

## Class member's web pages



### THE 1953 CLASS PHOTO

REAR ROW: Ray Lowenthal, John Pym, Stephen D'Alton, John Fullagar, Brock Bryce, Peter Edelman, Ross Bonthorne, Brian Bagnall, Warren Butler, Gordon Murray

CENTRE ROW: Chris Wood, David Cohen, Frank Hatherley, Dick Pollitt, Guy Parsons, Jim Denny, Paul Gaskin, John Hirst, Bruce Morgan

FRONT ROW: Miss Alethea May Acason, John Kable, Adrienne Apps, Diana Rea, Margaret Blakemore, Victoria Edwards, Carolyn Gillings, Elizabeth Pearce, Lyn Ghys, Andrew Kirk

SEATED: Dorothy Bartholomew, Susan Keating, Valerie Allen, Sarah Neal, Janet Green

MISSING: Andrew Andersons, Ron Mattiske

### Valerie Allen (now Reid)

I came to my father's house in Northbridge with my family from Scotland in 1950 when I was eight, on a ship, seeing the world for the first time.

At Fort Street everyone had come from somewhere else, some from overseas after WW2 and some from their own schools.

I don't remember much: not being bored, dancing in a cheesecloth dress and pink knickers to the 'Valse des Fleurs' on a gramophone in an asphalt playground and some of Miss Acason's sharper moments which included me.

After Fort Street I went to North Sydney GHS then to Sydney University (on a Commonwealth scholarship like many of us) to study science, maths and physics.

After rejecting a job at Woomera and Lucas Heights (no glamour there) I got a job in 1963 as a computer programmer for ICT/ICL and loved it. I don't think anyone now knows computers went back that far, except as history, like Babbage.

I came to the UK in 1965 to work for ICL and met my husband Tom. We married a few months later and lived near Hampstead in swinging London in the 60's, though we didn't swing very hard.

After 4 years we had Emma and 2 years later Imogen.

I was a stay at home mum, working part time, but found a school with the same aims as Fort Street for my daughters when we moved to Reading.

Emma studied physics, became a London media lawyer (contracts for Madonna and Robbie Williams) but changed back to physics and is now working in computing law in London. Imogen studied Economics, then Environment and was a consultant to the current environment minister Hilary Benn but is really an artist.



They have flats in London and partners. No grandchildren on the horizon.

We lived an English middle class life, not totally comfortable for a rebellious Australian Scot, but you couldn't not enjoy it.

Tom became the managing director of the computer company he built up, eventually being awarded 'Freeman of the City of London' for his efforts (entitling you to drive sheep over London Bridge + an occasional Lord Mayors dinner).

I became a computer consultant. In case your eyes glaze, I wasn't technical, just a manager, making sure projects were delivered OK.

Sounds boring but it wasn't, they were mostly projects for the UK government. Some are: UK Passport Office (I know how it's done), weekly meetings in Amsterdam on an 8 seater plane across the channel for an international publisher, last 3+ year contract with Department of Trade and Industry (confirmed my distrust of politics).

The one I liked best was the UK Hydrographic Office where sea charts are made. For hundreds of years they were hand painted until 15 years ago when they were digitised. The HO has the original charts made by Captain Cook and Captain Bligh and others, with paintings of skylines (New York looked a bit different hundreds of years ago, just trees). My job was to make sure that computerised versions worked on oil tankers etc.

I was a teacher for a while and also worked for a charity supporting a parliamentary bill called 'Dignity at Work', to combat bullying at work. Visits to House of Lords, and seeing the process but it takes ages to introduce legislation.

Tom had become an alcoholic. I divorced him in 2004 after 37 years of being married. He declined very suddenly afterwards and died of acute organ failure in October last year (2005). Our daughters gave him a service at Magdalen College chapel in Oxford with the Dean of Divinity, black gospel singers and guests from overseas. He would have loved it all (except the religious part).

Sadly I don't see my daughters now. But there's time.

As a Capricorn, I'm living my life backwards, the responsible bits first then the rebellion. Given a choice I would've done it the other way round.

I'm looking for a small cottage in Wales where I can look at the sky and muse on the meaning of life.

I may even chant a Buddhist mantra, surprisingly like a Catholic one, saying just keep trying until you get to heaven. On the other hand I may just try to build up a good wine cellar and invite a few friends.

I've been trying to get a smiling, happy photo and Brian Bagnall took this one for me when he was in London.

### **Andrew Andersons**

As you may recall I left Fort Street half way through sixth class because our family moved from Neutral Bay to Oatley. After primary school I attended Sydney Boys High School. From 1959 1963 I studied architecture at Sydney University where I was awarded the University Medal. On the strength of this I won a scholarship to do a Master of Architecture degree at Yale University (1965 1966). After this I spent some time working in London at Arup Associates.



I returned to Australia in 1967 working in the Government Architects office of the NSW Public Works Department. Ross Bonthorne was also there at this time. I had the opportunity to design a number of significant public buildings including major additions to the Art Gallery of NSW, NSW Parliament House, State Library of NSW, Riverside Theatres Parramatta and Ryde College of Catering and Hotel Administration to mention a few. I also managed the programme of works for the 1988 Bicentenary including the improvements to Circular Quay and the Sydney Opera House forecourt. In 1983 I was awarded OA for services to architecture.

In 1988 I was appointment to the position of NSW Government Architects but decided to join the private sector instead.

In 1989 I became a Director of Peddle Thorp & Walker (now PTW Architects). Since that time I have been involved with a wide range of projects, commercial, residential and buildings for the arts. These include the Angel Place development in the city including the City Recital Hall, the Walsh Bay redevelopment with Sydney Theatre. The Art Gallery of South Australia, Museum of Contemporary Art in Sydney and the notorious development at East Circular Quay.

Current projects include an addition to the National Gallery of Australia in Canberra.

In 1972 I married Sara Bennett a film editor (later head of post-production at The National Film and Television School). We have two grown up daughters, an architect and a lawyer.

In recent years I have been spending time in Latvia which regained independence in 1991. A number of city properties, built by my grandfather were returned to the family in 1992 having been nationalized during the Soviet takeover in 1940. The process of restoration and adaptive re-use has proven challenging but satisfying.

**Adrienne Apps** - unable to locate



**Brian Bagnall**

I was the smallest and probably youngest member of the class, certainly the most immature. During my two years at Fort Street OC my parents separated and I had major surgery over Xmas 1952 to repair a congenital hernia. These painful misfortunes were offset by the joy of being in this wondrously happy class of boys and girls who had somehow answered two days of “intelligence tests” the right way to be selected for the undefined “opportunity” of being quarantined from ordinary school kids at the exclusive sports-free Fort Street fortress, surrounded by a massive curved moat hewn out of sheer sandstone.



Despite my poor Leaving Certificate results, I somehow got a scholarship to go to “Uni” where I studied veterinary science for five years and had a lot of fun. In 1964 I went into clinical practice in Wollongong but returned to Sydney University to get the higher education I had previously resisted by teaching in the blood and guts veterinary surgery department. I then went to the UK in 1967 to see more of the world and told my mother I’d be away just a year. I never returned to work in Australia again. I was lucky to get another clinical teaching job in the vet school at Cambridge University and soaked up music and beauty in the historic city. I got married there in 1969 to a vivacious English girl and in 1971-72 we spent a year in Vienna where I did some irrelevant graduate study in veterinary dermatology and learned to speak passable German. I returned to Sydney in 1972-75 to do a Ph D at the university and there we had our

first son. We went back to the UK and, after some postdoctoral work and the birth of our second son, I got a job in the pharmaceutical industry.

I spent 27 years with the company, now GlaxoSmithKline, in a wide variety of intriguing technical, marketing, government affairs and public relations jobs in both animal and human health that took me all over the world. In 1980 they relocated me to the USA in the Philadelphia area where I still reside and am now a US citizen. I retired at the end of 2003 and have finally rediscovered my Fort Street creative side by singing in a men's choir and a G&S operetta.

My 20-year marriage ended in 1989 after I told my wife, who I adored, that I thought I was really gay. After a year trying to cope with this marital bombshell, we ended with an acrimonious divorce and much needless family estrangement. We only reconciled when she got a brain tumor and then died in 1999. My 32 year-old son Clive lives in the area with his young wife and my 30 year-old son Peter lives in Indianapolis as a single parent with three kids aged 4 –10, who I rarely see. For the past 15 years I have lived with my partner Michael, also a foreign-born veterinarian, and we have enjoyed the best of domestic suburban life with many exotic travel vacations.

### **Dorothy Bartholomew (now Raj)**

How interesting it is to see the different recollections of our days at Fort Street! My own memories are a mixed bag. I remember being a real loner (feeling like a misfit) and missing my old friends at Cammeray. The situation was made worse by the sudden loss of my adored grandmother, the death of a close uncle and almost losing my younger sister in an accident.



Still, I have happy memories of Fort Street. Singing at the old ABC studios with Terrence Hunt, wandering around exploring Millers Point and The Rocks after school, the Saturday picnics/field trips, and best of all, my first experience of the Sydney Symphony with Sir Bernard Heinze at the Town Hall. This concert enthralled me and began a lifelong passion for music. Perhaps not so inspiring, I remember little pieces of paper, rolled up, bent, dipped in the inkwell and aimed, with the help of an elastic band or ruler, (by the boys of course) at the luckless girls sitting further to the front of the class. And what about the eurythmics display for Education Week, freezing in wisps of cheesecloth while the lucky boys acted in a profound drama about Danny Decay. Remember Aco reading stories, perched on the edge of her desk; our efforts to distract her with a question about her time in the UK. "When I was in England....."

After Fort Street I went to North Sydney Girls. I enjoyed the years there, fortunate in having some truly great teachers who inspired me to a life-long love of learning. English and languages were a joy, not so maths and science - a real struggle at high school level. I "discovered" physics at 20, and finally, aged 40, came to enjoy the magic of maths thanks to inspired tutors at Sydney Uni Maths Learning Centre.

After NSGHS I started nursing in 1959, training at Prince Henry Hospital. I became interested in Microbiology and may have eventually pursued this field. Meantime, I met and married my husband Raj. It really was not the done thing to "intermarry" in 1961, and all we heard were dire predictions of doom and disaster. We are still happily together 45 years later. Our son Peter arrived in 1963, daughters Bernie and Therese followed in 1968 and 1969. It was late in 1963 that May managed to track me down – married name and all. I and my family had a close relationship with May and Les until their deaths in 1986 and 1994 respectively.

After a year or so travelling in New Zealand and Fiji, Raj's home country, we settled in Mosman, ten years later moving to Lane Cove. We started a business in Crows Nest in 1963 – photography, picture framing and retail prints and paintings, later expanding into manufacturing and wholesaling, also a gallery. We had a restaurant for a few years and later ran a coffee shop. I was active in the businesses until 1979.

For the next eight years I worked in part-time nursing, became involved in local community work and indulged my love of learning. I had started learning music theory and composition in the mid 1970s and continued for about twenty years. My teacher was composer Ann Carr-Boyd who moved to Bowral in the mid 1990s. She will always remain a dear friend to all our family and we still visit.

In 1987 I decided to quit nursing and explore other fields. There was a succession of jobs in sales and marketing, later expanding to a broader scope of business development. I did numerous courses on management, communications and marketing while working in retail management, hospitality, training and development, legal publishing and more. For a couple of years I ran a business as a training broker. I “retired” almost five years ago after developing a serious lung condition.

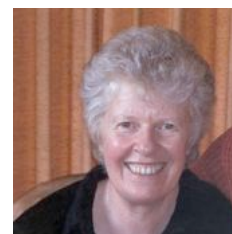
At present we are preparing to move to Terrigal to spend our dotage in a peaceful environment. Raj and I have both had a rich and enjoyable life, albeit with many challenges and mountains to climb. We have met many wonderful people and have had some unique experiences together.

We have not accumulated vast wealth – our greatest wealth is our family who are a constant joy to us. Our children are all involved in the arts; Peter has a gallery and framing business, Bernie is a printmaker specialising in solar plate etchings and Therese is a violinist performing and teaching. The kids have each given us one grandchild, the two younger ones look likely to be headed for careers in music and/or dancing.

My future life will see me hopefully able to return to bush regeneration (I did a course in 1997), and as health permits, I will be making a contribution to environmental and human rights organizations. Ideally I would like to study in at least one area of interest - I am an avid reader and I write a little. There are some music compositions to develop and also a new garden to create. Life will always be rich while there is so much to do and learn.

### **Margaret Blakemore**

Much of my early life was dominated by my mother’s illness. She was paralysed by a stroke when I was 5 and my sister 2. As the eldest I had to take on a lot of responsibility at home while at the same time trying to succeed at school and university. Fort St and North Sydney Girls were a blissful escape where I worked hard and enjoyed the company of wonderful friends. Some friendships, like those with Sarah and Vicky, have continued, unbroken, for 53 years!



After high school I did a BA at Sydney University majoring in French and German. From there I drifted into a DipEd and, like so many women of my generation, became a high school teacher, working at Port Kembla, Ryde and Chatswood High Schools. After my mother died in 1970, I spent a year in Europe, working in Marseilles and studying in Germany. In 1975 I left the classroom, became a Teacher Education Scholarships Adviser on the Macquarie University campus and from there moved to various research sections within the NSW Department of Education. The most interesting of these was the Equivalent Qualifications Section, where we assessed overseas secondary and teaching qualifications following successive waves of migration from places like Vietnam, Lebanon, El Salvador, Sri Lanka, India and the Philippines.

It took me until almost age 40 to meet my partner, David, a musician. In 1990 we were thrown very much on our own resources when we lost our jobs almost simultaneously. We headed for an acreage at Freemans Reach (near North Richmond) where David has a music studio. I continued working progressively part time, until my last job took me back to the Careers Centre at good old Sydney Uni. It was still in the same building in which I had checked out waitressing and baby-sitting positions over 40 years ago!

David and I still share “his” and “hers” houses and commute between Richmond and Waverton. This double life can best be described as creative chaos but there is a lot to be said for escaping for part of each week to breathe fresh air, tend fruit trees, make preserves and listen to a whole range of musical instruments. The nearest I have to children are my two nieces, my sister’s two children, who are Dutch and live and work in Amsterdam. We visit each other quite often. My elder niece even barracks for the Socceroos!

I still have photos of myself with red hair, but the one below is definitely not one of them.

### **Ross Bonthorne**

The network grows, the memory struggles, but it is indeed interesting and amusing to recall those days on the hill ... and to peruse the colourful, though black and white, snap of us all, forwarded to me by Valerie ... and to try to put names on those young (innocent) faces ... and wonder how the years have treated us all .... indeed there is potential surely for a "novella" rather than a reunion ... lets leave some level of intrigue and allusion, fantasy and imagination ... (smoke and mirrors never really hurt Rock and Doris.)



I haven't seen the "list," but presume that by receiving e-mails, somehow I have made it ... and indeed I am certain the memories we have and the stories we can tell would/could even extend into a tele mini-series ... all I ask is that we each get to choose who plays us all ... there should still be some semblance of vanity and decorum.

Andrew (Andersons) and I both "did" architecture together ... and in fact we both worked together for a while here in Sydney .... He went to Yale, so on principle, I went to Harvard ("you can always tell a Harvard man" ... they say.) On then to live/work/play in the UK and Europe, before returning back to Australia to share my experiences and acquired knowledge and to justify all those government subsidies and scholarships. Since then I have been "architecting" in Australia and elsewhere (US, Asia, India, Europe, UK etc) and concurrently ventured into politics for some 20 years before realising that there was more to life than soliciting on street corners and kissing babies publicly for the media ....

Yes, Fort Street was an extraordinary experience ... probably the most formative years of our lives... this is just a first introductory foray into the past ... and I look forward to hearing more from you all.

(Ross has asked me to put this on the web as an interim piece. It was written way back in the beginning of all this reuniting and he will try to find time to update . . . Jan)

### **Brock Bryce**

Brock Bryce is still living in Canberra where the RAAF posted him in 1973. He is married to Anna and has two children — Damon, 35, who also lives in Canberra, and Renata, 32, who lives in New York.



Brock completed his matriculation at North Sydney Boys High School as a prefect in 1958, and went to the then RAAF College at Point Cook, VIC, as an officer cadet at the start of 1959. Two years later this became the RAAF Academy but has since been supplanted by the tri-service Australian Defence Force Academy. He gained a permanent commission as a Flying Officer in 1962 and completed a degree in aeronautical engineering at Sydney University in 1963.

Employed as an engineer officer in the RAAF, he undertook a number of postings in headquarters/staff positions, and three squadron positions on Caribou, Hercules, and Mirage aircraft. In one of the staff positions he was responsible for the airworthiness of all unmanned, or target, aircraft used in Australia; this included developmental flight trials of the Jindivik aircraft, at Woomera. While employed in

Department of Air at Russell Offices in Canberra in aircraft structural fatigue and other work, he completed part-time a graduate diploma in Computing Studies. He rose to the rank of Squadron Leader. Although never posted overseas, he represented Australia at meetings held in San Antonio, Wellington and London to standardise aerospace parts.

After 20 years' service he retired from the RAAF in early 1979 to settle in Canberra, and joined the federal public service as a computer systems officer. After stints in Department of Finance, the Industries Assistance Commission, and Department of Communications, he joined the Division of National Mapping in 1987. Two weeks later this was amalgamated with the Australian Survey Office to form an organisation 1300 strong with offices in every state; it was called AUSLIG.

Over the next 10 years AUSLIG suffered cutbacks by successive federal governments and by mid 1997 had only 100 staff. Brock held on to his job in AUSLIG through this difficult period, being variously employed in computer systems management and software development and maintenance. Those 10 years saw an enormous increase in the use of computers for map making, and for the generation, storage and presentation of digital geographic data, so it was an interesting and challenging period for him.

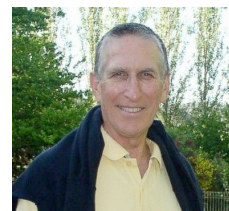
He retired at the end of 2001, did a little more computing work for National Mapping from home since then, and joined the SES in 2003 (hence the orange gear below). No grandchildren yet, still hoping. Hobbies cycling, reading, tennis, TV - all horribly normal.

**Warren Butler** - unable to locate



**David Cohen**

After an undistinguished time at North Sydney Boys' High, my leaving pass was sufficient to gain a Commonwealth Scholarship. Hoping to become a diplomat or a barrister, I planned to do Law, but at 16 was too young for admission into Law School. So I began an Arts-Law degree. After 2 years of Arts perfecting skills at billiards, I proceeded to Law but was soon convinced that Law was not to be my chosen career. Not surprisingly, my examiners wholeheartedly agreed. Coaching tennis to support myself had not paid off.



I returned to complete my Arts degree, majoring in French and English, while teaching French (as Senior French Master!) at St Andrew's Cathedral School. In January 1963, I was married. I was appointed to Sydney Grammar School as an Assistant Master, as well as Warden of Latimer House Anglican Hostel for university students at Petersham. They were a tough couple of years.

Our daughter was born in November 1963, and the following June we were on our way to Mauritius to pioneer the work of the Bible Society in the Indian Ocean area, covering such exotic outposts as Reunion, Rodrigues and the Seychelles. Our son was born in Mauritius in 1966, and at the end of that year, while on furlough in Sydney, I was ordained a minister of the Anglican Church in St Andrew's Cathedral, having completed my basic theological qualifications by extension while in Mauritius.

After nearly 6 years in Mauritius, I was invited to New Zealand, to promote the work of the Bible Society there as Deputy General Secretary, and to open up the work in the French South Pacific: New Caledonia, New Hebrides (as Vanuatu then was), Tahiti and later extending to Fiji, Tonga, Samoa...such a heavy cross to bear!

I was only 29 when the General Secretary suddenly died and I was appointed as his successor, and within a month was in Addis Ababa for the World Assembly of the United Bible Societies. There I was invited (pressurized!) to become their Regional Director for Africa, based in Nairobi, Kenya. The job demanded 9 months travel a year, so we decided that the family would stay in Sydney with my wife's parents. It was a bad decision, and a major contributor to the ultimate breakdown of our marriage.

After two years I resigned from the Bible Society and returned to Sydney to be with my family. I was appointed to a tiny parish in Sylvania for nearly three years and was then invited to become Rector of St. Matthew's Manly, a large and dynamic church closer to where I grew up in Mosman. They were good years, but with growing marital and family tension.

Unexpectedly in 1985, I was invited by Scripture Union in the UK to become their General Director. I thought they had sent the letter of enquiry to the wrong person! Eight extraordinary years followed, with opportunities I could only have dreamed of, including preaching in Westminster Abbey and St Paul's Cathedral, and broadcasting regularly on the BBC.

But our marriage had come to the point where my wife wanted to live apart. I was invited to join the staff of Tear Fund UK, a Christian relief and development organization, and ended up as their Team Leader in Goma, Zaire (as the Democratic Republic of the Congo then was) following the horrific genocide in Rwanda in 1994. We lived and worked with 1 million refugees, in the most abysmal conditions, until the camps closed for political reasons in 1996.

On returning to Australia, ostensibly to care for my ailing mother, with little prospect of Christian ministry given my divorced status, I was invited to head up an organization called Christian Nationals Evangelism Council (CNEC)/Partners International, working in relief and development in some 60 countries around the world. Ten wonderful years followed. In 1999, at a mission conference in the USA, I met Kathi from California and, to cut a short and romantic story even shorter, was married 7 months later, after only spending 14 days in the same country together! She bravely came to Australia, sight unseen, and is now a happily settled Aussie, delighting even in cricket, AFL, ARL and other Australian pastimes, not to mention her love of gardening, birds, sheltie dogs, and other Australian wild life.

We are now in a state of sabbatical transition. Our home in Blaxland in the Lower Blue Mountains gives us great delight. Our west wing/guest wing means we can have people stay, which we love, and we hope it will be our base for whatever lies ahead. I am hoping for at least another 5 years meaningful employment.

### **Stephen D'Alton**

I'm not very comfortable with lineal narrative so this is really bits and pieces, more a Gaudi mosaic.

Left Fort St. and was interned in the prison farm of NSBHS. Managed to survive the early years because of my sporting abilities but in the latter years honed my skills at snooker, pool and surfing rather than attending the farm. I was politely asked to leave the cadets for insubordination, another roll call avoided! Managed to scrape a matriculation, not helped by missing one exam because the surf was up.



Aided by two kind aunts I started an Economics degree at SU then got a scholarship and survived by playing pool for money (my early training came in handy), this income then augmented in my third year by a tutorship at UNSW. Finished the degree, got a tutorship at SU, began a Masters. After a year I sent my resignation from Singapore en route to England.

In England I taught Art in a blackboard jungle called Bow Boys in the East End (never teach academic subjects in a comprehensive). Had a short stint as a stunt man (High diving) and taught drama at The Marylebone Institute.

Returned to OZ, broke, and got a job as Market Research Director, Colgate Palmolive. Took up racing sports cars (Lotus Super Seven) with a syndicate. Unfortunately they all drowned at sea

Finished the Masters and did a Ph.D. Got a job at UNSW. Tutor, Lecturer, Senior Lecturer, Head of School.

Was initiated into the Siva cult in Mahabalipuram, was made a tribal/clan member in Beruwela, fled Tangiers.

Learnt stonemasonry, carpentry, glazing, plumbing and electrics and built a house on the waterfront in Cottage Point while living on a Halvorsen.

Sailed a Felucca from Cairo to Thebes, sailed a Barque Catalan from Port Vendres to Barcelona.

Was Professor at UCLA and Aix-en-Provence. Published a novel a few text books and too many articles.

Had art exhibitions at The Rocks, Collioure and Oxford... not very successful!

I now live on the Gold Coast with Angelique and have just finished a novel called 'Swimming'. I'm looking for a publisher. All offers welcome!

### **James Denny**

At the end of first year at N.S.B.H.S. my parents bought a property half way between Brewarrina and Goodooga. Some fourteen and a half thousand acres. No electricity, no phone, no water, no lining to the walls, and a tiny, corrugated iron shack, that was the "homestead". We didn't actually move until after the end of second year, and I went off to Hurlstone Ag. High, as a boarder.



A really massive change. The nearest neighbour was a mile away. So I got to be a cowboy. Tight trousers, turned up hat, and elastic sided boots. And, attitude like you probably cannot understand. It's all mine, as far as I can see. Or, maybe, I am so insignificant against this incredible backdrop, of shimmering, heat-haze dreamtime, that whatever I do, it cannot possibly matter. Maybe, after all, the land owns me. Have you ever talked to an original person? Gary Foley thought I was Koori, too.

The rest of my life tends to reflect this, very ambivalent, and varied background. I think that I may well be the most married of all of us, at thrice. That's not what I started out to do, but...

Went up to "Uni" to be a brain surgeon. Anything that could be dissected was there before your eyes. Education could not have been better. Satisfying examiners, something else. Changed from Medicine to Pharmacy, to better proceed after an eye injury. Kept playing interfaculty football. Actually graduated!! The trip of life began.

Firstly opposite the Mater Hospital, as the late night chemist. On to Walgett to go into a partnership, but the deal crashed. Griffith was next, with the three acquired children, and their mother, who became Barbara McKay's very best friend, after only 6 months there. Remember Don? Acquired the bad habit of photography, from an apricot farmer who was a member of FIAP (Federation Internationale De L'art Photographique).

Then back to Crows Nest, with amazing customer people. Living back at Northbridge. Married voluptuous, Maton 12 string guitar. Worked on the Corso at Manly, doing the late night trip again. Sacked, unbelievably, out on to the street, confronted. Needing to feed self and others. Very late night chemist stuff at Top Ryde, midnight finishes. Living at Turramurra. Two armed robberies. My interviewing police officer said, "we'll get you a gun". I knew what that meant. I was a marksman shot. I did not go back. Divorce, for the first time. Moved out to Glenorie

The romance of motorbicycles. Hot and throbbing. There were many motorbicyclists amongst the late night people. 200 kilometres with the wind in the hair. More space. Peaceful. Green mental hospital. Working at North Carlingford, sacked again. And then Lane Cove.

Bought my very own business. Beecroft. I had relations that had lived there in the twenties. Just lovely. Felt most at home. Lunatics, not unlike me. Joined Rotary International. An eleven year buzz. Sold for oppressive landlord reasons. Had another marriage and divorce in two short years. Wonderful 19% interest rates. Recovered from asset reassignment following divorce. Married again, after quite a while. Pat liked space too, she lived just down the road, (nine kilometres). Still married to Pat. That's a big 18 year buzz. Went on the road seriously with caravan after selling Beecroft shop. Up to Cairns and down through the middle. Very addictive. Mother came home from UK. Lasted 6 months. For some reason or other bought pharmacy in Cobargo. Where?

Little town, community, real people. President of Yuin Folk Club. Joe Dolce and Greg Champion were billeted. Played harmonica, badly, so some thought, mostly in the shed. Sold up again after 9 years. Left Rotary International. Zoomed around OZ in a clockwise direction in another, better caravan. Did not get giddy except when 40 or 50 metres up on forest air walk. Took over 6 months and 25000 kilometres.

Now living in the Arts end of the southern highlands; as described in the local paper; in Bundanoon. Might help that my middle name is MacLean, and am life member of Clan Maclean, Glasgow Branch. Mad Scots that come to "Brigadoon" may kindly feed me haggis. I hope so. Also not drop caber on toe. Doing a little locum relieving work. Will be in Broken Hill soon. Otherwise all is cool. No issue, as the lawyers say, but four step grandchildren, one who is named "James", so life could not be much better. Locally we have one health "retreat", Petrea King's "Quest for Life", and two Theravada Buddhist forest monasteries. Just think on that!

### **Peter Edelman (1942 – 2001)**

waiting on update from Ray

### **Victoria Edwards (Poirrier)**

After the wild and wonderful years at Fort Street, my parents, against my will, sent me to Queenwood, a very conservative private school.

I did quite well there, always winning a book at the prizegiving. Tennis was my favourite sport and I represented the school at the Tilsdley Shield, a competition for girls' schools, held at White City.



Unfortunately I fell seriously ill during fifth year.

When I came out of hospital, instead of completing the Leaving Certificate, I was sent to the Metropolitan Business College. I then got a job in a stockbroker's office where I worked for four years.

When I was 21 I went from the jurisdiction of my father to the jurisdiction of my husband. The first year of our marriage was spent traveling in England and on the "continent" with an old car and a tent.

When we returned to Australia we had to “settle down”. We bought a house and had a daughter and two years later we had a son and we thought our life was perfect.

However after 15 years our marriage had deteriorated and when the New Family Law was passed, like many others of our generation, we got divorced. I was distraught at the time as I was not in favour of breaking up our family but once the New Family Law gets into motion there is no stopping it.

At the property settlement I had to fight for my rights and I managed to secure for myself a house in Mosman.

For several years I taught leatherwork to children at after school classes at “The Cottage”, Mosman and at Neutral Bay Arts and Crafts. I also made leather bags, hats and braided belts which I sold to the Argyle Arts Centre at the Rocks and other leather outlets until the bottom dropped out of the leather market.

Although I had not worked during my marriage I managed to get a job with an “old world” estate agency in Neutral Bay.

After only six months there, on my fortieth birthday, I decided to take advantage of the freedom I had acquired unwittingly. I travelled to the Greek Islands and spent a wonderful two months drifting from island to island.

Since then I have travelled solo around Egypt, Israel, Jordan, Syria, Turkey, Kurdistan, Morocco, Uzbekistan, Bishkek, Pakistan, Panama, Costa Rica, Honduras, Guatemala, Mexico City, Tunis, Palermo and Cyprus.

While I was in Peshawah, on the border of Afghanistan and Pakistan, a city of wild men and women in purdah, I bought 200 pairs of socks knitted by the Afghan refugees, 60 pairs of Lapis Lazuli earrings and five kilims.

When I got home I sold these handicrafts at Balmain Markets I have enjoyed being a stallholder there for last eight years, selling handicrafts which I buy on my trips.

Although Margaret Blakemore and I went to different schools and have led completely different lives, we have remained good friends all these years.

Both my children have attended university, Anthony doing Land Economy and Jane doing Fine Arts.

### **John Fullager**

Secondary School

Late in our second year with Miss Acason, Mum and Dad let me accept a boarding scholarship to The King’s School, which has profoundly influenced my subsequent life and would never have come my way without me attending Fort Street OC. It was part of TKS culture that service to others came first (whether the school or wider community) and that self-interest was somewhere down the priority list. I had opportunity to embrace many interests, some begun at Fort Street or earlier: many kinds of music (band, chapel and choir, G&S productions, piano and organ), photography, printing, woodwork, Tyndale Society (pursued Biblical Christianity) and Faraday Club (explored Physics). My sports included cricket, rowing, athletics, football (Rugby Union - playing and refereeing) but I was nowhere near any top team. We all did our best in representing the school, irrespective of our aptitude and talent levels. “Getting involved” has stayed with me ever since - and those closest to me question whether this has been overdone.



### Paid Work

From TKS, with a Commonwealth Scholarship and cadetship with CSR (you'll remember the Colonial Sugar Refining Company Limited), I embarked on Mechanical Engineering at The University of Sydney. After graduation, my CSR career included a few engineering roles and then some managerial appointments, most within building product groups but with brief stints in the minerals and coal businesses. Whilst with the Company, I also had opportunity for postgraduate business studies at University of Chicago and London Business School. A couple of years later, after 18 mostly-happy years at CSR, I accepted a Senior Lectureship in Mech Eng at Sydney U, with responsibility for the field called "Industrial Management". Whilst at Sydney, I overhauled all courses in IM, re-shaping some, pruning or extinguishing others, and developing some new ones for undergrads and postgrads. I loved helping my students to develop skills and attitudes that were professionally relevant. With an industry colleague, the Centre for Engineering Management and Innovation was established and won federal funding. I had a three-year term as an external director of two materials handling companies. With other colleagues around Australia, Australian Conferences on Management Education for Engineers was established and I personally underwrote two conferences, using their financial surplus to establish the ACMEE scholarship at UNSW. After 11 years at Sydney, I had brief stints at two other universities in leadership roles at the university-industry interface. My next career phase was establishing a personal consulting business relating to organisational development and the enhancement of business performance, which has been interesting and satisfying. However, I've never made what you'd call "serious money".

### Work as a Volunteer

Since TKS, there's been a constant stream of voluntary contributions to numerous organisations and causes - mostly relating to music, to professional interests and/or to my Christian belief. Music (especially church music) has always been there - singing in my local church choir and often being organist (or an assistant) and choirmaster. The choir of my current church (St Swithun's at Pymble) has enjoyed two stints in English cathedrals at Winchester (2001) and Lincoln (2004). Decades ago, I enjoyed being in G&S productions (and chaired a musicale company). As a volunteer, I had local and national roles within the Institution of Engineers, Australia, plus the honour of being elected Chairman for 1991-92. I still help judge Engineering Excellence Awards. For the last decade, my focus has been on Value Management, serving as Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of IVMA. Since leaving TKS, my local church (wherever I have been) has attracted my involvement (various ministries, including parish councils, leading small groups, youth fellowships, Bible ministries, and building and equipment matters - plus music, of course) as have some other Christian organisations (beach missions, missionary teams, inter-church groups, vacation camps, property management and school ministries) and community projects. After successful surgery for prostate cancer early in 2003, I trained as a Cansupport Volunteer for the North Shore Hospitals and now have additional roles to support PC diagnosis and management.

### Sporting Accomplishments ?

There have been several attempts to develop some sporting abilities in tennis, football (Rugby), cricket, rowing, golf, squash but the results are best described as "patchy". There's been modest evidence of promise in some sports but consistent mediocrity is still my sporting norm.

### Home Life

Married life (with Margaret - Mother and primary teacher) caught up with me in 1972. We have three daughters (Elizabeth, Alison and Rosemary, all now in their 20s), Casper (who adopted us years ago as a Burmese kitten), two 15-year-old hatchbacks, a 90-year-old house that now needs more work than when we moved here in 1975, and an often-noisy backyard of lorikeets, rosellas, galahs, cockatoos, native mynahs, kookaburras, magpies and currawongs (after whom our place was named by a previous owner), replete with a comprehensive collection of weeds.

## Paul Gaskin

Memories of Fort Street for me are a happy blur – playing on the Hill in front of the Observatory, singing in Terence Hunt’s School music broadcasts, learning baseball in the shadow of the Harbour Bridge stand out, but day to day classroom activity hardly at all. Each day I took the train from Waverton to Wynyard. A couple of times a week I would walk (with parental permission) along York Street to the Queen Victoria Building to borrow new books from the City Council Library. And wander (without parental permission) through the wonder-filled streets of the city on increasingly circuitous routes – down to Darling Harbour, up to the Mitchell/State Library and Hyde Park. It was a wonderfully free existence.



I had hoped to go on to North Sydney High, but I carelessly won a scholarship to Shore, and it seemed churlish of me to turn it down when my parents had had me booked in there anyway! I didn’t much like a very structured Shore after Fort Street. “What are the rules of cricket?” No one thought I mightn’t know. I was hopeless at Rugby, since any running brought on asthma, and wheezing. But my Fort Street experience paid off in the only two prizes I won – both for General Knowledge. And I’m still a media junkie!

I went on to Engineering at Sydney University, but failed second year, more deeply involved in campus theatre (in a backstage role) than in any Engineering activity or sport.

Jobs were easy to find in the 1960s and I soon found economics might be worth studying, and spent seven years part-time getting to UNSW at Randwick after work. (Those were the days in universities – 700 in the evening first year economics lecture, most of them asleep at 6.15 pm!)

Halfway through I married Margaret, and we are still together 39 years later. Our three daughters – all now in their 30s – have interesting lives, and also – for the present, at least - live in Melbourne. Two are married, each with two children; our grandkids are aged 1 to 5.

By the end of my degree, I was at J. Walter Thompson, the advertising agency, in the research department, and the next five years gave me a wonderful foundation for my subsequent career. I rose to head the research department and was able to travel to London and New York as part of the job.

I became the first Australian to teach advertising at university level in Australia - at Queensland Institute of Technology (now QUT) in 1976. QIT sent me – all of us! – to the UK for a year, where I did an MBA at Cranfield. Something must have gone right, since I subsequently introduced undergraduate advertising at Monash University (1995, at the Berwick campus) and a Masters in advertising management at RMIT (2002).

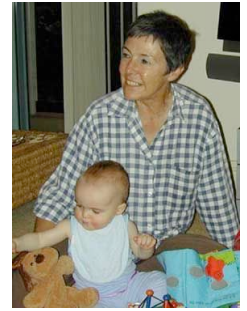
Never being prepared to stay more than six years in a job has deprived me permanently of long service leave, but made for interesting job switches. After QIT, I returned to advertising in the 1980s at McCann-Erickson and also worked as a market researcher with Roy Morgan, Reark Research and the (former) Myer Emporium.

We lived in Brisbane for six years, and have now been in Melbourne for 25 years - out of Sydney for 30 years. And we nearly moved to the US early this year, but that’s another story.

I’m still teaching part-time at Victoria University, and will retire sometime in a year or so.

### **Lyn Ghys (now Ferguson)**

I remember my two years of Fort St. with mixed feelings. Much of it I really loved – being sited where it was on the edge of the Bridge and the city and catching the ferry home. I loved Miss Acason – she was a great teacher. On the negative side are some memories of being too big – I think I was taller than all the girls and many of the boys.



My social skills were a mixed bag I think – confident in some areas, I did like boys for their straightforwardness. Girls were trickier. It was also good to get into North Sydney Girls High for years 1 and 2. We moved back to Melbourne where I got into MacRobertson Girls High School, a selected intake school, with classes for Years 9-12. I loved it – especially Art. My parents pulled me out of school at the end of year 10 – not a good move. I worked in clerical and reception areas for 2 years. Then I went back to study and learned how to do a ‘business course year’ at RMIT, becoming a secretary/receptionist at medical centres.

During those years I met my husband Keith, when we were both 16. He worked in the newly opened ABC Television Station. We married at 21, and had 3 children– Amanda, Jane and Tom. When Tom was 3, I became a student again, doing Yr. 12 English, English Literature, Art and Classical Civilisation, over 2 years. I loved it.

As so many Aussies did back in the 70s, we all traveled in Europe in a campervan for 6 months, including 6 weeks when Keith had 6 weeks with the BBC. The following year I began my B.Ed, Art and Craft, as a fulltime student for 4 years.

I then taught Art full time at University High School, for the next 16 years, also becoming the Careers Teacher for much of that time. In 1992 I left teaching, and have worked as an artist since then. Our 3 children were all good students, getting into selected intake schools, and all completed tertiary courses (Commerce and Law areas), living and working for periods in the UK and USA.

Keith has now retired from Network Ten (where he worked for the previous 25 years). We have recently returned from 2 months in Europe, 2 weeks in the Dordogne, 2 weeks in England and 2 weeks on the Imalfi Coast, in Italy. Very lucky.

The next generation is blooming – we now have 5 grandchildren and 1 more to come, (2 from each family). I don’t seem to have enough time to get stuck into my painting this year – too many interruptions! And it looks as if the booming art market is slowing down – I’m lucky to sell one painting a year! However I’ve had some success in past years, with two solo exhibitions.

I was very surprised to hear from Sarah – it was so out of the blue!. I will be in Sydney once or twice each year (visiting our Sydney family) I’m really looking forward to March – thank you to those who have been behind all this.

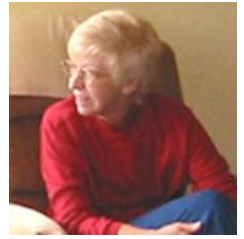
Lyn Ferguson (nee Ghys).

**Carolyn Gillings (now Lennon)** – located but no information supplied



**Janet Green (now Wilson)**

My name now is Jan Wilson. I guess I am first and foremost a wife and mother and now live in Canberra with my second husband (of 37 years so as you can see the first marriage was a rather brief affair). It was however long enough for me to have two daughters by my first marriage and later a son by my second; 6 grandchildren (4 boys, 2 girls ranging from 8 to 26) and now a great grandmother. Probably a class first!



The grandchildren are our daughters children, our son is single and likes it that way.

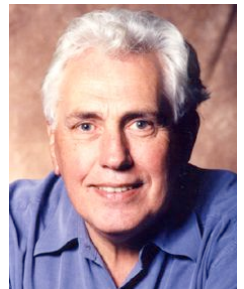
I fell in and out of different jobs - market research, insurance, accountancy, public service entry testing etc between bringing up my children until 1982 when I started working at the Australian National Botanic Gardens. I originally went for a week to help out a friend in a recruitment job who was desperately searching for someone old enough to know how to work an old fashioned plug and key switchboard.

From this week grew a job that became more of a passion than a career until I retired a couple of years ago. Like so many old codgers from scientific institutions I cannot keep away and still go to work at least once a week just to "keep my hand in". Since retirement, my 88 year old mother has moved in with us so my time at the Gardens has become somewhat limited.

If you would like to know more about this passion there is a very flattering article written on my retirement by my supervisor, who is also one of my best friends at [www.anbg.gov.au/cpbr/herbnews/cpbrnews58.html](http://www.anbg.gov.au/cpbr/herbnews/cpbrnews58.html)

**Frank Hatherley**

My first job after North Sydney High was in advertising, where I was following my highly successful elder brother. Then I side-stepped into radio announcing, where I was following my noted father. Alas, 2WL Wollongong, Voice of the South Coast, proved not to house the Grail.



In 1963, I ran away to London, which suited me just fine. After some false starts, I won a Trainee Director's Scholarship to a respected regional theatre company in Sheffield. Great, exciting, long days: rehearsing one play during the day, performing another one at night, writing my own in any remaining moments.

By 1971 my actress partner and I had a baby, so we headed for London to attempt a less precarious existence and I stumbled into BBC television drama, first as a script editor, a few years later as a producer. I came to Sydney for four months in 1976 to co-produce *The Emigrants*, a four-part drama I had devised. By now Patricia and I had two daughters, and I hurried back to London.

I moved to Thames Television, had a time of being out of work which coincided with the birth of daughter number three, answered an advertisement for a 10-week teaching stint on a BA Media Studies course at the Polytechnic of Central London. The chap I was replacing never recovered, so I stayed as Senior Lecturer for the next 18 years. The Poly eventually became the University of Westminster.

Offered early retirement at 55, I grabbed it. My long relationship had ended. Returning to Sydney for a first visit in 20 years, I happened to meet Janice, my first official girlfriend from age 15-18. Before Janice the only girls I had ever known went to Fort Street.

I returned to Sydney in 1997 and we got married a year later. Two of my accomplished daughters come to Sydney often, if never often enough: my eldest now lives here. In my comfortable dotage I have returned to writing stage plays which make no money but which give me much satisfaction. You can read about them at [www.frankhatherley.com](http://www.frankhatherley.com)

## John Hirst

After graduating in Commerce/Economics I joined CSR (very establishment in those days) working in their sugar marketing area. Worked in New Zealand for about a year then went to London to be the second person in their two-man office. This led me into the extraordinary world of the international sugar export trade.



Barbara and I were married the night before we left for London - our honeymoon was spent in Bali, Singapore and Istanbul - in a week.

London, on an Australian salary, in the early 1970s was marvellous. So was the work, and especially the social business life. I represented Fiji on the International Sugar Organisation, so was invited to all sorts of official cocktail parties, etc. at places like the House of Lords, Marlborough House, etc. Worked with a very interesting group of other Commonwealth countries - my first introduction to the multicultural world (which includes the English). Travelled through Europe as much as we could. Our first child, Victoria, was born in London - it didn't curtail our social or travel activities, but we soon found that the English were utterly amazed that anyone over 8 months' pregnant would even venture out of the house, let alone outstay them wherever we went.

Back to Australia, and to the raw sugar marketing area, where I became responsible for raw sugar exports to Canada, USA and Europe, as well as marketing Fiji sugar. Lots more travel overseas, some for extended periods, which was a great concern as our second child, Christopher, had been born a year or so after we returned from London. We made many great international friendships during these years, and still meet regularly with some of these people.

In 1979 I was given the opportunity to go on an "interchange" with the Department of Prime Minister & Cabinet in Canberra. The purpose was to understand how government worked. All I can say is that I didn't think that it ever worked well then, and it is a lot worse now.

On my return to Sydney I joined CSR's building materials division and worked with a number of their joint venture companies as CSR's representative. Then on 24 hours' notice I moved to a CSR coal mining joint venture and 24 hours after that, I was in Tokyo, my first visit to Asia, and spent ten days being told by a somewhat irate group of Japanese coal buyers and our trading house, what I had to do to rectify the JV problems. I hadn't realised the difficulties managing a joint venture of seven, of which one was a major oil company, another a major life office, two Japanese and two Korean companies, plus CSR. Interesting times, interesting and robust disputes, interesting outcomes. Much travelling to Japan, Korea, Hong Kong and Europe, sometimes with a matter of hours' notice, sometimes for two or three days and away for three weeks. Great for family life! However, we survived. My son still tells me that I deliberately was not at home for five of his consecutive birthdays

CSR decided to sell out of minerals and so I took the opportunity, before being sold off as a commodity, to resign, joining the Leighton Group in an overseas business development role. I soon learnt that civil engineers were anything but, they knew everything, they thought they were experts in every business discipline in addition to engineering, and are infallible. I don't mean to offend any civil engineers amongst our group. At the time I was deciding to move from this scintillating environment I was headhunted into running an industry association - the Association of Australian Ports and Marine Authorities - from where I will retire at the end of this year. The job appealed enormously - with an expectation of little travel, especially overseas on business. How wrong I have been. Interstate travel virtually every week, but at least there is one overseas trip every year and round-the-world tickets take you where you want to go, such as the Silk Road, India, Africa, Europe, North America ... It has been an absolutely fascinating job.

We now have five grandchildren who are an absolute delight. Four of them, and their parents, have lived with us over the last six months whilst they renovated their house, and we had as much fun together on the last day they were with us as we did on the first. Our house seems very empty now.

Our retirement present to us both is a trip to Antarctica, Chile, where I have distant family, and Argentina in February. We are pushing it to get back for 10 March, but I am doing my best.

### **John Kable**

I was born in Northbridge and went to Northbridge Public School until I was selected to go to Fort St Opportunity School, years 1952/3. I then attended North Sydney Tech from 1954-1956 and started a printing apprenticeship in 1957. I went on to stay in the printing industry for over 40 years, helping start Rawson Graphics Printing in 1977, which my son and his business partner have recently taken over.



I married my wife, Beverley in 1966 and we went on to have two children, in 1968 and 1970. We lived in Naremburn for a number of years, then Killarney Heights before moving to our first great house project in Chatswood in 1980, restoring a heritage sandstone house to its former glory.

Throughout this time I was actively involved in the Gordon Rugby Club: playing, coaching, managing and eventually becoming President for a few years and participating in rugby tours that my wife and I still enjoy joining today.

Currently, we live in Lavender Bay and spend most of our time on our other great passion, our house at St Albans, near Wiseman's Ferry. There I confuse death adders for harmless snakes and hone my stone mason skills.

I have 3 grandchildren with another on the way and have recently celebrated 40 years of marriage.

### **Susan Keating (McKechnie)**

I was born in 1941 into a very loving, supportive family, and still have a wonderfully warm relationship with my sister and brother. My schooling began at Cammeray Public and then came Fort Street. Ah, Fort Street. Nurturer of childhood dreams. The only educational institution I truly enjoyed. For those two, glorious years the thought of wagging never entered my head.



Then North Sydney Girls High. Amo amas amat, der den des dem, QED, n'est-ce pas? Some of those lessons still serve me well. I can immobilise a roomful of guests at a party as they listen, mouths agape, to my stirring vocal rendition of Beethoven's Ninth in ringing German. For an encore, I may well spout, in heart-rending Latin, Virgil's poem about a girl's dead sparrow.

After five years, mastery of this arcane knowledge transported me to Sydney Uni, where I studied for a couple of years before leaving to hone my natural abilities playing gin-rummy, drinking brandy and riding a motor bike. However, thoughtlessly and with no consideration for my mental well being, I suddenly found I had swapped this splendid life of sloth and indolence (two of my favourite words) for one of gainful employment. A variety of companies and jobs followed, ranging from something or other to do with punch card sales inventory to running telephone switchboards. This latter line of work highlighted another of my many huge talents, a keen memory for phone numbers. In case you have carelessly forgotten, Sarah's number in 1952 was XM2045. Hah!

In my early thirties I married Graham McKechnie, lateral thinker, maven (I came across this word in an article the other day and have just been waiting for an opportunity to use it) of restaurant dining, a man with a splendid sense of humour. Starting our life together in Northbridge, we gradually moved north

through Chatswood and then Mount Colah where maturity eventually set in on my 50th birthday and shortly thereafter I became an orphan.

We had our own business for many years involving abrasive blasting and industrial painting, but managed to discard it in our dotage and retire blissfully to 43 acres at Boree. Boree, an hour and a half northwest of Hornsby, a small freehold valley in the middle of Yengo National Park near Wollombi, an hour southwest of Cessnock. See, now you know exactly where I reside in primitive splendour – reached after half an hour of rough dirt track, dependent on tank water, gas bottles, solar panels, a generator and a composting loo.

It is amazing the kinds of people who manage to escape the city. There are five other full time resident hermits in our valley, and except for a nurse, all retirees: a QC; a GM of Hoover Australia, a choreographer for the Sydney Opera, and an ABC TV interviewer who also ran the religious programme. A wonderfully volatile mix, so with a huge variety of weekenders, we have a full and stimulating social life. Apart from doing our once a month volunteer stint manning the Wollombi Historical Museum, we spend our time ranting about David Hicks. We also write, cook curries, and tend our animals – we have 2 donkeys, a herd of alpacas, 2 dogs, a guinea fowl and 4 chooks. The local natives are always visiting too, including lyre birds, wombats, wolves, wallabies, and wonga pigeons. OK, yes, so I made up the wolves. And I haven't mentioned the drought.

Now I'm 65 and there still remain many things to accomplish during the next 60 years. For example I intend to travel in space, to live for some time with elephants, to become an animal behaviourist and to start a religious cult. Until then I will continue to enjoy white wine, conspiracy theories, the company of dogs and political incorrectness.

Any way you look at it folks, life is grand.

**Andrew Kirk** - unable to locate



### **Ray Lowenthal**

After leaving Fort Street I attended North Sydney Boys' High School (1954-58). Memories from this time include doing Latin for 3 years (this probably conditioned me to be the zealous language pedant I am), coming second in the School Mile while in 4th Year, and having a very unpleasant time in the cadets — Army Life was not for me. I particularly recall joining a crowd outside the offices of the Sydney Morning Herald in Broadway late one November evening waiting for the Leaving Certificate results to be pasted up. There followed 6 years of Medicine at Sydney University and the Royal North Shore Hospital (1959-64). After graduation I did two Intern and Resident years also at RNSH, then 6 months of GP locums.



On 1967's palindromic date I married Dianne Price (an RNSH nurse) and we immediately left Sydney on a one year adventure, travelling overland to London. Highlights of the trip include nearly being blown up while on a boat on the Mekong River in Laos (this was during the Vietnam War), climbing a mountain in Nepal at dawn one freezing October morning with Tibetan monks, travelling in mid-winter at -15° in the back of a truck with a group of stoned hippies in Afghanistan, not realising almost until the last minute that the bargaining I was doing in Iran was for the sale of my wife, being interrogated in a jail in Jordan, and nearly being killed by a lunatic driver in Yugoslavia.

Still, we survived to reach our goal. We then spent 7 years (1968-75) in the UK where I did postgraduate training including nearly 3 years at the Medical Research Council's Leukaemia Unit at Hammersmith Hospital, London. Our first two children, Fiona and Bronwyn, were born during these years. Living in London gave us the opportunity to indulge an interest in live theatre and to visit Europe.

In 1975 we returned to Australia, to take up a position at the University of Tasmania in Hobart. We have been here ever since. We produced two more offspring, Alice and Andrew, and have found Tasmania a wonderful place to bring up children.

Professionally my current appointments (2006) are Director of the Department of Haematology & Oncology at the Royal Hobart Hospital (since 1985) and Clinical Professor at the University of Tasmania (1994). My research interests are mainly in leukaemia, lymphoma, bone marrow transplantation and clinical trials of new cancer treatments, and I have been an author of over 100 scientific papers. I have also written a guide book for the general public entitled *Cancer: What to do about it*.

I have been active in many state and national committees. For example, I was the first chairman of the Australian Leukaemia Study Group (1982-84). I have been President of the Tasmanian Branch of the Australian Medical Association (1996-98), a member of the Medical Council of Tasmania (1996-2004) and the inaugural chairman of The Cancer Council of Tasmania (1996-2001). From 2001 to 2004 I served as President of The Cancer Council Australia, spending time lobbying federal politicians. It was in this role that the dire plight of our Indigenous citizens came to the front of my mind and led me to convene a Cancer Council conference in Darwin on "Reducing the impact of cancer in Indigenous communities".

In 2005 I was the recipient of the Medical Oncology Group of Australia's Cancer Achievement Award and for 2005-06, I am the Bob Pitney Travelling Fellow for the Haematology Society of Australia & New Zealand. In the recent Queen's Birthday honours list for 2006 I received a nice little gong by being made an Officer of the Order of Australia (AO) "for service to medicine in the fields of oncology and palliative care and as a clinician, educator, researcher and contributor to professional organisations at state and national levels".

One of the privileges of being a semi-academic has been the opportunity to travel and work overseas. I have been fortunate to have spent periods of sabbatical leave in the USA, Germany, France and Israel. A highlight was travelling to Antarctica as ship's doctor — twice. I retain a connection with the frozen continent as Chair of the Antarctic Division's Human Research Ethics Committee'.

Outside work my interests include bushwalking in Tasmania, gardening, cooking, and playing real (or royal) tennis. I enjoy trying to speak and read other languages, especially French and German. We have a 'shack' with wallabies, possums and bandicoots an hour's drive from Hobart to which I escape far too infrequently. I am also delighted that Fiona our oldest daughter has returned home to Hobart after many years overseas, blessed us with a gorgeous granddaughter, and soon will produce another. Especially when I consider the traumas my parents and their generation went through, life has been kind to me.

### **Ron Mattiske**

At the end of my second year at Fort Street my father received an employment transfer to Melbourne, so I moved there with my family in early 1954. I then lost contact with the Fort Street crowd. My secondary schooling arrangements were disrupted by the move, but were resolved when I obtained an entrance scholarship to Melbourne Grammar. I thoroughly enjoyed the school, and the school was good to me. Amongst other things, I learnt to play Australian Rules football, and became involved in athletics.



At the beginning of my final year at school my father was again transferred, this time to Hobart, and I finished the year as a boarder. I had no particular career aspirations, but advisors suggested I should go to

university and study engineering or architecture, as I possessed an aptitude for maths and sciences, and enjoyed building things. Engineering and architecture were both available at Melbourne University, but only engineering in Tasmania. My family had now settled in Hobart at Sandy Bay, near the University of Tasmania, so I opted to join my family in Hobart and enrol in Civil Engineering.

Life in Hobart was pleasant. In addition to my studies I continued to play Aussie Rules, for the University team. I also met Robyn, who I married after I completed my Bachelor of Engineering degree.

Immediately after our wedding we moved to Sydney where I had obtained a job with a large firm of Consulting Engineers. After a year or two Robyn and I began thinking of travelling overseas to broaden our experience, probably starting in England. I mentioned this to the senior partner of the firm, and he suggested I consider post-graduate studies in the United States, where he had obtained qualifications. To cut a long story short, I applied to, and was accepted by, Stanford University in California, just south of San Francisco. So off we went in 1968, and I enrolled for a Masters Degree.

The facilities at Stanford were magnificent. Classes were small and the teaching outstanding, and two of my professors wrote the text books I used in Tasmania. The staff were closely involved with the students, and we were invited to Sunday barbecues at the Dean's and other professor's homes. We bought a canary yellow Ford Mustang and got into the swing of things.

Despite all the activity, my time at Stanford passed rapidly. Robyn had already wangled a work permit, and when I graduated I was able to obtain a work permit in my field of study. It was tempting to remain in California, but we wished to see more of the United States, so I obtained a job with a leading firm of Consulting Structural Engineers in Boston. We drove twelve thousand miles zig-zagging across the US in a few weeks. My work was extremely interesting, and I flew all over the country on various projects. In time off we travelled around the eastern US and Canada. Our social life was mainly with my workmates, who were of many nationalities. I tried playing soccer with the staff team, and groups of us went on ski trips to nearby New Hampshire. Robyn and I found Americans in general to be very friendly, helpful, and likeable people.

But our work permits only lasted two years, so somewhat reluctantly we packed up and left for England. We spent an enjoyable year in London where I obtained a job as a freelance design engineer, but by now the emphasis had shifted from business to pleasure. We completed our overseas jaunt with a few months touring around Europe before returning to Sydney.

I resumed work with my original firm, and in a couple of years became an Associate Director and structural manager of the Sydney office. We built a house at St Ives and had two sons, Glenn and Jonathan. I then accepted an offer from the owner of a large steel fabrication company to become general manager of a subsidiary company which marketed specialised steel formwork for constructing concrete buildings. I became interested in formwork systems, but eventually decided I wanted to make the formwork from fibreglass, not steel, and departed amicably to commence my own company. After about ten years I semi-retired, but continued with some consulting work and small-scale development projects, mainly building a large house at another location in St Ives.

My family has always been interested in outdoor pursuits, and we have owned a number of boats, starting with small runabouts and progressing to larger family cruisers. By 2000 our sons had left home for the final time, so we sold the large home in St Ives and bought a small home in Bilgola, and a substantial long-range motor cruiser to explore the east coast of Australia, mainly on the Great Barrier Reef. We kept her in Queensland for five years, and Robyn and I spent the winters cruising though the islands on the Reef, as far north as Cape York on a couple of occasions. Early this year we decided we have had enough cruising for a while, so we brought the boat back to Pittwater so I could progress with renovations at our Bilgola home.

Younger son Jonathan was married about one and a half years ago, and has settled in Brisbane. Elder son Glenn lives in a nearby suburb and will be married soon. I have other close relatives in Sydney, as does Robyn in Hobart, and we all get on well together. Fate has been kind until now, and I'll take the future as it comes.

**Bruce Morgan(left) Gordon Murray (right) - unable to locate**



### **Sarah Neal**

After high school I decided not to follow in the footsteps of my two older sisters in Sydney and went to university in Armidale. After three years living on campus in a university college I graduated with an arts degree and started a social work diploma in Sydney but gave it away for the more tempting option of working and travelling in the UK and US. I was away for two years in interesting times – I was living in Boston when JFK was killed and joined the March on Washington at which Martin Luther King gave his famous 'I have a dream' speech.

To which my daughter commented, 'But that was history'...



Back in Sydney I did market research for a while then spent five years as a judge's associate. I passed a few law exams with some interest but not much enjoyment so did a Dip Ed with EFL at Sydney Uni, having taught English in Hong Kong for three months in an earlier holiday. I then taught at Enmore Boys High for two years to a wonderful group of boys, mainly from Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia. Teaching also meant taking boys to sport – a challenge for someone who was always the last to be chosen for any sports team.

Less stressful was teaching adults at the Institute of Languages at UNSW for a few years before a year travelling overseas with Terry, now my partner of 35 years. Today I remember every cheap hotel we stayed in across Asia while he forgets the cockroaches and cold showers and happily recalls every meal we ate, and would like to do it all again.

My daughter Patience was born in 1976 and I spent a few years at home with her until she was old enough to find me an embarrassment as a school helper. I did a librarianship diploma at Kuring-gai CAE and worked for 20 years as a law librarian, mainly at a law firm in North Sydney. People's eyes glaze over at the idea of being a law librarian but I enjoyed both the order of it and the searches for obscure information.

For the past four years I've been working part-time for Greenpeace in their Clean Energy campaign. Helping with lobbying on climate change and promoting clean energy keeps me busy and the energy and commitment of the people I work with is inspiring. Outside work I help look after my 94 year old mother, play croquet, do bush regeneration, sew, cook, read, run – all fairly predictable. I also organise dinners occasionally with some of the Fort Street girls - 53 years on!

### **Guy Parsons**

Born 5th September 1941, grew up a bit, went to school, didn't like it much, went to work, retired early and now am enjoying life a bit more. Whack! Down comes the ruler, "I said write a page, not a sentence".



OK you may notice the "I grew up a bit" at the beginning, the growing up didn't

progress much past that initial bit. After Fort Street was North Sydney Boys High, but I was bored with school and never really realised my full potential, as the teachers may say. After high school, academic life did not appeal for the same reasons that school didn't appeal, so I went to work for the National Cash Register company after answering an ad about "get a career in electronics". That resulted in a few years of getting my hands dirty with fixing cash registers and accounting machines and other fully mechanical horrors of the time.

Then in 1963 the career in electronics started with hands-on work on a real room- filling computer using valves (vacuum tubes to many). Next year on another fully transistorised computer and then in 1965 a nine months stint in London learning a new largish computer. Now that was fun.

And on it went, plenty of overseas training and ducking around the country fixing computer problems, first with NCR and then later after another false start in a small company, with Digital Equipment up until I retired early in 1988 - I can't believe it was that long ago.

Got married to Lyn in 1970 (met her at NCR) and we have two daughters and now two grandchildren. Still in the same house at Berowra that we built in 1970, never will move, the trees and view over Berowra Creek are just too attractive.

Over the years we have done a little travel, both work sponsored and private trips with the most notable being six months away in Europe in 1983 with the family, visiting all over and behind the iron curtain of the day, and using a tent - and a car to carry it all of course.

Since about 1960 my consistent hobby has been photography and that now carries on via my web pages at [homepages.ihug.com.au/~parsog/photo/](http://homepages.ihug.com.au/~parsog/photo/) which is a motley collection of information pages about various items of interest to me (needs a severe overhaul, just like me). A few years heavily involved in camera clubs initiated some of it, but committee life didn't suit me so I dropped all that and now just help people via my pages or email or photo forums as the questions roll in.

Other interests seem to be house renovation and various woodwork projects and of course travel now and then to exercise the photography bug. Since that early retirement all I seem to do is still work on computers as friends and relatives keep ringing for help. You, reading this, are not a relative, and maybe not a friend, so please don't call me about your PC problems.

As Frank mentioned somewhere, it's weird that the most vivid school memories seem to be from Fort Street, but I always seem to have been a bit of a loner and never did keep in touch with anyone after the school days were over. Of curious interest is the school dress up party showing me as a convict. Not so many years ago some research into the family tree revealed two First Fleeters, one Second Fleeter and a whole bunch of others coming out on those early sailing ships with about half of that initial dozen doing the free trip in chains, so there may be some convict genes still coming out to cause that choice of dress up. But then, I seem never to have been on the wrong side of the law since, so it may have been an eerie fluke.

Below is the thing I have morphed into after many years. As you may guess, a passport photo from 2004. Despite my photography hobby, I do have very few photos of me, maybe a better one later. (Guy has now sent this much nicer photo)

### Elizabeth Pearce

Not long after Fort St, in a wintery July in 1954, the family, and of course me along with the family, moved to Melbourne. This was also the time for my transition from the public school system (in the guise of NSGHS) to a small convent school and from usually being the only Catholic kid in the class to being the only one, it seemed, who didn't have priests, nuns or brothers among their relatives. Hard work for the nuns to get me into shape.



After school, I did BA, DipEd at Melbourne Uni and then taught in high schools for an obligatory three years before I was able to go and live in Paris for a while – which turned out to be four years. A boring office job which I started off with there had the effect of catapulting me back into being a student again. I got a licence-ès-lettres (in 1968) and then embarked on a doctorate, called: 'L'esthétique théâtrale d'Antonin Artaud' no less. After much reading (in addition to seeing lots of theatre and films), but without any clear idea of what I was doing, I ultimately decided to tear myself away and head back to Australia.

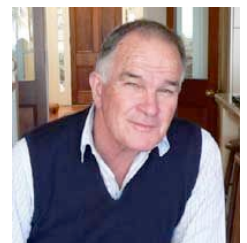
The next step in my very long career as a student was that I discovered generative linguistics in the course of doing an MA in French at Monash. It took me a very long time to finish the MA (thesis on tout, tous, chaque and chacun), whilst also doing some tutoring at Melbourne, and then I went to U of Illinois for the PhD. My stretch at Illinois included eight months in Italy at Pisa and I ended up with a thesis on Old French syntax. Returning to Australia, there was short term lecturing at Melbourne, then tutoring at LaTrobe, before I then got my first 'real job' in Wellington at the age of 45. I am passionate about syntax and I have spent some time trying to understand how Maori sentences fit nicely into a formal model. More recently, I have started doing field work on a previously undescribed language called Unua, which is spoken by about 400 people on the south-east coast of Malakula Island, Vanuatu. I am due to have the manuscript for a book on this ready by about the middle of next year. My other passion is tennis and I am still hanging on to a place in a team in the local competition (despite the awful wind).

I am single and I don't have any children, but, as the eldest of five, I have lots of nieces and nephews and, up to now, there are five small children for whom I am a great-aunt. I would like to go back to Australia, eventually (where I could at least register a vote against the despicable current prime minister), a Lotto win would help, but I don't see myself as retiring, not just yet.

Now I just need to find a photo . . . found one eventually

### Dick Pollitt

Greetings all! I am thrilled by the initiative to get back together after 53 years! I remember Fort Street as the best two years of my school life. I'm not sure what we learned, but I do feel it was a very special class with a very special teacher. I still experience waves of nostalgia looking at the school when crossing the bridge!



I have been living in Mosman for the past 22 years, just walking distance from Mosman Primary, which I left to go to Fort Street all those years ago. I am married with a daughter Zoe, son John, and two grandsons, Zac and Felix.

From Fort Street I went to North Sydney Boys High with several of the boys from our class. I didn't really distinguish myself academically or at sport, but particularly enjoyed the science subjects, and playing rugby on Wednesday afternoons. Thoughts of going on to become a physicist, (blame Harry Messel!), were fortunately brought back to earth by an ordinary mark in Leaving Maths. With no real sense of a calling, I ended up on the final enrolment day at Sydney Uni, selecting Civil Engineering almost by chance. Luckily, that choice worked out very well for me, leading to an interesting career.

After working as a Structural Design Engineer for 3 years in Sydney, I left to see the world. I hitchhiked around Europe for 6 months, then worked for the UK Atomic Energy Authority in Berkshire, and for various consulting engineers in London. However my travels were cut short when I met Carole in London in 1965. We were married in 1967 and returned to Sydney. We are still together 39 years on.

Back in Australia, I worked for EPT, an Italian company, designing TV and transmission line towers. However my interest in design was waning, so I studied part time at UNSW for an MBA. This opened new doors. I worked for PA Consultants as a Project Management Consultant, spending 3 amazing years on the completion of the Opera House.

I left PA to join a new project management firm, McLachlan Consultants in 1973. There I worked on a wide variety of projects, including office buildings, hotels, museums and the Moomba to Sydney gas pipeline. In 1977 I opened an office for the company in Auckland, and enjoyed seven years there with my young family. In NZ I worked on buildings, rail projects, and also several dairy factories. One of these made 10 tons of cheddar a day! Another converted milk sugar into alcohol. Clever these Kiwis! On returning to Sydney in '84, I became involved in several overseas projects including the Asian Development Bank Headquarters in Manila; water and waste water projects in Thailand and Indonesia, container terminals in Mumbai and Colombo. In Sydney I enjoyed managing the bid process for the Olympic Stadium. In 1995, the UK firm, Bovis acquired McLachlan Consultants. Then in 1998 Lend Lease purchased Bovis, so I went through two takeovers before retiring as a Director of Bovis Lend Lease in 2002.

However I still get a “buzz” working with project teams on big projects, so have welcomed the opportunity to work part time for the last three years, most recently with RailCorp on its PPP project to acquire 600 new train cars for the Sydney network. I also occasionally lecture on Project Management to the NSW Enterprise workshop and mentor its students

Away from work, I am really enjoying being a grandfather! My four-year-old grandson loves “stories from your mouth” as he puts it. “Kevin and the Ghost Train” is the current favourite. Maybe there is a book waiting to be written! I am also enjoying travelling to out of the way places. Carole and I spent a month in Sri Lanka helping a friend there with an aid project prior to the tsunami. Last year I fulfilled a life long dream by visiting Antarctica, including some climbing, which was more nerve racking than I had expected, and this September we will be trekking in Ladakh. At home we are experiencing “empty nest syndrome”, so will probably move out of our rambling old house sometime soon

I also enjoy sailing, walking, swimming, but these healthy pursuits are offset by an enjoyment of Asian food and the search for cheap but drinkable pinot noir. Apart from that I like going to the movies and concerts, but could easily become a ‘Grumpy Old Man’ trying to keep up with the technology that is now part of our lives... I’m looking forward to the “Old Forts” Reunion in March!

### **John Pym**

Visions of the grassy hill, crates of milk, the railings, May's bird-like focus behind glasses, the only later realised magnitude of our good fortune. High school was different, homocentric. Technical Drawing to prepare for a pre-adolescent dream of aeronautical engineering. Turning 16 on SS Strathnaver in the Bight en route to join with brother Bob mother and sisters in UK. Sandown Grammar and a return to the delights of co-education. Receiving a Queen's Scout award from Lord Rowallan. The long wonderful voyage home on SS Strathaird, the never to be forgotten assault on the senses of entering The Heads. 5th year agonies over career choices - a ComSchol in Arts/Law at Sydney giving way to an RAF Scholarship to Cranwell, UK, to join as a pilot. I had never been in an aircraft.



Gathering with 53 other young men in overcoats and officer's dress, trilby hats, on freezing Sleaford Station, 1960, one of 2 Australians among 300 cadets. Graduation and a commission from HM, wings and one of the flying prizes from King Hussein. Folland Gnat course, North Wales, 63; fighter course on Hunters in Devon, 64. Survived to reach No 54 Squadron at RAF West Raynham in Norfolk. A first squadron is unique - I still see most of the survivors 40 years on.

Met No 1 wife-to-be when her sister married one of our pilots. We were married 10 months later, moved into a vast old RAF married quarter at a haunted station near to the base. She coped surprisingly well with her encounters with the dead WW2 pilot in a leather jacket. Posted to 8 Sqn in Aden as weapons instructor — supporting the army against Yemen-based guerrilla force attacks, in the rundown to withdrawal from the Protectorate, not one of Britain's finest hours. Life became increasingly fraught and the families were withdrawn - in our case to Bahrain. We continued to operate from 'Fortress Khormaksar' until late 67, leaving the place to the Yemenis and their Russian friends. A daughter born in Feb 68.

One day in June I didn't return from a flight, lay in the shade of a camel-thorn bush in the middle of Qatar for about 2 hours before the chopper from Muharraq arrived. The engine had failed and I had departed a suddenly inhospitable cockpit by way of the bang-seat. That parachute course at Cranwell had been some use. My spine was fractured in 3 places, so after 4 weeks on a board in hospital we set off back to UK rehab centre. Finally deemed fit, we go to Chivenor in Devon, our home for 5 years. Flying cadets around in Chipmunks until my back was fit for ejection seats, then back into the fray on the Hunter as a tactics and weapons instructor. A wonderful period — little money, old cars, but great friends, full and varied lives, and a son.

Made flight commander. Happy weeks and hangovers on detachment defending Gibraltar against the Spanish with three Hunters by day, drinking for Australia by night. Brits and French managed to put aside differences long enough to jointly build the Jaguar. In 73, sent to help form the conversion team and bring it into RAF service. 54 Sqn at Coltishall in Norfolk for 6 months, then Bruggen in Germany to become weapons specialist on the first nuclear-capable unit, 14 Sqn, in 75, the height of the cold war.

Four of us sitting on standby in a compound for 24 hours, our aircraft loaded with 'buckets of sunshine', prepared, when it hit the fan, to fight our way through to Poland or wherever and launch the things at “important military targets” while the “civilised world” set about destroying itself. I now shudder to think of such madness and my dutiful part in it.

Notoriety was earned when court martialled for allegedly driving with a mild excess of alcohol in the blood. The young blond lady barrister friend was more than a match for the prosecution and, my name now known, I was promoted to Squadron Leader and posted back to Coltishall, to 6 Sqn. as Exec Officer. I led teams at international competitions and 'meets', we tanked across the Atlantic to Exercise Red Flag in Nevada and Maple Flag in Alberta. Received an Air Force Cross from the Queen at Buck House as a farewell 'gift'.

But it came at the price of a marriage - for several of the usual reasons — and I set off to return “home” to Australia, alone, in April 81, leaving my children, 13 and 10, at boarding school. The next 2 years were not great, although I met No 2 wife-to-be in Canberra soon after starting life there with the Department of Transport. Children and money encouraged a return to flying and I joined the Omani Air Force in Jan 83. For 3 years I lived and flew at Thumrait, in the desert north of Dhofar, among Omanis and mercenary expatriates, enjoying a simple, active life. Pam and I were married a year after I arrived and she joined the Omani Army as a nurse.

We left after 3 years to seek a more 'normal' existence on the Northern Beaches, after I had arranged a return to the Department of Transport in Sydney, I have often since wondered why. Life in Sydney again was good — leisure mainly involved owner-rebuilding the shack in Newport around us. Then interest rates drove us offshore again.

By way of UK for a holiday and some training, I went to Saudi, to the Tornado simulator with BAE. Home for Xmas 88 via Brunei and an interview, and started my 12 years with Royal Brunei Airlines a month later. Airline flying is mostly tedious, alleviated only by the variety of companions and destinations. Nearly 7000 hours in B767/757s. Our son arrived - life was settled and pleasant. Then Pam moved back with Paul to Canberra to be near family and it all slowly unravelled — few work opportunities, her boredom, then later her absence and my frailty the main culprits. Back to Canberra when a job with CASA (Civil Aviation Safety Authority) appeared - we tried again, but no joy, and when the offer of a similar post in Hong Kong arrived we parted amicably.

I had spent years being too old for Cathay Pacific so I came with a smile to be their Consultant Flight Operations Inspector. I have flown the Airbus A330 with Cathay for 4 years, and will start a B747 course in UK (with BA) in October, part of my responsibilities for seeing the new local low-cost airline OASIS into being. I will complete my line training by operating flights to and from Gatwick a few days before I take off my spurs at 65 on 2 Dec.

Quote from my Queens Scout certificate (signed by E11R): “I wish you God Speed on your journey through life. May it prove for you a joyous adventure” Those words have lived with me ever since.

### **Diana Rea (1941 – 2006)**

Diana is not well enough to write this herself so, with help from Sarah, I thought I would write her story from my point of view using some basic facts she has provided. (Jan Wilson)



Diana and I came to Fort Street from what was then Lady Hay's School, later to become North Sydney Demonstration School. The youngest of a family of seven children, Diana was smart, feisty, outspoken and confident. Although we had not been close friends during the previous five years of school I, as an only child of over-protective parents and anything but confident, clung to her desperately in this new, overwhelming environment. We became 'best friends' and this friendship continued through North Sydney Girls High until the present time. Although I rarely see her I can ring, say 'it's Janet from Canberra' and it is as though we had seen each other yesterday.

When Diana left school she worked in an office for two years then went to Queensland and spent six months strawberry picking, then another office job for some time, followed by ten years with the Queensland Railways. While in Queensland she was a Cub leader for 14 years.

For as long as I can remember Diana had wanted to teach, she hated office work and (I quote) 'at 35 decided to get off my bum and go teaching' so she returned to Sydney and 'had a wonderful time for three year at Teachers' College'. I can remember how delighted I was when she told me she was finally a qualified teacher. To have left a secure, safe job to do something she really wanted at that age, with no one to support her while she did it, demonstrated again all the qualities I had so much admired, and somewhat envied, when we first became friends.

During this time one of her lectures on casual teaching was given by Lance Richardson. Like most of us she has very fond memories of May Acason, who she still refers to as 'Aco'. On a number of occasions she visited 'Aco' and horrified her with tales of what she and I got away with during our Fort Street days. Only the other day she asked if I would have done some of those things if she had not egged me on. When I replied, "Of course not, no way," the school teacher came to the fore and quick as a flash she replied, "You always were easily led astray!" I told you she was feisty!

After Teachers' College she took a year off study while establishing herself as a casual teacher. Five years of part-time studying at Macquarie Uni resulted in a BA and she taught at Berala Primary School, a very multicultural school near Auburn, for nineteen years before retiring at the end of 2004. She would

have been an exceptional teacher and I am sure all her pupils loved her as much as she loved (most) of them and few would ever forget the year they were taught by Miss Rae.

She feels very strongly about “those ‘Ivory Tower People’ who have determined that teachers should take on parental responsibilities leaving too little time for the teaching of basic subjects”. The many administrative demands on teachers were another waste of time to Diana and it was a brave headmaster who tried to change her ways.

Diana has always enjoyed travelling and would love to do more if her health allowed, one of her greatest regrets at the moment is that she cannot leave Sydney because of the need for medical treatment. She still has very positive opinions on things that are important to her. Since retiring, along with Sarah, she has become a member of Greenpeace Grey Power and as the photo below (published with an article in her local newspaper) shows, she is not reticent to stand up for what she believes in.

Diana has a prodigious memory and would be able to regale us all with stories we would probably prefer to forget but for a long time she has been battling cancer, always with her brave, positive attitude. Having just come out of hospital, yet again, she is too tired to think about writing this now but I am sure that one day when she is feeling stronger she will put me straight on what I have got wrong as she has so often done in the past. I sincerely hope that day comes soon.

Footnote: Sadly Diana will never be able to put me straight as she lost her battle with cancer on 4 October 2006. Farewell my old friend.

### **Chris Woods (1941-2004)**

John Fullagar writes:

Chris died in April 2004 from cancer that was not detected in sufficient time for medical intervention to be successful.



At Fort Street, independent of his personal qualities, Chris had a unique string to his bow. His parents, Harley and Una, lived next door — in that imposing sandstone place on the Hill with the strange roofline and conspicuous roof-top ornamentation. Harley was NSW Government Astronomer and we used to eat our lunches under the fig trees that still surround the Observatory, while collecting wind-scattered toll tickets of different face values: 1d for bikes, 2d for cars and 3d for large vehicles. (Money was £.s.d in those days!) We used to skip (or watch others who skipped) while we waited for that big metal ball to drop down the pole and declare “It’s 1 pm Eastern Standard Time” every day of the year (Daylight Saving hadn’t yet been invented!) Some of us occasionally had the special privilege of being invited into the Observatory after school, where we gorged ourselves on both Harley’s introduction to matters astronomical and Una’s top tucker — and cheery little sister Ros (actually Rosamond) from a younger Fort Street class was always there.

I remember several times after school furtively trekking with Chris down the weed- and rat-infested “cut” that surrounded the school and is now the ramp for the two northbound lanes of the Cahill Expressway. It was indicative of Chris’ intrepid spirit that he was not intimidated by the series of wire gates, the “Keep Out” signs that promised dire extermination or the increasingly high stone walls as the pint-sized Aussie explorers threaded their way through the tall weed jungle, down the spiral decline and were finally enveloped by the darkness that increased threateningly as we ventured into successive chasms of the supposedly-sealed tunnel under the tollgates.

After the rigours of Miss Acason’s two year ministrations and inspirations, Chris bestowed his considerable frame on North Sydney Tech for his 5 years of high school, and went on to The University of Sydney to do Mechanical Engineering. In the early years after graduation, Chris contributed to the profitability of Pressed Metal Corporation, which had a long record in making buses on various manufacturers’ chasses (presumably that’s the plural of ‘chassis’). All of this sits comfortably with his

life-long passion for cars and engines. For most of his professional life, Chris had an active role in CAMS (the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport), especially as a steward.

Whilst at PMC, Chris accepted the challenge of tackling a two-year Grad Dip in Industrial Engineering at UNSW and this coincided with another regular challenge involving Chris and three of his Grad Dip classmates, of whom two (let's just call them Graham and Alan) have also been friends of mine since 1960. One of them tells me that they used to stage a weekly after-class derby along Anzac Parade from the South Dowling Street lights to Kinsella's. It remains a miracle that none of them finished up in the funeral parlour at the end of the challenge "strip", and that none of them ever lost his license, despite some remarkably close encounters.

No one will be surprised when I recall that Chris was intensely practical. For many years, he taught Mechanical Engineering at Sydney Technical College (later The Sydney Institute of Technology within NSW TAFE) and at Hunter Institute of Technology (in Newcastle), later achieving the special distinction of becoming Assistant Principal of Mechanical Engineering within The Sydney Institute.

Chris married Kerry Kilroy and they produced three daughters (Amanda, Fiona and Samantha — all now establishing families of their own). In 1995, Chris, Kerry and the girls settled into a house just across the street from where my wife and I have lived since 1975) so I had opportunity for many years to get to know Chris' lovely family a little. He loved his family.

Despite the strictness required of his role for CAMS in the sport he adored, Chris always seemed thoroughly relaxed about life — happy-go-lucky — and relating to him was always easy. An insight to his character has been volunteered by one of his Anzac Parade derby mates who was transferred interstate close to the end of their final Grad Dip year. With unfailing regularity, Chris would send his lecture notes up north to Graham, who was thereby enabled to complete the course (after first learning to read Chris' writing). This generosity remained a prominent feature of Chris' relationships with others, right to the early end of his life.

Chris quietly accepted his condition, finding it tough, but pressing on nevertheless. Soon after his diagnosis, Chris established "the old farts lunch", which brought together a handful of his mates who then lunched with Chris every two weeks for what turned out to be around three years. The mates still keep the lunches going, which no doubt gives Chris a satisfied chuckle as he monitors their gatherings from another distant shore. I miss the occasional interactions that Chris and I enjoyed (on his side of the street or mine) during the last decade or so. Our class' proposed reunion will have a noticeable gap where Chris might have been.

I am grateful to Kerry, and to Graham and David, for vetting, expanding and correcting this little recollection.