to scale one of the twin peaks of classical music, doing Wagner's magnificent, but 15-hour, Ring Cycle four times, but have failed with Bach, though we did visit his nice little church in Leipzig a couple of years ago – so all's not been lost!

Rowing 1962 to 1967

by John Chancellor

Rowing is perhaps the ultimate team sport. It's not a body contact sport but it is one of the toughest sports because once the race starts there is no time out, no substitutions and it calls on the limits of human endurance to move the boat through the water as fast as possible. It calls on the self-discipline of all crew members for the duration of the race to achieve the ultimate from mind, heart and body. Like most sports, you row to race and the more practice you have the better you get at it and the better you are likely to race. Simple.



All of us have experienced the 'swing' or rhythm as all oars go in and out of the water together. The challenge is to do it every stroke in a race. Along the way we all had varying experiences and there were many facets that made up the rowing experience. Boys joined rowing by going through a selection process, which was conducted at the rowing tank either at the Old School, beside the Parramatta River or at the New School, between the armoury and Macarthur House. During our time the School moved the boatshed from Cabarita to Putney where a new boatshed was built. Travel to and from the shed was by hired bus and we all remember fondly the singing and the bus rides. The small nucleus of coaches evolved over the years and all seemed to have had rowing experiences in their youth and wanted us all to have that experience. We remember with fondness and dread Messrs Milne, Buring, Buntine, Grice and others.



During Term One each year, GPS rowers who boarded, were served steak for dinner and for breakfast on regatta mornings, to build us up ... a privilege we all accepted with grace.

The Parramatta River is still strong in all our memories, particularly the industrial smells, the regular oil slicks, the odd 44-gallon drum 'drifter' and the eyeing of other crews as they rowed past, plus timing our run to miss the cables on the Putney punt. Most of us started our rowing careers in a tub, which was

a bit like a narrow timber rowing boat for four rowers. A very heavy but stable craft. These days novice rowers start in training eights and single sculls.

Blistered hands, most common at the time of rowing camp, were treated with methylated spirits with the expectation that we would keep rowing and our hands would toughen up. We then graduated to the older racing fours and eights, which were much less stable and more fragile. Newer boats were used by senior crews for racing only. These days carbon fibre and other lightweight materials have taken over from the plywood boats we raced in. Oars have also benefitted from technology changes. Both boats and oars from our day are certainly museum pieces now. Saturday sport for rowers was a full day with



training in the morning, followed by great lunches at the boatshed prepared by the mothers of the rowers, a rest for about an hour then back onto the river for another training session. If there were races on that Saturday, the training session would be interrupted for the races. All training was leading up to the GPS Head of the River, held on the Nepean River at Penrith on a Saturday afternoon usually in April. Today's races are held on the shorter Olympic course at Penrith on a Saturday morning. In our time, there were five races at Penrith, which have since increased to ten races with the introduction of an additional senior eight plus junior crews. For the record, our Head of The River results were:

	VIII	1 st IV	2 nd IV	3 rd IV	4 th IV
1966	7 th	2 nd	1 st	7 th	6 th
1967	1 st	2 nd	5 th	1 st	4 th

In both years, of the twenty-nine rowers competing at the Head of the River, twenty-one were boys from our year.

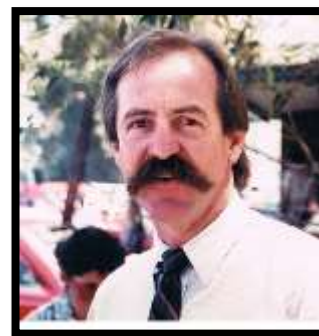
Photo shows the Second Junior Eight from 1965: Jim Fielder (cox), Basil Simmons, Brian Bowman, Pete Hacon, Rod Hammett, Pip Britten, Andy Joseph, Charlie Jennings and Mac Gudgeon. Coach was Colonel Buring.



Rugby

by Mike Rose

At King's in 1967, if you were good at sport you tended to thrive. Thankfully, I was OK at sport. Also in 1967, the relevance of rugby at the school as the compulsory winter sport was being debated. For most of us, however, this was all just background noise. We were out there just to have a go and test our levels of testosterone.



Coaching was also somewhat hit and miss. In the 1^{sts} and 2^{nds} Robert (Penny) Parker, who had only ever played soccer, was big on the 'VOWU' of positional play. Peter Cory, who was a top bloke, was really only interested in fitness. For Peter, the 'science' of what we were trying to do was the important thing. In the end it never really mattered. It was all or mostly forgotten as soon as we ran on. It was just action and reaction. I don't ever remember a 'game plan' being mentioned.

We had no stars. We did, however, have some ability as a team. Mike Druce our tall, very quick, very talented half-back, sadly passed away several years ago. At 5/8, Robert Willcocks was probably the one amongst us with the most ability. So often he had that ball on a string and would occasionally take some terrible punishment. He went down I remember, in the Joeys game and I happened to mention that we needed him and would he please get up. Well, he did get up and then told me, 'Piss-off; you're not the one who has just had his ribs crushed – besides, you're the one who was meant to stop that from happening.'

Mac Gudgeon directed traffic from inside-centre and I think during the season he played in every position in the backs except the wing. It makes it a whole lot easier he said when you've the pace of John Hudson and Charles Carter outside you. He also had David Fisher and big Jim Gunn around to look after him. Jeremy White was also no slouch and he could kick. He kicked us to victory several times.

John Cobb could kick, too. He was the long-range kicker. He, David Marsh (Vice-Captain) and John Chancellor were a formidable front row. In the rain and the mud at Newington, I remember Cobby had a go at a penalty from a long way out. He thanked me, of course, for the opportunity. The ball went 10 feet but we recovered and Bull Carter was only inches from the line when he was forced out. John Chancellor in the same game asked me politely if I would like to have a go myself when I suggested, 'Mate, you've got to stay up.' We drew that game 6-all, which we should have won and which would have put us on top of the ladder.



Jeff Peake, Al Murray and I were a reasonable back row outfit. Jeff just crushed them. Al was more polite but always came away with the ball.

If there was a star in this team it was certainly 2nd Row Mark Davison. He was the only one to make the 30-member GPS squad that year. Big, strong and very athletic. Wouldn't shut up though. Always kept a running commentary with the referee. His partner, Peter Ashton, was the true 2nd Row work horse: line out specialist, and quick. Peter had never scored a point in his whole schoolboy

rugby career but in the very last minute of his very last game against Scots at Belleview Hill after the bell, he put that all to rest. He slotted a conversion from the sideline (well almost) which cleared the bar by a good two inches: two career points: gold!

After leaving school the most successful rugby player from 1967 was Tom Vincent. He played in the 6ths and 7ths at school. Tom still holds the record for the most 1st grade games played for Eastwood Rugby Club in what is now the Shute shield. Interesting that!

Shooting

by Hugh Poate

In the 'sixties the student population of TKS was about 80% boarders and the boarders largely comprised boys from rural properties. Firearms are a tool of trade on rural properties for vermin control, euthanising sick animals and hunting. From these applications shooting has also developed as a sport. A fact conveniently ignored by the anti-gun lobby of today is that shooting events have a long history as Olympic sporting events. Shooting was a very popular sport at King's and the other GPS schools in our school days, and I understand still is today.



Boys interested in representing the school in shooting were selected from a series of shoots at the school's 25-yard range using .303 rifles with a Morris tube insert which modified the rifle to shoot only .22 calibre ammunition. Twenty-four boys with the highest scores were selected to attend the annual shooting camp and the selection on membership of A and B teams was decided on the results at the camp. Each team comprised eight boys. The remainder formed a C team for which there was no GPS competition.

The 1967 A team comprised Sandy Munro (Captain), Al Logan (Vice Captain), Will Kirkby, Charles Willcocks, Richard Gordon, Hugh Poate, Jamie Mackay and Jim Gunn. Mackay and Gunn were in fifth form. The only 1967 sixth former in the B team was John Cobb who was also Captain of the B team.



In the 1967 GPS competition, the A team won the NRA Shield, the Buchanan Shield and the Premiership Shield. We lost the Rawson Cup to TAS by three points, but we won the Premiership Shield on our aggregate score from all three events. The B team also won its event and set a new record aggregate score ten points ahead of the previous record. My brother James Poate achieved a possible at the 200- and 400-yard events for the B team and was the top scorer for the team. The remainder of this article deals with the results of the A team only.

I am still a competition shooter today but I use custom-built rifles fitted with telescopic sights of up to 32 power magnification, and shoot in events with a maximum range of 300 metres. I am astounded to re-visit the results we achieved in 1967 with old ex-

military .303 rifles manufactured in the 1940s, using only open sights, shooting at a bulls-eye the size of a dinner plate at distances from 500 yards to 300 yards, and only being allowed two sighting shots for each event. Our eyes were obviously in better shape 50 years ago. Before an event we would hold our rifle sights over burning camphor blocks which gave off a thick black smoke to blacken the sights. This process eliminated glare from the sights. Nobody wore ear muffs as they were considered sissy.

Our hearing protection consisted of an empty bullet shell stuck into each ear. I have suffered with tinnitus ever since!

Shooting camp in 1967 was held for a week during the September school holiday period and all boys resided in Hake House for the camp. One of the great attractions of shooting camp was the food from the dining room. Unlike the food during term, the food items during shooting camp were identifiable, nutritious, tasty and we could eat as much as we wanted.

We travelled daily by chartered bus to Long Bay Rifle Range and Anzac Rifle Range for training. The GPS competition was always held at the Anzac Range. We dreaded going to the Long Bay range because of the terribly strong winds which were always present. I clearly recall shooting one occasion on the 500-yard mound and having to aim at a tussock of grass off to one side of the six foot square target to get the bullet to drift about two yards onto the target. Every shooter had a team member spotting for him with the aid of a telescope to tell him where his shot landed on the target, and suggest adjustments to his sights for elevation, or where to aim to compensate laterally for the wind effect.

Following practice sessions most boys managed to 'acquire' ammunition from the school's supply, obviously for training in their own time. Our shooting master, Mr George Tuck, was bewildered as to why the total number of rounds 'used' exceeded the total number of shots 'fired', often by a considerable margin. One obvious explanation is that he was a geography teacher, not a maths teacher. Anyway, the boys were getting value for their parent's hard-earned money.

The Rawson Cup involved two events, one at 500 yards and the other at 300. Each event involved two sighters and five counting shots. Half way through the event at the 500-yard mound it began to pour with rain. Only two boys from the other schools shot during the rain. But when the going gets tough, the tough get going and some members of our team completed their shoots in the rain. The teams from the other schools shot when the rain stopped. I top scored over the two ranges with 67 out of 70 which included a possible of 35 out of 35 at the 500. However, our aggregate team score was three points behind TAS. Lesson learnt – the brain can triumph over brawn.

The NRA Shield was shot over 500 yards with two sighters and ten counting shots. Sandy Munro top-scored with 49 out of 50. TKS won this event from TAS with a margin of four points.

The Buchanan Shield was held on the third and final day of the GPS competition. This was an interesting event from both a shooting perspective and certain organisational mishaps. Al Logan was an enthusiast of old Packard cars. Being a school holiday period, Al was allowed to bring his Packard (which from memory was a straight six!) to this event at Anzac Range. He had his rifle, Richard Gordon's rifle and Will Kirkby's shooting coat in the boot of his Packard. However, when we had all arrived at Anzac Rifle Range, we realised that Al Logan knew all there was to know about Packards, except how to open a locked boot. Additionally, Sandy Munro realised he had left his rifle at school. These organisational challenges were eventually overcome by two outsiders. The bus driver was able to break into the boot of Al's Packard, and Mrs Kurrle kindly brought Sandy's rifle from his locker at school. In those days members of the shooting teams kept their rifles, with bolts in the breach, in their open lockers.

The Buchanan Shield involved two events, a rapid fire and a snap fire. The rapid fire involved ten shots in 60 seconds from the 500-yard mound. The snap event involved eight shots at a target which was raised for three seconds then lowered for ten seconds for each shot. This was a very challenging event but every member of the team shot well, with Richard Gordon shooting a possible.

Richard Gordon shot exceptionally well in all three GPS events, such that he shared top personal aggregate score with Cohen from Shore. Richard was awarded the Chisholm Cup for the best shot in the school, and the Lawrence Trophy for the highest score in the Buchanan Shield. Shooting colours were awarded to Sandy Munro, Al Logan, Charles Willcocks, Will Kirkby, Jim Gunn, Jamie Mackay, Hugh Poate and Richard Gordon. Richard was also awarded a crown badge above the crossed rifles in his colours, this being equivalent to colours with honours and this was the first time a crown had been

awarded since 1961. Sandy Munro, Al Logan and Hugh Poate were awarded a star badge above the crossed rifles in their shooting colours for outstanding shooting.

An eight-man **Combined GPS shooting** team was selected to shoot against Sydney University and NSW University. The team included four boys from TKS, Richard Gordon, Sandy Munro (Captain), Al Logan and Hugh Poate. We were victorious against both universities.

I recall an amusing anecdote from Mr Tuck who was an enthusiastic shooting coach. He approached the NSW licensing sergeant to apply for a pistol licence which would enable boys to shoot pistols on the school's small-bore range. The licencing sergeant said to him, *'I will have to take this further up the line because of the recent attempt with a pistol on the life of Arthur Calwell.'* (Arthur Calwell was then shadow minister for Immigration.) Mr Tuck replied, *'If it had been by one of my boys he would not have missed.'* For reasons still unknown, the application for a pistol licence was not granted.



The **Earl Roberts** shooting event should also be mentioned. This was not a GPS event, but a gruelling competition among school cadet corps across Australia. The team from each corps comprised four shooters and a range officer. Team members were identified by name and rank. The TKS team comprised Cpl Munro, Cpl Poate, Sgt Gordon, Sgt Gunn and CUO Scott Alison as our range officer. We shot stationary events at 500- and 300-yards, and finally a run-down event. The run-down involved the following series of shoots by each shooter at his dedicated target, all shooting together. Starting with six rounds in the magazine two shots were fired from the 500-yard mound, then on the order from Scott Alison we ran to the 400- and fired two more shots, then to the 300- and fired the remaining two shots from our magazines, then reloaded

from a strip-clip of five rounds and continued to the two hundred (two shots) and finally the one hundred (three shots). By then we were buggered (a technical term). The outcome was determined by time and scored hits on the targets. My team photo shows the TKS team were runners-up in the NSW Division. I have no idea which cadet corps won the event, but this must be a typo; surely we came first!

Jatz Crackers

by MG

After kicking off the ice on the pitch, the 13Bs XV joined battle with Newington. Five minutes in, yours truly copped a boot to the testicles. I went down on the sideline in unimaginable pain. Solicitous parents from both sides gathered around inquiring as to the nature of my injury. Unwilling to speak due to embarrassment and the fact my voice had risen two octaves I could only groan and gesture in the general area of my groin. It was then our coach, the ever pragmatic 'Rocket' Webb, ambled over and announced in a voice that could be heard a mile away, 'He'll be right, just copped one in the pills.' I was mortified.

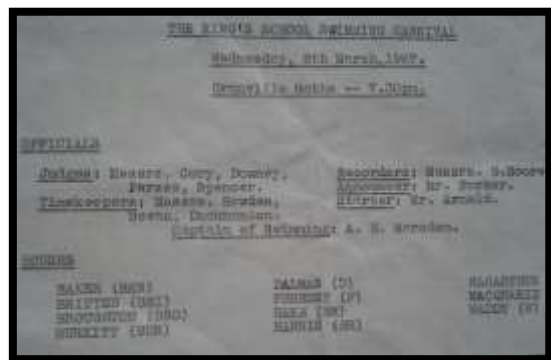
Swimming

by Rick Johnson



School swimming in 1967 was unfortunately not one of the 'elite' sports. There were no GPS carnivals and no School Colours. In fact, to the best of my knowledge, Sam Marsden who was Captain of Swimming, had the aquatic characteristics of a brick. But nevertheless, the annual School Swimming Carnival was always a hotly-contested sporting event between the Houses. Indeed, this was one sport where the dayboys had a capability to beat the boarding houses. The annual carnival was held on a Wednesday night at the Granville Pool early in the year. There must have been some elimination races to determine the finalists in each event but I cannot remember how that was achieved.

As the school had no swimming facilities at the time, other than the 25-metre pool at the Annexe at the Old School, there was no opportunity to practise, improve or train for the carnival. Therefore, it was not surprising that there were a number of good younger dayboy swimmers coming through the School, such as under 15, M Holman and under 14, W Jay, who were obviously training regularly outside the School, as they were posting wonderful times on the way to winning their age championships.



In the senior age groups, there was always some hectic competition between those who knew one another's abilities, and in our final year there were quite a few fifth-formers who did very well at open events. In the major sprint, I won from Cyril Payne and managed to retain my title as Open Champion

gained in 1966, thereby winning the Barton Cup. In 1965 and 1966, the two championships were won by Broughton, but in 1967 the Senior Championship was won by Britten House with Broughton House second; the Junior Championship was won by Macquarie House with Burkitt House as runners-up.



Congratulations to all those from 1967 and 1968 who provided such enthusiastic competition in the open age division. The sport is much more competitive now as the

school has a 50-metre pool and swimming is taken more seriously than in our time.

Tennis

by John Cobb

The best thing about being in the tennis team was playing at White City (back when the Australian Open and Davis Cup was held there) and even the Under 16s got late leave. It must have been in 1965 - Malcolm Makim and Jeff Thatcher's last year I seem to recall – when we ended-up at Ivan Hague's place somewhere in the Eastern Suburbs, until his old man and the neighbours kicked us out in the early hours.



We always seemed to win the GPS seniors and juniors back then, but not in 1967 as must have been burnt out, or perhaps trained against too many girls' schools instead of boys'.



As Mike Nekvapil was captain, that is possibly correct. I'm sure David Fisher, Tom Vincent and I would not have wanted to show off at Ascham, Abbotsleigh and the like.

However, that streak of misery, Jeff Stephens would have encouraged Mike to create opportunities for their philandering ways. No wonder we were burnt out and history will record just that we lost, instead of being simply misled.

Certainly I have to confess none of us (to my knowledge) went on to Davis Cup or Grand Slam greatness, but I am sure we all did well in our domestic lives.

Schooldays

by PND-B

1959: Prep school, there for three years. Short pants, long socks, and a fancy coat and hat. Teachers: Mrs Cox, Peter Yeend, Rev John Price (Prep Head). Start of regular sport: cricket, rugby, tennis. Lunches in the dining-room with the boarders.

1962: start at the new school, new buildings, new subjects and teachers. Wyndham Scheme also new, added an extra year to our school life. Subjects: Latin, French, Science. Teachers: 'Thumper' Kent, Vic Illich, Fred Healy, Owen Mortimer, Keith Asboe. House meetings, Burkitt in Remove form, then Dalmas; memorise the school history; cards, leading to Saturday morning detentions for bad work.

Camping trip in 1st year, to the Shoalhaven River: heavy rain, floods and a long, wet walk out. School end-of-year-trips to Norfolk Island 1964 and New Caledonia in 1967, to learn French, after finishing the HSC.

School monitors, morning parades, chapel services, singing practice on Friday mornings. Sockings and pack drills for bad behaviour, according to the monitors' whims. Lunch time games on the rec field.

1967 final year: drive to school. Regatta again, but this time finally a win. October, the first HSC. Leave school for the last time after the final exam.

The Band

by M Gudgeon

The King's School Cadet Corps Band has a long and illustrious history. Over a century since the foundation of the Corps the band has gone through many iterations. Currently, 2017, it is a brass band. In 1967, it was a drum and bugle band. No matter what instruments were played, the band's mission was simple: keep the Corps in step, preferably at a regular and smart pace.



To the casual observer, or private in the ranks, it might have appeared that the band were a bunch of slackers who spent a lot of time faffing about under the trees while the rest of the Corps square-bashed in the broiling sun. Nothing could be further from the truth. From your first parade as a raw recruit to your passing-out parade, you were always conscious of the band's culture of hard work, scrupulous attention to detail in kit and uniform and striving for musical excellence. We were part of the Corps but also in many respects a self-disciplining outfit. We rarely saw Majors Read or Downey and were left to rely on our own motivation.

Of course the band attracted boys who had some musical aptitude but because it was a bugle band you could get away with not being able to read music and playing by ear. But whatever your musical ability those more senior generously shared their knowledge and skills because a band works best as 'all for one and one for all'.

Besides regular Monday parades there were lunchtime practice sessions in the band room and the extra-curricular individual snare drummers practice. Bert Owen-Schwind and Charlie Jennings I'm sure drove non-band members spare by incessantly paradiddling with their drumsticks on desks, the backs of bus seats, or any hard object available at any time of the day or night. Ditto for the buglers with their mouthpieces – lip-farting incessantly under the eagle-eyed Warwick Fisher. And the bass and tenor drummers swinging their sticks dangerously at head height.

But it wasn't all beer and skittles. Ask the bass and snare drummers what it felt like lugging upwards of twenty pounds on their right shoulder for hours on end, or the buglers their lips sun-blistered and cracked, inhaling a gob full of the infamous Singleton Camp flies half-way through a tune. And the seemingly endless hours of polishing drums and bugles, the stripping and whitening of webbing belts and gaiters. And who can forget the ever-present, acrid smell of Brasso and Silvo.



A highlight of every year we all looked forward to was marching with the returned servicemen and women in the Anzac Day parade through the streets of Sydney. At the end in The Domain you were always exhausted but felt some pride at having set the pace for those who gave so much for their country.

Another highlight was being chosen out of all the cadet bands in NSW to play at the

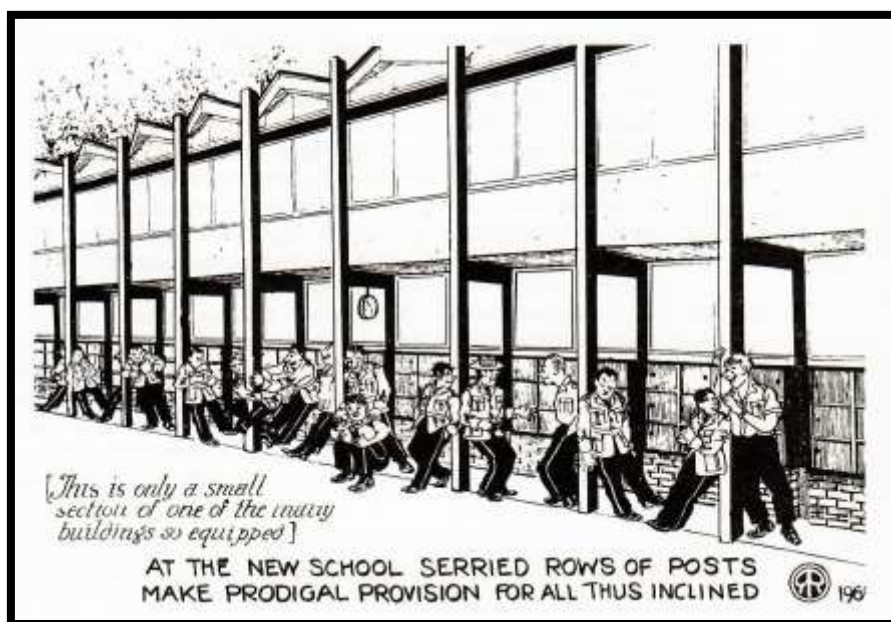
Military Tattoo at the Sydney Showground in 1965.

The annual Singleton Camp was always approached with some trepidation because every year we participated in the statewide Cadet Corps Band Competition. The competition was intense and you were judged on turn-out of uniform and gear, musical ability and marching prowess. The TKS band were regular winners and every member was conscious that a dull belt-buckle or a halt three inches short or

too long at the end of advancing in order could blow our chances. Fortunately, on the big day in 1967 we all hit our marks and victory was ours.



The Band 1967



Reminiscences

When the 15Cs beat Joeys

by Stephen Bargwanna

Keg Milne was an uninspiring math teacher. It was hard work understanding maths when thwarted by the bulwark of his dishevelled appearance - shirt un-tucked, keg like shape, profuse sweat and ashtray overflowing with cork tipped cigarettes. Now Jimmy Mathers, he was a maths teacher, and with an appropriate name. Jimmy was tucked in everywhere. We loved Jimmy for his enthusiasm. He was like a grown-up boy, one of us. Most importantly when he was our rugby coach we won all the time. He had us furiously fit and believing in ourselves.



So when the 15Cs beat Joeys it didn't surprise us team members. Our little group of supposedly 'average' footy players had done the same for the previous two years. At least that is what I remember. The 15Cs were a proud team. Jimmy fired us up. We put our foot on their throats from the kick off and never took it off till the final whistle blew. There were no fluke intercept tries, we had no Dan Carter kicker and field goals were unheard of. We just ground them down. We felt like our heroes in the First XV and when we graduated to the same unbeatable 5ths in 1967 we felt like our champion Head of the River rowers. Legends. We got the taste of winning and it was wonderful.

Our all-conquering, Joeys-beating cohort started in the 13Cs and went the whole way through together. Some twenty-odd King's teams battled the dreaded Joeys and we were one of the few teams with a W, not an L or D, against their names on the Monday morning footy results notice board. Most of the other GPS schools were easy beats. The trial games against CHS schools, the likes of Cranbrook - pieces of cake. On one outing we embarrassed the Cranbrook nancy boys by somewhere between 80 and 100 points to nil. It was pathetic. The poor boys shouldn't have been allowed on the paddock.

I only have the statistics for one of our teams made up of average blokes, the 6ths in 1965. Champions. Played 12 games undefeated. 240 points for, 20 against. Our line was crossed only twice. M. R. Buring Esq was the coach.

Was it the quality of the half time oranges, the coaches, the country boarders with tough fencing and livestock wrangling backgrounds, the unrelenting discipline, or revenge for the uniform? Sparta defeating the Athenians was us. How blessed were we. What fun we had. Character building, maybe.

Johnno Grice

by JCHJ

Johnno Grice left me (and, I'm sure, others) with a permanent dinner party story when he explained isotopes to us. 'God had his angels working on the atom production line. One angel would be inserting protons, another neutrons, and the Archangel Gabriel was on electrons. Gabriel had a sweet tooth and always packed jam sandwiches for lunch. Afternoon work, with sticky fingers, Gabriel often accidentally picked up two electrons instead of one ... and made isotopes.' Grice also said that when he was a boy being taught chemistry, atoms were 'indivisible, indestructible, and with hooks on them'. Another image that's stuck. He was a bloody good science teacher for those of us who were not on top of the topic.

My Life Adventure

by Andrew Ford Reynolds

Part 1 - Prep

My school adventure started a little before I entered The King's School. I was incarcerated at Loquat Valley School at Bayview on the edge of Pittwater. The school was established by Sir Patrick Gordon Taylor, (Kingsford Smith's co-pilot), for his daughters. He lived over the road. I was 5 years-old and had trouble with bed wetting. When this occurred, I was made to stand under the school bell and relegated to a camp stretcher. So boarding school was a scary prospect.



Curious, lonely and scared, (still bed wetting), I was saved by Tom Baddiley, who helped me get over this problem. I shall always remember his one liner 'X' (eggs) he would say, 'X for breakfast'. The nights were particularly sad for me. I would peer out the window watching Roy Horrocks roar off about 8.30pm in his VW, wishing that it was me returning home.

With its parapets, tunnels, wide cedar staircase, ghosts, 360 acres of bushland, creeks, caves, freshwater crays as big as lobsters, slit trenches, spent and live ammunition, Gowan Brae resembled a sandstone castle to my mind. Come the weekends if we - Brian Bowman, Jim Burns, Gordon Evans and I - weren't roller-skating or playing marbles, we'd comb the property inch by inch. On one of these sorties we discovered a small graveyard. Little did we know...

Learning was hard, especially when one could gaze out the window and watch huge yellow Tournapulls, bulldozers and caterpillars moving tons of clay and sandstone to create the wonderful J.S. White Oval. It was here in winter we'd watch Mike Rose, Dave Fisher, Dave Marsh, Jeremy White and Co. playing rugby. In summer it was cricket, with Charles and Rob Willcocks and Mick Hewitt. But invariably I would be brought back to reality by John Lord, sitting on my chest and smacking me around the ears. Sandy Munro would be sitting at the back of the classroom slowly drinking his daily draught of beer purely for medicinal purposes. However, some lessons were learnt, Ian Silk taught us to measure, cut, chisel and turn lumps of lumber into boxes, boats, lamps and all sorts of interesting objects. Keith Asboe tried his hardest to get us to hear a note. Peter Yeend struggled to introduce us to the wonderful world of the written word. And of course, the Reverend 'Chum' Price kept us in touch with the Holy Spirit.

Come the end of term we eagerly awaited taxis to take us to Parramatta station and thence on to Central to connect with various steam trains, The Mudgee Mail, The Northwest Mail, The Southern Aurora, which would disperse us all over the state and beyond. We waited in 7 Dorm and were usually supervised by Mr Andrews who warned us not to slide down the polished floorboards; of course, boredom soon set in and slide we would. The result a seven-inch splinter in the middle of Mark Davidson's back and a dramatic ambulance ride to Parramatta Hospital. Once we had arrived at Central there was another waiting period, so off to the latest James Bond movie and the procurement of booze for the long, cold, train journey home. There were others who would fly home to exotic locations in the Pacific. Rod Hammett and Adam Johnson to Fiji, Peter and Robert Hacon to far North Queensland and Ian Harrington who would tell us stories about Big Sister, the company that made fruit cakes; and, of course Billy Loughnan who learnt to fly whilst at school. Robert Tonner introduced me to speedway racing at Merrylands. Oh, the intoxicating smell of avgas, flames, sparks and the head throbbing noise of those little cars. Jim Burns taught me about egg farming, Halverson cruisers and the wonderful waterways of Pittwater. Phil Basche was kind enough to take me home on weekend leave so I found out about unit living, eggs sunny side up and other exciting citified things.

Part 2 Big School

The adventure goes on from sandstone castle to the glass and aluminium new school centred on a little graveyard. Big boys, big lessons to be learnt. From a cheeky preppie to a junior school kid, Macarthur House, Harry Reid and my new family for the next six years.

Gordon Birch was the boss of Junior Macarthur, aptly named except he used a slipper. Malcolm Makim and 'Toolie' Thatcher introduced me to horse and greyhound racing on the trannie every Saturday afternoon. Ian Slacksmith and Tofe Cleveland gave me a little wake-up call about respect for the seniors. Luckily, having had a big brother, Robert Reynolds, attend the school, may have somewhat moderated their lesson. Richard Gordon's rendition of *The Drover's Dream* has stuck with me for these last 48 years, along with Andy Bligh's bush yarns and adventures.

The lessons must go on and so Ian Humphries ('Reeeeynoldsssss, wake up') taught me economics, Johnno Grice science (dodging a continual deluge of water being sprayed around the lab) as he chalked away on the blackboard. Brian Downey, Godzy McConnell, Ian Spencer, Jimmy Mathers - the list goes on. They all aided my education.

There were other things: machine guns, grenades, rifles, bivouacs, parades, *Feu de Joie*; Mac Gudgeon, drum major, throwing his mace high into the air.

As well as book learning there were other lessons. How to conduct a good April Fool's Day prank, placing the assistant house master's VW in the middle of a netted tennis court. There were the annual Macarthur boxing days where Rarie Russell 5'6" took me on 6'6" not fair, you say! One punch and down went Andrew, two years in a row. Phillip Brown also gave me a good punch on the nose on the way out to the Head of the River, blood everywhere. I think this was before the Slacksmith and Cleveland lesson.

Fronting Reverend Kurrle for apparently over-disciplining a junior cadet. Fronting Reverend Kurrle on a second occasion after Reverend Smith thought my over-enthusiastic speech to the boarding house re our Head of the River win was alcohol fuelled. Thankfully Andrew Jackson's father, Brigadier Jackson, came to my rescue, thus an expulsion was avoided.



Sport: Casper Young taught me to put a shot, Colonel Buring taught me the fundamentals of football (it's all a matter of military manoeuvres). Terry Irwin took Chris Barton, Chris Fullerton, Jamie Alison, and the rest of the team through to be champions.

Dave Glasson was an excellent middle and long-distance runner, cross country being his specialty. I would run cross countries with him all over the 360 acres. He won the school cross country of 1967 in a record time 25 minutes 54.8 seconds. I came 11th thanks to his tireless coaching. Dereck Foley came 2nd.

Bob Buntine - what a coach. Not only did he teach us how to row, he took a group of young men and shaped them into a winning team, taking TKS from rowing oblivion to the forefront of the sport. I learnt patience from John Chancellor, courage from Gawain Bowman, Mike Howard stopped me from going

too far back and Richard Kirkby halted my forward run. Max Wilson showed what guts are all about, rowing whilst infected with mumps. Scott Alison, forever calm.

Whilst great sporting feats are always spoken of there were also other achievements worth noting. John Cobb could fart *God Save the Queen* followed up by a clever rendition by Hughie Poate from his list of favourite tunes.

During 1967 Sargent Andrews and my parents consulted on the best vocation for me; I wanted to be a forest ranger, they had other ideas.

And so the school adventure concluded and the school of hard knocks began.

Rowing to My Heart's Content

by RJH

One memory I have is how good I felt when I passed 'the test' and was into the rowing squad in 1962 after doing trials in the tubs at the old school. From then on I felt part of a 'rowing family' which I never felt in other sports. The buses taking us to and from the clubhouse enabled us to joke and chat so we got to know each other better than in other sports. There was of course the pecking order, but you did get to know the older boys and in time the younger boys, and certainly the days at the boatshed enabled you to mingle with those you aspired to become.

I remember how polluted the Parramatta River was, and the increasing number of fish kills after we moved to the new boatshed. Obviously there had been a discharge from the Shell refinery at Clyde because we could see the oil film on the surface whenever a fish kill occurred.

I remember rowing in what must have been the 2nd junior VIII down to, and then beneath, the Sydney Harbour Bridge, somewhere we were forbidden to go. Our idiot cox, Mac Gudgeon, thought it would be 'historic' to be the first King's crew to row under that famous landmark. It was of course incredibly dangerous as we battled to stay side-on to all the washes that threatened to break us in half.

Crime and Punishment

by Cyril Payne

As we all know, our esteemed *alma mater* was founded in 1831. What is perhaps lesser known is that in 1866, one of the Old Boys, using the unlikely pseudonym Fyodor Dostoevsky, wrote of his time at school under the title Crime and Punishment. I felt that the school did not come across too well in the book so perhaps the record needs to be set straight ...

Crime is a word that can be construed and manipulated to fit almost any action, depending on the relative power of the accuser and the miserable wretch on the wrong end of the pointed finger. In my case I write from the experience of being at the pointy end of that equation. Crime at TKS varied from beds being made inadequately and ties being not knotted professionally, to much more serious infractions such as walking on the lawn or looking with disdain in the general direction of those fellow-students higher in the hierarchy. Or failing House Tests or talking in Class – all of these crimes had been committed by me at one time or another, and who could ever plead 'not guilty', let alone 'innocent'? Nope, once the crime was defined the punishment followed – not always (or ever) a fitting punishment, but a punishment nevertheless. In truth, you needed to be a bit philosophical as the *de jure* misdemeanour named may have actually borne little resemblance to the *de facto* act of insubordination, but you were probably guilty of something at some time so you were guilty of the named infraction as far as authority was concerned.



Ouch!

Punishment was meted out at two levels: in the House and in the School; and within those domains, also at two levels – by the Masters (relatively benignly) or by your fellow-students (usually far from benignly). In the House, there was diking, which was at the lowest level of the punishment chain (get it?) and had no formal imprimatur - it was merely a form of bullying and seems to have essentially disappeared after the demise of the Leaving Certificate; more particularly, those who sat it. The lowest level of formal punishment was the **verbal thrashing** – this comprised of quietly accepting a gob-full from a House Monitor for something minor: failing to fall to the ground in oblation when said Monitor walked in the surrounding postcode, for instance. One level above this, and often delivered in concert, was the **House Job** – this involved the accused indulging in some useful ‘make work’ activity around the House, such as spit-and-polish cleaning the Monitor’s shoes, or applying blanco to his corps belt and polishing his brass. This was all pretty harmless and no doubt prepared us all for life after school. Now, should the application of House Jobs prove inadequately behaviour-changing, next in line came a damn good **Socketing** – this called for the accused to don his PJs and front to the monitors’ room where a kangaroo court was convened to find the accused guilty, followed by the application of a billiard-cue-grip-stiffened sandshoe to the nether regions of the guilty fellow, marking him if not for life, then bloody close to it. And at the top end, when all else failed, the accused was paraded for a **Discussion with the Housemaster**. In my case I found this somewhat embarrassing but the resultant polite chat and cup of tea was quite pleasant. Perhaps the Housemaster had a cane for more serious cases but I never had the pleasure of experiencing that first-hand, so to speak.

At the School-level, the most feared combatants were the School Monitors, called the Feds. Their power was absolute (of course) but also erratic, capricious and malicious as the recipient was rarely from the same house as the Fed so the allocated punishment was rarely leavened by any sense of familiarity. The preferred option of punishment was the dreaded **Pack Drill** – Friday afternoon down on the parade ground with your rifle. It involved various puerile activities until you begged off further involvement – in my experience a simple, yet polite request to cease further punishment did not work; the blackguard with the whistle, no doubt a descendent of the entrepreneurs of the Rum Corps, was not impressed with being involuntarily involved in supervising the pack drill so he wanted to make sure his annoyance was known; hence, breaking point needed to be reached before time was called. As far as I can ascertain, the next level of punishment was the **Essay** (I do not remember anyone else getting this punishment but perhaps those who did were so ashamed that they kept it to themselves). Anyway, the Fed involved would task the guilty-bastard (ie, me) with writing a 500-word essay on such esoteric subjects as *The Inside of a Ping-pong Ball* (seemingly a favourite as I think I had that one more than a dozen times); I volunteered to pen a few words on *Liberalism in the Modern World* or even *Masochism – Is it All We Could Ask For?* but usually my entreaties fell on deaf ears and it was back to the ping pong ball’s limited contents.



Within the classroom, came the need to carry a **Card**, changed over weekly by the applicable Housemaster and this enabled the various Masters to pen missives to the recalcitrant’s Housemaster, advising details of any particular shortcoming on the part of the card-holder: ‘failed French test’ (make of that what you will), ‘talking in class’, ‘teaching my budgerigar to say “rrrrrrright”’, ‘inviting insurrection’, etc. (Actually, the last one I made up but I can but imagine what may have been written on K. Marx’s card if he had attended King’s.) Anyway, depending on the level of crime described on the card, the Housemaster levelled (usually appropriate) punishment,

such as no Saturday leave or whatever, and then issued a new card. At the top of the tree of punishment came a visit to see **The Headmaster**. Now this was pretty memorable as it involved being pulled out of class by the School Sergeant and paraded in the corridor outside the Headmaster’s office in full view of all who passed by, and it seemed to me that everyone I ever knew would happen to be passing by while I awaited the Headmaster’s thoughtful ministrations. The resultant verbal dressing-down is somewhat uncomfortable but nothing compared with **Six-of-the-Best**, which thankfully I was never asked to endure, but on one occasion my fellow accused, Mike Howard, made the mistake of chuckling during the reading of the litany of crimes I had committed (much more extensive than his) and he cracked it for Six-of-the Best and all I got was a verballing – I was happy with that outcome if somewhat

puzzled at the fairness of it all. And finally, the greatest punishment was **Expulsion**. Not experienced by me, but quite unnecessarily by a close mate. It embittered him for life.

Dostoevsky admitted that he did five years in ‘Siberia’ before he published Crime and Punishment – Parramatta has been called worse, but we old boys know exactly what he meant! There is no doubt some rationale in all of this yarn about what we all suffered – some more than others, but I noted during my son’s time at King’s that most of this sort of punishment had disappeared, and yet the school seems to have still turned out very good citizens.

Losing by a Canvas

by JGL

Scene: 1965, Junior Eight. Coach: Bob Buntine – weekday training after just losing in the previous Saturday’s regatta. Buntine on the pontoon before training: ‘OK lads, Rolls Royce bodies, Mini Minor engines last Saturday. So, this afternoon we’re going to race the Senior VIII over a mile and a half. You can win if you really want to so put everything into it.’

We race and lose by a canvas, and Bob megaphones at us at the finish, ‘Keep rowing - another half mile; thank you gentlemen.’

Buntine: ‘Easy all, coxswain.’ He waits a minute till we compose ourselves, and quietly says, ‘Now lads, if you were able to row an extra half mile, and had put that effort into the first one-and-a-half, you could have won. Coxswain, have them row firm all the way home, thank you.’ He guns the tinny and speeds away.

Needless to say, we didn’t lose another race all year.

Schooling in Australia A Reminiscence by Rod Hammett

It must have been about six months before I really settled into boarding at the Prep in 1960. Already six months away from home and another six months before I’d see my parents and siblings, I’d made some good friends. Lifelong as it turned out, having been invited to stay with one of them in country NSW. Compared to life in Fiji Australia was a new world to me, a real eye-opener and I must have driven my friend’s parents crazy with all my questions.



From the Prep we could see cows in the paddocks that over time made way for the ever-expanding main school. I recall we weren’t meant to go there but of course we did. And to see a graveyard close-up was another new experience. With excitement and some trepidation I joined many of the ’67ers at the new main school in 1962. Everything was so clean and new.

Macarthur House ‘voluntary’ work parties were far from that, with Harry Read at house assembly, pointing his finger – ‘you, you, you’...until he had the required number.

And of course ‘Thumper’ Kent, trying his best to hammer Latin into my head under the false assumption that because my father had an English education I would be just as talented. I dropped Latin as soon as I could, preferring to pursue my love of maths, although personal after-school coaching was a challenge.

Mr Drake, my 5th form English literature teacher’s lessons and guidance through Thomas Hardy’s Tess of the D’Urbervilles really helped with the HSC, but even better it was a great help chatting up the ladies!

School for me was a joy, but there's not enough space here to reminisce about boarding at Macarthur House, or the enormous influence my regular August holidays spent with Peter Hacon and his family at Cloncurry had on my life.

You'd Forget Your ...

by GCW

It was the final days of the GPS shooting competition at the Long Bay range in 1967. On arrival Sandy Munro discovered he'd forgotten his rifle. George Tuck famously commented, 'For heaven's sake, Sandy, if you go to a brothel you take your prick; if you go to a rifle range you take your rifle.' Mrs Kurrle was delegated to find the rifle and drive it across Sydney to the range. I can still see her running across the sand hills at Long Bay, coat flying, waving a .303 rifle. She was in time for the shoot off – which we duly won.

Random Thoughts

by Malcolm Lamb

One of the last pieces of writing from the great twentieth century Chinese writer, Ba Jin, was entitled 'Random Thoughts'. It was a series of essays focussing on his desperate plight during the Chinese 'Cultural Revolution' (1966-76) and which was published in the mid-1980s. Beautiful writing, which one struggles vainly to emulate.



I thank Eric Sowerby Drake, my English teacher for my last two years, for setting me on my pathway and for encouraging radical thinking, a love for TS Eliot (drives Ms Lamb mad) and many other things. Even those of us who were taught by him can scarcely imagine how privileged we were. He set us free and gently mocked all the school stood for while remaining loyal as he chuckled on his pipe and laughed at our juvenile pomposity. You are from 'good families' as Tommy Cuff would say but we were capable of committing many sins.

We loved the rebels in our little world. 'Butch' Baker who stood against the backward values of low Anglican evangelism, helped us out of our narrow world by making us read and think. Jonathan Persse and Michael Murray made us dream of other places and understand new paradigms. In our House, Robert Parker encouraged us to rebel in a gently civilised manner which meant a lot to many of us.

The same Persse and Murray allowed Richard Nicholas and I to publish *Vietnam Past, Present and Future* in 1967. Heady days: articles in the *SMH*, mentions in the Senate - but what counted was that this conservative bastion was enabling young people to think and express their views, no matter how foolish. Mac Gudgeon cornered me and said, 'I don't like it.' 'Oh?' was my cautious response. 'It's not radical enough.' Over a few good reds at my home in Adelaide many years later, Mac and I confirmed a common love for humanity, decency and thinking outside the square. Yes, 1967 was a special year. It was also the year in which, finally, Indigenous people were given a voice.

Sleeping for Australia

by Mac Gudgeon

Although I was a boarder at TKS for six years I never enjoyed the comparative luxury of living at the new school. I did two years hard labour at Old Macarthur House on the fringe of Parramatta, and four years at the old school in Broughton and Waddy. This meant that in six years I never slept in a dormitory with fewer than thirty other inmates.

Paradoxically this ended up being a boon that's served me well. Being able to fall asleep and stay asleep in a dormitory full of sleep-walking, sleep-talking, snoring and farting boys was something I mastered with alacrity. I could then, and still can, pass out as soon as my noggin hits the pillow, my eyes springing open after a solid eight hours. I believe that if there were an Olympic event for sleeping I'd be in the team.



Unfortunately there's a sad coda to this reminiscence. Due to a clerical error I was appointed Waddy House Captain in my last year. As it was a junior house presumably one of my responsibilities was, in the case of an emergency, to make sure all the 12- to 14-year-old boys were safe. One night a kitchen maid fell asleep while smoking in bed in her room above the old school kitchen. Fire took hold and four fire trucks, an ambulance and two police cars all attended, their sirens wailing. Yours truly, obviously exhausted from my diligent studies and true to form, slept through the whole event, despite every other boy and house monitor being up and about watching the unfolding drama through the dormitory windows. So much for care and responsibility.

Sadly, the maid died. And I've often wondered, did the Waddy juniors and monitors let me sleep through the whole drama out of kindness, or was it a not so subtle demonstration of their faith in my ability to handle an emergency? And if the fire had been in the dormitory building would anyone have bothered to wake me?

Blowin' in the Wind

by DCP

In 1965 the Broughton Annexe was the home of the country thugs: you entered there at your own risk. The residents were better than everyone else at everything. One of the toughest was one John 'Cobra' Cobb, a fellow who could reputedly perform a decent rendition of *God Save the Queen* without the use of a musical instrument, but that did not mean he was short of wind, as he later showed through his career in politics. One of our number from School House Broughton needed to take some of the wind out of the Cobra's sails.

The agreed venue for the 'Flatulation Face-off' was the second floor of SHB. Our saviour arrives to great applause from the assembled throng, standing tall in the white corner wearing the stained jocks, Hugh 'E-type Ferret' Poate. Mick Hewitt was Poate's strapper and one can only imagine what it might have been that he needed to strap. Mal Makim was also on hand in case a bookie was needed, and one was.

The smart money was on Cobra, with Tool Thatcher as his strapper trying to lay some significant bets on his 'sure thing'. But all did not go according to plan and come the third minute of five, Cobra lay depleted and The Ferrett was barely taking his second breath of fresh air ... so to speak. In the end it was a case of *nolo contendere* and Cobra's reign was over. The winner, holding his sides and several other parts of his anatomy, was the Hero of the Second Floor of School House Broughton, yes give him a big hand because he certainly needs your support: HRJ Poate ... a hero to his backers, the man who put the wind up the hard men of The Annexe, and finished his schooldays as unchallenged champion of intestinal fortitude.

Tech Change

by Rod Hammett and Malcolm Lamb



It's amazing what we take for granted these days in terms of technology change in the mere fifty years since we left school. Our children and grandchildren, if they took a moment to think about it, would be in awe as to how we suffered back then in the day without the technological aids we rely on today.



Take the simple telephone, for instance. In 1967, we had one telephone per boarding house and while subscriber trunk dialling had just come in, many of us were still ringing remote telephone exchanges which were open for limited times during the day and so the difficulty of contacting home to ask for more money was very frustrating. Now, of course, we all have smart telephones and no longer need bank passbooks as we can do it all online.

We took the mail train home now most current boarders fly using paperless tickets. Who remembers those thick cardboard train tickets issued by the individual railway stations (that were once manned)? Who remembers our mothers attempting to navigate with the map spread out over the front? Who buys a car now without GPS?

On farms and properties throughout Australia satellites are being used to map moisture content for optimising productivity and enabling communications. Cattle and sheep are being micro-chipped so that consumers know where the meat they are eating comes from. On the farm, in towns and in cities satellites also provide weather data that tells us when it will be wet or dry or if a cyclone is about to devastate parts of Australia.

Spare a thought for our teachers with chalk all over their academic gowns, bits of crap in the chalk tray, slide projectors that wouldn't work - Charles McConnel's slides in geography were always upside down and they frequently spilled to the floor much to our mirth. Who remembers the roneo spirit duplicator with that lovely alcohol smell on the test paper to get you going? The typewriter, the gestetner machine and the hand-written reports (brief, admittedly). All gone now.

Texas Instruments in America had developed the first handheld electronic calculator in 1967. With integrated circuits, LEDs and LCDs portable computing devices quickly got better and cheaper - changing the whole world and us whether in business or specialised fields such as accounting, engineering, finance, medicine, science and education. Of course, we take all this for granted.

Today the magazine committee and all the contributors have been able to work remotely from around the world to deliver this unique collection of reminiscences and nostalgic photographs due to the internet, Apple, Google and Microsoft, all created since 1975. It's all about managing change a task that we humans have managed to do since we were cavemen – well that was in 1967 wasn't it.

Early Life at Gowan Brae

by WOR

Much of 1963 was spent gazing out the class room window watching the machines build the new J S White Oval. So important to get a window seat. Returning to school in 1964 saw a hive of activity. The kitchen, laundry and staff quarters were completed. Three new boarding houses were well underway as was the hospital, assembly hall and science block. The tennis courts were also being constructed. It took most of time just seeing the progress.

At the end of first term 1964 old Macarthur and Broughton Houses were closed. Broughton moved to the Old School. Forrest and Macarthur moved to Gowan Brae with overflow forming a new Harris House. Bob Buntine presided over Old School House Broughton where Forrest formally resided.

During the year Futter Hall was completed and used as an assembly hall and place of worship. Sunday leave did not start until after worship, which started at 9.30am and usually went for an hour. However, if you went to Communion, which started at 7.30am and went for half an hour, you were excused from the morning service. By 8.15am you could be on leave and out the gates.

The Six Day War

by Charles Jennings

I arrived at Old Broughton House under the watchful eye of Jack Horne, before moving to Broughton at the Old School and, finally, up to the New School under Bob Buntine's very different regime.

That first year was good preparation for the rest of my time at King's. Watching Nick Edyvene coat Jack's breakfast utensils with bodily fluids before carefully putting them back in place and ready for use made me realise that life at school was a battle of wills, and that there was more than one way to get the upper hand.

When Stan Kurrle replaced Herbert Hake as Headmaster, I felt a wind of change across the upper reaches of the school. 'Hoppy' Hake had an avuncular air and made boys feel as if they mattered. I still remember him walking down to the dining hall and greeting all the boys by name – even those who he must have only met in his office with parents during 'interview'. Hoppy clearly knew that little things like that made us boys feel as if we mattered. Stan was different. Much more 'clipped' in his approach and views, and he let us boys know it. Stand to attention when he passed by, or else.

Stan and I had our fallings out. I was the son of an East End of London socialist who had married into an Australian landed family. My father had attempted to leave the British Navy to fight Franco in the Spanish Civil War and had spent six years in China before the Maoist revolution. He had seen unbelievable suffering there. His values rubbed off on me.

Stan and I regularly had banter about views of life during divinity classes, but any esteem I had for him disappeared totally when I was in sick bay during the Six Day War in June 1967. I'd damaged my knee in a football match and it was infected. In came Stan on his daily walk-around. 'Ah, Sister' he said. 'I see you've got Jennings in here'. With a visible smirk, he then said 'I suppose he's trying to convince you that the Palestinians are in the right. Of course, he doesn't understand'.

Stan stood apart from the vast majority of our teachers at King's. There were many failings among them (and us) of course, but respect was a common theme. If King's taught me anything, Stan Kurrle taught it to me in those few words. Treat people with respect and dignity and you'll get it in return.



1967 - A Year to Remember!by JW de BP

1967 was a very significant year - not only for those boys leaving King's that year, fifty years ago, but significant too for the School as the Wyndham Scheme reached its sixth year then, adding a year to the secondary course. The school population consequently grew by about 120 boys: the year began with 816 in the senior school, 534 boarders and 282 day boys, a very different proportion from today, with the day boys in a big majority. Also, the average sixth former was nine or ten months older than before, and more mature.

In my thirty-six years on the staff I had no responsibilities in the Prep School, itself offering a very good education. I write here only about the senior school.



Those years in the School's history, the 1960s, were very important ones indeed, with the transfer to Gowan Brae of the Senior School, starting with all teaching there in 1962. The first three boarding houses at Gowan Brae were opened in 1964, the last three (of eight) not until September 1968. Tommy Cuff, the Senior Master, managed so well with the daily logistical demands of boarders living over two miles from where they were taught, and played sport, and were engaged in many other school activities.

That year, too, is memorable for the School's first Head of the River victory since 1920. The year also marked the retirement of Neville Andrews after thirty-three years as School Sergeant.

I myself knew the 1967 sixth form well, as it was my fifth year on the staff. I taught many of them in class in those years, coached many in cricket and football teams, was resident in School House at the old site, then at Gowan Brae in Forrest House. I took groups hiking and camping, and some of them came on one other of my expeditions to Norfolk Island. At the School in 1967 I was Head of History, Editor of the Magazine, and in charge of debating. There was, of course, the life of the Common Room and involvement in many school activities from the Chapel, to plays and concerts, to watching Saturday games. A full life indeed, and a happy and satisfying one, working on that lovely Gowan Brae with keen and friendly staff, boys and parents.

The Magazine - the best source of information, ideas and attitudes from the past. In 1967 I had two excellent Assistant Editors, Malcolm Lamb and Robert Willcocks, who headed a committee of eleven. How comprehensive the magazine was then in its reporting of school activities, as well of course as listing and recording the Council, the Staff, office-bearers, prize winners, public exam results and much else. In each of the three issues in 1967, in addition to sport, well covered, over twenty activities were reported, clubs and societies in particular, and there were many fine pieces in the Original section and amongst the illustrations. What splendid progress the School was making then in music and drama, including House festivals in both areas.

The 1960s - the move to Gowan Brae, educational philosophies of headmasters Denys Hake and Stanley Kurrle, and many staff and boys who were responsive and eager; the 1960s heralded a real renaissance in the intellectual and cultural life of the School - a wonderful development on the firm basis of an already confident and established school. Both Malcolm Lamb and Robert Willcocks wrote of this in sub-editorial articles in the magazines in 1967, and we remember with admiration and gratitude members of staff like Keith Asboe in music and Owen Mortimer in drama.

Quite a large number of boys in 1967 were members of debating teams, in particular with a well-contested House competition. Inter-school debates extended well beyond the GPS competition, and on several occasions we went to girls' schools or they came to us. We debated against our neighbour, Tara,

against Abbotsleigh and SCEGGS Moss Vale. An active debating society organised much of our programme.

So, in 1967, the Senior School expanding in the opportunities for a broad education, a school more and more enjoying the new site of Gowan Brae with its beautiful three hundred acres, a school so well-led by the Headmaster, the Senior Master, housemasters and a very able staff, and so well led, too, by the School Captain and Vice-Captain, David Marsh and John Chancellor and their team of monitors and by those who ran the twelve Senior School Houses. How good, now, to be encouraged to remember great old friends and celebrate - half a century on.

Snakes in a Box

by CJF

On becoming a Boarder at SHF in 1963, I came with a purpose-built box, varnished and complete with carry handle. This was intended to be a store-all (read: safe place to hoard home treats, etc). The box followed me to Forrest House in 1964 and curiously it seemed to attract a lot of attention. Sometimes it disappeared for a few days and on one occasion I opened the lid to find a dead snake curled up inside. Does anyone wish to own up now after 50 years?

Taking Leave

by Cyril Payne

I am sure we all remember the last words of the hymn *Lord Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing*, by Rugby School's Henry Buckoll:

*'Those returning
Make more faithful than before.'*

They were about the last words we heard at school each year as we bolted for the exits ('in an orderly fashion, you fellows') for Christmas leave or, in the case of about 20% of us each year, for good.

There followed a glorious period of about six weeks when all cares at school were forgotten. Notwithstanding the preceding, by the time that period of leave was over, there was always excitement in returning to school after a break at home, in particular after the Christmas holidays as that inevitably meant that we would move up a form and depending on your perspective, there were fewer knobs to whom you owed obeisance or more juniors you could lord it over. Returns after term breaks were not so earth-shattering but certainly memorable enough as end-of-term was of the order of two weeks; Easter was about five or six days if it did not coincide with the end of Term One.

Christmas leave offered all sorts of opportunities for exotic holidays, perhaps not as many overseas flights as occur now but certainly trips to the coast for those living inland or holidays with relatives if they lived in the Sydney or another capital. An occasional delight at end-of-term leave was to be invited home by another boarder for a week or so at a rural property and all that entailed: wonderful food, delightful company, freedom to watch TV, opportunities to read and talk (mostly) whenever you felt like it and to whomsoever you wished; perhaps even horse riding or some activities associated with the eradication of vermin (however defined), or assisting with various tasks around the property, all undertaken with the enthusiasm of those doing something for the first time. Journeys there and back were usually by overnight train to and from Central – the train was populated to over-flowing with similarly-minded boarders of both sexes from a variety of boarding schools who were all enthusiastic about the holidays awaiting them and keen to chat. A marvellous experience.





During term the boarders were able to take limited day-leave of a weekend under very-controlled circumstances, something like four days per term, but specific leave needed to be sought from Housemasters, and this would occur on Thursday nights when disciplinary cards were exchanged. You knew that a card marked by a Master with details of some academic shortcoming could result in non-approval of leave requests so a virgin card was, of necessity, step one on the path to leave. Step two? Parents had to approve of the people with whom you could visit and overnight leave was virtually unknown. On Saturday you had to play sport and in winter we all

watched the First XV. Any leave taken on a Saturday was mostly 'wasted' because all-up you could only leave the school for a couple of hours as you needed to be back by 8pm. No, far better to arrange Sunday leave so that you were free to go after Chapel and report-in for Sunday night dinner at 6pm. If you were not picked up by your approved relative or family friend, leave involved a bus or taxi to Parramatta station and thence (usually) off for the hour train ride to Central. We needed to leave the school dressed in our grey suits, white shirts and light-blue, dark-blue, white and black striped-ties, and those very old-fashioned grey hats (a target for those others on the train who saw some entertainment in knocking said hats off our heads). This outfit certainly ensured we stood out in a crowd of a weekend. But the visit to friends and relatives really made these short-term inconveniences worthwhile – they inevitably filled us with cream-filled cakes and icy-cold soft drinks and other culinary niceties. Don't tell me we didn't know how to live.

Some of our fellow students had signed-up for various extra-curricular activities, not all of which occurred on school property: things such as maths coaching, music tuition, and so on. This could involve a trip off the school grounds and was always what I considered a surreptitious form of leave since I was never smart enough to get such privileges. But one we did get in the old School House days in Parramatta, of a Sunday for one hour, was an *exeant* across the road to the hamburger joint. For two-shillings (2/-) you could get a magnificent hamburger (piping hot, slices of beetroot and tomato, complemented with onions and smothered with as much tomato sauce as you wanted) and a coke float – I am salivating 50 years later when I remember this concoction. And, if that was not enough, back at School House at 3pm the bell rang for afternoon tea, comprising Arnotts dry biscuits (from a large tin, doled out by the very respected Biscuit Prefect – Basil Simmons, so scrupulously honest that he was the only one to whom the monitors would delegate this task, admittedly after they had removed the iced vovos and anything else that took their fancy) and topped-off with hot cocoa. You'd wonder why anyone would take Sunday leave and miss such a repast.



Excursions of one type or another were leave under an educational cloak. A history excursion in 1966 took us to local sites in a Trailer Tourer, a bus chassis pulled by a prime mover cabin, often also used for transport at 'away' rigger matches. A night out in the city was disguised as a trip to the pictures to see *The Pawnbroker* starring Rod Steiger under the guise of the history of WW2, or *Dr Zhivago*, with the delectable Julie Christie, giving us insight in to the October Revolution (of November 1917 – Russian calendar). I also have visions of attending the Round House at the Uni of NSW to see Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*.

There are many things we learned at school. But for me one of the abiding memories is how much we enjoyed taking leave and, in a way, that is still the case: how much 'free' time is to be treasured and used memorably.

Some Reminiscences

by Malcolm Lamb

Schools are funny places. Thinking back on our schooldays engender mixed emotions. Sadly some of our number don't want to know about it: their time at school is in the past and they have moved on. Happily the 1967 group seem different in that the vast majority are alive, accessible and ready to celebrate those times and reflect on some impressive achievements since then.



Thinking of my six years at TKS, many of these jottings are self-deprecating, perhaps a little quirky, but they are what flowed through my mind recently as I experienced yet another delay at Sydney Airport. Not in any particular order:

- Watching in awe at the school pool as the enormous Nick Erby bombed (mostly first formers) from the diving tower - no lifeguards or staff at the TKS pool in those days.
- Playing for the mighty 3rd XI and being told to 'watch the spin' only to take a swipe and see the stumps fly.
- 'Jabber' Jabour asleep in class when we came up from Art - creeping in and remaining silent until the bell went at the end of the lesson. Sadly, he died a few months later of brain cancer so something was up.
- Coxing in the Riverview Gold Cup regatta and having Stu Tate's oar clip the pylon with the finish in sight. No one was very amused, especially the crew, Keg Milne or the smashed oar.
- The same crew having a rest at Silverwater after an arduous row to get there and good old Joe Wragge daintily stepping through the skin, followed by much bailing out on the way back and a final dash across Hen and Chicken Bay only to sink within 50m of safety.
- Coughing blood after a remarkable run in the cross country in sixth form.
- Trying to get out of the Corps shoot one year for some reason. Pretending to be sick and then getting incarcerated in sick bay for a week because I really did get sick.
- Being an amazing map-maker for my CUO in fifth form and earning a stripe for very little effort. Then getting two more for no more effort at all.
- In sixth form marvelling at Eric Drake playing all the parts of King Lear.
- At OGH with Peter Robinson short-sheeting the monitors' beds while they were at the Saturday film - not sure why we weren't caught.
- Getting a pack drill for allegedly eating a doughnut in public.
- Our section hammering the rest of our platoon in error on Mt. Veer thinking they were the Viet Cong or some such.
- In fourth form making supper all year for our revered House Captain for a 'job' off and leaving him to relish the chocolate laxative on the last night, cruel.

After the Head of the River

by GCW

Returning late from post-Head of the River celebrations, we told the taxi driver at the station to 'take us to the...er...ah...swimming pool!' 'Oh,' he said, 'you want to go to the school. No problem.'

Testing Times

by Cyril Payne

In NSW the secondary schooling used to comprise five years, with the final year being assessed in the form of the Leaving Certificate, successful performance in which led to matriculation to university. The last Leaving Certificate was to be administered in 1965 but some slow learners were kept over to 1966 to repeat the ordeal – for a very humorous and interesting discussion see [Repeating The Leaving](#) by Charles Waterstreet, an old boy of Waverley College. The upshot for the Class of '67 was that we had the pleasure of including Leaving Certificate students amongst our numbers in 1966.



We sat the first School Certificate (SC) towards the end of 1965. Assessment was determined at Advanced, Credit or Pass levels. The best performers were awarded a Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship to defray some of the costs of continuing secondary schooling. The SC was an external examination conducted by the NSW Department of Education and we were all exhorted to perform to our utmost, as our own scores would assist King's to become known as an *Establishment of Learning*



or some such. Anyway, the upshot was that we knuckled down and sat for our exams in the dining room at the Old School – long rows of carefully spaced desks to stop us spying on our better-informed confreres, and security checks at the doors to check for crib-sheets or other methods by which we could gain an unfair advantage. There was a period of a week or so at the end of the exams where we undertook various work parties around the New School. Those of us in Broughton were involved in construction of a dam somewhere in the backblocks of the school property, a location never previously visited by settlers. Personally, I was somewhat discomfited and kept an eye peeled for signs of the elusive Bandar pygmy people, well known to fans of *The Ghost Who Walks*. I survived that ordeal

but then Corps Camp at Singleton beckoned and we loaded the buses and headed up the Putty Road for a week of *Adventures in the Australian Bush*, before Christmas leave – hallelujah.

Back to the SC – our results were mailed out to us sometime in January of 1966 and I have a sneaking suspicion that our performances may have had some bearing on the classes to which we were all allocated in Fifth Form. We were due to sit the Higher School Certificate (HSC) at the end of 1967. We would be assessed in three levels: first, second and third. The syllabus for the HSC was a little different from the offerings in the SC: Maths and Science were regarded as 'good things' and the higher levels in these two subjects (known as 1F and 2F, the F standing for 'full', as opposed to the 2S 'short' for the lesser scientifically inclined) would be counted as equivalent to any three other subjects; no more Commerce or Bookkeeping – we now attempted Economics; and so on. There were some teething problems with the new syllabus but the year shot by and suddenly it was Christmas and off we went on leave without formal external assessment, but not without internal testing.



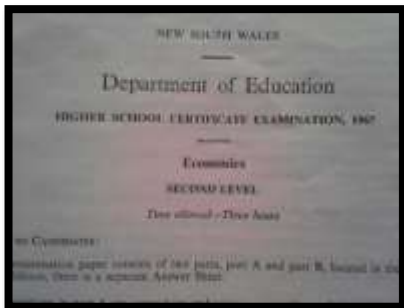
Exams and assignments each term resulted in 'class positions' being reported to our Housemaster and our parents. Each of our class Masters had the opportunity to show how much he was on top of his job by annotating a pithy judgement alongside the performance of each of us in his allocated subject: 'shows promise' (translation: 'shows up'), 'needs to undertake revision' ('needs to do some study'), 'improving' ('who is this fellow?'), and so on. Then, on top of it all the Headmaster was expected to summarise the whole performance in one or two words – that he did so is testament to his ability to rise

to the occasion; personally, I would have been rendered stupefied after attempting ten pen-pictures, but more power to him.

The year of 1967 got off to a great start as we were all now the senior boys after the Leaving Certificate recalcitrants went their way, exiting Stage Right. And now it got serious as we were sitting the HSC in November and ‘look out’ as ‘your life would never be the same again’. Or something. The year flashed by as we sat for various practices for the HSC: more practice essays than you could poke a stick at, practice exams aplenty, and other practices that were supposed to help you concentrate, such as ‘No Doze’ to help you put in a full night of study (and then sleep all day in class). Finally we were allocated our HSC numbers required for entry to the exam rooms. Then in October the school decided it was time to leave us to our own devices and off we went on Stuvac (‘student vacation’ for the purpose of undertaking extra study). This was so stressful that we had to make sure we kept level heads by undertaking non-scholastic activities such as tennis – see enclosed photo of Meyer, Poate, Simmons and Payne stressed to the eyeballs heading for the courts.



And suddenly we were there: the exams seemed to last about two weeks in all, with usually no more than one three-hour exam per day, which left plenty of time for cramming and cross-checking notes with one another ... Oh, and the odd game of tennis to help with the ‘de-stressing’. And that was that. We continued on at school for a couple more weeks of working parties and Cadet Camp at Singleton and then out the door for good. Results were listed in the SMH in early December, together with details of those who had won Commonwealth University Scholarships. From there we started on our new lives at uni or in business or on the property or wherever, no doubt all better for the experience.



Bowling Club luncheon 17 March 2017

National Service

by **Richard Gordon, Peter Hacon,
Andy Bligh and Brian Bowman**

Two years after we left school four of us were conscripted into National Service to serve two years in the Australian Army: Andy Bligh, Brian Bowman, Richard Gordon and Peter Hacon.

Conscription resulted from a ballot where birthdates were drawn from a barrel. Those selected were then subjected to a medical and psychological assessment and many of the originals were excused or indefinitely deferred. The selection process was not fair but there you go.

Those five men had their post-school careers dramatically interrupted at age twenty but they obeyed this country's calling and the law.

Basic army training was tough. However, we were bolstered by our years of experience in the Cadet Corps and from boarding. Back then there was no OH&S and no opportunity for complaint. We all survived basic soldier training and were posted to various army corps: Andy went into Infantry, Brian into Artillery, Kicka to Armoured Corps and Peter into Engineers. That involved more specialist training in the relevant fields and being posted to an operational unit. Australia was involved in the Vietnam War.

Each of us did a tour of duty in Vietnam during 1970-71, the latter stages of the war. We were not sent against our will. We were twenty-one, well trained (which I'm sure involved some psychology) and adventurous. To have remained in Australia would have meant sweeping pavements, polishing brass taps and endless parades for another year. Vietnam seemed a good option.

Andy Bligh was a 'ringer in the top-end' when he was called up in 1969 and his drovin' days were over. He reported to Enoggera and they sent him to Singleton for recruit training. He was surprised to see the officer in charge of transport was his cousin, 2nd Lt. Mike Bligh ('65). Peter Hacon and Ross Lampe ('65) also went through Singleton. He was then posted to 4RAR in Townsville and the infantry training got a lot more serious as we were preparing to replace 2RAR in Vietnam. Andy was a machine gunner on the M60 which replaced the Bren gun. He went over to Vietnam ahead of the Battalion in an advance party and did several operations with 4RAR whose task was to search and destroy the enemy and deny him access to the Phouc Tuy Province. This involved patrolling, ambushing and attacking their fortified bunker systems by day and night. We were aided by artillery (thanks to Brian Bowman) and the APCs (thanks to Kicka Gordon) and the engineers (thanks to Peter Hacon) and massive air strikes. Andy's 'two years' was up before the battalion was due to be relieved so they sent him and a few others home. This was a bitter-sweet homecoming and he never settled, knowing what his mates were doing back in Vietnam.



After a few years of torment, he went on a Katmandu bus trip and met a lovely and understanding girl. Peta and he married soon after and worked in the cotton industry around St. George, Moree and Dalby for many years and raising David and Katie. He developed a serious but benign brain tumor which was thankfully resolved with first class surgery. He has now retired and does a lot of voluntary work in the workshop and history unit of the Oakey Army Training base.

Brian Bowman's number came up while he was studying Farm Management at Marcus Oldham College and within three weeks of graduating was dressed in green at Kapooka doing basic army training. From there he went into Artillery and was posted to Vietnam. He spent most days in the HQ bunker at Nui Dat doing radio control for the combined forces of Australia, NZ and USA. By chance he ran into Pete Hacon as their camps were only a few hundred yards apart. Peter said that he, Andy and Kicka were also in Vietnam. I had no idea that four school mates would meet up over there. In subsequent years these four families have become close-knit; being dealt those cards 48 years ago has cemented great friendships.



Back home at Dunedoo in 1971 Brian purchased property from his Uncle, married Pam in 1975 and raised Andrew ('02) and Luci while running a mixed farming business at 'Shingle Hut.' He had a serious life-threatening heart attack three years ago and has recovered well with top medical and surgical treatment but has had to hand the property over to Andrew and he is the 'go-fer' when he's not at Avoca.

Kicka Gordon went over as a crew commander of an armoured personnel carrier. He spent most days and nights outside Nui Dat in the bush transporting or re-supplying infantry soldiers, providing day-protection to engineers who were road building, then setting into an ambush position most nights. The real threats came from mines laid along bush tracks. RPGs could wipe out an APC in one hit. Any fire-fighting for Kicka was at night when you really didn't know what was happening. He's thankful an armoured vehicle is better protection than a green shirt.



After nashos he did a Diploma of Farm Management and went back to work on the family farm at Young. He must have been a bit unsettled and wasn't getting along to well with his father. So, his life took an about-turn and he went to Melbourne aged 30 and did a five-year course in Applied Science and graduated as a chiropractor. He met and married Sue, returned to Young and practiced chiro there for 21 years. His family lived on the farm and worked alongside his father with a much better relationship. Sue and Kicka conducted mixed farming businesses around Young and Deniliquin until recently when they have handed over full ownership and responsibility to their two sons. They still live on and operate a small farm near Wombat. He flies a Cessna 180 and rides an adventure bike and looks forward to many more interesting years.

Peter Hacon's situation involved Engineer training and he was posted to an Engineer Squadron at Nui Dat. He had many and varied roles and ended-up largely with heavy machinery. Land mines were the greatest concern. While in Nui Dat, Peter was able to catch up with Brian, Andy and Kicka – he saw more of Kicka than the others and on occasion he provided armoured protection while the Australians were playing with Tonka toys doing road building. Peter's tour was six weeks short of the 12 months due to the major withdrawal announced by Prime Minister Gorton.



After nashos Peter went back to Cloncurry to the family business. He married Fran Slack Smith from Julia Creek and have five grown-up children and grandkids. Nowadays Peter and Fran are the main-stays of Hacon and Sons where, with their boys and Peter's brothers they run a big beef cattle breeding and export business in North-West Queensland. They have recently bought a Jayco van and the only way to travel is South, so look out for them.

Overall: Looking back, Peter doesn't believe much was achieved by our participation – it was a case of 'all the way with LBJ'. On return to Vietnam some years ago, it was interesting to find Australians are held with high esteem which is not the case for US Servicemen. Like the others, Peter is proud to

have done what was required at the time. The four of us returned home, physically unscathed but were not welcomed except by family and friends. The war was unpopular and unwinnable and the Vietnam veteran soldiers bore the brunt of the Nation's wrath. Nevertheless, the four did their duty and are proud to be soldiers, returned from active service.

What larks!!

by Warwick Fisher

I was one-year younger than most but, given my immaturity, let's call it two. Little wonder most of my friends were a year below us. I was also Big with the Year 7 'shirt boys,' so called by Harris House buddies (who always ribbed me about this) because no matter the time of year they only wore a shirt with the sleeves rolled up; they were literally and metaphorically too cool for school. I liked being their hero although their admiration waned after I was dumped from the First XV on the Queensland Tour.



I loved my life as a boarder so much so I never wanted it to end. My Harris mates and I got up to wonderful hi-jinx including one occasion, a late-night game of touch in total darkness, where we performed the up-the-jumper trick years before it became famous; I don't recall ever laughing so much. What larks!

I had inspirational teachers who taught me so much and inspired me to enter their profession years later. How lucky was I to have Robert Parker as housemaster for all my secondary years? My best friend, Peter Robinson, and I shared a study and I doubt I would have won a Commonwealth Scholarship without his expert coaching on quotable quotes from *King Lear* and *Tess*. It was later, after I had entered the real world, that I viewed the school through a different prism and reflected on the cycle of institutionalised bullying where, in my younger days I was a victim and, in my older, a perpetrator. Always in trouble, I was regularly 'socked' by monitors (some quite psychopathic) and, later, carried on that terrible tradition when the powers-that-were, in their infinite stupidity, sent me to Old Government House as vice-captain; I was barely 16. This still fills me with shame and pain.

So, I rejected the school and its values and thereafter, either sub-consciously or wilfully, made what I imagined were 'anti-King's' life choices. I maintained and nurtured just three close friendships from school, which became two when one died ridiculously young. There was another special friend from school with whom I lost contact for 48 years. We have recently reconnected and this rekindled friendship has greatly enriched my life. Life's a trip and those eight years I spent among you have led me to where I am now and I wouldn't trade that for quids. So, thank you, comrades.



A Nick by any Other Name

by Cyril Payne

The vexed question of names, nick-names and various cognomen lingers still, 50 years after we rushed for the exits. He who was Dave is now David; Charlie has become the much more staid Charles; even the salubrious Claude has transmogrified to Malcolm (but still Mao to some). Rarely do we see much issue with the retention of surnames, but in at least a couple of cases our *alumni* have either added or subtracted a hyphen, which adds to the excitement of genealogical searches or recognition of old school chums in press releases, unless the release was in the form of ‘Norman Stanley-Fletcher was today charged with ...’. Surnames were the usual form of address to those of lower forms – a means of creating barriers to prevent fraternisation, I suppose – and many of us referred to one another by surname, except when there was more than one person with that surname. However, when all else changes, nick-names remain to this day; who uses them and who admits to them are an entirely different kettle of fish, but let us see who remembers what.



At the top of the scholastic pyramid were the Masters, but even they were subjected to surreptitious nomenclature: ‘Hoppy’ Hake was the much-loved Headmaster who left the school in 1964, ‘Chromedome’ Humphreys was follicularly-challenged, ‘Pull-Through’ Murray was tall and thin, ‘Sperm’ Downey taught science, ‘Butch’ Baker was the school chaplain until he died in 1966, ‘Godsy’ McConnell was religious about a number of things, Colonel Buring was ex-military, ‘Drako’ Drake had a mysterious past somewhere in China (or so the rumour went), Bud Abbott reflected popular culture, ‘Keg’ Milne was somewhat rotund, ‘Jazzy’ Asboe taught music of course, ‘Thumper’ Kent may have been quick to administer corporal justice; ‘Penny’ Parker, ‘Snapper’ Swan and ‘Spanner’ Spencer acquired theirs due to the resultant inherent alliteration; and ‘Spook’ Young was ‘Spook’ for insubstantial reasons. Still, all memorable for the uniqueness of their nicknames.

Amongst schoolboys the slightest physical imperfection would be highlighted through a nickname: height (or lack thereof more likely), width (especially if excessive), noses were often causes of celebration, and other appendages were sometimes seen to be worthy of adulation. But whatever nickname was allocated there was little point in seeking revision by a higher authority – there was no higher authority than the word of mouth once activated. The Australian tradition of irony was evident such that the tallest were called ‘Shorty’ and the shortest, ‘Lofty’; the fattest were referred to as ‘Bones’ and the thinnest as ‘Fatty’; and anyone with red hair was likely to get ‘Bluey’. And then there was the other Australian habit of adding a ‘y’ to simple names (Smith becoming ‘Smithy’) and an ‘o’ to more complicated names (Robertson becoming ‘Robbo’, such as for our Master who was the long-standing resident cartoonist, comptroller of the bookshop and possessor of a remarkable memory for anyone who had been at TKS in his time).

Rarely do we remember someone of *blancmange* character unless that very fact is celebrated. So Clementine Foster regaled in the difference such a label gave him, which therefore could be classified as a ‘good thing’ – but perhaps not all recipients of such titles were quite so joyous of such recognition. One of our Reunion Organisers admitted that as a youngster he was asked what the B in DBS stood for – he admitted honestly, if naively, that it stood for Basil, however ‘he preferred to be known as David, but thank you for asking’; he remains ‘Basil’ to this day. Notwithstanding his initial dismay at having his wishes for his preferred name acknowledged, he now admits that such a name allows him to stand out from what is a very crowded list of Davids in our year. Similarly, during a visit with John Lord to Dungog a couple of years ago to see Pete Helm, we went for lunch at the property of Jamie Alison and it was not ‘til he admitted to being better known as ‘Brutus’ that my memories of him came flooding back. There were some very distinctive appellations: ‘Groper’ Bath is the only person I know to have attracted that name and it would have been allocated not for any looseness of his hands when in female company, but rather for the benign smile he normally bore. ‘Tooly’ Thatcher was probably a very good handyman; no doubt John ‘Cobbra’ Cobb was not a man you fooled with; and ‘Cyclops’ Alison was

not studying the Greek classics. There was a 'Flush' Waterhouse but I suspect that Peter is happy to distance himself from that one. John Lord journeyed to Parramatta from Melbourne where somewhat colourful soccer socks were *de rigueur* – not so at TKS football training so his subsequent appellation of Lairy was well deserved. Of note was the very deep voice of Andy Reynolds at a young age – it was generally rumoured that he had been administered a double dose of the normal set of testes and thenceforth and forever became 'Four'. Jim Burns was 'Frizz' in certain circles, Jim Baird won 'Pellet' and Phil Basche was also known as 'Perce'.

Some of the names came from history: Mark 'Dorb' Davison was no doubt handed that from the past. 'Claude' Lamb can thank his older brother for that doozy and Will Kirkby also inherited that from his older brother. Peter Hacon's brother was a bit of a runner and had acquired the title 'Rabbit', so Peter was also known as 'Rab'. 'Killer' Caldwell's was an acknowledgement of a WW2 RAAF fighter ace, and 'Bundi' Barton spent too much time in the sun at his parents' property near Dubbo. 'Kicka' Gordon and 'Coight' Curtis are sourced from nowhere that I can remember. Perhaps Sam Marsden was the dubious beneficiary of the Hanging Reverend of Parramatta. 'E-type Ferret' Poate was an allusion to his speed on the footy ground (a period unfortunately cut short by a shoulder injury), and Max 'The Machine' Wilson was a very hard man to tackle in the same arena, carrying on regardless of several would-be tacklers perched on his back. Brian 'Gear' Meyer overused the word. And so it goes.

The nicknames we were endowed with were rarely those we would choose for ourselves but once bestowed the new moniker stuck. They were often a sign of acceptance within a group and rarely at TKS was the nickname nasty or misbegotten. And our class of '67 certainly had more than our fair share.

A Standard 8 Mystery

by Anonymous

There were rumours, furtively whispered in the dorms, changing rooms and studies. Questions were asked in the staff room. One Master was certain it was hidden somewhere on the 360 acres. He posted lookouts and even patrolled himself, on foot into the wee hours, all to no avail. Others swore it resided behind a bungalow in a nondescript suburban Parramatta street.



Two Macarthur House boarders out for a clandestine, midnight cigarette reported the only confirmed sighting, swearing they saw it slipping quietly through the Gowan Brae gates its headlights extinguished for maximum concealment. All we know for certain, and even this is disputed, is it was a small, blue Standard 8, affectionately named 'The Pleasure Machine'. Its primary purpose seems to have been offering its shareholders escape from school to ferry Tara, PLC and Abbotsleigh girls to parties, beer runs and clubbing. Because detection would result in instant expulsion secrecy was pledged in blood. Who were the shareholders? To this day their identities remain contested. Those that claim to be members are thought to be partners in a conspiracy to sow confusion. The real culprits preferring to take their secret to the grave.

But one event has been divulged to your correspondent [name suppressed]. The Pleasure Machine's first mission was nearly aborted when, soon after setting sail at dusk, they rolled to a halt at a pedestrian crossing on the outskirts of Parramatta. In an amazing coincidence, the sole pedestrian crossing the road was the Rev 'Stan-The-Man' Kurrle, Headmaster. Had he glanced at the foremost car in line he would have seen what appeared to be the first driverless car, fifty years ahead of its time, as all the miscreants were hiding on the floor giggling with fear.

The Way We Are

Peter Ashton

As I settled into the sand at Palm Beach in December 1968, 'a job' was the furthest thing on my mind. Warwick Fisher interrupted my sun-drenched thoughts, telling me he had just signed up for the five-year Law course at Sydney Uni. 'Mate, it's a bludge, nine one hour lectures a week, so plenty of time to chase girls on campus, play footy and party.' 'Where do I sign?' I said with unbridled enthusiasm. So, five years later I graduated, as one smarty pants said, '... greatly informed, but none the wiser.'



To remedy this deficiency, I bought a ticket to Nepal, to catch a bus to London. The ticket was cheap, which meant that the bus was a 'Push Starter', the accommodation was slightly above miserable, and the estimated time of arrival in London was non-existent ... but we all had fun. The sun in London in October is like a forty-watt globe (thanks Barry Humphries), so as I sat around in a house without furniture, with about six other unemployed Australians, we unanimously agreed to go to Zermatt for the winter. 'That's a great idea Roger ... but where is it?' 'Switzerland!' said Roger ... I think?' As I washed dishes and made beds in a Zermatt hotel all winter, I pondered on the benefits of a King's and Uni education. I met, worked with, and partied with, many twenty-somethings from all around the world, who had the same idea that getting a proper job should be postponed as long as possible.

With Swiss Francs in the pocket, I spent the summer going around the Greek islands, then headed back to London with my then Canadian girlfriend. We were the 'Downstairs' of *Upstairs Downstairs* but the house was right in the heart of Mayfair, giving us easy and cheap access to downtown London. After another winter in Zermatt, we headed over to Canada. Now Canada is great ... but not in winter. 'Tomorrow we will have a high of minus 25', so when I got the call from Steve Bargwanna to say, 'I'm in a rat-infested, cockroach-ridden apartment in the middle of Manhattan, New York', I headed straight there. After about three months in the Big Apple, love took Steve to London and I got a job delivering cars all around the United States. Well my American friends from Zermatt had said 'If you're ever in the States, come and visit' ... so I did!

In May 1977, after four years travelling, I returned to Sydney and got a 'proper job'. About a year into the job I picked up the newspaper to discover our main (and dodgiest) client had committed suicide, though we speculated some 'friends' of his, may have assisted him. As I faint at the sight of blood, it seemed to me that I was more suited to the gentile practice of Family Law, so in 1980 I left employment and went into partnership with Ian Stedman (King's 1964) and we continued in that partnership without a cross word, until by mutual agreement we had had enough of full time work, and we both semi-retired in 2010.

To get an all-round feel for family law, it helps to get married have two wonderful children and get divorced. That's what I did during the 1980s. After ten years in the single lane, I met Michelle (ma belle ... thanks Beatles) on a crowded yacht, and she accepted my children, my continuing ambition to be a rock star, and my debt-recovery plan, and so we married in 2002. The girl is a Saint. Michelle and I are still working, she in her own PR firm, but we love long queues, delays, missed flights, and crowded trains, and we therefore waste our money on lots of travel.

Fortunately, I have been able to rely on 'Happy Jack' Horne's French classes, and never leave home with my copy of *The Adventures of Slim Kerrigan*, even if we are going to Croatia. Jack Healy's

insistence that we have a full and detailed appreciation of logarithms, has really helped me enormously with those tricky money exchange rates.

In 1983 I started playing tennis each Tuesday evening with three mates. Despite the fact that we are playing better and better each week, not a single Wild Card has come our way in all these years. How useless is Australia Post?

For the boy who left King's as a teenage idle (no, not 'idol') I am now a Rockin' Chair Rocker, and I have spent my last few months productively, finally recording some of my songs with a mate of mine, 'Mike & Pete's Greatest Hits Volume 1', soon to be available at a garage sale near you. Thank you, King's; thank you ball boys! I'm sure that's not 100 words, but I can hear Jack now saying, 'Sit down little man!'

Pack Drill with Daryl Brogan

by Peter Helm

I do not have many amusing recollections of my school days but remember a particular act of decency at a time when they were fairly rare. I can say with pride that I was only once ever given a pack drill. I don't remember the heinous crime involved. Probably no more than stepping on some sacred lawn or having my shirt hanging out but I was stung by the humiliation of having to endure the legendary brutal physical torture involved. Well, that's what was supposed to happen.

Daryl Brogan, if you remember him, was a really nice guy in the year ahead of us. He and Paspaley seemed to be friends. On the day of my ordeal it happened that the task of torturing we offenders fell to Brogan. Let me tell you that Brogan would fail as a torturer. I have never been the very fittest of people so about five minutes in to the hard physical rigours I was already perspiring heavily. By ten minutes in I was panting, perspiring and generally beaten up. On seeing the state of physical undoing, Daryl was immediately concerned for my health and wellbeing and insisted that I sit down and rest for the balance of the punishment.

I never did get around to thanking him for being a gentleman, but he was. I remember him well to this day.

Ross Alison

My time since leaving school has been divided evenly - 24 years spent in the northern cattle industry, 24 years in mixed farming in the central western slopes of NSW and two years of tertiary study.

On reflection, the happiest days of my working life were spent in a mustering camp in the Eastern Kimberley during the early '70s. Other than my boss, I was the only white person with 18 full-blood aborigines camping and mustering cattle well into the Leopold Ranges. In those days only half-caste people had their citizenship rights and access to alcohol so it was a pleasure to work with and delve into their culture before the grog changed everything almost overnight. With inter- and intra-company transfers, I saw and knew a lot of Australia north of the Tropic of Capricorn, from west to east.

Probably the greatest aspect of being a grazier in my dotage is not having to front a staff of 20 plus people for their orders each morning.

I now enjoy farming merino sheep and composite cattle with an holistic approach to management.

Charles Avery

I was at TKS from 1962 to 1965.

A significant area of Queensland had endured 16 years of drought and my father became ill so I was forced to leave school to assist in the running of the properties my father owned at that time. I received the call to return home while on cadet camp at Singleton and departed the camp early to catch a train on my own back to Parramatta railway station and walked with my kitbag and .303 rifle back to the old school. You would not be able to do that today!

On returning to Sydney I went to a technical college (now TAFE) at night to complete the HSC while working for Farmers & Graziers Co-op Ltd in their accounts department. I then went on to study accounting but did not pursue this as a career. It was the very early days for companies

introducing computers and I became interested while working for F&G. I applied for a job at 3M Australia and was employed to work in the Data Processing department (now called Information Technology) and worked my way through the various management positions until being fortunate enough to be appointed to an executive management position as IT Manager/Director and later appointed to the 3M Leadership Team. Working for an American company can be challenging however I enjoyed the challenges and the domestic and international travel opportunities. I retired after 40 years of service on 1st January 2007.

Initially retirement was hard to come to terms with, however I have interests in photography and pistol and rifle shooting. We had a marvellous trip to Europe last year and would like to do more of the same.

I was married at 24, divorced by the time I was 26, and remarried again at 31. The bride and I have now been married 37 years with three sons aged between 30 and 35.

The first two years at TKS was an unpleasant experience and was a toughening-up process and if I have to credit TKS for anything it gave me grit and determination that assisted throughout my career. On leaving school my aspiration was to own a rural property as my passion for the land has never diminished. This aspiration has not eventuated; however, I have no regrets and feel my life has been fulfilling.



Bowling Club Luncheon, 17 March 2017

James Baird

I was at ANU for four years and completed a BA (Asian Studies). I realised that after this time in Canberra I wasn't cut out to be a public servant in Foreign Affairs.

I spent a good number of years at Qantas in various roles in retail and airport systems and finally in airport facilities planning, culminating in setting-up an offsite departure control facility at the 2000 Sydney Olympics athletes' village at Homebush. I was gobsmacked by the Israeli's compound within the village, bristling with SAS guards and copious electronics equipment. A great contrast to the Jamaican's whose head of staff freely handed out sample bottles of rum!



Since 2000 I have been a business software consultant, suppling CRM systems to businesses large and small. I married in 1983 and divorced in 2002. Three great children.

I am now living on the Central Coast overlooking beautiful Brisbane Waters.

Ken Baldry



After leaving King's, a place of which I have few happy memories but did make some lifelong friends, I went to Marcus Oldham Ag College and loved every moment. Jackarooing in SA was a great adventure and I realised how special our part of the country, Wallendbeen, is.



I returned to the farm, working alongside my father, uncle and now my brother. We have progressively changed our farming practices, from fine wool production to sheep meat, with canola and wheat our principal cash crops. We have a very strong focus on triple bottom line farming. Over the years, I have been involved with many agricultural organisations, in various advisory roles and other capacities; MLA and AWI to name a couple.

My wife and I have two children, both married, and three grandchildren. Our son, William is an 'old boy', who thrived at King's. We have family overseas and travel both abroad and within Australia regularly. My interests, apart from farming, are cars, fishing, sailing, art, travel and music. I am angling towards 'retirement', with our daughter and son-in-law taking my place in the family partnership.



Stephen Bargwanna

Whoa, it first took me another 6.5 years after TKS to throw off the shackles of youth, starting a degree at Macquarie in Economics and Finance and finishing with one in Earth Sciences. During this time, I periodically escaped Sydney hitchhiking and jumping freight trains around Oz in a binge of counter-culture, drugs, sex and rock n roll. All the subject of a forthcoming book.

I then worked for a few years in town planning then went over to New York by a working seaman's passage to meet my wife of forty years and then to London where I got a Diploma in Town Planning, spending a further six years. Settling down to family life in Oz I worked as a consulting town planner around the country and overseas.



I've spawned four children and three grandchildren to date. My time is now spent gardening, reading, swimming, writing, playing with the kids, travelling and occasionally working in my profession.

I mostly have fond School memories. I got a great education, loved the sports and beating Joeys at rugby, made good friends and had lots of laughs. I became resilient. I guess the character got built a fair bit too.

Chris Barton

Left school thinking I would go back on the property and never open another book again, how wrong was I? My old man sent me off the UNE to do rural science just in case I needed it to fall back on, the best advice he gave me. After finishing at UNE I spent a stint in New Guinea as an Ag officer (Diddy man) and had the time of my life. Good money, easy job, plenty of social life and no real responsibilities. I realised that the degree I got at Armidale was not going to cut it back home as the property had gone belly up and jobs for that sort of degree were boring lab or research jobs. I decided to do a degree that would give me a decent career at the end so I did Veterinary Science. In all I spent ten years at Uni after thinking I would never open another book to study!



After graduating I had a few jobs to get experience then opened my own practice. This started with just me doing mainly large animal calls out of the back of my car. I ended up owning and running an eight-Vet practice doing mainly small animals.

I retired and sold my goodwill in April 2017, retaining ownership of the two clinics real estate.

My family life has been a bit of a mixed bag. Married three times with a couple of kids of my own and three step-children. The separations were reasonably amicable and not too expensive as I was broke during the early stages of my career. The last attempt was my best choice, we have been together for well over twenty years and I hope will remain that way.

I have been in Melbourne for the majority of my working life after leaving University for the last time.

There are a lot of good stories in between the tough times and all-in-all I have had a good run and a good life. A few regrets. but haven't we all!

May not be able to make it for the reunion as I will be overseas competing in a Regatta in Europe. Being a serial participant in many sports has been my source of relaxation and pleasure. I have tried Triathlons, Road and Track Cycling and Rowing. I will continue to do this until I can't get on a bike or into a boat. Hope it's a few years away!

Chris Burn

I left King's in 1965, so it's 52 years since I breathed the polluted air of Fred Healy's maths class with you all.

I completed year 12 at Wollongong High School then went on Sydney Uni. where I studied dentistry. At St Paul's College I joined several '67ers and many other old boys in a somewhat less regimented and more lubricated environment than at TKS.

On graduation, I worked in Finley NSW, Islington UK, Canberra, then settled on the Mornington Peninsula Vic for the next 40+ years. I am married with four children and five grandchildren, retired and enjoying travel, golf, and trying to make wine. Life has been very good to me.



Peter Coggins

After eight years as a boarder at TKS, I felt great freedom and excitement on leaving school. Soon after leaving, along with Clem Foster and Dave Holmes, I joined Palm Beach Surf Life Saving Club as a probationary member. Training to win our Bronze Medallions was a challenge as well as a lot of fun. I was elected to active membership at the end of the 1967-68 season and the surf club was an important part of my life for the next six or seven years.

I was chuffed to be part of what I think was a third of the TKS class of '67 to win Commonwealth University Scholarships and went on to get an Economics degree from Sydney University. I served in the Sydney University Regiment where I made life-long friends. My time in the Regiment was extended when I acquired a national service commitment. Being a Private was okay, being a Corporal was an improvement, being a Sergeant was even better and, when I was commissioned, I felt at home in the army.

I worked in a series of Commonwealth Government agencies and was in my early thirties when I went to Mecca, ie moved to Canberra. I got into marriage and reproduction later than the norm being past forty when I got married (to Mandy). We are the proud parents of Georgina and Sam. Georgie has a first class honours degree from my *alma mater* and is now working for an accounting firm in Sydney. Sam's field is agricultural science and he is now doing his honours year, at Sydney Uni.

While I am retired from the paid work force, I still put a lot of time into the family farm which I own and operate in partnership with my brother Rob. I'm into my eighth year as a Volunteer Guide at the Australian War Memorial and last year was my fourth and final year as President of my masters swimming club, four years in this position being the maximum allowable under the club's constitution. I've had a good life, so far, and look forward to enjoying a lot more of it.



Phillip Dobell-Brown

I started medicine at UNSW in 1968; graduated in 1975. Did two years of residency at Prince Alfred Hospital, with term also at Blacktown and Dubbo Hospitals. I did some locum work 1977, then a year at Women's Hospital Crown Street (no longer there).

I suffered a severe car accident 1973 that fractured a femur, resulting in five months in hospital as a patient. This led to a hip replacement last year. I married Margaret in 1977 and am still happily married. We have three children, all boys. All three boarded in Harris House at TKS, then all went to Uni, graduated and are now married. We have four grandchildren, two boys and two girls, age 3 to 11.

I worked as a GP in the family practice in Liverpool for five years, before moving to Forster on the mid-north coast. I am still there. I retired in April 2016 after over thirty years, and have since resumed part-time work this year. Otherwise, I have spent my time travelling, cruising, skiing and enjoying good food and wine.



Rugby Club Luncheon 20 March 2015



Left to right around the table: Pete Waterhouse, Mick Hewett, Jim Burns, Pete Helm, Basil Simmons, Charlie Jennings, John Chancellor, John Lord, Mike Howard, Gus Bruxner ('66), Richard Kirkby, and James Baird.

Tony Emery

I left school a year early in 1966 to attend Tocal Ag. College at Maitland where I only lasted one year as the dairy lecturer took a dislike to me after nearly running him over when putting the cows out one night. He then failed me in dairy twice which was the only subject I knew my stuff! Turned out that he did me a favour as I ended up in Young on a property and met this stunning Maria Rowe who I subsequently married two years later and the poor girl has put up with me for 45 years. We have three boys (Charles, Mark and Sam) who all attended TKS.



Upon marrying Maria, I returned to the family dairy property on the Shoalhaven River at Nowra where I milked cows to try and pay the school fees. After a few years I felt the need to diversify so started a Soil and Sand business and then started composting. This business, now called Soilco, became our key business app. 20 years ago and is now managed by Charlie and Mark and is based in Wollongong and employs over 50.

I am semi-retired mainly undertaking compost industry work but will fully retire at the end of this year. I keep my life very busy with family, travel, motor bikes, cars and still barefoot and water ski with the kids and eight grandchildren! Over the years I have kept in close contact with Ken Baldry and Toby Stephen.

Gordon Evans

After leaving school I spent 12 months contract fencing in the Gulf and then two years at Ag College. Lindy and I married in 1974 and lived at my home property 'Dabee', Rylstone.

We then managed 'Pampas Station', Walgett and later moved to Narrabri and from there then managed a cotton property at Wee Waa. Our four children attended primary school at Narrabri, and we ran a transport business 'on the cotton', and also purchased 'Lyndhurst', a cropping and beef property.



In 1988 we moved to 'Werris Creek Station', slightly closer to Sydney with all four kids at boarding school, and later Uni. In 2005 we moved to 'Duntroon', Tamworth, and then 'Sonn Blick', Tamworth, another irrigation and mixed farming property. So we have moved around a bit and remain active!

We do travel more and have two grandsons to enjoy.

About six years ago I was asked to help a fellow with severe depression. Since then I have ridden with the 'Black Dog Group' to the Red Centre and other destinations each year. In four years we have raised over \$2 million. In 2015, I rode with 45 others from NY to Los Angeles across the south promoting awareness of mental health issues.

David Fisher

After leaving King's I undertook a degree in Rural Science at UNE (what else does a guy do with a bit of a science orientation from the land?). Coincidentally, a number of the class of '67 ended up there, including Charles Willcocks, Richard Kirkby, Scott Alison, Phil Basche, Bundi Barton, Charlie Mackay and Andrew Joseph. We had a great time at Uni.

Following graduation, I joined an American agri-chemicals group (Cyanamid) and spent three years at their Sydney office. A sequence of unplanned coincidences led me back to Uni life and I completed a PhD in chemical engineering at Sydney Uni in 1976.

I then spent 10 years with a Swedish pharmaceutical company (five years in Oz and five years in Sweden) in various marketing/commercial roles. The long cold winters led me to realise I needed a wife, so married Rosemary Kirkby (cousin of Richard Kirkby) in 1982 and our first, James, was born there in 1984. We have since produced twins (boy/girl) in 1986. Upon returning to Australia in late 1985, I have spent the last 25 years in the biotech industry – 10 years managing a start-up company and 15 years on the investment side, currently through a venture capital fund (Brandon Capital Partners).

Despite threatening to retire, I am still working full time in the business.



Warwick Fisher - *My life as a dilettante*



1968-1981

Forklift driver, Texas Tavern bouncer, double-decker bus driver, representative rugby league player (North Qld), part-time sports radio and TV presenter (ABC North Qld), high school teacher.

1981-1987

Bookmaker's clerk, professional punter, Home Care branch manager, community development officer.

1987 – 1991

Aboriginal programs development.

1991-2001

Indigenous Human Rights lecturer (Southern Cross University).

2001-now

Law lecturer (SCU).

I married young and had two sons with my first wife. The marriage died in the mid-'80s and laid to rest in 1987 after moving onto a beautiful community (based on Buddhist precepts) near Lismore. Here I met the love of my life, Greta, with whom I have spent the past 29 years and brought up our three sons. It was a wonderful life for the 25 adults and 20 children. Our sons have grown into loving, intelligent, responsible people who enjoy fulfilling careers. We moved off the community in 2015 and now live in Lismore.

Travelled to incredible locations none more so than Syria where I lived for two extended periods (1978 and 2008). My pastimes involve chess, croquet, reading, music and grandchildren.

Clem Foster

I graduated from UNSW in 1972 with a B Com. (Accounting), joined KPMG (Peat Marwick Mitchell) and became a Chartered Accountant in 1975. I also became a Chartered Secretary around this time.

I was transferred to KPMG Port Vila New Hebrides (Vanuatu) for two years then returned to KPMG Sydney.

In 1977, I joined Esso in Sydney in various roles through to 1992, including three years on the International circuit (Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Karachi, Tokyo and Islamabad). Bill Ash (1968/69?) was at Esso as a lawyer.

In 1983, I got married (to Deborah) and we relocated to Brisbane in 1992.

Between 1992 and 2001 I had various roles at QNI (nickel and cobalt producer) and BHP Billiton, all in Brisbane. I then joined Energy Developments, a global renewable energy/remote power organisation with operations in Australia, USA, Canada and the UK.

At 68, I still work full time and travel extensively on global business. Too many experiences and tales to enumerate here. We have three children, Emily (Lawyer), James (multiple degrees and project developer) and Annalise (Psychologist), all single.



David Garnock

Left after year 10. Two years working in NZ as a shepherd, deer stalker, ski instructor. Then to Marcus Oldham. Graduated 1969 along with Chris Blomfield, Mike Wragg, Brian Bowman, and Ken Baldry.

Spent the next 18 years farming at Bombala. Then a messy divorce but three great daughters to show for it. Now remarried 17 years and gained two more kids, and now nine grandkids.

After leaving the farm, tried Real Estate and stock agent, ran local squash and fitness centre in Moruya. Then took to flying. Worked as a flying instructor for myself and China Southern Airlines in WA. Worked in PNG as a flying operations inspector living on a yacht in the marina, worked in Fiji for the CAA Fiji then in Perth for CASA. Then back to Canberra.

Now have sold our house and living on a 44-foot catamaran currently moored in a marina on Magnetic Island. Still working for CASA part time on our boat, working with pilot exam questions. Still hold an Airline Transport Pilot licence. Graduated from Newcastle Uni aged 63 with Master Aviation Management.



Mac Gudgeon

After six years of boarding school I ambled out the gate feeling I was reasonably well equipped to face the big, bright world. After a labouring job at the Port Kembla steelworks over the Christmas holidays it was off to university to study Arts-Law.

Within a year I knew this was not to be my path and spent the next year educating myself in the library, attending any lecture on any subject that took my fancy, driving cabs and subverting the dominant paradigm with housemate Charlie Jennings. It was about this time I had a disagreement with the Federal Government over conscription. I spent the next two years hitchhiking around Australia working as a Painter and Docker.

In 1971 I visited Melbourne for a weekend and have lived here ever since. I started a vegetarian restaurant, 'Shakahari', with some friends and it's still a going concern. I then worked as a cleaner, baker and a community video development officer in the western suburbs of Melbourne. I married and had a daughter. Then it was off to India to find the meaning of life. Some days I believe I did, others I know I haven't a clue.

From 1979 to 1981 I worked as a videotape editor in the US and returned to Australia to write a television series of my own invention. It was produced and suddenly I was a screenwriter, a job that suits me as I'm my own boss, can take a holiday when the whim takes me, get to collaborate with talented people and can work at home. I may still be found in my pyjamas at noon. Divorce followed and some years later I remarried and my son was born.

I currently live with my third wife (yes, it took a while but I finally found her), Deborah Russell, an artist. You can view her work at www.deborahrussell.net We live an hour north of Melbourne on a bush block near the Yarra Valley. I noodle away in the garden growing vegetables and fruit 'chop wood, carry water'.

My daughter Shanti is a screenwriter, and my son Sam is studying Spanish and Philosophy. He regularly points out the flaws in my half thought-out arguments with actual logic, never my strong point. I slope on, counting my blessings.



Peter Hacon

Gentlemen one and all, Peter Hacon reporting in from far North Queensland. What a great idea to have a publication to mark 50 years. Probably like everyone else I can't believe where the time went.

I look back to TKS days with fond memories, great friendships and no regrets. It was certainly a culture shock in 1960 to come from rural Queensland to the prep school at Gowan Brae. They were good days and we were fortunate to be at the school in the '60s, free from a lot of the pressures that young people experience today. I consider myself lucky to have maintained school friendships from afar, and recently we had a visit from 'Kicka' Gordon and Brian Bowman.



If going to school was a shock, leaving was a bigger one. I ended up in the middle of the '65 to '71 Queensland drought with a very controlling, but able, father who had never heard of a 40-hour week. I made noises about attending the 1968 GPS Regatta after the '67's success but that was not considered a 'good work ethic'. Going to our western block 'Kallala' on the Qld/NT border in 1968 with a full aboriginal camp (stockmen) and no car was definitely not cool. The drought persisted and many sheep died. The weak ones were sold into NSW.

Conscription as you will remember was a big deal at the time - some for and some against. When my number came up I was quite excited as it was a ticket out of the drought. The Army called so I joined up at Enoggera in Brisbane with the first intake in 1969. We were immediately sent to Singleton for basic training which brought back a lot of memories. From Singleton I was posted to the Royal Australian Engineers and sent to Casula/Liverpool for corps training. From there it was onto Shoalwater Bay then to Canungra for jungle training.

While some found army life and training a hardship, to me it was a breeze and I believe the training and discipline from TKS contributed to this. I was posted to Vietnam in mid-December 1970 as a replacement in an Engineer Unit. Land mines were our greatest concern. While in Vietnam I met up with Brian Bowman, Andy Bligh and REK Gordon who continually led me astray. The four of us have a special bond and we keep close contact to this day.

On return to Australia and discharge after nearly two years I handed in my kit, visited the paymaster for the last time and, as was customary, I was issued with a second-class rail pass and told to 'F... orrf'.

I returned to the farm, and by the way the drought did break on 3rd March 1971 ushering in twelve good seasons in a row.

Fran, who came from the Julia Creek area, and I were married in August 1972 and took up residence on one of the family blocks north of Cloncurry. Seasons were good and we restocked the properties with cattle. Fran and I have four sons and a daughter - the boys are with us today and make life easier for us. Alexandra is a Westpac girl of long standing.

The boys were all educated at Toowoomba Grammar School under the stewardship of Mr Hugh Rose. It's a good school and the boys, like us, have many contacts around the country. Hugh on one occasion had to pass judgement on a dormitory riot involving Jamie Hacon and Geoffrey Reardon. He commented, 'I know your fathers well, definitely the academic centre of the school.'

Over the years Fran, the boys and I have gradually expanded our cattle business. We have got through the recent three years of drought fully stocked and consider ourselves fortunate. If any of you are ever visiting Western Queensland we are easy to find and you would be welcome.

That's enough from Queensland for now. Oh yeah, whoever took my carton of beer from the rowing tank ('67) please come forward, 'X' - all is forgiven.



Rugby Club Luncheon 18 November 2016



Front Mike Hewett. Left to Right around table: Andy Reynolds, Rob Willcocks, Richard Kirkby, Dave Holmes, Pete Helm, Mike Howard, James Baird, Pete Coggins, Rod Hammett, Basil Simmons, John Chancellor

Rodney Hammett

I remember in January 1968 with the HSC results in hand, Adam Johnson and I in Fiji pondering what university courses we should apply for. Our backgrounds were both similar and diverse; we had agreed that the two options were law and engineering but how to decide so we flipped a coin. I would have made a poor lawyer and Adam a poor engineer so it was lucky the coin gave a different outcome.



My first job as a civil engineer was as assistant resident engineer on a sewerage project at Shellharbour NSW, which I loved and learnt so much from. In 1974 back in the Sydney head office we bought a house in Glebe. Here we (Lesley and I married when I was still at Uni.) settled into an inner-city lifestyle we continue to enjoy, still in Glebe but in a different house. We have three children - Geoffrey, Louisa and Andrew.

Working with consulting engineers GHD then Rankine & Hill which was taken over by Connell Wagner and is now Aurecon, I worked on projects around NSW, in Queensland and for extended periods in Malaysia and Indonesia. In the latter two countries we were planning major water supply projects that now provide a safe and secure water supply for millions of people. As a key person in those teams I like to think they are my legacy to our region plus the up-skilling of the local engineers working in my teams who are now influential engineers and businessmen.

Twenty-seven years later and in need of a change I was fortunate to get the role as head of technical risk at CBA. Responsible for signing off on the technical risk where the bank lent money on major projects, work took me all around Australia and to London and New York. It was an amazing and enjoyable job.

Post paid-work, apart from family my enjoyment and stimulation since 2012 comes from a passion in family research and history, which I combine in the stories I've written for my own family and increasingly for friends and others.

Richard Hammond

TKS 1961 to 1967 - Dalmas House.

Family: Married, two daughters and one son (TKS 1991 to 1999); two grandsons (TKS Year 9 and Year 7) and two granddaughters.

Residence: Kirribilli for past seven years, but recently acquired 106 acres out of Moss Vale in Southern Highlands where we spend three to four days a week.

Education: Metallurgy UNSW – BSc and MBA.

Work Experience: Metal Manufactures (Port Kembla); Overall Forge (Silverwater); Email-Clark Australia (General Manager); James Hardie Industries (Division General Manager – Bathroom Products); Astor Metal Finishes (Owner and Director) - still operating this business. Main interest: Sailing.



Peter Helm



I left The King's School with a two line valete. In the ensuing 50+ years I have continued on the same path. School to university – big mistake. I enrolled in the only economics faculty that guaranteed an 83% failure rate in first year. Evidently the ANU realised that economists perform few useful functions so few were needed. University to employment – having bombed ingloriously at the ANU I joined



the Public Service and enrolled at Canberra's knowledge college (CCAIE, now Canberra Uni) where I completed a BA(Admin) degree with IT major.

The Commonwealth Government proved to be a worthy employer. The pay wasn't great but it was regular, and the compulsory superannuation proved to be very useful. I worked in IT from the era of punch cards and magnetic tape and never really left. It has followed me ever since. My career also covered public relations, industrial relations, general administration, local government policy and funding programs. At the tender age of 46 I was working in the Department of Industrial Relations when the Howard Government arrived in office and ordered its immediate downsizing by 25%. On financial advice (that leaving the Public Service would be the equivalent of winning the Lotto) I packaged out. I have done the occasional bit of work since then but have primarily focused on perfecting the art of being retired - the one field at which I excelled. Like most, I have also travelled the (civilised) world and made (and then lost) a heap of money on the stock market.

My lifetime goal is to have been retired for longer than I had been at work. I'm nearly there. Thanks to the good sense of the female of the species and my general dislike of being advised of my shortcomings, I never married.

David Henley

After TKS, I studied at Hawkesbury Agricultural College then returned to the farm at Cowra. Won a NSW carcass competition and travel scholarship with RAS. Then I developed a retail plant nursery and landscaping business at Narrabeen in the late '70s. Married Bronwyn Trathen. Sold the business and returned to the bush as a single man.

Purchased a neighbouring farm in time for the '82 drought! Studied visual arts at Mitchell College, Bathurst and Macquarie Art School. Married Anne Butterworth and had two sons (Peter and Matthew).



Took a second job with the Meat Research Corporation as Product Development Officer (Lamb) training producers and retail butchers.

The farm was burnt out in a bushfire in 1990. Divorced again in 2000 ...

Still farming, travelling, fly fishing, painting, and playing the stock market.

Mick Hewett



My history is brief: 44 years as a solicitor in Sydney.

Extra-curricular activities include the races most Saturdays; regular attendances at the Melbourne Cup Carnival; and 20 years of grade cricket with Sydney Uni and Northern District.

Because of my horse wagering and ownership, I require money in retirement and have bought into Pyrmont Cellars, selling beer and wine of the highest quality.

A Dish Served Cold

by MG

I was in Year 2 at Macarthur House. The dining room table monitor was an out and out bully who took pleasure in doling out small portions to the juniors and larger to his mates. Seconds down my end of the table were unheard of. While dissecting *rattus rattus* in Biology under the disciplined instruction of 'Sperm' Downey, I discovered the specimen under my scalpel had died pregnant. A fiendish revenge instantly gripped my imagination. I carefully wrapped one of the tiny rat foetuses in a tissue and at dinner that evening slipped it onto the bully's plate. As I watched him chew his way towards horror vague recollections of the connection between rats and the black plague caused me to have second thoughts. As the monitor, deep in conversation, forked the foetus and lifted it to his mouth I blurted out a warning. All hell broke loose. I of course, having not thought the consequences through, hadn't realized the cook was the one who would wear Harry Read's fury. A confession was forthcoming followed by six of Harry's best. But the size of my portions certainly improved.

David Holmes

After I left school, I did a BEc at Sydney Uni, followed by an MBA at Macquarie Uni.

Anne and I spent a year living and working in Chicago with two young boys, before becoming a Partner of EY in 1980. At EY I set up two new departments, in Computer Audit and then Corporate Finance, doing M&A and IPO work, from where I retired in 2005.



Having sold a town house in Avoca Beach, which we built in 1990, we bought a 13-acre farm in the Hunter Valley in 2001. We built all the infrastructure including house, dams, fences and bridges, and have spent most of our time there since 2005. We also have a house in Cremorne Point.

We sold the farm this year, and have bought a house at Newport for a sea change.

We have three children, two in Australia and one in Denmark. We also have two grandchildren living overseas and one on the way in Sydney. We travel overseas to see our grandchildren every year, generally combining it with a holiday in Europe.

We regularly see Pete Coggins and his wife Mandy, having just come back from a trip to the Kimberleys with them, and still see a number of old boys from our year and the year ahead of us.

Charles Jennings

I went straight from school to Sydney University to study agricultural science on a NSW Government traineeship. It was brilliant. Not only was university free, I was being paid to be there. But my heart wasn't really in the chosen subject. Maybe I should have taken the careers advice we were given in our final year at King's. Hold on, that's exactly what I did.

Although I managed to fumble through my degree, the politics of the time - the Vietnam war, 'all the way with LBJ' and so on, together with the heady days of flower power proved far more alluring. Mac Gudgeon and I shared a house on Bridge Road, Glebe in 1969. There were early-morning Federal police knocks on the front door and scrambling draft resisters climbing out over the back fence. Mac burnt his conscription papers and went AWOL for a few years. I registered as a conscientious objector, was called up and saved from prison by four days with Gough Whitlam's election in December 1972.



The following year I headed to the UK, planning some further study for three or four years and some expanded horizons before I returned to Australia. Then I met a woman ...

I've been living in the UK since then with a just couple of 2-year sojourns back in Sydney. These days I get back to Australia for a few weeks every year to escape the northern hemisphere winter.

Working life took an interesting turn for me in 1984 when I was asked to head up the UK National Centre for Network-Based Learning. It was one of the Thatcher Government's more enlightened

initiatives (arguably the only one). For me, this resulted in more than a decade of fascinating work running research initiatives across Europe and beyond in the heady early Internet days. Work took me to Moscow in 1990 as the Soviet Union was collapsing and breakfast was what happened to come in on the lorries overnight; just afterwards to work at the University of Havana, Cuba during the ‘special times’; and to the Academy of Science in Kiev when there were no shops and you bought what you needed where you could, yet the Kiev ballet was still performing *Swan Lake* beautifully in the most extravagant surroundings imaginable.

I finished my academic and research life as a business school professor in 1995 and spent the next 13 years working a short stint at Dow Jones (before Rupert got his hands on it) and then at Reuters. In 2008, with Thomson Reuters moving its HQ to New York, I thought about retiring, but decided against it. Since then I’ve worked as a consultant and set up an Institute based on an approach for improving workplace performance that I’ve championed for the past 18 years.

Since the early ’80s I’ve lived in Winchester, in the middle of Hampshire’s rolling chalk downlands. My three kids were all born in the UK but think of themselves as Australians – they live in hope the Wallabies and the Australian cricket team can do their bit when time comes around each year. The eldest is a professor of politics, the middle one is a company director, and the youngest is in the music industry.

The past 50 years have been a good ride for me. Married the right woman, still play the guitar, and never stayed in a job if I wasn’t enjoying it.

Adam Johnson

On 1st December 1967, as soon as Speech Day ended, Pete Hacon and I scurried through the School Gates, lit up a smoke, and asked each other ‘what was that all about?’ We were fearless and ready for whatever. We had parties to go to – maybe even girls to meet. The radio told us it was the ‘summer of love’ and to ‘wear flowers in our hair.’ No more oppressive double maths on Thursday. Inspiring words from teachers, which were supposed to be remembered forever, were instantly forgotten.



So why do we now look back at some of those times fondly when, at the time, there was plenty of sheer boredom and the occasional bit of misery? I guess it’s because the friends we made when we were young seemed so unquestioning and complete. Only they knew how wild, stupid and irresponsible we were. Only they knew and shared some of the wonderful moments we had. They cheered us through our successes and failures and never judged us.

This diary is supposed to contain a short summary of what happened to each of us. I studied in Australia and in the USA and have been self-employed in the law, oil exploration and the arts for almost the whole of my working life. I married Jilly (Dave Glasson’s sister) and we have been very happy. We have one child who surprised us with his ability. I still work full time and like it.



Rick Johnson

I attended Sydney University where I gained a Bachelor of Pharmacy, a love of parties and a marble into National Service. Fortunately, I failed the medical into the Army due to a squash injury to my knee.

After a couple of years working I travelled extensively and worked overseas before settling down in Sydney at the end of 1974.

Married to Trish in 1975, a daughter Amanda in 1977 and a son David in 1979, followed closely by owning my first house and pharmacy, saw me tied to the family, house and business for the next 20 years. Fortunately, pharmacy was financially reasonably kind to me.

Lots of travel both overseas and domestically then occupied our lives until I retired in 2005 to spend more time with my grandchildren and my love of outback travel, theatrical charity fundraising and golf.

Overall, a great life!



Richard (Will) Kirkby



The one word to describe my life since leaving school way back in 1967 is 'lucky'. Back in 1967 was when if your car wouldn't start you weren't surprised and telephones were for making 'phone calls! Lucky to team up with my lovely wife Glenda who's looked after, supported and put up with me for 35+ years. Lucky to have three terrific kids who seem pleased to see me.

A great university at UNE – The Page Invitation Social Team lived up to its acronym and we actually won our last grand final by a Phil 'Stumbo' Basche three-pointer (now that was a long time ago!) and plenty of smart people around you so you could copy their assignments – John Stuckey's were the best – he's really bright and had good handwriting!

Wonderful political times:

- Bob Menzies' 'Forgotten People' – a few years out but what's that between friends.
- Gough's dismissal.
- Keating's Banana Republic interview.
- 'Safe and Comfortable' with John Howard.
- 'The greatest moral challenge of our time' with Kevin.
- And now 'jobs and growth' or is it the 'sensible centre' with this current mob?

As an aside, Sir Lennox Hewitt is a member of the Union Club where we're having our bash and also a centenarian – he'd be the last of those Mandarins who gave such frank and fearless advice to the political class – he's interesting to have a chat with.

Career choices aplenty – tried merchant banking but wasn't quite smart enough; farming but not far-sighted enough, and now Charring a nice little engineering business that seems to suit my psychology pretty well – good to get to do something that suits like that.

Personal philosophy (if there is such a thing) – cheerful pessimism, that way you're never disappointed, but it always helps to be lucky!

Brian Meyer

Just after leaving King's (in December 1967), my mother Molly and younger brother Andrew passed away as a result of a car accident.

I completed an Economics Degree at UNE followed by 18 months of National Service duty in the Army.

I was then an Audit Clerk at Deloitte and after qualifying, spent four years in Papua New Guinea with Burns Philp.

Upon returning to Sydney, I worked for Mayne Nickless before buying my own accountancy practice on the Central Coast. I am still working at it!

I married school-teacher Glenda McGee and produced twin boys, Benjamin and Nicholas (in 1985). Nick married Jessica Jackson and I have one grandson, Owen, and a granddaughter due in August 2017.



Malcolm Lamb

How does one pack half a century into a few lines? I left school as a tender near eighteen-year-old with all the answers realising soon that perhaps I had few. Journeying to ANU was a must for me as I intended to continue with my Chinese studies in the context of Mao and the Great Cultural Revolution. These were tumultuous times. ANU was fun: rowing, ski-ing, parties and more parties. The best were the car rallies charging around the mountains in Phil Perry's (1965 leaver) Datsun nearly killing everyone but drinking a lot of beer and going crazy generally.

Foreign Affairs was the initial port of call but at 22 apparently I was too young. No matter, did a Masters instead and got seduced by teaching instead through tutoring in the Asian Civilisations Department. Then it was Canberra Grammar for fourteen years doing a heap of things, marriage, four children in five years and running a boarding house. Margaret became a super-hero.

Then it was to Guildford Grammar (much like TKS but in the West) as deputy head. Lots of challenges and probably properly grew up. I did learn about AFL and for a short time became an Eagles supporter



in a desultory way. We weren't there long enough to put down proper roots and then it was to Adelaide where I was appointed principal of Pembroke School in 1990 and remained there until 2010. It was exhilarating and I found myself a convert to co-education and, best of all, I was able to shake off being in 'church' schools as we were truly non-denominational. Truly liberating! I ended up chairing the Association of the Heads of Independent Schools (AHISA) and on the governing board of the International Baccalaureate. In many ways, it was a privileged time.

'Retiring' a mite early in mid-2010, I have since got involved with school-based consulting which is a lot of fun and I hope useful to many. Life is good with four productively employed daughters with partners and one grandchild so far. Everyone asks why we live in Canberra again, and we sometimes do too, but where else can you have a 1,000m square block three minutes by bike from the 'city'?

Being a younger member of the cohort presented challenges which, I think, made me into a better citizen. Thank you TKS.

John Lord

From 1967 to date I've been involved in six businesses, initially a mechanical engineering cadetship with GH Olding and Co, truck and motor body builders at Thornleigh (1967 to 1970), concurrent with a TAFE Mechanical Engineering course at Gore Hill. Design Drafting and Engineering Trades. Then my own business as an engineering contractor doing Design Drafting for around 15 businesses over two years (1970 to 1971), which was a great experience builder, and took me to many interesting places including Mt Isa Mines in western Queensland.



This was followed by 15 years (1971 to 1986) in business with my Dad, Geoff Lord, Lordco (Australia) P/L, importing, manufacturing and distributing engineering equipment for the fledgling, then growing oil and natural gas pipeline, plant and process industries, in positions from engineering representative through to Managing Director when Dad retired. This business took me all over Australia and New Zealand, and many other countries.

We sold that business in 1986 and I bought an old boatyard/marina and Federation house on Sydney Harbour at Drummoyne (1986 to 2009), as a leisure-orientated business: boat building, maintenance, marina and moorings. Got caught up in the 1991 recession with a bad-timing investment in a yacht building business, but ultimately recovered with a successful sale of the property to a developer (Ralph Sarich of Orbital Engine fame) in 2007, just prior to the GFC – what lucky timing.

Investments in a technology company, Solar Sailor, now Ocius Technology, led to building 4 x 100 Pax. electric-hybrid wind-powered ferries in Hong Kong and China, as Project Manager, then Chief Operating Officer back in Australia, from 2010 to 2013. Interestingly, Bob Hawke was Chairman until recently, the only business directorship he retains. An enjoyable time in HK was meeting up with David Cyril Payne and his lovely wife Carmel, enjoying many convivial types of ale, meals, rugby games, and touring the port town of Stanley. Cyril was doing a similar project management job overseeing ferry building from WA's Austal for delivery to *The Venetian* in Macao.

In 2014, I started a new business, with the old Lordco (Australia) P/L business name recovered, and a division www.ElectricVehiclesOceania.com.au, importing, distributing and servicing electric personal vehicles for the sport, leisure and mobility industries, with my son Tobias Lord as General Manager. This business continues to grow in our owned office/warehouse/workshop premises at Northmead opposite Coca Cola Amatil, near Parramatta.

My main recreational interest from 1971 to date has been motor sport. I competed in sedan car racing, in a Morris Cooper S, Honda Civic, Ford Escort Sports Sedan, and a Trans Am Chevrolet Camaro

(replica of Kevin Bartlett's famous Channel 9 car) in the Bathurst 1000, and at other well-known race tracks at Philip Island, Sandown, Warwick Farm, Lakeside, etc. Son Toby now drives the Camaro. Sailing was an activity during the marine business years.

In 1970, I met (introduced by Michael Howard) and in 1975 married Suzanne Trinder (Bert Owen-Schwind was my Best Man), and still with her – that's 47 years!! I have a son, Tobias (Toby) John Lord, a daughter, Philippa (Pip) Catherine Rosso (nee Lord). I am now living at Beecroft in 'the hills' district in of North West Sydney. (Mobile: +61417 679 398)

Rugby Club Luncheon 14 August 2015



Left to right: Mal Lamb, Mike Howard, James Baird, Peter Coggins, John Lord, Richard Kirkby, Mick Hewett, Mike Rose, Adam Johnson, David Simmons, John Chancellor, Rod Hammett, Scott Alison.

David Marsh

I surprised my schoolmasters by not following an academic career. My parents were both doctors and although my four sisters and I felt that we were expected to achieve, Mum and Dad never tried to steer us into a direction they felt would be appropriate, for them; rather, allowing us to choose our own direction.

So ... on 14th February 1968 I headed south-west to Coonong Station, 44,000 acres on the Columbo Creek near Urana in the Riverine Plains of NSW. It was 114 degrees F when I arrived, the VW overheated and I limped in on about three cylinders. When I left school I was 13 stone 3, a year later I was 11 stone! Coonong was owned by Sir Roy McCaughey, who was the nephew of Sir Samuel McCaughey who ran 250,000 merinos on several large holdings in the Urana, Jerilderie, Conargo area. It was drought time then and we were feeding 20,000 sheep. Coonong was flat and low rainfall country, I spent two years there as a jackaroo and hungrily learnt everything I could so I could make a fist of running Allendale at Boorowa which we had acquired in 1966.

I spent two wonderful years working on Coonong, had a visit from John Chancellor and I think Andrew Reynolds who I am sure were shocked at my somewhat feral self. Also bumped into Andy Bligh who



had been in northern Queensland working as a ringer. The only social life was weekend tennis in Urana. I have always kept in touch with the Manager Lionel Smith and his wife and family.

Then I went to a job on the top Hereford stud in Victoria, South Boorook, at Mortlake in the Western Districts. A 2000 acre farm on the rich volcanic plains owned by the Allen family who were wonderful to work for. We were close to town and had a lot of hilarious nights in the pub. We had a lot of staff, six jackaroos, overseer and manager, and a lot of detailed management; so different to the pastoral style of the Riverina.

I came back to Boorowa with my first wife Gai and had a crack at breeding merino sheep and growing some wheat and oats. Seasons and prices were tough, but somehow we are still here. We had two children, Skye and Hugh, 43 and 42. Skye is married and lives at Narromine, her husband Sam Rush and she have two sons Jeremy and Max, 14 and 16, at Scots in Sydney. They have an engineering business and Skye is a teacher at Trangie. Hugh lives in Aspen, Colorado and is a project manager for a developer. His wife Katie is an American and they have Mia, 2, and Katie is expecting in September 2017.

My first marriage ended in divorce and I remarried. My wife Mary and I have been married for 40 years. Our first child, Matthew was born with a complex congenital cardiac defect. We suffered the agony of watching him struggle with life, although he was incredibly courageous, very bright, and carried his burden lightly, an inspiration. However on the eve of Anzac Day 2007 his medical difficulties overwhelmed him and he died with us at home. We have been struggling to pick up the pieces of life since and are coping OK. We sought some counselling and that has been incredibly helpful. Our daughter Alice is now 25 and on the track to a medical degree, she is incredibly busy but loving it.

I was into the Landcare ethic early, and in 1999 did a Master's degree in Sustainable Agriculture. I adopted a conservation management philosophy. I began speaking to groups all over Australia, every state except the NT. I served on the Board of NSW Native Vegetation Advisory Council, Lachlan Catchment Management Authority, Soils for Life and lately I have been part of a writer's group associated with the Fenner School for the Environment at ANU. Also one of the founding members of the Alliance for Regenerative Landscapes and Social Health (ARLASH.com), where I write a blog that may become a book! We are still on the place, we have made it very simple to run and intend to keep farming while we are fit and enthusiastic.

Cyril Payne



When we finished school in 1967 I joined the Federal Treasury where I was their liaison officer with the Minister for Civil Aviation, Reggie Swartz, in the old Parliament House (a real rabbit warren). Then to ANU to do economics and upon graduation into the RAAF in 1971, where I was a Supply Officer for nearly 30 years.



The RAAF was a most enjoyable life: the job involved management of usually pretty committed troops, there was plenty of sport, and on top of a variety of posting locations in Australia I was fortunate enough to be posted overseas a couple of times. I had about five years in Sydney as the Aide-de-Camp to the Governor-General, Bill Hayden, which involved greeting and farewelling various Heads of State when they visited Australia. I completed my time 'flying' a desk in Canberra.



In 1998, I joined Qantas as the GM Aviation Purchasing (Jim Baird was in an adjacent office and Jock Granger was a Senior Flight Steward) where I spent a wonderful time touring the world in first-class on behalf of Qantas, undertaking various purchasing activities. In 2006, I was recruited by the Sands Corp to become Director of Transport and establish a private airline for them operating out of Macao; in the event I set up from scratch a ferry company for them (Cotai Water Jets) to take passengers between Hong Kong and their casinos in Macao.

In my time in the RAAF I was involved in establishing what is now Defence Bank and served on the Board for just on 30 years, mostly as Chairman or Deputy Chairman, until I retired in 2015.

During my time in Hong Kong I was involved in refereeing local rugby and from there became a coach of the Valley women's side for three years where we won the championship each year and the HKRFU (much to my astonishment) named me Coach of the Year twice. In 2011 and 2012 I did some coaching of rugby referees in Singapore while my wife was working there.



I have a son Charles, an accountant, who is an Old Boy (Broughton House) and a daughter Courtney, working with the Red Cross, both of whom are married and live and work in Sydney. My wife Carmel and I live in Carlton in Victoria.

Hugh Robert Poate

After leaving school in 1967 I studied a four-year degree in Agricultural Economics at the University of New England. Following completion, I was one of the first graduates to be employed by the Commonwealth Development Bank (which no longer exists). After a year in Head Office I was relocated to Mudgee where I had a fabulous couple of years. I then received a letter from the Bureau of Agricultural Economics offering me a research position in Canberra which I accepted.



After having a couple of research articles published I began the promotions move around the public service in policy work. Firstly, the Department of Primary Industry. Then the Department of Industry, Technology and Commerce where I enjoyed the most intellectually stimulating work of my entire career. This involved preparation of a myriad of Cabinet Submissions on reports from the Industries Assistance Commission to reduce assistance to industries to make them more competitive. I was one of a team of five which formulated the Button Car Plan for the motor vehicle industry when Senator John Button was Minister.

I then moved into a new research body, The Bureau of Immigration and Population Research, as Principal Research Officer. The next five years were the most frustrating period of my career. The

Director and I did not get along well. He wanted our research to show that as much immigration as possible was good for the economy. He did not want to be confused with the facts. When John Howard came to power he abolished the Bureau in the second month of his Prime Ministership. I was then without a job. It was time for a change anyway to something completely different.

I then undertook a Certificate 3 in Electronics at Tech and commenced a business in electronic security – alarm systems and back-to-base monitoring. After 15 years we had the largest monitored client base in the ACT. I also served as State Chairman of the ACT Branch of the Australian Security Industry Association Limited for seven years, and was appointed to the ACT Government Crime Prevention Committee. In 2007, we accepted an offer by SNP Security to buy our business. My plan was to then retire and spend more time with our two children, and on our farm at Gundaroo.

However, soon after the sale of our business, I was approached to be part of a team to help the Woppaburra people, the traditional owners of Great Keppel Island for the last 4000 years, after a property developer bought the leases to the Island and lodged a development application, masquerading as eco-tourism development, to build 1500 homes and an 18-hole golf course on the Island. At that stage the island had a small 200 bed tourist resort and 9 private homes. I was the economist in a team which comprised distinguished experts in ecology, coral science, marine biology and anthropology which made a submission on the Environmental Impact Statement. We documented undeniable scientific and economic evidence that the DA should not be approved. But predictably, the Newman LNP Government made an unconscionable decision to approve the development application which would destroy this pristine island that is still basically in the form it was when created by nature, all for the financial benefit of one person, the developer. However, so far our team, with the Woppaburra, has been able to prevent commencement of this development through lobbying efforts.



My wife Janny and I have produced two lovely children, Robert and Nicola. On 29 August 2012, our lives changed forever when Robert was tragically killed in action in Afghanistan as a soldier in the Australian Army. I was due to attend our previous school function two days afterwards. We very much appreciated the flowers sent on behalf of our TKS cohort. Since then Janny and I have devoted our time to charity work helping returned veterans

from Afghanistan. 41 Australian soldiers were killed in action, but 260 have since taken their own lives through suicide. The charity, *Soldier On*, has honoured our son by naming its main rehabilitation centre the *Robert Poate Rehabilitation Centre*.

I have maintained my interest in competitive rifle shooting through the Sporting Shooters Association of Australia. I am a range officer and the coordinator of the Hunter Class Bench Rest event. My main rifle is a custom made 6 mm B/R rifle and I have won the annual ACT Hunter Class event for the last three years.

Rugby Club Luncheon 27 November 2015



Back row: Dave Marsh, Pete Coggins, Rod Hammett, Keith Hills, John Chancellor, John Lord, Wayne Rabjohns, Cyril Payne, Basil Simmons, Mike Howard, Pete Helm, Richard Kirkby.

Front row: Mick Hewett, Pete Waterhouse, James Baird, Dave Holmes.

Wayne Rabjohns

After school, I came home to Goulburn and our family farm. Later that year we managed to buy my grandfather's farm which was only a few kilometres up the road. The property had gone out of the family's ownership for about six years. My dad had a huge desire to go back to his family roots. A very credible achievement. I continued with a beef cattle and sheep enterprise, which I still manage. In the early days I studied Accountancy. A great asset for anyone to have.

In 1980, I met a local business lady who, in conjunction with her family, had a motel in Goulburn. It's been a wonderful partnership. We have three children: one son in Canberra, one son in business in Goulburn and daughter in Sydney.

1990 saw me buy my wife's family out of the motel. I moved to Goulburn to live. We continue to operate and develop the business. It now the premier food and accommodation venue in Goulburn. Recently we built a wedding reception venue in the gardens of the farm: The Barn at Leeston on Facebook.

Over the years I developed a passion for motor cycle riding. Especially touring overseas. With Vicki as pillion photographer we would spend up to a month travelling some of the poor countries in the world.



Andrew Reynolds

Part 3

During 1967 Sergeant Andrews and my parents consulted on the best vocation for me, I wanted to be a forest ranger they had other ideas. And so the school adventure concluded and the school of hard knocks began. A short stint at UNE with Hughie Rose, Dave Fisher and other TKS old boys. I should have become a forest ranger. Mid-year I left and returned to the farm at Gulgong and became involved in general farming specialising in growing tomatoes, in one year we produced 1000 tonnes of Roma tomatoes. We also grew wheat, oats, barley, corn and lucern. We grazed fat lambs, cattle and pigs.



Dave Glasson introduced me to my wife Juliet in 1967; now 46 years married we have three children and five grandchildren. In 1972, Juliet, while in hospital having our first daughter Holly, saw on the television Brian Bowman returning from Vietnam. Brian's son Andrew is my Godson.

After a few years farming I became a stock and station agent practising all over NSW and the wheat belt of WA. During this time I graduated as an Auctioneer auctioning livestock, chattels, fine art and real estate. Eventually I purchased a Real Estate agency at Tugun on the Gold Coast where I operated for 28 years. While at Tugun I became the founding Chairman of a Bendigo Community Bank, a position that I held for eight years.

The call of the bush got to me and so we purchased a Macadamia farm at Dunoon in the Northern Rivers of NSW, at the same time selling the Real Estate agency and purchasing a Toro Mower and Polaris quad and side X side dealership. After seven years we sold the dealership and now my time is spent running our Macadamia farm and managing another Macadamia farm for an absentee owner.

Thanks to Basil Simmons I have been able to maintain a healthy relationship with 1967 school leavers at lunches held during the year. I also frequently break bread with Peter Evans, Bomber Hudson and Richard Walkolm.

The adventure continues.

David (Basil) Simmons

Reflecting on the past fifty years, in addition to my nine years boarding at King's, I can see that sport and fitness have played a big part in my life. I have been involved with still water rowing, surfboats, marathons, triathlons, road cycling and gym. (My joints appear to be in good shape due to cross training.)



The School career advice afternoon (was it in 1966?) didn't give me much direction. However, my Housemaster, Bob Buntine, recommended accountancy as a good base for any career. I took heed of his advice, completing a Bachelor of Business (UTS) and I qualified as a Chartered Secretary. I worked in commerce for ten years, banking for twenty years and more recently I have operated in accounting and tax as a sole practitioner – a role I obtain great satisfaction from and I can continue to participate in this as much as health permits.

Some highlights:

Went on a working holiday to London in 1969 for two years. Rowed for London Rowing Club in their senior VIII finishing a very successful season at Henley Royal Regatta. Our crew then represented England in the Home Countries International Regatta (competing against Scotland, Ireland and Wales).

Returning to Sydney, I worked in several commercial accounting roles.



David Simmons and Andrew Joseph on the water.

I continued to row locally and in 1973 toured Europe with Sydney Rowing Club in numerous regattas and I represented NSW in that year's Australian Championships.

Married Louise in 1976 and brought up two children - Edward and Victoria. After a volatile 20 years, Lou and I parted ways and some years later Robyn entered my life - we've now been married for 15 years.

Andrew Joseph introduced me to triathlons. We competed regularly in these as well as some marathons. We also rowed out of Mosman Rowing Club with Richard Kirkby and others, training and competing for about eight years. Andrew, Richard and I then migrated from rowing to road cycling. I rode weekly with the peloton until I had a major accident at West Head in 2004. In addition to our local bike riding we enjoy annual bike rides with Bundi Barton, generally in country Victoria.

These days I gain great satisfaction keeping in touch with my Year of 1967 cohorts – particularly at the well-attended lunches generally held in March, August and November. The friendships formed fifty years ago at School, particularly because of nine years boarding, have been very rewarding!

Jeff Stevens

Having left school I had a gap year, went to Tech to get a better matriculation, achieved that and also learnt how to play Blackjack (good for pocket money) and my surfing technique improved considerably. My mother was keen for me to do Law, I wasn't. I joined the Bank of New South Wales for something to do for six months and left thirty years later. The Bank was very different in those days: lots of young people, career opportunities, varied work and a good social environment. I was fortunate to be selected for a Senior Development program so saw many jobs behind the scenes that were challenging for me and rewarding.



Left the Bank in late '99 through one of the many restructures, did some consulting for about twelve months and then was asked to join a firm of Chartered Accountants in the Sydney CBD as General Manager. Five years later we restructured that business and I decided to do something different. Bought a Management Rights business adjacent to a golf course on the Sunshine Coast and am still here. My wife and I work the business sort of part time and keep active. We live on-site and have lots of good friends. We are still active playing golf. The weather is great so we have a great lifestyle.

Have been married twice. First for lust (didn't last long) and second for love, still going 33 years later. We have a son who lives in Sydney.

Sporting-wise I played cricket for Northern Districts after school but had no chance of getting into first grade. Was head-hunted to play for Enfield RSL in the Western Suburbs suburban comp, about equivalent to second grade, and we won the comp twice in five years. Played Rugby for the Bank for about five years until my back became a problem. Played social golf and tennis up to the back problem. No sport for a few years until a Chiropractor sorted me out and I got back into golf. Still playing golf about twice a week. Handicap has blown out from a low of 7 to 16, will probably be 30 in about twelve months!

We enjoy travelling, a relaxed lifestyle, our Cavoodle dog, supporting the local community and life in general.

David Walters

Following School, I spent a languid term or two at ANU enjoying time in the Boat Shed trying to replicate the formidable achievements of my '67 peers.

In the 1980s, I had an interest in politics and took part in the 1985 federal campaign for the Liberal Party.

After Law School, I became a solicitor in private practice and have continued in the same firm since 1974, spending many years as managing partner. I am presently engaged as a consultant specialising in renewable energy.



I am happily married to Elizabeth (Tim) for 43 years; three children and three grandchildren.

I remain involved in the Anglican Church.

David Warner



Having graduated from School with the HSC, I, along with a number of other King's guys, attended the University of New England. I spent five good years there having a ball and eventually doing some study which resulted in me graduating in Science majoring in Geology.

Upon leaving University, as there were no jobs for geoscientists, I went overseas and got a job with an American oil service company in Singapore. After working throughout Asia for five years I was then given a roving assignment advising oil well site engineers and maintaining computer systems around the world for two years.

Sick and tired of living out of a suitcase, drilling engineers and the unpredictable nature of the early computer systems (remember fortan4) I decided to get back to real life and get a desk job. I achieved that by doing a master's degree in petroleum geology in London and coming back to Australia and working in the Australian oil and gas exploration business for nearly 30 years, before partially retiring and now doing consulting through DSWPET Pty Ltd from Adelaide.

In London, I meet my future wife Margaret who joined me in Australia and we had two children, Katherine and Robert. We are now about to be grandparents.

I enjoyed my time at King's and now enjoy meeting up occasionally with a couple of other ex-King's boys playing seniors cricket for the mighty UNEX team.

Peter Waterhouse

Graduated from Sydney Uni with Soil Science degree and then travelled overseas on working holiday on farms. Returned in 1974 and met my lovely wife, Stephanie and we married late in 1975. We had two lovely kids, Scott and Ellie in 1981 and 1984. We travelled around Europe in our small Fiat Combi van and in November 1976 ended up in Copenhagen commencing a four-month Danish research scholarship. We returned in 1977 and built a timber house West of Mittagong with many friends. Unfortunately, in 1979 we lost everything in a bushfire so returned to Sydney establishing a wholesale nursery, which morphed into a larger operation at Paddy's River in 1982.



In the late 1980s I developed a system for production of miniature seed potatoes (Technitubers) and after finally gaining venture capital in 1995, established Technico. Then followed a hectic 12 years of technology transfer in 11 countries.

Although I am no longer involved, it's rewarding to think of over 5000 farmers in India and in many other countries now profitably utilising higher yielding Technitubers as their potato production system.

From 2007 to 2011, I worked for a Dutch company in Romania, France and South Africa trialling another newer seed production system I developed.

After many years of travelling, it's now a pleasure doing hands-on improvements to our home and garden in Castlecrag, on Sydney's lower Northshore.

Moonlighting

by RJH

A little known fact, certainly unreported in the previous notes on Cricket, were talents within the 1967 3rd XI. A critical review of the team photo reveals Phillip Dobell-Brown, Mike Rose who was stroke of the 1st IV, Chris Jackson, Phil Reid ('68), Robert Tonner, then in the front Gavin Banks ('68), David Findley ('68), Sam Marsden, Peter Robinson, Wayne Rabjohns, and Ralph Sirmulis ('68). Coach: Fred Healy.

Reliable informants confirm Mike did play a few games in the 3rds in 1967 and at late notice was asked to make up the numbers when the photo was taken. See the different coloured trousers?



Geoff Watt



I did medicine at Sydney Uni and then specialised in Dermatology. I practised in Newcastle for 34 years 'til I retired in 2014.

I am married to Helen and have three children, and two grandchildren.



Jeremy White

After leaving school I spent a year in WA in the bush then '70 to '71 I was at home working on the family property and playing rugby for the local team. At the end of '71 I went to the UK and spent about 10 months 'doing' the UK, Europe and South Africa.

I then came back to Australia and worked in WA for two more years managing a property before going back to the UK where I worked for four years in hotel management.

I then returned home and worked till '85, then moved to the central coast and worked with a friend, master-building homes. Then sold insurance for a year before working in Sydney as a negotiator.

In 2001, I moved to the Gold Coast where I have been ever since.



Charles Willcocks

After completing a Rural Science degree at UNE (there must have been at least 12 of our year there doing various courses), and a year in Glasgow doing a post-graduate diploma, majoring in cricket and rugby, I joined the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in Canberra. I left there to work in the agriculture department on a range of industries including, wool, wheat and cotton and, would you believe, canned fruit and tobacco, when the government was heavily involved in agricultural marketing.



I then moved to working on natural resource management policy and programs. Never short of an interesting job – which might have included amending wheat industry legislation to free up the domestic market or approaches to sustainable agriculture, leading to a long association with the Australia-wide landcare movement and the wonderful people associated with it, attending UN conferences on desertification in Nairobi, Paris and Geneva, sitting on R&D boards or chairing a national committee on marine pests.

Retired and married to Jane, we live on a small farm between Canberra and Yass, along with Jane's son, Harry (occasionally now). My children, Andrew and Elizabeth are working overseas. We run a few sheep and cattle, four chooks and a dog, and I play tennis in Yass and an occasional game of bridge (Jane is an expert) and chair the local landcare network and bushfire brigade.

What has the school done for me? Many things but, importantly, it has produced many life-long friendships.

Rob Willcocks

Combined Art/Law courses were popular with our year. Especially at the ANU where four of us, Adam Johnson, Mark Davison, Jack Curtis and I started together in 1968. We all graduated in Arts in 1970 and Law in 1973.



Two school monitors from our first year at TKS were heavily involved in student politics in 1968, Alan Brooks as Chairman of the SRC and Chris Lamb, older brother of Malcolm. The awe in which I held my Thomas House Captain (Chris Lamb) was no less than in 1962. The first time I saw him at the ANU (early in the first week) I quickly flicked away the cigarette I was holding.

The ANU had a strong rugby club. Davison became club captain, I played, Curtis coached and JD (Wally) Gunther (who left TKS in 1962 and was a well-known ANU identity) managed. The club president was Jack Sharp, an absolute gentleman as you might expect of a TKS old boy circa 1930s. Looking back, I don't think some of us quite met the standard of behaviour that Jack expected. Despite that he was most tolerant. Curtis and I also played cricket with the ANU.

On graduating in law in 1973 I came to Sydney where I have played, lived and worked ever since.

Cricket was in the City and Suburban competition and rugby with King's Old Boys. More recently I have occasionally played cricket (when I am selected) along with Mick Hewitt (who is always selected) with the Old Buffers who play the TKS Prep XI each year.

In 1976, I married and I am still happily married to Wendy. We have a son, James, and a daughter, Nicky, and now have three grandchildren who will keep us busy in the future.

I became a partner in a law firm, Stephen Jaques & Stephen, and later an independent consultant. I was able to leave the law firm to become a consultant due to the support of mostly non-Australian clients

who retained me to act in non-legal capacities but drew on my legal background and Australian connections. The result has been that I have dealt with some interesting people of different nationalities and have had a few adventures in exotic places along the way. I am still working and still travelling and I hope this will long continue.



The Passing-out Parade on J S White Oval December 1965.

Max Wilson



Studied Vet Science at Uni of Qld immediately after school; graduating in 1973.

Married in 1972. Worked at Lismore, NSW for 6 months after graduation.

Moved to Oakey in Qld and worked for a large equine practice for the next 17 years. Then set up in opposition to them and declared bankrupt two years later.



Rebuilt and developed a large seven vet practice including Queensland's first Equine Breeding Centre. That success marred by divorce in 1994.

Married again to a wonderful lady in 2011.

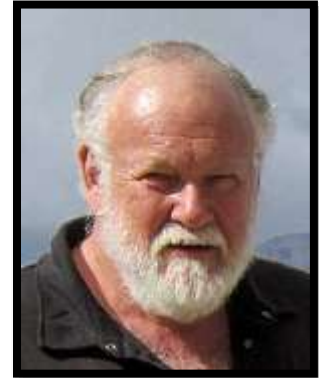
Since 1989 I have done the Australian equine breeding season every year and then moved to the Northern Hemisphere (UK Midlands, Yorkshire, France, New Mexico).

Still working although may have just sold the outside practice work, allowing my wife and me to concentrate on our Equivet Breeding Centre.

Along the way blessed with three beautiful children and three (soon to be four) fabulous grandchildren.

Geoff Young

I commenced at the Prep in 1959, moving to the Main School (along with most of the rest of us) in 1962 - first in Burkitt House and then Macquarie. I really enjoyed my three years at the Prep with general good memories especially of 'Chum' Price (who, incidentally officiated at our wedding), Peter Yeend and Roy Horrocks. Woodwork was great fun with Mr. Selk. At the main school, I had great fun taking part in the G&S productions in years 7 to 9 with Cedric Ashton. I also have good memories of Mr Buring who was always approachable and a great Housemaster.



I always considered myself to be a good general all-rounder, not excelling in any one area. However, being at King's set me up very well for the remainder of my life and career. The Head of the River in 1967 was a major highlight of that final year. What a day that was.

On the negative, I never enjoyed Corps camps at Singleton. I will never forget those flies!

Overall, my experience at King's was a good one. It must have been, because I then spent a fortune sending my sons to the school.

Since schooldays: In 1968, I studied Electrical Engineering at UNSW, was awarded a cadetship with The Department of Army (then Defence), and graduated in 1972. I also joined the CMF (now Army Reserve) – UNSWR - where I rose to the rank of Sergeant before moving to Melbourne where I transferred to RAEME LAD with 4/19 Prince of Wales Light Horse.

In 1972 I commenced working for Army Design Establishment in Maribyrnong, Melbourne and in 1974 I married Roberta Gordon in January 1974 to whom I am still happily married 43 years later. In 1977 our first child, Alison, arrived in August followed closely by a promotion and move back to Sydney where I worked for the Navy's Superintendent of Aircraft Maintenance and Repair. We purchased our old family home at Kandy Ave Epping from my mother where we remained as a family until 2014.

In 1979 our second child, Andrew, arrived in April. He eventually went to King's prep and senior school – year of 1992. In 1982 I moved to Private industry – Engineering Manager for Stanilite Electronics.

In 1983 I commenced post-graduate study on the field of computer science. Graduated with a Master's Degree in 1987 and left Stanilite and started working for The ABC on the AUSSAT implementation project working on earth station control systems. In 1987 our third child arrived in August, Peter, who eventually went to King's Prep and senior school – year of 2004.

In 1992 I had a short stint in the computer and communications department of TNT Transport and in 1993 I was poached by my old boss at ABC to work with British Telecom on the State government internal communications network – this came to an end after a change of government in 1994.

In 1995 I started 13 years with Optus after the BT project was shut down, working in several departments ranging from provisioning through operational support systems to strategic planning. In 2008 I retired with voluntary redundancy.

In retirement I have taken a lot of overseas travel with my wife, playing a lot of lawn bowls and am actively involved with my Bowling Club, most recently as Chairman of the Board of Management.

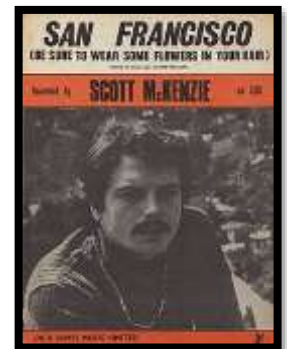


Robbo's Cartoon



What We Listened To In 1967

Title	Artist
1. The Last Waltz	Engelbert Humperdinck
2. This Is My Song	Petula Clark
3. Snoopy Vs. The Red Baron	The Royal Guardsmen
4. Green, Green Grass of Home	Tom Jones
5. Penny Lane / Strawberry Fields Forever	The Beatles
6. Somethin' Stupid & Frank Sinatra	Nancy Sinatra
7. Georgy Girl	The Seekers
8. All You Need Is Love / Baby, You're a Rich Man	The Beatles
9. A Whiter Shade of Pale	Procol Harum
10. I'm a Believer / (I'm Not Your) Stepping Stone	The Monkees
11. It Must Be Him	Vikki Carr
12. Up, Up and Away	The 5th Dimension
13. San Francisco (Be Sure to Wear Flowers in Your Hair)	Scott McKenzie
14. Massachusetts	Bee Gees
15. Itchycoo Park	Small Faces
16. Don't Sleep in the Subway	Petula Clark
17. Ruby Tuesday / Let's Spend the Night Together	The Rolling Stones
18. Snoopy's Christmas	The Royal Guards
19. The Two of Us	Jackie Trent & T.H.
20. Release Me	E. Humperdinck
21. Puppet on a String	Sandie Shaw
22. The Monkees Vol 1 (EP)	The Monkees
23. When I Was Young	Eric Burdon and the Animals
24. The Letter	The Box Tops
25. Dedicated to the One I Love	The Mamas & the Papas



Source: Wikipedia, July 2017





TKS YEAR 1967 50 YEAR REUNION

FRIDAY, 11 AUGUST 2017
UNION UNIVERSITY AND SCHOOLS CLUB
25 BENT STREET, SYDNEY
7.00pm for 7.45pm

COST: \$150.00
DRESS: Formal (Dinner/Lounge suit)
RSVP AND PAYMENT: Friday, 28 July 2017 <http://tksobu.com.au/67reunion>

HOMECOMING

SATURDAY, 12 AUGUST 2017
KING'S VS NEWINGTON
3.15pm - 1ST XV ON THE WHITE OVAL

A Muster of Old Boys will take place on the JS White Oval hill,
close to the TKSOBU hospitality tent
(lunch available for purchase).