

# **Recollections of an Australian Schoolboy**

**My Experiences at Newcastle Boys' High School  
1964-1969**

**Trevor C. Sorensen**  
**Class of 1969**



## **Revision History**

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# Preface

In the last few years I have been amusing my children with stories and anecdotes from my life, especially from my youth. They love these tales and have urged me to write my memoirs so that these stories are not lost when I pass on. I helped put together my father's memoirs after his death (published in 1998 in the book *In the Service of My Lord* by Vivian C. Sorensen) and came to realize what a worthwhile project that was. As long as that book exists, the memory of him and his accomplishments will not be forgotten, even after those who knew him personally have gone to their reward. He led a fascinating life and the book makes wonderful reading, as has been expressed to me many times. I have also led a very interesting and unusual life and have had many incredible experiences, so I decided in 2009, at the age of 58, while in good health and with most of my memories still intact, it would be a good time to start writing these memoirs. The first chapter I completed was on my experiences at Newcastle Boys High School 1964-1969. The first draft was sent out starting in December 2009 to many of my old schoolmates from NBHS for review and comment. They corrected some things I got wrong and reminded me of other events I had forgotten, and even supplied a few bits of information that I did not know about. On 6<sup>th</sup> January 2012, I attended the informal annual 69er reunion held at the Bar Beach Bowls Club. It was suggested that I contribute my memoirs to the archives of the NBHS Old Boys Association. I thought this was a good idea, especially if I reworked the chapter to remove some extraneous personal events and information (which will appear in my full memoirs) and this could become the basis for a personal history of our form, if my old schoolmates would contribute to it with their own experiences (which appear as sections in the appendix of this document). This would then provide future generations with a glimpse of what it was like to be a schoolboy at an Australian public selective all-boys high school in the 1960s.

Please forgive any mistakes that I make in these memoirs. I am giving them my best effort. I will also point out that memories of certain events differ between different individuals. I have stated my memory of the events, and where there are discrepancies, I have tried to note them. However, the bottom line is that this is my personal recollection and not meant to be a definitive history.

One advantage of writing memoirs these days versus years ago is the power of personal computers with word processors and the ability to easily add images from digital cameras or scanned from slides, photographs, or ephemera (such as newspapers and books). I have been able to conduct online searches that have uncovered some information and photographs. I insert the best ones to help illustrate the memoirs and to be a crux so that I don't have to depend on my descriptions alone to portray what they represent.

I especially want to thank my wonderful, beautiful wife, Lori, for all that she has done and continues to do for me (including copy editing these memoirs).

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## **NOTE to Readers**

Some background is needed to fully understand this document:

- My father was a missionary for the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (now named The Community of Christ). Although we had the same origins as the Mormon Church, it is not the Mormon Church and there are major doctrinal differences between the two. The church I attended was on Tudor Street (extended) in Hamilton, right on the border with Broadmeadow. It is now a private residence.
- I have two older sisters – Beth, who is a retired nurse in Missouri (moved there from Australia in 1967), and Marvia, who is a retired lawyer in Newcastle (lives in Valentine, NSW).
- My parents were Australian and I was born in Brisbane in 1951, but when I was five months old, we moved to Tahiti and then the USA, finally moving to Newcastle in 1960. In November 1969, after finishing high school in Newcastle, I moved with my parents to the United States (where I attended the University of Kansas) and eventually settled there, although I did try a couple of times unsuccessfully to move back to Australia. I have dual Australian and US citizenship.

I welcome comments on these memoirs. Although I have a good memory, it is not infallible and so I *may* have some things incorrect. I tend to find that I am less accurate in things I observed as compared to things in which I participated.

To my former classmates: Please send me any corrections or amusing stories that I missed. I especially welcome any remembrances you may have of me and our experiences together. Any relevant photos from that time that you can share would be amazing. I want these memoirs to be the basis for a more extensive memoir of our year. By contributing your experiences, you can help us achieve that goal.

Editorial notes:

- I have tried to use Australian spelling and expressions where possible (as opposed to American), although I'm sure some Americanisms have slipped through because I have lived in the US since I left high school over 45 years ago. To aid my American readers, I have included an Australian-American Glossary in the appendices. Some of the words in this list are from other chapters and may not appear in this document.
- I have formatted this document in US letter size instead of the more common A4 format used in Australia because I wanted hard copies of my memoirs and it is difficult to find A4 paper and copiers in America. I also did not want to have to reformat the document just for this standalone version, because that is more work (i.e., time) than I can afford.
- All photos that have no attribution are from my own files or the NBHS Novocastrian. PD is Public Domain (mostly obtained from online searches).

# Acknowledgements

Several former students of Newcastle Boys' High School helped me with various aspects of these memoirs. I would like to thank the following former classmates of mine (in alphabetical order) for reviewing the memoirs and/or contributing their memories to it.

- Phillip Archer
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- Doug Jarvis
- John Jenkins
- Ross Johnson
- Gary Jones
- Tom Lawrie
- Brian McCarthy
- John Masters
- Gary Norris
- Leo Pinczewski
- George Poulos
- Phil Scott
- Peter Sweney
- Bruce Tate
- Colin Taylor
- Robert Wilkinson
- Cliff Wright

This list includes those whose memories are captured in the appendices.

I would also like to thank Ruthann and John Siebert of Blue Springs, Missouri, for proofreading this document. Any spelling or grammatical errors were obviously introduced after their proofreading in September 2017.

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### **NBHS and Life in General at the School (1964-1969)**

**F**or six years, from January 1964 until November 1969, I attended Newcastle Boys' High School (NBHS). The motto of NBHS was "Remis Velisque" which is Latin for "with oars and sails" or in other words, "full speed ahead" or "maximum effort." The school colours were red and blue. NBHS was a selective school. That meant that boys from Primary Schools in the region had to apply to go there. Entry depended mostly on your I.Q. as measured during Primary School. You could also be accepted if an immediate relative (father or brother) had attended there. It was also a segregated school – in the Australian sense. Segregated meant that it was all boys and no girls. It was also racially very homogenous - I do not remember there being any non-Caucasian boys there. There were no blacks (including aborigines) and at least in my year there were no Asians or Indians either (I don't remember any in the whole school). However, we did have boys of Eastern European and Mediterranean descent. For example, in my 6<sup>th</sup> Form of 148 boys, there were only 11 boys (including myself) who had surnames that were not British or Irish.



Newcastle High School was originally co-ed and located on a hill in Newcastle<sup>1</sup>. In 1930 the girls moved out to Newcastle Girls' High School in Hamilton and in 1934 the boys moved to the new building on Turton Road in Waratah, where it stood until it was changed to Waratah High School (once again co-ed) in 1976/77. NGHS combined with Hunter Girls' High to become the new co-ed Newcastle High School. The schools were no longer selective (by 2012 only Merewether High was selective). Waratah High School is also no more – it changed names again to Waratah Technology High School, and in 2001 to Callaghan College, Waratah Technology Campus (years 7-10). What a shame!



**Newcastle Boys' High School – Main Building**

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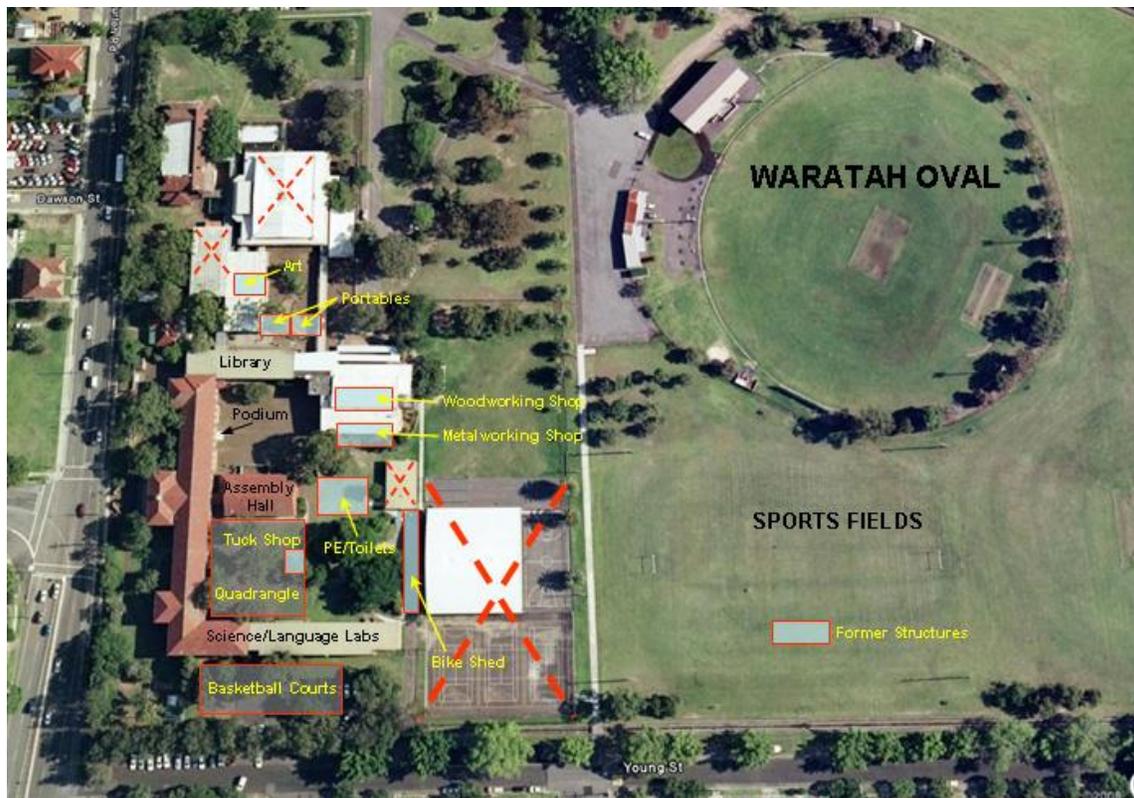
<sup>1</sup> This is why the school song has the line "...As they climbed up the hill in the morning."

The NBHS School Pledge was:

*I promise to be loyal to my Queen, my Country, and the wider Commonwealth of Mankind; to do all in my power to uphold the Good Name of my School; and to strive to be just and honourable in all that I do.*

The school system in NSW when my family arrived in 1960 up until 1965 consisted of Infants' School (Kindergarten through 2<sup>nd</sup> Class), Primary School (3<sup>rd</sup> through 6<sup>th</sup> Class), and High School (1<sup>st</sup> through 5<sup>th</sup> Year). After three years of high school students sat for a state-wide examination called the Intermediate Certificate (which Marvia obtained at Hamilton Home Science School), and after five years for the Leaving Certificate (which is what Marvia obtained at Hunter Girls' High School in 1963). Starting in 1966 an extra year of high school was added and they were renamed from "Year" to "Form". The new system had four years of high school then we would sit for the state-wide School Certificate (SC) at the end of 4<sup>th</sup> Form. We would then have another two years of high school and sit for the state-wide examinations for the Higher School Certificate (HSC). The results of this latter exam determined whether or not you went to university, Teachers College, or into trade (apprenticeships, etc.). It was also possible to leave school after the School Certificate if you wished, but the jobs available were limited. Those who wanted to apprentice into a trade would often pick this option.

There were two types of high schools – junior high schools and high schools. Junior high schools only had 1<sup>st</sup> through 4<sup>th</sup> Form and ended with the School Certificate. If students from a junior high school wanted to continue on to the HSC, they would transfer to a high school, which all had 1<sup>st</sup> through 6<sup>th</sup> Forms (Years 7 through 12).



**2008 Aerial View of the Former Boys' High with Changes Noted**

Students in the first four years were called “Juniors” while students in the last two years were called “Seniors”. We also had slightly different uniforms. Juniors had to wear grey trousers or shorts (with which were worn grey long socks with the school colours around the top), a blue shirt (long or short-sleeve), a red and blue diagonal striped tie, a grey school jumper (with school colours around the V-neck) or a blue blazer with the school coat of arms on the chest pocket. Seniors wore the same basic uniform except that there was more leeway (any dark trousers and any grey jumper were okay) while they had a more modern solid blue tie with a red embroidered school emblem near the knot. Although it didn’t get cold enough to freeze, it could still be miserably cold (and damp) during winter, which was particularly noticeable when riding your bike to school. On those days I would normally wear long trousers and my jumper underneath the blazer, along with gloves while I was riding the bike. My ears and face were generally ice cold by the time I got to school (or home). We didn’t have a school cap as was common with British and a few Australian schools. When younger I wore black leather shoes, but as I grew older I started wearing brown suede leather shoes or high-sided shoes (called “desert boots”). We were not allowed to wear sneakers (aka “tennis shoes” or “sand shoes”), except for sports and P.E.

When I lived in Hamilton (during the first half of my 1<sup>st</sup> Form) I would usually ride my bike or walk the couple miles to school. Bike riding was easy as the whole way was flat. When I moved to Lambton, where I lived for the rest of my high school days, I frequently rode my bicycle the 3.5 miles from home to school (some bike misadventures are related later). The way was hilly, and on my way home from school, I sometimes stopped at a little corner shop near the top of the hill next to the Lambton swimming pool. They had the best chocolate-marshmallow bars I have ever tasted –a marshmallow bar covered in milk chocolate with coconut in it. This was a good energy boost to help me get up the last hill to my house.

On the rare days that I did not ride my bike I could catch the bus directly back to Lambton, or catch the school train into Newcastle with my friends. The school train usually had a steam locomotive and five to seven carriages, making stops at the train stations on the way to Newcastle Station at the end of the line. We would walk from the school to the nearby Waratah train station where the school train was waiting. I had a school train pass for a while, even though by rights I should not have, because I lived in the opposite direction. When my pass expired, I was unable to renew it because the authorities had figured out that I didn’t need one. I altered the date on it so I could still use it (until they changed the design of the pass).

Boys’ High had six forms with about 150 boys per form, resulting in a total school population of about 900. Each form had about four or five classes with 20-40 boys per class. The classes were selective in the early years, while in later years they were set by the subjects the boys were taking. In Forms 1 to 3 and Forms 5 and 6 I was always in the A class (1A, 2A, 3A, 5A, 6A). In Forms 1 to 3 they were based on overall performance



**Souvenir  
NBHS Letter  
Opener**



**School Train headed from Waratah Station (at overpass behind train) to Newcastle.** In the background in the centre is the Waratah Oval and to the far left behind the grass fields can be seen the rear of Newcastle Boys' High School. Note tall television antennas on houses at left.  
(Source: Old Newcastle Facebook Archives)

and I was in the top class. In 4<sup>th</sup> Form classes were formed by subject and I was in 4H1, the top of two history classes. In 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Forms they set the classes by the science classes the boys were in. I was in the top science (physics) class so was in 5A and 6A. Some of the smartest boys in the school (e.g., Russell Cheek, Philip Paterson, John Masters, Bruce Burke, and Colin Taylor), who were not interested in science, were in 6C, 6AH (Ancient History), or 6Ec (Economics).

NBHS was a series of connected buildings that formed an “E” shape (see figure on previous page) and some separate buildings. Most of the buildings were red brick and two-storey. The northern “arm” of the “E” contained the library and art rooms (in later years), while the southern “arm” contained the science and language laboratories. The centre “arm” of the “E” was the single storey Assembly Hall, which was used as an indoor gymnasium if required. The Assembly Hall was a separate building, but had a covered walkway joining it to the main building. The Google Image shows how it looked in 2008. Although the main buildings are pretty much the same, there have been several other changes since I was there, as I have indicated with the shaded figures on the image. Either side of the Assembly Hall was a large bitumen quadrangle with no trees.

The school was not air conditioned, but during warm weather the brick buildings with windows open stayed fairly cool. For cold weather the rooms had gas heaters, although they were difficult to light and were only used when especially cold.



**Assembly Area (North Quadrangle).** The veranda at left is recent, there was no tree, and there was a high wooden platform with stairs in place of the blue platform. 2006 Photo



**Assembly Hall from South Quadrangle.** There was no tree and the Tuckshop was located in the grass patch. All 2006 Photos from Old Newcastle facebook archives



**Archway Between Main Building and Assembly Hall.** Looking through to Northern Quadrangle. 2006 Photo

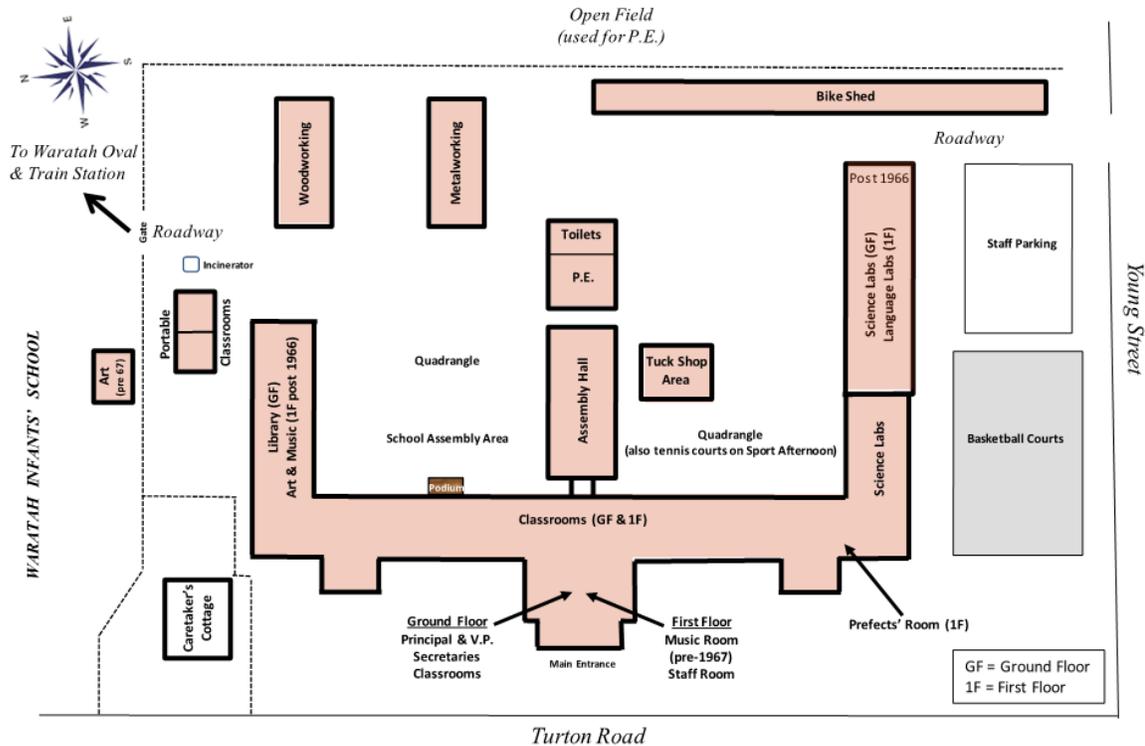


**Northern Quadrangle looking to Library Wing.** Library was on ground floor; music and art rooms on top floor. 2006 Photo.



**New Science Wing built in 1967.** Science labs this side, then language labs and music room at far end. Bike shed was at far end of building.

We did not have a cafeteria. Instead there was a “tuckshop” in the southern quadrangle, which also had a covered area with tables and benches. The tuckshop would sell sandwiches, drinks, ice cream (or ice blocks), meat pies, pasties, sausage rolls, and pastries such as cream buns, vanilla slices, cream horns, etc. Most boys would bring their lunches, but some would go to nearby shops and milk bars or buy/supplement their lunch at the tuckshop. The owners of the tuckshop had a dog which used to hang out with the boys.

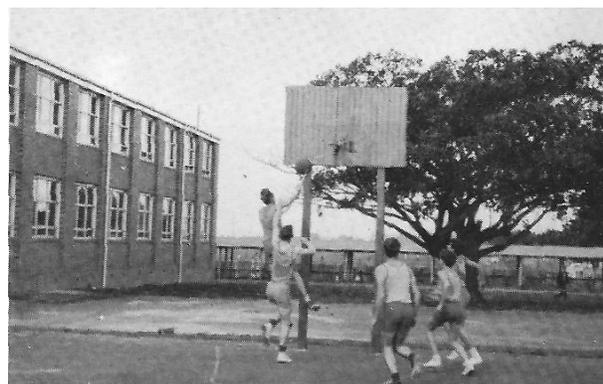


**Approximate layout of NBHS during my school days there**

Other buildings that have since disappeared included the single storey brick building that held the P.E. offices, change rooms, showers, and toilets; two large portable buildings with verandas just north of the P.E. building that held the woodworking and metalworking rooms respectively; a couple of portable classrooms just to the northeast of the library; a portable classroom for art that was just outside our school fence and on the property of the Waratah Infants' School (until about 1966 when Art moved above the new library wing); and a long bike shed that was to the southeast of the P.E. building. South of the labs' wing were the outdoor basketball courts, which are now gone as well.

The school year started in January and ended in early December – we had six weeks of summer holidays, and fortnight breaks in May and August/September. School started at 9 a.m. and ended at 3:30 p.m. There were eight class periods in a day, each lasting 40 minutes (35 minutes instruction and five minutes for change of class). A bell rang when it was time to change classes. Some classes, like laboratories, were double length in time. We had a 20-minute recess after three periods, then another three periods before lunch (50 minutes), followed by two more periods before the end of day. Two periods a week in my senior years were Free Periods for personal study, which I usually spent in the library.

The fifth period of Tuesday was Scripture, which is when ministers



**Basketball Court with Bike Shed in Background**

## SCHOOL TIMETABLE

PRESENTED WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK OF AUSTRALIA

NAME T. C. SORENSEN CLASS 5A

SCHOOL NEWCASTLE BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL

TIME	MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY	
	Subject	Room								
A	F.P.		German	8	English	2	Maths	8	English	2
B	German	8	2-Physics	30	Maths	2	Chemistry	3	German	0
C	2-Chemistry	21	Maths	2	Physics	22	English	2	Biology	33
	R E C E S S		R E C E S S		R E C E S S		R E C E S S		R E C E S S	
	2-Chemistry	21	Maths	2	Maths IF	1	Maths	1	Biology	33
	1-Physics	22	Scripture		English	2	English	2	Maths IF	1
	IF Physics	22	Maths IF	35	LUNCH		Chemistry	31	F.P.	
	Math IF	2								
	LUNCH									
	English	1	IF Physics	22			Physics	22	Maths	1
	Maths	1	German	22			German	16	German	25

Student Bank open on ..... at ..... o'clock

**My Class Schedule for 5<sup>th</sup> Form** (6<sup>th</sup> Form schedule is in the appendices)

from religions that were well represented by the student population came and gave religious instruction. I will talk more about this later.

On Wednesday there were only two class periods before lunch instead of the usual three. That was due to Wednesday afternoon for Sports, when we played elective sports. I was never a good or enthusiastic sportsman and never represented the school in any sport, unlike several of my friends. We would pick one sport for the summer (warmer) months and another for the winter (colder) months, although many of the winter sports, such as tennis, were still played outdoors. One of the sports available was golf, which was played on the golf course contained within the racetrack of the Newcastle Race Course at Broadmeadow (I never played there). The sports I selected during my six years were tennis (I was reasonably good, but not great), cricket (I was not very good), soccer, swimming (basically just spending the afternoon at the Olympic Swimming Pool<sup>2</sup> just down the hill from my house in Lambton or at the ocean baths at Merewether), and basketball. I enjoyed most of these sports, but was never good enough to represent the school and I wasn't willing to put in the time and effort to become good enough. I actually never tried out for any of the school teams. Despite (or maybe because of) my lack of contribution, NBHS generally did really well in varsity sports, usually being one of the top schools in the state in rugby, soccer, cricket, and other sports as well. One of our cricket players, Gary "Gus" Gilmour went on to play for Australia in cricket in the 1970s, and I believe one or two others represented the state.

<sup>2</sup> My favourite activity was to get in the 16 ft. diving pool, curl up in a ball and exhale, causing me to sink to the bottom, where I would push myself back up to the surface. I was a coward when it came to the diving platforms. I once went off the middle platform, but never the highest.

Boys' High was divided into four houses, and our assignment to a house was based on our surnames and their positions in the alphabet. The first house was Hunter (A-E/**Gold**), second was Shortland (F-K/**Green**), third was Hannell (L-Q/**Red**), and last was Smith (R-Z/**Blue**). I was in the last alphabet group, so I was in Smith House. My mate Phillip Archer, at the other end of the alphabet, was in Hunter House. We all wore blue gym shorts with a red stripe down each side, but our T-shirts were the colour of our houses, so I wore a plain blue T-shirt. Being in houses made it easy to split us into teams for P.E. We also had competitions between the houses for the various sports for the boys who did not represent the school on teams. There were various cups won by the houses each year, but I didn't pay much attention to that. I just picked my sports for fun.

Each year there were special days for sports. One was the Athletic Carnival (field and track events) and the other was the Swimming Carnival. The School Athletic Carnival was held in Waratah Oval and the School Swimming Carnival was held at Lambton Swimming Pool. On those days the entire school would get the day off to go to the carnival. These were basically competitions between the four houses, but they also selected the athletes who would represent the school against other schools in later carnivals. We would also get the day off to attend the Zone Athletic Carnival, where our school competed against other schools in our district (including Newcastle Technical Boys' High and Hamilton Marist Brothers High). The Zone Athletic Carnival was usually held at the Newcastle Sports Ground in Hamilton South. I don't think we attended the area Swimming Carnival or the Area Athletic Carnival unless we were representing the school because there was less space for spectators. These days were basically a good opportunity for me to not have to go to classes and to get sunburnt while mucking around with my mates. I never represented our school in any of the sports because I was not the athletic type, as I already stated.

Boys' High did not have a gymnasium – most of our PE activities were held outdoors or in the Assembly Hall. We received instruction sometimes while sitting on the benches in the change room of the PE building. This is where we learned the words to the school war chant, which seemed to go out of style by the time I was a Senior. However, I still remember it after all these years (however, no guarantees on the spelling, just the sound):

Boomalacka, boomalacka,  
Bow, wow, wow,  
Choomalacka, choomalacka,  
Chow, chow, chow.  
Ha, ha, ha,  
Here we are,  
Newcastle High School  
Yah, yah, yah.

Ika wopagai,  
Tika tika popagai,  
Jigga, jigga,  
Wogga, wogga,  
Whiskers on his gobba, gobba,  
Egoyah, egoyah,  
Newcastle High School  
Best by far.  
N-E-W-C-A-S-T-L-E  
NEWCASTLE!!!

I met my closest friends throughout high school in my first class, 1A. Even when we went to different classes in later years, we stayed good friends. I've included my class photos in the appendices, where you can see our progression from boys to young men.

My closest mates in school were Phillip Archer, Russell Cheek, Steven Dumbleton, John Farrell, John Groom, John Masters, Leo Pinczewski, Jeff Richards, and Colin Taylor. These are the boys to whose houses I would go and who came to my house. I know that Steven Dumbleton died in 1997, Jeff Richards (who was epileptic) died around 1980, and Phillip Archer in 2013. My other close mates (although not as close as the first group) were Russell Cooper, David Cocking, John Wurth, John Lewis, Phillip A. Graham (PAG), Robert Wilkinson, Bruce Miller, Phil Loder, Bruce Burke, Glenn Holmes, Philip Paterson, Raymond Armstrong, Glenn Faulds, Tom Lawrie, and Jeff Hogg. These were boys that I sometimes did things with outside of the classroom, like during lunchtimes or sometimes even after school. One funny thing – I consider Ross Johnson to be my best friend from my youth in Australia, ever since we first met in August, 1960. Ross also attended Boys' High, but I never spent time with him and hardly ever saw him there. That's because he was a year ahead of me, and it just was not done for boys in different years to hang out together at school. Outside of school though, we were best mates and often did things together.

In those days we did not have backpacks. Instead we carried small brown cases called "ports". They were made of heavy cardboard with metal reinforcing, latches, rivets, and a plastic handle. Although they were not as convenient as backpacks in some ways, because one of your hands was occupied carrying it, they also came in handy. You could put it on its end and use it as a seat (handy at bus stops and also for eating lunch). You could also put one on its end and put another flat on top of it to use as a table for cards, etc. We did not have individual lockers like in American high schools, so we had to carry the books we needed each day in our ports, along with notebooks, pens & pencils, ruler,



**Ports: For Primary School & High School**



**Typical School Port (images from PD)**

lunch, and possibly a raincoat. I normally carried my pens & pencils, etc., in a wooden pencil case in the port. If we had P.E. or Sports that day we also had to carry those clothes in our ports as well, although we could bring a supplemental bag if necessary. Naturally the ports had to be pretty rugged – being boys we sometimes had "port fights" in which we banged the ports into each other in an attempt to hit our mates or defend



**Australian Schoolgirls with Ports (ca. 1960) [Source PD]**

from their hits. We also used them as “port torpedoes” where we would launch them along the polished floor so that they would slide and impact someone else’s port (or legs). They also came in handy as a shield against an unexpected rain shower or a thrown tennis ball. They were very rugged and extremely handy in so many ways, including one that was unique to boys and I personally found very useful. During puberty and after, teenage boys tend to have an embarrassing physical reaction to the sight of girls (although, it also sometimes happens spontaneously). If this happened to me out in public, it was very handy to carry the port in front of me, hiding an embarrassing bulging in the pants.

In some classrooms we had single or double desks that were made of wood and iron and were fixed to the floor. In others we had single wooden or metal seats with built-in desktops. For the double desks I usually sat with Leo Pinczewski, Tom Lawrie, or Russell Cheek, but I also remember sitting with Raymond Armstrong during Maths classes.

Groups of boys used to hang out together in their own spots around the school during recess and lunchtime. One was “The Tuckshop Group” that included Gus Gilmour, Plummy Davis, Paul Oughton, Jimmy Garis, George Rafty, John Jenkins, Gary Norris, Steve Bland, Gary Jones, Jeff Bower, Adrian Rooney, Phil O’Hearn, Jamie Burt, Peter Hawkins, and Graeme Hurrell. They used to hang out at the northwest end of the tuckshop awning.

My close group of friends and I would usually eat our lunches while sitting on the verandah of the Metalworking (Technical Drawing) Building. In our earlier years we used to play “tip” (called “tag” in America) and also handball on the bitumen



**Old Style Double Desk used in some classrooms [Source PD]**

playground using a tennis ball. One of our favourite pastimes in later years was playing cards (the favourite ones were 500, Euchre, and Strip Jack Naked). We also sometimes planned rockets, war games, ruled Plavonia (see later section), etc.

We were very territorial about our lunch area on the playground. One time a bully from the year ahead of us came and disrupted the game we were playing by taking our tennis ball. Jeff Richards gave him a hiding and some blood was spilled. Naturally the fight attracted teachers, but Jeff got off with just a warning, because the teachers knew this other boy was a bully and started it all. I assume later he got in more serious trouble.

My mother usually made my lunch for me. I would have two sandwiches (cheddar cheese, egg salad, tuna salad, peanut butter with blackberry jam, corned beef with Australian pickle, and Vegemite were my favourites). I would also usually have an apple, orange, mandarin, or banana, and a biscuit (Anzac, chocolate chip, Scotch Fingers were my favourites). I would either just drink water or get a drink from the tuckshop. On the days I didn't bring my lunch, I would buy something from the tuckshop. One of my favourite refreshments from the tuckshop that I used to like at recess or lunchtime was a *Sunnyboy*, which was an orange flavoured ice block in a tetrahedral-shaped waxed paper container (called a "Tetrapak"). I would rip one corner off and suck orange liquid out and then break off and eat the exposed ice. I



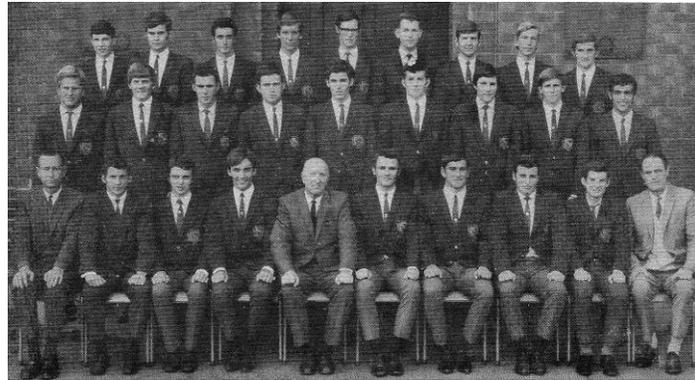
**Sunnyboy, Razz, and Glug [Source PD]**

would then rip some more of the container off and repeat the procedure. It would last quite a long time and was cold and refreshing. You had to be careful when peeling it off, because some of them had some faint writing under the wrapper telling you that you had won a free *Sunnyboy*. Some boys would rip off the corner and suck out all the sweet syrup so that there was just a lump of ice left. They would then rip off the wrapping and have a ready-made weapon – a lump of ice, which usually was thrown at the brick walls, just missing a boy or two on the way. There were also some other flavours, like raspberry (*Razz*), lime (*Zap*), and cola (*Glug*), although I think the latter two might have come later, because I only remember *Sunnyboy* and *Razz*.

We did not have refrigerated drinking fountains in the school like in America. Instead, strategically located outside were bubblers, which was our term for drinking fountains. Of course these were simple mechanical and not electrical devices.

We would have periodic assemblies of the school on the northern quadrangle, where we would all assemble by class and form (if raining, we would assemble in the Assembly Hall although it was not large enough to hold all the students at once). The Headmaster or someone else would address the school, and/or make announcements. We then would enter the school by class, with 6<sup>th</sup> Form leading. At strategic points leading to the classrooms our Prefects were stationed to make sure that order was kept.

The 25 Prefects were 6<sup>th</sup> Form boys who were elected by the school and were responsible for helping the teachers monitor the school and keep order. They were given special school badges and blazer pockets. They had their own room on the top floor of the school on the southwest side of the main building (see the earlier figure of the school layout).



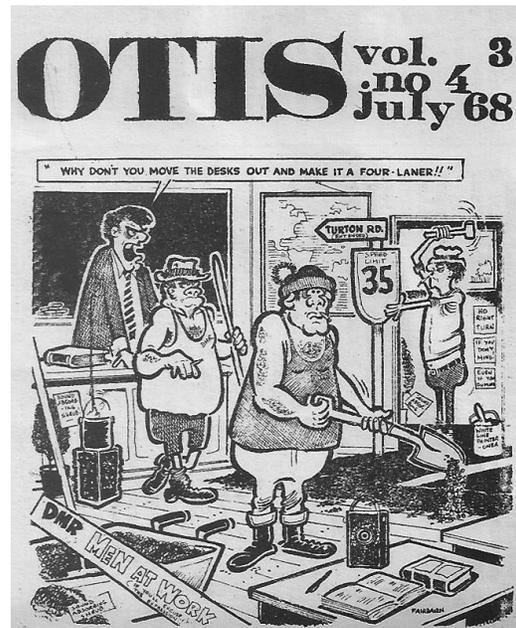
Prefects for 1969

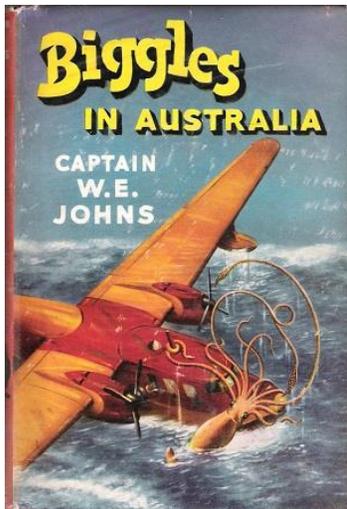
The Music Room was above the Headmaster's office at the front of the school (I wonder how much of the music from upstairs he heard) until the new science wing was completed in 1967, at which time the Music Room was moved there (probably at the Headmaster's request). The music teacher, Mrs. Hindmarsh, did a lot of music appreciation with us and I particularly remember listening to the Peer Gynt Suite by Grieg (*In the Hall of the Mountain King* was always a favourite) and the Grand Canyon Suite. We had to close our eyes and imagine the scene as the music played. Mrs. Hindmarsh also taught us music theory, and history. Being in the choir or orchestra was strictly voluntary and we received no class credit for either. Rehearsals were held during lunchtime or after school. Because I was taking piano and music theory lessons privately, I excelled in Music class and was top of the year in Music a couple times.

We did have occasional field trips, but they were not as common as in most schools today. I remember visiting the BHP and Commonwealth steel works, and on our choir trip to perform in Sydney in 1964 we visited Taronga Park Zoo and the GM Holden Car Assembly Plant.

Starting in 1966 the school boys produced a school newspaper called OTIS (which stood for "On The InSide") and it was still going strong when I left. Some of my friends participated on the OTIS staff.

I enjoyed my periods in the library (where I usually spent my free periods). Besides books I needed for class assignments, I would usually borrow and read science fiction books, war books (mostly World War II), and Biggles (James Bigglesworth) books. Captain W. E. Johns wrote 96 Biggles books and during my school days I read 54 of them. It was by far the most popular series for boys in the UK and Australia at the time.





We all took the same subjects in 1<sup>st</sup> Form: English, Mathematics, Science, Social Studies, Language, Art, Music, Woodworking or Metalworking (I chose Woodworking), and P.E. During the second half of the year we did French, Latin, and German instead of Language. These were the three foreign languages taught at the school and this half year gave us a taste of each so that we could pick which one(s) we might want to do in 2<sup>nd</sup> Form to 4<sup>th</sup> Form. I selected German even though I did better in French and Latin in my final exams (French 37½/40, Latin 36/40, German 35½/40). I did woodworking (carpentry) rather than metalworking for the first year. Some things I remember making in woodworking were a pencil box (long rectangular wooden box with sliding Formica lid which I actually

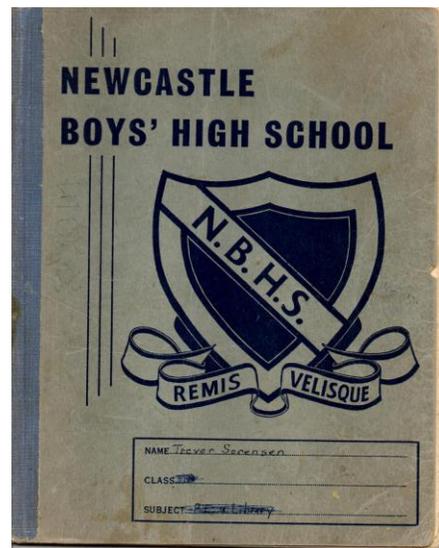
used to hold my pencils and pens for a few years), bookends, and a teapot stand. In the following three years it was an elective which I didn't take.

In 2<sup>nd</sup> to 4<sup>th</sup> Forms the subjects I took were: English, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geology), History, Geography, German, Art (2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Forms only), Music (2<sup>nd</sup> Form only), and P.E. (2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Forms only). For SC Science (Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and Geology) we used a single large blue-covered textbook, the name of which I forget.

I especially loved History and Geography, and excelled in both, usually coming 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> in my class each reporting period (half yearly). In History we studied British history in 2<sup>nd</sup> Form, Australian history in 3<sup>rd</sup> Form (where we learned about the Rum Rebellion and the mutiny by his troops against Governor Bligh, formerly Captain Bligh), and world history in 4<sup>th</sup> Form.

In 1967 when I did a research paper on the history of the Royal Newcastle Hospital for my history class, I had to go in to the hospital (which was located right across from Newcastle Beach) after school several days a week and go through their archives, making handwritten notes. I wanted to illustrate the expansion of the RNH complex, but there was no way to make photocopies of the original drawings, so I copied each of them by hand (using tracing paper) to put into my paper. What would take a few minutes today, took me many hours to accomplish. I wish I still had that paper. It was quite a piece of work and I received an "A" for it by the teacher (Mr. Holliday).

For the School Certificate we took classes at one of three levels: Advanced, Credit, or Ordinary. I took all my classes at Advanced Level and passed them all at that level for the

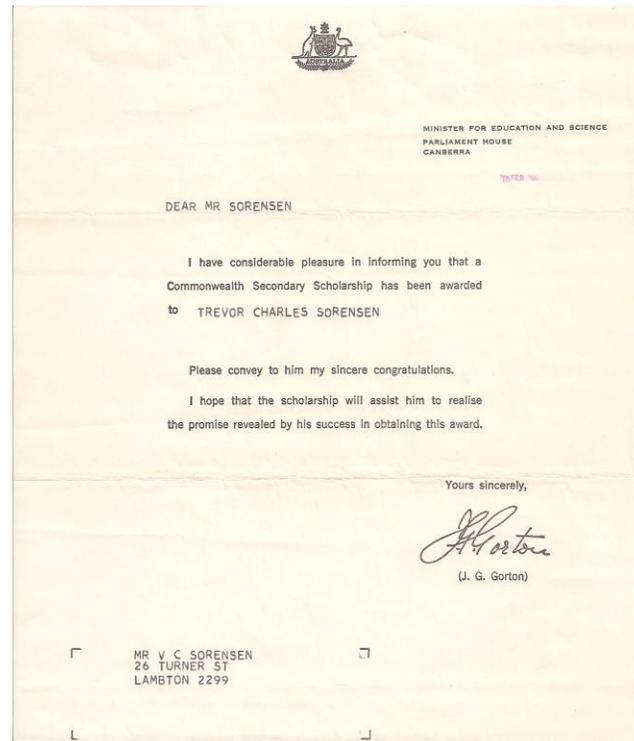
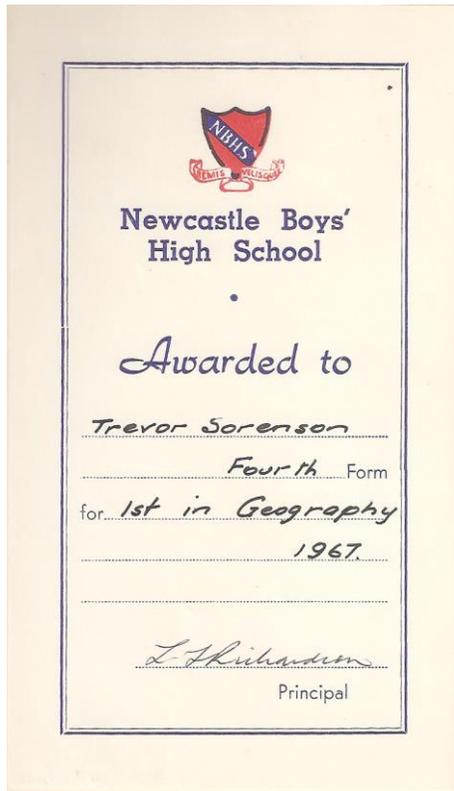


NBHS School Workbook



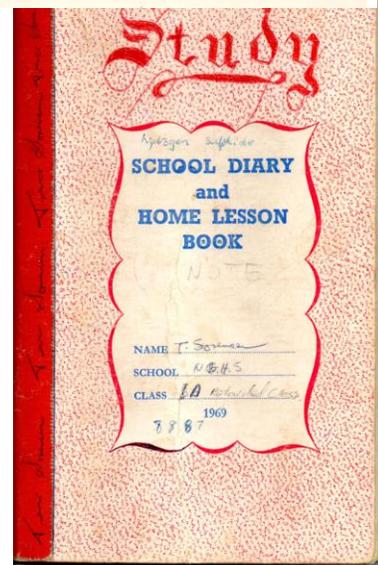
School Certificate (1967). I came first in Geography in my year for the SC.

The examinations and full newspaper results are contained in the appendices. I also took another exam in August of 1967 from which I earned a Commonwealth Scholarship for \$500 they sent me to spend as I pleased. Some boys used their money to buy a used car (e.g., John Farrell bought his VW Beetle he named *Putzi*), while I used mine to buy a kit from Heathkit in America to build my own Vox Jaguar portable organ to use in our rock band (more about that later).



more and did not take as many subjects. Instead of the A, C, O levels of the School Certificate, for the HSC they had levels 1, 2, 3 with Level 1 being equivalent to Honours. For Maths and Science there was further division. There was Level 2S (Short) and Level 2F (Full). The 2F level had extra class periods and covered more topics. Also for Maths and Science there was Level 1F (Full) instead of just Level 1. Level 1F was equivalent to one and a half Level 1s (both for having extra class periods and the way it was counted in the HSC). It was almost impossible for anyone to take all Level 1s because there just were not enough class periods available in a week. Everyone had to do Maths and English at some level.

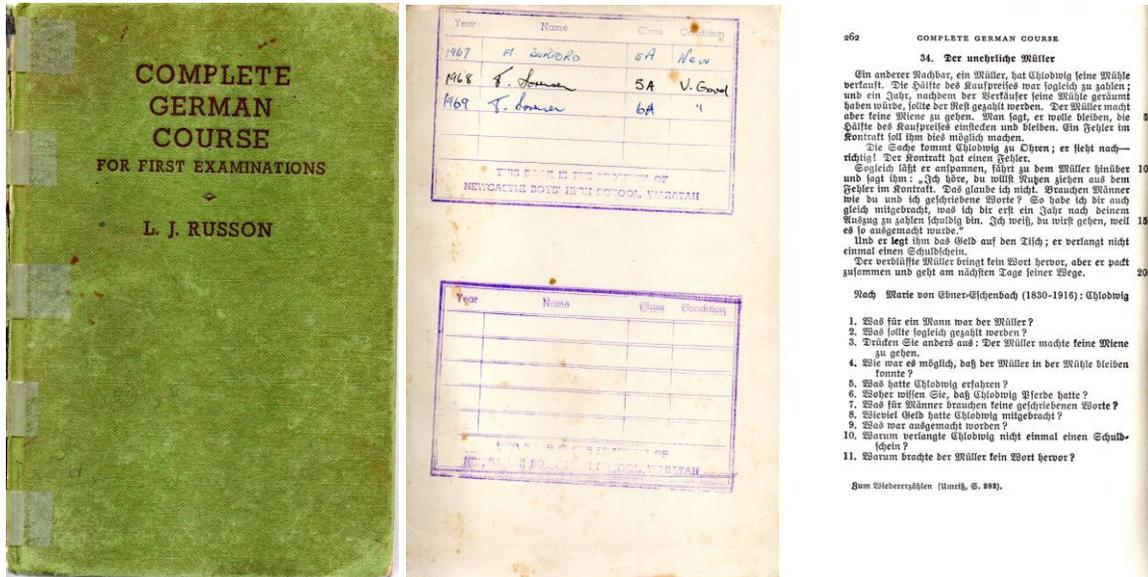
I did Level 1F Maths, Level 1F Physics (the two together were equivalent to three Level 1s), Level 2F Chemistry, Level 2F Biology, Level 2 English, and



**My School Diary for 6<sup>th</sup> Form.**  
Notice the admonition to myself and the information vandalism by a friend

Level 1 German. My four Level 1s were about the maximum possible.

Actually I did Level 2 German in 5th Form, but my German teacher (Mr. Allen) thought I could handle Level 1, so I switched to Level 1 in 6th Form, which meant that I had some catching up to do. That was nothing compared to Russell Cheek, who did only German for Forms 2-4, then added French for his two senior years – and Level 1 French



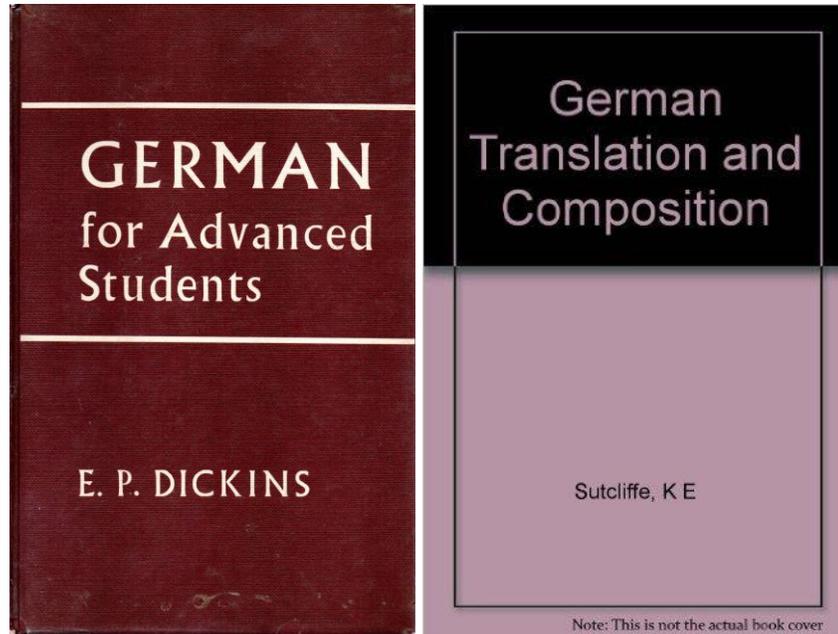
Main German Textbook by Russon – note Gothic text used for German

at that, meaning he had to catch up three years of French while doing the work in the Level 1 class. Not only was he successful, but he ended up coming second in the class in French while being top in German. Truly an amazing and brilliant student!

In 5th Form, the Level 1 German students (I was Level 2 then), translated several of Hitler's speeches from recordings of them. Although I was involved in the translations, I did get a copy of them. In particular, I remember one that he made at the time of the Stalingrad disaster.

For German Level 2, we used two main textbooks, the primary being Complete German Course by Russon, which was distinguished by having all the German as old German Gothic font (see image). The reason I have this book, which is shown as the property of NBHS, is that they decided to discontinue using it after 1969 and let us keep our copies. The other book used was German Translation and Composition by K.E. Sutcliffe. I do not have a copy of this one. For German Level 1 we used *German for Advanced Students* by E. P. Dickens. The copy I have is my private copy bought at Ell's Bookstore. We also studied several novels and plays, such as *Biedermann und die Brandstifter*, *Romulus der Grosse*, and *Die Verwandlung* (*The Metamorphosis* by Franz Kafka). The teachers supplemented the textbooks, with Foolscap size mimeographed notes, that I enclosed in a two-ring binder.

Our senior German classes were held in the language lab in the new building block (also containing the new science labs). There was an acoustic system that allowed us to listen to recordings. This used air tubes connected to earphones rather than electrical wires. Besides the normal



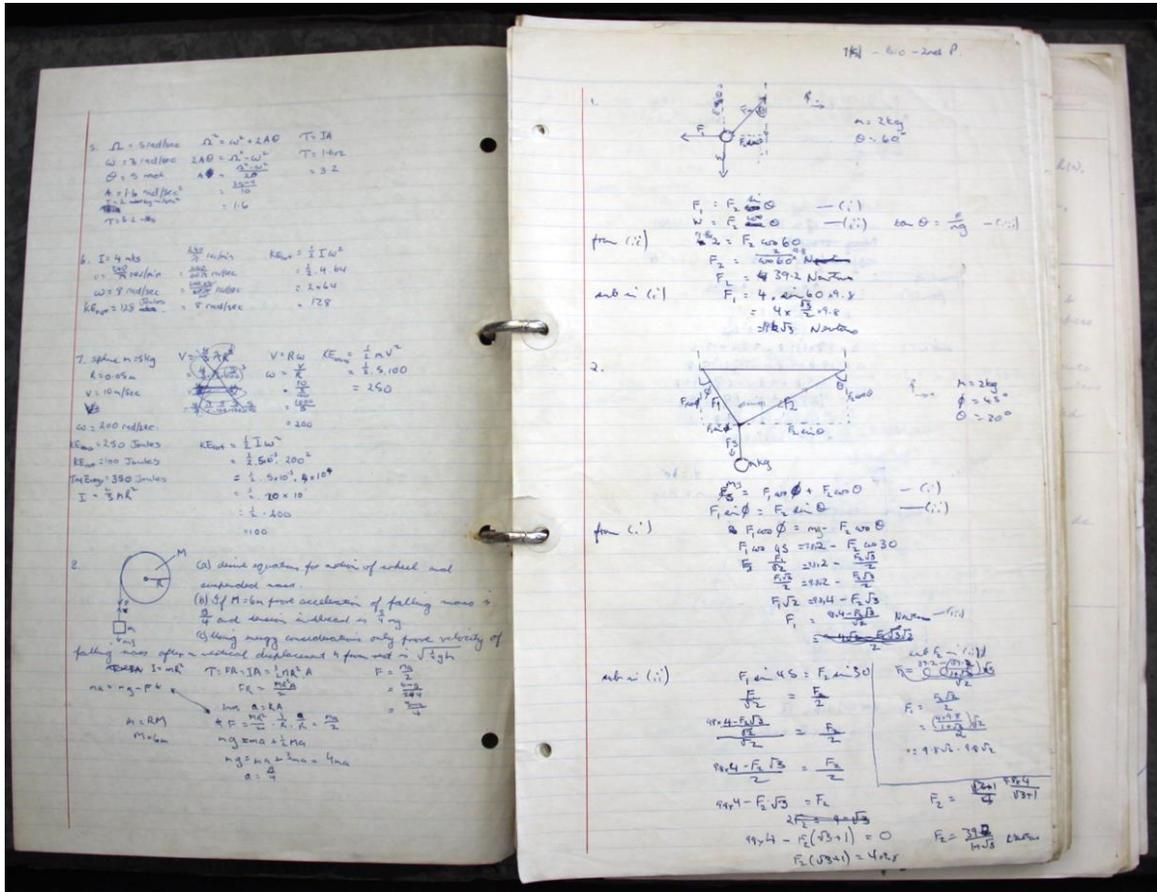
**Additional German Textbooks used for HSC**

instruction and studying of various works of literature, the classes I enjoyed the most was when we learned and sang songs in German, such as *Lili Marlene*, *O Tannenbaum*, *Seeman*, *Vive La Companie*, *Mein Hut der hat drei Ecken*, etc.

One of our primary textbooks for Maths was by Coroneos and was a special textbook written for HSC Maths with an orange cover. In the 1F Maths class, we learned a good variety of topics to a surprising level of depth. Ray Armstrong told me that he remembers the frustration of Mr. Maehl when he tried to teach us all about convergence and divergence of series and the tests that would help us decide which way the series would head. There were a few of us in the class that liked to get through the problems as quickly as we could and move onto the next topic. Ray remembers this group to include himself, Ross Dunstan, Michael Hannaford, David Cocking, Chris Dibley, and myself. Sitting next to Ray in Maths was definitely an inducement to me to excel, just to stay up with this group. I considered myself to be the least talented of them. However, I do remember one time when I derived the solution for a difficult series problem that had eluded the rest of them, and my delight when I showed them how to do it. This happened so rarely which is why I remember it.

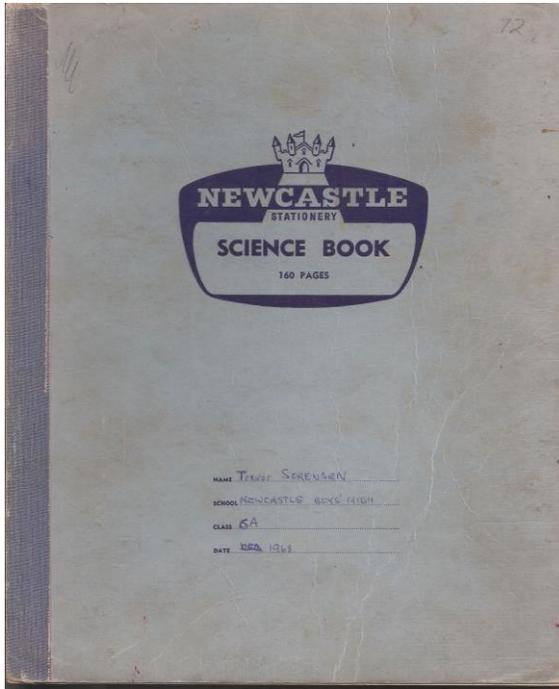
For HSC Physics, we mostly used the mimeographed notes provided by the teacher. Mr. Mudford, but we also used the textbooks they were based on, *Physics (Vol. 1 & 2)* by Halliday and Resnick. Our HSC Chemistry and Biology reference text was provided in mimeographed notes by the teachers.

Although Biology was not my favourite subject, I took it through all six years. We killed live frogs and rats in the lab and dissected them, and I think that some of those practices are now forbidden. That was the part I liked least about Biology.

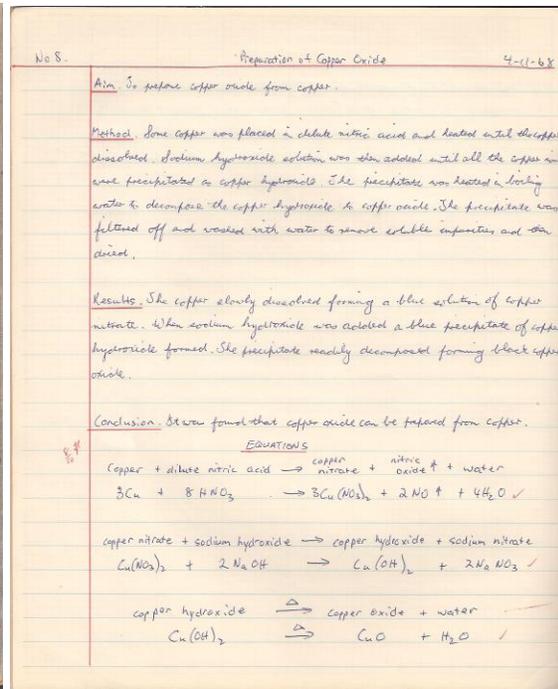


Level 1F Physics Binder – 6<sup>th</sup> Form

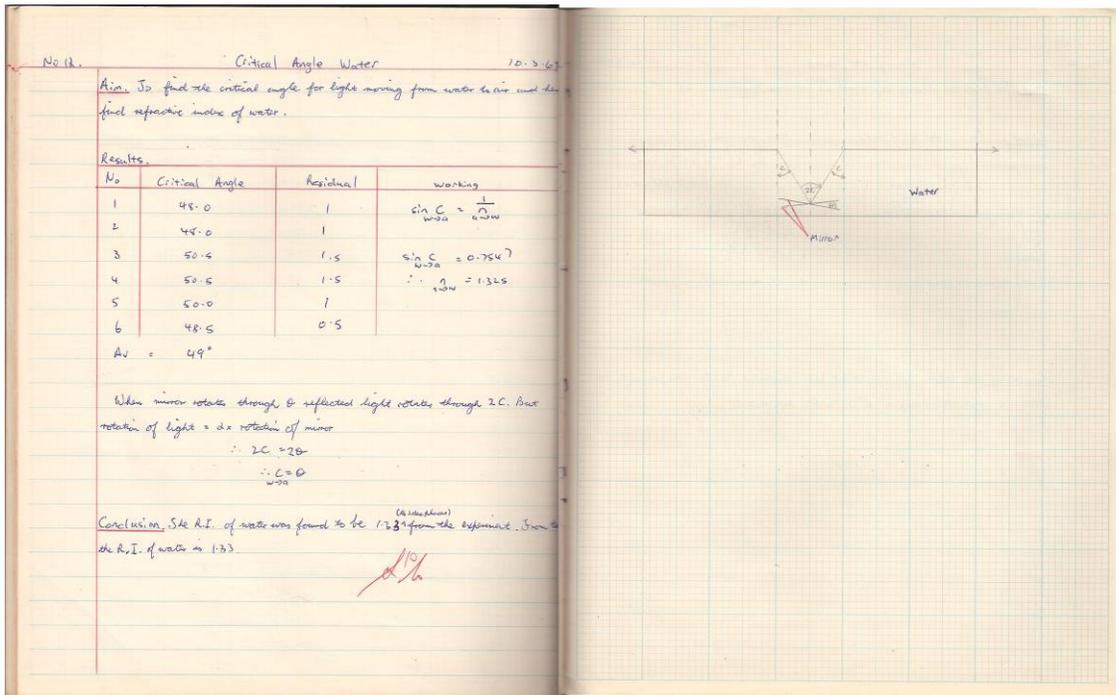
We took the HSC in our Assembly Hall. The HSC Exams were supplied by the state government, so we were competing with all the students in NSW. Each exam took two or three hours and all the exams were spread over three weeks in late October and early November. We were given the week off before the exams to study for them. There was also a voluntary General Studies exam, although it did not count for anything other than the honour of having passed it (which I did). I have included copies of my HSC examinations in the appendices.



My Science Lab Book for 5<sup>th</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> Form



Chemistry Experiment (5<sup>th</sup> Form)



Physics Experiment (6<sup>th</sup> Form)

**NEW SOUTH WALES  
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION**

MR. T. SORENSEN  
C/- AUDIT INDEPENDENCE  
MISSOURI USA

4<sup>th</sup> JANUARY, 1970

H200

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1969

SORENSEN TREVOR CHARLES

I have to inform you that your results are as follows:

LEVEL OF ENTRY	SUBJECT	RESULT
2	ENGLISH	2
1	MATHEMATICS F	1
1	SCIENCE F	1
1	GERMAN	1
	GENERAL STUDIES	P

H450

**CANDIDATE NUMBER**  
062692

**CENTRE NUMBER**  
116

**ELIGIBLE HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE**  
YES

**RESULT KEY**  
1—Pass at First Level.  
2—Pass at Second Level.  
2F—Pass at Second Level (\*\*Full\*\* Course)  
2S—Pass at Second Level (\*\*Short\*\* Course)  
3—Pass at Third Level.  
P—Pass in General Studies.  
F—Failure.  
X—Absent.

**UNIVERSITY INFORMATION**

ANWMES

E.J. BAILEY  
Secretary  
Board of Senior School Studies

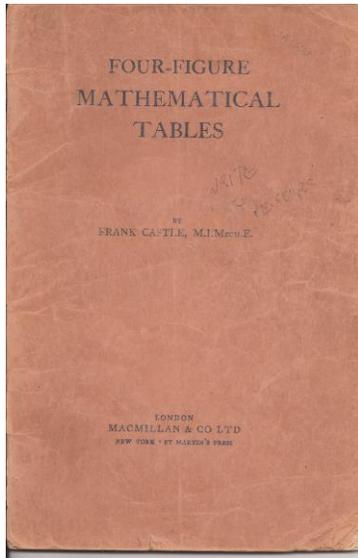
This statement is issued without alteration or erasure

For explanation of letters printed above, see enclosure.

**HSC Results Received from NSW Department of Education, January 1970**

I did not find out the results of my HSC until January 1970 when I was in South Carolina, USA. I first received an envelope marked "On Her Majesty's Service" sent by the NSW Department of Education and forwarded to me from the RLDS Auditorium in Independence Missouri. In it were the printed results of my HSC exam. Shortly after I received that letter, the results were published in the newspapers and Marvia sent me a telegraph with the results. I passed everything: Level 1F Maths, Level 1F Science (1F Physics, Level 2F Chemistry, Level 2F Biology), Level 1 German, Level 2 English, and a pass in General Studies. I also won a full four-year Commonwealth Scholarship to all the universities in NSW and the Australian National University in Canberra (this was quite an honour because only two or three hundred were accepted each year from NSW). However, I turned this scholarship down because I was enrolling at the University of Kansas. If I had stayed in Australia I was planning to study Aeronautical Engineering at the University of New South Wales in Sydney.

One thing to remember about going to school in the 1960s - we did not have mobile phones, calculators, personal computers, cable television, video games, iPods, or even cassette tapes. Recorded songs were on vinyl records (albums or singles) instead of CDs. Although we were taught how to use a slide rule, most of us did not even have that during high school. For our maths and science classes we generally used mathematical/logarithm (log) tables and hand implements (graph paper, rulers, protractors, right angles, compasses, French curves, etc.) to do calculations and plot results. The paper copier



LOGARITHMS

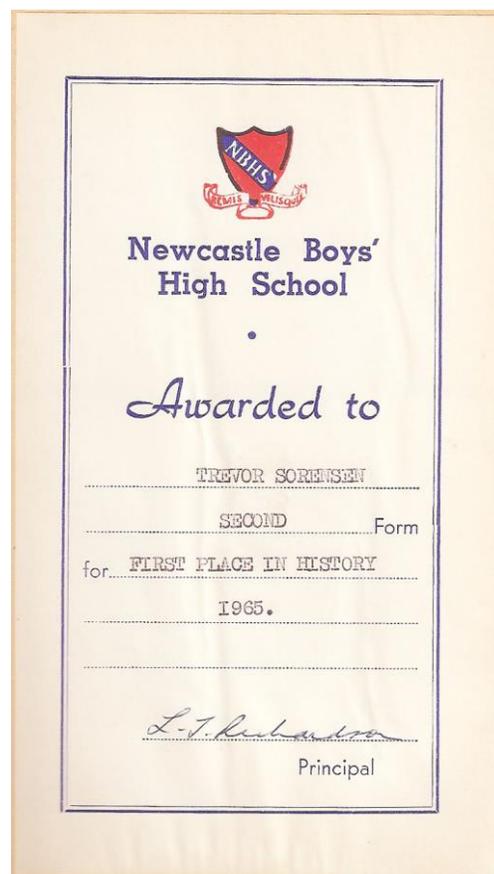
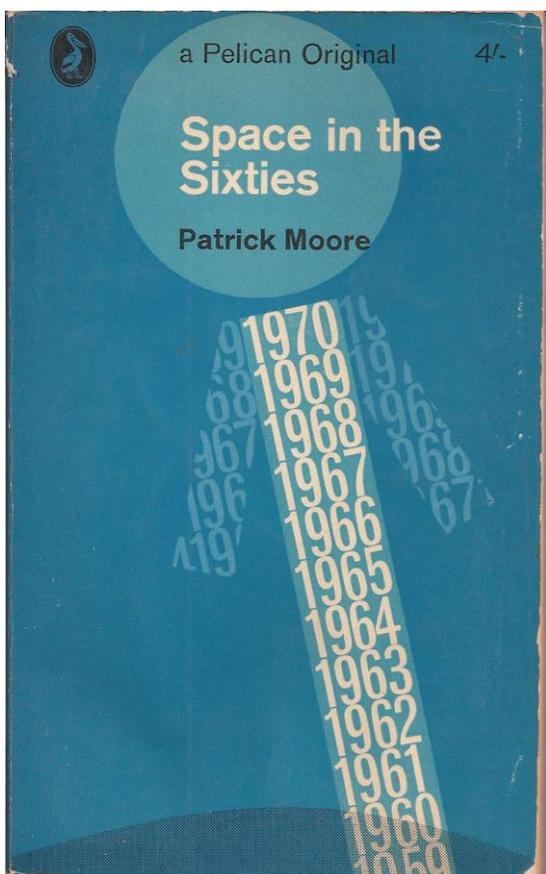
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15	4500	4543	4586	4629	4671	4714	4757	4800	4843	4886	4929	4971	5014	5057	5100	5143	5186	5229	5271	5314	5357
16	5400	5443	5486	5529	5571	5614	5657	5700	5743	5786	5829	5871	5914	5957	6000	6043	6086	6129	6171	6214	6257
17	6300	6343	6386	6429	6471	6514	6557	6600	6643	6686	6729	6771	6814	6857	6900	6943	6986	7029	7071	7114	7157
18	7200	7243	7286	7329	7371	7414	7457	7500	7543	7586	7629	7671	7714	7757	7800	7843	7886	7929	7971	8014	8057
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20	9000	9043	9086	9129	9171	9214	9257	9300	9343	9386	9429	9471	9514	9557	9600	9643	9686	9729	9771	9814	9857
21	9900	9943	9986	10029	10071	10114	10157	10200	10243	10286	10329	10371	10414	10457	10500	10543	10586	10629	10671	10714	10757
22	10800	10843	10886	10929	10971	11014	11057	11100	11143	11186	11229	11271	11314	11357	11400	11443	11486	11529	11571	11614	11657
23	11700	11743	11786	11829	11871	11914	11957	12000	12043	12086	12129	12171	12214	12257	12300	12343	12386	12429	12471	12514	12557
24	12600	12643	12686	12729	12771	12814	12857	12900	12943	12986	13029	13071	13114	13157	13200	13243	13286	13329	13371	13414	13457
25	13500	13543	13586	13629	13671	13714	13757	13800	13843	13886	13929	13971	14014	14057	14100	14143	14186	14229	14271	14314	14357
26	14400	14443	14486	14529	14571	14614	14657	14700	14743	14786	14829	14871	14914	14957	15000	15043	15086	15129	15171	15214	15257
27	15300	15343	15386	15429	15471	15514	15557	15600	15643	15686	15729	15771	15814	15857	15900	15943	15986	16029	16071	16114	16157
28	16200	16243	16286	16329	16371	16414	16457	16500	16543	16586	16629	16671	16714	16757	16800	16843	16886	16929	16971	17014	17057
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31	18900	18943	18986	19029	19071	19114	19157	19200	19243	19286	19329	19371	19414	19457	19500	19543	19586	19629	19671	19714	19757
32	19800	19843	19886	19929	19971	20014	20057	20100	20143	20186	20229	20271	20314	20357	20400	20443	20486	20529	20571	20614	20657
33	20700	20743	20786	20829	20871	20914	20957	21000	21043	21086	21129	21171	21214	21257	21300	21343	21386	21429	21471	21514	21557
34	21600	21643	21686	21729	21771	21814	21857	21900	21943	21986	22029	22071	22114	22157	22200	22243	22286	22329	22371	22414	22457
35	22500	22543	22586	22629	22671	22714	22757	22800	22843	22886	22929	22971	23014	23057	23100	23143	23186	23229	23271	23314	23357
36	23400	23443	23486	23529	23571	23614	23657	23700	23743	23786	23829	23871	23914	23957	24000	24043	24086	24129	24171	24214	24257
37	24300	24343	24386	24429	24471	24514	24557	24600	24643	24686	24729	24771	24814	24857	24900	24943	24986	25029	25071	25114	25157
38	25200	25243	25286	25329	25371	25414	25457	25500	25543	25586	25629	25671	25714	25757	25800	25843	25886	25929	25971	26014	26057
39	26100	26143	26186	26229	26271	26314	26357	26400	26443	26486	26529	26571	26614	26657	26700	26743	26786	26829	26871	26914	26957
40	27000	27043	27086	27129	27171	27214	27257	27300	27343	27386	27429	27471	27514	27557	27600	27643	27686	27729	27771	27814	27857
41	27900	27943	27986	28029	28071	28114	28157	28200	28243	28286	28329	28371	28414	28457	28500	28543	28586	28629	28671	28714	28757
42	28800	28843	28886	28929	28971	29014	29057	29100	29143	29186	29229	29271	29314	29357	29400	29443	29486	29529	29571	29614	29657
43	29700	29743	29786	29829	29871	29914	29957	30000	30043	30086	30129	30171	30214	30257	30300	30343	30386	30429	30471	30514	30557
44	30600	30643	30686	30729	30771	30814	30857	30900	30943	30986	31029	31071	31114	31157	31200	31243	31286	31329	31371	31414	31457
45	31500	31543	31586	31629	31671	31714	31757	31800	31843	31886	31929	31971	32014	32057	32100	32143	32186	32229	32271	32314	32357
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47	33300	33343	33386	33429	33471	33514	33557	33600	33643	33686	33729	33771	33814	33857	33900	33943	33986	34029	34071	34114	34157
48	34200	34243	34286	34329	34371	34414	34457	34500	34543	34586	34629	34671	34714	34757	34800	34843	34886	34929	34971	35014	35057
49	35100	35143	35186	35229	35271	35314	35357	35400	35443	35486	35529	35571	35614	35657	35700	35743	35786	35829	35871	35914	35957
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52	37800	37843	37886	37929	37971	38014	38057	38100	38143	38186	38229	38271	38314	38357	38400	38443	38486	38529	38571	38614	38657
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55	40500	40543	40586	40629	40671	40714	40757	40800	40843	40886	40929	40971	41014	41057	41100	41143	41186	41229	41271	41314	41357
56	41400	41443	41486	41529	41571	41614	41657	41700	41743	41786	41829	41871	41914	41957	42000	42043	42086	42129	42171	42214	42257
57	42300	42343	42386	42429	42471	42514	42557	42600	42643	42686	42729	42771	42814	42857	42900	42943	42986	43029	43071	43114	43157
58	43200	43243	43286	43329	43371	43414	43457	43500	43543	43586	43629	43671	43714	43757	43800	43843	43886	43929	43971	44014	44057
59	44100	44143	44186	44229	44271	44314	44357	44400	44443	44486	44529	44571	44614	44657	44700	44743	44786	44829	44871	44914	44957



*This marvellous photo appeared in the book produced on 14 July 2012 for the 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Reunion of the 'Class of 1972'.*

There were several extracurricular clubs at the school available for the boys to join. However, I never joined any of them – I was too busy with my own rocketry and wargaming clubs, which were not official school clubs. The ones I remember are the Chess Club (I was thrilled when I beat a member of the Chess Club at chess), Library Club, Interact Club, Film Club, Debate Club, and Aeromodelling Club. Several of my friends belonged to one or more of these clubs.

Every year, I believe in March, we held a Speech Day. That is what we called the day that we went to the auditorium in the Newcastle City Hall and had speeches (of course) by the Headmaster and various illustrious dignitaries, such as the Lord Mayor of Newcastle, but more importantly, the school gave out prizes for the best students in each Form, generally for the top five overall scholars, and for first in each subject. I never placed in the top five, but I won prizes for first place in Geography and History during my early years in high school. Each prize was a book we got to select at Ell's Bookstore on Hunter Street. We were given a coupon worth a certain value to select a book, which the bookstore sent to the school and was presented to us, with an appropriate inscription, on Speech Day. The event normally took a couple of hours and consisted of a full programme including the National Anthem (*God Save the Queen* in those days), the school song, and various musical numbers performed by the school orchestra and choir. We sometimes had television coverage of the event for the local news.



**Prize Book for 1<sup>st</sup> Place in History, 1965.**

### **My Closest High School Friends (1964-1969)**

Previously I mentioned my closest friends in high school. Because they were such an important part of my life back then, I would like to tell you more about them. I'll do it in alphabetical order and I'll include photos of them from the high school years. After their name I have their nickname (or what we called them). My nickname was "Sorro(w)".

One thing I can say about my friends from Boys' High is that they were all very smart and it helped stimulate my intellectual development. There was also keen competition to excel in each of my classes, which was always the top class of my year. One other thing – I am grateful that none of my close friends smoked or took drugs (as far as I know) during high school. Drugs were not a problem in the school, even though it was during the late '60s. Smoking was much more prevalent in those days. I knew of a couple boys that had smoked weed at parties, and I also knew of a few boys in my year who smoked or drank, but it was fairly rare.<sup>3</sup> I think I knew of more boys in my Primary School who had smoked. Drinking was also not a serious problem. I never saw any of my friends drink, although I know it was done at some parties, etc. Nearly (but not quite) all of us (myself included) ended high school as virgins as well. What do you expect from an all-boys school?

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<sup>3</sup> I have recently found out that there were a few boys, I don't know how many, who used to go sneak a fag (cigarette) during school at some hidden location. I had heard rumours, but was unaware of the details.

### Phillip Archer (“Fred”)

I will shortly describe how I first met Phillip, so will skip that here. Ever since we first met I was very close to Phil, because we hit it off right from the start. From very early on until the end of high school Phil had the nickname “Fred”. I don’t remember how he got that name, but it is obviously not related to his real name (no one still uses the nickname “Fred”). Phil also forgot or refused to tell me how he got that name.<sup>4</sup> Phil lived in a row house at 18 Parry St. in Cook’s Hill. His father was a stevedore (worked the docks) and was involved with the union. It’s sort of funny that Phil and I ended up such close friends because we used to argue about which cars were better (he liked Ford Falcons while I liked GM Holdens), and we were on opposite ends politically (he was a Labour Party supporter and I was a Liberal Party supporter). He had<sup>5</sup> an older brother, Steve. I didn’t know his father very well, but I remember his mother well – she was a very kind and sweet person.



**Phillip Archer in 1964**

Phil was a very talented model builder and built many tanks (including customizations) and buildings for our miniature wargaming. These were top notch models. His favourite models though were model cars. He got me interested in slot car racing, and although I did get a couple good slot cars, Phil’s were always better and he was a more experienced and better driver.



**Phillip Archer in 1969**

Although Phil and I started out taking classes together, our academic interests differed somewhat and by my senior years I did not have any classes with him. He was not one of the best students academically, but still passed everything and gained his School Certificate and HSC. Despite our separation in classes, we still hung out together at recess, lunchtimes, and after hours.

In about 1966-67 I discovered rock music and Phil was very much into hard rock, especially bands like Cream, Jimi Hendrix, Rolling Stones, Doors, etc. His favourite band was Cream. He and a couple friends decided to form a band and I ended up joining them (more on this later). We hung out together after school quite a lot. However, I was of two worlds and had two different sets of friends (with some overlap) by the time I was a senior. There were different classifications of young people then: *Rockers* (wore black leather jackets and rode motorcycles), *Squares* (called “nerds” today), *Surfers* (spent their time at the beach AND surfing), *Surfies* (spent their time at the beach pretending to be surfers by bleaching their hair blonde and having board racks on their cars, but didn’t go in the water – they got the girls on the beach that the surfers were ignoring to get the good waves), and *Swingers* or *Groovers* (really into rock music, bands, discotheques, etc.). I was part Swinger (along with Phil, John Groom, Jeff Richards, Russell Cheek),

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<sup>4</sup> In his Technical Drawing class he was known as “Saggy” (soft “g”s) after Sagittarius, the Archer. He was given this nickname by the TD teacher, Mr. Hunt.

<sup>5</sup> I’ll use past tense in cases like this even though they may still be alive.

part Surfer (along with Colin Taylor, John Farrell, Ross Johnson, Michael Wall), and part Square (along with all the members of my rocket club and my wargaming friends)<sup>6</sup>.

One of the characteristics of Swingers was an aversion to sunlight and tans. I remember once in 6<sup>th</sup> Form I was planning to go surfing at Nobby's Beach and Phil surprised me by asking to come along. I said sure, but was wondering why. He said that he just intended to sit in the car and watch the girls in bikinis. Ah, that made sense!

We often went to each other's houses, although it was more convenient for me to go to his rather than vice versa because I lived out in the suburbs. We would go to movies together, dances and discotheques (our favourite was "Bus Stop" on Hunter Street). Phil also joined in our church activities for young people, attending my church's youth group (called "Zion's League") several times and even came to one or two youth camps (along with John Farrell and others). Although Phil attended my Farewell Party in November 1969, he is missing from the group shot, because he had a new girlfriend and they were in my dad's car at the time. Yes, Phil definitely liked girls.

Phil was an active member of my rocketry club, AMRA, and participated in all the Newcastle launches, including the first one north of Raymond Terrace in 1964. He also was my ally in the miniature wargaming. He really liked the German military equipment and uniforms, as did I.

After high school Phil worked in the building industry from 1970-1974. In 1974 Phil married Julie (whom he met at "Bus Stop") and they adopted two children, Tim (1980) and Jennifer (1986). Phil and Julie were made for each other. In 1975 Phil did a computer engineer's course in Sydney, which is where they were living when I returned to Australia in 1975/76 and I stayed with them. He worked in electronics retail 1976-78, then joined BHP where he worked at the computer centre in mainframe operations until 1998 (when the BHP essentially closed down). He then switched over to the University of Newcastle where he did desktop computer support until his retirement in 2005. We stayed in touch and the Archers remained good friends of ours. They visited us at our home in Virginia in 1998 and again in Hawaii in 2008.

Unfortunately, Phil had some problems with melanoma cancer and had a melanoma removed in 2002. His lymph nodes were removed in 2006. He appeared to be cured or the cancer was in remission for a number of years, but in September 2011, after suffering some symptoms (loss of balance, headaches, etc.), it was discovered that he had a large brain tumour. Surgeons operated and removed it immediately. Despite an adverse effect on his peripheral vision, it appeared that they had successfully removed the cancer. With melanoma though, the chance of the cancer spreading was high so he underwent experimental head radiation treatment, which caused baldness. Upon learning of his prognosis (10-20% chance of surviving 12 months) I used my American Airlines Frequent Flyer miles to fly to Australia arriving 26<sup>th</sup> Dec. 2011 and departing 13<sup>th</sup> January, 2012. Phil's subsequent scans in early December and February were all clear, and apart from a pesky cold (which he called his "man cold"), was strong and healthy while I was there. His scans remained clear until March, 2013 when another brain tumour was detected. This was removed, but it resulted in a stroke that partially paralysed one side of his body. Over the next few months, three more brain tumours were discovered. He suffered a couple of heart attacks and two more strokes and his condition deteriorated.

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<sup>6</sup> There was some overlap with these other boys as well, for instance, Col Taylor was also a Swinger, and many of those listed were members of my rocketry or wargaming clubs, thus Squares.

He passed away peacefully in his sleep early on the morning of 27<sup>th</sup> November, 2013 at the age of 62 with his wife Julie at his side. My sister Marvia represented the Sorensens at his funeral at St. John's Anglican Church on Parry St. (right across the street from where he grew up).

### Russell Cheek ("Chook")

Russell is a unique individual whom I really admire a lot and since 1<sup>st</sup> Form has been a very good friend of mine, although we did lose touch for several years. He has had the nickname of "Chook" as long as I remember and I suspect he had it in Primary School. The name "Chook" probably came from being similar to "Cheek". Again, the use of this nickname stopped after high school. We now call him "Russ". He lived at 180 Lawson St., Hamilton South and attended Hamilton South Primary School. I went to his house a few times. I did not know his father very well, but I really liked his mother, who was a very nice woman and always kind to me. Unfortunately, she died shortly (far too soon) after high school.

Russell was very gifted in the liberal arts, and was also top or close to top of the class in English, German, French, History, and Geography (and probably others I don't know about). He also was sometimes in the top five of our Form. Although I was first in some subjects, I never did that well in the Form (I think the highest I got was 8<sup>th</sup>). We shared classes together all six years of high school.

Russell had a great sense of humour, was very kind, and besides doing very well academically, he was a gifted musician. We played clarinet together in the School Orchestra for one year and in 6<sup>th</sup> Form he joined our rock band as the bass guitarist and did a great job. He was a big fan of The Who rock band. Russell did not join my rocketry club, but did show some interest in wargaming (he made an excellent miniature house for inclusion on our gaming board and was one of our referees).

In 1967 the local TV station, Channel 3, started a quiz show that was sponsored by the BHP, and it was known as the "BHP High School Quiz." Fifth Form students from various high schools in the area competed with each other in general knowledge quizzes. The reference for the quizzes was the World Book Encyclopaedia. The MC for the show was Murray Finlay, the TV News Anchor at Channel 3. Russell Cheek competed in this quiz in 1968 when we were in 5<sup>th</sup> Form (there were a few other students from NBHS also competing, including Colin Taylor). I admired Russell for how he prepared for this competition. During his free periods and some lunch times, Russell sat in the library and went through the World Book Encyclopaedia page by page. He took many, many pages of notes. He completed most of the volumes this way (he ended at "S"). He then read the notes onto a recording tape, which he then replayed at night as part of a sleep-learning system. This is meant to impress the information by repetition onto your subconscious while you are asleep. My dad also used this method to learn Spanish. Based on the evidence in these two cases it seems to work. Russell performed brilliantly during the competition, which I watched on television, and he easily won the competition for 1968. He won a trip to the Capitol cities of Australia with his dad for two days in each,

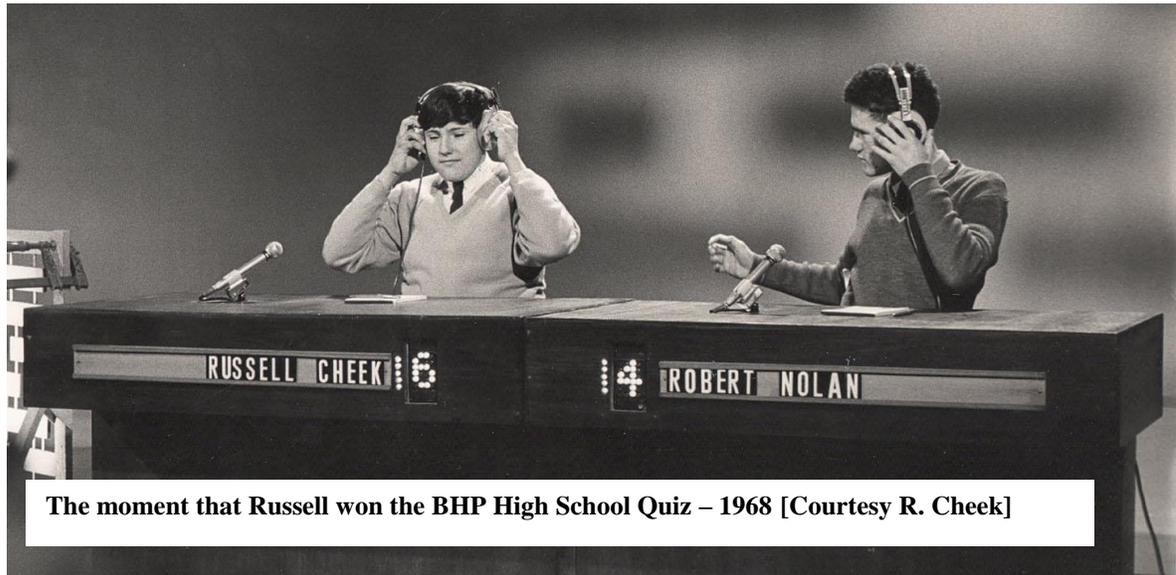


**Russell Cheek - 1964**



**Russell Cheek - 1969**

\$600 cash, and a set of the World Book Encyclopaedia for NBHS. In 1993 Russell won the national television quiz show, *Sale of the Century*.



Russell was actually a good athlete as well, being a member of the school's first cricket team (one of his teammates and a schoolmate of ours was a future member of the Australian national cricket team, Gary "Gus" Gilmour). Russell was also on the school golf team, and participated in several school groups including choir and orchestra. Russell was also elected a Prefect for 6<sup>th</sup> Form. He was very close friends with Jeff Hogg (who became the School Captain) and Bruce Burke. However, I think Russell was friends with everyone, which is probably one reason he was elected a Prefect.

Russell (along with Jeff Hogg, Robert Pryde, Bruce Burke, John Lewis, and Chris Kinsella from Boys' High) went to St. Andrew's College (part of the University of Sydney) right after high school. But he could only stand one year, or in his own words from a recent e-mail "[That was as much as I could stand – being ostracized for a full year by the right-wing neo-ultra-con sons of wealthy graziers wearing shorts and long socks – was not my idea of edifying or fun.](#)" He left the college but graduated from the University of Sydney with Honours in German. During those wild years of the early 1970s Russell had fun doing music and theatre, going to festivals, protesting the Vietnam War, experimenting with drugs and girls, getting heavily into yoga and meditation, and becoming a vegetarian (for five years). In 1971 he went to the Sydney Oval, where the South African rugby team was playing, in order to protest Apartheid. Colin Taylor also was at that protest. A football rowdy mugged Russell and badly broke his jaw, which took several months to heal. At the end of 1972 he also suffered the loss of his mother. What a tragedy for Russell at the age of 21.

In 1975 Russell helped form *Pipi Storm Children's Circus*, which toured Australia from 1976-1978. In his desire to become a better performer, he went in 1978 to live in Paris where he did a two-year course of the International Theatre School – *Ecole Jacques Lecoq*. He then did a show for three months in Frankfurt, and then formed a small theatre company, *Double Take*, which performed a humorous show in Paris and Holland, before returning to Australia in 1981. He spent some time in Newcastle, then moved to Sydney in 1986, where he has remained.

I saw Russell again when Lori and I were in Australia in 1989. He was living at Bondi Beach and we all went and ate at a wonderful Thai restaurant there in Bondi. Russell was friends with Yahoo Serious and had small roles in *Young Einstein* (he was dressed in drag as the nurse at the Insane Asylum), *Reckless Kelly* (bank teller), and *Mr. Accident* (photographer). He also directed shows, some of which were performed at the Sydney Opera House. In 2003 when my family visited Australia, he was a guest director of Circus Oz in Sydney and arranged for free tickets for us to see the show.

Although Russell had some girlfriends, he never married and doesn't have any children. I have remained in touch with him (with some gaps). He is one of those lucky guys who got better looking with age. He was tubby in high school, but thinned down afterwards (and kept his hair!). He and I are still good mates.

### Steven Dumpleton ("Stefan" or "Dumpy")

This friend is a difficult one to write about. Steven Dumpleton's parents were English immigrants. However, I think he was born in Australia. He lived at 28 Clarence Rd., Waratah, which was on top of a hill. I visited his house many times. There we played one of our favourite board games, *Dogfight*. He also used to come over to my house frequently.

Steven attended Waratah Primary School (starting in 4<sup>th</sup> Class) after his family moved to Newcastle from Mt. Isa. Steven was a gifted artist (he usually topped our year in art) and was an excellent scholar, especially in Liberal Arts. Steven was a loyal "Britisher" and for our wargaming and board games always took the British/Allied side, while I usually took the German (after all, I was descended from Prussians on my mother's side). He contributed to the making of our wargaming board and modified one of the Soviet tanks into a tank destroyer. We used to have friendly arguments about the relative merit of the rival military forces. He was very smart and I considered him to be a very close friend. He liked rock music, but did not join our band. He was not interested in surfing, but he was an enthusiastic member of my rocketry club, AMRA. Steven was in my German classes. He also attended Zion's League and attended at least one youth camp (Willow Bend in May, 1969).

Steven was very close friends with John Masters, Leo Pinczewski, Colin Taylor, and John Farrell. Phillip Archer was especially tough on him and they did not get along particularly well at times, although it was more a case of Phil not liking Steven, while Steven was mostly upset that Phil did not like him (although Phil has told me in 2012 that he doesn't remember not liking Steven, but would knock him sometimes as he did everyone else including me). However, most of the time they got along okay though, and it improved after high school.



**Steven Dumpleton - 1964**



**Steven Dumpleton - 1969**

Steven usually acted a bit skittish or nervous, which I know annoyed some of the boys<sup>7</sup>. One lunchtime (I think we were in 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> Form) some of the boys got hold of Steven and stuck him bum first into a metal garbage can in the playground. Unfortunately, he was in deep enough that he couldn't get out. I am ashamed that although I did not put him in the can, it looked so funny that I stood there laughing like everyone else. Eventually we helped him get out. Naturally he was very angry with us all.

I am also very ashamed and sad about one aspect of my relationship with Steven. He was one of my closest friends, and I made fun<sup>8</sup> of him, as we all did to each other all the time. This was a game for most of us, trying to outdo each other with our "pay offs". Unfortunately, in some cases it could be cruel and an occasional boy would take it to heart instead of brushing it off like most of us did. I didn't realize it at the time, but Steven was one of those who started to take the pay offs to heart, and in fact told me later that he was seeing a psychiatrist towards the end of high school.

Steven studied architecture at the University of Newcastle the first year after high school, but he described this as "a year of hell" and although he did well, it was easy for him to decide to quit. "My reason was that it was a very emotionally and intellectually restrictive career. I'd much rather be a human being than an architect." He went on to major in English and History which he enjoyed immensely. It was while doing Arts that he discovered Philosophy. He went on to eventually earn a PhD in Philosophy from the University of Sydney.

It appears that his strange behaviour in high school and later criminal behaviour (which I will not discuss) was due to a brain tumour that he had since he was a boy, and was located in the front part of the brain that affects behaviour and inhibitions. The last time I saw Steven was when I visited Australia in 1982. For some reason we were not able to meet with him when Lori and I were there in 1984 and 1989. Tragically he died of complications from his brain tumour in 1997. Steven did marry (and divorce), but had no children. His life ended tragically, but he was such a good mate in school.

### John Farrell ("JR")

John Farrell was unique because he did not go to Primary School in Newcastle. His family lived in Scone, which was nearly 100 miles away along the New England Highway in the Hunter Valley. His parents wanted him to attend a better high school than was available in Scone, so he lived with his grandparents at 52 Valencia St., Mayfield, within walking distance of Boys' High. It's only since I've been a parent that I appreciate the sacrifice his parents made so that John could get the best education. He was only 12 when he left home for six years of high school. He had a younger sister (Kerry), who did stay in Scone for school. I met his parents a few times, including at least once at their home in Scone.

John was very nice, well-mannered, with a good sense of humour, and like all my friends at Boys' High, was very smart. He took many classes with me, including German all the way through 6<sup>th</sup> Form. His areas of strength were in languages and humanities, rather than maths and science. He was a good speaker and was on the school debate team

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<sup>7</sup>In letters years later almost every one of my friends who had seen Steven recently remarked about his being skittish or high-strung or talked fast when nervous.

<sup>8</sup> The term we used for making fun of or insulting someone in a joking way was "to pay off" someone.

while a Junior. I remember watching one of his debates that was held in the Assembly Hall. I believe he won awards for speaking and/or debating.

John was a crossover type like I was – he was a Swinger (liked rock music and went to dances with us), Square (was a member of AMRA), and Surfer. He had a surfboard and used to go on surfing safaris with us. John was also a wargamer and was one of those who would go to Steven’s house to play *Dogfight* and other games. We rode our bikes together a lot and he participated in the bike dogfights in Lambton Park with John Masters, Steven Dumpleton, and others.

John earned a \$500 Commonwealth Scholarship in 1967, and in 1968 used the money to buy a red VW beetle he named “Putzi”. He was one of the few boys in my year who had his own car, even at the end of 6<sup>th</sup> Form. For him I’m sure it was very handy, because he was able to drive home to visit his parents.

John was very good-looking and was popular with the girls at church and youth camps. He went with a girl named Frances Lewis at one youth camp and I think went out with others in Newcastle, but he developed an attraction to one of the girls at church, Cathy Masterson. They were dating steadily by the time we finished high school and married in August, 1972. Many of my close friends attended the wedding. Br. Ken Hardwick married them in the Hamilton Church. I saw them when I visited Australia next in 1975/76, but their marriage did not last (they did not have children). He eventually married a German woman by the name of Ingrid van der Kaag, with whom he had two sons, Michael and Shannon.

After high school John entered a traineeship in mechanical engineering at Lysaght’s and spent three years working at the steelworks. However, he decided that was not for him. He switched over from engineering to the Education Department where he earned a BSc and Dip Ed. He taught Primary School for three years. In 1980 he joined Qantas as a flight attendant. He was a Customer Service Manager and an investigator for Qantas at the time of his retirement at the end of 2011. My family and I met with him in 2004 for dinner when I was spending the summer in LA working at JPL and he was in town between flights. My family was staying with me at that time. I would also try to see him

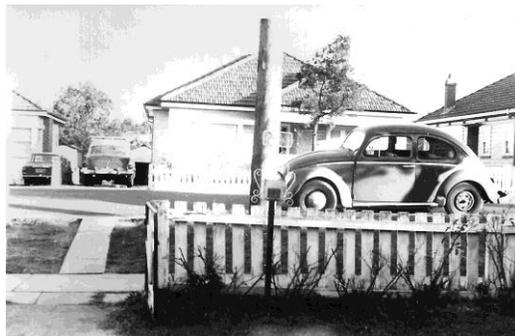
whenever I/we were in Australia. During my visit in January 2012, Phillip Archer, Colin Taylor and I drove down and surprised John at his house on Lake Macquarie. A couple days later he attended the BBQ at Phillip’s house. Retirement lasted about a month and then he started doing work digging ditches (with equipment) for the National Broadcast Network (NBN) installation. He finally “really” retired in 2017.



**John Farrell - 1964**



**John Farrell - 1969**



**Putzi parked in front of my house**

John Groom (“Groomy”)

John Groom lived at 15 Winchester St., in Mayfield, on the other side of the Pacific Highway from the school and my other mates. He was very close friends with Phil Archer, Jeff Richards, and Phil Loder. He was a good friend, but not as close as most of the others in my inner circle of friends. Although we started out in Class 1A together, I don’t remember if I had any classes with him past 1<sup>st</sup> Form. He was not one of the better students scholastically. However, he was very nice and had a good sense of humour. He joined with me in many activities, such as being lead guitarist in our rock band, racing slot-cars, going to dances, and wargaming (he was on the German side). He was also a member of my rocket club (AMRA) and participated in all the Newcastle launches. He attended Zion’s League at Hamilton Church during 1968 and 1969, but I don’t remember him attending any youth camps. He was definitely of the Swinger type (as well as Square because of his interest in rockets and wargaming), but was not interested at all in surfing. He was a big Cream fan like Phillip, and also really liked Jimi Hendrix. Notice that his photo from 1969 shows him with his eyes closed. Unfortunately, that is the best photo I have of him from that time.



**John Groom - 1964**



**John Groom - 1969**

After high school John entered a traineeship in engineering and became a steel engineer in the Maitland area. He was still working there when I met him again at the 2012 BBQ reunion at Phillip Archer’s house in Maryland, NSW. John was married and had grown children at the time.

John Masters (None)

John Masters lived at 13 Villiers Street in Mayfield and went to Waratah Primary School. John was another very bright and very nice friend of mine. We used to go to each other’s houses sometimes and did a lot of things together. He was a member of AMRA, and was on the British side with Steven for our wargaming. He was very much pro-British in our wargaming and was very knowledgeable concerning units, equipment, etc. His interest in wargaming continued after high school, but he couldn’t find the time to participate actively with the many wargaming clubs that sprang up. John excelled in Economics and did very well in school, topping some subjects. He had a younger brother, Peter, who was a year behind us at school. His closest friends were Colin Taylor, Leo Pinczewski, Steven Dumpleton, and Bruce Burke.



**John Masters - 1964**



**John Masters - 1969**

John was one of the boys I used to have fun with riding bikes in Lambton Park, which was at the bottom of the hill I lived on (and where the Olympic Swimming Pool was located). The other boys that used to join us in these bike-riding escapades included John Farrell, Colin Taylor, Steven Dumpleton, and Leo

Pinczewski. One of our favourite games was to do World War I dogfighting on our bikes. We pretended to be fighter aces from the Great War. Lambton Park was ideal for this because it was spacious and had some good paths with small bridges and a few slopes. We spent many hours riding our bikes like this – it was good fun and good exercise.

John attended University of Newcastle after high school and earned an honours degree in commerce. He then earned a Law Degree from the University of Sydney via correspondence. After earning his degrees and leaving Newcastle, John started work at Price Waterhouse Coopers in Sydney and eventually became a Senior Partner. He specialized in international finance and also joined the Board of Directors for several companies and universities. He is a lover of art.

John loved Rugby Union and while in college was on the team representing Newcastle, with which he did quite a bit of travelling, including to New Zealand. He married Tze, a girl originally from Malaysia, who became a banker, and they had a son and a daughter. I have stayed in touch with him and tried to see him whenever I visited Australia. He took Lori and me out to the rotating restaurant at Australia Square on one of our visits. He had a large corner office in the AMP Building overlooking Circular Quay in Sydney and from his office he had a view of the Sydney Harbour Bridge and the Opera House. John retired from Price Waterhouse Coopers at the end of 2009, but is still active on the Board of Directors of several companies and universities and the Art Gallery Society of NSW. I failed to see him during my trip in 2011/12.

#### Leo Pinczewski (“Pinz”)

Leo Pinczewski lived at 69 Hanbury St. in Mayfield. His family was Jewish and his father was from Poland and mother from Russia (where his father fled to escape from the Germans). In 1948 his parents and older brother (Val) moved to Israel, where Leo was born (which is why he has dual Australian & Israeli citizenship). In 1956 after the war with the Arabs, his father discovered that one of his brothers survived World War II and was alive and living in Newcastle, so they moved there that same year. Leo attended Waratah Primary School with my high school classmates Colin Taylor, John Masters, Steven Dumpleton, Bruce Burke, John Beach, and Raymond Armstrong.

Leo was brilliant, especially in Maths and Science, and we were in many of the same classes for all six years of high school. He was very close friends with John Masters, Steven Dumpleton, Colin Taylor, Russell Cheek, Frans Henskens, and Bruce Burke. He was a very active member (and treasurer) of AMRA. Leo was active in school extra-curricular activities and was in the Chess Club and the Interact Club.

Leo was one of my wargamer friends and played on the Allied side in the final battle, for which he made some of the Allied tanks. He was also my main opponent in the “biro wars” that I describe later. I sat next to Pinz in several classes. I especially remember Maths classes.



**Leo Pinczewski - 1964**



**Leo Pinczewski - 1969**

Leo resembled Russell Cheek and Phillip Archer, in that when I first met him in 1<sup>st</sup> Form, he was chubby with a round face, but his looks improved with age. By the time we finished high school, he had slimmed down and looked good. He has stayed trim even into middle age. In contrast, while I was skinny in high school and college, once I hit middle age my weight increased significantly. I am continually having to fight the “Battle of the Bulge.” To top it off, I have lost most of my hair, while all of my closest friends listed here that I have seen in recent years have kept theirs – it’s not fair!

After high school Leo attended the University of Sydney where he earned his medical degree (MBBS). He did a Fellowship in Edinburgh in 1982 and completed his Orthopaedic training in 1983. Leo was a co-founder of the North Sydney Orthopaedic and Sports Medicine Centre and has enjoyed a long career as one of the top orthopaedic surgeons not only in Australia, but in the world. I saw him during some of my trips, including the 1975/76 trip where he showed me the cream-coloured MG sports car he was refurbishing. When I took my family to Australia in 2002-2003, we spent some time with his family and ate a meal of fish & chips at their beach house at Pearl Beach. The evening after I arrived in Sydney on 26<sup>th</sup> Dec. 2011 I spent time with Leo in his beach house. He provided me with some of his professional expertise by examining my left knee, which I had twisted and popped while in Los Angeles a few days previously. His advice: don’t let an orthopaedic surgeon near it as they would want to operate. Although it would help in the short term, in the long term it would cause more problems. He recommended strengthening exercises with anti-inflammatory drugs when needed while letting it heal naturally. My family doctor later confirmed Leo’s diagnosis that I had a sprained knee and it wasn’t worth the cost of getting an MRI. He also recommended that I should let it heal naturally.

#### Jeff Richards (None)

Jeff<sup>9</sup> Richards lived on The Terrace overlooking King Edwards Park, on the ridge between the ocean and Newcastle. Jeff was very close friends with Phillip Archer and John Groom. He liked rock music (especially *The Beatles* and Jimi Hendrix) and also participated in AMRA (he was a founding member) and our wargaming, although not as much as some of the others. He was one of those who hung out at Tyrell’s Records with us. I think for a brief time he was part of our rock group, but later dropped out. During the last couple of years he also attended Zion’s League. He was not a surfer. Jeff was adept in Maths and Science (although never topped any subject) and although he doesn’t appear in my 3A Class photo, I think he was in my home class for all six years, including the history class 4H1. I know I sat next to him in one class, but forget which one.

Jeff was epileptic, although I am not aware of him ever having a seizure during school.



Jeff Richards - 1964



Jeff Richards - 1969

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<sup>9</sup> The common English spelling is “Geoff(rey)” while the American spelling is “Jeff(rey)”. Australia seems to have used a mixture. Geoff Spencer was an Australian appointee in our Church from my parent’s generation and I knew of other Geoffs (e.g., Geoff Meers). However, two boys in my year of that name used the American spelling – Jeff Richards and Jeff Hogg - while another was Geoff Davis.

However, one day when we were catching the school train into Newcastle after the end of school, he did have a seizure and was writhing on the floor of the carriage. Fortunately, it was a fairly brief and mild seizure and he had recovered by the time we got to the station.

Although Jeff was a good friend and one of my close circle of friends, he was not a natural leader (like Phil Archer) and I don't have a lot of memories of things that he did that were exceptional. I don't think he had a girlfriend during high school, although I seem to remember he did date. An incident of Jeff fighting a bully was related earlier. There was also another incident that occurred one day in 1969 when I was taking him home, but that is related later.

I'm not sure what Jeff did after high school, and the people who wrote me regularly after I went to America did not know what he did either. I have found out that Jeff died when he was in his late 20s (apparently related to his epilepsy).

### Colin Taylor ("Bub")

Colin Taylor lived at 12 David St., Georgetown, which was only a few blocks from Boys' High. David Street, which was quite short, was famous throughout the Newcastle area for the annual Christmas decorations and lights on its houses. For the month before Christmas people would come from miles away to cruise slowly along the street at night to look at the pretty Christmas lights and lighted displays.

Colin attended Waratah Primary School (where he was Dux) with Leo Pinczewski, Bruce Burke, John Masters, and Steven Dumpleton. His closest friends in high school included Phillip Archer and Russell Cheek. He got the nickname "Bub" from his uncle when he was a toddler and it stuck through high school. Since high school he has gone by "Col."

Colin was in Class 1A with me (although he must have been out sick the day we had our class photo taken) and was in several of my classes, including German classes for all six years. His favourite subjects were Ancient History, French, and German. He was a very bright student and came 4<sup>th</sup> in our Form in the School Certificate in 1967.

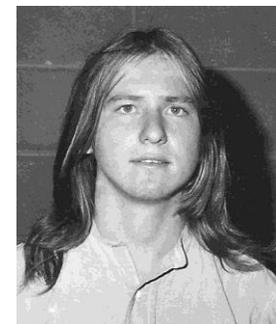
Colin was one of the German commanders in our wargaming, and also was an active member of AMRA. He was an active member of the Zion's League and attended a couple of youth camps at Tiona.

Colin grew his hair long as a Senior (probably the longest in the school) and was a bit of a rebel against authority, especially concerning his long hair. There is more about this later.

After high school Colin started at the University of Newcastle working towards a teaching degree. He did well the first year, but started to lose interest the second year, which he failed. About this time he experimented with drugs, briefly smoked, and drank (all of which probably contributed to his failure in Uni). He then dropped down to Teachers' College on a Teacher Training Scholarship and moved into a flat with some former Boys' High mates. He continued to let his hair grow to waist length and became an active anti-war protester. He was also at the anti-Apartheid protest



**Colin Taylor - 1965**



**Colin Taylor - 1970**

at the rugby game between South Africa and Australia in which Russell Cheek was badly bashed up. Near the end of Teachers' College he did 2-3 weeks trainee teaching at Hunter Girls' High School, which he found a bit daunting for a hippy with waist-length hair, probably longer than any of the girls he was teaching. This experience convinced him that teaching was not for him and he dropped out. He then took up nurse's training, first at Stockton Hospital. Then he moved down to Sydney to work at Callan Park Hospital, where he almost qualified as a psychiatric nurse after three years.

In the period from 1970-1973 Colin was probably my most faithful letter writer, writing at least 25 letters in that period. After that it became more infrequent (on both our parts), but we have always stayed in touch (even with a gap of a few years). Anyway, after training as a nurse, he quit and became a Civil Servant, working for the Australian Public Service from 1977 until 2004 when he retired. He held several different positions, including looking for medical fraud, and was the coordinator for the department of Occupational Health and Safety (OHS), but ended up in the financial branch. Lori & I stayed with him in his Bondi Beach flat in 1989.

In 2004 Colin retired back in Newcastle (New Lambton) where he enjoys gardening and bush walking. He had a few long-term girlfriends, but never married. I saw him during my trips back to Australia in 2003 and 2012, and since.

#### **Other Boys of Note (1964-1969)**

There were some other boys of interest and although good friends, were not part of my very closest group of friends by the end of high school that I listed earlier.

One of these friends was **Philip Paterson**. He was another brilliant boy who excelled in the Arts. He and I usually traded places in the first couple of years to be top in Music, although I was usually top at the half year, while he was top at the end of the year (which was the one that counted to get a prize at Speech Day). He was also excellent in French, English, German, and Social Studies (coming first in our Form in each of those subjects, at least once). In fact, he was Dux of 2<sup>nd</sup> Form. He tied with Russell Cheek for 14<sup>th</sup> place in the state in German in the HSC.

I first saw Philip in 1963 when I was in 6<sup>th</sup> Class, before I met him the following year at Boys' High. That's because he was in the cast of the play "The Sound of Music" which I saw in May, 1963 at the Civic Theatre (before the movie came out). He was one of the Von Trapp children. He had a good voice and musical talent as well.

In 2<sup>nd</sup> Form Phillip decided to start up a newsletter and was the editor. I wanted to contribute to it, but I think he only ever got one or two issues out (with only a few copies of each). He had a good idea, but it went into oblivion the following year (1966) upon the launching of the school newspaper (newsletter), the *Otis* (stood for "On The In Side").

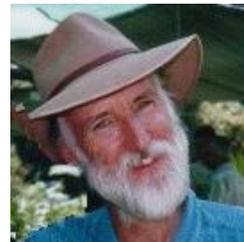
One day I decided to play a trick on him. In 3<sup>rd</sup> Form he sat in front of me in English. I put a small dot from my Biro (ball point pen) on the back of the collar of his blue school shirt. The next day



**Philip Paterson - 1966**



**Glenn Holmes - 1965**



**Glenn circa 2010**

that dot was still there, so we teased him for wearing the same shirt two days in a row. OK, it wasn't a very good joke. Despite this, Philip remained my friend, because this wasn't an unusual incident. We all did stuff like this (looking for every opportunity to tease or knock each other) all the time. I just happen to remember this one particular incident clearly and use it as an example. BTW, I think nearly all of us wore the same shirt a second day during colder weather when we didn't get sweaty.

One of my good friends, especially in the early years, was **(Neville) Glenn Holmes**. His hobby was bird watching and I must admit, he was an expert on the subject. He even wrote an article on the sea birds of the Newcastle area for the 1969 edition of the *Novocastrian*, our school magazine (yearbook). He almost got me interested in the subject, but when I realized how boring it really was, I decided I would rather do wargaming, blowing up rockets, and other more interesting pursuits. Glenn had a pronounced stutter, especially in the early years, but curiously, I don't remember anyone making fun of him (which was atypical). By the time we finished high school it wasn't as pronounced. He was especially close friends with John Farrell and Philip Paterson. He studied Zoology at the University of New England in Armidale. Glenn became a published expert on Australian birds and authored books on the subject. He was a guide for bird-watching tours in the Australian outback (Northern Territory and Queensland), but died in December, 2016 of cancer.

In 1965 a new boy started at Boys' High by the name of **William (Bill) Keats**. He soon got the nickname "Fish" because he tended to open and close his mouth like a fish even when he wasn't talking. He was tall, gawky, and somewhat strange. He was quite unkempt, with his shirt almost always partially untucked. He was also difficult to hold a conversation with, because he tended to also have a strange way of talking. My first impression was that he was retarded, but he actually was very intelligent and was in my 5A and 6A classes (meaning he was taking first level Physics), as well as in my Geography and History classes in 2<sup>nd</sup> through 4<sup>th</sup> Forms. His father was a professor of psychology at the University of Newcastle and we used to kid that Bill was an experiment gone wrong. He stayed in the choir all the way through 6<sup>th</sup> Form. I wonder what he ended up doing. He probably got into computers or science. In 2017 at the 69er reunion I was told that he had died, but have not confirmed it.



**"Fish" Keats - 1968**

Another boy who was a very good friend was **Jeff Hogg**. He was very likeable and also very smart. He was in my 1<sup>st</sup> through 3<sup>rd</sup> Form classes, and although he went for 1<sup>st</sup> Level in English and we didn't have any classes together as Seniors, we still remained good friends. At one point I think he showed some interest in my rockets, although he never joined AMRA. I think he enjoyed sports and girls too much. He was a good sportsman, representing the school in cricket (First XI) and rugby in 6<sup>th</sup> Form. I mentioned he was well liked – in fact, he was elected School Captain in 1969. After high school, Jeff also briefly attended St. Andrew's College in Sydney and became a lawyer in 1978. I visited him in 1982 at his home in northern Sydney and got in contact with him again in



**Jeff Hogg - 1966**

2009. He is currently the Chief Magistrate for the Children's Court of NSW and is married with a young daughter. I first saw him again at the 69ers reunion in 2012.

My next friend of note is **Bruce Burke**. We were in several classes together as Juniors, although his interests tended more to commerce, while mine were in mathematics and science as Seniors. Bruce was first in Social Studies and Commerce in various years. He was also a good sportsman and a Prefect. Bruce was a cheerful fellow with a good sense of humour and we got along well. After high school he moved to Sydney, attended St. Andrew's College (with Russell Cheek, Jeff Hogg and others) and eventually became a lawyer. I managed to get in touch with him after many years and saw him in Hawaii in 2008 and at the 69ers reunion in 2012 and subsequent trips to Australia.



**Bruce Burke - 1965**

**David Cocking** was another boy who was in classes with me in all six years of high school. He was brilliant in Maths and Science (doing 1F Maths and 1F Physics as did I), although I believe he took Level 1 English while I took Level 1 German. He was a good friend, participated more than I did in sports and school activities (e.g., the Library Club), and also was a Prefect. Although he did not join in any of the wargaming or surfing with me, he did join my rocketry club, AMRA, when we were Seniors. Because of his love for maths and computing, he was made the Director of Data Reduction and Computation (DDRC), so he was



**David Cocking - 1969**

responsible for analytical predictions of rocket stability characteristics and trajectory; analysis of actual flight data; and mathematical support for all departments. I believe he attended one of the B-series launches with us, but I am uncertain of that. He went on to university and I believe that he was at the Australian National University in Canberra for a while, and then joined the Bureau of Standards (?) in Canberra, but I have lost track of him.



**Glenn Faulds - 1969**

Another boy who was a good friend for a long time was **Glenn Faulds**. He was one of the seven boys who came to Boys' High from Hamilton Primary School. Although very close friends in Primary School, Glenn and I were never really super close in high school because we had different interests and hung out with different groups of friends, but we got along well and were in many classes together (he was a good scholar, especially in maths and science). He was a good soccer player and was on the school team in the Tasman Cup competition in 6<sup>th</sup> Form (1969). He became a high school Industrial Arts teacher. I recontacted him in 2010 and saw him at the 69ers reunion in 2012. Like me, he was mostly bald.



**PAG - 1969**

We had two Phillip Grahams in my year, at least as a junior. Phillip W. Graham came with me from Hamilton Primary School. However, I don't think I had any classes with him in high school and he left NBHS after 4<sup>th</sup> Form. The other Phillip Graham,

**Phillip A. Graham** (called “PAG”) was in many of my classes, because he was excellent in maths and science. As a Senior he joined my rocketry club, AMRA, where he was the Director of Electronics and Telemetry (DET) and was responsible for design, construction, and testing of telemetry systems (which we never built), and the design and construction of the firing panel and launching system. He did not participate in our wargaming or other activities. I am uncertain what he did after high school.

Another good friend of mine from Hamilton Primary School who came over to Boys’ High was **Tom Lawrie**. I related some information about him in my Primary School section, but it is appropriate to mention him here in high school as well. Tom and I played soccer together in Primary School and also rode bikes and played together. When I moved to Lambton during 1<sup>st</sup> Form, it became harder for us to do things together after school. He was also not in my class for the first two years at Boys’ High. Finally, we got back together in 3A. I believe he did the Social Studies option while I did History and Geography, but we were together for our common Maths, English, and Science classes. In fact, we sat next to each other in some of the classes. He was an avid surfer, even more so than I. His parents gave him his first surfboard (a Ron brand) after doing well at the end of 1<sup>st</sup> Form, while I didn’t get mine until I was in 4<sup>th</sup> Form. He went on to be an accomplished surfer, traveling all around the world looking for the best waves. He became a Maths teacher and taught at Jesmond High School for seven years, before going back to university to earn a law degree. He then became a solicitor of the Supreme Court of NSW. He never married and as of 2012 was living in Merewether, Newcastle. I recontacted him for the first time after high school in 2010. He is retired and spends most of his time surfing. I attempted to meet up with him when I was over in 2012, but he is somewhat of a recluse and I was unable to arrange a meeting. He does not have a computer and we have corresponded by letter, through which he provided me with quite a bit of material concerning his memories of Primary School and High School and even photocopies of some photos (mostly from Primary School days). He had two younger brothers who also attended NBHS. One, Chris, was in the year behind us).



**Tom Lawrie - 1966**

**Raymond Armstrong** (“Tank”) was in at least one class with me for all six years. I do not remember how he got the nickname “Tank” because he was small and slight of build. He was excellent in mathematics. From my class photos, he was in my 1A to 3A classes, but was not in 4H1 (he took Social Studies instead of History) or 5A and 6A. He took Level 1 Maths and not Level 1 Physics on which 5A and 6A were based. Ray was mostly serious, although I do remember some lighter moments with him. He was a good tennis player and told me in 2013 that he probably spent too much time with sports. I sat with him for several maths classes. He helped me to better understand the material and solve some problems with which I was having difficulty. Occasionally it would work the other way. I remember once (I think it was in 5<sup>th</sup> Form), I was able to solve a problem that he couldn’t and he was grateful for my help, which gave me a real feeling of accomplishment. That was also a problem with which



**F Ray Armstrong 5**

Leo had difficulty, and I was able to help him as well. It must have been a rare occurrence if I remember one time it happened, but I assume there were others. Ray did not join in with our rocket activities or other interests (wargaming, etc.), although he also told me in 2013 that he applied unsuccessfully to join the rocket club in the early days (I don't remember that) and his father, who ran Simsmetal, donated some aluminium tubing that we used to make our early rockets. He was an avid chess player and member of the NBHS Chess Club. I lost track of Ray after high school, but during my trip to Australia in 2012, I received his e-mail from a former classmate, Bruce Burke, who had stayed in touch with him. I contacted Ray and found out what he had been doing since high school. He studied Mathematics at Newcastle University, then tutored at there for three years, completed a Diploma of Education and had been teaching at secondary level in Victoria since then. For the previous 30 years he had been at Melbourne Grammar school where he said they have some outstanding students and staff and an excellent work environment. Ray married another Newcastle University Maths graduate, Christine, and they have two sons, David (1982) and Stuart (1990).

**Russell Cooper** ("Coop") was also in many of my classes, including all of my class photos. He took most of the same subjects I did, except I don't think he took German. He was very bright and did well in school, especially Maths and Science. Although he was not one of my closest group of friends, he was still a close friend and we occasionally did things together after school. I remember going to his house once with Ross Johnson – he lived in New Lambton close to where Ross lived. Russell had a good sense of humour and was usually cheerful, as you can tell from his class photos, especially the earlier ones (see 1A Class photo on p.38). I lost track of Russell after high school as well, although I know he lives in the Newcastle area and attended the 2011 69er reunion.

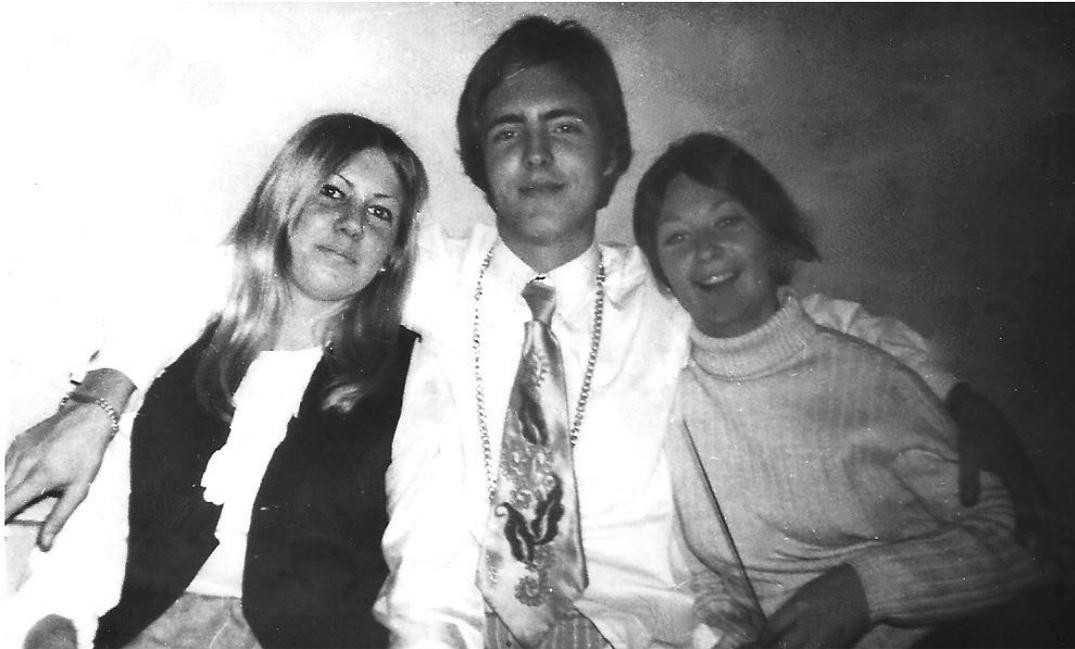


**Russell Cooper - 1969**

There was one close friend of Phil Archer's who also became my friend, although I never had any classes with him. He was **Phillip Loder**, and I believe that he did not start at NBHS with us in 1964, but came later. Loder was the guitarist in a rock band in high school and after (but not ours) and continued to play music publically for years. He was one of the first, if not the first boy in my year to get married (I believe before we finished school) and had his first child soon after, In fact, he was a grandfather before I was a father. I met Phil and his wife at the BBQ reunion party we had at the Archer's on 3<sup>rd</sup> January, 2012. He and Phil Archer had stayed in contact over the years. Later in 2012 the Loders moved to Tasmania, where Phil complained about the cold according to Phil Archer. Unfortunately, Phil Loder was not in any of my classes and I do not have any photos of him from high school days.

Another friend of Phil Archer's who started at Boys' High in 5<sup>th</sup> Form was **John Lewis**. He was really into rock music and had no problem getting girlfriends (see photo). Like Phil Loder, I did not have any classes with John. I lost track of him after high school.

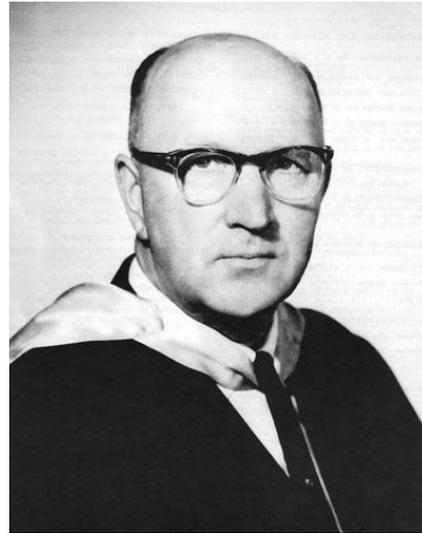
Other close friends of mine in high school included **John Wurth** (who is discussed later with regard to our imaginary kingdom of Plavonia); **Bruce Miller** (who became a doctor in the Newcastle area); **Chris Dibley** (who was great at Maths and a good tennis player); **Cliff Wright** (another fanatical surfer who was excellent in Maths and Science and became a Professor of Mathematics at the Australian National University); **Peter Swiney** (another Maths and Science whiz who was in my classes for all six years – in later years he changed the spelling of his surname to Sweney, which matches the way it was pronounced); **Michael Hannaford** (another excellent scholar and in all my Maths and Science classes – he later became the Chair of the Computer Science Department at Newcastle University); **Ross Dunstan** (brilliant student, dux of 6<sup>th</sup> Form, whom I believe became a professor of mathematics); **Robert Wilkinson**, and **Stewart Bruyn** (both of whom were in my Maths and Science classes). Of these boys just mentioned, during my trips back to Australia in 2012, 2015, and 2017 I again met Chris Dibley, Peter Sweney, Michael Hannaford, Robert Wilkinson, and Stewart Bruyn.



**John Lewis and friends at party in 1969.** Notice fashionable tie and necklace.

**Teachers (1964-1969)**

Overall I think that the quality of the teachers at Boys’ High was excellent, although some stood out more than others. The Headmaster (officially called “Principal”) was Mr. Richardson for the entire six years I was there. Mr. Richardson was bald, so he had the nickname of “Bald Eagle” which was sometimes shortened to “Eagle”. He was also called “Richo,” “The Boss,” and sometimes “Uncle Tom” because Thomas was his middle name, and he went by Tom Richardson. He seemed to be competent and overall was very fair. The school did well under his administration. He left punishments to be administered by his deputy (Mr. O’Conner in 1964-66 and Mr. Maiden in 1967-69). He acted the role of the “good cop” to the deputy’s “bad cop”. I only remember visiting his office on a couple of occasions, at least one of which was because I was in trouble.



**Mr. L. T. Richardson, B.Sc.  
NBHS Principal**

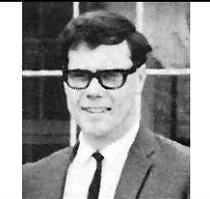
Unlike at traditional English schools, our teachers did not wear robes. They wore shirts and ties, and sports coats or jumpers in cold weather.

There are a few other members of the staff who were not teachers of mine, but they still had interesting nicknames, such as Mr. Gardner, who was in the Commerce Department. He had the nickname “Pink Panther” because he had fair skin that flushed or burned easily and gained a pink hue. Our second Sports Master was “Kev” Laffey. The P.E. teacher in our later years was Jack “Fat Jack” Perkins (he was slightly chubby). There was another Maths teacher, whom I never had, with the nickname of “Harry Hippo” (I can’t remember his real name). He was famous because he was in the newspaper after being in a car accident where a surfboard crashed through his windscreen. Others were “Speedy” Abraham, “Pinhead” Judd, “Spot” Burrows, Jim “Head” Imrie, “Mumbles” Hadfield, “Jockey” Ross, “Bugs” Bennett, Stan “Mary” Allen, and “Frau Grau” Gray (German teacher).

Here are most of my teachers from Boys’ High:

<p><b>Mr. Jackson</b> – Nickname: <b>Fanny</b> He was my English teacher in 1<sup>st</sup> Form and German teacher in 2<sup>nd</sup> Form. He left NBHS after 2<sup>nd</sup> Form (1965) and went to teach at Girls’ High (NGHS). Russell Cheek told me that he received rough treatment by the girls, even though they liked him. They teased him for being a nerd with no life. He was an excellent teacher and I liked him a lot.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Willmot</b> – Nickname: <b>Willy?</b> He was my Science teacher in 1<sup>st</sup> Form. He left NBHS after 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> Form (1964-1965). He usually wore a rust-coloured jumper. He was also a good teacher and well liked. Note: his name may be spelled “Wilmott”</p>	

<p><b>Mr. Ashton</b> – Nickname: ?  He was my Social Studies teacher in 1<sup>st</sup> Form. He left NBHS after 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> Form (1964-1965).</p>	
<p><b>Miss Stokes</b> – Nickname: <b>Wilga</b>  She was my Art teacher in 1<sup>st</sup> Form. She left NBHS after 1<sup>st</sup> Form (1964). She was quiet and very nice, which left her susceptible to mucking up by some boys (especially Ian Goodenough).</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Goffet</b> – Nickname: <b>Goofy or Charlie</b>  He was my French teacher in 1A. He actually attended Newcastle High School (when it was co-ed and on a hill). He was a popular teacher, but had a unique ability to punish disruptive students. If a boy was talking behind his back while he was writing on the blackboard, he would twirl around and with deadly aim throw the chalk and hit the boy on the head with it. He died of a heart attack while speaking at a NBHS Old Boys Association reunion dinner in 1991.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. McRae</b> – Nickname: <b>Keg</b>  He was my Latin teacher in 1A. He was a member of the Australian Communist Party and used to spout communist propaganda to us at times. He tried to make Latin interesting. One phrase we learned was “nautae amo puellae” which means “sailors love girls” and “puellae non diligamus nautae” meaning “girls do not love sailors”. He once asked if anyone wanted something translated into Latin, and Tom Lawrie, a surfer, asked him to translate “Surf’s up!” which he did as “Fluctus magni” or “The waves are big.”</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Schmierer</b> – Nickname: ?  He was the Assistant Sports Master under Mr. Laffey and was my P.E. teacher in 1<sup>st</sup> through 3<sup>rd</sup> Forms. He left NBHS after 3<sup>rd</sup> Form (1966).</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Whalen</b> – Nickname: <b>Wacky</b>  He was my Geography teacher during 2<sup>nd</sup> through 4<sup>th</sup> Forms. He was a gentle man and good teacher. He was also the teacher who provided First Aid when needed (which he did to me when I sprained my ankle on the way to school). I liked him a lot. He retired after 5<sup>th</sup> Form (1968).</p>	

<p><b>Mr. Mudford</b> – Nickname: <b>Slops</b>  He was the Science Master and taught me Level 1F Physics in 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Form. He was very smart and a good teacher, but somewhat scary. He expected top performance and showed his displeasure with you when he didn't get it. His face cracked when he smiled, which he didn't do very often.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Stevens</b> – Nickname: <b>Lightning</b>  He taught me mathematics in my senior years. He was competent, but very soft spoken, and tended to be rather slow and plodding (especially with his writing on the board), thus his nickname, which was just the opposite of how he really was.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Allen</b> – Nickname: <b>Mouse or Der Führer</b>  He was the Languages Master and taught me German as a Senior (5<sup>th</sup> &amp; 6<sup>th</sup> Forms). He was short and stocky, had similar hair to Hitler and spoke German, so he was sometimes called “Der Führer”. He was an excellent and interesting teacher and I liked him a lot. He made learning German a lot of fun.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Holliday</b> – Nickname: <b>Doc</b>  He taught me History in 4<sup>th</sup> Form and English in 6<sup>th</sup> Form. He was a competent but fairly dull teacher.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Maehl</b> – Nickname: <b>Preb</b>  He was the Mathematics Master and taught me mathematics in 1<sup>st</sup> Form and also the senior Level 1F classes. He was an excellent teacher, but some boys found him to be intimidating. He passed away in Oct. 2014.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Southern</b> – Nickname: <b>Suzy</b>  He taught me mathematics as a Junior (2<sup>nd</sup> through 4<sup>th</sup> Forms). I thought he was stern, but basically a very good teacher, although not for all students. He didn't smile very often. He left NBHS after I sat for the School Certificate at the end of 1967 to become Maths Master at Jesmond High. I corresponded with him in 1997. He passed away in 2015</p>	
<p><b>Mr. McLelland</b> – Nickname: <b>?</b>  He taught me Biology in 5<sup>th</sup> Form. He was a good teacher, but I don't remember much about him, although I do remember that he was fairly short and liked wearing jumpers.</p>	

<p><b>Mr. Dobinson</b> – Nickname: <b>Dobbo</b>  He taught me science as a Junior (2<sup>nd</sup> through 4<sup>th</sup> Forms). He was very nice and encouraged my interest in rocketry.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Rooney</b> – Nickname: <b>Vic</b>  He taught me History in 2<sup>nd</sup> Form and English in 4<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Forms. After leaving Boys' High he became a successful actor and playwright. He was a star on the Australian television drama "E Street" which aired 404 episodes through 1992. He died in 2002 of cancer. He was one of my favourite teachers – he was enthusiastic, very funny, and made even dull literature and poetry come to life.</p>	
<p><b>Mrs. Shield</b> – Nickname: <b>?</b>  She was my Art teacher in 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Forms and was very nice.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Westbrooke</b> – Nickname: <b>?</b>  He was my Biology teacher in 6<sup>th</sup> Form. He had just arrived from England and so "spoke funny". He and his wife were on a working trip around the world that was expected to take several years. I don't know how long he stayed at Boys' High or if they ever completed their world trip.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Guy</b> – Nickname: <b>?</b>  He taught me History in 3<sup>rd</sup> Form. I don't remember much about him.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Cruickshank</b> – Nickname: <b>?</b>  He taught me German in 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Forms and was a good teacher.</p>	

<p><b>Mr. Caldwell</b> – Nickname: <b>Jack</b>  He taught me German in 1<sup>st</sup> Form. More about this later. He was an “Old Boy” of NBHS (1958) and I met him again at the OBA dinner when I was the guest speaker in August, 2015.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Paterson</b> – Nickname: <b>Casper</b>  He taught me Chemistry as a Senior (5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Forms). We was very competent. His mother was a member of the Wallsend Branch of our RLDS Church. He got his nickname because of his large round head, pale skin, and almost white hair. He looked a lot like Casper the Ghost.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Van Der Veen</b> – Nickname: <b>Lippy</b>  He taught me English in 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Forms. In 2<sup>nd</sup> Form he was fresh out of Teachers College. He had an arrogant air (especially when he first arrived) and although he was OK, he was not one of my favourite teachers. I thought he looked a lot like the actor, George Peppard.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. O’Donoghue</b> – Nickname: <b>Sniffs</b>  He was one of two teachers who taught me English in 5<sup>th</sup> Form.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Kerr</b> – Nickname: <b>Cat’s Eyes (shortened to “Cat”)</b>  He was the other of two teachers who taught me English in 5<sup>th</sup> Form.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Rigby</b> – Nickname: <b>Raz</b>  He was the Library Master and we did some library classes in 1<sup>st</sup> Form with him.</p>	
<p><b>Mr. Hunter</b> – Nickname: <b>Plug</b>  He was one of two teachers I had for woodworking in 1<sup>st</sup> Form. He was usually grumpy and very critical of our work. The mean Mr. Hunter. However, other boys (who had him beyond 1<sup>st</sup> Form) remember him as a great teacher and very funny (especially sarcasm)</p>	

**NBHS 1964 Staff**



**Back row:** (l to r) H E White, D A Abraham, E P Willmot, G Dobinson, G Whalen, L F McRae, G W Southern, H J Shield **3rd row:** (l to r) W P Galvin, T J Sheedy, B A Jackson, J E Burrows, M Caillot, K Hadfield, C R Goffett, P Whalan, M F Ashton, R Schmierer, J Gill **2nd row:** (l to r) L Abell, J Neilsen, V P Rooney, J O'Donoghue, G Sullivan, J Caldwell, N E Fardell, G A Kerr, T W Blunden, S Rigby, R Hunter, J E Carter, W J Parsons  
**Front row:** (l to r) P C Maehl, W E James, R G Page, V M Hindmarsh, J E Jentisch, L T Richardson (Principal), T P O'Connor (Deputy Principal), Miss W Stokes, Mrs D F Bevan, A R Judd, S N Mudford, C McKenzie, R G Judge, C F Osborne

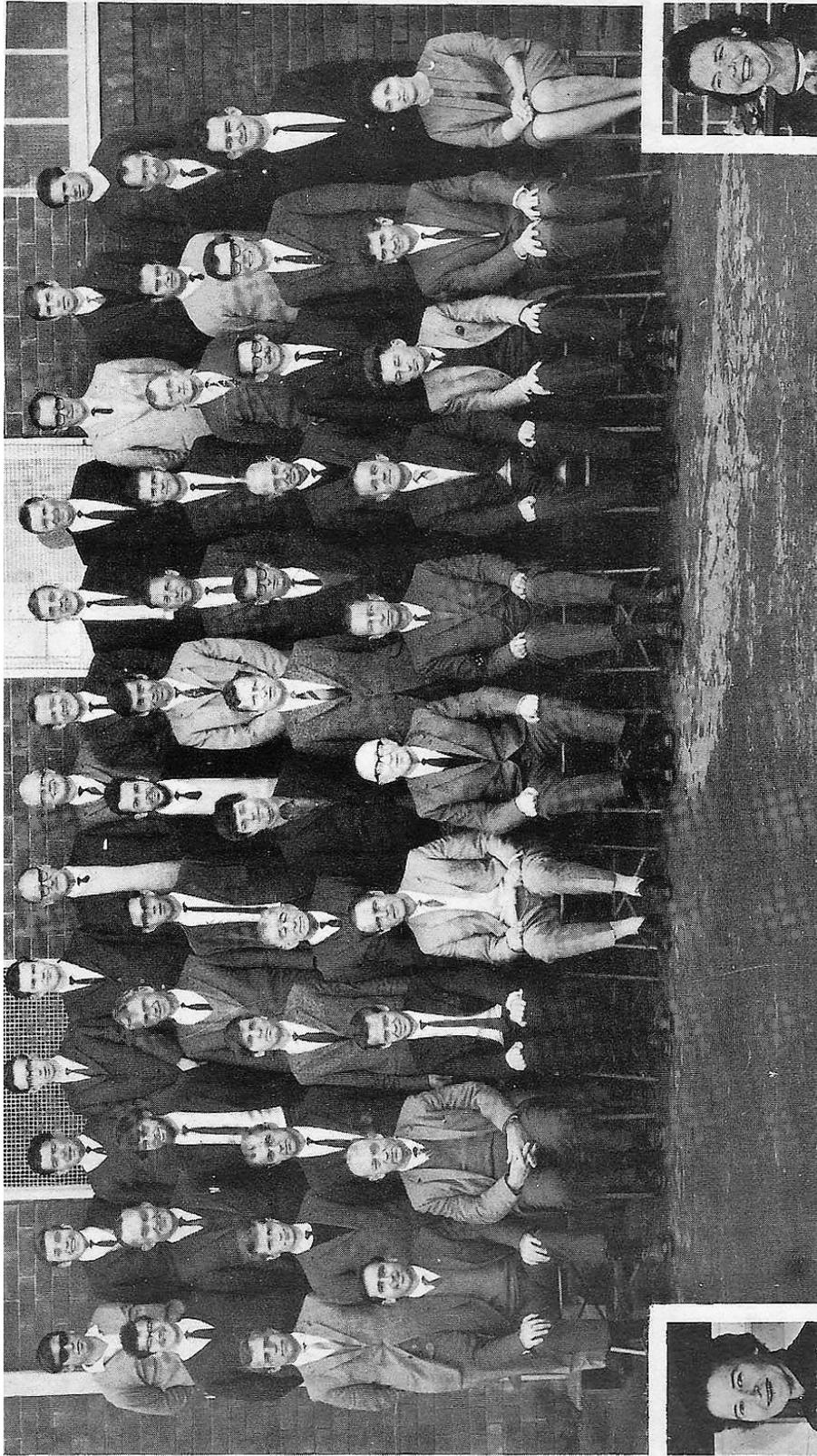


Photo: R. Chisholm.

**STAFF 1969**

- Back Row: J. Perkins, G. Landrey, W. Burges, I. Dunn, T. Lynch, L. McRae, H. Parterson, V. Rooney, T. Van der Veen, R. Gardner, J. Quinn, W. Bruce, K. Giddy.  
 Second Row: W. Menary, N. Winney, S. McKnight, C. Goffet, K. Donald, M. Westbrooke. G. Dobinson, R. Davis, R. Brydon, S. Rigby, R. Davies, R. Pratt.  
 Third Row: R. Best, R. Deering, K. McLelland, R. Wright, G. Kerr, B. Deller, J. O'Donoghue, J. Stevens, R. Ross, J. Caldwell, D. Holliday, J. Imrie.  
 Front Row: J. Allen, T. Millard, G. Collins, A. Clarke, L. T. Richardson (Principal), W. Maiden (Deputy Principal), P. Maehl, S. Mudford.  
 Insets (l. to r.): Mrs. D. Shield, Mr. V. Hindmarsh.

### **Starting High School – First Form (1964)**

On 29<sup>th</sup> January 1964 when I started 1<sup>st</sup> Form at Newcastle Boys' High School we were still living in Hamilton. Even though I was dux of my primary school, I still wasn't sure that I would be accepted for NBHS, which was a selective school and the best in the Newcastle region. It was with great trepidation that I took the sealed envelope home that stated to which high school I would be going. My mother opened the envelope and told me to my great joy that I had been accepted to NBHS. Out of my class of about 40 boys at Hamilton Public School, only seven of us were accepted at NBHS: Glenn Faulds, Tom Lawrie, Brian McCarthy, Phillip W. Graham, Terry Smith, Karl Toohey, and myself. Of these seven, only four of us finished all six years at NBHS. Karl Toohey left first, moving to Canberra in May, 1964. Phillip Graham left after the SC in 1967 and Terry Smith in Feb., 1968, shortly after starting 5<sup>th</sup> Form. They both started apprenticeships. Probably about another ten or so boys, including my good friend John Hodgson, were accepted by Tech High. The rest were destined to go to Central (Broadmeadow Junior Boys' High), which was not a very good school. A few months after starting high school I moved from Hamilton to Lambton and lost touch with the boys who did not go to Boys' High. It was time to move on and make some new friends.

The day before I officially started high school my mother went with me to the school to get information. I looked very smart in my uniform, consisting of grey shorts and long socks, blue shirt, and school tie (red and blue stripes). The next day I caught the bus to Waratah, where the school was located, from Broadmeadow, which was just a few blocks from where I lived. I think Tom Lawrie may have caught the bus with me because he lived close by.

NSW did not have special school buses like in America. We just used public transportation, which in this case was a double-decker bus. However, sometimes special public buses or trains were made available for school kids.

Anyway, back to my first day of school. Naturally I was very apprehensive. I remember going into the large Assembly Hall, but don't remember much else about the first day. I was assigned to the top class of 1<sup>st</sup> Form, 1A. In those days they arranged the classes by academic achievement, so 1A was the top class, 1B the second, and so on to 1E, which I believe was the lowest. Those were boys who were rated as the lowest intellectually coming into the school, although from 2<sup>nd</sup> Form on was based on performance.

On the first day of school we were with our teacher Mr. "Fanny" Jackson and he had each of us introduce ourselves and tell the class about ourselves and our interests. There was one boy with glasses who stood up and told us a great deal about current Australian cars, which was something in which he was very interested. He was quite knowledgeable on the subject and I remember thinking to myself, he is obviously very smart and I will have to watch out for him as being one of my main academic competitors in the class. His name was Phillip Archer, and although he was indeed very smart and became one of my closest friends to this day, he turned out to not be the academic threat I imagined. He was one of those boys who was very smart about things he was interested in, but did not work hard to learn things that were not of interest (reminds me of my son, Eric, at least through high school).



**Trevor in 1964**

In 1st Form before we moved from Hamilton to Lambton I usually rode my bike the few miles to school. My friend Glenn Faulds rode to my house from his house the other side of the Nine Way in Broadmeadow and then we rode together to Waratah. He said that his mother only allowed him to do that was because he was riding with someone responsible. A little later we would instead meet at the railway crossing at Broadmeadow Station and ride from there.

### **How I Survived the Dreaded TOC (1964)**

This might be a good time to briefly describe caning, which I described in detail in the Primary School chapter. In the 1960s, corporal punishment was not only still allowed, but expected in cases of severe infringements of the rules. Most teachers owned a rattan cane that they used to hit the guilty boy across the outstretched and upturned hand. The maximum number of “cuts” (hits) of the cane allowed was six with no more than three per hand. They were not supposed to draw blood, but it was supposed to hurt like hell (which it did).

The Deputy Headmaster when I started at Boys’ High was an elderly gentleman with a white crewcut by the name of Thomas O’Conner, whom we called TOC.<sup>10</sup> He was the terror of the boys, especially in the lower forms. We all feared the dreaded TOC. Mr. Richardson, the Headmaster (Principal) let TOC handle punishment of the boys for their various transgressions. TOC loved to keep discipline with his implement of terror – the cane. I knew several boys who were the recipient of this punishment. TOC also had the reputation of being mean and grouchy, although I’m sure that most of it was in our imaginations - or not.



**Mr. Thomas O’Conner  
aka TOC**

One day while I was in 1<sup>st</sup> Form we were without a teacher for the few minutes during change of period. This instance the class was staying in the room and the teachers were changing. I stood up and was yelling to my friend, Phillip Archer, across the room when I saw a look of alarm come over his face. I stopped in mid-sentence and turned around in the direction he was looking. To my horror, there was TOC standing in the doorway looking directly at me with those eyes of ice. “You,” he said pointing at me, “Come see me at recess.” He then walked off. At that moment I knew how the inmates on death row felt when they only had minutes or hours to live. My friends told me “You’re in for it now.”

During the next class all I could think about was my upcoming fate at the hands of TOC. I would be lucky to come out of it alive. At recess I duly reported to the office of TOC, which was next to that of Mr. Richardson. I told him that I was reporting to him as ordered. He looked at me and said, “Don’t yell like that again in the classroom. You’re dismissed.” He was probably amused by the look of shock on my face. I quickly walked out of his office before he changed his mind. When I went back to my friends, they were all looking at me with sympathy and asked how many “cuts” of the cane I got (the maximum allowed by law was six). They didn’t believe me when I told them what

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<sup>10</sup> Thomas O’Connor (BSc, Dip.Ed) taught at NBHS from 1935 until 1944, back for one year in 1950, then back again in 1956 to become the Deputy Headmaster. He retired at the end of 1966.

happened. After all, nobody survived a punishment encounter with the Dreaded TOC unscathed. Fortunately for us all, Mr. O’Conner retired at the end of my 2<sup>nd</sup> Form.

Although I was never caned at Boys’ High, I have it directly from one of those who was caned by TOC, after those infamous words ““See me in my office,” it usually happened outside the upstairs staffroom - in that kind of no-man's land. It was always dark there.

### **The Comb Incident (1964)**

In 1964 I was in class 1A. During the second half of the year we all took French, Latin, and German to give us a taste of each language so we would know which one to choose for 2<sup>nd</sup> Form (if any). My German teacher was Mr. “Jack” Caldwell. I sat at the very back of the class. Mr. Caldwell looked at me and called out, “Herr Sorensen, stehen Sie auf!” which means “Stand up” so I did. He then said, “Kommen Sie her!” I understood that to mean “Come here!” and so I started to move forward. However, right at that moment the boy who sat in front of me, Frans Henskens looked back at me and said in a loud whisper, “Comb your hair! Comb your hair!” Because he seemed so adamant about it, I thought he must know something that I didn’t, so I reached into my back pocket, grabbed my comb, and started to comb my hair (I still had hair back then). Immediately all the boys (and Mr. Caldwell) burst out laughing and I knew that I had been “had”. I blush easily and at that moment I must’ve been as red as a beetroot. I especially remember the sight of my “friend” who was nearly rolling on the floor in laughter. I think he was probably surprised that it actually worked. Anyway, I sheepishly put away my comb and walked out front to the teacher. BTW, Frans Henskens had a nickname for the six years of high school – “Hairy”. That’s because he had a small bald patch on his head (which was usually covered over by hair) as the result of a car accident when he was young, I believe.

Of course this incident did not endear him to me. I used to make fun of him and try to get even, which I never did successfully. Henskens was not very popular with some of the boys in our year, at least initially, and was often teased. He seemed to take it all pretty well, though. I’m sure he did not like me that much either because I was one to make fun of him (for which I am now ashamed). However, he was close friends with Leo Pinczewski and others. He was in many of my classes during the six years, and although I never considered him a close friend, our relationship did improve as we got older, as we became friendly to each other. He was very bright and is currently a professor in computer engineering at the University of Newcastle.



**Mr. Caldwell**



**Frans Henskens in 1<sup>st</sup> Form**

### **The Copper Sulphate Incident (1964)**

In my 1<sup>st</sup> Form Science class we were studying crystallization and during a lab had made some copper sulphate crystals from a super-saturated solution. By the next class period, the solvent had evaporated and left the crystals. Our science teacher, Mr. Willmot, had us pass a watch glass around containing the crystals so that we could observe them. A classmate (whom I shall call “Harry” to avoid embarrassing him) sampled the crystals. Mr. Willmot said that whatever we do, we should not taste them. Harry raised his hand and said, “Sir, I just ate a crystal!” Mr. Willmot initially just said, “Oh, Harry,” but he was soon distraught, fearing that one of his boys had been poisoned. When Mr. Willmot showed such concern, Harry turned very pale. Mr. Willmot asked him how he felt. Harry said he felt fine. When Mr. Willmot asked why he ate the crystal, Harry answered, “Because I wanted to see what it tasted like.” Harry was taken to the tuckshop to drink some milk. Fortunately for all concerned, there were no ill effects to Harry. I think he only tasted one small crystal. Incidentally, he afterwards said it tasted salty. In 2009 I received an e-mail from “Harry” in which he stated he was “set-up” and did not actually eat it. Several eye witnesses contradict his version and agree with mine – Harry ate the crystal and admitted it to the teacher in front of us. However, it is only fair to state his version as well.



**MR. WILLMOT**

### **The Bike Crash I (1965)**

When we lived in Hamilton during Primary School I received a used bicycle I rode to visit my friends and go to the local corner shop, etc. It was an old pedal brake bicycle (no hand brakes) with no gears as well. We took it with us when we moved to Lambton during my first year of high school. I used to ride the bike fairly frequently to school, which was 3.5 miles away. Our house on Turner Street was on top of a hill, so naturally in the morning I would coast down the hill towards the Lambton Olympic Swimming Pool.

One day when I was at the top of the hill and heading down on Durham Road my chain slipped off. This meant that I had no brakes. At the bottom of the hill Durham Road crosses Howe Street, which is one of the main streets in the area and very busy that time of morning. I could not run against the gutter, because on one side it was very high and on the other there was no gutter. It just went down into a gully on the edge of an abandoned coal mine. I knew that I had to slow the bike down, so I put my leather shoe against the front tyre, hoping to slow the wheel down. Instead, the tip of my shoe got caught in the spokes and it ripped the shoe right off my foot, but fortunately did not hurt my foot. I was gaining speed as I headed down. The only hope I saw was that just before Howe Street there was a frontage road that led to a dead end. Between that road and Howe Street was a grassy area with a width of about 20-25 feet. I turned my bike onto that frontage road and then onto the grassy area where it rapidly came to a stop and I tumbled onto the grass, badly shaken but unhurt. I then had to walk back up the hill to retrieve my shoe, which had a nice spoke imprint on the toe, causing it to be upturned like an elf shoe. When I got back to my bike I put the chain back on and rode home so that I could tighten it, and then rode to school without further incident, at least on that

occasion. Shortly after that, on my 14<sup>th</sup> birthday, I received a new bicycle, one with dual hand brakes. Of course that brought no guarantee of my safety, as you will soon find out.

### **German Prose (1965)**

I had Mr. “Fanny” Jackson for German during 2<sup>nd</sup> Form. In our German textbook I still remember the second lesson, which started with a short story in German that we had to translate. I don’t remember any of the other lessons, but this one caught my fancy because it was humorous, especially when spoken aloud. Because it is brief, I will quote it here in its entirety.

#### **At the Local Store**

A conversation between a woman and the *shopkeeper*. Translation in [ ].

Morgen! [‘Morning!]  
*Morgen!* [‘*Morning!*]  
Haben Sie Butter? [Do you have any butter?]  
*Nein, morgen.*[*No, tomorrow.*]  
Morgen? [Tomorrow?]  
*Ja, morgen.*[*Yes, tomorrow.*]  
Morgen! [‘Morning!]  
*Morgen!* [‘*Morning!*]

### **Trevor the Goon (1966)**

When I was in 3A our English teacher was Mr. Van Der Veen, who had also taught me in 2<sup>nd</sup> Form, when he was fresh out of teachers’ college. We gave him the nickname “Lippy” because he tended to stick his nose up in the air, raise his upper lip, and look like he was talking down to us. The raised lip gave him his nickname. He decided that we should write and perform a radio play of the book we were studying, “Day of the Triffids” by John Wyndham. It was a science fiction story about alien creatures called Triffids who invaded the Earth. It was set in England and told about the breakdown of society. It was also made into a movie during the 1960s. I was a big fan of the British TV show, *Dr. Who*, and recorded the theme song from the show. I brought the tape in and we used it as the theme for our radio drama. Mr. Van Der Veen held auditions to fill the roles in the play. My good friend, John Farrell, who was on the debate team and a good speaker, won the lead role. I thought I did a good job when I auditioned, but Mr. Van Der Veen cast me as “The Goon.” I had one line – “Let’s get ‘em!” As a side note, I sat next to my good friend from Primary School, Tom Lawrie, in this class. He recently confirmed my memories of performing the radio play and providing the theme of *Dr. Who* for it. He also wrote me:

“If I remember correctly, you also had a fascination for the ABC TV series *The Avengers*, in particular Mrs. Emma Peel.” Ah, who could not be fascinated with her, especially when she did the dance of the seven veils (she shed five of them)!



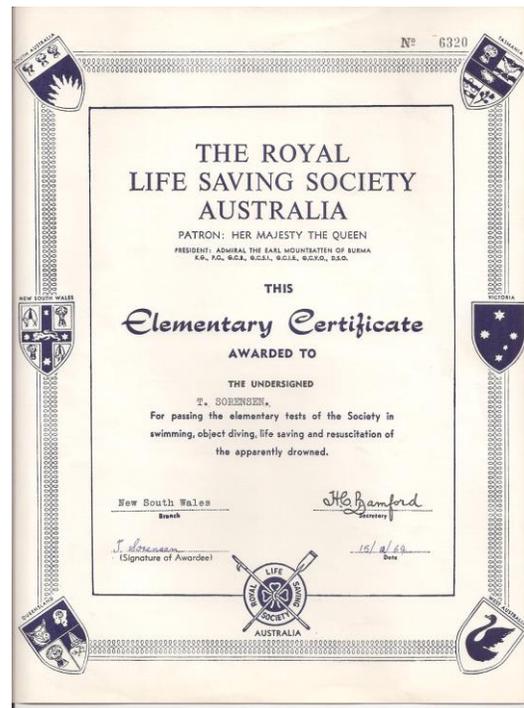
**Mr. Van Der Veen**

### **Lippy and the Failed Poem (1965)**

Since I just shared about my English class with Mr. Van Der Veen, this would be a good place to relate another event that occurred with him the previous year when I was in 2A English. At that time I was already very interested in rockets and followed closely the American and Soviet space programs. We had a class assignment to write a poem and the best ones would be included in the *Novocastrian*. I wrote my poem about a space flight, which is contained in Appendix B. I thought it was a pretty good poem for a 14-year old and it was quite humorous. All my friends seemed to like it. However, Mr. Van Der Veen did not like it and it was not chosen to appear in the school magazine.

### **Lifesaving Lessons (1964-7)**

High schools in NSW required that all students learn how to swim. For one week in February, the boys of the school would be taken by bus to either the Merewether Ocean Baths or the Lambton Swimming Pool. Those who did not know how to swim would be taught, while those who did know how to swim would be given lifesaving lessons to earn certification at various levels starting with the Water Safety Certificate, followed by the Elementary Certificate, then the Intermediate Star, all of which I earned (although I never received the certificate for the Intermediate Star). This required learning resuscitation techniques, swimming ability (using different strokes for minimum lengths), and rescue techniques. The next level up was the Bronze Medallion, the minimum level required to be hired as a lifeguard. I did the training for the Bronze Medallion, but never did the tests and so never received it.



**Life Saving Certificate, 1964**

### **The Biro Incident (~1966)**

In my 3<sup>rd</sup> Form Maths class there was a boy who sat in front of me. While we were supposed to be doing some problems in class I was mucking around at his expense, which finally drove him to the boiling point. To my great surprise he turned around and jabbed his pencil into my right leg near the knee. The lead of the pencil penetrated the skin and drew a small drop of blood. The lead of the pencil left a dark spot in my leg even after it healed and I had that reminder of his provoked attack for many years afterwards. Despite that incident, we stayed friends (after all, I had provoked him).



**Top Row:** David Cocking, Jeff Bower, me, Russell Cooper, Bruce Miller, Jeff Richards, Peter Swiney, Ian Goodenough, Russell Cheek  
**3<sup>rd</sup> Row:** Stewart Bruyn, Steve Hatherall, Paul Percy, John Beach, Frans Henskens, Doug Davies, Rob Wilkinson, Steven Dumpleton, Bruce Burke, Phillip Hicks  
**2<sup>nd</sup> Row:** Ray Armstrong, Ross Dunstan, Jeff Hogg, John Groom, Glenn Holmes, Chris Dibley, Brian Powell, John Masters, Ken Hull, Tony Meech  
**Front Row:** Michael Hannaford, Phillip Hough, Peter Hawkins, John Farrell, Phillip Archer, Leo Pinczewski, Philip Paterson, Clive Watkins, John Peady



**Top Row:** David Williamson, Stewart Bruyn, William Keats, Frans Henskens, Ross Staines, Russell Cooper, Phillip Graham, Bruce Miller, Kevin Sweeney  
**Middle Row:** Rodger Torpey, Steven Mackie, James Burt, Trevor Sorensen, Graeme Hurrell, Clive Watkins, David Cocking, Glenn Faulds, Ross Dunstan, Mark Daly  
**Front Row:** Chris Dibley, Michael Hannaford, Cliff Wright, Robert Wilkinson, Leo Pinczewski, Peter Swiney, Ian Goodenough, Jeff Richards

## Music, Choir and Orchestra (~1964-6)

During 1<sup>st</sup> Form I joined the school choir, naturally as a soprano. The choir director was Mrs. Hindmarsh, the music teacher. Her nickname was “Molly” because she had a “molly” leg and limped. She was very nice, but a very demanding lady. The most memorable thing about my year in the choir was our trip down to Sydney to perform at the Eisteddfod held at the Conservatorium of Music in the Botanical Gardens (close to where the Sydney Opera House now stands, but of course it was not there then). During the trip we visited Taronga Park Zoo on the banks of Sydney Harbour, and also visited a Holden car assembly plant. I remember that when it was our turn to perform at the Conservatorium, we walked down one of the aisles of the auditorium towards the stage. A boy from Sydney Boys’ High School sitting in an aisle seat got my attention as we were walking down, he asked us which school we were from. I answered, “Newcastle Boys’ High School.” Then, with a disdainful look on his face, he replied, “Oh.” He considered us to be basically peasants because we were not from Sydney. They have a saying, “Sydney or the bush.” We were obviously from the bush and thus second-class citizens or plebs.

I did not like the choir and quit after 1<sup>st</sup> Form. In 1<sup>st</sup> Form I also took up the clarinet and played in a woodwind group and the school orchestra for nearly three years. I really enjoyed playing the clarinet and one of my best friends, Russell Cheek, was also a clarinet player in the orchestra. The only performances I remember were for the NBHS Speech Day. We played the national anthem, school song, and other selections. However, I do also remember playing Christmas carols, but do not remember the venue. The conductor of the orchestra was also Mrs. Hindmarsh.



Music Badge



Mrs. Hindmarsh



NBHS 1965 School Orchestra in which I played clarinet. I am missing from photo.

The school paid for me to take clarinet lessons at the Newcastle Conservatorium of Music. There were two classes – Russell and I were in the advanced class. Our teacher was a thin man by the name of Mr. Gerk. He also had thin lips and when he played the clarinet, the veins in his forehead and front of his head (he had a receding hairline) stood out. One day in early 1966 Mr. Gerk got fed up with our performance and said that some of us belonged in the lower class. He said that each member of the class had to play a scale, and if we made a mistake he would demote us to the lower class. My brilliant and very talented friend Russell played it flawlessly, of course. It was then my turn and because I was nervous, I squeaked one note, so Mr. Gerk told me that I had to go to the other class. I was really upset by this and other actions of Mr. Gerk, and also did not want to go to a class with no friends, so I quit the orchestra and returned my clarinet. Russell wasn't happy that I was no longer in his class, so he quit as well.

Privately during this time I was also taking piano lessons and music theory, both of which helped me with music at NBHS. I placed 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> in Music in my year on more than one occasion. I sat for government exams in piano and music theory at the Conservatorium of Music, located with the Newcastle Public Library at the Civic Centre. I believe I got to 5<sup>th</sup> Grade in piano before giving it up.

Mrs. Hindmarsh did an excellent job of teaching us music appreciation. She made us close our eyes and listen to various pieces of classical music, to imagine the imagery that the composer was trying to convey, which she described to us. A couple examples I distinctly remember are the *Peer Gynt Suite* by Grieg (especially the rousing *In the Hall of the Mountain King*) and the *Grand Canyon Suite* by Grofé (especially the part where you can imagine the clapping of the donkey hooves along the rock trail).

Mrs. Hindmarsh had to contend with a lot of difficulties, where there was mostly indifference or even disdain by most of the boys concerning the choir and orchestra once they reached about 3<sup>rd</sup> Form. By then it was considered to be “sissy.” As a result, we had a very small orchestra and our choir was nearly all sopranos, since few boys stayed with it after their voices changed.

I imagine it was also hard being a woman teacher of an unpopular subject in an all-boys school. She had to maintain discipline and would not put up with nonsense or mucking around. She did not cane, but occasionally whacked a misbehaving boy with a ruler. For serious cases, she sent them to the Deputy Headmaster (“TOC”) for punishment.

### **Chemistry Set Hazards (1964-8)**

Shortly after moving to the house on Turner St. I got a chemistry set, which I set up in a corner of the basement next to the laundry. I had a workbench, some shelves, beakers, test tubes, flasks, and of course various chemicals. This is where I experimented with rocket propellants and smoke powders, but that's a different story. At first I duplicated experiments that we did at school or I got from text books (e.g., making crystals in a watchglass). However, I soon started to do more “dangerous” experiments, such as making various acids. I had the ingredients and knew the technique to make nitroglycerine, but at least had the sense not to try. The reason was not because it was so dangerous per se, but because I knew that the warmer the nitroglycerine, the more likely it was to explode, so it had to be made in cold temperatures. Fortunately for me it never got cold enough in Newcastle for me to attempt it.

On another occasion I decided to make chlorine gas, which is of course a poisonous gas used in the trenches during World War I. Again, I had the chemicals and knew the procedure. I wasn't stupid enough to just make it unprotected because I knew it could be deadly, so I donned one of the World War II gas masks I had bought at an Army Surplus store for 1/6d (approximately 20 cents) a few years earlier. I knew that the gas masks worked with smoke (I wore them while testing rocket propellants and smoke powder – sometimes) and worked underwater as long as you held the canister above water (it was on a long flexible hose). Anyway, I proceeded to make the chlorine gas and marvelled at its beautiful rich green colour as it flowed out of the flask. Fortunately no one was at home at the time, because I'm sure some must have seeped up through the floorboards into the kitchen (probably killing lots of bugs). The gas mask was working great and I could smell no chlorine at all. I decided to make sure it really smelled like chlorine, so I tipped my mask up slightly and took a little sniff. There was definitely a very strong chlorine smell, but more importantly it was as if my lungs had seized and I couldn't get a breath. I immediately replaced my mask of course, but wasn't able to get air into my lungs and then started coughing. I ran outside into the back yard and pulled the mask off as I was having a coughing fit. I gradually was able to suck in air again and eventually started breathing normally. There were no other side effects or long term effects, at least that I knew of at the time. However, a few years later in 1969 when we applied for my Permanent Residence Visa for the United States, we had to have a lung X-ray and also a tuberculosis test. My TB test was negative, but my X-ray showed "calcified loci" on my lungs, i.e., scarring and healed holes. This is typical of TB, but I couldn't have had TB because my test was negative. My parents thought I had gotten some lung disease from Timmy, because budgies were known to sometimes spread a respiratory ailment to humans. However, I think now that the scarring in my lungs was caused by the chlorine gas, which apparently ate through the lung wall in a few spots, but the edges were healing (or being "calcified"). Lesson – never take a whiff of chlorine gas! Probably more important – never make chlorine gas except when needed in a proper laboratory with proper safety precautions.

### **My First Dance (1965-6)**

There is one distinct disadvantage to going to an all boys school, especially when it comes time to learn to dance in P.E. On days when the weather did not allow outdoor activities, we either had instruction in the change room area, or we went into the main auditorium, where we cleared out the folding chairs to allow a large area for our activities, such as vaulting horse, trampoline, and ball games such as Bomb the Centre. Another activity started in 2<sup>nd</sup> Form was teaching us how to dance, in preparation for our first school dance to be held later in the year. When you don't have girls, there are two ways to learn dancing – either have one boy take the boy's role and another boy the girl's role, or to have an imaginary partner. Our PE instructors (Mr. Laffey and Mr. Schmierer) preferred the latter method. They didn't want us to learn the girl's role in case we got them mixed up. The result was a disaster. They TRIED to teach us the waltz, tango, square dancing, Canadian 3-Step, etc. I particularly remember the Canadian 3 Step. We were in a large circle with our arm out holding our imaginary partner and facing the person to our right (while looking in). We were supposed to all move in a counter-clockwise direction performing and chanting "1...2...3...Kick..." Of course when it

came time to do the kick, we tried to kick the boy in front of us while avoid being kicked from behind. We all thought it was a great game, but we failed miserably in learning how to dance.

We had one 2<sup>nd</sup> Form dance that year. We were not expected to have imaginary partners for the dances. Instead, the dances were arranged with our sister school, Newcastle Girls' High School. This first dance I was able to skip because my mother wrote a note asking me to be excused, as dancing was against my religion. At that time dancing was indeed frowned upon by the RLDS Church (as opposed to the Mormon Church which encouraged dancing), or at least by the older generation. It came to be accepted by the RLDS Church by the 1970s.

After that first dance my friends told me that there were a lot of pretty girls there. So next year when the 3<sup>rd</sup> Form dance was coming up, I decided that I would like to go and check it out. I had to talk my mother into letting me go (my parents still frowned on dancing). She finally relented, which caused Marvia to protest, because she was never allowed to go to a dance. My mother replied that it was different because she was a girl and I was a boy and thus less likely to be a victim of unwanted attentions. That's true!

The dance was held in a recreation hall in Smith Park in Broadmeadow (it normally contained basketball courts). There was a live band, dimly lit with psychedelic lights, and refreshments. The boys wore trousers, shirts and ties, while the girls wore short dresses. When I arrived all the boys were on one side of the hall and all the girls were on the other. Soon about half a dozen couples were dancing in no-man's land between the two groups. We all stood there with our friends, looking across the gulf at the members of the opposite sex and comparing notes about which ones looked good. When a boy decided to ask a girl to dance, he had to leave his friends and walk alone out into no-man's land to the other side with everyone (boys and girls) watching his every step. The girls were wondering which one of them had been targeted. Finally, he went up to the chosen girl and asked her to dance. If he was lucky she would say yes and they would join the small group of couples dancing. If she said no, then he had to hang his head, turn around and walk back to his friends with all those pairs of eyes staring at him as he went on his retreat of shame. This is exactly what happened to me. I made the mistake of noticing a cute girl whom I pointed out to my friends. Because I had located a target, they immediately shoved me out into no-man's land and would not let me rejoin their ranks. I thus had to start that long journey across the chasm. I went up to this cute girl (I looked up long enough to do a course correction as I got close to make sure I had the right target) and asked her if she wanted to dance with me. She said, "No, thanks." Her friends giggled. I'm glad the lights were dim so that no one could notice the crimson of my face and I turned around and started the long retreat, with my head down and tail dragging. My friends actually were quite sympathetic and didn't make fun of me, because they knew the same thing could easily happen to them (and in some cases, did). I don't remember too much what happened after that, but gradually more and more couples started dancing and I finally did get a dance with a really cute girl, although I never found out her name (it was too noisy when she told it to me).

## Playtime (1965-9)

Some of my friends shared my interest in hobbies, such as wargaming, rockets, plastic models, etc. One of our favourite places to go after school was a hobby shop on Hunter Street named Playtime Hobby Shop. In the mid-1960s there was a slot-car racing craze. Playtime built a large slot-car track inside their store and many of us did our racing there (it was free). As mentioned earlier Phil Archer loved cars and thus expertise in slot cars was a natural for him. He bought standard kits and customized them to maximize their performance. He was also an accomplished driver. Due to a lack of money, I was late in joining the ranks of slot car owners – I had to be satisfied with being a spectator.

However, I set my sights on a Monogram slot car kit that I found in a catalogue. It was not just a slot car kit – it was a double kit! It contained a blue and white Ford GT and a red Ferrari. I bought it at Ell's bookstore (they also carried some hobby stuff) on layaway. That meant they put it aside and I paid money down on it when I could until I had paid the full price. I soon assembled the cars and couldn't wait to get down to Playtime to try them out. I really enjoyed racing my cars, but I was never a champion, partly because of skill, but also because my cars were not top of the line and couldn't compete with the more expensive ones. One thing that we used to do to improve the grip of the rubber tyres on the track was to put a couple drops of special oil on them before racing. We also weighted down the end with the drive wheels to avoid sliding (but not too much weight or the performance would suffer).



Double Slot Car Set Like Mine [Source PD]

At the peak of my slot-car racing craze, I intended to build my own track under our house (close to where we built the wargaming board) and my friends helped me design it. My dad was also willing to help me build it, but before we could get started, I became distracted by other things. My avid interest in slot cars probably lasted about a year, with diminishing interest for another year or two.

Even when we weren't involved with slot cars, Playtime was one of our favourite places to hang out. We bought most of the soldiers and equipment there that we used in our wargaming. They also eventually sold model rockets, some of which we made and launched between our big amateur rocket launchings. I had also liked making plastic models ever since I was a young boy in Iowa and I built several kits that I bought at Playtime. I think nearly all of my closest friends went to Playtime at some time.

## How I Caused an Earth Tremor (~1966)

Just northeast of the library wing of the school were two wooden portable classrooms that were mounted on short columns/stilts. When I was a Junior I had a maths class (I believe) in one of these portables. Often when I sit I like to rapidly move my leg up and down (pivoted at the toe joints) at the heel. I believe this is called “restless leg syndrome.” One day I discovered the natural frequency of the classroom, because while I was vibrating my leg, the whole classroom started to shake in synch with it. I thought at first that we were having a mild earth tremor, but I noticed that when I stopped vibrating my leg, the tremor stopped. I verified this observation on a few subsequent times, but not often enough to get into trouble.

## Trevor Sorensen, the Meteorologist? (1966)

During 3<sup>rd</sup> Form in 1966 all the boys in the Form took a series of vocational guidance tests to help us decide our future vocation. It basically tested our general intelligence and abilities in various areas. We each stated what courses of study we wanted to pursue and what job we eventually wanted to have. The Vocational Guidance Bureau would then compare the results of our tests with our desires and give us their assessment on whether we were suitable to pursue our goals or would be better suited for some other vocations, which they would suggest. I did exceptionally well in the tests and I am reproducing the findings of their assessment here. I told them that I wanted to take advanced courses in physics and mathematics and that my desired vocation was as an engineer or scientist in “space research”. They agreed that I was suited and capable of such a vocation, but of course that was not a vocation available in Australia, so they suggested as much more practical vocations of radio astronomy (in which Australia was a leader) or meteorology. I wonder what D.E. Rose, the Director of Vocational Guidance, N.S.W., who signed my assessment, would think if he/she knew that not only did I end up with a career in “space research”, but received a Doctor of Engineering degree in Aerospace Engineering and was awarded the NASA Medal for Exceptional Scientific Achievement (and not for meteorology)! A funny thing – even though I wanted to pursue science and mathematics, I never was top of my year in either subject. However, at various times as a Junior I was top of the year in English, Social Studies, History, Geography, Art, and Music (receiving prizes for History and Geography).

Both your vocational guidance results and your satisfactory scholastic progress to date support your plan of undertaking degree course studies in mathematics and physics.

As well as space research you could give consideration to employment in fields such as radio astronomy and meteorology.

The results upon which the above recommendations are based were as follows:- very superior ratings in general intellectual capacity and speed list checking; superior results in abstract reasoning, design analysis, mechanical comprehension and spelling.

### My Vocational Guidance Assessment in 1966

### **The Bike Crash II (1966)**

As mentioned previously, I often rode my bicycle the 3.5 miles from my home on Turner Street to Boys' High in Waratah. Close to the high school in Waratah were some brickworks (which are no longer there). I rode on a slight downhill on the road past the brickworks. The street was paved for the two lanes but then had gravel shoulders. As I was coasting down, my front wheel hit a large pothole on the edge of the paved road and my bike stopped dead, but of course I didn't. I performed a spectacular somersault over the front handle bars. I ended up sitting on the road in front of my crashed bike in a somewhat stunned condition. Off to my right I saw a man leap over the fence of the brickworks and rush over to me. He happened to see the accident occur. It turns out that I



**On My New Bike on Turner St. - 1966**

had sprained my ankle and had a few scrapes, but nothing serious. This worker helped me get the couple of blocks to my school, where they got Mr. George Whalen, who was responsible for first aid for the school, to come look at me. They called my mother who took me to the Royal Newcastle Hospital where they X-rayed my ankle (not broken) and cleaned me up. I used crutches for a couple weeks.

I'll just mention the one other occasion about this same time that I had to use crutches. I had a couple painful seed warts on my lower right heel, which a doctor at the hospital burned off (deadening the area was painful, but the cutting and burning wasn't). It was done during school break so that this time I did not have to go to school on crutches.

### **The Kingdom of Plavonia (1967)**

One of my schoolmates was John Wurth, whose father was in the Swiss Navy (!) during World War II. I believe they had a few gunboats to patrol Lake Constance, which borders Germany. Under John's lead, we invented an imaginary empire that encompassed most of Europe, Africa, and Asia called the Kingdom of Plavonia. Its capitol was in Central Europe (Germany or Austria). There was a group of us that got caught up in this imaginary kingdom and we took on personas within the government or military of Plavonia. The names we adopted were mostly taken from a book I had at the time called *The Insult Dictionary – Or How to be Abusive in Five Languages*. We used the list of derogatory names in the German insult list as our source. We made elaborate plans for invasions, had attempted coups and suppression of the coups, etc. We did this during lunchtimes. I even typed up a couple memos in conjunction with this role playing. Interestingly, some of the participants no longer have any memories at all about Plavonia. However, Steven Dumpleton did – after high school whenever I returned to Australia and saw him he greeted me as “von Missrattenschausenheimer.” I would reply addressing him by his Plavonian name, “von Schwachsinnigerblödkopf.” Here are the roles and players as best I remember them:



**John Wurth  
King of Plavonia**

**King Basil VII - John Wurth**

**Prinz Kurt von Krumpp - John Farrell?**

**Archduke Wolfgang von Missrattenschausenheimer (Minister of Colonies and Territorial Affairs, CinC Imperial Territorial Army) - Trevor**

**Archduke von Schickellgrüber (Commander State Police) - Phillip Archer**

**Generalfeldmarshall Gert von Schneider - Colin Taylor**

**Generalfeldmarschall Johann von Gelegenheimer - John Masters**

**Generalfeldmarschall Stefan von Schwachsinnigerblödkopf - Steven Dumpleton**

**Generalfeldmarschall Wolfgang von Disselkamp - John Groom?**

**Generalfeldmarschall Paul von Widerlichernhoffer - Jeff Richards**

**Grand Admiral Blödertrottel (Commander, Plavonia Navy) -?**

**Willi von Schnitzelgrubchenimbisstube - Russell Cheek**

### **Incidents with Vic Rooney (1967 and 1969)**

As mentioned previously I had Vic Rooney for History in 2<sup>nd</sup> Form and English in 4<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Forms. There were a couple funny incidents that happened in these latter two classes that I remember.

It was the 15<sup>th</sup> March, 1967. Mr. Rooney came into our class, then said “Wait a minute!” and disappeared out the door. He soon returned, charging into the class with butter knives in his mouth and each hand, leaned over his table in front, and yelled out, “Beware the Ides of March!” On another occasion he came into the classroom, and one of the boys said, “Sir, it’s the Ides of March.” Vic raced out and raced back in. He stood up on the table and pretended to stab himself yelling, “Speak hands for me!” and then fell on the floor.

One day while I was in a 6<sup>th</sup> Form English class being taught by Vic Rooney, there was a knock on the door. When Mr. Rooney opened the door there was a boy there, probably from 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> Form. He had a message for Mr. Rooney from the Sports Master, Mr. Giddy, and this message required a reply. Mr. Rooney thought for a moment then said to the boy, “Tell Mr. Giddy that I ...” He then stopped and just left the unfinished sentence hanging, while staring at the young messenger, who started to fidget and look more uncomfortable as time passed. Finally, the boy turned around and left. We were all amused by this incident, but it got even better. Mr. Rooney came back and said to us, “I feel really bad – I shouldn’t have done that.” He then walked over to the window and looked down into the quadrangle (we were on the upper storey) and saw the boy walking across back to Mr. Giddy’s office. Mr. Rooney lifted open the window, stuck his head out and with his hands cupped around his mouth, yelled out to the boy, “Full Stop!”<sup>11</sup> He closed the window and turned back to us with a smile on his face. He then said, “That’s better! I hate to leave a sentence unfinished.” I wonder what Mr. Giddy thought of the reply. As is obvious from this story, Mr. Rooney was a real character and was one of my favourite teachers. He was funny, entertaining, and very supportive of his students.



**Mr. Rooney - 1967**



**Vic Rooney ca 1990**

### **The Day We Sighted Girls (~1967)**

Boys’ High had a sister school, Newcastle Girls’ High School, whose school colours were also red and blue. However, our sister school, in Hamilton South, about seven miles away from us towards the centre of Newcastle. Tech High, was in a similar situation. They were located in Broadmeadow and their sister school was Hunter Girls’ High, which was located across the street from Girls’ High (NGHS). We had almost no interaction with our sister school, other than the annual dance. It was always a big event on the few occasions when girls would come to our school for a particular function. I remember being in an upstairs classroom when one of the boys near the window looked out and yelled, “Look there!” We rushed over to the window (our teacher came as well). In the quadrangle below was a column of girls from Girls’ High walking towards the Assembly Hall. One of my classmates asked, “What are they?” One of the other boys replied, “I’m not sure, but I think they’re called ‘girls.’” Although he was kidding and we all got a good laugh, it was not far from the truth (not about them being girls, but about us seeing them so seldom so as to not recognize them). I noticed on that occasion that there were boys hanging out of almost every window around the quadrangle admiring the girls. I wonder how they felt. I later received a possible answer to that.

One of the girls from my church, Cathy Masterson, attended Booragul High, located on the shores of Lake Macquarie. Booragul High was co-ed, as were most of the high schools away from the city centre. One day she came with some classmates to attend an inter-school French function at our high school. She said that while she was

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<sup>11</sup> In Australia that’s the term we use for the punctuation mark at the end of the sentence, known in America as a “period”



Newcastle Girls' High School Form 5A – 1960s  
[Images from PD]



Hunter Girls' High School  
Winter & Summer Uniforms

walking through our school the boys stopped, made way for them, and just stared, often with jaws dropped, as they walked past. She said that she felt like a goddess or model as she was watched by all these boys. Of course at her school she was pretty much ignored by the boys who were used to seeing girls there every day. Ironically, she ended up marrying one of my schoolmates, John Farrell.

There was one other source of attractive young ladies at NBHS that got the boys' undivided attention – female student teachers. They always seemed to be young and beautiful, and we looked forward very much to getting one for our class. Of course it must have been very difficult for these young women, who weren't much older than we were, to stand up there writing on the blackboard with their backs to the class knowing that dozens of young men were sitting there staring at their figures and mentally undressing them. That explains why they always seemed to be more timid and insecure than their male counterparts.

### **The Hell Fire and Damnation Incident (1967)**

One feature of public schools in New South Wales (at least at that time) that is not found in American schools is something called Scripture Class. In America the current interpretation of the separation of church and state prevents even prayer in schools, let alone any religious instruction. We had one period a week devoted to religious instruction (called "Scripture Class") in which ministers from local denominations were invited in to provide a class period in instruction for any students that wanted to attend their class. Because there were only three of us from the RLDS church at Boys' High at the time (Ross Johnson, Vincent Milford, and myself) we did not have the critical number to qualify for a Scripture Class, even though several of my friends would have attended. Booragul High (and possibly Wallsend High) had enough RLDS students to have a Scripture Class. Incidentally, the Maths teacher, Jim Imrie was also an RLDS member as was the mother of our Chemistry teacher, Mr, Paterson, although I don't know if he was.

Those whose religion was not represented had the choice of attending the class of another religion or go to the library for a study period. I usually chose the latter, but

sometimes would attend a Scripture Class for the fun of it. One particular class provided a lot of fun.

Several of my friends, including Phillip Archer, John Groom, John Farrell, Colin Taylor, Jeff Richards, and others joined me in a Methodist Scripture Class. The Methodist minister was a fundamentalist (this was before the Methodist Church became liberal) – the “hell fire and brimstone” type. He was telling us that we should be good missionaries and spread the Word of God throughout the world so that the heathen natives could learn of Christ and be saved. Otherwise they would be condemned to hell and eternal damnation.

I asked the minister, “What about the primitive natives of past ages who never had the opportunity to learn of Christ? Are they condemned, too?” When the minister answered, “Yes.” I told him that it did not seem like a fair and just God to condemn people without even a chance of salvation.<sup>12</sup>

Then the minister got hot under the collar, especially when my friends started to chant, “What about the natives? What about the natives?”

The minister then yelled, “Forget about the natives! Just worry about saving yourselves.” He demanded to know what religion I belonged to. When I told him, his face turned bright red. He exploded, “You are condemned to damnation, young man! The Book of Mormon is evil!”

I asked, “Have you read it?”

The minister replied, “Of course not; it is the work of the devil!”

I then said, “Well, how do you know it is the work of the devil if you have not even read it?”

His only reaction to that question, which he could not answer, was to not allow me to make any more statements or ask questions for the rest of the period. The following week the Methodists sent a different minister.

### **Biro Wars (1967-9)**

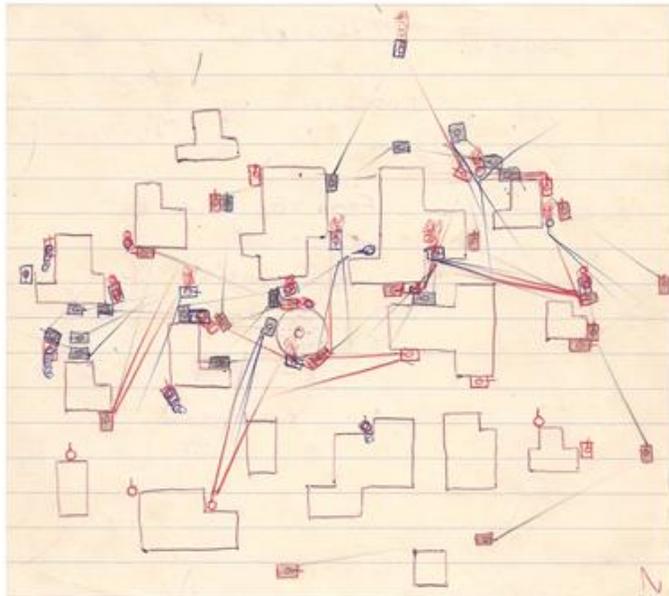
A favourite game of ours during school was playing tank battles or golf with biros (ball point pens) on a piece of paper. We used to play this between class periods when waiting for the teacher, or during boring periods of the class with an inattentive teacher. For tank battles we drew the layout of a town on paper (buildings, etc.) and then each boy (usually played with two) would pick a different colour biro and at opposite ends of the playing field (e.g., village) we would draw the top view of several tanks. Usually one side had a round turret and the other a square turret (like an assault gun). We took turns moving and firing. To move you held the biro vertically on the paper with the tip on the front edge of the tank and with your index finger resting on top of the biro. You then moved your finger in the line but the opposite direction that you want the tank to move. When a certain angle off vertical is reached, the tip of the biro will slip and leave a mark on the paper as it tips over. The end of this line (before the tip leaves the paper) is the new location of the tank, which is redrawn there. If the line hits an object, such as a building or burned out tank, then your tank will stop at that point. Firing is done the same way, except the starting point is at the end of the gun barrel. When you shoot, if the line hits an enemy tank (or anti-tank gun, pillbox, etc.), then it is destroyed. In some versions, if the

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<sup>12</sup> In the RLDS religion we believe that all people are given an opportunity to hear and accept the gospel – if not in this life, then in the hereafter. That is fair and just.

line just touched the edge of the enemy tank, then it is immobilized but can still shoot. The last boy with operational tanks is the winner.

The biro golf game was very similar. You start out by drawing a golf course with obstacles and holes (targets). The players start at the beginning of the course and hit the ball using the same method as for the biro wars. When you hit an obstacle or the border of the course, the ball stops there (otherwise it goes to the end of the slide mark). The first one to hit the hole at the end wins. My main opponents in these games were Leo Pinczewski and Russell Cheek, although I also played with other boys.



Example of a Biro War from 6<sup>th</sup> Form – Red Won



Biro Golf

### Rock Band (1967-9)

When I started high school in 1964 I was not interested in popular music, such as Rock & Roll, Western ballads (my sisters and Dad really liked Jim Reeves), and the emergence of *The Beatles* and *Rolling Stones*, etc. As I got older I started to show a bit more interest (my favourite song and group before 1967 was “Snoopy Versus the Red Baron” by the *Royal Guardsmen*<sup>13</sup>), but it was still only a casual interest until a pivotal event occurred in 1967. Her name was Judy Meers. It happened at a church youth camp at Tiona in May, 1967. I was 16 and a really cute 14-year old girl, who was a friend of Merilyne Stewart of Salt Ash, caught my eye. We basically had a week to pair up and so I “cracked on” to Judy and we started “dating” at the camp. I remember we were in the Dining Hall one evening and we were talking about music. Her favourite group at that time was *Eric Burdon and the Animals* and she especially liked the song “House of the Rising Sun.” I remember her telling me that of course I would not be familiar with either the song or the rock group, and she was right. I realized that at that time that if I expected to be able to

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<sup>13</sup> The *Royal Guardsmen* was an American group and the Snoopy song contained the line “...the bloody Red Baron was rolling out the score...”. This was perfectly acceptable in America, but in Australia the word “bloody” was a swear word and so on the radio this word was beeped out. My friends and I used to thus have great fun singing “...the BEEP Red Baron was rolling out the score...”

date girls I would need to be familiar with the current popular rock music. When I returned home from the camp I started to listen to the popular radio stations like 2KO and 2HD, which played the Top 40 in rock music. I started to realize that there was some pretty good music being generated and came to be a really enthusiastic follower of it.

At this same time some of my friends, like Phillip Archer, John Groom, Russell Cheek, Jeff Richards, and others also became interested in and knowledgeable about the current rock music. We soon developed favourite groups – Phil especially like *Cream* and thought Eric Clapton was the best lead guitarist in the world; Russell's favourite group was *The Who* with Pete Townshend as the best guitarist; Frans Henskens was a big *Beatles* fan; John Groom's favourite was Jimi Hendrix; and my favourite (by a slight margin) was probably *Pink Floyd*, although I really liked the additional following groups a lot: *Cream*, *The Jimi Hendrix Experience*, *Rolling Stones*, *The Who*, *Beach Boys*, *The Doors*, *Eric Burdon and the Animals*, *Procul Harum*, Bob Dylan, et al.

It was during 1967 that some of my friends, including Phil Archer and John Groom, decided to form a rock group. I really wanted to be a member of it as well, but I couldn't sing, play guitar, or play drums. The only thing I knew were keyboards (piano and organ) or clarinet (which they didn't need). I couldn't afford an electronic organ, but I found the plans for a small hand-held keyboard instrument (two-octave synthesizer) in an issue of *Popular Electronics*. I said that I would make that and so they accepted me into the group. The other two boys that joined the group were not from Boys' High. They were Joe Schofield and Phil Screen. However, another major event occurred that made a large impact on my role in the band – the Commonwealth Scholarship examination, which I sat for in August 1967. I passed and the \$500 Commonwealth Scholarship that I was awarded by the NSW Government was used to buy a Vox Jaguar electronic organ kit from Heathkit in the United States.<sup>14</sup> The \$500 covered the cost of the kit plus shipping from America. The Vox organs, including the Jaguar model, were very popular with the rock bands of the day, so I was thrilled to have a state-of-the-art organ to play in the group instead of that gadget from Popular Electronics (which I never built). I could not order the organ until I had received all the scholarship money, the first payment of which I received in March, 1968. In the meantime, a friend (I forget who) lent me a portable electronic organ, which I used to play in the band initially until I had the Vox. We mostly practiced in my house (to my parents' dismay). Even though my parents hated our loud music, I am so grateful for their support.



<sup>14</sup> However, I agreed with Dad that the organ would also be used to support Church activities, such as camps, and in the end it probably spent more time with this than with my rock bands.

Our first performance was at a concert for the Church's District Conference at the Hamilton Church in late 1968.

I finally ordered the kit in December 1968 and was thrilled when it arrived a few weeks later. However, when I unpacked it I discovered that all the tone generator boards were missing except for the pre-assembled C board. I wrote to the company and had to wait another few weeks until they sent me the missing parts. I then assembled the organ (with some help from my dad), and was thrilled and amazed when it worked!

The original band members were: Phil Archer (lead singer), John Groom (lead guitarist), Joe Schofield (bass guitarist), Phil Screen (drums), and myself (organ). The songs we learned and practiced initially were "Like a Rolling Stone" by *Bob Dylan*, "Light My Fire" by *The Doors*, "Sounds of Silence" by *Simon & Garfunkel*, "House of



**Our Rock Band (STP) on stage of hall in RLDS Hamilton Church (1969)**

L to R: Joe Schofield, Trevor (with Vox Jaguar organ), Phil Archer, Phil Screen, John Groom  
Photo by Russell Cheek (who later took over from Joe as bass guitarist)

the Rising Sun" by *Eric Burdon and the Animals*, and "Whiter Shade of Pale" by *Procul Harum*. Besides at my house we also practiced at Phil Screen's house and the hall of the Hamilton Church (where the photo was taken).

One thing I remember about practicing at Screenie's house – he really like the *Banana Splits* TV show, and we used to watch it at his place and sing along with the theme song. Incidentally, the *Banana Splits* also used a Vox portable organ.

Joe Schofield knew the members of a very popular local band, The Velvet Underground (I forget what his connection was with them). The Velvet Underground was the runner-up in the Newcastle Battle of the Bands in 1969, which I attended (in Newcastle City Hall). One time I got to visit the band in their flat above a store on Tudor Street in Hamilton. I was thrilled, because to me it was like meeting with celebrities.

Russell Cheek was our manager/photographer. However, he had decided to learn the bass guitar, and being the talented musician that he was, he soon surpassed Joe in his ability. We thus invited Russell to join the group as the bass guitarist and Joe took over

tambourine and as another singer with Phil. We had a hard time thinking up a good name and went through so many that I have forgotten what our final name was, although Russell remembers it to be *STP* (standard temperature and pressure?). We only had one public performance in 1969 after Russell joined the band, which was at a concert in the hall of the Hamilton Church in October, 1969. After we finished high school and I left Australia, the band disbanded. Phil Screen went on to be a professional drummer for the Australian rock band *Rabbit*, which was popular and released a couple albums in the 1970s, then joined the rock group *Heroes*, which released an album in 1980. He was an excellent drummer, even in *STP*. Of course I also joined another rock band in America in the 1970s, but that's a story for another chapter. As a postscript to this story, I found out at the BBQ reunion held at Phillip Archer's house (where all the band members except Phil Screen were in attendance) that I had my first alcoholic drink in 1969 without knowing it. Apparently just before our performance at the church concert, I drank from a bottle of spiked Coke that was being handed around amongst the band members. It obviously did not have much alcohol in it and I drank very little or I would have noticed something (as I did when I inadvertently had my next spiked Coke in 1976 – that's also another story for a later chapter).

One fun thing that we planned to do in 1969 was make a short comedy film featuring the group and it was going to be produced and filmed (in 8mm) by Russell. It was going to be styled after the chase scenes in the Monkees TV show that they did to the sound track of one of their songs. The plot was that our group was going to be a King Edward's Park and discover a flying saucer there with aliens. We were planning to use one of the old World War II gun bunkers in King Edwards Park as one of the locations in the film. We would explore the flying saucer and wanted to use the main control room of the Shortland Shire Electric Department (where our church youth leader, Kevin Wall, was a supervisor) as the control room of the saucer. The aliens would discover us and then it would turn into a mad and crazy chase sequence, part of which was going to be filmed in the RLDS Hamilton Church hall. We were even planning how to use stop-and-start photography to have many people (Zion's League members) to all come out of a small closet, just like they did on the *Monkees*. The chase scene was also going to be shot at slow camera speed so that it would appear speeded up. Unfortunately, with everything else going on that year, we never made the film, although it was fun planning. In 2011 when I brought this movie plan up with two of my mates who were planning it with me, Russell Cheek and Phillip Archer, neither of them had any recollection of it at all. That's unbelievable, because I remember how much fun we had planning it. However, as I just mentioned, that was a very busy time for us, and I guess their memory neurons were overwritten with more important things.

### **The Year of Apollo (1969)**

As mentioned previously, I was very interested in rockets and space flight. I followed the American and Soviet space programmes and even kept a scrapbook (which I started during Gemini) that contained newspaper clippings of the missions. I was thrilled in December 1968 when Apollo 8 flew around the Moon, although I cannot remember the event specifically because I was at the beach resort of Tiona at the time and had little contact with the outside world.

However, it was a different matter with Apollo 11. It was an exciting event that was anticipated throughout Australia – you would think it was an Australian mission. We thought of it as being for our planet, not just a single country, and those astronauts represented us all. The *Eagle* landed during the morning of July 21 1969 (July 20 in



**Neil Armstrong stepping onto lunar surface – picture of TV at John Farrell’s house.**  
Cloudiness is due to a fault in developing negative or making print, which was done in Gregor Dickinson’s darkroom.

Houston). There were only a couple televisions at Boys’ High,<sup>15</sup> so we were given permission to go outside the school to find a television to watch the first man step onto the Moon. John Farrell’s home (actually his grandparent’s home) was the closest to our school, so several of my friends and I walked over to his house on Valencia St. We all crowded into the room and watched the black and white television (fortunately the broadcast from the Moon was also in black and white). We watched with bated breath and racing hearts as Neil Armstrong stepped off the LEM and uttered his famous statement: “That’s one small step for [a] man, one giant leap for mankind.” We realized that we were watching a pivotal moment in history and cheered after he had stepped off and stated those words. He really was representing all of mankind when he did that.<sup>16</sup> We returned to school and the excitement carried on for the remaining time we were at school.

I found out later that Newcastle came to a halt when Armstrong and Aldrin landed and egressed (about 12:45 p.m. local time). The streets were almost deserted as people went home or to other sites to watch televisions. Buses stopped next to department stores so that passengers (and drivers) could get out and watch the event on display televisions in the store windows.

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<sup>15</sup> Ray Armstrong told me that his Biology teacher brought his personal television in and shared it with students in the biology lab.

<sup>16</sup> Little did I realize that one day I would be working in that same Mission Control Center in Houston and have the honour to meet and talk with Neil Armstrong (in the Hilton Hotel lobby in Pasadena CA). I also received a personalized photo and letter signed by him, which is very rare.

Little did I realize at that time in 1969 that I would in later years meet both Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin. I have a personal letter to me (and photo) signed by Neil and I met him in the lobby of the Hilton Hotel in Pasadena, California, where we chatted for several minutes. I have met Buzz on several occasions, including at the dinner of the American Astronautical Society in 2003 when we both were made Fellows of the society.

### **Tyrell's - Local Hangout (1967-9)**

There was a record store in downtown Newcastle called Tyrell's. My friends (mostly Phillip Archer, John Groom, Jeff Richards, John Lewis, and Phil Loder) and I used to sometimes hang out there after school.

On the days that I did not ride my bike I could catch the bus directly back to Lambton (which I seldom did), or catch the train into Newcastle with my friends. I had a train pass for a while, even though by rights I should not have because I lived in the opposite direction. We would walk from the school to the Waratah train station where the school train was waiting. It usually had a steam locomotive and five to seven carriages. It would make stops at the train stations on the way to Newcastle Station. We would then walk the couple of blocks to Tyrell's, where we were friends with the people who worked there. We discussed and listened to the latest hits and albums from the rock bands active at that time, such as *The Beatles*, *Rolling Stones*, *The Who*, *Pink Floyd*, *Jimi Hendrix*, *Doors*, *Eric Burden and the Animals*, *Beach Boys*, *Cream*, etc. What an exciting time to be a teenager! Of course one of my main motivations to hang out at Tyrell's was that there were two very pretty girls that worked there – Angela Tempest and Sue Chapman. The photo in which I had my arms around these two girls standing outside of Tyrell's was taken just before I left Australia. As evidence of how shy I was you can see that even though they



**Phillip and Colin in Front of Tyrell's Records**



**Trevor with Angela Tempest and Sue Chapman in Front of Tyrell's Records**

were in my arms with their arms around my waist, my hands were not touching them. I must admit I had a crush on both of them but never had the nerve to ask either one of them out. Sue actually wrote to me a couple times after I first moved to America.<sup>17</sup>

One time I got in trouble for being at Tyrell's. It happened in 1969 when our NBHS soccer team was due to play an important game at the Waratah Oval next to our school and we were excused from Sports on Wednesday afternoon in order to go and watch the game. Phil Archer, Jeff Richards, and John Groom decided they didn't want to go to the game, but would rather go in and hang out at Tyrell's. I went along with them against my better judgement. While we were there a truant officer arrived and took our names and school (although our school uniforms gave us away). The next day I was called to the office of the Deputy Principal, Mr. Maiden, along with my cohorts in crime. We received a good tongue-lashing, but fortunately, he considered that we were too old as 6<sup>th</sup> Formers to be caned. Unfortunately, we had to go to detention during lunchtime.

This would be a good place to mention that my main reason for catching the train into Newcastle and then catching a bus out to Lambton was not to hang out with my friends, which I really didn't do that often. Rather, it was to go to the bus stops near the girls' schools – Newcastle Girls' High and Hunter Girls' High, which happened to be right across the street from each other. I knew where the girls caught the bus, so I would catch my bus at the same bus stop. I did this on and off for years, but never spoke to any of the girls. I was too shy – I just admired them. Of course they all wore school uniforms, but by the time I was in 4<sup>th</sup> Form micro-miniskirts were in fashion and the girls used to hike their dresses up as high as they could to show off their shapely legs (an example of dress lengths of that time can be seen in the photo here of Angela and Sue). It was definitely more fun than riding my bike home from school. I occasionally even got to sit next to one of them on the bus.

### **My Second-Most Embarrassing Moment (~1969)**

Of course my most embarrassing moment was the comb incident in 1<sup>st</sup> Form German. The second most embarrassing incident is actually pretty mild. When I reached puberty I started to have a complexion problem, with pimples on my cheeks, chin, and nose. Of course, this was terrifying for a shy teenage boy who was already scared of girls. I attempted various creams and scrubbing my face. Beth recommended a liquid that I was able to get from the hospital – something like PhisoHex (hexachlorophene) which was largely alcohol. Every morning and evening I would swab this on my face with a cotton ball. I started doing this about 1968. It worked very well, and so I kept getting bottles of the liquid. One time, I must have received a bad batch, because in the morning before school when I swabbed my face with lotion from a new bottle I had just opened, it burned my skin, which got red and somewhat inflamed. Unfortunately, my mother would not accept that as an excuse to not go to school, so I had to show up at school with a red and inflamed face. I was very embarrassed, especially by the fact that it was acne lotion that caused it. Thus I made up a story about what caused it and I tried to hide my face all morning as much as I could. Eventually by the afternoon it had improved somewhat.

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<sup>17</sup> I reestablished contact with Sue Pepper (nee Chapman) in 2017. She had married (& divorced) one of the boys who was in the year ahead of me at NBHS, Mark Pepper in 1982. Mark was only three weeks older than me but the division line for the years was June 1 – he was before and I was after.

Needless to say, I threw out that bottle and never trusted it again. I resorted to the less effective acne creams.

### **Attacked by a Preggy (1969)**

One day I was taking Jeff Richards home after school. I was driving my mother's Vauxhall Victor<sup>18</sup> and I had Jeff, Phillip Archer, and a couple other boys in my car. I was stopped (facing downhill) on Bingle Street waiting for a break in the oncoming traffic to turn right onto The Terrace, where Jeff's house was. I looked into my rear view mirror



**Intersection where the accident occurred (Photo taken 2012).**

I was coming from down the hill waiting to turn into the street at the left.

and saw a car coming down behind me. I noticed that it didn't seem to be slowing down and I remember thinking to myself, "They better stop soon or they will run into me," which is exactly what happened. By the time I realized that the car was not going to stop, it was too late for me to do anything. There was a screech of brakes and then a sudden crash. Our car and its occupants (us!) were lurched forward by the impact. It turns out that it was a pregnant woman who was driving the car that ran into the back of us. There was a large dent in the back bumper, and the drive train had been pushed forward so that the fan was pushed into the radiator, from which steam was hissing. The woman later told me that the worst moment was after the crash was when five pairs of eyes in my car turned around and stared at her. Fortunately no one was hurt. However, my engine was not operational.



**Mum's Vauxhall with bumper damaged by pregnant woman's car**

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<sup>18</sup> We used to call my dad's car the "Church car" because it was owned by the Church, so Phil (or Joe Schofield) started calling my mother's car the "Church Mother's car" and it stuck – the other boys called it that as well.

This was long before the days of mobile phones, so she went to a nearby house and called her lawyer husband. In about 10 minutes he arrived. So far there was no sign of the police. After checking that his wife and we were all unharmed, he told me that he would prefer to not get the police involved because it would eventually affect his insurance rates. He told me that he would personally pay for all the repairs and that he knew of an auto repair shop at the bottom of the hill in the city. Not knowing any better or what else to do, I agreed with his proposal. Although my engine wasn't working, I was still able to control it rolling downhill because the car didn't have any power systems (brakes, steering, etc.). I followed him down the hill a few blocks to an auto repair shop where I checked it in. He made arrangements with the manager to pay for all the repairs. He then gave my friends and me a ride to where we wanted to go. I don't remember what happened to his car and wife, although I think their car was still driveable. Everything turned out well in the end and he did indeed pay for all the repairs (except for the dented rear bumper, which was overlooked for some reason).

### **Trevor, the Rebel (1966-9)**

Movie theatres used to play *God Save the Queen* before movies began and everyone stood up during the playing. In later years when we went to the movies we refused to stand up because we believed that Australia should have its own anthem and we shouldn't be standing for the British National Anthem (what rebels we were). Once they started playing *Advance Australia Fair* we started standing up again (although it did not become the official national anthem until 1984). OK, maybe we weren't THAT rebellious!

### **My Biggest Disappointment (~1969)**

At the end of 5<sup>th</sup> Form 25 boys were elected to be Prefects. I was captain of my primary school and wanted very much to be a Prefect, a quite prestigious honour. I was nominated for the Prefect election and when our name was called out we were each introduced to the school assembly by going up onto the podium facing the quadrangle. I'm not sure whether the whole school (except the outgoing 6<sup>th</sup> Formers) or just our year voted, but I think it was the whole school. It was one of the biggest disappointments of my life when I was not selected, although some of my best friends (Russell Cheek, John Farrell, Bruce Burke, Jeff Hogg, and Robert Wilkinson) were elected as Prefects. Jeff Hogg was elected by the Prefects to be School Captain. I was surprised and very disappointed when I was not elected, because I thought I had a lot of friends and was pretty popular. However, I have since realized that because I did not represent the school on any sports or other team and did not participate in any school clubs, I had virtually no school-wide name recognition. Nearly all the boys elected as Prefects represented the school in some form or another or participated in extra-curricular school activities, which I did not. In fact, since meeting up with some of my old Form mates again (the "69ers"), I have found out that I was considered to be a science nerd, a description I did not think fitted me at all. I guess it was due to the rockets.

### **S.O.A.P. and F.O.T.F. (1969)**

There were a couple of informal societies that were formed by students in 1969. The first was formed mostly by boys in the year behind me (5<sup>th</sup> Form) and was called the Society of Anti-violent People (S.O.A.P.). The other was formed by mates of mine in 6<sup>th</sup> Form and was called the Friends of the Friendless (F.O.T.F.). Although I did not join either group, I was aware of them and some of their activities, especially FOTF, which involved classmates. Here is the history of FOTF as told to me in emails by a founder, Gary Norris:



**SOAP gathering in King Edward Park**

*In the early days of July 1969, a new organisation was created based on the principles of fun, laughter, merriment, friendship, and it was non-political. It came under the heading of F.O.T.F., i.e., Friends of the Friendless. FOTF was actually a parody of all "action groups" one of the best satirical stunts ever to happen at NBHS; we dreamed it up in maths and couldn't stop laughing, printed T shirts, posters, etc. and next thing it took off. FOTF also had members at Girls' High. I must admit that the initial stage, the creation, was obscure, but the ensuing enthusiasm & curiosity of various people was astounding until the first FOTF function was held at Civic Park on the 26<sup>th</sup> day of July (& was a great success). The foundation committee was inaugurated by the co-founders, myself & Col Campbell. This committee performed various publicity stunts at the venue of the Backroom Coffee House situated in Fellowship House in conjunction with Wesley Church Hamilton.<sup>19</sup> The members of the society include a large following from NGHS & various other female schools. I would like to thank this group for their devotion to F.O.T.F. activities. F.O.T.F. – a new force in '69.*

*G. Norris 6B*

*List of original members:*

*Gary Norris (founder)  
Col Campbell (founder)  
Laurie Fraser  
Leigh Fraser  
Neil Mierendorff  
Phillip Geary  
John Henderson  
John Beach  
Gary Simm*



**F.O.T.F.** – Back row L to R: Neil Mierendorff, John Henderson, Leigh Fraser, Phil Geary. Front row L to R: John Beach, Gary Norris, Colin Campbell, Laurie Fraser

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<sup>19</sup> This was the same coffee house that I used to go to in 1969 with my girlfriend, Margaret Pullar, and her friends (Jane Pearson, Lyndal Gould) from Hunter Girls' High. In fact, that's where I met Margaret.

Accompanying this scanned letter was the following message from Gary Norris:

*Found some stuff from 1969, confirming my misspent time in year 12 on anything except school work... I think Col Campbell wrote the names on it as it's not my handwriting, FOTF did make the NBN news about the rally in Civic Park, about 150 people rolled up for what was a prank. Still laughing about that one.*

Col Campbell's response:

*I really do wish this was a "blast from the past" but I have the vaguest of memory re FOTF! I do remember under-age drinking to excess in the hotel across from the Wesley Church with the listed members beforehand and the beautiful young girls... We really were a unique year of people that followed in the outrageous footsteps of the 68's and probably outdid their excesses! Was it our year or the 68's that Tom Richardson declared in an assembly as being the worst group he had ever dealt with? What an honour, better than matriculation!*

It's funny the different memories and perceptions that we hold. My very close friend, Ross Johnson, told me that his '68 class was very dull and uninteresting compared to ours and the '67 class that preceded them. He said that the '67 class went to extremes, especially during their Break Up Day, that Mr. Richardson really cracked down on his year, and it wasn't until our year that things got out of hand again (see **Armageddon, 5<sup>th</sup> Form Style** in these memoirs). That last part of Col's message is quite revealing about our year, though ... the Headmaster saying that our year was the worst group he had ever dealt with (apparently Col was confusing the 1967 and 1968 classes).

John Beach (former member of FOTF) shared his memories:

*I can vaguely remember chasing a poor homeless man around Civic Park trying to give him some oranges which we had purchased from the fruit markets. Then there was that difficult NBN TV interview, which didn't really go to plan.*

### **Basketball Blowout of the Century (1969)**

In 6<sup>th</sup> Form for Winter Sports I played basketball, which was done on the outdoor courts next to the south wing of the school. I never tried out for the school team – I was happy just to play in the House competition. That year not many boys had signed up for basketball, so we did not have enough boys to play within our Forms. We had to combine all the Forms, which meant that on each team could be boys from 1<sup>st</sup> Form (13 years old) up to 6<sup>th</sup> Form (18 years old). My team, Smith House, consisted of nearly all Seniors (5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Form) boys, while the team we played one day from Shortland House consisted almost entirely of boys from 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Form. We thus had a distinct height advantage. We would pass the ball between our team members above the reach of our opponents, in effect playing "keep away". In fact, we hardly had to ever dribble the ball because they could not intercept our passes. I was one of the tallest on our team and played a forward. This meant that I would stand just outside the key until the ball came close, when I would step into the key, catch the ball, and put it up into the basket. It was humorous seeing these small boys jumping up trying to reach the ball as we passed it over them. Of course, it was a very lopsided win. We ended up winning it 98-4. I think I was the highest scorer, but everyone on our team scored well. I'm sure we must have set some sort of school record for the most-lopsided basketball win, but it was never acknowledged and I believe was designated as an official school secret.

## The Great Hair Protest (1969)

This incident happened in my last year of high school, and although I wasn't directly involved, I was indirectly affected by it and several of my closest friends were involved. Several boys from my year skipped sports on a Wednesday afternoon to visit Warners Bay High School to protest their policy of forcing their male students to wear short hair (boys' long hair was a big issue everywhere at that time). I know that John Farrell, Colin Taylor, Phillip Archer, and John Wurth were amongst my friends who joined that expedition of protest. Apparently the Principal of Warners Bay High School called the police and because our boys weren't doing anything illegal that the police could stop, they instead checked everyone's cars for defects. Phil said he went with John Wurth in his FB Holden, but they escaped being ticketed. Although the protest itself was of note, what happened afterwards was really interesting. For these happenings I will use the words (with spelling corrections) of a couple of the participants and newspaper articles. From Phillip Archer:

*I remember Richo<sup>20</sup> having us all in the Assembly Hall and explaining that the [Warners Bay High] Principal had been in Changi Prison during WWII, and that explained his dislike for long hair - I didn't get the relevance then and I still don't.*

I believe it was at the assembly of our year to which Phillip Archer referred that Mr. Richardson singled out Colin Taylor and made him stand up, due to his long hair. Colin really stood his ground, and was incredibly brave. There was a very tense atmosphere in the hall, because we were not sure what was going to happen and found it hard to believe that Colin would stand up to authority that way. Commenting on this incident, Russell Cheek stated in an e-mail: *"I DID want to put Col forward for the Legion of Honour for that effort."* However, Col saw it a bit differently (to quote an e-mail):

*I'm afraid I've always had very mixed feelings about the incident. What I remember most is that under the pressure, and trying to think quickly on my feet, I made a poorly worded or expressed statement that unwittingly disparaged my fellow protestors. Some were, quite rightly, very pissed off with me. I can still picture John and Phil's scowling faces looming out of the crowd - I think they wanted to tar and feather me. So whenever the memory intrudes into my consciousness, despite my best efforts to suppress it, I cringe with acute embarrassment.*



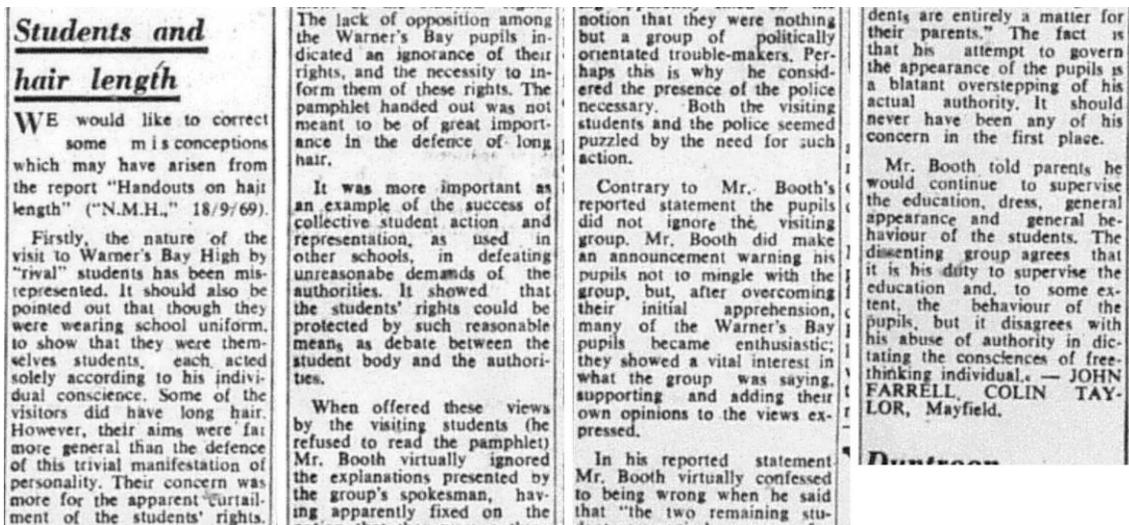
Newcastle Morning Herald, Sept. 18, 1969

<sup>20</sup> Mr. Richardson, the NBHS Principal, also known as "Bald Eagle" and "Uncle Tom"

And from John Farrell:

*I was called into Richo's office a couple of days later, because the story made the pages of the august NMH [Newcastle Morning Herald], and we had obviously wagged sport to be there. I think it was because I was a Prefect, and had brought the institution into disrepute. To Richo's credit he was calm and reasoned, playing the role of the hurt and disappointed parent. He did not berate or bellow, hence making me feel pretty bad. He did not object to the protest per se, just to us wagging sport. Given the nature of his pate, it was pretty damned decent of him, I thought. Col and I wrote a letter to the NMH, which was duly published. Preb Maehl collared me in the corridor the next day, and I thought, "Shit, I'm for [it] now." (Unlike Richo, Preb had virtually no hair by choice.) To me, he was scarier than Richo - I never had him as a teacher and his reputation was to take no crap from anyone. You know what he said to me? "Farrell, that was a very impressive letter." I was pleased as punch and said "Thank you, sir." He then said "Shame it wasn't about something important," and walked off. He was like that. On the other hand, even though he never taught me, he was the only teacher who ever told me to lift my game; I was a very slack student. He, like Richo, certainly left his mark on me.*

Here is the text of the Letter to the Editor to which John referred (the actual newspaper page containing the letter and a response to it by an "amazed mother" are to be found in the appendices). This original letter was in a single long column, which I have split up to fit on this page and still be readable..



Letter to the Editor, Newcastle Morning Herald, September 24, 1969

## Armageddon, 6<sup>th</sup> Form Style

High school ended with three weeks of state-wide examinations for the Higher School Certificate starting at the end of October and ending in November. The 6<sup>th</sup> Formers were given the week off before the exams to study. The last day of school for the 6<sup>th</sup> Formers was called “Break Up” or “Muck Up” or “Bust Up” Day and was traditionally a day that the 6<sup>th</sup> Formers went wild.



Mr. Judge

### Goggomobil Similar to Mr. Judge’s

When I was in 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> Form the Seniors took the Goggomobil of the Sports Master (Mr. Judge) and placed it on top of an incinerator near the north gate to the school.<sup>21</sup> There it sat about four feet off the ground.

When I was in 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> Form the Seniors took the Goggomobil of the Sports Master (Mr. Judge) and placed it on top of an incinerator near the north gate to the school.<sup>21</sup> There it sat about four feet off the ground.

One of the years before ours, I’m not sure which, someone stole the sign from Richardson Park that said “RICHARDSON PARK” and placed it in front of the main entrance to the school, where Mr. Richardson’s office was located.

In 1967 when I was in 4<sup>th</sup> Form, the 6<sup>th</sup> Formers hit a new level of wildness. They sandbagged the two large quadrangles and filled them with water to a foot or more deep. They also barricaded the doorways to the school with desks and chairs, and changed the locks on some of the doors. This was just what they did the evening before. During the day they also chased us (especially the Juniors) to the playing fields behind the school and if they caught any of us, we ended up in the mud (they were already muddy themselves). Needless to say, the staff was not happy with the 6<sup>th</sup> Form of 1967. As a result, they greatly curtailed the activities of the class of 1968, which was the one in front of us (Ross Johnson’s class), which had a relatively calm Break Up Day (although Ross says they were a well-behaved year, so it probably would have been calm anyway).

However, our year decided that it was time to ramp it up again, and we planned our Break Up for days beforehand. Our official Break Up Day was Thursday, 16<sup>th</sup> October 1969. That same week, just before Break Up Day, the 6<sup>th</sup> Formers held an impromptu concert in the school hall. I did not participate and do not remember any of it other than it was funny. One act from the concert is described in the Appendix titled *Stories from Schoolmates*.

The day before Break Up Day was Sports Day, so we took off from sports in the afternoon and started our break-up activities a day early. We had stocked up with dozens of flour bombs that we had made (flour in paper bags). We put them in the boot of my mother’s car, which I drove to school.

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<sup>21</sup> My friends and I nearly all have different recollections about this incident. A couple of us think the car was a Mini Cooper, and some think it belonged to the English Master Mr. Judd or perhaps Mr. Allen, the German Master. Also the location – it was possibly in a tree, stuck between trees on bricks next to the incinerator, or on the veranda of a portable classroom near the North Gate. When I gave my speech to the Old Boys’ Association in August 2015, I made an appeal to the audience that if everyone participated in that event or remembered it to please talk to me afterwards. About five men did, and they all had a different version, all of which occurred before my time. Apparently this was a regular occurrence that first happened in 1953 from what I could gather. At least one time they moved the car sideways so it was lodged tightly between two trees. I never found anyone who was responsible for the time I witnessed.

A group of boys from Tech High in a couple of cars drove over and parked at the intersection on Young St. next to the southern side our school, where they bombarded us with rotten fruit that they had gotten at the fruit market. We used my mother's car as cover. We retaliated with flour bombs. They eventually drove off when they had run out of ammunition. Young Street and part of the school grounds were a mess of flour and rotten fruit. Unfortunately, so was my mother's car, as it was covered in rotten fruit. So we drove over to Hunter Girls' High. We asked Margaret and her friends to help us wash the car, which they did. We filled up some garbage cans with water and washed the car down. Unfortunately, right then another group of Seniors from Tech High pulled up and bombarded us with flour bombs before taking off. The car was still wet, and thanks to the flour bombs, the car ended up covered in paste. We finally gave up and took the car to a car wash.

The next day was overcast and cool and I left at 6 a.m. to go to school, driving my mother's car. I had mixed up a batch of my own special smoke powder and brought it in a gallon ice cream tin. I also bought a couple of nautical smoke flares (they had wooden handles for holding and looked a lot like German stick grenade). We were all dressed appropriately (i.e., no school uniforms). We had put hoses of water onto the field (paddock) behind the school to make big mud pools, into which we enjoyed pulling each other and any Juniors we could find. This activity was made much more enjoyable when a group of 6<sup>th</sup> Formers from Girls' High joined us in the mud pools. After we were done, we took turns washing ourselves off using the hoses and bubblers by the field. There was no shortage of volunteers to help wash off the girls.

In the area in front of the bike shed and near the labs I set off my gallon tin of smoke powder. Unlike my rocket propellant, this was designed to be very slow burning. Soon a huge cloud of smoke enveloped the southern half of the school and went over Turton Road, bring traffic to a standstill. It was much more effective than I expected – I had produced a very effective smoke screen.

The boys of my year then decided it was time to rampage through the school. One boy rode a motorbike through it. Most of us entered through the northwest door of the main building and went up the stairwell to the upper storey. Some of the boys in front had water pistols full of perfume or cologne and they squirted the obnoxious liquid into the classrooms of younger boys as they passed. I was right at the end of the pack of 6<sup>th</sup> Formers and decided to light off one of my smoke flares and leave a trail of yellow smoke as we ran through the school. I was holding it like an Olympic torch as I ran up the stairs following the rest of the 6<sup>th</sup> Formers, leaving a trail of dense yellow smoke behind me. All of a sudden, everyone in front of me had turned around and was headed back towards me, meaning that I was now at the head of the column and all my mates would be running through the dense smoke trail I was leaving. When we got outside everyone was coughing (I had to go back through my own previous smoke as well) and I discarded the smoke flare, which continued to burn and smoke. Now the northern end of the school and more of Turton Road and surrounding roads were also covered in smoke. By now the whole school was filled with smoke and had to be evacuated, due to a combination of my smoke powder and the smoke flare. A fire brigade station was near the school, but the fire trucks were unable to get out for a while since the smoke was too dense!

I retreated back to behind the school and was walking between the Assembly Hall and the PE building heading to the car when I saw Mr. Maiden (his nickname was "Virg"),

the Deputy Headmaster come around the corner of the Assembly Hall. He waved me over, and said, “Sorensen, I’m very disappointed in you.” I apologized to him for the smoke screen – it turned out to be a lot worse than I expected. I don’t know how he knew that I was responsible – either he saw me do it or he knew that I was the one that made rockets and put two and two together.

There was obviously nothing left to do at the school. It was evacuated and probably police and the fire brigade were on the way, so my mates and I got into our cars and drove off. We went over to Hunter Girls’ High where we picked up my girlfriend Margaret, and a couple of her friends. They had recovered from the battle we had with the Tech High boys the previous day and their own (milder) Breakup Day activities. We drove to a fountain in Merewether and put washing detergent into it to make a lot of foam and bubbles. I don’t remember what else we did after that, other than going home and cleaning up. The next day the week of studying for the HSC began.

In 2010 at the Old Boys’ Association Annual Banquet, Russell Cheek was the guest speaker. During an otherwise brilliant speech (excerpts of which are in Appendix H), he had the following to say about me and what happened on Breakup Day:

*On muck-up day, Trev Sorensen and the nerd herd<sup>22</sup> finally repaid our years of faith in them. Their smoke bomb snaked like a Steven King novel, right through the whole science block.*

*Buoyed by his triumph and wanting to consolidate, mild-mannered Trevor, now badly off the leash, stormed like a Banshee through the school, emergency flare in hand.*

*The school was evacuated. Even the science teachers were secretly impressed and asked for his formula. So they should have – Trevor ended up being a top aerospace engineer for NASA in the United States...*

### **Cabaret (24<sup>th</sup> November, 1969)**

High schools in Australia did not have proms as they did in America. However, the week after our final HSC exams on the Monday night our 6<sup>th</sup> Form had a Cabaret (aka “Formal”). We rented a hall (The Princeton on Lindsay Street, Hamilton), a live band for dancing, and of course, food (we were teenagers, after all). Everyone dressed up (although the boys wore suits and ties rather than tuxedos, while the girls wore nice dresses, but not gowns).

At the time I was dating Margaret Pullar, who was in 6<sup>th</sup> Form at Hunter Girls’ High, so naturally I asked her to go with me to the Cabaret about a month or so before it was scheduled. Unfortunately, she had already accepted an invitation by her



**Mr. Maiden**



**Margaret Pullar**  
November 1969

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<sup>22</sup> “The nerd herd”??? I was surprised at this statement and again when I spoke with several former classmates at the 69er reunion in 2012 and discovered that I was considered a nerd (although we did not use that term back then). I always thought I was pretty cool and just happened to be interested in rocket science as well as girls, surfing, and rock music. It was probably lack of sports that contributed to the reputation.

good friend, Rodger Sanderson, who was in Class 6B. This was before she started dating me in late September. I really wanted to go to the Cabaret, so I decided to ask the girl that I had had a crush on for a couple of years, Judy Meers of Nelson Bay. She was 16 and attended Raymond Terrace High School. I knew that I liked her more than she liked me, so I was not hopeful when I rang her up and asked her. I was surprised when she eagerly accepted. I was told later by her friend that Judy thought it was a great honour to be asked to attend a function of NBHS, although she did assure me later that she liked me as well.

On the evening of the 24<sup>th</sup> I drove my dad's car to Merewether, where Judy was staying with a family friend, Judy Moore. We went to the Cabaret and had a great time, although it seemed strange to be dancing with Judy and seeing Margaret there dancing with someone else. When I drove Judy home and dropped her off, I took a couple of photos of her to remember her by, not knowing when or if I would see her again. However, I did see her once more in March 1982 when I visited Australia as a TV consultant for the third Shuttle flight.



**Judy Meers After Cabaret**  
24<sup>th</sup> November 1969

### **How I Came to Love the Bomb (1969)**

It was common in those days for the manufacturers of breakfast cereals to put small toys or other objects in boxes of cereal to cause kids to try and convince their parents to buy the cereal, then eat it up as fast as possible so that they had to buy another box to get another toy. Of course there were usually several toys in the series and you never knew which one was in the box until you bought and opened it. It was almost like Christmas every time Mum would buy a box. I wanted to dig into it to retrieve the toy in a cellophane wrapper at the bottom of the box. My favourite series was a set of U.S. Navy waterline ships made out of soft blue-grey plastic between about two and six inches in length. Included in the series that I can remember were: an Iowa-class battleship, aircraft carrier, destroyer, torpedo boat, and submarine.

Over the years I collected quite a fleet, which I enjoyed playing with when I was younger. By the time I was 18 I never played with these ships any more. I also knew that I would be leaving Australia soon and couldn't take all my old toys with me – so I thought of a fun way to get rid of my fleet.

One day I decided it was time to have a nuclear war with my fleet on the concrete behind our house, so some of my friends (including Colin Taylor and John Farrell) and I set the fleet out in a formation with a pile of my zinc dust and sulphur rocket propellant in the centre of the fleet. On top of the propellant I put a small pile of potassium permanganate. Using an eye dropper I put a few drops of glycerine on this pile. After a few seconds it started to smoulder and smoke. Then it burst into flame. The flame set off the rocket propellant, which produced a marvellous mushroom cloud that grew to about eight feet high. At the bottom of the mushroom cloud was a column of white and yellow flame. It looked just like the films I had seen of nuclear explosions. When the smoke

dissipated, the centre of the fleet was a molten mass and the outlying ships were melted and on fire.

However, we were not done yet. I had a Luger water pistol that I had filled with petrol. I then did strafing runs over the burning fleet. When I squirted the petrol, a stream of flame (just like a flamethrower) went from the end of the pistol onto the remaining ships, causing them to burn even more fiercely. It was great fun, but VERY dangerous! In fact, at one point the flames went onto the water pistol, which I promptly threw into a bucket of water we kept as a precaution. Luckily I got rid of it before the pistol exploded and I was unhurt. I might point out that my parents were not at home at the time, or they would have been upset (to put it mildly). After it was all over and there were just blackened puddles of melted plastic left, I did feel a bit sad because I no longer had my fleet. But what a way to go!



**Aircraft Carrier**



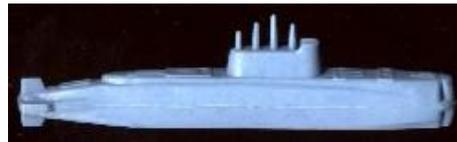
**Battleship**



**Destroyer**



**Torpedo Boat**



**Submarine**

## **Wargaming and The Battle of Pflaumbach**

As long as I can remember, at least since before Kindergarten, I liked toy soldiers and playing war. As I grew older, I did less playing war (i.e., pretending to be soldiers and battling with my friends, usually outdoors) and more wargaming (strategic games using miniature soldiers, tanks, etc.). While in Primary School I went up to Taree one summer to spend a week or two with my 3<sup>rd</sup> cousin, Malcolm Peisker. His father and my mother were first cousins. We bought some little HO scale Airfix soldiers – World War II Afrika Korps (German) and British soldiers. We arranged them in the garden at his house and then planted Tom Thumb firecrackers (individual ones that were taken off the string) amongst the soldiers. When this was accomplished, we ignited the firecrackers and were delighted when they exploded like artillery shells, sending bodies of soldiers and dirt flying through the air.

This episode got me interested in Airfix figures, so when I got home I bought some of my own. I got a board of plywood about two feet long and one foot wide. I glued some blocks of wood on the mounting board and then covered them with wire mesh from window screens. This formed the contours of a mountain (hill). I then mixed up and coated the wire mesh with paper mache, making various caves, ledges, trenches, etc. in the process. When dry, I painted it rock grey. I thoroughly enjoyed many hours of play with my German and British figures (each was about an inch tall) on this diorama. I used this diorama until it finally deteriorated a few years later, by which time we were making the large and elaborate miniature landscape known as Pflaumbach.

The paper mache landscape I just described was made during Primary School. In High School several of my friends also became interested in wargaming. We decided to build a miniature landscape under my house in Turner St. At this point it I should probably describe the layout of the underneath of my house. The house was on a hill with the front of the house towards the top (Turner St. ran along the crest of the hill). We had a single storey house, but due to the slope of the ground, by the time you got to the back of the house it was essentially a two-storey house. The lower level was an enclosed basement, where in one room Mum had her laundry, I had my chemistry set, and we had a small library (bookcases). In the other room (most of the basement) my dad had his workshop. Once you left the workshop through a door headed towards the front of the house, you left the enclosed area and entered the open area where the concrete piles or stilts supported the house. The farther forward you went, the lower the space became until it disappeared at the front of the house. Just outside of the door from the workshop it was still well over six feet high. This is where we built our miniature landscape. Although it was exposed to the outside air, it was protected from the rain and most of the wind and gave us plenty of room as well.

To make the landscape we bought two 4 ft x 8 ft sheets of plywood and joined them together to make an 8ft x 8ft board. I had learned my lesson about the lack of durability of paper mache, so this landscape was made of Plaster of Paris. We used blocks and wire mesh to form the hills, but we made elaborate pillboxes (with removal roofs) made of Plaster of Paris as well. Several of my friends helped me with the building of the board, while some built the miniature houses out of balsa wood (some with removable roofs or floors to show inner rooms). They were true works of art. The best builders among my friends were Phillip Archer and Russell Cheek, although Steven Dumpleton also did a good job. I did most of the Plaster of Paris landscaping and painting. For the creek

running across the landscape I used aluminium foil painted in shades of blue. We also made “dragon’s teeth” anti-tank obstacles out of Plaster of Paris using a mold that we made. Trees and grass were from model railway supplies. Barbed wire fences were made from matchsticks broken in half with brown thread joining them.

So, how did we come up with the name of Pflaumbach for our landscape, or more correctly the name of the village in the middle of the landscape? The plywood board we bought had the name “Plum Creek” printed on it, and because this was supposed to be a village in Bavaria, we thought it should have a German name and “Pflaume Bach” is “Plum Creek” in German. The landscape was finished in 1969 during my last year of high school (it took about three years to build), and my friends and I fought the Battle of Pflaumbach there in November, 1969 after we finished high school and shortly before I left Australia. On the German side were myself, Phillip Archer, Colin Taylor, and John Groom. On the Allied side were Johns Masters, Leo Pinczewski, and Steven Dumpleton. The umpires were John Farrell and Russell Cheek. We completed 15 moves in the game.

Who won the Battle of Pflaumbach? That’s a good question. The Allies had captured most of the village when the Germans launched their counterattack. Unfortunately, we never finished because we had to disassemble the board in preparation for my family’s move to America. The Pflaumbach photography was done by Russell Cheek.

Although the Allied losses were greater, that was expected since they were attacking a fortified position, but their strength was initially greater. The battle could have gone either way. We decided to call it a draw.

To quote one of my wargaming friends, Steven Dumpleton:

*“Pflaumbach is a tickle of agony on the blue belly of the universe!”*

Half the game board was put under Colin Taylor’s house and the other went to Russell Cheek’s house. I kept most of the German soldiers and tanks, although most of the boys claimed what they had bought or built. The boards have long since disappeared (in fact, neither Colin nor Russell remembers receiving their halves of the board).

A few years after high school (Dec. 1973) I received a letter from John Masters. He told me that wargaming had become very popular in Newcastle with “*...local associations growing up and regular exhibitions held weekly in town.*” There were at least three English magazines on the subject available in local newsagencies, which allowed him to keep abreast of the hobby, even though he didn’t have time to participate. John wrote, “*I guess we can look upon ourselves as pioneers in the field in Newcastle!*” That is the second area where we can say that, along with amateur rocketry.

### How the Nuns Came to Fight the Germans in Pflaumbach

About a year before we completely finished the landscape, I wanted to try doing an animated battle scene using stop-motion photography. I think it was John Farrell who helped me with this. I used my dad’s 8mm movie camera on a tripod. He gave us some spare movie film that someone had given him. We set up a group of soldiers with tanks, and exposed a single frame of the movie. Then we moved each object slightly and took another frame. We did enough frames to take several seconds’ worth of battle. When the film arrived back from being developed we put it on the projector with great anticipation. We were in for a surprise. It turns out that the film we used had already been exposed. Imagine our surprise when we saw the animation of our battle superimposed with a group

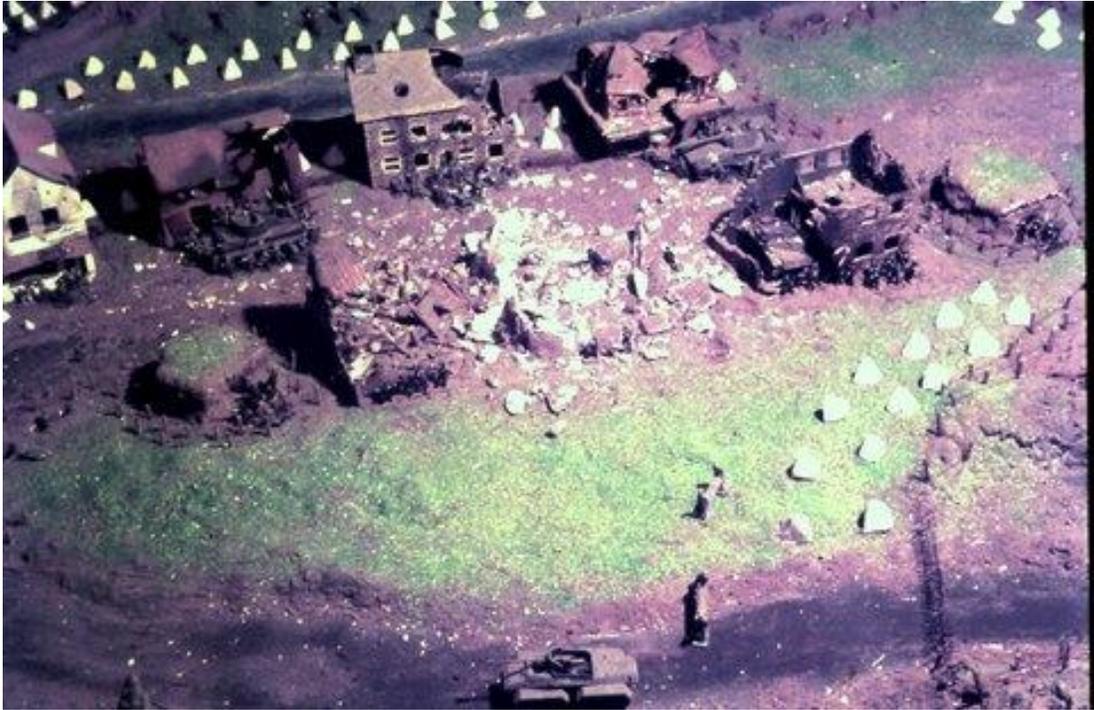
of walking nuns! This is how the nuns came to fight the Germans in Pflaumbach. We had documentary evidence of it!



**View of the Village of Pflaumbach used for Miniature Wargaming**



**View of the Village of Pflaumbach from the Mountain Road**



**View of the Village of Pflaumebach at the Start of the Battle of Pflaumebach**



**View from Inside the of Village of Pflaumebach**



**The Allies Attack! Note mixture of French troops with Soviet & US Armour**



**Germans Ready to Defend to the Death**

### **Farewell Party (1969)**

After the HSC exams and shortly before I left for America, my friends, mostly from the Zion's League, held a surprise farewell party for me at the home of Ian and Judith Blaydon at Eleebana on the shores of Lake Macquarie. It was supposed to be a regular Zion's League event. I drove my dad's car and gave rides to Phil Archer, his girlfriend Joanne Cooper, and John Groom. My girlfriend, Margaret Pullar, was at the party. I didn't know she was coming – that was part of the surprise. She had told me that she was busy that night and couldn't go to Zion's League with me. We had a good time and my friends gave me going-away presents. The only presents I remember are an address book (I've forgotten who gave this to me, but it came with a strong hint about writing) and a wind-up travel alarm clock from Russell Cheek (both of which I still have). Along with my school-age friends, one of my favourite adults, Kevin Wall, was also there.



Front L-R: **Helen Foster, John Groom, Russell Cheek, Cathy Masterson**  
Center L-R: **Gregor & Audrey Dickinson, Suzanne Arnall, Ross Johnson, Trevor, Margaret Pullar, Jane Pearson, John Farrell**  
Back L-R: **Lyndal Gould, Judith Blaydon, Colin Taylor, David Manning, Jule Dickinson, Steven Dumbleton, Terry Wall, John Masters, Lynn Wall, unknown, Merilyne Stewart**

The guests at the party signed a farewell card for me (which I still have) with the exception of Phil and Joanne, who were making out in my dad's car most of the time. That explains why they aren't in the group photo. They continued to make out very

heavily in the back seat of the car while I drove them and John Groom (who was in the front with me) home. The friends I know who attended my party were: Ross Johnson, David Manning, Gregor and Audrey Dickinson, Jule Dickinson, Margaret Pullar, Jane Pearson, Steven Dumpleton, Russell Cheek, John Farrell, John Masters, John Groom, Helen Foster, Cathy Masterson, Colin Taylor, Suzanne Arnall, Michael Wall, Terry Wall, Lynn Wall, Noel Stewart, Merilyne Stewart, Suzanne Milford, Lyndal Gould, Kevin Wall, Ian and Judith Blaydon, Rhonda Heslop, Paul Battle, Phillip Archer, and Joanne Cooper.

At the time it didn't sink in that in a few days I would be leaving for America and would not see some of these friends again, and for others it would be at least several years before I saw them.



**Steven Dumpleton, Russell Cheek,  
Suzanne Milford**



**John Groom, John Masters,  
Merilyne Stewart, Terry Wall**



**Phil Archer and Joanne Cooper**



**Ross Johnson and David Manning**



**Bonzer Mates! At Newcastle Civic Park after HSC exams in Nov. 1969.**  
L to R: Phillip Archer, Russell Cheek, Jeff Hogg, Colin Taylor

## **My Years at NBHS – Closing Thoughts**

Thinking back over my years in high school I must say that I enjoyed it very much and am really glad I went to Newcastle Boys' High School. They were some of the best years of my life. NBHS was a selective school and one of the top schools in the state. We received a first class education there. I was dux in Primary School, and although I sometimes came first in some subjects, I never topped my year at Boys' High. Being in the top class of a selective school caused me to try harder to succeed because the competition was so intense. I didn't realize it, but the same was true for the boys in the lower classes. One of my friends sent me the following message after reading an early draft of this chapter:

*I never had the intellect to join you blokes in the A classes, however I always looked in awe at your achievements and marks. It was like the dog chasing the car; the dog never got there, but was certainly extended in the chase. There is no doubt that the top classes drew the other classes to a higher level, and it is with great pride that I can say "I went to Boys High" and graduated from Newcastle University.*

I never looked down at the boys in the lower classes, and in fact, was usually in awe of those who could play sports, at which I was hopeless.

I also made some wonderful friends who are still my dear friends after more than 45 years. Of course at the time, and especially as I grew older, I wished that we had girls in our school, although now I must admit that I think it helped me academically to not have the distractions of girls and probably resulted in fewer problems overall. I hope I have been able to capture and relate in this tale what it was like to be a boy in high school in the 1960s as well as some of the wonderful experiences I remember.

## Appendix A – Glossary: Australian – American Translations

Note: These are from total memoirs and not all may appear in this chapter

<b>Australian</b>	<b>American</b>
bonnet (car)	hood
boot (car)	trunk
bubbler	drinking or water fountain
budgerigar/budgie	parakeet
bush	forest/scrub land
chips	French Fries
dinner	main meal of the day
fag	cigarette
footpath	sidewalk
full stop	period (punctuation)
jumper	sweater
lift	elevator
lolly/lollies	candy
lorry	truck
lounge room	living room
manual (car gearbox)	standard (car transmission)
nappy	diaper
potato crisps	potato chips
rubber	eraser
serviette	napkin
shout	treat
skite	brag
supper	evening snack
sweets	dessert; candy
swimmers	swimming trunks; swimsuit
tea	dinner (evening meal)
torch	flashlight
tucker	food
tuckshop	canteen (food)
waddy	stick, cane
windscreen	windshield

## Appendix B – My Class Photos



**Back Row:** David Cocking, Jeff Bower, Trevor Sorensen, Russell Cooper, Bruce Miller, Jeff Richards, Peter Swiney, Ian Goodenough, Russell Cheek  
**3rd Row:** Stewart Bruyn, Steven Hatherell, Paul Percy, John Beach, Frans Henskens, Doug Davies, Robert Wilkinson, Steven Dumpleton, Bruce Burke, Philip Hicks  
**2nd Row:** Raymond Armstrong, Ross Dunstan, Jeff Hogg, John Groom, Glenn Holmes, Chris Dibley, Brian Powell, John Masters, Ken Hull, Tony Meech  
**Front Row:** Michael Hannaford, Philip Hough, Peter Hawkins, John Farrell, Phillip Archer, Leo Pinczewski, Philip Paterson, Clive Watkins, John Peady  
**Absent:** Colin Taylor, Fred Flanagan



**Back Row:** Russell Cooper, Trevor Sorensen, Jeff Richards, Stephen Bland, Bruce Miller, David Parker, David Cocking, Doug Davies, Ian Goodenough  
**3rd Row:** Steven Hatherell, Bruce Burke, James Finnie, John Beach, Greg Millin, Stephen Mackie, Peter Swiney, Bryan Hunter, Chris Dibley, Steven Dumpleton  
**2nd Row:** Philip Paterson, Ross Dunstan, John Masters, Russell Cheek, Joseph Zygmuntowicz, Frans Henskens, Stewart Bruyn, John Groom, Glenn Holmes, Colin Taylor  
**Front Row:** John Peady, Leo Pinczewski, Raymond Armstrong, Michael Rowland, Jeff Hogg, John Farrell, Philip Hough, Michael Hannaford, Clive Watkins  
**Absent:** Phillip Archer

## Appendix B – My Class Photos (cont.)



**Back Row:** Warwick Lawson, David Cocking, Russell Cooper, Trevor Sorensen, Phillip A. Graham, Bruce Miller, Ian Goodenough, Peter Swiney, Greg Millin  
**3rd Row:** Tom Lawrie, Chris Dibley, Stephen Mackie, Greg Meagher, Glenn Faulds, Robert Wilkinson, Frans Henskens, Steven Dumpleton, Russell Cheek, Mr. George Southern  
**2nd Row:** Philip Hough, Stewart Bruyn, Philip Paterson, Glenn Holmes, John Masters, Jeff Hogg, Raymond Armstrong, John Farrell, Clive Watkins  
**Front Row:** Leo Pinczewski, Michael Hannaford, Michael Rowland, Ken Hull, Colin Taylor, Ross Dunstan, Mark Daly, Robert Greenwood  
**Teacher:** George Southern



**Back Row:** Stephen Jordan, Russell Cooper, Bruce Miller, Phillip A. Graham, Ian Smith, Bill Keats, David Bowden, Robert Campbell  
**Middle Row:** Philip Brockbank, Paul Colditz, Peter Lawrence, Robert Wilkinson, Trevor Sorensen, Jeff Richards, Andrew Berry, Graeme Hurrell, Fred Flanagan  
**Front Row:** Michael Rowland, Peter Brown, Ken Hull, Greg Jopson, Russell Cheek, James Finnie, Philip Hough, John Farrell, David Van Homrigh

## Appendix B – My Class Photos (cont.)



**Back Row:** Trevor Sorensen, Peter Swiney, Phillip Graham, Ross Staines, Russell Cooper, Frans Henskens, Ian Goodenough, David Williamson  
**Middle Row:** Ross Dunstan, Leo Pinczewski, Glenn Faulds, Graeme Hurrell, David Cocking, Robert Wilkinson, Cliff Wright, James Burt, Michael Hannaford  
**Front Row:** Chris Dibley, Stephen Mackie, Mark Daly, Stewart Bruyn, Bill Keats, Bruce Miller, Keven Sweeney, Jeff Richards, Clive Watkins  
**Absent:** Keven Torpey



**Back Row:** David Williamson, Stewart Bruyn, Bill Keats, Frans Henskens, Ross Staines, Russell Cooper, Phillip Graham, Bruce Miller, Keven Sweeney  
**Middle Row:** Keven Torpey, Stephen Mackie, James Burt, Trevor Sorensen, Graeme Hurrell, Clive Watkins, David Cocking, Glenn Faulds, Ross Dunstan, Mark Daly  
**Front Row:** Chris Dibley, Michael Hannaford, Cliff Wright, Robert Wilkinson, Leo Pinczewski, Peter Swiney, Ian Goodenough, Jeff Richards

## Appendix C – Boys in 6<sup>th</sup> Form, 1969

This list is taken from the school magazine (yearbook), *The Novocastrian*

### Departing Sixth Form – 1969

#### 6A

BRUYN, S.  
BURT, J.  
COCKING, D.  
COOPER, R.  
DALY, M.  
DIBLEY, C.  
DUNSTAN, R.  
FAULDS, G.  
GOODENOUGH, I.  
GRAHAM, P.  
HANNAFORD, M.  
HENSKENS, F.  
HURRELL, G.  
KEATS, W.  
MACKIE, S.  
MILLER, I.  
PINCZEWSKI, L.  
RICHARDS, J.  
SORENSEN, T.  
STAINES, R.  
SWEENEY, K.  
SWINEY, P.  
TORPEY, K.  
WATKINS, C.  
WILKINSON, R.  
WILLIAMSON, D.  
WRIGHT, C.

#### 6B

BEACH, J.  
BEDDOE, J.  
CONNORS, N.  
FRASER, R.  
GEARY, P.  
GILES, R.  
HARDMAN, W.  
HARRISON, M.  
HENDERSON, J.  
HOBSON, P.  
HONSON, G.  
HOPKINS, G.  
JELENICH, L.  
LEWIS, J.  
MIERENDORFF, N.  
NEADER, S.  
NORRIS, G.  
O'HEARN, P.  
PEADY, J.  
REGENT, P.  
SIMM, G.  
SMITH, P.  
SYMES, D.  
TODHUNTER, S.

#### 6C

ARMSTRONG, R.  
CAMPBELL, C.  
CAMPBELL, Robert A.  
DAVIDSON, A.  
DUMPLETON, S.  
FARRELL, J.  
FINNIE, J.  
FLANAGAN, F.  
GREENWOOD, R.  
HILL, G.  
HOLMES, N.  
HOUGH, P.  
HULL, K.  
HUMPHRIS-CLARK, P.  
JOPSON, G.  
JORDAN, S.  
LAWRIE, T.  
LAWSON, W.  
MASTERS, J.  
MEAGHER, G.  
PARKER, D.  
PERCY, P.  
ROWLAND, M.  
WALKER, P.

#### 6D

ARCHER, P.  
BALL, D.  
BOWDEN, D.  
ELSLEY, B.  
ESHMAN, W.  
GROOM, J.  
HATHERALL, S.  
HICKS, P.  
HOFMAN, K.  
HUDSON, L.  
JACH, E.  
LODER, P.  
OUGHTON, P.

#### 6E

ADAMS, M.  
BAILEY, J.  
BLAND, C.  
BROCKBANK, P.  
BROWN, P.  
BULL, J.  
CAMPBELL, Raymond  
CHECINSKI, D.  
CHEEK, R.  
COLDITZ, P.  
DAWSON, R.  
JENKINS, J.

KEANE, M.  
KINSELLA, C.  
MALONEY, T.  
MILLWARD, W.  
REAY, R.  
SCOTT, P.  
SNEDDON, W.  
THORPE, I.  
VAN HOMRIGH, D.

#### 6AH

BALL, W.  
BURKE, B.  
CLARKE, J.  
COLE, D.  
CUMMINGS, R.  
EDWARDS, H.  
GRANDIDGE, R.  
HAMILTON, J.  
HOGG, J.  
HUNTER, B.  
JARVIS, D.  
KELLY, J.  
LAYMAN, J.  
ORMEROD, D.  
PATERSON, P.  
PEFFER, J.  
PRYDE, R.  
ROONEY, A.  
SMITH, J. M.  
SNEDDON, G.  
TAYLOR, C.

#### 6Ec

BRAMBLE, W.  
CARTER, G.  
DAVIS, G.  
GARIS, J.  
GILHOLME, S.  
GILMOUR, G.  
HAWKINS, P.  
HOWLETT, P.  
JONES, G.  
McCARTHY, B.  
PARROT, G.  
RAFTY, G.  
RYAN, D.  
SANDERSON, R.  
SKINNER, S.  
TATE, B.  
WRIGHT, D.  
WURTH, J.  
ZYGMENTOWICZ, J.

## Appendix D – Poetry and School Song

This poem was written as an assignment in my 2<sup>nd</sup> Form English Class at NBHS

### Space Flight - 1965

With a mighty roar and a searing flame  
Cape Kennedy was scorched again  
As a mighty Atlas rose to fly  
Up in the dark blue yonder sky.

In the nosecone was an astronaut  
Of a brave creed the nation thought  
But if they could've seen inside  
They'd have seen him wanting to hide.

Everything went well out in space  
The astronaut hoped he'd soon be at base  
And with that thought he pushed button number 10  
Which would make the capsule come down again.

The capsule came down with a terrific splash  
It was lucky, said the astronaut, that it didn't crash  
For if it had I'd have been a mangled mess  
And the country would be a brave man less.

Back on Earth in the giant blockhouse  
Everything was quieter than a mouse  
Except for the clattering of the scientists' nails  
As they watched on the radar the tracking planes' trails.

And at last they got the report  
The capsule's damage was naught  
And the astronaut was alive and well  
Although he had a peculiar smell.

The nation celebrated that night  
For the man who had gone on a spaceflight  
But he could not join them with even a toot  
Because he had got stuck in his space suit!

## Appendix D – Poetry and School Song (cont.)

### Newcastle Boys' High School (Sung to the tune of John Peel)

#### Official Version

Smith House boys here's a song for you,  
Hunter and Hannell, and Shortland too,  
Sing it as our fathers sang it, loud and true,  
As they climbed up the hill in the morning.

#### *Chorus*

Yes when we're gone in the years far ahead,  
When the last game's played and the last lesson said,  
The name of the school will awaken from the dead,  
The memories of many a morning.

Serving straight in a hard fought match,  
Sprinting for the tape or a puzzling catch,  
The 'blues' from the limit man to the scratch,  
Will still do their best night and morning.

#### *Chorus*

Yes when we're gone ...

Remis Velisque's the motto for all  
And our hearts once again will still hear it call,  
When the muscles are stiff that once toed the ball,  
Or climbed up the hill in the morning.

#### *Chorus*

Yes when we're gone ...

## Appendix D – Poetry and School Song (cont.)

### Unofficial Version (Written by Frans Henskens?<sup>23</sup>)

A song I'll sing of a school I knew  
That was led by an eagle and his Maiden crew  
That had beer laid on from a Latin Keg  
And a music teacher with a Molly leg.

#### *Chorus*

Yes when I think of that bloody school,  
And the orders giv'n by that bald old fool,  
I'm tellin' you man that it makes me spew,  
And I hope I chunda over all of you.

One day I walked down a long corridor,  
And was suddenly stopped by a flashing paw,  
As the Pink Panther opening his gaping jaw,  
I was saved by Lightning flashing thro' the door.

#### *Chorus*

Yes when I think of that...

Gentleman Kev here's a word for you...  
You won't catch us as we all shoot through  
to the beach on a Wednesday arvo.  
[Rest missing]

In February 2018 I received the following information from Frans concerning the creation of this song:

*I also have somewhere the complete 'school song' "A song I'll sing of a school I knew, ..." on which I spent much too much time rather than preparing for the HSC. It was typed out for me and then duplicated by the school secretariat in preparation for our year's final assembly – the idea being it would be distributed and sung by the whole school. The pile of copies was stored in the prefect's room, but one of them (Cocking, I believe) 'shared' it with John Robson from whence it made its way to other teachers. I ended up being hauled in to Tom Richardson's office to face Razz ("And there was Razz cracking on to the new assistant"), the PE teacher ("Perkins feeling Giddy in the PE shed") and others who threatened to prevent me sitting the HSC, with libel action, with unching me in the jaw if he ever saw me in the street, etc. After all this, Tom Richardson folded a copy, put it in an envelope, and gave it to me to take home to my father. I hid it in my sock drawer, and when Richardson later asked what my Dad had said I responded he said I was a bad boy. In retrospect I think Richardson saw the humour in the whole thing and managed to diffuse the teachers' anger very well. Apparently, my mother found the*

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<sup>23</sup> In my notebook from high school in which this version appears it says that Frans wrote it.

*envelope years later, and without saying a word about its non-delivery included it (with the note from Richardson) in a box of stuff she gave me from my old bedroom, which is why I still have it.*

## Appendix E – List of My Teachers at NBHS

### NBHS

<p><u>1<sup>st</sup> Form (1964)</u>            English – Jackson            Maths – Maehl            Science – Wilmott            Social Studies – Ashton            French – Goffet            Latin – McCrae            German – Caldwell            Woodwork – Hunter &amp; Grainger            Art – Miss Stokes            Music – Mrs. Hindmarsh            P.E. – Schmierer &amp; Laffey</p>	<p><u>2<sup>nd</sup> Form (1965)</u>            English – Van der Veen            Maths – Southern            Science – Dobinson            History – Rooney            Geography – Whalen            German – Jackson            Art – Mrs. Shield            Music – Mrs. Hindmarsh            P.E. – Schmierer &amp; Laffey</p>
<p><u>3<sup>rd</sup> Form (1966)</u>            English – Van der Veen            Maths – Southern            Science – Dobinson            History – Guy            Geography – Whalen            German – Cruickshank            Art – Mrs. Shield            P.E. – Schmierer &amp; Laffey</p>	<p><u>4<sup>th</sup> Form (1967)</u>            English – Rooney            Maths – Southern            Science – Dobinson            History – Holliday            Geography – Whalen            German – Cruickshank</p>
<p><u>5<sup>th</sup> Form (1968)</u>            English – O’Donoghue &amp; Kerr            Maths – Stevens            Physics – Mudford            Chemistry – Paterson            Biology - McClelland            German – Allen</p>	<p><u>6<sup>th</sup> Form (1969)</u>            English – Rooney &amp; Holliday            Maths – Stevens &amp; Maehl            Physics – Mudford            Chemistry – Paterson            Biology - Westbrooke            German – Allen</p>







# H.S. CERTIFICATE EXAM. (CONT.)

<p><b>WYONG</b></p> <p>WYONG, N.S.W. (1951) 100 marks</p> <p>1. English 2. Mathematics 3. Science 4. Agriculture 5. Modern History 6. Ancient History 7. Geography 8. Economics 9. French 10. German 11. Latin 12. Greek 13. Italian 14. Spanish 15. Bahasa Indonesia 16. Russian 17. Dutch 18. Hebrew 19. Chinese 20. Japanese 21. Music (Board) 22. Music (A.M.E.B.) 23. Art 24. Industrial Arts 25. Textiles and Design 26. Home Science 27. Sheep Husbandry and Wool Technology 28. Farm Mechanics</p> <p><b>PORT MACQUARIE</b></p> <p>PORT MACQUARIE, N.S.W. (1951) 100 marks</p> <p>1. English 2. Mathematics 3. Science 4. Agriculture 5. Modern History 6. Ancient History 7. Geography 8. Economics 9. French 10. German 11. Latin 12. Greek 13. Italian 14. Spanish 15. Bahasa Indonesia 16. Russian 17. Dutch 18. Hebrew 19. Chinese 20. Japanese 21. Music (Board) 22. Music (A.M.E.B.) 23. Art 24. Industrial Arts 25. Textiles and Design 26. Home Science 27. Sheep Husbandry and Wool Technology 28. Farm Mechanics</p> <p><b>SCONE</b></p> <p>SCONE, N.S.W. (1951) 100 marks</p> <p>1. English 2. Mathematics 3. Science 4. Agriculture 5. Modern History 6. Ancient History 7. Geography 8. Economics 9. French 10. German 11. Latin 12. Greek 13. Italian 14. Spanish 15. Bahasa Indonesia 16. Russian 17. Dutch 18. Hebrew 19. Chinese 20. Japanese 21. Music (Board) 22. Music (A.M.E.B.) 23. Art 24. Industrial Arts 25. Textiles and Design 26. Home Science 27. Sheep Husbandry and Wool Technology 28. Farm Mechanics</p> <p><b>BENHAM</b></p> <p>BENHAM, N.S.W. (1951) 100 marks</p> <p>1. English 2. Mathematics 3. Science 4. Agriculture 5. Modern History 6. Ancient History 7. Geography 8. Economics 9. French 10. German 11. Latin 12. Greek 13. Italian 14. Spanish 15. Bahasa Indonesia 16. Russian 17. Dutch 18. Hebrew 19. Chinese 20. Japanese 21. Music (Board) 22. Music (A.M.E.B.) 23. Art 24. Industrial Arts 25. Textiles and Design 26. Home Science 27. Sheep Husbandry and Wool Technology 28. Farm Mechanics</p> <p><b>SINGLETON</b></p> <p>SINGLETON, N.S.W. (1951) 100 marks</p> <p>1. English 2. Mathematics 3. Science 4. Agriculture 5. Modern History 6. Ancient History 7. Geography 8. Economics 9. French 10. German 11. Latin 12. Greek 13. Italian 14. Spanish 15. Bahasa Indonesia 16. Russian 17. Dutch 18. Hebrew 19. Chinese 20. Japanese 21. Music (Board) 22. Music (A.M.E.B.) 23. Art 24. Industrial Arts 25. Textiles and Design 26. Home Science 27. Sheep Husbandry and Wool Technology 28. Farm Mechanics</p> <p><b>TAREE</b></p> <p>TAREE, N.S.W. (1951) 100 marks</p> <p>1. English 2. Mathematics 3. Science 4. Agriculture 5. Modern History 6. Ancient History 7. Geography 8. Economics 9. French 10. German 11. Latin 12. Greek 13. Italian 14. Spanish 15. Bahasa Indonesia 16. Russian 17. Dutch 18. Hebrew 19. Chinese 20. Japanese 21. Music (Board) 22. Music (A.M.E.B.) 23. Art 24. Industrial Arts 25. Textiles and Design 26. Home Science 27. Sheep Husbandry and Wool Technology 28. Farm Mechanics</p>	<p><b>Russia to join Cook show in Sydney</b></p> <p>SYDNEY, Tuesday.—Russia will be an exhibitor in the Panorama of the Pacific in Sydney this year.</p> <p>The Russian Embassy confirmed the entry today with the Curator Cook Bicentenary Colonization Citizens' Committee, which is organizing the Panorama.</p> <p>Russian officials will visit Sydney in the next few days.</p> <p>The Russian Embassy has given no indication of the nature of Russia's exhibit.</p> <p>The Chairman of the Bicentenary Colonization Citizens' Committee, Mr. J. J. Cook, said that the Russian exhibit would be a "showcase of the life and work of the Pacific."</p> <p>Mr. J. J. Cook said that the Russian exhibit would be a "showcase of the life and work of the Pacific."</p> <p>Mr. J. J. Cook said that the Russian exhibit would be a "showcase of the life and work of the Pacific."</p>
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**Bonn talks turkey in Europe**

"Herald" Service

BERLIN, Jan. 6.—If the new year sees as much political change as the old one, 1950 is bound to be fascinating for Germany.

The division of the country into two states is expected to be completed by the end of the year.

Even internal German politics are expected to be full of interest.

The German people are expected to be full of interest.

The German people are expected to be full of interest.

**LAS VEGAS ON RHINE PLAN**

RENN, Jan. 6 (Herald)—A.A.P. Reuter.—A "Las Vegas on the Rhine" is being planned by a group of private business men on the vine-clad hills above the sleepy little town of Kaub.

The plan is to build a resort town with a casino, hotels, and other amenities.

The project is expected to be completed by the end of the year.

<p><b>2(2F) 3(2F) 9(1) GS; Sommer-</b></p> <p><b>ville, Susanne. 1(3) 2(3) 3(2S)</b></p> <p><b>5(2) 9(3) 25(2) GS; Soo Percy.</b></p> <p><b>2(3) 24(3); Soos, Christabelle</b></p> <p><b>Elizabeth. 1(2) 2(3) 5(2) 15(3)</b></p> <p><b>23(2) GS; Sorensen, Anne-</b></p> <p><b>Marie. 1(3) 2(2S) 3(2F) 7(2)</b></p> <p><b>8(2); Sorensen, Trevor Charles.</b></p> <p><b>1(2) 2(1) 3(1) 10(1) GS; South-</b></p> <p><b>ern, Jo-Ann Alison. 1(2) 2(3)</b></p> <p><b>8(3) 9(3).</b></p> <p><b>Southgate Jillian Teubes.</b></p>	<p><b>16. Russian</b></p> <p><b>17. Dutch</b></p> <p><b>18. Hebrew</b></p> <p><b>19. Chinese</b></p> <p><b>20. Japanese</b></p> <p><b>21. Music (Board)</b></p> <p><b>22. Music (A.M.E.B.)</b></p> <p><b>23. Art</b></p> <p><b>24. Industrial Arts</b></p> <p><b>25. Textiles and Design</b></p> <p><b>26. Home Science</b></p> <p><b>27. Sheep Husbandry and Wool Technology</b></p> <p><b>28. Farm Mechanics.</b></p>
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**3 qu**

Your house. The W Paint it now, while paints for every out finished—and you

**Hi-Gloss: the time-p**

biggest selling outside enamel in Australia. It brilliant gloss and out weather resistance. Ideal for all outside particularly timber windows, doors and tr

**TAREE**

TAREE, N.S.W. (1951) 100 marks

1. English 2. Mathematics 3. Science 4. Agriculture 5. Modern History 6. Ancient History 7. Geography 8. Economics 9. French 10. German 11. Latin 12. Greek 13. Italian 14. Spanish 15. Bahasa Indonesia 16. Russian 17. Dutch 18. Hebrew 19. Chinese 20. Japanese 21. Music (Board) 22. Music (A.M.E.B.) 23. Art 24. Industrial Arts 25. Textiles and Design 26. Home Science 27. Sheep Husbandry and Wool Technology 28. Farm Mechanics

**SUBJECT KEY**

1. English	16. Russian
2. Mathematics	17. Dutch
3. Science	18. Hebrew
4. Agriculture	19. Chinese
5. Modern History	20. Japanese
6. Ancient History	21. Music (Board)
7. Geography	22. Music (A.M.E.B.)
8. Economics	23. Art
9. French	24. Industrial Arts
10. German	25. Textiles and Design
11. Latin	26. Home Science
12. Greek	27. Sheep Husbandry and Wool Technology
13. Italian	28. Farm Mechanics.
14. Spanish	
15. Bahasa Indonesia	

**GRADES OF RESULTS**

(1) Indicates a pass at First Level.

(2) Indicates a pass at Second Level except in the case of Mathematics and Science.

(2F) Indicates a pass in the Second Level "Full" course in Mathematics or Science.

(2S) Indicates a pass in the Second Level "Short" course in Mathematics and Science.

(3) Indicates a pass at Third Level.

GS Indicates that the candidate has been successful in the General Studies Paper.

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## Appendix G – Other Documents

**DAILY TIME TABLE 1ST TERM**

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
1. F.P.	IF Maths (9)	<del>Language</del> Poetry English (2)	Maths (9)	<del>Poetry</del> English (3)
2. <sup>Russian</sup> German (2)	Chemistry/Physics (2)	M. Maths (9)	<del>Russian</del> <sup>Sutcliffe</sup> German (4)	<del>Russian German (2)</del>
3. { Physics (2) Chemistry (30) RECESS	<sup>beginning</sup> German (2) RECESS	Physics (2)	F.P. RECESS	Physics (2)
4. { Physics (2) Chemistry (30)	M. Maths (2)	M. Maths (9)	Maths (9)	Chemistry (2)
5. IF Physics (2)	Scripture	Chemistry (2)	<sup>Novel</sup> English (2)	Maths (9)
6. Maths (9)	IF Maths (9)	LUNCH	Biology (33)	<sup>Game</sup> English (2)
LUNCH		SPORT	LUNCH	
7. <sup>Language</sup> English (2)	IF Physics (2)		Biology (33)	<sup>Beginner</sup> German (25)
8. Maths (9)	English (2)		<sup>Comics</sup> German (10)	M. Maths (9)

My 6<sup>th</sup> Form Class Time Table

# My Higher School Certificate Exams from 1969

NEW SOUTH WALES

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Department of Education

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1969

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English

SECOND LEVEL

First Paper

*Time allowed—Three hours*

LANGUAGE AND POETRY

Answer *both* questions in part A and *two* questions from part B

Question 1 is worth 20 marks; each other question is worth 15 marks

The answers to the questions attempted in each section are to be returned in separate writing booklets, clearly marked Section A or Section B, on the cover. Each section must be handed up in a separate bundle

Take time to read the paper carefully, to select the questions you wish to answer, and to plan your work

73121—55

## Section A—LANGUAGE

## Answer questions 1 and 2

NOTE: Use a separate writing booklet, clearly marked Section A

1. The following passage was written by Mark Twain after his visit to Australia in 1895. Read it carefully and then answer the questions below.

*Cup Fever*

On the great annual day of sacrifice—the 5th of November, Guy Fawkes's Day—business is suspended over a stretch of land and sea as wide as from New York to San Francisco, and deeper than from the northern lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; and every man and woman, of high degree or low, who can afford the expense, put away their other duties and come. They begin to swarm in by ship and rail a fortnight before the day, and they swarm thicker and thicker day after day, until all the vehicles of transportation are taxed to their uttermost to meet the demands of the occasion, and all hotels and lodgings are bulging outward because of the pressure from within. They come a hundred thousand strong, as all the best authorities say, and they pack the spacious grounds and grandstands and make a spectacle such as is never to be seen in Australasia elsewhere.

It is the "Melbourne Cup" that brings this multitude together. Their clothes have been ordered long ago, at unlimited cost, and without bounds as to beauty and magnificence, and have been kept in concealment until now, for unto this day are they consecrate. I am speaking of the *ladies'* clothes; but one might know that.

And so the grand-stands make a brilliant and wonderful spectacle, a delirium of colour, a vision of beauty. The champagne flows, everybody is vivacious, excited, happy; everybody bets, and gloves and fortunes change hands right along, all the time. Day after day the races go on, and the fun and excitement are kept at white heat; and when each day is done, the people dance all night so as to be fresh for the race in the morning. And at the end of the great week the swarms secure lodgings and transportation for next year, they flock away to their remote homes and count their gains and losses, and order next year's Cup-clothes, and then lie down and sleep two weeks, and get up sorry to reflect that a whole year must be put in somehow or other before they can be wholly happy again.

The Melbourne Cup is the Australasian National Day. It would be difficult to overstate its importance. It overshadows all other holidays and specialized days of whatever sort in that congeries of colonies. Overshadows them? I might almost say it blots them out. Each of them gets attention, but not everybody's; each of them evokes interest, but not everybody's; each of them rouses enthusiasm, but not everybody's; in each case a part of the attention, interest, and enthusiasm is a matter of habit and custom, and another part of it is official and perfunctory. Cup Day, and Cup Day only, commands an attention, and interest, and an enthusiasm which are universal—and spontaneous, not perfunctory. Cup Day is supreme—if has no rival. I can call to mind no specialized annual day, in any country, which can be named by that large name—Supreme. I can call to mind no specialized annual day, in any country, whose approach fires the whole land with a conflagration of conversation and preparation and anticipation and jubilation. No day save this one; but this one does it.

- Write a paragraph on the arrangement of the ideas in this passage.
- How effective is the passage as a piece of reporting? Is it any more than a piece of reporting?
- What impression does the author give of the Australian character?
- What impression of Mark Twain emerges from this account?
- What is the general effect of the passage as a whole? (Is it, for example, solemn; critical; matter-of-fact; humorous; sarcastic; patronising? Or does it have some other quality?)

How is this effect conveyed? Support your answer by specific references to the language of the passage.

2. Answer one of the following:

- "If we are to describe the facts of language intelligently, we must possess an adequate set of grammatical tools."  
Discuss the "adequacy", in these terms, of any system of English grammar with which you are acquainted.

OR,

- "Good grammar is good manners, and therefore not to be made light of."  
"Grammar is of no importance so long as we make our meaning plain."  
Which of these contradictory views do you support? Give reasons for your answer.

OR,

- (c) The following pairs of words and word-groups show the ambiguousness of English spelling: the syllables in capital letters are pronounced differently in each case. Explain the differences in pronunciation as fully as you can.

the USE of words / the words we USE  
 a LEADing actor / a LEADen sky  
 THE hat / THE attic  
 the OBJECTS in the room / he OBJECTS to the room  
 MAGICal / MAGICian  
 PRAYing / a long PRAYer  
 Christmas PRESENTS / he PRESENTS the prizes  
 CREATive / CREATure

OR,

- (d) Suppose that you have been asked to prepare a guide on the art of making formal speeches. Give a short summary of the matters that you would think it important to include in the guide.

OR,

- (e) "We have more words than notions, half a dozen words for the same thing."  
 "Substitute one synonym for another and the whole effect is destroyed."

Write an essay on synonyms, using examples to illustrate your points. Here are a few which may be helpful, but you need not use them and you may use others:

decease — death — passing  
 wish — craving — desire  
 show — demonstrate  
 postpone — put off — defer.  
 deep — profound  
 undulating — wavy

OR,

- (f) "The vocabulary of modern English is derived from a *diversity* of sources."  
 Discuss, giving specific examples to illustrate the extent of this diversity.

#### Section B—POETRY

Two questions are to be attempted from this section

NOTE: Use a separate writing booklet, clearly marked Section B

##### 3. Chaucer

In the Prologue to his *Tale*, Chaucer's Pardoner says that he preaches only for "profit" and not with the intention of correcting sin. Is this your impression of his *Tale*, and of the pilgrims' reaction to it?

##### 4. Donne

"There is a striking difference of theme and spirit between Donne's love songs and his devotional poems, but the fundamental resemblance between them is even stronger than the difference."

Test the truth of this comment by a consideration of the theme, spirit and language of some of the poems of Donne that you have studied.

##### 5. Pope

A friend wrote of the *Epistle to Burlington*: "How tenderly these Follies are treated."

Do you think that this is an adequate description of Pope's method in the *two* poems you have been studying? You may find the following passages helpful:

##### *The Rape of the Lock*

This Day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair  
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful Spirit's Care;  
 Some dire Disaster, or by Force, or Slight,  
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in Night.  
 Whether the Nymph shall break *Diana's* Law,  
 Or some frail *China* Jar receive a Flaw,  
 Or stain her Honour, or her new Brocade,  
 Forget her Pray'rs, or miss a Masquerade,  
 Or lose her Heart, or Necklace, at a Ball;  
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that *Shock* must fall.

*Epistle to Burlington*

But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;  
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall:  
 The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,  
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.  
 Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?  
 No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.  
 A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,  
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.  
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear  
 Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.  
 Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,  
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.  
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,  
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,  
 Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,  
 Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;  
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,  
 And swear no Day was ever past so ill.  
 Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed;  
 Health to himself, and to his Infants bread  
 The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,  
 His charitable Vanity supplies.

6. *Hopkins*

What characteristic qualities of Hopkins's poetry do you find in the following sonnet? Support your answer by reference to some of his other poems that you have read.

Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend  
 With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just.  
 Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must  
 Disappointment all I endeavour end?  
 Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,  
 How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost  
 Defeat, thwart me? Oh, the sots and thralls of lust  
 Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,  
 Sir, life upon thy cause. See, banks and brakes  
 Now, leavèd how thick! lacèd they are again  
 With fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes  
 Them; birds build — but not I build; no, but strain,  
 Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes.  
 Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.

7. *Eliot*

"The pity of it is that a man with so highly developed a power of expression should have so limited a range of things to express."

Is this a fair comment on the poems of Eliot that you have studied?

8. *Judith Wright*

"She is not primarily interested in describing nature, or in chronicling her own delighted responses to it."

What is your view of Judith Wright's poetry? In your answer make close reference to at least two of the poems you have studied.

## 9. "Both the impulse and methods of poetry are rooted very deep in human experience."

Test the truth of this remark by applying it to the work of at least *two* poets with whose work you are familiar.

NEW SOUTH WALES

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Department of Education

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1969

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English

SECOND LEVEL

Second Paper

DRAMA AND NOVEL

*Time allowed—Three hours*

*Four* questions are to be answered; *both* questions in section A, and *both* in section B

Question 1 is worth 20 marks; each other question is worth 15 marks

The answers attempted in each section are to be returned in separate booklets, clearly marked section A or section B, on the cover

Take time to read the paper carefully, to select the questions you wish to answer, and to plan your work

Section A—DRAMA

Answer question 1 and question 2

NOTE:—Use a separate writing booklet, clearly marked section A

1. *King Lear*

Consider the following scene from *King Lear* carefully, and relate it to your interpretation of the play as a whole.

In particular, what does the scene reveal about the development of Lear himself at this point in the play?

Illustrate your answer by specific reference to the passage quoted.

*Cordelia.* He wakes. Speak to him.

*Doctor.* Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

*Cordelia.* How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave.

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears

Do scald like molten lead.

*Cordelia.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know. Where did you die?

*Cordelia.* Still, still, far wide!

*Doctor.* He's scarce awake. Let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?

I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity

To see another thus. I know not what to say.

I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see—

I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured

Of my condition.

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*Cordelia.* O look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.  
You must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me.  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;  
And, to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;  
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cordelia.* And so I am! I am!

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray weep not.  
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cordelia.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Doctor.* Be comforted, good madam. The great rage  
You see is killed in him; [and yet it is danger  
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.]  
Desire him to go in. Trouble him no more  
Till further settling.

*Cordelia.* Will't please your Highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me.  
Pray you now, forget and forgive. I am old and foolish.

(Act IV, Sc. 7)

2. Answer one of the following:

(a) *Othello*

"The evil intrigues of Iago have suggested to some critics that he is the central character of *Othello*. But this is *Othello's* play, and he is betrayed by what is false within himself."

Discuss.

OR,

(b) *Oedipus Rex*

"The element of tragedy in *Oedipus Rex* is lessened, rather than heightened, by the significant rôle of chance in the action of the play."

Do you agree?

OR,

(c) *Saint Joan*

"Saint Joan is too commonplace a character to be convincingly heroic."

Do you agree?

OR,

(d) *Murder in the Cathedral*

"Because Eliot's main concern is with the issue of martyrdom, he fails to give life to the character of Becket."

Does your study of *Murder in the Cathedral* support this statement?

OR,

(e) *The Crucible*

"*The Crucible* is not a study of a quaint chapter in American history; it is an exploration of human behaviour."

Is this your view?

OR,

(f) *Look Back in Anger*

"Jimmy Porter is an obnoxious windbag, capable of producing only noise and pain."

Is this an adequate interpretation of Jimmy in *Look Back in Anger*?

## Section B—NOVEL

## Answer question 3 and question 4

NOTE:—Use a separate writing booklet, clearly marked section B

## 3. Answer one of the following:

(a) *Emma*

Consider the following extract from Jane Austen's *Emma*.

Comment on this passage and its relationship to the novel as a whole.

"Harriet," cried Emma, collecting herself resolutely—"Let us understand each other now, without the possibility of farther mistake. Are you speaking of—Mr. Knightley?"

"To be sure I am. I never could have an idea of anybody else—and so I thought you knew. When we talked about him, it was as clear as possible."

"Not quite," returned Emma, with forced calmness, "for all that you then said, appeared to me to relate to a different person. I could almost assert that you had named Mr. Frank Churchill. I am sure the service Mr. Frank Churchill had rendered you, in protecting you from the gipsies, was spoken of."

"Oh! Miss Woodhouse, how you do forget!"

"My dear Harriet, I perfectly remember the substance of what I said on the occasion. I told you that I did not wonder at your attachment; that considering the service he had rendered you, it was extremely natural:—and you agreed to it, expressing yourself very warmly as to your sense of that service, and mentioning even what your sensations had been in seeing him come forward to your rescue.—The impression of it is strong on my memory."

"Oh, dear," cried Harriet, "now I recollect what you mean; but I was thinking of something very different at the time. It was not the gipsies—it was not Mr. Frank Churchill that I meant. No! (with some elevation) I was thinking of a much more precious circumstance—of Mr. Knightley's coming and asking me to dance, when Mr. Elton would not stand up with me, and when there was no other partner in the room. That was the kind action; that was the noble benevolence and generosity; that was the service which made me begin to feel how superior he was to every other being upon earth."

"Good God!" cried Emma, "this has been a most unfortunate—most deplorable mistake!—What is to be done?"

OR,

(b) *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*

Consider the following extract from Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*.

Comment on this passage and its relationship to the novel as a whole.

The next pillar was isolated; others composed a trilithon; others were prostrate, their flanks forming a causeway wide enough for a carriage; and it was soon obvious that they made up a forest of monoliths grouped upon the grassy expanse of the plain. The couple advanced further into this pavilion of the night till they stood in its midst.

'It is Stonehenge!' said Clare.

'The heathen temple, you mean?'

'Yes. Older than the centuries; older than the d'Urbervilles! Well, what shall we do, darling? We may find shelter further on.'

But Tess, really tired by this time, flung herself upon an oblong slab that lay close at hand, and was sheltered from the wind by a pillar. Owing to the action of the sun during the preceding day the stone was warm and dry, in comforting contrast to the rough and chill grass around, which had damped her skirts and shoes.

'I don't want to go any further, Angel,' she said, stretching out her hand for his. 'Can't we bide here?'

'I fear not. This spot is visible for miles by day, although it does not seem so now.'

'One of my mother's people was a shepherd hereabouts, now I think of it. And you used to say at Talbothays that I was a heathen. So now I am at home.'

OR,

[Turn over

(c) *Huckleberry Finn*

In a sentence or two, place the following extract in the plot of *Huckleberry Finn*.

What functions does this passage serve, apart from forwarding the plot?

"Here they are! They've broke for the river! after 'em, boys! And turn loose the dogs!"

So here they come, full tilt. We could hear them, because they wore boots, and yelled, but we didn't wear no boots, and didn't yell. We was in the path to the mill; and when they got pretty close onto us, we dodged into the bush and let them go by, and then dropped in behind them. They'd had all the dogs shut up, so they wouldn't scare off the robbers; but by this time somebody had let them loose, and here they come, making pow-wow enough for a million; but they was our dogs; so we stopped in our tracks till they caught up; and when they see it warn't nobody but us, and no excitement to offer them, they only just said howdy, and tore right ahead towards the shouting and clattering; and then we up steam again and whizzed along after them till we was nearly to the mill, and then struck up through the bush to where my canoe was tied, and hopped in and pulled for dear life towards the middle of the river, but didn't make no more noise than we was obleeged to. Then we struck out, easy and comfortable, for the island where my raft was; and we could hear them yelling and barking at each other all up and down the bank, till we was so far away the sounds got dim and died out. And when we stepped onto the raft, I says:

"Now, old Jim, you're a free man *again*, and I bet you won't ever be a slave no more."

"En a mighty good job it wuz, too, Huck. It 'uz planned beautiful, en it 'uz *done* beautiful; en dey ain't *nobody* kin git up a plan dat's mo' mixed-up en splendid den what dat one wuz."

We was all as glad as we could be, but Tom was the gladdest of all, because he had a bullet in the calf of his leg.

4. Answer *one* of the following:(a) *Mrs Dalloway*

"Despite the use of a technique which allows close examination of her heroine, Virginia Woolf has succeeded in creating only a commonplace, sentimental figure in Clarissa Dalloway."

Do you agree?

OR,

(b) *Sons and Lovers*

"To understand the nature of Paul's relationship with Miriam and with Clara fully, it is necessary to understand the nature of his relationship with his mother."

Discuss.

OR,

(c) *The Power and the Glory*

"Though the novel is written in the deliberate avoidance of emotion, it starts in the reader an irresistible emotion of pity and love."

Does your reading of the novel support this?

OR,

(d) *The Horse's Mouth*

"The ingredients of the novel—the disjointed scenes, the anecdotes, the reflections on life—are fused together into a meaningful whole by the personality of Gully Jimson."

Discuss.

NEW SOUTH WALES

Department of Education

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1969

German

FIRST LEVEL

First Paper

Time allowed—Three hours

Attempt all questions

Questions 1 (a) and 1 (b) should be done in a separate writing booklet of 8 pages. Questions 2, 3 and 4 should be done in separate writing booklets of 8 pages

**Marks**

16% 1. Answer in German the questions appended to the following passages:

(a) Der Mann blätterte langsam in dem Paß, hob ihn besser in das Licht. Redluff sah die Falten auf der gerunzelten Stirn, eins, zwei, drei. Der Mann gab ihm den Paß zurück. „Danke, Herr Wolters“, sagte er. Aus seiner unnatürlichen Ruhe heraus hörte Redluff sich selber sprechen. „Das hat man gern, so kontrolliert werden wie —“, er zögerte etwas, „ein Verbrecher!“ Seine Stimme stand spröde im Raum. Er hatte doch gar nicht so laut gesprochen. „Man sieht manchmal jemand ähnlich“, sagte der Mann, grinste, als hätte er einen feinen Witz gemacht. „Feuer?“ Er fingerte eine Zigarre aus der Manteltasche. Redluff schob seine Hand mit dem brennenden Streichholz längs der Tischkante ihm entgegen. Die beiden gingen.

Redluff lehnte sich in seinen Stuhl zurück. Die Spannung in ihm zerbröckelte, die eisige Ruhe schmolz. Er hätte jubeln können. Das war es, das war die Probe, und er hatte sie bestanden.

(i) Wo spielt diese Szene?

(ii) Warum verspürt Redluff plötzlich „unnatürliche Ruhe“?

(iii) Warum macht er die Bemerkung vom „Verbrecher“?

(iv) Besteht er auch die letzte Probe?

(b) „Gibt es Wölfe im Wald?“ fragte der Gefangene.

„Wölfe?“ Der Starost überdachte die Frage. Ja, es war eine natürliche Frage.

„Wölfe? Es hat Wölfe gegeben. Jetzt gibt es bei uns keine Wölfe mehr. Ihr habt sie vertrieben mit eurem Krieg. Die Wölfe sind nach Sibirien ausgerissen. Früher knackte der Wald von Wölfen, und niemand hätte gewagt, im Winter allein diesen Weg zu gehen. Die letzten Wölfe sah ich im ersten Winter des Kriegs, als die Geschütze von Wyschni Wolotschek herüberdonnerten.“

(i) Wer ist der Gefangene? Wo hält man ihn gefangen? Zu welchem Zweck? Um welche Zeit spielt die Geschichte?

(ii) Was meint der Starost mit „eurem Krieg“? Warum sind die Wölfe „ausgerissen“?

(iii) Kommen die Wölfe zurück? Was würde ihre Rückkehr bedeuten, etwas Gutes oder etwas Böses?

(iv) Wie endet die Geschichte?

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NOTE.—Use a new writing booklet

Marks

8% 2. Answer in English the questions appended to the following passage:

ROMULUS: Mein lieber Odoaker, ich wollte Schicksal spielen, und du wolltest das deine vermeiden, nun ist es unser Schicksal geworden, gescheiterte Politiker darzustellen. Wir glaubten, die Welt aus unseren Händen fallen lassen zu können, du dein Germanien und ich mein Rom, nun müssen wir uns mit den Trümmern beschäftigen. Die können wir nicht fallen lassen. Ich richtete Rom hin, weil ich seine Vergangenheit fürchtete, du Germanien, weil es dir vor seiner Zukunft grauste. Wir ließen uns von zwei Gespenstern bestimmen, denn wir haben keine Macht über das, was war, und über das, was sein wird. Macht haben wir nur über die Gegenwart, an die wir nicht gedacht haben und an der wir nur beide scheitern. Ich muß sie nun in der Pensionierung durchleben, eine Tochter, die ich liebte, einen Sohn, eine Gattin, viele Unglückliche auf dem Gewissen.

- (i) Explain: "Ich richtete Rom hin, weil ich seine Vergangenheit fürchtete".
- (ii) Explain: "du (richtetest) Germanien (hin), weil es dir vor seiner Zukunft grauste".
- (iii) What is the reference to "Pensionierung"?
- (iv) Who are the "Tochter", "Sohn" and "Gattin" referred to in the last line? Is there any significance in naming them in that order?

NOTE.—Use a new writing booklet

8% 3. Answer in English the questions appended to one of the following passages:

- (a) „Ich erkläre hiermit“, sagte er, hob die Hand und suchte mit den Blicken auch die Mutter und die Schwester, „daß ich mit Rücksicht auf die in dieser Wohnung und Familie herrschenden widerlichen Verhältnisse“ — hierbei spie er kurz entschlossen auf den Boden — „mein Zimmer augenblicklich kündige. Ich werde natürlich auch für die Tage, die ich hier gewohnt habe, nicht das geringste bezahlen, dagegen werde ich es mir noch überlegen, ob ich nicht mit irgend welchen — glauben Sie mir — sehr leicht zu begründenden Forderungen gegen Sie auftreten werde.“ Er schwieg und sah gerade vor sich hin, als erwarte er etwas. Tatsächlich fielen sofort seine zwei Freunde mit den Worten ein: „Auch wir kündigen augenblicklich.“ Darauf faßte er die Türklinke und schloß mit einem Krach die Tür.

Der Vater wankte mit tastenden Händen zu seinem Sessel und ließ sich in ihn fallen; er sah aus, als strecke er sich zu seinem gewöhnlichen Abendschläfchen, aber das starke Nicken seines wie haltlosen Kopfes zeigte, daß er ganz und gar nicht schlief. Gregor war die ganze Zeit still auf dem Platz gelegen, auf dem ihn die Zimmerherren ertappt hatten. Die Enttäuschung über das Mißlingen seines Planes, vielleicht aber auch die durch das viele Hungern verursachte Schwäche machten es ihm unmöglich, sich zu bewegen.

- (i) What does the "Zimmerherr" know of the "widerliche Verhältnisse"?
- (ii) What decisions in the family does this scene lead to? Are these decisions in keeping with what we know of the members of the family? What happens to the "Zimmerherren"?
- (iii) What was the plan? What had prompted it in the previous scene? What is meant by "die Enttäuschung über das Mißlingen seines Planes"?

OR,

- (b) „Ich habe schwere Schuld“, seufzte Friedrich, „daß ich ihn den unrechten Weg geschickt — obgleich — doch, dies hab' ich nicht gedacht, nein, gewiß nicht. Ohm, ich habe Euch ein schweres Gewissen zu danken.“ — „So geh, beicht!“ flüsterte Simon mit bebender Stimme; „vernehre das Sakrament durch Angeberei und setze armen Leuten einen Spion auf den Hals, der schon Wege finden wird, ihnen das Stückchen Brot aus den Zähnen zu reißen, wenn er gleich nicht reden darf — geh!“ — Friedrich stand unschlüssig; er hörte ein leises Geräusch; die Wolken verzogen sich, das Mondlicht fiel wieder auf die Kammertür: sie war geschlossen. Friedrich ging an diesem Morgen nicht zur Beichte.

Der Eindruck, den dieser Vorfall auf Friedrich gemacht, erlosch leider nur zu bald. Wer zweifelt daran, daß Simon alles tat, seinen Adoptivsohn dieselben Wege zu leiten, die er selber ging? Und in Friedrich lagen Eigenschaften, die dies nur zu sehr erleichterten: Leichtsinns, Erregbarkeit und vor allem ein grenzenloser Hochmut, der nicht immer den Schein verschmähte und dann alles daran setzte, durch Wahrnehmung des Usurpierten möglicher Beschämung zu entgehen. Seine Natur war nicht unedel, aber er gewöhnte sich, die innere Schande der äußeren vorzuziehen.

- (i) What is Friedrich referring to in the sentence: “daß ich ihn den unrechten Weg geschickt”? To what extent is Friedrich responsible?
- (ii) Who is Simon? Do you agree with the statement: “daß Simon alles tat, seinen Adoptivsohn dieselben Wege zu leiten . . .”?
- (iii) What instances do you find in the story to substantiate the statement that Friedrich will put up with “innere” rather than “äußere Schande”?

OR,

- (c) Die Frau begann zu hantieren, und aus dem Nebenzimmer kam eine schlampige Kellnerin, die ich auf etwa dreißig schätzte.

„Sie ist sechzehn“, brummte der Kommandant.

Das Mädchen servierte. Es trug einen schwarzen Rock und eine weiße, halb offene Bluse, unter der es nichts anhatte; die Haut war ungewaschen. Die Haare waren blond, wie wohl auch einmal die der Frau hinter der Theke, und ungekämmt.

„Danke, Annemarie“, sagte der Kommandant und legte das Geld auf den Tisch. Auch das Mädchen antwortete nicht, bedankte sich nicht einmal. Wir tranken schweigend. Der Kaffee war entsetzlich. Der Kommandant zündete sich eine Bahianos an. Der österreichische Rundfunk war zum Wasserstand übergewechselt und das Mädchen ins Nebenzimmer gelatscht, in welchem wir etwas Weißliches schimmern sahen, offenbar ein ungemachtes Bett.

„Gehen wir“, meinte der Kommandant.

Draußen zahlte er nach einem Blick auf die Tanksäule. Der Alte hatte Benzin nachgefüllt und auch die Scheiben gereinigt.

„Das nächste Mal“, sagte der Kommandant zum Abschied, und wieder fiel mir seine Hilflosigkeit auf; doch antwortete der Alte auch jetzt nichts, sondern saß schon wieder auf seiner Bank und stierte vor sich hin, verblödet, erloschen. Als wir aber den Opel Kapitän erreicht hatten und uns noch einmal umwandten, ballte der Alte seine Hände zu Fäusten, schüttelte sie und flüsterte, die Worte ruckweise hervorstoßend, das Gesicht verklärt von einem unermeßlichen Glauben: „Ich warte, ich warte, er wird kommen, er wird kommen.“

- (i) Who is the narrator? What is his relationship to the “Kommandant”?
- (ii) Who are the woman and girl? What part do they play?
- (iii) Explain the description of “Der Alte”: “verblödet”, “erloschen” and “das Gesicht verklärt von einem unermeßlichen Glauben”. What has brought about this state? What sort of a person is he?

NEW SOUTH WALES

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Department of Education

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1969

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**General Studies**

*Time allowed—Three hours*

The questions are of equal value

**GENERAL DIRECTIONS:**

In answering this paper, you are asked to write *four* essays.

Three of your essay topics should be chosen from three of the four sections of the paper:

- Literature
- Fine Arts
- History and Social Sciences
- Science and Mathematics

Your fourth essay topic may be chosen from any section. That is, you may if you wish, choose two topics from any one section.

Each essay must be written in a separate writing booklet clearly marked Part One, Part Two, Part Three, or Part Four on the cover.

On the cover, also indicate fully in column A the essay which it contains (e.g. 3 (B)).

NOTE: Instruction 1 (d) on the cover of the writing booklets does not apply; but where a *fourth* essay is not attempted, a booklet must still be submitted clearly marked "NOT ATTEMPTED".

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## Part One—LITERATURE

If you choose more than one essay from this part, use a new writing booklet for each essay

1. (A) If you were asked to suggest two additional texts (poetry, prose, or drama) for Higher School Certificate English, what would you recommend? Indicate the qualities that would justify the serious study of the texts you choose.
- (B) "English literature is essentially a Christian literature."  
Does your reading of English literature lead you to accept or reject this view? Refer in your answer to particular works.
- (C) "Lyrics such as those of Bob Dylan and Jimmy Hendrix are the folk-ballads of today, and are amongst the best poetry of our time."  
This argument has been as seriously put as it has been contemptuously dismissed. Give your considered view, with close reference to specific lyrics.
- (D) What, in your opinion, makes a work of literature a classic? Develop your answer by discussing two examples from English or foreign literature.
- (E) Ross Campbell has distinguished two main views of literature—"a lolly to give you pleasure, or a pill to do you good".  
Discuss these views with reference to literature that you value.
- (F) "The English-based cultures no longer produce drama—only theatre."  
Is this a fair statement of the current condition of drama in English?
- (G) "Literature may be 'unscientific', but it gives insights into human nature and society that 'scientific' study of these things cannot give."  
Give your view with reference to one or two works of literature which might be said to offer such insights.

## Part Two—FINE ARTS

If you choose more than one essay from this part, use a new writing booklet for each essay

2. (A) Is it valid to like a work of art because it is ugly? Support your answer with examples.
- (B) Is the Australian content of local art irrelevant?
- (C) "The only true artist at any time and age is the one who can dip his brush into his own heart and paint a part of himself into his picture."  
Do you agree?
- (D) Are there any criteria by which value judgments of music can be made?
- (E) "Only the contemporary is meaningful: the music of the past has been given undue prominence by the musical Establishment."  
What is your own view? Support it by referring to specific instances.
- (F) "Twenty years ago, people simply went to the pictures. Nowadays, films are produced for at least two, probably three, distinct audiences."  
Bring your experience and knowledge of cinema to bear upon your assessment of the above statement.
- (G) "Critics of television have failed to realize that the motion pictures they are lionizing . . . would prove unacceptable as mass audience films if the audience had not been preconditioned by television commercials to abrupt zooms, elliptical editing, no story lines, flash cuts." (Marshall McLuhan, in *The Medium is the Massage*.)  
Make a critical appraisal of McLuhan's assessment here of the influence of television upon cinema.

## Part Three—HISTORY AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

If you choose more than one essay from this part, use a new writing booklet for each essay

3. (A) Would it be true to say that relations between nations have always been in a state of potential or actual crisis?
- (B) "The historian's task is to understand the past, not to make moral judgments on it."  
Do you agree?
- (C) Comment on the proposition that urbanization has created an upheaval in man's relations with his physical environment.
- (D) "The individual is important only in so far as he is a member of the State."  
Examine the implications of this philosophy.
- (E) "Truth is thrown more sharply into focus by its collision with error. This being so, the community should tolerate the continued existence of possibly pernicious doctrines."  
Examine this view.
- (F) Aid to underdeveloped countries—a moral obligation, a political expedient, or a waste of time and money?
- (G) "A free press is a cornerstone of democracy."  
"The press, with its strong biases, and its emphases on the commercial, the trivial, and the sensational, is a threat to democracy."  
What is your view?

## Part Four—SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS

If you choose more than one essay from this part, use a new writing booklet for each essay

4. (A) "Science grew up as a series of distinct and quite separate disciplines. Recent scientific discovery has seemed to indicate that these old boundaries are disappearing."  
Do you agree? Explain and illustrate to justify your position.
- (B) "The discoveries of science are morally neutral."  
—JULIAN HUXLEY.  
Discuss this statement, indicating whether you consider that scientists have some moral obligations regarding their discoveries.
- (C) "The tremendous and rapid growth of science has resulted in a phenomenal involvement of our culture with science, but there has not been a corresponding acceptance of science as a part of culture."  
—S. C. BROWN.  
Is this a valid criticism?
- (D) Pure science and scientific technology are often confused with one another. Distinguish between them, and show the effect that each has had on the other.

[SEE OVER

(E) "Since the time of Christ about a hundred kinds of animals and about the same number of birds have become extinct,

In Australia within 200 years we have made extinct six species of marsupials, about 5 per cent of the total.

At present, about 40 per cent are so rare as to be on the verge of extinction."

—VINCENT SERVENTY.

Is the conservation of this 40 per cent desirable or practicable? Give your reasons.

(F) Mathematicians sometimes speak of the excitement of mathematics, the beauty of classical geometry, and the elegance of a proof. Do phrases of this kind have any meaning?

(G) "The hope for the world lies in scientific and technological training for all."  
Does it?

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V. C. N. Blight, Government Printer, New South Wales—1969

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NEW SOUTH WALES

Department of Education

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1969

Science

SECOND LEVEL FULL COURSE AND FIRST LEVEL

(COMMON PAPER)

*Time allowed—Three hours*

DIRECTIONS TO CANDIDATES:

- (1) A total of 120 questions must be attempted in this paper.
- (2) Candidates must attempt a total of 96 questions from sections A, B, and C. No restrictions are placed on the number of questions attempted from within each of these sections, provided the total is 96.
- (3) In addition to sections A, B, and C, candidates must attempt 24 questions from EITHER section D OR section E.
- (4) A separate writing booklet is provided for rough work.
- (5) The following constants are provided for notation by candidates:

PLANCK'S CONSTANT	$h = 6.6 \times 10^{-34}$ joule-sec.
EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL ACCELERATION	$g = 9.8$ metre sec <sup>-2</sup> .
CHARGE ON ELECTRON	$e = 1.6 \times 10^{-19}$ coulomb.
VELOCITY OF LIGHT	$c = 3.0 \times 10^8$ metre sec <sup>-1</sup> .
- (6) Candidates may retain the question paper but should ensure that the separate Answer Sheet is handed up.
- (7) No other writing paper will be provided.
- (8) Instructions on the use of the Answer Sheet:
  - (a) Use only a B pencil, and a soft pencil eraser.
  - (b) When you have decided upon an answer, blacken the corresponding space on the Answer Sheet. Make your mark only as long as the pair of dotted lines and completely fill in the area between them.
  - (c) Make only one mark per question.
  - (d) If you wish to change an answer erase it *completely*. Make no stray marks.
  - (e) Read through the sample question and answer at the top of your Answer Sheet.
  - (f) Write your centre number in the slot provided at the top-right of your Answer Sheet, and your candidate number in the column indicated by the large arrow. Then, in the row of digits to the right of each box, blacken the space which has the same number as you have written in the box. Fill in one space only in each row.

73121—143 (a)

## Section A—CORE

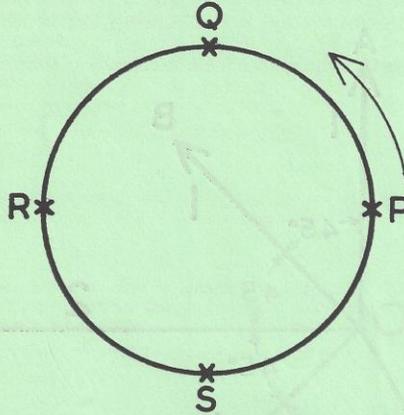
Questions 1–45 inclusive are based upon the revised syllabus

- The order of magnitude of the speed of light in centimetres per second is—
  - $10^8$ .
  - $10^9$ .
  - $10^9$ .
  - $10^{10}$ .
- The maximum ash left from burning one piece of filter paper (Number 41) is given as 0.00008 g. The number of significant figures and order of magnitude in this number are respectively—
  - 5 and  $10^{-6}$ .
  - 5 and  $10^{-4}$ .
  - 1 and  $10^{-5}$ .
  - 1 and  $10^{-4}$ .
- On an evolutionary or “big bang” theory of the universe it is considered that the universe has been expanding for a period of time determined by a knowledge of—
  - the inverse square law of gravitation.
  - Mach’s hypothesis.
  - Hubble’s constant.
  - Olber’s paradox.
- An astronaut is strapped into a couch of a returning space capsule. During re-entry into the earth’s atmosphere the capsule experiences a deceleration of magnitude  $9g$  for a short period of time, where  $g$  is the acceleration of gravity at the earth’s surface.
 

The astronaut experiences a strong force—called an inertial force—pressing him into his couch. During the  $9g$  deceleration phase he feels as if his normal earth weight is increased by a factor of—

  - 8.
  - 9.
  - 10.
  - 11.
- A mass of 5 kg is initially travelling at a constant speed of 10 m/s. It experiences a force which increases its kinetic energy by 750 joules. Its final speed in m/s is—
  - $10\sqrt{3}$ .
  - 20.
  - 30.
  - $10 + 10\sqrt{3}$ .
- The dimensions of the product of pressure and volume are—
  - $MLT^{-2}$ .
  - $ML^2T^{-2}$ .
  - $ML^{-1}T^{-2}$ .
  - $ML^{-2}T^{-2}$ .
- An atomic nucleus of mass 238 units spontaneously disintegrates at rest into two parts, one of mass 4 units and the other of mass 234 units. The mass of 4 units flies off with speed  $1.4 \times 10^7$  m/s. The speed of recoil of the other mass, in m/s, is—
  - $\frac{4}{234} \times 1.4 \times 10^7$ .
  - $\frac{234}{238} \times 1.4 \times 10^7$ .
  - $\frac{4}{238} \times 1.4 \times 10^7$ .
  - $\sqrt{\frac{4}{234}} \times 1.4 \times 10^7$ .

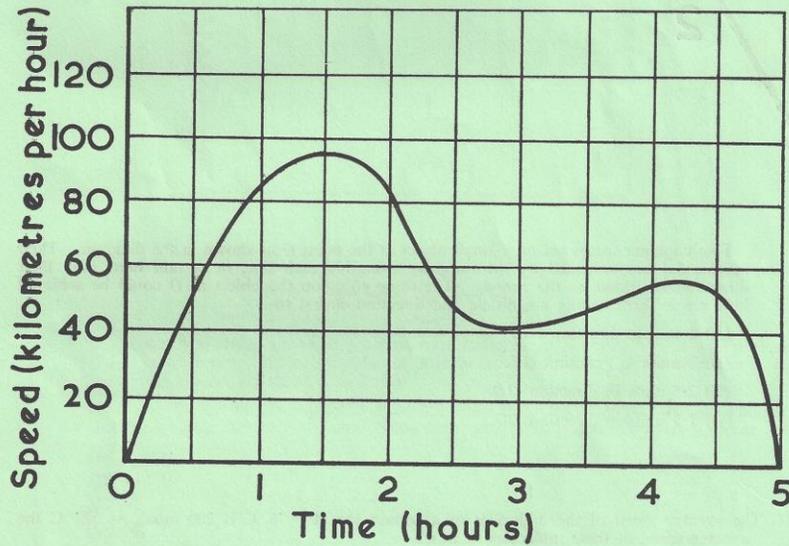
8. This question refers to the following diagram:



An object moves along a circular path  $PQRS$  with a constant speed of 10 m/s. The total change in velocity which occurs between points  $P$  and  $Q$  is—

- (A) 20 m/s towards the centre along  $QS$ .
- (B)  $10\sqrt{2}$  m/s towards the centre along  $QS$ .
- (C) zero m/s along the circumference.
- (D)  $10\sqrt{2}$  m/s in a direction making  $45^\circ$  to the diameter  $RP$ .

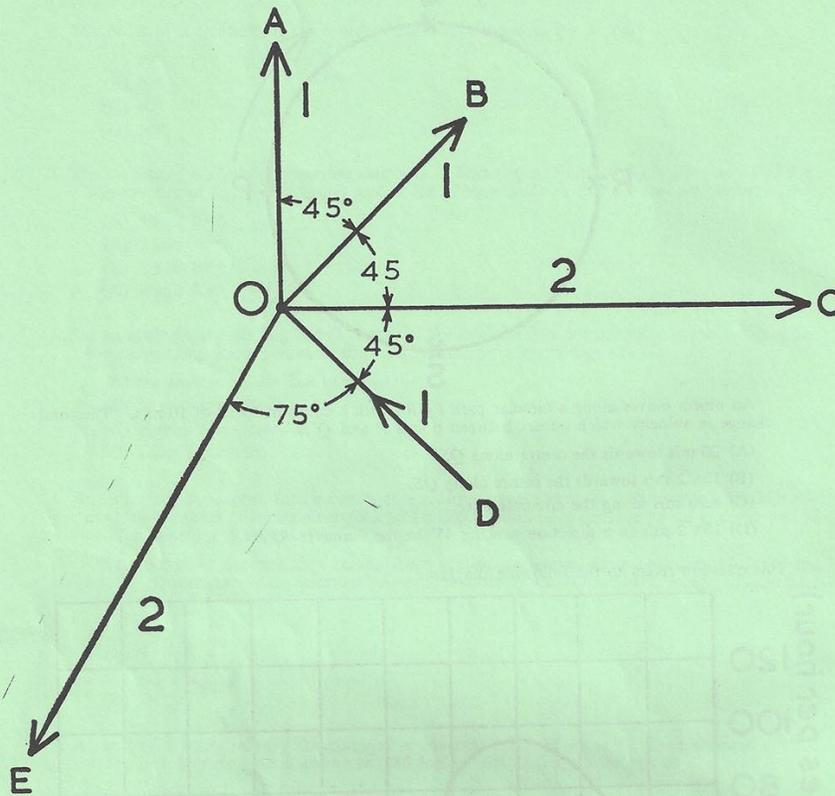
9. This question refers to the following diagram:



A car undergoing a road test contains a recorder which plots its speed as a function of time and at the end of the journey has produced a graph similar to the one shown. The distance travelled in kilometres would be closest to—

- (A) 30.
- (B) 300.
- (C) 500.
- (D) 600.

10. This question refers to the following diagram:



Five coplanar forces act on a small object at the point  $O$  as shown in the diagram. Their magnitudes are indicated by the numbers alongside each line, in certain units, and their directions indicated by the arrows. The same effect on the object at  $O$  could be achieved by a single force having magnitude and direction closest to—

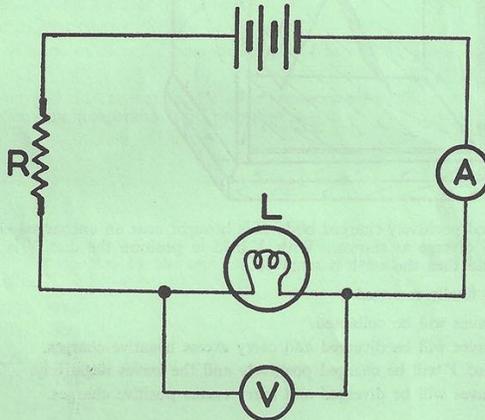
- (A) 1 unit in direction  $OB$ .  
 (B) 2 units in direction  $OC$ .  
 (C) 2.5 units in direction  $OD$ .  
 (D) 1.5 units in direction  $CO$ .
11. The average speed of the molecules of a certain gas at  $-73^\circ\text{C}$  is 200 m/s. At  $527^\circ\text{C}$  the average speed of these molecules in m/s is—
- (A) 400.  
 (B) 800.  
 (C)  $200\sqrt{\frac{527}{73}}$ .  
 (D)  $200\sqrt{\frac{600}{273}}$ .

12. A stream of gas particles is travelling at right angles to a reflecting wall. Each gas particle has mass  $m$  kg and speed  $v$  m/s. The area of the wall is  $A$  square metres. The particles hit the wall uniformly over its area and rebound elastically, at the rate of  $N$  collisions per second.

The average pressure on a section of the wall produced by the colliding particles in newtons per square metre is—

- (A)  $\frac{1}{2} \frac{Nm v^2}{A}$ .  
 (B)  $\frac{1}{3} \frac{Nm v^2}{A}$ .  
 (C)  $\frac{2}{A} Nm v$ .  
 (D)  $Nm v A$ .
13. A force of 100 newtons is required to stretch a uniform piece of steel wire by 0.001 m. A second uniform piece of wire has the same elastic constant as the first, but is initially of half the length and twice the diameter. The force in newtons required to stretch the second piece of wire by 0.001 m is—
- (A) 100.  
 (B) 200.  
 (C) 400.  
 (D) 800.

14. This question refers to the following diagram:

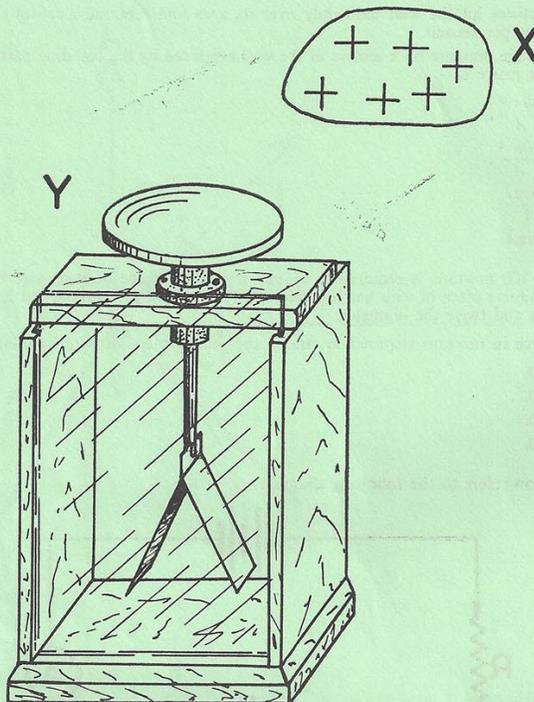


In the electrical circuit shown  $R$  is a resistance,  $L$  represents a lamp globe,  $A$  is an ammeter and  $V$  is a voltmeter. When the value of  $R$  is 2 ohms the reading on the ammeter  $A$  is 4 amperes and on the voltmeter  $V$  is 2 volts.

Assuming the circuit has negligible resistance apart from  $R$  and  $L$ , and that the voltmeter  $V$  draws negligible current, the power being dissipated by the circuit in watts is closest to—

- (A) 8.  
 (B) 16.  
 (C) 40.  
 (D) 64.
15. Two electric charges attract each other with a force of  $6.0 \times 10^{-3}$  newtons when separated by 0.04 m in vacuum. The charges are now immersed 0.02 m apart in oil of relative permittivity 3.0. The force in newtons between the two charges will now be—
- (A)  $0.36 \times 10^{-3}$ .  
 (B)  $4 \times 10^{-3}$ .  
 (C)  $8 \times 10^{-3}$ .  
 (D)  $9 \times 10^{-3}$ .

16. This question refers to the following diagram:



An insulated positively charged body  $X$  is brought near an uncharged electroscope causing the leaves to diverge as shown. With  $X$  held in position the disc  $Y$  is first earthed for a short time and then the earth is removed.

After  $X$  is finally removed—

- (A) the leaves will be collapsed.
  - (B) the leaves will be diverged and carry excess negative charges.
  - (C) the disc  $Y$  will be charged positively and the leaves negatively.
  - (D) the leaves will be diverged and carry excess positive charges.
17. An electric current of 1 microampere ( $10^{-6}$  amperes) is flowing through a conducting wire. The current is equivalent to a certain number of electrons migrating through a cross-section of the wire per second. This number of electrons per second is closest to—
- (A)  $6 \times 10^{12}$ .
  - (B)  $1.6 \times 10^{13}$ .
  - (C)  $6 \times 10^{23}$ .
  - (D)  $6 \times 10^{17}$ .
18. An object of mass  $10^{-4}$  kg carrying an electric charge of  $10^{-10}$  coulombs is sliding with uniform velocity of 100 centimetres per second across a smooth horizontal surface. It suddenly enters a region of uniform magnetic field of  $10^{-4}$  teslas whose lines of force are at right angles to the surface. The force experienced by the object is—
- (A)  $10^{-12}$  newtons in the direction of motion.
  - (B)  $10^{-14}$  newtons at right angles to the direction of motion in the horizontal plane.
  - (C)  $10^{-12}$  newtons at right angles to the direction of motion in the horizontal plane.
  - (D)  $10^{-14}$  newtons in a vertical direction.

19. Two long straight parallel wires, separated by a fixed distance, are carrying electric currents and have a force between them as a consequence. The force between the wires will most nearly remain the same if—
- the current in one is halved and the separation between the wires is halved.
  - the current in one is doubled and the separation between the wires is halved.
  - the current in one is halved and the separation between the wires is reduced to a quarter of its initial value.
  - the current is doubled in each wire and the separation between the wires is reduced to a quarter of its initial value.
20. A certain pendulum consists of a bob of mass 1 kg hanging on the end of a light string of length 10 m. The upper end of the string is attached to a fixed support. The bob is first raised to a position so that the string is taut and horizontal, and then the bob is released. Its speed in m/s at the lowest point of its path will be closest to—
- 9.8.
  - 14.
  - 98.
  - 196.
21. From the information that 1 litre of oxygen reacts with 1 litre of nitrogen forming 2 litres of nitric oxide (all measured at the same temperature and pressure), it is possible to conclude that (atomic weights, N = 14, O = 16)—
- the molecules of nitrogen and oxygen contain an even number of atoms.
  - equal volumes of all gases under the same conditions of temperature and pressure contain the same number of molecules.
  - 16 g of oxygen react with 28 g of nitrogen.
  - 1 litre of nitric oxide will decompose to give 1 litre of oxygen and 1 litre of nitrogen.
22. The volume of oxygen in litres required for the complete combustion of 4 litres of ethane (both measured at the same temperature and pressure) is—
- 4.
  - 8.
  - 14.
  - 28.
23. The volume in litres occupied by one mole of nitrogen gas at 25° C and 750 mmHg pressure is (atomic weight, N = 14)—
- $14 \times \frac{273}{298} \times \frac{760}{750}$ .
  - $28 \times \frac{298}{273} \times \frac{760}{750}$ .
  - $22.4 \times \frac{273}{298} \times \frac{750}{760}$ .
  - $22.4 \times \frac{298}{273} \times \frac{760}{750}$ .
24. The empirical formula for butane is—
- $C_nH_{2n+2}$ .
  - $C_nH_{2n}$ .
  - $C_4H_{10}$ .
  - $C_2H_5$ .
25. The vapour of 3.9 grams of a substance occupies 1.12 litres at s.t.p. The molecular weight of the substance is—
- 19.5.
  - 39.
  - 78.
  - 156.

26. 6 grams of magnesium metal is converted to magnesium oxide. The amount, in grams, of the oxide formed is (atomic weights, Mg = 24, O = 16)—
- (A) 6.  
(B) 8.  
(C) 10.  
(D) 16.
27. The number of moles of chlorine required to convert 1 mole of aluminium to aluminium chloride is—
- (A) 1.0.  
(B) 1.5.  
(C) 3.0.  
(D) 6.0.
28. The reaction of methane with oxygen is represented by the equation  

$$\text{CH}_4(g) + 2\text{O}_2(g) \rightarrow \text{CO}_2(g) + 2\text{H}_2\text{O}(l); \quad \Delta H = -208 \text{ kcal.}$$
 The equation conveys the information that—
- (A) the combustion of an Avogadro number of methane molecules absorbs 208 kcal of energy.  
 (B) the reaction between 1 molecule of methane and 2 molecules of oxygen releases 208 kcal of energy.  
 (C) one mole of methane gas reacting with 2 moles of oxygen gas absorbs 208 kcal of energy.  
 (D) the combustion of 22.4 litres of methane (measured at s.t.p.) releases 208 kcal of energy.
29. From the data
- $$2\text{Fe}(s) + 1\frac{1}{2}\text{O}_2(g) \rightarrow \text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3(s); \quad \Delta H = -200 \text{ kcal}$$
- $$2\text{Al}(s) + 1\frac{1}{2}\text{O}_2(g) \rightarrow \text{Al}_2\text{O}_3(s); \quad \Delta H = -400 \text{ kcal}$$
- the enthalpy change for the reaction between 2 moles of aluminium and 1 mole of iron(III) oxide is—
- (A) +200.  
(B) -200.  
(C) +600.  
(D) -600.
30. Francium is an element in group 1 of the periodic table. We would expect francium to—
- (A) have a small heat of fusion and be a non-conductor of electricity.  
 (B) have a high melting point and be a conductor of electricity.  
 (C) be a soft, metallic solid with a low melting point.  
 (D) form positive ions readily and have a high melting point.
31. The heat of vaporization of an element is 11.6 kcal per mole and its heat of atomization is 36.1 kcal per mole. This suggests that the element is—
- (A) composed of molecules containing a small number of atoms.  
 (B) a giant molecular (polymeric) solid.  
 (C) an inert (noble) gas.  
 (D) a metal.
32. From the following data

Element	Heat of vaporization (kcal/mole)	Heat of atomization (kcal/mole)
X	172	172
Y	3	75

it would be reasonable to conclude that—

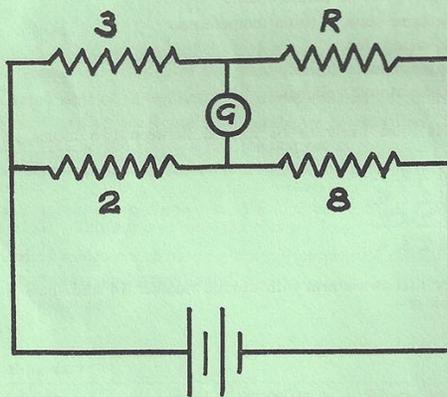
- (A) Y is a monatomic gas.  
 (B) Y has a low boiling point.  
 (C) X has a low boiling point.  
 (D) X is composed of polyatomic molecules.

33. A chloride melts to form a liquid which is a good conductor of electricity. The chloride would be expected to—
- (A) have a large heat of formation.
  - (B) have a low bond energy.
  - (C) consist of simple molecules.
  - (D) react with water to form an acid.
34. An element belongs to group 2 of the periodic table. Its oxide would be expected to—
- (A) react with water to form an acid.
  - (B) have a low heat of formation.
  - (C) have a high melting point.
  - (D) form simple molecules.
35. The oxide of an element reacts with water to form an alkaline solution. We would expect the chloride of the element to—
- (A) have a high melting point and conduct an electric current in aqueous solution.
  - (B) have a low melting point and not conduct an electric current in aqueous solution.
  - (C) be a liquid at room temperature and react with water to form an acid.
  - (D) have a large heat of formation and react with water to form an acid.
36. The chloride of an element has a melting point of  $772^{\circ}\text{C}$  and a boiling point of  $1,400^{\circ}\text{C}$ . It would be reasonable to conclude that—
- (A) the element belongs to group 7 of the periodic table.
  - (B) the chloride is an ionic compound.
  - (C) the oxide of the element would have acidic properties.
  - (D) the chloride consists of simple molecules.
37. Aluminium oxide is—
- (A) soluble in acids and in solutions of alkalis.
  - (B) soluble in water and in acids.
  - (C) insoluble in water and in solutions of alkalis.
  - (D) soluble in acids but insoluble in solutions of alkalis.
38. The elements of a group in the periodic table—
- (A) exist in the same state at room temperature.
  - (B) exhibit the same valency.
  - (C) have the same number of isotopes.
  - (D) have the same atomic volumes.
39. A covalent bond is most likely to be formed between two atoms having the electronic configurations—
- (A) 2, 8, 7 and 2, 8, 1.
  - (B) 2, 8, 1 and 2, 8, 6.
  - (C) 2, 8, 7 and 2, 8, 2.
  - (D) 2, 8, 7 and 2, 8, 4.
40. The highest valency that an element with atomic number 14 and mass number 28 could be expected to exhibit is—
- (A) 1.
  - (B) 2.
  - (C) 3.
  - (D) 4.
41. An element X has 2 valence electrons and an element Y has 5 valence electrons. The formula for the compound formed between X and Y is probably—
- (A)  $\text{X}_5\text{Y}_2$ .
  - (B)  $\text{X}_2\text{Y}_3$ .
  - (C)  $\text{X}_3\text{Y}_5$ .
  - (D)  $\text{X}_5\text{Y}_2$ .

42. An atom of an element has 5 valence electrons. The chloride of the element in its lowest valence state is molecular. The molecules of this chloride would be expected to be—  
 (A) trigonal bipyramidal.  
 (B) tetrahedral.  
 (C) pyramidal.  
 (D) triangular planar.
43. Consider the compounds formed by the elements of group 2 and the elements of group 7 of the periodic table. The compound likely to be the most ionic would be—  
 (A) beryllium iodide.  
 (B) beryllium fluoride.  
 (C) barium iodide.  
 (D) barium fluoride.
44. The co-ordination numbers of the ions (cations : anions) in the caesium chloride crystal is—  
 (A) 4 : 4.  
 (B) 6 : 6.  
 (C) 8 : 8.  
 (D) 8 : 4.
45. The molecule or ion that is linear has the formula—  
 (A)  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$ .  
 (B)  $\text{CO}_2$ .  
 (C)  $\text{SO}_2$ .  
 (D)  $\text{SCl}_2$ .

Questions 46-54 inclusive are based upon the old syllabus

46. This question refers to the following diagram:



In the circuit diagram shown  $G$  represents a galvanometer. The resistors have resistances indicated in ohms except for  $R$  which was initially unknown. There is, however, zero reading on the galvanometer. From this it can be deduced that the value of  $R$  in ohms is closest to—

- (A) 48.  
 (B) 12.  
 (C) 7.  
 (D)  $\frac{16}{3}$ .

47. A ball-bearing is rolling over the surface of a flat table at a speed of 7 m/s, and eventually rolls over the edge of the table. The height of the table is 1.5 m above the floor. Ignoring air friction you would expect the horizontal distance from the edge of the table at which the ball-bearing hits the floor, in metres, to be closest to—
- (A)  $\sqrt{15}$ .  
 (B)  $2\sqrt{15}$ .  
 (C)  $7 + \sqrt{\frac{3}{9.8}}$ .  
 (D)  $\sqrt{\frac{3}{9.8}}$ .
48. Three identical sealed flasks contain respectively neon, ammonia, and oxygen all having the same pressure and temperature. An equal amount of heat is imparted to each flask. You would expect that—
- (A) the final temperature of each will be the same.  
 (B) the final pressure of each will be the same.  
 (C) the ammonia will have the highest final pressure.  
 (D) the neon will have the highest final temperature.
49. A solid may be thought of as consisting of a lattice arrangement of particles—atoms, molecules or ions—kept in position by means of interparticle forces. Of any one of these particles you would say that—
- (A) its average kinetic energy is equal to its average potential energy.  
 (B) its kinetic energy must be less than its potential energy in order that the substance be a solid.  
 (C) it will have kinetic energy only because the potential energy between such particles is negligibly small.  
 (D) its average kinetic energy of vibration will be equal to its average kinetic energy of rotation.
50. A cylinder contains 6.4 grammes of oxygen ( $O_2$ ) at a pressure of 2 atmospheres. If 0.8 gramme of hydrogen ( $H_2$ ) is now added to the cylinder which is maintained at the same temperature the new pressure of the gas mixture will, in atmospheres, be closest to—
- (A) 2.4.  
 (B) 4.  
 (C) 6.  
 (D) 16.
51. It is found that 20 joules of heat are needed to raise the temperature of a certain quantity of a diatomic gas by  $10^\circ C$  under constant volume. If the experiment were repeated with the same gas at constant pressure rather than constant volume the amount of heat required in joules would be closest to—
- (A) 14.  
 (B) 20.  
 (C) 28.  
 (D) 33.
52. A solenoid has 1,000 turns of wire evenly distributed along the length of a cylindrical glass tube 20 centimetres in length with a radius of 2 centimetres. A current of 0.1 ampere is passing through the wire. In terms of the permeability,  $\mu_0$ , of vacuum the magnetic induction inside the tube in teslas is closest to—
- (A)  $\left(\frac{\mu_0}{2\pi}\right) \frac{0.1}{0.02} \times 1,000 \times 0.2$ .  
 (B)  $\left(\frac{\mu_0}{2\pi}\right) \frac{0.1}{0.02} \times \frac{1,000}{0.2}$ .  
 (C)  $\mu_0 \frac{1,000}{0.2} \times 0.1$ .  
 (D)  $\mu_0 \frac{1,000}{0.02} \times 0.2 \times 0.1$ .

NEW SOUTH WALES

Department of Education

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1969

Science

FIRST LEVEL

Second Paper

Time allowed—Two hours

Candidates should answer *either* section A, section B, section C *or* section D

All questions are of equal value

Section A—PHYSICS

Answer *three* questions only from this section

1. (a) Define the term moment of inertia and explain its use in dealing with the rotation of rigid bodies.  
(b) Derive an expression for the moment of inertia of a thin rod of length  $L$  and mass  $M$  about an axis which is perpendicular to the rod and passes through its mid-point.  
(c) A uniform solid cylindrical flywheel of mass 20 kg and radius 20 cm is free to rotate about a fixed horizontal axle, the mass of which is negligibly small. A string is attached at one point to the outside surface of the cylinder and is coiled many times around the circumference of the cylinder. A mass of 1 kg is attached to the free end of the string and, with the flywheel being held stationary, is initially hanging at a height of 2 metres from the floor.  
The mass is then allowed to fall. Calculate the angular speed of the flywheel when the mass hits the floor. (You may take  $g$  to be  $10 \text{ m/s}^2$ .)

2. (a) Define what is meant by the term dispersion as applied to wave propagation.

The wave velocity  $v$  for water waves of wavelength  $\lambda$  is

$$v = \sqrt{g\lambda/2\pi}.$$

Is dispersion displayed by these waves?

- (b) Derive an expression for the group velocity of waves in terms of the wave velocity.
  - (c) Evaluate the wave velocity and the group velocity for water waves of wavelength  $\lambda = 10 \text{ cm}$ .
3. (a) Draw a block diagram of a radio receiver. Discuss with the aid of circuit diagrams the operation of the various sections.  
(b) What do you understand by the superheterodyne principle?
  4. Discuss briefly the concept of electron spin and the experimental evidence in favour of ascribing spin to the electron.  
State Pauli's Exclusion Principle and show how this leads to an understanding of the magnetic properties of the transition metals.
  5. What are the conditions required for the release of energy by nuclear fusion on the macroscopic scale?  
Discuss the probable source of energy in the stars. Include typical reactions in your answer.

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6. (a) Using the theory of Bohr, derive an expression for energy of the hydrogen atom in its  $n$ th excited state.
- (b) Given that the ionisation energy of hydrogen is 12.6 electron volts, calculate the mass difference between hydrogen in the ground state ( $n = 1$ ) and in the first excited state ( $n = 2$ ), and discuss the practicability of measuring this mass difference.

### Section B—CHEMISTRY

Answer three questions only from this section

#### DATA:

Atomic weights: Ca = 40  
C = 12  
H = 1  
Na = 23  
O = 16  
S = 32

#### Heats of combustion:

Methane, 212.8 kcal/mole  
Carbon, 94.1 kcal/mole  
Hydrogen, 68.3 kcal/mole

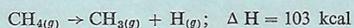
#### Heats of atomization:

Carbon, 171.7 kcal/mole of atoms  
Hydrogen, 52.1 kcal/mole of atoms

#### Heats of formation:

Carbon dioxide, -94.1 kcal/mole  
Water, -68.3 kcal/mole  
Methane, -17.9 kcal/mole

1. (a) Indicate clearly the part played by Cannizzaro in the development of the atomic theory.
- (b) What conclusions can you draw from the information that 1 litre of phosphine gas decomposes to produce 0.25 litre of phosphorus vapour and 1.5 litres of hydrogen gas?
- (c) In the manufacture of quicklime (calcium oxide), calcium carbonate is heated in a furnace. Calculate the mass of calcium oxide and the volume of carbon dioxide measured at s.t.p. that would be formed from 500 g of calcium carbonate.
2. (a) Explain what is meant by the following terms:
- Bond energy;
  - Bond order;
  - Heat of combustion.
- (b) Calculate the average bond energy of the carbon-hydrogen bonds in methane.
- (c) Comment on any difference between the value calculated in (b) and the following enthalpy change:



NEW SOUTH WALES

Department of Education  
HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1969

Mathematics—Paper B

SECOND LEVEL FULL COURSE AND FIRST LEVEL

Time allowed—Three hours

All questions may be attempted

In every question, all necessary working should be shown

Marks will be deducted for careless or badly arranged work

Mathematical tables will be supplied

The answers to the ten questions in this paper are to be returned in separate writing booklets clearly marked Question 1, Question 2, etc., on the cover

Use a separate book for each question

Marks

12

1. (Use a separate book.)

- (i) Find a primitive function of  $x/(1+x^2)$ .
- (ii) Find the second derivative of  $\tan^{-1}(x/3)$ .
- (iii) The parabola  $y = 4x^2$  is reflected in the horizontal line  $y = -2$  (as if this line contained a mirror). Find the equation of the reflected curve.
- (iv) Find the area under the curve  $y = \sin(2x - 6)$  between  $x = 3$  and  $x = 4$ .

9 2. (Use a separate book.)

- (i) It is known that at least one of two children was born on a Tuesday. Find the probability that both of them were born on a Tuesday.
- (ii) Find the value of the derivative of  $\sin^{-1}(\tan x)$  at  $x = 0$ .
- (iii) Use one step of Newton's method to find an improved value of that root of  $x^4 - x - 13 = 0$  which lies close to  $x = 2$  (express your answer as a fraction).

9 3. (Use a separate book.)

- (i) State the largest domain and the corresponding range of the function  $f$  where  $f(x) = \tan^{-1}(\sqrt{1-x^2})$ .
- (ii) Let  $f(x) = 2x^4 - 4x^3 + 3x^2 - x$ . Find  $df/dx$  and  $d^2f/dx^2$  at  $x = \frac{1}{2}$ . State what conclusions you can draw from these values of  $f'(\frac{1}{2})$  and  $f''(\frac{1}{2})$  concerning the nature of the stationary point at  $x = \frac{1}{2}$ .
- (iii) For what values of  $x$  does the geometric series

$$1 + \left(\frac{2x-1}{2+x}\right) + \left(\frac{2x-1}{2+x}\right)^2 + \left(\frac{2x-1}{2+x}\right)^3 + \dots$$

converge (that is, a "sum to infinity" exists)?

10 4. (Use a separate book.)

$J$  is the integral  $\int_0^1 \frac{4}{x^2+1} dx$ .

- (i) Show that  $J = \pi$ .
- (ii) Evaluate  $J$  approximately, by using Simpson's rule with three function values.
- (iii) State (to one decimal place) the percentage error in the result (ii).

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## Marks

10 5. (Use a separate book.)

Describe in geometrical terms the following three sets of points in three-dimensional space, defined respectively by:

- (i) the inequality  $(x - 2)^2 + y^2 + (z - 1)^2 > 1$ ;
- (ii) the equation  $z^2 = 1$ ;
- × (iii) the condition that the points of the third set belong to set (ii) but do not belong to set (i).

10 6. (Use a separate book.)

A deck consists of four groups of ten cards each, each group having a distinctive colour. The cards within any one group are labelled with the integers "1" to "10".

- (i) Determine the total number of distinct five-card subsets that can be chosen from this deck.
- (ii) Five cards are selected at random. Find the probability that four of them are labelled with the same integer (express your answer as a fraction).
- × (iii) Find the probability that five cards selected at random all have the same colour (express your answer as a fraction).

10 7. (Use a separate book.)

The polynomial  $P(x)$  is to have a double root  $x = 2$  and a single root  $x = 3$ .

- (i) Write down one possible polynomial which satisfies these conditions.
- (ii) State the extent to which  $P(x)$  is determined by the above plus the additional condition that  $P(x)$  be a monic polynomial of degree 3.
- (iii) If now  $P(x)$  is to be a monic polynomial of degree 4, discuss carefully the extent to which  $P(x)$  is determined.

10 8. (Use a separate book.)

Let  $P(2ap, ap^2)$  and  $Q(2aq, aq^2)$  be points on the parabola  $y = x^2/(4a)$ . Find the equation of  $PQ$  and deduce the condition for  $PQ$  to pass through the focus of the parabola. Further, find the locus of the points of intersection of the normals at  $P$  and  $Q$ , where  $PQ$  is a focal chord.

10 9. (Use a separate book.)

- (i) By starting from the fact that the derivative of  $e^x$  is equal to  $e^x$ , deduce that

$$\lim_{h \rightarrow 0} \left( \frac{e^h - 1}{h} \right) = 1.$$

- × (ii) From the definition of the definite integral  $\int_0^2 e^x dx$  as the limit of a sum, and the known value of the sum of a geometric progression, evaluate this integral.

10 10. (Use a separate book.)

A particle moves along a straight line under the action of a restoring force which tends to force the particle back to the origin, this force being proportional to the cube of the distance from the origin.

- (i) Show that the equation of motion has the form  $d^2x/dt^2 = -Ax^3$  where  $A$  is a positive constant.
- (ii) Deduce the fact that the quantity  $(dx/dt)^2 + \frac{1}{2}Ax^4$  is a constant of the motion.
- (iii) Find this constant, given that the particle starts from rest at time  $t = 0$  at a position  $x = a$ , where  $a > 0$ . Hence discuss in qualitative terms the nature of the motion (but do not attempt any further integration or calculation to find expressions for  $x$  or  $t$ ).

NEW SOUTH WALES

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Department of Education

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1969

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Mathematics—Paper A

FIRST LEVEL

*Time allowed—Three hours*

*All questions may be attempted*

Mathematical tables will be provided

Answers to the three parts of this paper are to be returned in *separate writing booklets* clearly marked Part 1, Part 2, Part 3, on the cover

Marks

Part 1

NOTE.—Use a separate book

- 12 1. (i) Use Euclid's algorithm to show that 299 and 323 are relatively prime (i.e. their greatest common divisor is 1).  
(ii) If  $a, b, k$  are integers such that  $a, k$  are relatively prime and also  $b, k$  are relatively prime prove that  $ab, k$  are relatively prime.

- 12 2. (i) If  $m, n$  are non-negative integers prove that

$$\int_0^{\pi} \cos mx \cos nx \, dx = 0 \quad \text{if } m \neq n$$

and calculate the value of this integral when  $m = n$ .

- (ii) By applying Euclid's algorithm to  $(x^2 + 4)$  and  $(x + 1)$  obtain a decomposition of

$$\frac{40}{(x + 1)(x^2 + 4)}$$

into partial fractions and hence show that

$$\int_0^2 \frac{40 \, dx}{(x + 1)(x^2 + 4)} = \pi - 4 \log 2 + 8 \log 3.$$

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## Marks

- 12 \ 3. (i) Find the length of the curve  
 $2y = e^x + e^{-x}$   
 between  $x = 0$  and  $x = \log 2$ .

- (ii) Find the volume of the solid of revolution formed when the ellipse

$$\frac{x^2}{a^2} + \frac{y^2}{b^2} = 1$$

is rotated about the  $x$ -axis.

## Part 2

NOTE.—Use a separate book

- 12 4. By suitably grouping terms in the series

$$1 + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{3} + \dots + \frac{1}{n} + \dots$$

show that the series is divergent.

By comparison with this series, or otherwise, show that:

$$(i) \sum \frac{n}{1+n^2} \quad \text{and} \quad (ii) \sum \frac{1.3.5 \dots (2n-1)}{2.4.6 \dots 2n}$$

are also divergent.

- 13 5. The plane  $2x + 3y + 6z = 7$  cuts the sphere

$$x^2 + y^2 + z^2 = 4$$

in the circle  $c$ . Find:

- (i) the radius of  $c$ ;  
 (ii) the co-ordinates of the centre of  $c$ ;  
 (iii) the equation of the cylinder through  $c$  with generators parallel to the  $z$ -axis.

- 13 6. (i) If  $a > 0$  and  $ab > h^2$  show that the eigenvalues of the matrix

$$\begin{bmatrix} a & h \\ h & b \end{bmatrix} \quad (a, b, h \text{ being real})$$

are real and positive. Hence, assuming the relevant theorem on the reduction of a quadratic form to standard form, deduce that the equation (in plane cartesian co-ordinates)

$$ax^2 + 2hxy + by^2 = 1$$

represents an ellipse of area  $\pi/(ab - h^2)^{\frac{1}{2}}$ .

[Assume that the area of the ellipse  $(x^2/\alpha^2) + (y^2/\beta^2) = 1$  is  $\pi\alpha\beta$ .]

- (ii) A particle  $P$  moves in such a way that its cartesian co-ordinates  $(x, y)$  at time  $t$  are given by

$$x = p \sin(\omega t), \quad y = q \sin(\omega t + \pi/6)$$

where  $p, q, \omega$  are positive constants. Show that the path of  $P$  is an ellipse of area  $\frac{1}{2}\pi pq$ .

Marks

## Part 3

NOTE.—Use a separate book

- 12 7. (i) For plane transformations show that the product of two reflections in parallel lines is a displacement and that the product of two reflections in intersecting lines is a rotation.
- (ii) A plane  $p$  rests upon three fixed points which form a triangle  $ABC$  (described anticlockwise).  $\mathcal{T}_1, \mathcal{T}_2, \mathcal{T}_3$  denote anticlockwise rotations of  $p$  (in its own plane) about  $A, B, C$  respectively through angles  $2\alpha, 2\beta, 2\gamma$  where  $\alpha, \beta, \gamma$  denote the angles of the triangle at  $A, B, C$  respectively. If

$$\mathcal{U} = \mathcal{T}_1\mathcal{T}_2 \text{ and } \mathcal{V} = \mathcal{T}_1\mathcal{T}_2\mathcal{T}_3$$

describe the geometric transformations represented by  $\mathcal{U}$  and  $\mathcal{V}$ . Also find all the points of  $p$  which remain invariant under the transformation  $\mathcal{V}$ .

- 13 8. Explain how the definite integral  $\int_a^b f(x) dx$ , for an increasing function  $f$ , is defined by dividing the interval  $[a, b]$  into sub-intervals and considering areas of "inner" and "outer" rectangles with bases on these sub-intervals.
- Illustrate the above when  $f(x) = \log x$  with a sub-division of  $[1, 2]$  at the points

$$1, r, r^2, r^3, r^4, \dots, r^n \quad (\text{where } r^n = 2)$$

showing that the sum of the areas of the outer rectangles is

$$\log r \left( 2n - \frac{1}{r-1} \right).$$

Deduce that  $\int_1^2 \log x dx = 2 \log 2 - 1$ .

- 13 9. Explain how complex numbers are represented on the Argand diagram.

The three roots of the equation

$$x^3 + ax^2 + bx + c = 0$$

(where  $a, b, c$  are given complex numbers) are represented on the Argand diagram by the points  $A, B, C$ . Prove that  $ABC$  is an equilateral triangle if and only if  $a^2 = 3b$ .

- 13 10. A gun fires a shot from  $O$  with initial speed  $V$  at an angle  $\alpha$  with the horizontal. If the acceleration due to gravity is constant ( $= g$ ) prove that the shot describes a parabola of focal length  $V^2 \cos^2 \alpha / (2g)$ .

If the initial speed  $V$  is fixed but the direction of firing can be varied prove that the region of vulnerability (i.e. the set of points that can be hit) consists of points within and on the paraboloid whose equation (referred to a cartesian  $x, y, z$ -frame with origin at  $O$  and  $z$ -axis vertically upwards) is

$$x^2 + y^2 + (2V^2/g)z = V^4/g^2.$$

## Appendix H – Stories from Schoolmates

This is a compilation of stories received from former NBHS schoolmates that did not involve me directly. Note: language is mostly left in its original form – any comments or corrections that I had to make are contained in [ ]

### **Ross Johnson (HSC 1968)**

We all lived in fear of Mudford coming around the corner with his short little cane. I am not sure if your year had as much fun with one of the chemistry teachers (name I have forgotten at the moment) as we did though, but we got up to some interesting pranks with that teacher...from the gas bombs to the escaping through the trap door in the chemistry lab....you could actually get outside through the floor! My friend would keep watch while I was under the floor and visa versa. [I did not know about that trap door – Trevor] Also when he had his back turned we would turn on & off the bunsen burners on the desk. He never did figure out who it was.... he was a bit absent minded. It was a lot of fun, but it paid a toll on my chemistry marks for a while...not that I ever enjoyed chemistry anyway...the diversions were great. The [chemistry] teacher I am thinking of had absolutely no control over the class and was hopeless.. read from the text book.

\*\*\*\*\*

### **Gary Jones (HSC 1969)**

In 5<sup>th</sup> Form I had a geography excursion to Merewether/Burwood beaches. Teacher Brian Deller left his unlocked car in the old car park above Merewether Baths and when some of us (6-8) returned early from the excursion, we decided to push it around the corner out of view. I was the stupid one who sat in the car and steered it. Naturally there was hell to play when Deller returned, thinking his car stolen, and the cops were called, etc, etc. Obviously the car was found quickly but everyone on the excursion was called to a meeting in the assembly hall the next day and Richardson (The Boss) blew up almightily.

He demanded the perpetrators own up or the whole group would be penalized. I waited and waited for my co-offenders to join me in confessing but none of them did, so I stood up and said pathetically “I steered it sir.” The Boss was then happy to use me as the scapegoat, dismissed the assembly and took me to his office. Maiden (“Virg”) gave me six of the best canes and the Boss told me that I “will never be a Prefect at this school,” which I wasn’t. Mates, mates, what good mates I had, eh?

\*\*\*\*\*

### **John Jenkins (HSC 1969)**

I am sitting on Fingal Beach reading your memoirs on my iPad.

Many fond memories have flooded back to me, as I read each section. Your descriptions of the physical aspects of our school are very well done, and paint a very descriptive picture of life at “Boys’ High.”

It is fascinating to read your thoughts and observations, as we obviously mixed in different social circles and had very divergent interests. It was like we were in parallel universes!

You did a great job in identifying categories and cultures that flourished in the 60s. Placing each of your mates in a category must have been an interesting exercise..... I guess my category would have been the sport and beach culture.

I spent my school years in the “C” classes or I guess middle classes, and subsequently developed a different circle of friends, although Wilko and Frans H were mates of mine from primary school.

Frans and I attended Newcastle East School in Bolton St, (along with Adrian Rooney) and we used to meet Wilko after school at King Edward Park to play cricket or kick a football around. Wilko went to the Junction School, and used to “clean up “ the 3 of us in all games.

I certainly had a lot of respect for [Frans Henskens], as I credit him for lifting our standard of education at our small school. Before his arrival (I think he arrived in 3rd or 4th class) I was top of the class. After his arrival I was relegated to 2nd spot, but lifted my game to chase him...a fruitless exercise!

By the way I laughed and laughed at your story in Jack Caldwell’s German class, with Frans getting you to “comb your hair.”

I never had the intellect to join you blokes in the A classes, however, I always looked in awe at your achievements and marks. It was like the dog chasing the car; the dog never got there, but was certainly extended in the chase. There is no doubt that the top classes drew the other classes to a higher level, and it is with great pride that I can say “I went to Boys High” and graduated from Newcastle University,

At our recent reunion [Jan. 2013], we were talking about your memoirs and it prompted a story from my mates about a 5th year geography excursion to Port Stephens, After a hot climb up Mt Tomaree to study the geographical layout of the area, a number of us adjourned to the Seabreeze Hotel to slake our thirst. Just into our 2nd schooner teacher Bill Bruce walked in and marched us outside to the tune of “you will be dead in the morning”.

This resulted in the scariest day of my life as my father was summoned to the office of L.T. Richardson, to discuss his sons drinking problem! My father was a force to be reckoned with, I reckon I came off the worst of all of the offenders. I still blame Gary Jones for leading me astray..... The first of many instances.

Interestingly when my father passed away in 1996, LT phoned me to offer his condolences..... the Seabreeze was not mentioned!

Playtime Hobbies.

How good was that place? I used to purchase my Hornby trains and railway lines from there. I would save a bit each week, and buy one piece of rail at a time. I can still remember being so excited when I purchased a double “switch”. It took years to build a decent track..... mine was a wind up engine, not a fancy electrical one!

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### **Gary Norris (HSC 1969)**

I recall the day Gary Jones hid in the manhole in the floor of the social studies room whilst Gus Gilmour yelled out to Whacky Whalen, “Sir, Jones has jumped out the window!” whilst the pandemonium that ensued was hilarious poor old Whacky was not amused.

The Industrial Arts choir 1969 was formed as a satirical parody on the school choir to sing alternate songs such as *Roll Me Over in the Clover*, *Oh Sir Rodger Do Not Touch Me* (into the woods into the woods etc.) and the recital of the famous Jockey Ross poem idea originated from the Industrial Arts class which I think had about 20 in it. Norris, Meirendorf, Col Campbell, John Henderson, John Beach, Steve Bland, Leigh Fraser, Glenn Faulds(?), Phil "Sagitarium" Archer, etc. – can't remember the whole roll call. Sadly, despite the talent exuding from the team, the choir only performed once at the Breakup Concert 1969 in the school hall and featured a large plastic hammer that was used to hold the team together by wielding it upon any budding soloist.

["Jockey" Ross] knew his stuff and how to motivate students like me.... he used to say three words to me every lesson..."Norris, get out" and thankfully I used to go to the library and do my own maths otherwise I wouldn't have passed at 2F.

#### Further adventures with Micrograin .....and Trains

I was introduced to the thermal properties and possibility of mass destruction by micrograin in about 1963 by my good friend and neighbour Neil Murphy. Apart from penny and tuppenny bungers it was the best letter box destroyer, reducing tin letterboxes to a molten lump of metal, and splitting the cement brick bond in brick fence letter boxes, whilst distorting the metal door. Ironically when I left NBHS I became a Metallurgist and "Melter" (steelmaker) at Commsteel Waratah.

Micrograin components zinc dust and sulphur were easily sourced from the local Chemist shop and mixed in the appropriate ratio, and contained in paper lolly bags. It gave out an immense amount of heat and combusted rapidly with a bright green/yellow luminescence, gave off great volumes of smoke and was easily set off by inserting a cracker wick in amongst it and lighting it with a match. One could take the wicks out of crackers (double happy connecting wicks were longer) tie lengths of wick together thus giving a timer.

However, it was prone to misadventure depending on errors made in assessing the appropriate environment in which to let a micrograin "smoke bomb" off. One such misadventure I observed was on the school train from Newcastle to Waratah, where between Hamilton and Waratah (the longest stretch without a stop) a bomb apparently went off in the train toilet sink. The toilet was located in one end in the corner in an open layout carriage. Some assisting culprits moved through the carriage and closed all the windows and doors. The "bomb" had an appropriate timer so the culprit was well away from the "bomb" when it went off. When it went off the toilet door was closed and upon opening the door it was discovered the thermal energy from the exothermic reaction was sufficient to leave a one meter charcoaled flame track up the wall leaving a melted brass tap in its wake and grey residue covering the sink sufficient to say it was zinc plated. When the toilet door was opened a huge volume of smoke rose straight to the carriage roof travelled along it to the other end away from Stocko end and plumed down on top of the passengers at the other end successfully smoke bombing them, and causing a mass evacuation of the closed carriage where the smoke remained until the train pulled into Waratah. As the passengers left the train the doors of the carriage were opened and at waratah station masses of smoke plumed forth to the cries of "Fire Fire" by NBHS students.

At a subsequent assembly the matter was raised by Richo and TOC but to this day no one has been able to identify the culprit/s and at my age my recollection dims on this fact.

\*\*\*\*\*

### **Tom Lawrie (HSC 1969)**

#### Mr. "Jockey" Ross and Mr. Abel

The Maths teacher "Jockey" Ross was nicknamed that because he was so thin and tiny and used to walk around the school rolling cigarettes with the papers stuck to his lips. His breath stank of tobacco and seemed to be on his last legs back in 1969. Well, I had to go to Waratah Technology College, which it had turned into in the 19080s. Mr. Ross was still teaching Maths there when I saw the changes to the school you discovered on Google first hand as a casual Maths teacher..."Jockey" Ross had become "Pappa" Ross and was one of the most popular teachers, especially for the girls.

Another teacher who was still at the school was a Mr. Abel, who was a Social Science/Commerce teacher back in the '60s and used to take the soccer teams through to the Tasman Cup. Mr. Abel had in fact become the Principal as NBHS changed from a boys; school to a coed school.

There were many problems involved in this transition to a co-education at NBHS but not as many as Newcastle High School, which resulted from the amalgamation of Newcastle Girls' High and Hunter Girls' High.

#### Prefects (1968-69)

[The prefects contained] a majority of students who were popular amongst our peers and also well known to the staff of NBHS. There were also a few who only arrived at the school at the start of Year 11 [5<sup>th</sup> Form] and were not particularly well known (to me at least) for their sporting, academic or social achievements and whose election as prefects was a total surprise to me and many of my friends who were not elected, which they, like you, thought they had quite a good chance of being a prefect.

I myself was pleasantly surprised to be elected to prefect, but had friends who, like you, were quite upset and bewildered that they had been overlooked.

#### Geography Excursion (1968)

At the end of Year 11 [5<sup>th</sup> Form] all Geography students went on an excursion to Nelson Bay accompanied by George Whalan ("Wacky") and Mr. Bruce. On that trip when we stopped at the main shopping centre a number of boys went into the main hotel and ordered beers. Mr. Bruce noticing this group's absence from the main street or the bus walked into the hotel and ordered them out of the hotel and onto the bus. This was done after he had taken a list of their names and while he was eating an ice cream he had bought on the street for lunch. Some of the students refused to leave before finishing their drinks but eventually obeyed his orders.

A number of other incidents occurred on this trip, which were also related back to the Principal who threatened the boys involved would not become prefects in the up-coming elections.

Some boys' parents complained that the boys future should not be jeopardized because of this one incident and in fact some did end up being elected whilst others who thought they were certainties missed out. It was suggested that the Principal had secretly

vetoed some boys involved, while replacing them with unknown students [5<sup>th</sup> Form transfer students – Trevor] who might be more compliant to his leadership of the school.

I did not drink alcohol and was not in the reported group.

\*\*\*\*\*

### **Rob Greenwood (HSC 1969)**

The whole thing of being part of our time together at NBHS... still fascinates me. Everything .. in my memory of that time... was of .. easiness really... yeah, shit, we had to study.. and stuff... some of us were great sportsmen... (I remember I wished I was in Hunter House..?.. when GJ [Gary Jones] blitzed anything that moved in the water..)... Some of us weren't... My cricket career ended at Hamilton South Primary School...where as Captain of the school (Boy Captain)... I felt compelled to play in the top 11... My career was blindingly terrible... my best score was 4 not out... Russ, you and I played in that team...

But the other thing that makes me smile about NBHS... it was such a wonderful harmonious place... apart from one or two teachers who were less than nice... everything was fantastic...

I don't remember any bullying... I remember a couple of blokes who loved to fight... but they chose other blokes who wanted to fight... and shit it was fun to watch them get stuck into it...

I do remember an acceptance .. that everyone was entitled to be what they were... I reckon that is very special..I have no idea .. why.. it was such a great place to be for 6 years... but it was..

My favourite recollection is George Rafty being picked up by two boys... whose names I think were both Gary... and locked in the stationery cupboard next to the classroom entry door... I can't remember which teacher we had... but halfway through the period... and us ...all pissing ourselves laughing... finally heard a gentle knocking from inside the cupboard door.... Teacher opened said cupboard door.. and George emerged... looking guilty... George ... it wasn't your fault! .....

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### **Bruce Burke (HSC 1969)**

...we have all made our marks in the widest possible areas of endeavor, but as [former NBHS Headmaster] Harold Beard apparently believed, it is the character of the boy and not just the knowledge he acquires, that is the function of an exceptional school. With hardly any of our cohort of 160 failing to make a positive contribution to our world on both local and world stages, we can all take a sense of satisfaction that we were part of something very special.

### **Russell Cheek (HSC 1969)**

*The Maths teacher I had in Forms 2 to 4 (i.e., for the School Certificate) passed away in February, 2015. Here is a story Russell told about him:*

George set the bar very high in maths, and even tho, (or especially because,) I had started out with enormous promise in the early 'honeymoon' years, he would tear strips off me in 1967 School Cert year, when I performed only 'moderately'...

He was handing back the Trial Cert papers, calling each boy by name. When he got to mine, he looked at me pointedly, and called 'Hide...! ...or Cheek. Means the same thing.'

(It was 67/100 - disappointing, yes, but no P[h]ilipino tsunami....!)

The scars still remain, obviously...

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*Russell Cheek was the guest speaker for the Old Boys' Association annual dinner in August, 2010 (which I was unable to attend). He had some great stories from our NBHS days, so I am including excerpts of his speech here (formatting modified to save space). I am not including his whole speech, because if I do you will realise how dull my speech was to the same group in 2015, which is presented in a later appendix.*

None of us want to let our school-days go unheralded or unacknowledged. That's why we're here. Year by year we consolidate their meaning.

I remember Peter Hawkins saying to me on the 227 bus on the way to school in 2nd year – “It's my Dad's birthday. He is now closer to 100 than he is to naught.” How ancient that seemed then. How normal it seems now.

Ten years before our school was built, Mark Twain said of Newcastle – “It's one lo-o-o-ng street – with a hospital at one end, and a cee-me-tery at the other.”

He got us in one.

But I LOVE coming from this stretch - SECOND CITY, NSW, and I love to be here at the gathering of our old school.

Ours has been a **School** of fathers, sons, uncles, cousins, and brothers. My Uncle Jack Cheek went to the old school on top of The Hill, my Dad, Trevor, who is here tonight, (Yay, Dad...!) was one of the first to the new one – on the flat of Waratah...along with that stalwart of the [BHP] Dogwatch, my Uncle Ross.

Dad was taught Maths by TOC, Tom O'Connor. For me, 30 yrs later, Toc was Deputy Head. “What the ? You can't mean? But Dad....He's been there 30 years!?”

“Ah...longer than that, son...”

This sense of continuity was both comforting and disconcerting. But it did confirm the span of our history – and the tenor of our song:

“As they climbed up the hill in the morning.”

This sense of continuity was both comforting and disconcerting. But it did confirm the span of our history – and the tenor of our song: “As they climbed up the hill in the morning.”

When we sang it as kids, it meant little to me... We had no hill.

But now, it is redolent with meaning. Now, I can see the ghosts walking up Tyrell St ahead of us, banging their pots, laughing, joking, pissing around. Up to no good.

Now – we FEEL the passage of time, as we never could then. Now – We ARE time.

SING them -- and we are struck by the deep pang of nostalgia which I know we all feel when we sing it tonight. Because, for a few seconds, we are young again, as we sing of the boys older than us, who went to one World War, maybe two... and of those fathers and uncles who have long ago, or more recently, left us.

We are also part of that proud stream.

But any one of us can only truly look at the school --through the prism of our own year. Each school year is like a carriage on a train that snakes in front of, and behind us – we are all connected, but few pass from carriage to carriage.

I can only hope that those in the scores of other carriages might see tonight, via the misted window of my experience, what is also the landscape of their own.

At school we were a microcosm, a Petri dish – of relationships, hormones, choices. A culture of loud smells. We were pimply-faced, priapic kids, full of sarcasm, who did everything with guts and energy. How to choose our new mates, our school subjects, how to put a down payment on our futures? We were all just whistling in the dark, but somehow we managed to find our own way through.

This was due in no small part to the already established culture of our school.

We were a selective school – but it seemed to me that we got used to this instantly – a high benchmark was demanded, and quickly became the norm.

We strove to do well in everything. We learnt ambition.

Secretly, I believe we had been selected – because our intelligence thinly concealed a superior standard of humour. Laughs were our hallmark and our currency. Our humour was intelligent. It took-no-prisoners and it was the gossamer thread that got us through the toughest times.

We were funny little buggers. Laconic, cynical, and sometimes cruel... to be sure, to be sure... No personal development classes here, no counselling – just a lot of laughs together, which was incredibly sustaining. As Nietzsche said (and I paraphrase,) “If you stare too long into the abyss, eventually, it will stare back at you.” We lightened our lives.

These laughs should never be underestimated as a humanizing force, and one that built resilience in us, and its own brand of compassion.

No Australian child should (By 1990...!) ever be punished for making others laugh...!

THIS is what separated us from those other, lesser schools. Those kids – were just not funny. In road-testing ourselves against each other, we prepared ourselves for the world...

Thanks also, to the snail-mail imports of pop culture magazines and the import-vinyl record collection of generous rich boy Robert Pryse, we learnt that there was a bigger, brighter world out there, and we wanted in...

“Hands up those boys who were not...?!”

“OK – hand up those boys who are.”

“Now – hands up all of you who have not had their hands up...!!”

“DOWN TO MY OFFICE, all of you...and wait there...! Til I’ve finished. Four of the best for you lot!”

Thank you very much.

Remember how time slowed down.... While we waited to get the cane.... The mind

Focused...on imminent pain. A strangely spiritual experience of hyper-awareness.

More than anything, I remember the characters that we were: stirrers, clowns, impostors, skaters and scammers.... In those days before drinks like “V” and Red Bull, we were powered only by Coca Cola. And we STILL got so much done...!

I love who we were in those days.

And it’s some of the tiny details and flashes of stupid-memory that I retain as clear as day.

In deference to “Keg” McRae, our Latin Teacher – at the time, the local soft drink bottler was Slack’s Cordials. Asoon as we had some Latin under our belt, they became “Slackus Cordialus.” And the cry “Surf’s up...!” was loosely translated as “Undo es magnus!” (“waves are big”).

The constant tinkling of Greensleeves heralded bot Mr. Whippy, but rather “Our friend shitstick.”

Teachers’ nicknames sprang from an eternal fount of cruel wisdom: Keg, Pink Panther, Fat Jack, Jockey Ross, Spot, mumbles, Harry Hippo, Pinhead, Chrome Dome, Casper, Cat-eyes, Slops Mudford, Sniffs O’Donoghue, Frau Grau (Mr. Grey, a German Teacher...), Fanny Jackson. And one of the underrated names: Theo Van der Veen “Lippy” – an epithet which captured his aloof persona in a single brush-stroke.

No matter what their chose subject, all teachers were exhorted at some point to instigate a “Maths Debate...”

The ironic nicknames we gave each other - like “Speedy” Walker. There were some kids you would look at and instantly see them as 60 year-olds. Speedy was one of these. Paul Pery – “Lubra Lips” ... (unthinkable now, of course).

Short=arms-long-pockets, the control freaks, the anal retentives, the no-hopers...No-one was permitted to take themselves seriously.

And our teachers – Mr. Abel was it? Who, while not missing a bead of the lesson, used to try to lob and land tiny bits of chalk up onto the highest, narrowest of picture rails. Surely a futile ambition. But no – one day – just once – after years, he did it – and the class erupted....! Sure the Berlin Wall may have fallen, but that chalk is still up there.

And the diminutive cabernossi, Jockey Ross, standing behind the bench, would roll 10 or 20 string-slim greyhounds before class, and stand them in a ragged-topped Golden Circle can. These would be sucked to ash before end of period.

At Boys’ High there would be at least one teacher who would find the best in you. I had a few: John Allen, Jack Caldwell, John Robson, all propelled me into Sydney Uni.

The late, great Vic Rooney, with his theatrical schtick on the Ides of March, bursting into the room bristling with butter-knives, scaring the be-jesus out of not only Caesar, but us too. A little bit of theatre went a long way.

One day, as he was coming back from a rolling sequence of Friday lunchtime beers, Vic stopped Rodney (Razz) Reay dead. “Listen son...! Reay...! Tell me – Are\_you\_the\_full\_quid...?!” Razz: “Well sir, I reckon I’m about 17 and 6 worth...?!”

Vale Vic.

I did have one year taught by Charlie Goffett – a bit longer would have been nice. “J’habite a Hamilton”...(repeat several times with different emphasis, etc. Then mime “not being able to continue without durrie-in-mouth.”)

I already KNEW I lived in Hamilton, but was happy to have my co-ordinates regularly confirmed by Charlie. I pity those kids who DIDN’T live in Hamilton...they will be embarrassing themselves to this day all over the Francophone world...

I majored in French and German – I took German because of my love of the language and my serendipitous proficiency in it. You can imagine my surprise to find that some had taken it for a different reason: their passion for the quality of German WW2 machinery. They wanted to be able to identify and buy correct spare parts in future years. They had presciently anticipated the advent of Amazon.

In my School Year, I was the chameleon – like Woody Allen’s character, Zelig, I would change my shape to fit in with whichever group I needed to. I became the stowaway, skulking in the cargo, between sub-cultures. Like a Meerkat, I would pop up wherever there was something interesting going on. I didn’t like missing out – on anything.

I never missed ONE lunchtime cricket game.

I raced slot cars with the nerdy kids.

I played euchre with the card sharks.

I loved music, played in the School Orchestra, and hung out at Tyrell’s Records.

I learnt to play bass guitar. With no amplified this was a solitary journey – like farting the National Anthem through the keyhole, it was very clever, but of no tangible advantage to anyone.

As William Blake said – “without contraries, there is no progression” – I did my bit – I spanned the gulf between nerd and sport – clarinet and the cricket team.

*[A section of Russell’s speech that was originally here appears in the section In Memory of Gary “Gus” Gilmour that is at the end of this appendix]*

I should add – much of the tuckshop fare from Ben and Mrs. Ben WAS a disappointment. You would watch a new boy walk away from the tuckshop with his first ever hot-dog. After he bit into it, you would hear a sound as if he’d just witnessed a double fault at Wimbledon. “Oh...”

Of course, anything I say about my experience of school is bound to be awash in the psychedelia of the **social context** – it was the 19-60s....! The era of social upheaval and world-wide ferment, whose like we will never see again.

The decade that began with Kumbaya, and ended with Sympathy for the Devil. What a time to be alive. What a time to be at high school! Sorry, all you others out there, but chronologically, we scored the big one...!

- The Beatles, The Stones, Hair the Musical – Carnaby Street, Apple, Swinging London, Cream, Dylan, 2001: A Space Odyssey...Woodstock...! Jimmy Hendrix, (*sing riff of “Highway Chile”*) – Pop culture....!

I learnt quickly that I loved music, literature, film, acting, art, humour, repartee, dialogue – the play of languages.

Once discovered, this genie was no longer for the bottle. We grew our hair. To this day, Col Taylor should have the Legion d’Honneur for showing us the way – to Boldly Go...We also wore paisley...(??!!)

.....

ANY teenager of any era is biologically impelled to disappoint their parents. In our era, we were also CULTURALLY impelled to disappoint. Double jeopardy for our poor parents. It must have been so hard for them – to take on board this seismic shift – when the wider world invaded their own loungerooms. I’m sure we have made it up to them since – now that we no longer frequent the demos, nor “climb up the hill in the morning.”

Suddenly, too quickly, it was all ending. On muckup day, Trev Sorensen and the nerd herd finally repaid our years of faith in them. Their smoke bomb snaked like a Steven King novel, right through the whole science block. Buoyed by his triumph and wanting to consolidate, mild-mannered Trevor, now badly off the leash, stormed like a banshee through the school, emergency flare in hand.

The school was evacuated. Even the science teachers were secretly impressed and asked for his formula. So they should have – Trevor ended up being a top aeronautical [aerospace] engineer for NASA in the United States...So we dispersed into the world.

.....

Let us not forget the buds of our characters – who we were – intelligent, funny – we tried everything, we loved each other, hated each other, laughed our heads off, cried our guts out....Would we live them all again, these amazing days of up and down...??

I don't know...!

But – what I DO know is – I did come out of Boys' High – brimming with optimism. That alone is a great legacy from a memorable school.

*[This is an excerpt from the much longer speech that Russell gave, but is the part that dealt directly with Boys' High. You can obtain a copy of the complete speech from the OBA website: [http://www. http://www.nbhsoba.net/](http://www.nbhsoba.net/)]*

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### **George Poulos (HSC 1978)**

Fun time growing up in Newcastle and going to Boys' High - years 1972 to 1978. George Poulos - born 1959.

Going to the elite school, NEWCASTLE BOYS' HIGH, back in the 70s and being a European was a little hard to start off with. I was one of only three Europeans that year (1972) starting off at Boys' High, the other two happen to be Greeks as well and all from the Hamilton, Hamilton South area. Hamilton was and still is a very ethnic-based community.

Of the two other Greeks Alex was easily identifiable as a foreigner, and so started the first semester of at Boys' High at Waratah. A friendship was born which still exists today. I was Alex's Best Man at his wedding, and godfather to his first born and he was our MC at Carynne's and my wedding.

As mentioned the first year of school was hard. We respected and were fearful of our teachers, especially old man Ross, the maths teacher, who always reeked of cigarette smoke and was grumpy.

We also worried about the seniors as we heard some fearful stories, but in the end, for Alex and me it was our own year that gave us a little grief.

We were the wogs (WORTHY ORIENTAL GRUBS I think was the translation) and I remember one time this guy was picking a fight with me during recess. I had never fought before but aimed up to fight this guy when Alex threw down his bag and went hell for leather on this guy. This was good, but left Alex being known as the wild Greek - don't upset him and his mate George.

This all changed around in second term when the school was choosing teams for its league and soccer teams. Being a very good soccer player, all of a sudden my fellow student team mates were acknowledging and welcoming me as an equal and even accepting Alex into the new group even though he didn't make the soccer team until later years at Boys' High. Once you were in any of these teams all of a sudden you were respected and the few Wog haters quickly disappeared.

The rest of our six years were great at Boys' High. Friendships grew even with the ones that gave us grief in the first year. We all realised we didn't need to fear our teachers and

as long as we towed the line would not get into trouble and I would look forward to the Bill Turner Cup, state school football competition up to year 10, and later with Alex, the Tasman Cup senior football state competition in the last two years of high school.

### Muck Ups

Many stories can be told about how we misbehaved: sometimes in science class, running amuck on the old trains from Waratah to Wickham, but the best one I can remember involves my friend Alex who I introduced to you above.

Alex lived in Hamilton and I in Hamilton South. I had a Bus and Train pass. I would catch the train to Wickham and then the 203 bus to my place in the afternoons. But in the mornings I would walk about eight blocks to Hamilton to catch up with Alex and another Greek boy (cousin of Alex) who used to go to Broadmeadow High.

Alex and I went through a crazy stage in Year 11. We thought we knew it all and would "wop" school every so often. This particular day, we purposely missed our bus to Waratah while we were talking about what we were going to do. I noticed in the distance a 216 bus coming with Alex's father driving it. They didn't call me binoculars for nothing in those days. I said to Alex, "Your old man," and quickly jumped behind the bushes that were behind us.

By the time it clicked with Alex what I meant, his old man pulled up at the bus stop and yelled to his son to get on the bus as he could tell by the time that he had missed our 227 bus that we would take to school. Alex climbed on board.

The 216 bus had about eight people on board and they were going to Kotara. So what does Alex's father do? Instead of turning left at the Gully line, he turned right and went to Boys' High in Waratah to drop off his son, despite the protest of the passengers that he was going the wrong way. I went to a local pinball parlour and laughed my head off when Alex showed up about an hour later and told me the story!

As for the school and "wop-ing it" - it was easy with Greek parents that would sign anything you put in front of them BUT I went too far and got caught after a few weeks of skipping school when school rang my father to see how my cancer was going ..oops!

Alex matriculated and went to University of Newcastle, where he received immediate employment on finishing his degree, as their International Liaison Officer. He also coaches and is involved with his favourite sport of soccer, which was only introduced to him at High school.

I was offered an immediate job at the Commonwealth Bank, which then paid for a commerce course to be done at Technical college.

I am currently heavily involved with Futsal - a form of soccer.

Both of us owe it all to NEWCASTLE BOYS HIGH!

By the way the other Greek boy became a close friend and is a lawyer still practising in Newcastle!

### **Break Up (Muck Up) Day 1969**

#### **Tom Lawrie (HSC 1969)**

I do remember the mud and flour fights, then driving to Newcastle Girls' High at one stage during the morning. I didn't have my licence at this time but remember piling into someone's car along with about seven other students. It was raining that day and when

we reached Nineways and the Century another car load of NBHS year 12 [6<sup>th</sup> Form] students drew alongside our car and amid cheers and jeers the challenge was set as both cars began a race along Tudor Street to our common destination, Girls' High. As both cars side by side, our in the "fast" lane and the other in the left lane, approached Hamilton Public School the lights suddenly changed to orange. I don't remember now who was driving either car, but our driver successfully applied the brakes and we stopped at the traffic lights, which I had used to enter Hamilton Public School for all those years [as did I – Trevor]. To our amazement the other car did not fare so well in our colleague's attempts to stop at the traffic lights. The sudden application of brakes in the wet conditions sent their car into an uncontrollable spin, two complete 360° revolutions, through the traffic lights and pedestrian crossing and into the gutter just near the entrance to Gregson Park another half-turn 180° so that the car faced the wrong way in Tudor Street.

The startled person who had used the lights to cross the street quickly completed their mission unaware of who the lunatics were who filled their cars with roars of laughter and equally unaware of who the carload of youths were who sat stunned into silence, their mouths agape, car stalled yet without any damage, and facing the wrong way in busy Tudor St. in the rain. Our driver cautiously continued the journey to Girls' High leaving our comrades to their own devices and driving skills to extricate themselves from this hilarious position without injury, damage, or loss of licence.

### **Karl Hofman (HSC 1969)**

After having a lovely warm shower in the sports block (and releasing some of the NGHS ladies), Norro, Leigh Frazer and myself piled into the "morrie" to do a DRIVE-BY of Girls High.

It was a little damp and cornering on the Morrie was to say the least -ordinary! (like a dog on lino ); we had just rounded the bend past Hamilton fire station, opposite Gregson Park, when we found ourselves in a rather rapid 360 finally resting against the gutter! Guitars and Fraser falling into the front seat. We sat and laughed for a long time, mostly the others laughing at the white faced driver, repeating his favoured word over and over!!!! WALNETTO!!!!!!

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### **The Christmas Nativity Scene Prank**

Note: the following prank occurred either Christmas 1969 or 1970, after I had left and gone to America for university. I did not know anything about this until it was revealed in the following e-mail exchange in July, 2016. Although this occurred after the end of high school, it was very close and involved my schoolmates.

### **John Beach (HSC 1969)**

It was a fruitful period for pranks, especially that Christmas when we turned Col Campbell's front room in David Street into a nativity scene, with live actors, then collected money from impressionable families to support our lavish drinking habits.

**Colin Campbell (HSC 1969)**

It was Colin Taylor's house. Our pretence as David Jones style mechanical baby jesus and wise men offering mind-altering substances all synced to Pat Boone xmas carols was undone by some kids spotting a watch on a not so wise man's arm!

**Colin Taylor (HSC 1969)**

Yep Col, it was Col Taylor's house sure enough, and after 47 years he is really pissed off - Johnny Beach, what happened to my share of the ill-gotten gains from the impressionable families?!? And why wasn't I encouraged to join FOTF, where you had girls you say, real girls! One thing I missed out on, living close to the school, was hanging out at the bus stops with the aliens from NGHS, Hunter High and Cooks Hill.

Such is life, Cheers All  
Col

**Russell Cheek (HSC 1969)**

John Beach was a bearded Baby Jesus - a discrepancy we chose to overlook. He also protruded out of both ends of the crib - further diminishing our credibility, but the good burghers of David St did not seem to mind. They were enthralled by our gusto and goodwill in presenting such a spectacle for the public. It re-vitalised Christmas, and for better or worse, propelled me into acting.

A salutary evening indeed.....!  
Russ

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**In Memory of Gary "Gus" Gilmour**

*The following are excerpts from selected emails shared amongst the '69er group after Gary Jones (Gazz) told us of the untimely death on 10 June, 2014 of the most famous member of our class, Gary "Gus" Gilmour, former member of the World Champion Australian cricket team. We were all proud of his achievements and Gus was admired as a person, as you can tell from these tributes from his former classmates. Gus was born on 26<sup>th</sup> June, 1951 and grew up in Waratah, where he attend Waratah Primary School with several of my friends before attending NBHS for six years. Gus played for Australia in 15 Tests and 5 One Day Internationals (ODIs) between 1973 and 1977.*



*I will start with my own tribute to him from that time.*

**Trevor Sorensen**

I was hesitant to send a message because Gus was not a close friend of mine. He and I were in different circles at Boys' High - he was a superb sportsman, while I was a "nerd" and a terrible sportsman. However, I remember during the 6 years at NBHS I really liked and admired Gus, wishing I had just a fraction of his sporting ability and also his outgoing friendly nature. One thing, even though I was not a sportsman, Gus was always

friendly to me when he could have just ignored me. He was really a good bloke. I am so glad I got to see and speak to him again at the 69er bowlo in January 2012. Little did I realize that would be the last time I would see him. I was looking forward to see him again during my next trip to Oz.

Although I was on the Hamilton Primary cricket team (which won the district cricket championship in 1962 and 1963), I was a reserve and saw little action, although I do remember one time when I went in to bat and was bowled out on the first ball by a very talented fast bowler - I wonder....

### **Russell Cheek (HSC 1969)**

Oh... very sad day indeed...!

I'm sure this fills us all with emotion - he, not only one of our own, but a GREAT one of our own...

Thanks so much for letting us all know, Gary...

Among many others, I will always have such strong memories of Gus running in to bowl at me in the nets - of me in a nervous sweat, of him - as casual, funny and nonchalantly talented as he ever-and-always was... This is a good way to remember him....

It was great to talk with him properly a couple of years ago at the Bowlo, and I'm so glad I did. And I was finally able to tell him then what a lasting legacy of his it was, and how great it had been, to experience playing in a sporting team with someone of his world class.

### **Gary Norris (HSC 1969)**

Yeah good memories Russell my right toe still bears the trauma from facing Gus for two overs when the firsts played the seconds at Wickham No 2. I snicked 3 unseen balls that swung about a metre in the first over for twelve. For some strange reason he didn't like that, then he hit me three times with toe balls on the same toe, (in sandshoes) then whizzed one around my left ear and whilst I was still shaking bowled a perfect yorker onto the middle stump. For some strange reason that was the only time I've ever been glad to be Out.

Then there was the day Schmouter rode Gus's right boot to lose one [of] his nuts in a game of forcem back.

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I'm glad i was lucky enough to be part of his life for a short while.....one of the funniest blokes I've ever met.....known for his impersonation of richie benaud ...used to have us in stitches (excuse the pun).  
-----

Let's not forget Gus was not just an amazing cricketer, but as Phil said a school rep in basketball, Rugby Union and Rugby League, I think he may have had a game of Aussie rules too and I think he and his older brother (Greg) won the Northern Districts tennis doubles (junior?) at some stage as well??  
-----

He was awarded two "Blues" by the New South Wales Combined High Schools Sports Association: in 1967 (Baseball) and 1969 (Cricket).

This pretty much sums it up:

Chappell said Gilmour's talents did not stop at cricket, but extended to almost any sport he tried. However, injuries and illness caused him problems throughout his life.

"I caught him in a baseball match among cricketers in Newcastle around 1980," Chappell said. "He pitched in the main game we played against Newcastle and tied that game 2-2, he was a hell of a good pitcher.

"From all reports he was a hell of a good rugby union fullback, terrific kicker of the ball, saw him play a bit of tennis on tour and he had a serve like Neale Fraser. He'd just turn up, toss the ball and bang the arm would come down, we'd all look and think 'who is this bloke?' But he could just do anything.

### **Bruce Burke (HSC 1969)**

Gus and I sat next to each other for a year in 3rd class at Primary School and, at least to me, he never stopped being the same likable bloke, even when he became a cricketing great.

I always thought that he was unfortunate to fall in with an Australian cricket team that, although brilliant, valued a drinking culture more than a fitness culture. I played sport with Gary for a very long time and he was clearly the most talented cricketer I ever knew.

I suspect that with a bit of luck and fewer injuries he would have been regarded as one of the greatest cricketers the world had ever seen. His talent was immense but he remained a truly good bloke.

### **Doug Jarvis (HSC 1969)**

Lambton Primary v Waratah Primary school, Lambton oval circa 1962. Jarvis comes to the crease with Lambton in trouble at about 4-4. 1st ball hits the bat and runs to fine leg. I should have run to the other end but I was frozen to the spot. Next ball struck me on the pad, up went the finger - out LBW. Gary probably did not rate it as one of his big wickets. But I will never forget it.

### **Jeff Hogg (HSC 1969)**

We may have all achieved something in our lives but, for Christ's sake, Gus played cricket for Australia. I often describe our year at school by the achievements of some, like Trevor's career in rocketry, Russell's Sale of the Century, Leo Pinczewski's success in orthopaedics.....but I always start by telling people about Gus. I freely admit that I felt a vicarious pride in his sporting ability because, simply, he was one of us. I went to school and played cricket with Gus Gilmour.

-----  
Hi fellow 69s,

I, like everyone it seems, have been so moved by their memories of Gus and their dedications to his life.

But it also strikes me what a great year we are.....compassionate and loyal.

I love youse all.

### **Jim Garis (HSC 1969)**

I recall something more recently about Gus & that was at his fund raising dinner for the liver transplant. Despite all of the celebrities that attended the dinner who wanted to

be with him, Gus preferred the company of his school buddies. I don't have any memories of playing cricket against Gus because 1. My ability held me back & 2. I wouldn't have been stupid enough to face him. I do remember a joker & funny man and like you had enormous pride in Gus's achievements.

-----  
We didn't play rugby union at school but if we did I'm sure he would have represented. I have a feeling that Gus can be accredited with something that not many people know about & Gary Jones may be able to confirm this. As a 14 year old, Gus was the first Australian kid to be offered a Major League Baseball contract which would have required him to go to the America. What an amazing achievement that was back in the 1960's & a testament to the enormous talent that was Gus Gilmour.

**Colin Taylor (HSC 1969)**

I was never a good enough cricketer (by a million miles!), or sportsman generally, to play on a team with Gus, but since we were at Waratah Boys Primary together I had no choice but to face up to him in the organised lunch time games. I only wish I'd been in his House, because even at that age he was already a terror to behold. I still have the scar on my upper lip from the day I played a Gus whirlwind up onto my jaw - more fool me for even playing at it, and how I ever connected remains a miracle to this day! But it was (almost) worth it for all the years of bragging rights since..."Did I ever tell you blokes I went to school with Gus Gilmour...you know, played for Australia.... in fact, see this scar....."

**Leo Pinczewski (HSC 1969)**

Thank you for letting us all know of Gus's passing. Having known him since Primary school he was at all times a gentleman and a sportsman in that order. The world is short on this combination and like all, it was great to have a hero in our midst. He will be missed. Condolences to his family and many friends at their sad loss.

**John Jenkins (HSC 1969)**

A few 69ers got together this afternoon at the Duke of Wellington to farewell Gus( Myself, Phil O'Hearn, Peter Hawkins, Jamie Burt, Peter Lawrence George Rafty) and Jeff Bower. A few beers and a few memories were shared.

Gus was just 2 beds away in RPA from my brother in law, Bruce, who just received a liver transplant.

I told Bruce to make himself known to Gus and to have a yarn. Gus was very supportive of Bruce, who was very fortunate to receive a new liver a few weeks ago.... a small world.

I last saw Gus in March at his son's Clint funeral...what an absolute tragedy. Clint worked for me for a while, so we had a good yarn, and shared a few memories.

Gus had some great tributes today, particularly on "talking Sport" on radio 2HD (relayed from Sydney). A few NBHS boys managed to get through and tell some stories.

All the best, and raise a glass.

### **Phil Scott (HSC 1969)**

There were always good times and great memories, no matter what our involvement with Gus at school. I only had a short association with Gus at school (myself arriving late in 1967), not so much through cricket, but some involvement with the Shell Cup basketball team. He always referred to me as Phil Dribble which he has reminded me whenever we crossed paths.

A few years after leaving school, our paths crossed again when we were both employed with the Commonwealth Bank. Great times were had in the Hunter Region Admin office from those days now past. One event that springs to mind was the birth of one of his children brought out the cigars one Friday afternoon during our lunch break - a feat that only Gus could have gotten away with back in those days.

### **Frans Henskens (HSC 1969)**

As another of the 'nerdy' (did the term exist in the 60s?) members of our year, I also appreciated and admired Gus' combination of grace, tolerance of difference, and outstanding skill. It would have been easy for him to look down on those less able/accomplished than he, but in my experience he is one who never did.

I, also, found great pleasure and pride in watching and celebrating his achievements in the knowledge 'we went to school together'.

I'm also enjoying the emails of affirmation, not only for Gus, but also acknowledging and appreciating the achievements of others in our year. IMO there should be more of that ...

### **Jeff Bower (SC 1967)**

Kerry OKeefe described Gus as completely selfless.

One of my experiences of Gus' selflessness was in the mid 80's when Gus was selling swimming pools. I walked into his office to get a price on installing a pool. Gus was sitting there casually, laid back, feet up as he did chatting with 2 pool installers.

I asked him for a price to install a pool.

Rather than give me an official buy and install price on which he would have received a commission or profit %, Gus said " I will sell you the pool for cost plus ?%(I forget the small %). These gorillas (pointing to the 2 pool installers) will install it on a weekend for cash."

The saving was enormous and Gus didn't have to do that as he would have known 99% of the people he sold to.

But that's who he was.

### **Robert Wilkinson (HSC 1969)**

First of all I think from reading everyone's comments and talking to all the cricketers over the years about Gus, the foremost thing is that no one had a bad thing to say about him and everyone loved his company.

The other obvious thing was that he was the most talented sportsman I ever saw.

Hathy, Gus, Bob Campbell, John Peady and myself all played for Stockton Peninsula from Under12's to 15's - what a team- I was lucky to get a bat.

Then at school there was Gus again - making us all look mediocre - in '69 I was Captain of the side and in a game against Hamilton Marist at Waratah oval I scored 70

not out in a score of 98 - Gus then proceeded to take 6-10. Gus was hailed by Tom Richardson at assembly and I didn't rate a mention.

We were all so proud of Gus's achievements over the years and he didn't deserve to have to put up with the health problems he went through.

Hathy and I caught up with Gus at Cardiff Oval where Sam was playing - you could tell he wasn't well but he still laughed about the old days.

We were all lucky to know such a talented and yet humble guy.

### **Bruce Tate (HSC 1969)**

So saddened to hear of our sporting hero's passing. So many fond memories since days of Waratah Primary (I recall Gus fainting in the line in front of me as we were given our TB injections) and of great days of cricket in Steve Hatherell's backyard. So many memories of Gus's flashes of brilliance in his varied sporting endeavours. Memories never to be forgotten.

### **John Beach (HSC 1969)**

Gary and I both attended Christo Road Infants School, prior to our time at Waratah Boys' Primary, then NBHS. This story shows his sporting prowess from a nearly age. When we were in First Class, with the fearsome Mrs Kennewell, the teachers got a table tennis table for their lunch room. Gary somehow managed to challenge them to a game. He played several lunchtimes against them, and was never beaten, or even came close. He was just six years old. Gus was part of our strike force when we conspired to look into the windows of the girls' toilets too! Inspirational stuff, although we did get caught, and there were consequences, involving a steel-edged ruler.

Sporting legend and good bloke!

### **Russell Cheek (HSC 1969)**

Well... if that doesn't trump just about all our memories, John... First class, 6 yrs old at Christo road...

Must have been Gus' first implementation of his scorched earth sports policy - take no prisoners, in Cricket, Baseball, Tennis... or even infants' v teachers Ping-Pong.... brilliant.

I hesitated to post the following... but if not now, when...?? (especially since I won't be able to attend the funeral.)

When asked, (by John Beach,) to present the big speech for the 2010 all-of-NBHS reunion, I did devote quite a large chunk to Gus. Since I know only few of you were there at the time, I include it now, (lightly edited,) as at least a slight tribute to the man who inspired so many of us, when he was still very much with us:

"... I played a handful of games for the First XI. I was a ring-in amongst true talent, amongst them, Gary Gilmour, the greatest all-rounder God ever shovelled Guts into.

I am so thankful to have played in the company of greatness. From my present vantage point on the couch, I can still recall how it felt to play with the likes of a Glenn McGrath, or an Adam Gilchrist. Gus was an amalgum of both.

Believe me - I don't let people forget I played with him. No statute of limitations on bragging rights.

In our ritual lunchtime games at school, Gus was a freak. Blessed with the miracle of timing, a gift by whose bounty I remained blissfully untroubled, he would, armed with no more than a broken piece of paling, command the tennis ball heavenwards, over the giant fig tree, over the metalwork sheds... a timeless moment where the ball seemed to hang in the air long past the trajectory to which it was entitled.

“Oh, didn’t quite get onto that one, Gus...” would come the laconic cry, (from Phil Brockbank...? or Jimmy Garis?)

I stood close to him whenever I could, but no skill transferred by osmosis. I was an average player – well-motivated, but like Hamlet – “fat, and scant of breath”... I scored many centuries of the mind, against the greatest bowlers of our generation.

But – in school comps, and on Saturdays, the sound of the six-stitcher was king ... and in Gus' hands, would fizz through the air like a viper.

At school, a similar sound emanated from The Sunny Boy, the pyramid-shaped ice block that was part of our culture. Opening the Sunny Boy was akin to solving Fermat’s Last Theorem. You were lucky if you solved the puzzle before it melted. Once all the sugar had been sucked out, there remained a disappointing lump of ice.

The Sunnyboy, did however, become the perfect vehicle for the disappointment coded in its genes. For those with strong arms – especially Gus, it took the form of a perfect projectile, and could be thrown at surprising velocity through the air. More often than not, the projectile would FIZZ just past you, and shatter on the wall inches away, spraying the victim with a cold ice-storm, and the chilling knowledge that you had just missed... being seriously stung.

Like an early suburban version of the Hadron collider - if it hit you, it would definitely - rattle your atoms.

The playground would stop as one, and applaud the spectacle. A communal moment. NBHS rules. "

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Hmm Russ, I remember him throwing a cream bum a fair way as well? – **Gary Norris**

\*\*\*\*\*

Norro - he could throw anything... except a cricket match...! – **Russell Cheek**

\*\*\*\*\*

He could throw a wicked tennis ball when we played peg cricket. I had a red dot on my arse for days. – **Jim Garis**

### **Graeme Hurrell (HSC 1969)**

Although I was a Year 10 arrival and didn't know Gus through early school days and junior sport, I did know him as a one of a number of very outstanding young sportsman in our year and as a strong and positive presence in the "tuckshop" group. Later, when his innate and phenomenal ability as a cricketer was made evident on our TV screens, I was proud to be able to say I knew him, it strengthened my belief in where I had come from, it made the impossible seem real and in some small way, inspired me and where I was at!

We all of course have made our own ways and many people have influenced our paths. The fact that we all communicate regularly and try to congregate annually as a group is evident of a continuing supporting bond.

As John Faulkner says, it is important to remember and acknowledge those who have made a difference in our lives. Thank you Gus!

### **Rob Greenwood (HSC 1969)**

Gus, to me, is the essence of the things that matter ... and .. really is an icon...Great blokes leave great memories.

OK... 4 memories of Gus... (my memory is crap...so please let me know if I have got it wrong)

1. Gus could throw a ball at 90 degrees in the air... so far I couldn't even see it... and then ... it would land back...exactly in the place he had thrown it...
2. Gus (and I think one or two others in the school) could flick a bottle lid from their fingers...and it would fly like a frisbee... I tried for years ...and could never do it...
3. Help me here.. but I think it was Gus and GJ that picked George R[afty] up and locked him in the stationery cupboard at the start of a period...I remember the anticipation of us all.... The lesson proceeded... after about 15 minutes... there was a knock on the cupboard door... the teacher.... was it Vic...or Jockey... went over and opened the door... and George just walked out... yep..a normal school lesson continued... fantastic stuff!
4. I remember Gus would look at you... and with a wonderful glint in his eye...would say something that at the same time was humorous, witty... and just slightly... (in the slightest way)... I can't think of the word... but it meant that he had worked you out... and in the nicest way possible... was taking the piss out of you....



**Dale Gus**

**Thanks for the memories**

## **Appendix I - Musical Adventures (with Mrs. Hindmarsh)**

These comments are taken (slightly modified) from some e-mail exchanges in October, 2013.

### **Jim Garis (HSC 1969)**

I was in the choir for one week before Molly found out that I couldn't sing a note.

### **Gary Norris (HSC 1969)**

Although I loved music and the appreciation of it was enhanced by Molly, peer pressure (a perception that it wasn't cool but daggy) had something to do with me not joining.

### **Robert Wilkinson (HSC 1969)**

I've still got my original music book from Molly's lessons, with the words to most of the songs. I often find it in my desk and laugh at the way we used to change the words in the songs.

### **Cliff Wright (HSC 1969)**

I remember that Molly was reasonably tolerant with the word machinations but every now and then she would go bright red,.. a clear warning that something was gunna happen. If you didn't spot it then you were a goner. I think Paul Percy might have copped it a few times.

### **Peter Sweney (HSC 1969)**

I cannot remember, if I was ever in the choir. However, I am guessing not, because: What I do remember is that, during music class singing sessions, Molly called me a "wandering willy".

Was anyone else labelled as a "wandering willy"? I believe it means we could not "hold a note", and therefore useless in the choir.

In later lives, I had very-little success, living up to that name, any more than musically.

The ONLY other thing, I remember from Molly's class is this:

I sat next to Michael Rowland in music class. For reasons beyond memory, I thought it was cool to scribble on the back of MR's notebook: "Michael Rowland is a c\*\*t". Accidentally (I believe to this day) MR left his notebook behind, in the music room. I guess Molly found it. Later that day, the Science class had a visitation from TOC. MR was called out. A few minutes later, I was called out.

I got 4 [cuts of the cane]. MR got 1. I only got 4. That much is clear in my mind. Less clear is that MR got just 1, enough in my mind, to cover the possibility that it was not an accident.

### **Jeff Bower (HSC 1969)**

I must have been in it because I still have my choir badge. My memory was joining the choir every time there was a trip to Sydney. These trips were rated almost as good as the Nelson Bay Geography excursion. Following this vast singing experience I was shocked that I wasn't invited as a judge on one of these current singing shows.

**Robert Campbell (HSC 1969)**

I can remember a music class when I was in 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> Form. Picture the scene; a cold wet winters day and the school dog (name Tex?; big black Alsatian cross) wanders into the music room and lies down in front of the heater when Molly was banging away on the the keys, she momentarily stops, the dog wasn't going outside in the cold and wet, and Molly resumes playing the piano. Priceless entertainment!

I also got the boot from the choir, a wandering willy!

A woman of great vision into the future.

**Robert Greenwood (HSC 1969)**

I only have a few hundred memories of Molly... a few of which I can remember!

I too was not allowed in the choir... we had a singing test... in which we all sung along to something traditional... mmm, was it... "down among the deadshits" I wonder...

Anyway ... Molly walked along the rows ... and held her ear next to our mouths singing away.... when she listened to me... she just shook her head.... my musical career over in 4.5 seconds.... or less!

I quite liked Moll.... she wasn't afraid to do her stuff with a bunch of (well some of us anyway).... totally disinterested young blokes... a kind of Maggie Thatcher of the School Teacher brigade!.... I wonder if she had a husband as long suffering as Dennis.....

I also remember one day she put some "modern music" on for us... and was quite excited that I woke up!

## Appendix J – Introduction and Speech at OBA Annual Dinner 2015

### 1. Introduction by Russell Cheek

In space, no one can hear you scream.

In space - you HAVE to sweat the small stuff – right down to the micron... to the Angstrom unit – you have to - or people die, or - don't come back. Then they die.

Most humans are not used to this level of precision.

However, tonight's guest IS.

No-one - can sweat the small stuff like Trevor Sorensen can.

Not only as an Aerospace Engineer, but more importantly, in his comprehensive School Memoirs, which have become so crucial to us, the 69-ers of Newcastle Boys' High.

At each of our year's reunions, we make sure we have a leather-bound, first edition of Trevor's memoirs at hand.

This way, if there's ever any detail forgotten – or any moral, ethical or chronological fact disputed, we have the enviable clarity, accessible to few, of holding the definitive record of what happened at NBHS all those years ago.

Right down to the 'mental micron'.

Trevor's Aerospace Career started at school, where he was the first boy to ever have a business card.

He was also the first to have a motto.

The motto was printed on the card.

It read - 'Rocketry for Science' – Trevor reached for the stars. The rest of us, left in the gutter – could only stare up at them.

His energy and drive were indefatigable.

He was actually working for the US Space programme while he was still at school. They just didn't know it yet. So he was not on the payroll. Trevor considered this a minor oversight.

He has since claimed for all his back pay, from the sixties. On one of his recent visits, he showed me the Aerospace Engineering textbook he had written.

Now, I'm the guy who read the complete works of Carl Jung at Uni. All the way up to page ten.

If Carl's works were impenetrable, then Trevor's were Fort Knox.

He made Carl Jung look like Dr Seuss.

Trevor has learnt a LOT of stuff that nobody else knows. And now he is TEACHING that stuff to a new generation of space apprentices.

His mantra – attention to detail

THAT'S why his memory cannot be faulted,

THAT'S why he wrote such painstaking memoirs

THAT'S why he became a world Aerospace expert

Because - he sweated the small stuff.

Not like the rest of us

We don't even sweat the big stuff anymore.

We've passed that.

We're all out of sweat.

We trade in couches and beer.

So - Here he is now, all the way from Hawaii, to show us the result of all that sweat, Dr Trevor Sorensen....!

## **2. My Speech**

Thank you Russell for the introduction. That's a hard act to follow.

It is a great honour to be invited here this evening to share some of my thoughts with this distinguished body of Novocastrians. I would especially like to thank John Beach for inviting me. I'm glad that I was able to accept, and I hope that by the end of this speech, you are as well.

I would first of all like to apologise, to misquote Monty Python, for "my outrageous Aussie accent." I left Australia when I was 18 and still somewhat impressionable, and even though I tried my best to keep my Australian accent, living almost 46 years in the land of the Yanks has taken its toll. For many years I have been in a rather unusual situation, where my accent is unique – there is nowhere in the world where I can blend in. No matter where I go, even here in my hometown, I have an accent and stand out as a stranger. To quote a popular book by the late great science fiction author, Robert Heinlein, I am a "Stranger in a Strange Land."

I left Australia in 1969 and returned on average only every six years. I first returned in December, 1975. In the six years I had been gone, Australia had adopted the metric system, introduced colour television, ended its participation in the Vietnam War, changed the clothing and hair styles - men's hair was getting shorter – and, was adopting American fast food - McDonalds, KFC, etc., with almost religious fervour. I could also see many other changes – lots of new houses where there used to be bush or abandoned coal mines, stores gone out of business, and so on. This was not the Australia I had left. It was some place new. I really was - a stranger in a strange land.

One change that really shocked me over the years was the degrading of our old school, from being one of top schools in the state, both in academics and sports, to a non-selective, local high school, with girls walking our hallowed halls, although that is one change I would not have objected to, and eventually to a college - the equivalent to our old junior high schools. This struck me as quite a tragedy.

My years at Boys' High left me with a wealth of memories of the wonderful, and not so wonderful, experiences that I had there. My oldest child, Angela, in 2009 said, "Dad, why don't you write these stories down so that we will have them and be able to pass them along even after you are gone." I thought that was a good idea, because I have had a really interesting life, being very involved with the American space program, and many other adventures. So I set out to write my memoirs.

The first chapter I wrote was about my years at Boys' High. I completed the first draft at the end of 2009 and sent it to my old classmates with whom I was still in touch, for their review. This prompted some lively e-mail exchanges, as we discussed different events from those years, and the different memories we had of what really occurred. By the way, I will make an appeal here. When I was a junior, probably in 1st or 2nd Form, I came to school one morning and the seniors had put a small car, possibly a Goggomobile, up off the ground in a place that would make it very difficult to retrieve – possibly on the incinerator, on a verandah, or in a tree, ....! If any of you participated in that event or have first-hand knowledge of it and the perpetrators, please let me know after this dinner. I want to record the facts. The memoirs I wrote about my Boys' High days have almost become an unofficial history, although it is my personal story. I submitted it along with a chapter on my rocketry club activities during high school to the Old Boys' Association for inclusion on the website.

So far, I have only seen the rocketry chapter of my memoirs posted there, but I hope that within a few months you will be able to read the rest of my Boys' High memoirs.

This effort forced me to relive in my mind my days at Boys' High. I realized just how important my years at Boys' High were to my subsequent career and life. It provided a wonderful preparation for me, especially professionally, although I must admit it fell far short when it came to social skills and how to deal with girls. I would like to share some of those gems with you, and how they helped me to transition into an incredible career and life. Please come on this journey with me over the next few minutes.

Let me start with my first day at Boys' High. I was one of only six<sup>24</sup> boys from Hamilton Primary that were admitted to Boys' High. I was SO thrilled when I found out I was accepted. It was a dream come true. I remember when I first donned the grey shorts and long socks, blue shirt, and that wonderful blue and red striped tie and caught the bus to school. I was so proud to be recognized as being a big high school boy going to Boys' High. When I started attending classes there, I was like a sponge, ready to soak up the knowledge being imparted by our teachers. I was in awe of them, the older boys, and the whole experience. Over the next six years, I never completely lost that feeling of awe and thankfulness for being at Boys' High, even as I took it more and more for granted.

With very few exceptions, I think the teachers at Boys' High were excellent. Besides knowledge, they taught me many skills that proved to be very useful in later years. One is the value of discipline and respect. For those of you that attended Boys' High before the late 60s, which teacher do you associate with the word discipline? In my mind, it was not even close – Deputy Headmaster Thomas O'Connor, otherwise known as TOC. I have to relate one experience, in Class 1A, that I had with TOC, which many of those who knew him find hard to believe, even though I swear it's true. It was during the change of period when we were waiting for our next teacher to arrive, I was standing up with my back to the door yelling across the room to my friend, Phillip Archer. All of a sudden, the classroom got deathly quiet and everybody was staring at the door. I stopped in mid-sentence and looked around. There was TOC standing in the doorway staring at me. He then said the dreaded words that would strike unbelievable terror into any boy who was a recipient of them - "Come see me at recess." And then he left, leaving me quaking, with the blood drained from my face, and starting to perspire. I now knew how the inmates on Death Row must feel on the day of their execution. The other boys looked at me with pity and mumbled things like "You're going to die." I believed them. Not a word that was said in the next class registered in my mind - all my attention was in contemplating the fate that awaited me.

At long last, the bell rang, and I walked the condemned man's walk down the corridor to the central intersection, where I turned right to reach TOC's office. I knocked and he told me to enter. I stood there waiting for him to bring out his dreaded instrument of torture, the cane. He eyed me sternly and said, "What's your name?" "Sorensen, sir." "Well, Sorensen, don't let it happen again - dismissed." The shock couldn't have been greater. He let me go without a caning! I think now that he could tell by the look on my face that I had been punished enough, probably more than by the physical pain of the cane. A huge weight had been lifted from my soul as I hurried out of his office before he had a chance to change his mind. Yes, I had survived the dreaded TOC. That encounter taught be some valuable lessons, the short-term one being to always be on the lookout for TOC, especially if I was doing something I shouldn't. The other was the importance of discipline balanced with mercy. Have a firm hand and impose discipline to make an operation or enterprise as efficient as possible. But discipline, combined with the application of mercy when possible, is the way to gain respect.

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<sup>24</sup> Actually there were seven - one boy (Karl Toohey) moved away after only two months

I tried to apply these principles throughout my career, especially when I went into management positions and teaching at universities.

In 1st Form I was taught another very important lesson, although unfortunately, it is not one I learned well enough to always use. My German teacher for that year was Mr. Caldwell. One day while sitting in the back row of the classroom, Mr. Caldwell said to me, “Herr Sorensen, stehen Sie auf!” so I stood up. He then said, “Kommen Sie her!” which I understood to mean “Come here.” I was just about to step forward when a classmate turned around and whispered to me, “Comb your hair, comb your hair.” He seemed so adamant about it that I hesitated, and then took the comb out of my pocket and started to comb my hair. Everybody immediately started laughing. My face turned red as I put the comb away and strode to the front of the class. The lesson here was not to believe everything you are told, and to listen to your own instincts, and trust your own knowledge and assessment if you believe they are correct. Don’t abandon them just because somebody else tells you something different.<sup>25</sup>



**Jack Caldwell & Trevor at OBA Dinner in 2015**

These are just a few of the life lessons I learned, just in my first year at Boys’ High. We had the advantage of a first class education, and the fact that it was a selective high school made a big difference.

The 1960s was an exciting time to grow up, especially for someone like me who was interested in science and technology. While I was in Primary School, Yury Gagarin became the first man to fly in space. By the time I started at Boys’ High, the US had just completed its Mercury Program and getting ready to launch its Gemini missions. I started a scrapbook where I collected articles from the newspapers on the various manned spaceflights that were happening more and more frequently. I still have that scrapbook. It was during 1st Form that I borrowed a book from the Newcastle Library on rocketry. It was full of equations that I didn’t understand, but it also described how rockets work and I was fascinated. I became passionate of rockets and all things related to spaceflight. My enthusiasm was infectious, and soon my closest mates at school joined me in forming a rocketry club. We built our own large metal rockets that used our own rocket engines powered by propellant that we mixed ourselves. We made mistakes, a lot of them, but fortunately, none fatal. But we also learned a lot. In my rocketry memoirs that are posted on the OBA website, I called this group the NBHS rocketry club, even though it was unofficial. Over the following years my friends and I launched many large steel rockets and had many close shaves, including starting a bush fire (which we managed to put out before it spread too far), and almost shooting down a jet fighter of the RAAF. The details are in my posted memoirs.

I guess my rocketry activities did eventually spill over to the school and had a very dramatic effect on the school when I was in 6th Form. Probably the thing I am most remembered for is my part in our 1969 Breakup or Muck-up Day. In Russell’s speech for this

I guess my rocketry activities did eventually spill over to the school and had a very dramatic effect on the school when I was in 6th Form. Probably the thing I am most remembered for is my part in our 1969 Breakup or Muck-up Day. In Russell’s speech for this

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<sup>25</sup> I did not realize it during the speech, but Jack Caldwell, an old boy from 1958, was attending the dinner. I spoke and had my photo taken with him afterwards. He does not remember this incident, although all of the boys in my class that I have spoken to about it do remember it.

dinner in 2010 he said, and I quote “On muckup day, Trev Sorensen and the nerd herd finally repaid our years of faith in them. Their smoke bomb snaked like a Steven King novel, right through the whole science block. Buoyed by his triumph and wanting to consolidate, mild-mannered Trevor, now badly off the leash, stormed like a banshee through the school, emergency flare in hand.”

First of all, I was surprised when I read this because I never considered myself a nerd. However, what Russell said was essentially correct. I used the knowledge I had gained with my rocketry and applied it to our plans for Muck-up Day. I took my rocket propellant and added some special ingredients to make a wonderful smoke powder. I put it in a gallon size ice cream tin, and set it off between the tuckshop and the science block. It performed as expected, a slow-burning generator of thick smoke that soon enveloped that side of the school and over onto Turton Road, causing an evacuation. A bit later, I ignited a commercial smoke flare and was carrying it along like an Olympic Torch, filling the school behind the rampaging group of 6th Formers with smoke. Once I was outside, I dumped the flare and beat a hasty retreat towards the car park. On the way I was intercepted by Mr. Maiden, a worthy successor to TOC, who said to me, “Sorensen, I’m disappointed in you.” Ouch! And I thought I had achieved such an outstanding example of a practical scientific application.

My activities and interest in rockets sparked my desire to excel in maths and science, because I knew that I needed to do that in order to be a space engineer, which was my goal. As mentioned before, I had some outstanding teachers, including Herr Allan for German, Mr. Dobinson for Science, Vic Rooney for English and History, Preb Maehl for Maths, and Slops Mudford for Physics. After my HSC exams, I passed up a full Commonwealth scholarship in order to pursue my dream of being a space engineer.

I moved to America to attend university. Talk about a stranger in a strange land! I left Australia in near summer weather, and when I stepped off the plane in Kansas City, there was snow on the ground and a bitterly cold wind. Then there were other things, like the cars drove on the wrong side of the road, and the people talked funny. However, the language difference did have a good side benefit. At uni, I only had to speak a few words, and the girls would swoon and swarm all over me saying, “I LOVE your accent. Please say more.” I was able to get a lot of dates with gorgeous girls that I’m sure would not have been the case if I’d stayed in Australia.

I also quickly found out how ignorant many Yanks were of Australia. I have two examples that happened to me during my first semester in uni there. One person asked me where I came from, I replied, “Australia”. They then said, “How did you get here, did you fly or did you drive?” Another time, when I was speaking to someone, they asked where I was from. I again replied, “Australia.” They asked, “How long have you been here?” I replied, “Three months.” They said, “Boy, you learned English quickly.”

I enrolled in Aerospace Engineering at the University of Kansas. Because of what I had done in Level 1F Maths and Physics, I was able to skip the first two Calculus and Physics courses, and this enabled me to get my Bachelor of Science Degree in only 3 ½ years. I had a Permanent Residence Visa for the US, which enabled me to stay and work, but this was during the post-Apollo slump in aerospace, and the only job I could find was as an aircraft structural engineer in Dayton, Ohio. After 6 months the Air Force cancelled the contract and I was laid off. I ended up going to graduate school and got my Master of Science and Doctor of Engineering degrees in Aerospace Engineering working on the NASA Pioneer Venus project. For my doctorate, I did my research at NASA Ames Research Center, south of San Francisco. This was a dream come true – working on a space mission for NASA.

Armed with my doctorate, I was able to get a job at the NASA Johnson Space Center in Houston, Texas. This was even more of a dream come true – working on the manned space

program in Houston. This was in 1980, a year before the first shuttle launch. I started out as a Guidance and Control engineer, developing techniques to save the astronauts in case of ascent aborts. As part of my job, I got to ride in the Space Shuttle motion-based simulator with the astronauts. My computer targets were onboard during STS-1 and -2, but fortunately, they did not need to use them.

After STS-2, I joined the Flight Directors' Office as their assistant. It was while in this role I came to Australia in 1982 to be a technical consultant to the Channel 7 Network during STS-3, where I appeared on TV nearly every day during the mission. While in the Flight Directors' Office, I underwent all the classroom and simulator training done by the astronauts and flight controllers on how to operate the space shuttle. I even was instructed using a simulator on how to use the loo in space. I got to do a spacewalk simulation and operate the remote manipulator arm. I became good friends with many of the astronauts, even some from Apollo days like John Young. I even had some astronauts over to my place and introduced them to Australian delicacies like Pavlova. But it was not all glamorous - I would also take care of astronaut Kathy Sullivan's cats and clean their litter box while she was in orbit.

I worked at the Flight Director's Console in Mission Control in Houston. Yes, I was living my dream from Boys' High - I was a space engineer in the US Space Program. I was friends with some of the astronauts that were tragically killed when the Space Shuttle Challenger was destroyed during launch in 1986. I left the Flight Directors' Office and managed a group of software engineers working on the programs used to design the shuttle flights.

In 1990 I accepted a position with Bendix Field Engineering in Alexandria, Virginia (a suburb of Washington DC) as a contractor to the Naval Research Lab. I was the Observations Manager for the LACE satellite, which was part of the DOD's Star Wars Program. We tracked and imaged sounding rocket launches from space.

Working in Mission Control for the Space Shuttle program was not the highlight of my career. That occurred next, when in 1992 I became the Lunar Mission Manager for the Clementine mission to the Moon. Clementine was launched in January, 1994 and spent two and a half months orbiting and imaging the Moon, taking nearly 2 million images and providing the first global digital map of the Moon. It also discovered ice at the Lunar South Pole. I was in charge of the lunar operations. For that, NASA awarded me the Medal for Exceptional Scientific Achievement. That was the highlight of my career.

After Clementine, I worked on a couple other space missions, including the Galileo mission to Jupiter. By 2000, I was sick of the commute and rat race that is Washington, and accepted a position as an Associate Professor in the Department of Aerospace Engineering at the University of Kansas, where I initiated various student aerospace programs. In 2007, I moved to Hawaii to join the faculty of the University of Hawaii at Manoa as a Specialist Professor and project manager in the Hawaii Space Flight Laboratory, where we are helping develop a launch vehicle, built a 55-kg satellite, which will be launched on our launch vehicle later this year, and are developing an innovative mission operations software system.

That is a brief overview of my career since leaving Australia. I did try a couple times to return to Australia during the 42 years since I first graduated from uni, but could not find suitable employment here. It seems like there is still not much call for space engineers in Australia...!

I would like to conclude by restating the central thesis of my speech - I had a dream that started in my first year of high school, was able to nurture and grow it through those six years, and the life lessons and brilliant education I received in those hallowed halls, enabled me to achieve and live my dream. Thank you, Boys' High, and especially to those teachers that guided me along the path.

Cheers, and thank you again for this great honour of speaking to you!

## Appendix K – IN MEMORIUM

A list of the members of my year, to the best of my knowledge, who have passed away as of the date of this edition. The list includes the date of their death. If I don't know the date, it is indicated by (?).

### Class 6A

Ian Goodenough (?)

Jeffrey Richards (?)

### Class 6B

Robert Leigh Fraser (2012)

Neil Mierendorff (2017)

### Class 6C

Steven Dumpleton (1997)

Fred Flanagan (2013)

Neville Glenn Holmes (2016)

Paul Percy (?)

### Class 6D

Phillip Archer (2013)

Barry Elsley (?)

Paul Oughton (?)

### Class 6E

Christopher Kinsella (?)

### Class 6AH

Raymond Cummings (?)

### Class 6Ec

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Gary Gilmour (2014)

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