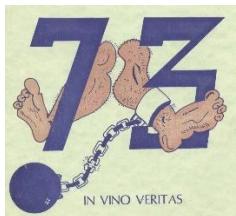




**Royal Military College
DUNTROON
CLASS of 1973
(1970-1973)**



**Fiftieth Anniversary of Graduation
2023**



Disclaimer:

The reader should note that this publication is not an official publication of the Department of Defence, the Australian Army nor the Royal Military College. It uses language and pronouns in common use in the 1970's and frankly ...

Furthermore, the 'Bio's' are best described as 'all their own work.' We have deliberately tried not to alter the original author's content.

Acknowledgements:

As with the 'best laid plans of mice and men', this book represents the 'best recalled thoughts' of the fifty-four years which – like our hairlines - have receded quickly. Shamelessly, it represents the best memories of a few: weighted perhaps too heavily and subjectively towards the Alamein-Gallipoli Company half-class and the Artists 'collective.' I apologise in advance.

Thanks to all who have contributed: especially the small band of the organising committee who had to put up with my late-night texts and obscure questions. I am especially thankful to Russ Linwood for sharing his diary; without which we would not have had the prompts of history on our side. Also, to Rob Shoebridge and Ian Gordon in particular for their patient reading, editing and suggestions. To Jim Catchlove, Pete Bernard and Rod Jewell for their input and guidance and to John Hands for being the editorial 'sheep dog:' tracking down the recalcitrant and counselling the reluctant.

A special mention to Dave Forster – the collector of Class photos, records, minutia and of course the COST Class Tidings. Without his dogged interest over the last fifty years, this would have been a near impossible task. Thanks too, to those 'dobbed' to publish Class Notes over the years: Rob Shoebridge, Mike Prunty, Dave Ross, Pete Maher, Jim Wallace, Dave Smith, Paul Robottom, Geoff Kaslar, Chris Wallace, Peter Gumbley, John Barrett, Neil Miller, Jim Catchlove, Doug Tyers, Rod Yeats and Bob Breen.

A special thanks to WO1 Pete Brown, OPSWO at the Army Museum Duntroon for his assistance in locating records and photographs. Thanks also to Pete Branagan, WO2 Tim Finn and John Baines for help along the way.

Many thanks to the Editors of the 1972 *Mates Forever*, particularly Tony McKenna for his guidance and permission to reproduce some items from the '72 *Mates Forever*.

I apologise in advance for any errors and omissions. I also apologise for the fact that I will probably not be available to put together the next Fiftieth Book!

Of course, thanks to everyone who contributed their Bios and photos.

Finally: This work is dedicated to Brigadier Ian 'Luigi' Bryant – who almost made a good officer of me

Paul Noonan

For...Word!

“Time on our hands...”

Fifty-four years ago this year, a select group of 104 young men joined eighteen ‘five-year planners’ and commenced the individual and collective journey that would be the Class of 1973. Individuals all aye, but keenly aware that soon they would have to gel quickly as a team to overcome the dark forces of the Senior Classes, HQ CSC and its apparently omniscient staff and of course the academic faculty. They were bonded by a common goal – though the motives may not have all been ‘for love of country’ they were nonetheless altruistic. There was also some level of instinct to try to stay the course in almost everyone.

At the time, their career choice was not universally held as either honourable or even desirable. Public debate on the nation and Army’s role in Vietnam was slowly shifting as was the political climate – ultimately ushering in the Whitlam years. All but shunned by our tertiary brethren at ANU, until they discovered that we possessed a skill in high demand – the ability to craft a ‘roll-your-own’ cigarette without wasting the ‘tobacco.’

The Institution, RMC itself, was under very public scrutiny as Justice Fox examined the treatment of junior cadets and the culture of ‘bastardisation.’ That these factors failed to deter the 104 is some testament to all.

Some classes count success as the number of graduates, or the number who achieved general rank, knighthoods, honours and awards and post-nominal acknowledgements. Other classes measure success by the strength of the bonds forged in those barrack blocks, classrooms and (inevitably) wet and leafy exercise areas – “Look lads, this is counter

revolutionary warfare – it has to be wet!” The latter more typifies the Class of ‘73.

Through the years we lost nearly half our original complement – graduating sixty-two. Not all soldiered on until retirement. Yet we still share the bond and we are equally proud of the Class’s achievements in private industry and academia as we are of our military ‘professionals.’

Despite being told ‘never volunteer’ many, it seems, did just that in their post-military life and made significant contributions to their communities.

These pages cannot hope to capture all the events, personalities and ‘happenings.’ Nor can they accurately tell ‘history’; for apart from some individual diaries, the story of Class of 73 is the recollections and musings of lunch sessions, ‘warries’, the reunions and the annual scribblings of those dobbed-in over the years to publish the newsletters. Lads – from all of us, thank you. (See *Acknowledgements*)

We have long ago handed-in our youth to life’s Q Store. Having inevitably lit the candle at both ends in those halcyon days, we would like to think perhaps that we burned brightly – albeit too briefly on life’s stage. Those of us blessed to have navigated fatherhood and graduated into grand-fatherhood might find it oddly amusing that we now are admonished by our own kids for reliving our youth vicariously through the grandkids.

“Always in the shit...”

Never let the bastards get you down...”

From the BSM...

It would be remiss not to start these few comments without acknowledging the extraordinary work and dedication of Dave Forster in rallying a team to organise this significant anniversary. By a combination of charm, guile, threats and pressure he has successfully corralled a few of us to support the organisation of what I am sure will be a successful commemoration. And this on top of the great work he has continuously done as Class Orderly. Thank you, Dave, on behalf of the Class of 73.

Noons, thank you for editing this publication. Not easy to get us all to respond in a timely manner!

50 years on and so much has happened. Even the longest serving of our Classmates have left the

service; those of us married with children can, mostly, boast that we have grandchildren; some of us have the same wife; most of us have moved to second or third careers, usually at a time of our choosing and perhaps applying the Military Appreciation skills we learnt at RMC when making a decision; the majority have retired from full-time work.

50 years has sadly seen the death of fourteen of our number. This book and the reunion is a chance to reflect on their friendship and service and what they meant to us as a group and individually. Lest We Forget.

It was a privilege to be the Head Prefect in 1973 and 'lead' such a disparate group of individuals.

Shoebs

R eflections...

'Come drink ye men of mettle...'

For some, the long-awaited arrival at RMC might have elicited unpleasant surprises.

For others of us, 'fortunate' to have been at boarding school, it was simply another group of people yelling instructions. Some of us had AACC 'experience' and thus knew the difference between a 'right turn' and 'eyes right.' However, it was wise to hide the fact that you had ever been in cadets.

We learned relatively quickly that the Army way was not necessarily the RMC way (or 'RMC was not the Army'). Some never mastered the sliding halt even after four years, not that it ever seemed to matter. We learned quickly that not everyone was a 'sir' and that Senior NCOs generally spurned the title.

Haircuts were strictly non-conforming with the spirit of the times. It was the seventies and long hair was de rigueur. 'Cordies' stood out in the Canberra crowd – well actually in any crowd – and while we were told that 'everyone's daughter wants to date a Cordie,' the reality was much colder. Of course, we 'suffered' the added disadvantage initially of being thoroughly – nay completely – underpaid.

The opposite sex wasn't the only vain pursuit. Food dominated the Cordie cerebral cortex. 'TOC' was as permanent an institution as 'Snow' White's en-masse boiled chicken. Ration scales – and apparently, we had our own scale – were last updated during the First Fleet. It took some three years to cotton onto the rower's scam – late breakfast of generous proportion and ... even miss parade. Another useful ploy for a quiet meal was choir practice. Supplementary Rations came via Dirty Loui's: sadly, an institution now long gone.

Our Initial Free Issue belied the fact that we joined 'the Modern Army.' Only long sleeve shirts, greatcoats out of Korea, boots AB and gaiters, a 37 Pattern field pack and 'suspenders' out of the Peloponnesian Wars. By the way reader, who recalls that there was supposed to be a 'sandbag' atop the 37 Pattern field Pack?

We developed an early and on-going combative relationship with the Inf Wing. The 'war' culminated in Second Class when we tried the 'They can't bump us all' late arrival. Ahhh; Lessons Learned! Little did we realise at the time how much

we could have learned from the likes of Keith Payne and Bob Buick et al had that relationship not been framed in the leech-infested swamps of Captains Flat and/or the evolutionary backwater that was the Inf Wing. Did we ever do a field exercise or Camp Training that wasn't wet? And does anyone remember the whole mathematics class being charged for being late to class, even though the lecturer went to the wrong classroom and charged us when we weren't there? Even our Company Commanders thought it was stupid.

With neither experience nor adequate benchmark, our impression of the early senior staff was less than complimentary. CAE Fraser and that bloody Humber Super Snipe would not have been out of place on a 'Dad's Army' set. We saw little of the Commandant until heaven sent us Sandy Pearson early in 1970. And then he popped up everywhere, including in the rafters of the ANZAC Hall Sportsman's Bar!

In retrospect, the Company Commanders appeared largely devoted to the discipline outcome. They 'appeared' on BC Day and then disappeared again into Panic Palace. And so, we learned to love our Adjutants – Ivan Cahill, Rollo Brett and 'God' - Grant Chasling – even those we ran into at the Obstacle Course Car Park at 'o-dark-hundred.' Ivan would later turn up in the Middle East as our Senior Observer in Lebanon and Rollo haunted the 1986 C&SC crew as Director of Studies and reminding the Editor that C&SC *did not* stand for Command and Surfing College.

'Socialisation' exercises such as the Screed Test, the Tennis Party, 'Bishing', Easter Bunny, St Patrick's Day and the 100 Days to Go disappearing-Fourth Class would hardly be tolerated today. Indeed, even the language of the place would have to be washed and rinsed in the woke waters of the 'modern Army.' The 'rough 'n' tumble was partly what made RMC a unique experience.

We were the first class generally 'unbastardised' which left Second Class (1970) with far too much 'time on their hands' and Third Class largely unemployed.

The BA (Mil) cadets endured Science 1A with varying degrees of success. Placed in the curriculum ostensibly to enhance our understanding of modern weapon systems, on reflection, it was poorly designed and 'weapon

systems' were never explored beyond explosive chemistry. Even that made little sense until we were exposed to Brett Nolan's penchant for blowing things up in Third Class. Thank God the Inf Wing *did* teach us the Theory of Small Arms Fire. Remember 'plunging fire' and 'first catch' lads?

We were allotted to an Army that had a significant personality disorder – were we in CRW? Limited War? Who was the enemy? Oh, that's right. The geniuses at Training Command invented one! As we progressed at RMC, it became clear that a new Government would withdraw from Vietnam and worse, with that eventuality, Defence funding would take backstage to Whitlam's social experiments. We would graduate to an Army that was deployed largely to Barracks: overseas postings were rarer than steak at one of Snow's buffets.

It was tough and confronting to see our numbers whittled away over the four years – either dispatched to Portsea to sort out it's drill, or heading back to where they had come from. We felt somewhat diminished for that. For those left, we were mightily relieved to graduate and we were soon confronted by the reality of the real Army. It was almost like starting all over again and much of the Army – in a sort of lingering post national service malaise - seemed pretty unimpressed that we'd actually graduated from RMC.

Despite all this; our classmates flourished and we made our mark in military and civilian life. We formed and maintained associations that have endured for fifty-four years. Dave Forster's Class List – those who were one of us in 1970-73 - is an exclusive club that can never be joined by anyone else. We need no 'secret handshake' - the exchange of a knowing smile; a laugh and the ability to as we would say, 'put shit on' one of our mates for something he/we did fifty to fifty-four years ago. Priceless!

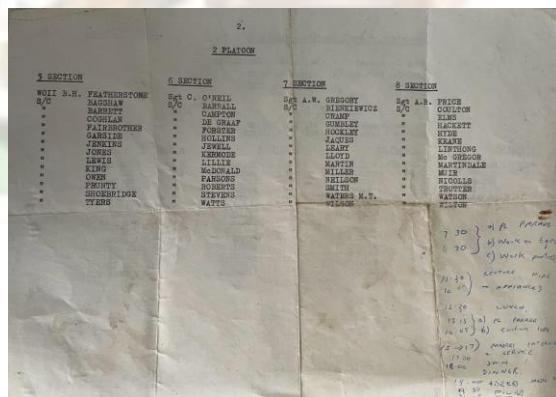
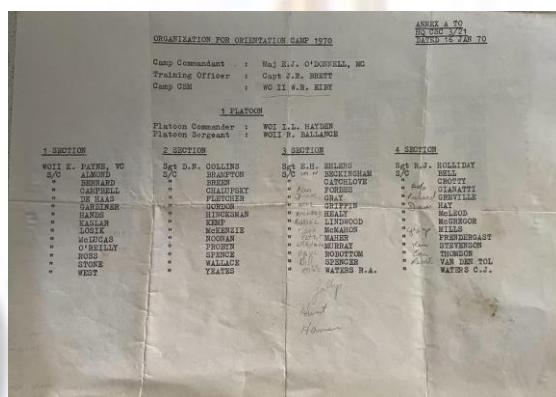
*'...we come from every quarter
And make a merry band
Good friendship knits us firmer
And grip of trusty hand.'*

Table 1

Male General List Officers

Rank	Salary per Year	Salary per Fortnight (Salary \div 365 \times 14 per Year)
Second Lieutenant	4,915	188.52
Lieutenant	5,250	201.37
0/1 year	5,585	214.22
0/2 years	5,920	227.07
0/3 years	6,255	239.92
Captain	6,615	253.72
0/1 year	6,975	267.53
0/2 years	7,335	281.34
0/3 years	7,695	295.15
0/4 years	8,055	308.96
0/5 years	8,415	322.77
Major	8,880	340.60
0/1 year	9,345	358.44
0/2 years	9,810	376.27
0/3 years	10,275	394.11
Lieutenant Colonel	10,845	415.97
0/1 year	11,415	437.83
Colonel	12,090	463.72
0/1 year	12,765	489.61

The Profession of Arms was hardly the path to wealth and prosperity



Point Hut Nominal Roll: See 1970



In 2007 a group from the Duntroon class of 1970-73, all but one from immigrant or solo mother families, established the Podmore Foundation in gratitude for the vocational and university education they had received; the Duntroon years had been a transformational experience that provided them with military careers that became foundations for successful civilian careers. The founding fathers were Mike Almond, Peter de Haas, Bob Breen, Les Bienkiewicz, Ian Steele and David Forster, who created the motto and logo.

The name 'Podmore' originated from Larry Podmore, a fictional staff cadet introduced to the class by Ian Gordon and Merv Jenkins, whose amusing fictional escapades were made up by classmates in the early 1970s. This 'try-hard', fair dinkum but error-prone cadet became a legend epitomising the Duntroon journey of great mateship and youthful enthusiasm. Larry's mythological exploits amused and inspired Duntroon classes through the 1970s, 80s and 90s, lifting their morale and esprit de corps.

Peter de Haas, the inaugural President, focused on projects in East Timor through his contacts at Palms Australia, a Catholic NGO. The most significant legacy was partnering with the Ahisuan Foundation, The Light of Friendship, to build an accommodation and training centre in Dili and fenced food gardens for disabled young people. Funds were also donated to an orphanage at Gleno for several years.

In 2008, Bob Breen facilitated a partnership with Yalari (www.yalari.org) for the selection and education of Indigenous Australian children from rural and remote communities and towns at some of Australia's finest independent schools. Yalari and Podmore raised funds to cover the significant financial gap between the means-tested ABSTUDY scheme and the costs of a boarding school education far from home.

Each Podmore scholarship was worth \$5,500 per annum to assist Yalari in paying school fees for one of their scholarship recipients from Year 7 until Year 12, based on the successful completion of each year's study. Podmore also sponsored its scholarship recipients to travel in Australia and overseas to reinforce their academic gifts, leadership attributes and sporting prowess. Scholarship recipients have studied in Japan, Thailand and the United States, and one paddled for Australia in the World Dragonboat Championships in Toronto, Canada. One recipient from Mackay, QLD, was the Vice Captain of Canberra Girls Grammar School and another from Werris Creek, NSW, was a prefect and Pipe Major at Scots College, Bellevue Hill, and served as President of the Student Union at Sydney University.

By 2018, after waning interest from the Class of 73 and Duntroon graduates more generally, the Podmore Foundation began transitioning to the Canberra Grammar School Foundation.

In 2019 the Snow Foundation supplemented the CGS Podmore Trust account funds to facilitate the CGS Indigenous Scholarship Program. Over the past two years, the program has welcomed more than 20 new students to Canberra Grammar. The first four scholarship recipients graduated in 2020, going on to university at the University of Canberra and UTS in Sydney. Each of these young women was the first in their family to attend university.

Scrapbook (Skrepbook for Kiwis)



1: Aerial View Looking Towards Mount Pleasant



2. Upper Terrace. Ack and Beer Blocks



3. Upper Terrace. The Mess as We Knew It



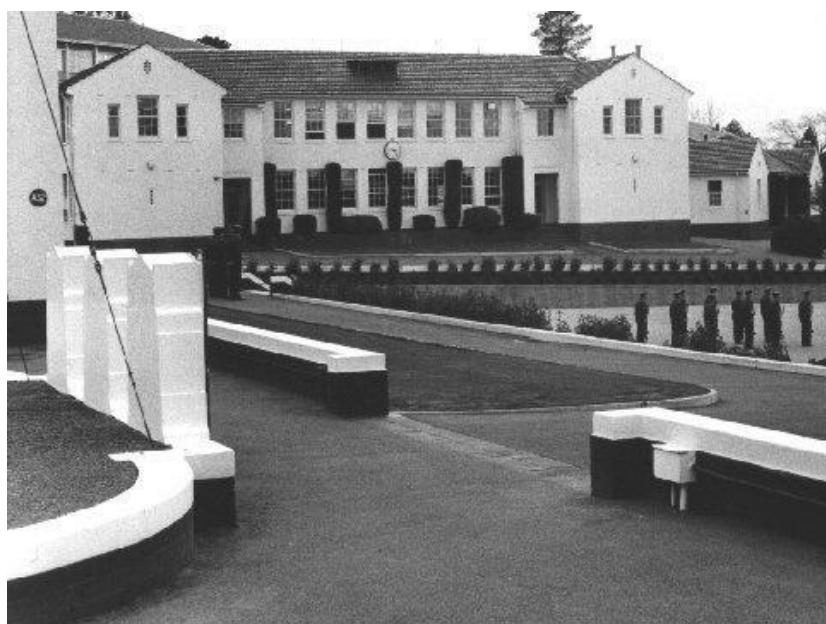
4. 'Over the Hill' – Describes the Building and the VW



5. 'Panic Palace' HQ CSC



6. Point Hut Crossing: Apparently Kev Jones is taking a 'Z' in here somewhere



7. Upper Terrace Looking Towards ANZAC Hall and whatever that building with the clock was.

Berny-dotes...

Rather than recounting the details of my career, I will just relate what I see as some of the more interesting stories and snippets.

Firstly, at RMC. At the end of 1972 Bob Breen, Steve Garner and myself vacationed in Bali, Java, Singapore, Malaysia and Thailand. A few things stand out. In Bali, everyday the three of us would go body surfing for a couple of hours at Kuta Beach and over a week or so the number of local people on the beach watching us increased from a handful to a few hundred. I assumed that this was because they hadn't really seen surfers displaying such prowess before.

I went fishing for a compliment and asked an English speaking local if that was why the crowd was there. He replied 'oh, no. It's the sea snake season and they're just watching to see how long it is before one of you is bitten'. That immediately put an end to our trips to the beach.

After a couple of days in Bangkok, being cocky young fellers, we went to the royal palace to see if the Crown Prince was home. We were advised that he was away in the north of the country and that we would be contacted on his return.

The following night we were in the crowded and very noisy restaurant at our hotel tucking into, as I recall, buffalo steaks. All of a sudden, the place went deathly still. Everyone - hundreds of diners, waiters and kitchen staff - were on their knees and looking at the floor. No-one uttered a word or made a sound.

Standing at our table dressed all in black and with a particularly thunderous look on his face was Major Sammy who you will recall was the Crown Prince's companion at RMC. He barked at us to get up and go pack our bags, and then with some offsiders (also all armed and dressed in black) escorted us to some black, official cars. We were whisked away to a very upmarket hotel.

Over the next several days we were extended great hospitality. This included new tailor-made shirts, suits and shoes which we wore to a private luncheon with the Crown Prince in the palace garden. We paid for nothing. I was sorry that it all

had to end. I don't know who ultimately paid for the buffalo steaks.

Secondly, Canton Island. In 1981, Jim Catchlove and myself were part of a group of about 90 returning to Australia by C-130 from a Tropic Lightning exercise in Hawaii. About four hours after take-off one of the engines failed and so the pilot diverted to Canton Island which is part of the Phoenix Islands group in Kiribati.¹

On the island was a huge base with a large airfield; control tower; aircraft hangars; administrative buildings; several warehouses packed with new tyres, tools and equipment; huge mess hall; barbecue area and bar; several large barrack blocks; outdoor theatre; marina with several speed boats; salt water swimming pool in the marina; and about 70 married quarters. And the whole place was abandoned: deserted except for a few natives from another island who were there as caretakers.

There was still food in the refrigerators of some of the houses and on plates on the kitchen sinks, and clothes in wardrobes, and sound systems, televisions and VCRs in lounge rooms, and vehicles with their bonnets still up with tools resting on batteries; It was like the Marie Celeste.

Jim decided to go for a swim. He mounted the three-metre diving board with great style and panache. As he bounced on the board the end snapped off bringing Jim and half the board plunging into the pool. Fortunately, he wasn't hurt.

After we returned to Australia, we found out that the base had been used, as I recall, in the Gemini space program and in the testing of ICBMs. It had been placed in mothballs. At its peak, apparently a couple of thousand people had been posted there at any one time. I am sure it would have been a really great posting, particularly if you were into water sports, suntanning and heavy drinking.

Thirdly, Japan and Korea. I was fortunate enough to be selected to do Japanese language studies in 1982 at the US Department of State Foreign Service Institute in Yokohama, Japan. Part of the language training entailed travel all around the country, particularly the back blocks, just by myself. It was a

¹ Canton Island is actually an atoll. The airfield is located in the north-east. (See photo)

great way to learn the language and better understand the Japanese people and society.

This was followed by three years at the Australian Embassy in Tokyo as the Assistant Defence Attaché. This was a phenomenal experience. It involved a lot of travel and engagement with the Japan Self Defense Force and Defense Agency.

The JSDF is highly professional, strongly disciplined, well trained, well equipped and very capable. When I returned to staff college in Australia in 1987 I wrote my Monash Paper on the prospects for and potential benefits of a much closer defence relationship, possibly even an alliance, between Australia and Japan. In our increasingly difficult strategic environment, I am heartened to see that with the Quad such a relationship is starting to emerge.

A couple of other things come to mind. One is the Emperor's Garden Party which Cheryle and I attended along with thousands of other diplomats and attaches. We could have reached out and touched Emperor Hirohito as he passed us by.

You may recall the Soviet Union shooting down a Korean Airlines flight in the early 1980s with several hundred lives lost. That night Cheryle and I attended a diplomatic reception in one of the major Tokyo hotels. After we had got into the lift to go up 50 floors, four Soviet military and naval attaches and their wives came into the lift laughing and giggling, and squashed into us. Not a sombre face amongst them. I couldn't wait to get out of the lift. It felt like we were travelling with the Devil.

One attaché tour involved a visit to Panmunjom in the demilitarised zone between North and South Korea when regular armistice related talks were underway. The North Koreans appeared to be filled with hate and some were very aggressive.

I was standing beside a British colonel who had his hand on the window sill of the nissen hut where the talks were underway. A North Korean officer shuffled up beside the colonel, then lit up a cigarette. After a few puffs the North Korean stubbed out his cigarette on the back of the colonel's hand. The colonel didn't flinch, move an inch or utter a sound. He waited until the cigarette was completely stubbed out then quietly suggested to me that we go and have a cup of tea, which we did. I admired him tremendously.

Fourthly, India. Several years after I had retired from the Army I was offered a contract to work in

the planning and implementation of security at the 2011 cricket World Cup in India. This included airport, hotel, ground and transport security. I was there for about six weeks and went to almost all the major cities.

One morning in Bengaluru I was going back up to my room after breakfast. Someone got in the lift but I didn't look at them till I was getting out. Then I saw it was Sachin Tendulkar, who is treated like a god and mobbed everywhere he goes in India. Every day was like this, rubbing shoulders with top cricketers and well-known commentators. A great experience. Looking back, it feels a lot like a dream.

Fifthly, South Africa. In 2001 I was working in the Department of Immigration and Multicultural Affairs on a short-term project. One thing led to another and I was included in the Australian delegation to a United Nations conference in South Africa as a gofer and flunky. It was a memorable experience. Amongst many other speakers, I sat in on speeches by Fidel Castro and Yasser Arafat. I was a little surprised at how warmly they were received by the majority of delegates in the conference hall.

Sixthly, Mexico and Cuba. In 2016 and 2017 I spent around three months in Mexico and Cuba. It was very interesting. While the police and internal security officials in Cuba were, in my very limited experience, insolent and arrogant, all the everyday people I met were helpful and friendly. I think the average person there would like major political change. We'll see what happens.



1. *There being no other suitable photos...Canton Island Airstrip*





Through the Years 1970-1973



As Time Goes By...1970 Fourth Class

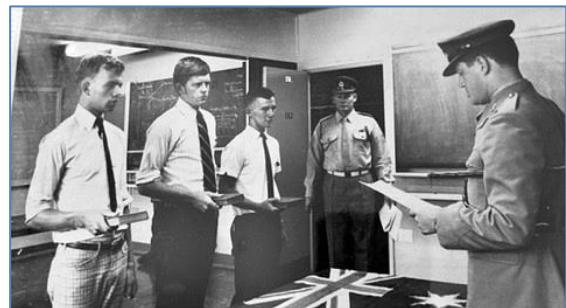
'To make the cadet proficient in the basic skills required to bring him to recruit soldier standard.'

Date	Event
20 Jan	Attestation
23 Jan	First Pay
27 Apr	Presentation of New Colours by HM Queen Elizabeth
18-23 May	Fourth Class Tour of Eastern Command
26-27 Aug	Fourth Class Engineering students tour Snowy Hydro-electric Scheme
13 Jun	QB Parade
3 Dec	Trooping the Colour – Handover of the Sovereign's Banner to the Champion Company
8 Dec	Graduation Parade

The last week of January 1970 saw the Class of 1973 arrive and sign onto the Queen's Shilling. We would soon find out that 'the Queen's shilling' had a cruel literal meaning. Our first pay on 23rd January confirmed for all that we had indeed signed on to a life of 'poverty, chastity and obedience.' 'Obedience' was a given, but poverty struck first and appeared to be the certain precursor to chastity. Our initial cash pay consisted of just \$6.00 of a gross pay entitlement of \$54.00. We were less than assured by being told there was no place to spend it anyway. Little did we realise that the 'system' had invented the concept of deferred pay, which meant 90% 'deferred' and 10% in-hand. Deferred pay was intended apparently to pay for the sports car on graduation four years hence.

We were the first entry Class after the 1969 Bastardisation 'scandal' and the subsequent enquiry by Justice Fox. This meant some reprieve from the twenty-four-hour harassment by senior classes.

We were issued regulation haircuts and our 'gear' – which included the Hat Khaki Fur Felt (slouch hat) we didn't wear until First Class – and assured along the way that if the gear was too big "it'll shrink" or if too small "it'll stretch." We were allocated to Companies and divided into four sub-Class groups; 4-1, 4-2, 4-3 and 4-4, photographed in alphabetical order and attested by the Adjutant Captain Ivan Cahill under the watchful eye of WO2 Brian Foster.



Attestation. Dick Greville, Pete Keane and Gary Stone.
WO2 Brian Foster and CAPT Ivan Cahill

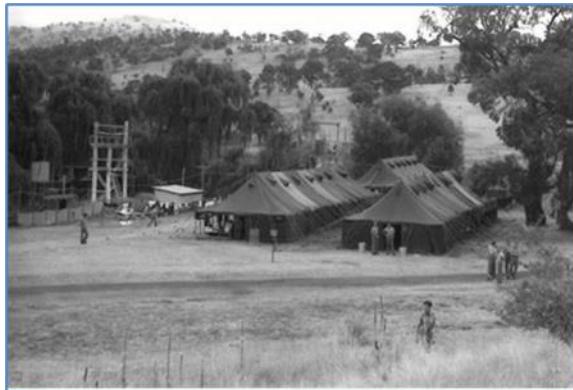
Actually, one photograph of the attestation ceremony suggests that Brian Foster's watchful eye was akin to that on a circling eagle about to devour its prey (See Above).

Our number initially totalled 122 – 104 were 'new entry' and originally eighteen from 1969 joined us as 'Five Year Planners'. ¹ The RMC Report 1970 lists 121 who started Year 1. (121 being the original 122, less Mick Braithwaite.) Before the end of the first academic year, nearly a quarter of our number had departed.

QLD	NSW	VIC	SA	WA	ACT	NZ	Thai
17	60	17	8	7	4	7	1

¹ Note however that the Company photos (not Half-Class) only depict 100 – 24 in Alamein, 26 in Gallipoli, 25 in Kapyong and Kokoda.

After a very brief stay in the nation's capital, which included a civilised barbecue and swim at Casuarina Sands – sans bemused First Class overseers - we bussed to Point Hut for three-weeks initial training under canvas. There, on



Cadet lines at Point Hut – Ken Stokes apparently absconding



A meal at Point Hut. (L to R) Pete Bernard, Dave Ross, Mike Almond, Graham Murray, Unknown, Ian Gordon

the scenic banks of the Murrumbidgee River, we were subject to the daily offering of Drill, PT, Fieldcraft/IMT and weapon handling. We were exposed for the first time to Army field cooking, 'choofers', washing up in luke-warm soup and the fifteen-seat latrine: where 'exposed' probably took on new meaning for most.

We were introduced to bayonet practice by the Infantry Wing and extra enthusiasm ("In!"- "Out!"- "Away!" you will recall) was expected. One of the Infantry Wing staff was Warrant Officer Keith Payne VC, though many of us didn't realise he was a VC winner at the time.

His need for our enthusiasm was later understood.

We were also introduced to English as the Army understood it and a lexicon best known as 'Cordie.' This we discovered would help us later when we found out that God had placed a minor part of hell in our midst – the Inf Wing. There, expressions such as "...today we are gunna teach and learn ya" were as bewildering



Ian Gordon learns to kill a sandbag. WO2 Keith Payne VC looks on. Bunch of Alamein Company in the background.

as the preoccupation with punctuality. I mean, if they were serious about us being on time; why put the bloody place so far away??? Maybe that was the whole point. But, back to Point Hut.

Point Hut had a special significance for the Class. As the rising number of AWOLs became known at RMC, the First Class Orderly Sergeant announced on Mess Parade: "Excuse me please gentlemen: Fourth Class are to parade at the Q-Store to be issued with a ball and chain." The suggestion flourished as Jim Wallace's design for the class badge. One of the DS suggested that if we wanted to 'go over the hill', we should – as a courtesy - first carefully pack our field gear in the tents.

The curious sense of humour of the instructors and 'Drillies' gradually infiltrated the Class, and once we realised what it was, life made more sense. One of our number was told that when he did an about turn, he looked like 'a dog having sex with a cricket ball'. Nice one! And on an especially hot day one of our number reported to the RAP with a bad headache and came back with an aspirin taped to his forehead with a bandaid. That was a sweet move.

Point Hut 'eased' us into Army PT. Yes, lots of running and an introduction to what the PTI's referred to as 'Vaulting and Agility.' Vaulting certainly, but the 'agility' part determined very much on the individual. There was that 'horse' thing we had to vault onto or over. Dave Forster even in his pre-QB body gave a favourable impression of an albatross on finals trying to land on a lily pad. He wasn't alone. As we progressively mastered the 'art' through the year, we would learn to somersault and even turn mid-vault. Agile perhaps. Graceful not. The Class sadists – that is everyone NOT performing that particular vaulting manoeuvre – waited with baited breath for the inevitable disaster.

Weapon Training introduced us to the 'Immediate Action Drill' or IA. It generally went something like... 'Weapon firing alright...WEAPON STOPS...' and so on. It was the training method to teach us the instinctive reactions for survival. But of course, it was adapted in one of Ian Gordon's idle moments and became...

"Camel camelling alright. Camel STOPS. Jump off. Hump off. Look In. Empty Hump. Open pouch. New hump out. Old hump in. Close pouch. Hump on Jump on. Continue camelling."

Military weeks also introduced us to the Army's method of describing items, even those in common use. The main noun came first, followed by the items function. Thus an 'ironing board' was actually a 'Boards, ironing' with additional 'notes' to inform the user whether it was 'hinged', 'fixed' or 'folding'. We quickly learned that we should add 'Soldiers, for the use of' to every item we owned or operated. This was good practice for the Armour graduates who had to contend later with such gems as 'Screw retaining intermediate firing needle withdrawal lever.' Boards, ironing indeed!!!

On our return to RMC in mid-February, we quickly discovered that the senior classes had attended the same English lessons as the 'drillies' and other luminaries from the

Instructional Staff at Point Hut. The difference being that the senior classes treated us 'not to be bastardised' arrivals with suspicion and disdain. We quickly established that – among other expressions – we were variously, 'Fourth Class' (generally with an expletive prefix), 'Mister' (pronounced Mis-tahh), 'Cordies', 'you little shits' and/or 'You Lot.' WO2 Brian Foster preferred "Lad" with a faltissimo double 'd' at the end – "Ladd". But whatever the sobriquet, we settled into twelve months of being bumped, bished and 'unloved.'

We also learned the 'Family' system. Each Fourth Class cadet was usually 'related' by RMC Number to a member of each class above him. These senior 'family' members were expected to mentor, protect and otherwise help out their junior family members. When it worked it was really useful, especially if your Great Grandfather was the BSM! For the 'orphans' that is those whose family members had departed, there was a certain amount of 'adopting.'

Summertime evening messing introduced us to the 'Penguin Suit' – that delightful ensemble of Blues 'truff', white shirt, 'penguin' jacket, cummerbund – known more widely as a 'cumberbun' - and that one final piece of F. Scott Fitzgerald – the dreaded Austico Thistle, Bats Tricel: better known as a bow-tie. Clip-ons were for the upper classes only; us mere mortals had to tie the damn thing.

Academic weeks – which were defined by the absence of the daily Reveille - began after Week Three along with further 'socialisation' courtesy Third and Second Class. We learned quickly that, "Get running Fourth Class," "Pass the oil Fourth Class," "Answer the phone Fourth Class" and our collective favourite, "Bog away and find out Fourth Class" were simply senior classes exercising their fertile minds in the post-1969 environment.

It was Fourth Class's responsibility to activate the local early warning system known as 'the pipes.' At the first sign of a 'drillie' or Officer, Fourth Class were charged with banging the

pipes in the central heating system thereby creating such a racket as to immediately awaken slumbering senior classes. A vestige of the pre-1969 system also remained to pass messages; this involved Fourth Class standing to attention – or as near to the Army's version of attention as Mike Almond, Chris Watson and Geoff Garside ever achieved – in or near their doorway and shouting the message of the day successively down the line. It was always prefixed with, “Excuse me please gentlemen....” as if the ‘gentlemen’ were interested. The ceremonial aspects were more relevant than the messages.

We also performed Company Duties – a kind of unpaid slave labour – around the blocks. This generally involved of course our, ‘own rooms’ and the collection of shiny objects in the barrack blocks. The favourite ‘shiny object’ was known colloquially as the ‘nozzle, firehose, Fourth Class for the polishing of...’ The cleaners, known as ‘boggers’ assisted and many like Maurie (known affectionately as ‘Maurie the Bogger’) became integrated members of the Company.

As Fourth Class, we were driven by – ‘Leaps.’ To the average teenager – a species we were progressively less related to – the concept of a Leap is unimaginable. It is the capacity to change from one uniform or form of dress to another in micro-seconds while neither creating a ‘brothel’ in your room nor losing your composure. We suspected that the entire Military Training syllabus was constructed on the premise that the day had to include as many changes of forms of dress as possible.

Let us return briefly to the word ‘brothel.’ In ‘Cordie’ this expression *did not* describe a house of ill repute although technically speaking, a brothel was after all a brothel. In ‘Cordie’ the word meant simply ‘a mess.’ So many mums and girlfriends misinterpreted the word: “Mum my room’s a brothel” probably caused many a raised eyebrow and blushing cheek.

We learned that there were two basic awards of routine punishment: ‘Extra Drills’ – which were ‘awarded’ as an invitation to ‘Take an extra’ or sometimes – and more obscurely the individual was simply told he was ‘In the Book.’ This was referred to as being ‘bumped.’ There was no Military Law basis for the Extra Drill: it was summary and immediate. But it was a convenient alternative to summary execution.

More serious breaches resulted in the award of a charge – the venerable A4. True to the democratic principle, it was the individual’s responsibility to ‘Charge himself.’ Guilt was always assumed and punishment assured. The ‘lucky’ ones had charges heard by the Company Officer Commanding, which generally meant five days confined to barracks (CB) or fourteen days stoppage of leave (SOL). The less fortunate – read ‘more guilty’ – presented themselves for a one-way conversation with the CO with the promise of fourteen days CB and up to fifty-six days SOL. Standing Orders did not define the powers available to the Commandant, but if one was ‘remanded’ one could expect the ‘maximum’ twenty-one days CB and eighty-four days SOL. Sobering in many more ways than one.

There was a clear and well-understood hierarchy of disciplinary no-no’s. ‘Integrity’ charges were to be avoided *at all costs*. But the much less-offensive alternatives, particularly “Failing to obey...” and ‘Conduct to the prejudice...’ were fair game or perhaps better expressed as ‘open season.’ Indeed, these two offences were pretty much the sum total of our comprehension of Military Law in Fourth Class. ‘Guilt’ (before the fact) usually resulted in ‘pounding the square’ – or Defaulter’s Parade. While Fourth Class made up *some* of the daily defaulters, Third Class were the most popular attendees possibly because they knew more ways of getting into trouble. Maybe some were simply working their way through the successive offences in CSC Standing Orders. Only two members of the Class almost escaped defaulters in 1970. A no-ED conduct sheet was a closely guarded secret, lest senior classes

attempted – generally successfully – to ruin your otherwise spotless record. Nonetheless, a special mention goes to Rob Shoebridge and Doug McGregor. (Note: The Editor had a relatively lean year in 1970, but more than made up for it in 1971 and 1972 – even managing to be ‘bumped’ during Academic Supps Week 1971 for the crime of parking in front of ‘Cork’ Block.) Oddly enough – perhaps as a demonstration of modest masochism – ‘first to be bumped’ each year attracted a certain amount of celebrity.

From early Feb, our very regular attendance on the square was focussed on achieving perfection for the Presentation of New Colours by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth on 27th April 1970. The intense daily parade practice forged the ‘love affair’ between the Corps and the RSM WO1 Norm Goldspink – known universally as ‘RSM’ but to the cadets as ‘Norm.’ ‘Norms’ presence on the parade ground was a near religious experience: tall, immaculately dressed and ramrod straight with a booming voice that could be heard over aircraft landing at Canberra airport. ‘Norm’ was drill and ceremonial personified. His quips and observations were legendary – for example, “Just because we’ve struck oil Corps, doesn’t mean we stop drilling.” A poorly executed drill movement evinced the “Never ever Corps” response and ‘Norm’ added more “Evers” as his displeasure increased. Those fortunate enough to experience ‘Norms’ character will probably die still hearing the echoes of “Never ever Corps.”



Her Majesty speaks to John Parsons. Dave Forster to his right. SUO Lindsay Scott on left. George McDonald and Mike Prunty are in the second row.

Over Easter 1970 – clearly because the Point Hut experience had clearly not fully developed our lust for the great outdoors – the Class was despatched to Easter Rec(reation) Camp at Batemans Bay: a sort of BCF-ing experience, rather more F-ing than BC to prepare us for the real field work later. That is to say, while the company was first-rate, the accommodation was rubbish and of course, it rained. Rumours persist to this day that this was a ‘dry camp,’ but having been encouraged to ‘hike,’ many an inventive lad brushed up navigation skills and mysteriously arrived at the Steam Packet Hotel. Some made it to the Tilba Hotel after receiving directions from a somewhat amused Dame Zara Holt. (Editor’s Note: The reader should understand that at this stage of training, we had done less than seventeen map reading/navigation lessons; thus, the navigation error is forgivable.)

Our introduction to the Canberra Social Scene was the (snicker) Tennis Party, described in Enobesra thus:

“This function is organised for the benefit of Fourth Class, and is held in the First Term, normally on a Sunday. It is the first opportunity the new cadets have of meeting the young ladies of Canberra. The function extends over the whole day, with cadets and their partners participating in various activities including tennis, bowling and swimming. At night dinner is provided, followed by a dance at which music is provided by the College band. It is a most enjoyable day, and provides a welcome relief after the tensions of adapting to a new life at the College.”

Enobesra.’ Cadets Handbook. 1971

The Tennis Party was an institution ostensibly to introduce Fourth Class to the Canberra female glitterati. In reality, the Tennis Party was designed to amuse the senior classes. The editor recalls neither the ‘tennis’ nor the ‘party’, but is reliably informed that there was both. He remains bitterly disappointed that he cannot recall that ‘...most enjoyable day.’ With few exceptions, the Tennis Party *did not* establish long term relationships, but seemed rather to confirm in the minds of the fairer sex,

that we were not marriage material. (See *First Pay*.)

In March, Major General CMI (Sandy) Pearson took over as Commandant from C.M.I Fraser.

'Sandy' as he was universally known and venerated, immediately created a different leadership style. He was literally everywhere and known to be able to infiltrate the blocks without setting off the 'pipes.'

About thirteen weeks into the year, those who passed the 'Screed Test' were allowed local leave and later in the year, the powers-that-be also allowed the junior classes to own motor vehicles. Dress rules on local leave were – well - Edwardian at best. Nothing said 'come hither' quite like the standard polo neck jumper, corduroy 'truff' and desert boots. Fortunately, in 1970 we had not yet discovered the 'Rubbish Bin' – aka The Private Bin Nightclub, (See 1973) nor were we yet well acquainted with the Kingo, Dicko, Wello and other houses of ill-repute ending inevitably in the Cordie-suffix, 'o'. But that 'acquaintance' with the watering holes did not take long to establish.

However, we did have 'over the Hill' which was the ASCO local theatre; an institution in the College. Not surprisingly, the theatre was located 'over the hill' and perilously close to the Inf Wing. Over the Hill was the source of entertainment in the absence of all else: popular as much for the audience comments as the films on show. In 1970 it had an additional use as a Friday night mustering station to keep the Corps from the anti-Vietnam war demonstrations in the city.

Local leave also meant that those with cars discovered what was an institution in Canberra: *Dirty Louie's* or 'DLs' for short. This was a burger joint (using the term advisedly) in Braddon. It would be rare any time of day not to find hungry Cordies hanging out for ration supplements at DLs. It was also the resupply point when evening TOC was scarce – some

hapless Fourthie being despatched to collect the order of:

"25 burgers with the lot, mate" ²

In May we visited units in Eastern Command. This visit included an interesting evening cultural visit to some Sydney social highpoints in the proximity of Rushcutter's Bay which have mostly been forgotten in a beer-fuelled haze. The first visit to 'civilisation' also initiated – or rather, continued – the two traditions associated with Cordies 'on the loose'. The first was of course that every scrap of morning tea offered *had* to be eaten or rendered inedible. The second was that some form of ball game was always in the offing. And it was preferable that the said ball game was played in the most inconvenient place: runways were popular. Segue to Company Games nights.

Company Games nights were designed to bond the Company and improve Doc Daniels' patient numbers. These games generally involved unbridled violence that today would be banned for any number of reasons. 'Moriarty' was a one-on-one game and the favourite of the spectators while 'Carry the Mail' was carnage on a mass scale. For some odd reason, the latter was always played in Blues or Mess Kit! We shall not, at this time, for legal reasons offer the names of senior cadets who took the opportunity to load the 'Moriarty' (here insert name of whatever the rolled-up newspaper was called) with various weighted instruments.

Of course, we were introduced to 'bogging' and 'bishing.' We learned that 'bog' and its derivative verbs in continuous tense, was a multi-use word meaning variously 'to clean', 'to move' and/or 'to bugger off.' 'Bishing' was of course derived from the elegant rubbish bin ('Bish tin') provided by Her Majesty: just add water. 'Bishing' was a form of appreciation, congratulations or punishment. Other than St Patricks Day, 'bishing' was generally undertaken at night.

² Potato scallops at DL's were 10cents

Through the year, we learned that 'formal dining' was an important element in the social and regimental life of the cadet (read prospective officer.) While the food was closer to Michelin tyre standard than Michelin restaurant standard, the 'passing the port' ritual more than made up for the food. It particularly challenged the engineers' understanding of gravity and the artists comprehension of left and right. The real expectation of the evening was – do not faint in your soup. The Class succeeded in this Terminal Objective until 1973, when the lifesavers had to perform CPR on Dave Hay. The ultimate formal dinner of course was Grad Dinner which was punctuated by the menu 'signing' ceremony. This involved heavily intoxicated juniors scribbling their true thoughts of the graduate on the dinner menu. Graduates and senior classes reciprocated of course. Most of these 'after-dinner' scribblings – some near hieroglyphic - do not make for good wife and/or daughter reading material.

We should make special mention of the Annual Cross Country. This was a timed tour-de-foot on which we would discover every bloody hill and mountain north of Fairbairn Avenue. Those who 'failed' were invited to attend the DMA's Cross Country – as if the DMA was vitally interested in running through the weeds himself. Some achieved Cross Country 'supps.' Some senior class members took great delight when they saw their Fourth Class cadets vomiting at the end of the run. It was seen as a sign of having made a good effort. (Note: that same observation applied to The Obstacle Course and most other competitive endeavours. Apparently, nothing quite said 'big effort' better than a regurgitation of Snow's julienne carrots.)

While, the Cross Country was right up there with the Nine Miler or 20km Endurance 'march' as the least loved annual activity, it did not attract the same opprobrium as the much-hated two-miler. Such was the Class's disdain for this annual test, that in First Class (1973) a large proportion of the Class succeeded in

deliberately failing. 'Springer' was not amused.

Learning Objective 4-12. 'The Fourth Class Cadet will successfully achieve medically restricted status in the event that he is required to do anything physical.' This will be referred to as 'Scaling'

Other than the Rugby players, 'Med Rested' rarely applied to Fourth Class. A 'med rested' chit was like a get out of jail card, but it's possession could invite unwanted scrutiny in the form of a personal dress inspection. At the morning parade, Med Rested cadets lined up on the upper terrace to face their less fortunate colleagues on parade. A look of smug satisfaction was to be avoided at all cost, lest one invite more unwanted attention. It certainly helped if Doc Daniels provided a sling or obvious bandage to support the chit.

Camp Training at year's end was at Termeil and North Brooman Forest in Ulladulla. And yes - it rained. As 'untrained' trained soldiers in the gallant 1st Yarralumla Light Infantry, we were relegated to infantry section roles as riflemen with a trusty few selected as scouts and machine gunners. Our first Camp Training taught us the rule for walking 'parallel to and five yards from' the perfectly good track that the DS used. And of course, we began our hate affair with the dreaded....ambush. (See 1973).

Somehow, Kokoda ('The Dogs') won the Lee Shield and the Rats of Alamein were reduced to wearing the much less-loved khaki lanyard for 1971. Chris Hammond won the Combined Military Prize, Ian Steel and Steve McLeod won the Combined Arts, Dave Wilton the Combined Science and Dave Martindale won the Combined Engineering prize.

We had a share of talented sportsmen. Rob Shoebridge tied the Silver Boomerang with Joff Johnson; Steve McLeod won the tennis and squash, Dave Forster swam the straits of Dover to win the swimming, Pete Overstead won the Small Arms Proficiency and Gary Martin won Novice Boxing. (Ed. But it was a close points decision, Marty.) Fourth Class (us) won the Swimming Relay largely thanks to Dave Forster

arriving back from Dover; ably supported by Dave Ross and other aquatic aficionados.

Year's end academic exams saw sixteen Engineers, eight Scientists and fifty Artists pass at Degree level. Seventeen escaped the repeat year by passing at Diploma level. Five of the Class reverted to the Five-Year Plan.

And then, to the great relief of those of us who could come back next year, we farewelled First Class at Grad; wondered briefly how we might last another three years, and drifted back home or to places far away. Over Christmas we tried to 're-socialise' and to speak English to our bemused families. In fact, we had probably

and progressively introduced them to Cordie-speak over the year.

Returning home on leave, we had to be mindful, not only that English was no longer our first language, we also had to be careful of the sensitivities of our largely Anglophile parents. Mums and Dads had never heard 'Rule Britannia' sung with such gusto. Nor apparently were they aware that the words "marmalade and jam" were in the anthem and it also had something to do with "Chinese firecrackers."

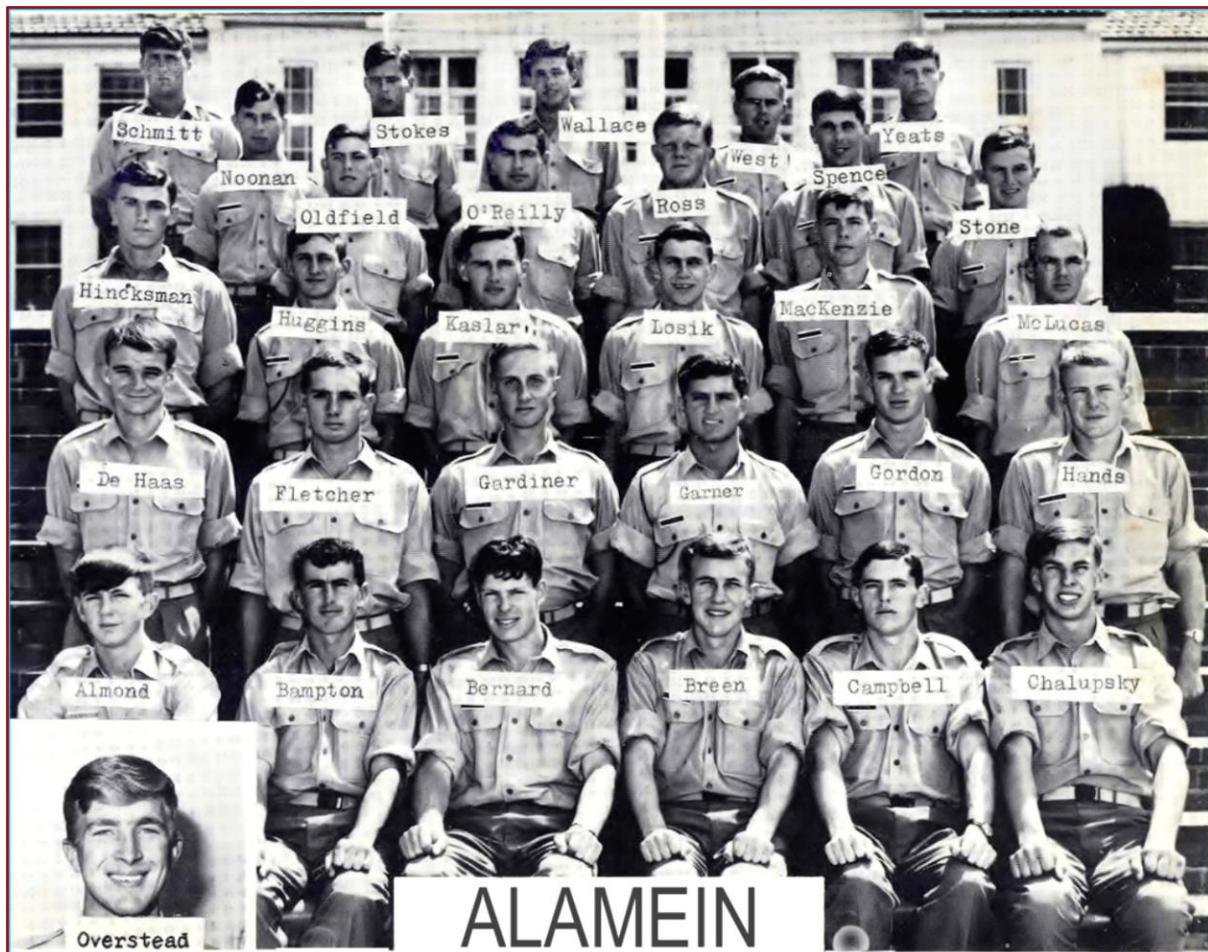
Three more years, eh? – it really didn't help to think about it too much.



HM Queen Elizabeth II inspects The Sovereign's Company. SUO Lindsay Scott escorting. Right marker front rank Mick Beckingham. Right marker rear rank Dave 'Stumpy' Mason-Jones. 'Wheels' Campbell at 10 O'clock to HM's hat!

The Class in Pictures – 1970

A lamein Company



Top Row:

Peter Schmitt, Ken Stokes, Jim Wallace, Bob West, Rod Yeats

Fourth+ Row:

Paul Noonan (clearly on the wrong step!), Terry Oldfield, Tom O'Reilly, David Ross, Mike Spence, Gary Stone

Third Row

Doug Hinkzman, Graham Huggins, Geoff Kaslar, Bob Losik, Stuart MacKenzie, Alan McLucas

Second Row:

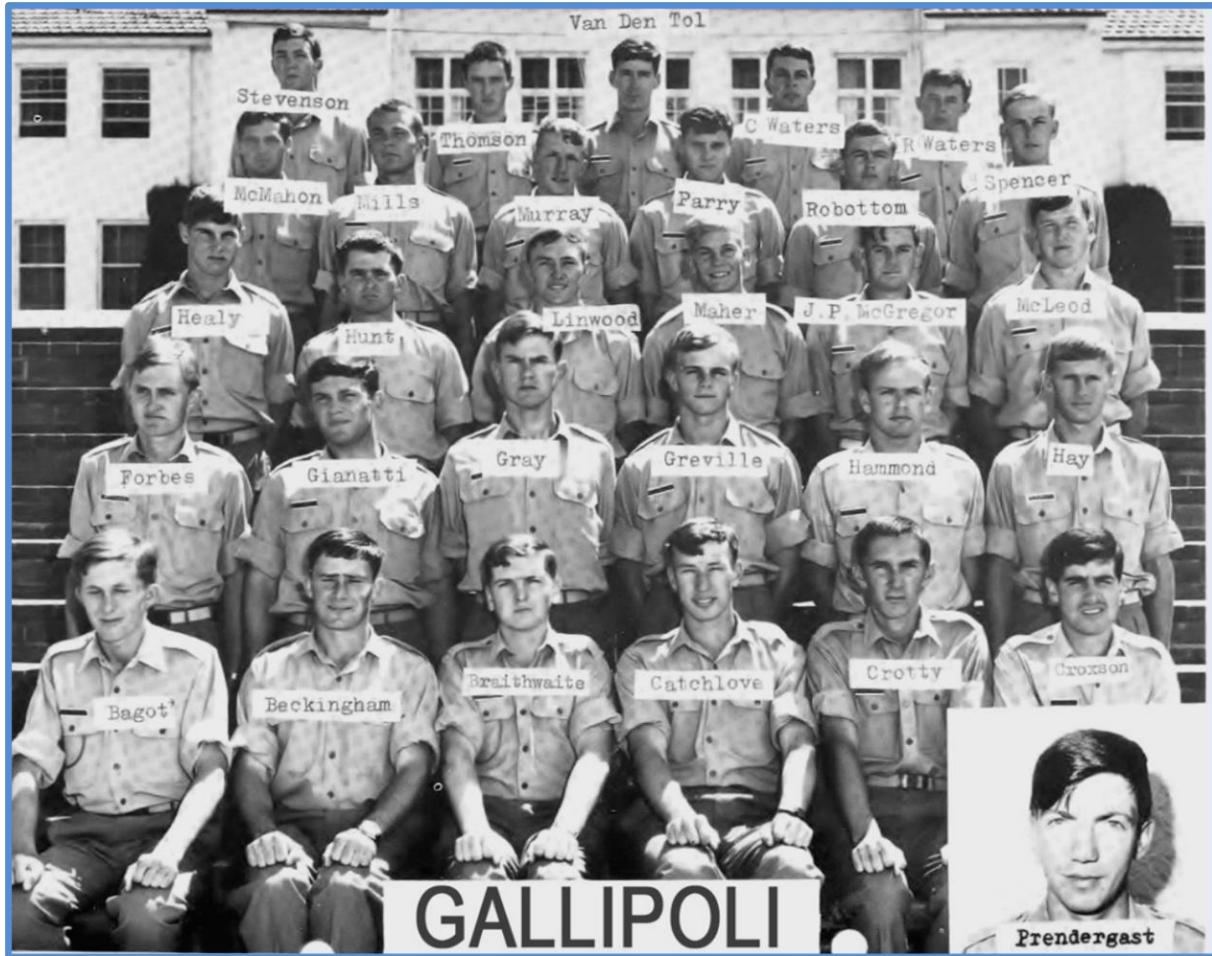
Peter De Haas, John Fletcher, Barry Gardiner, Steve Garner, Ian Gordon, John Hands.

Front Row:

Mick Almond, Mike Bampton; Peter Bernard, Bob Breen, Graham Campbell, Rudy Chalupsky

Inset: Peter Overstead.

Gallipoli Company



Top Row:

Ken Stevenson, Eoin Thomson, Renee Van Den Tol, Chris Waters, Ross Waters

Fourth+ Row:

Gary McMahon, Greg Mills, Graham Murray, Greg Parry, Paul Robottom, Bill Spencer

Third Row

Dick Healy, Vic Hunt, Russell Linwood, Peter Maher, John McGregor, Steve McLeod

Second Row:

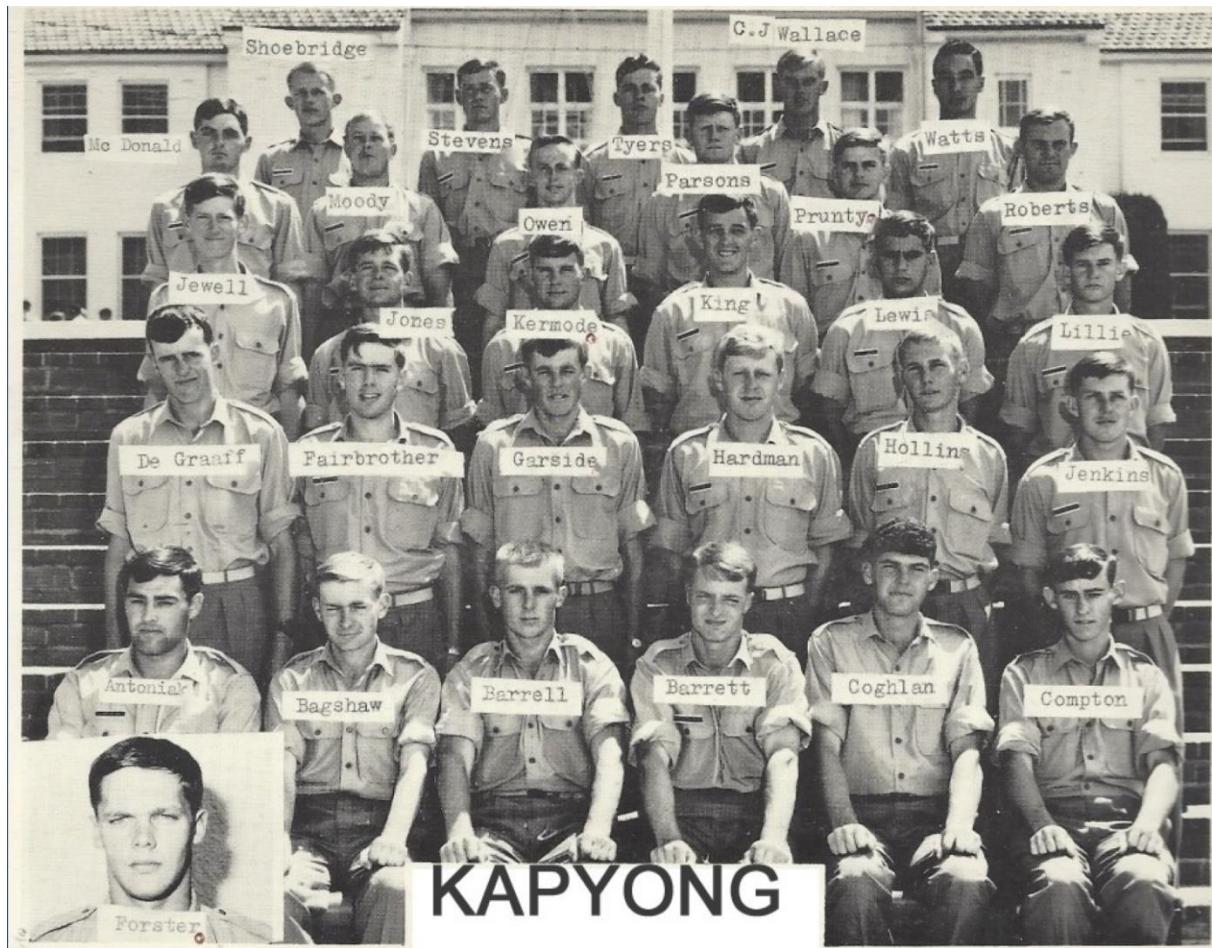
Alan Forbes, Bob Gianatti, Dick Gray, Richard Greville, Chris Hammond, Dave Hay

Front Row:

Kim Bagot, Ian Beckingham, Mick Braithwaite, Jim Catchlove, Steve Crotty, John Croxson

Inset: Brian Prendergast.

Kapyong Company



Top Row:

Rob Shoebridge, Peter Stevens, Doug Tyers, Chris Wallace, George Watts

Fourth+ Row:

George McDonald, Kevin Moody, Bob Owen, John Parsons, Mike Prunty, Frank Roberts

Third Row

Rod Jewell, Kevin Jones, Rex Kermode, Andy King, Phil Lewis, Ian Lillie

Second Row:

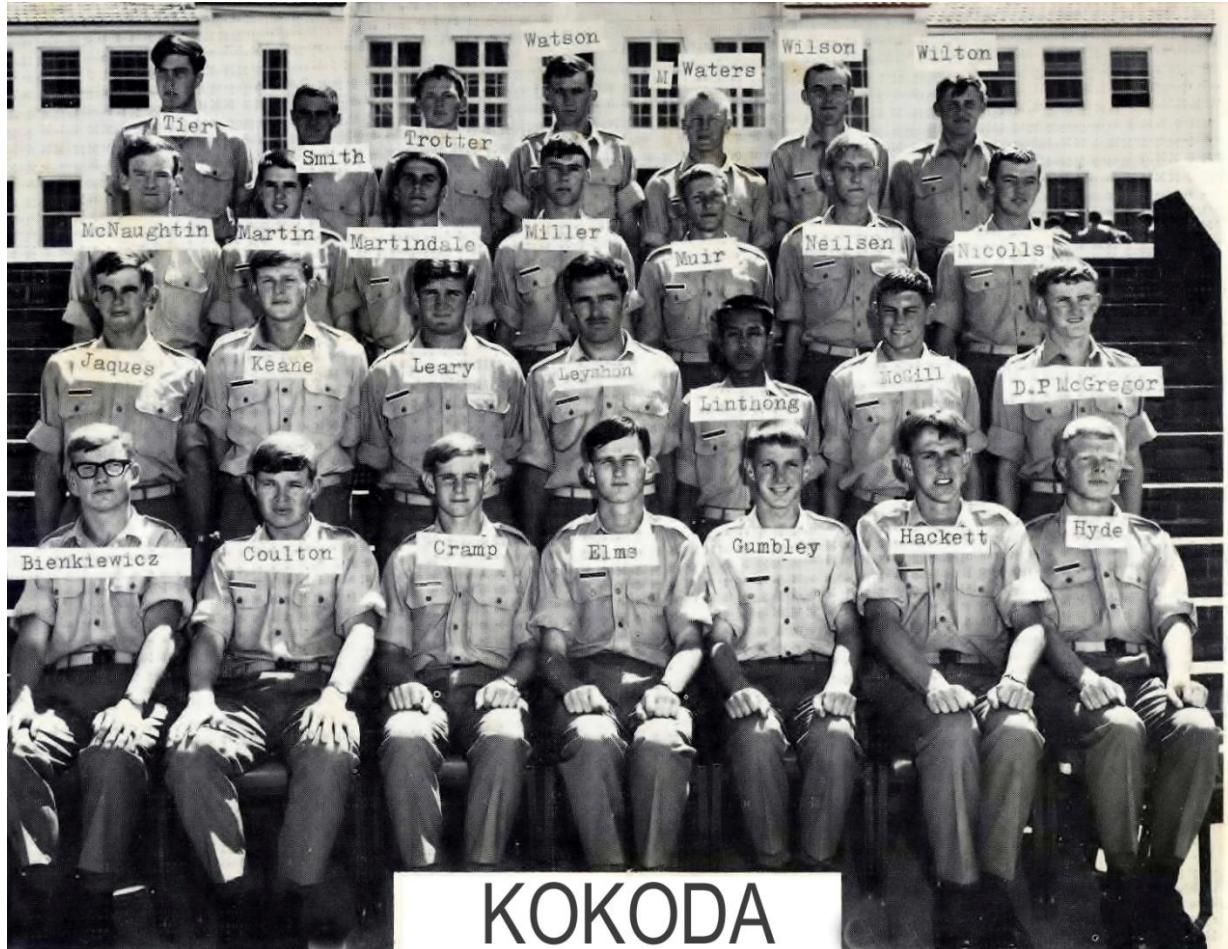
Pete DeGraaff, Mike Fairbrother, Geoff Garside, Reg Hardman, Brian Hollins, Merv Jenkins

Front Row:

Ed Antoniak, Ron Bagshaw, Ian Barrell, John Barrett, Chris Coghlan, Keith Compton

Inset: Dave Forster

Kokoda Company



Top Row:

Bruce Tier, David Smith, John Trotter, Chris Watson, Mike Waters, John Wilson, Dave Wilton

Third Row:

Ian McNaughton, Gary Martin, David Martindale, Neil Miller, Ken Muir, Steve Neilsen, Steve Nicholls

Second Row

Roger Jaques, Peter Keane, Greg Leary, Dave Leyshon, Chai Linthong, Doug McGill, Doug McGregor

Front Row:

Les Bienkiewicz, Peter Coulton, Bob Cramp, Ron Elms, Peter Gumbley, Tony Hackett, Mick Hyde.

Blast from the past....

Made up of those who did not have to shave at Point Hut. The U/19 Rugby Team (1970) complete with an obvious ring-in.



U/19 Rugby Team 1970. All 1970 Entry less 'Huggo'

Back Row:

Chris Waters, Peter Keane, Peter Gumbley, Dick Gray, Ed Antoniak, Gary Martin, Major Magnussen

Centre Row:

Dave Wilton, Ian Lillee, Richard Greville, Rex Kermode, Ian Gordon (Say what?), Rod Yeats

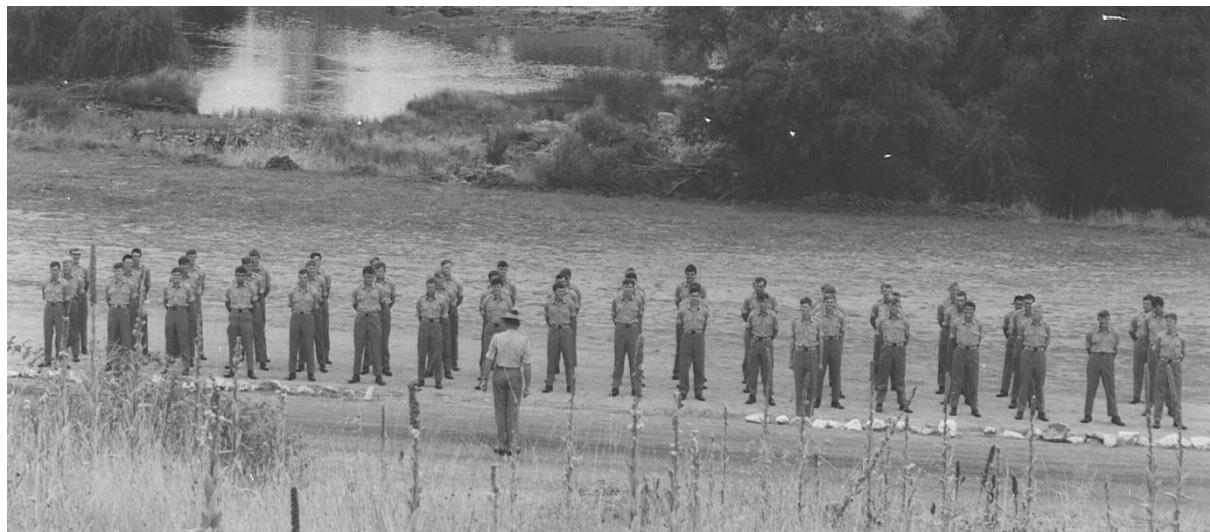
Front Row:

Bob Cramp, Gary McMahon, Doug McGill, John Fletcher, John Parsons, Graham Huggins.

And an editorial question to Huggo: "If you are in the *U19 in your second year*, were you ever charged with under-age enlistment?"



'That' Point Hut Photo....



4-2 Point Hut

One of the first photos of part of the Class at Point Hut. This being 4-2. Debate has raged over the years as to whether this is Class 73. It is. Rod Jewell is the Class Orderly (front half-right.) The drillie looks like it is 'Sluggo' Henderson. Other individuals that we have been able to identify are (we think): (...and this is where you use the zoom capacity on your computer...)

Front Row (L to R):

Dave Smith, Doug McGregor, Doug McGill, Phil Lewis, Steve Nicholls, unk, Ken Muir, unk, unk, Mike Fairbrother, Doug Tyers, Keith Compton, Mike Prunty, Peter Coulton, David Martindale, unk, Dave Wilton, Bob Owen

Centre Row (L to R)

Mick Hyde, John Trotter, Greg Leary, unk, unk, Peter Keane, unk, Kevin Jones, Peter Stevens, unk, unk, Frank Roberts, unk, unk, unk, unk, Blank file, Pete DeGraaff

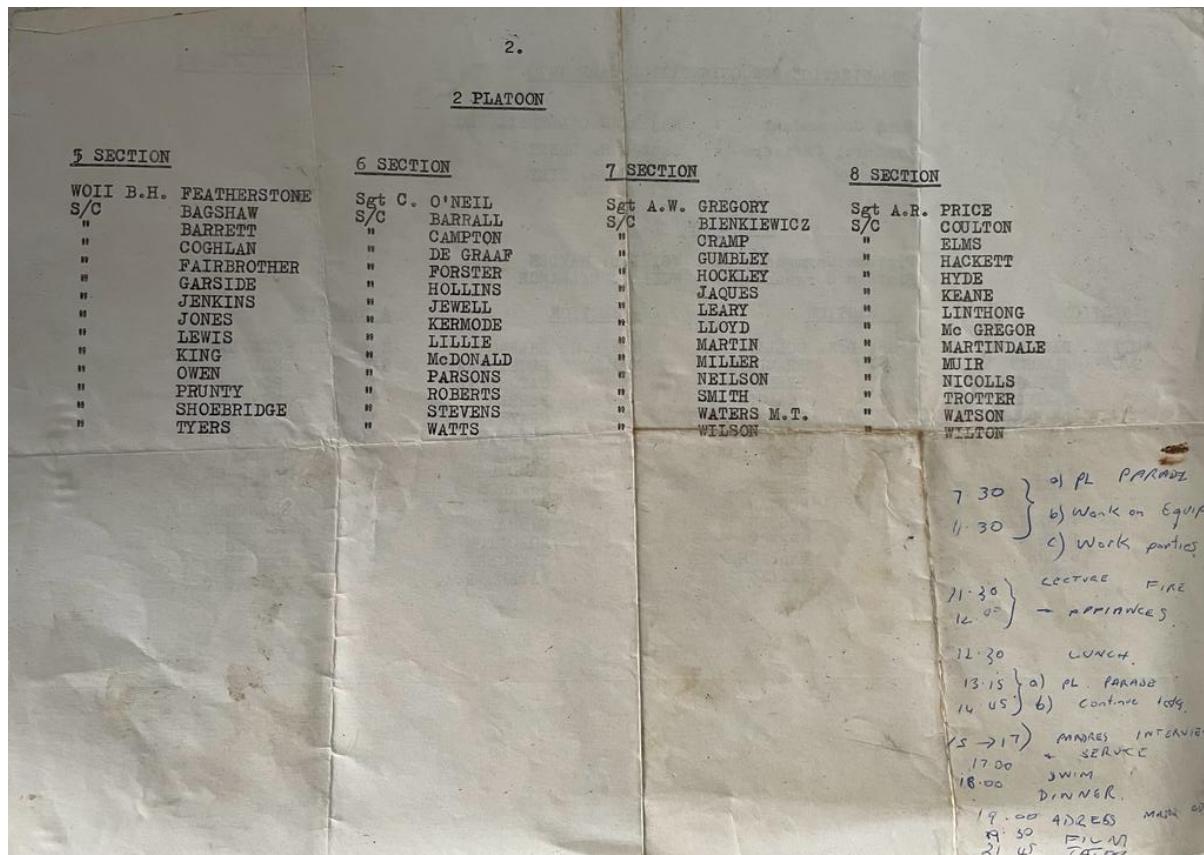
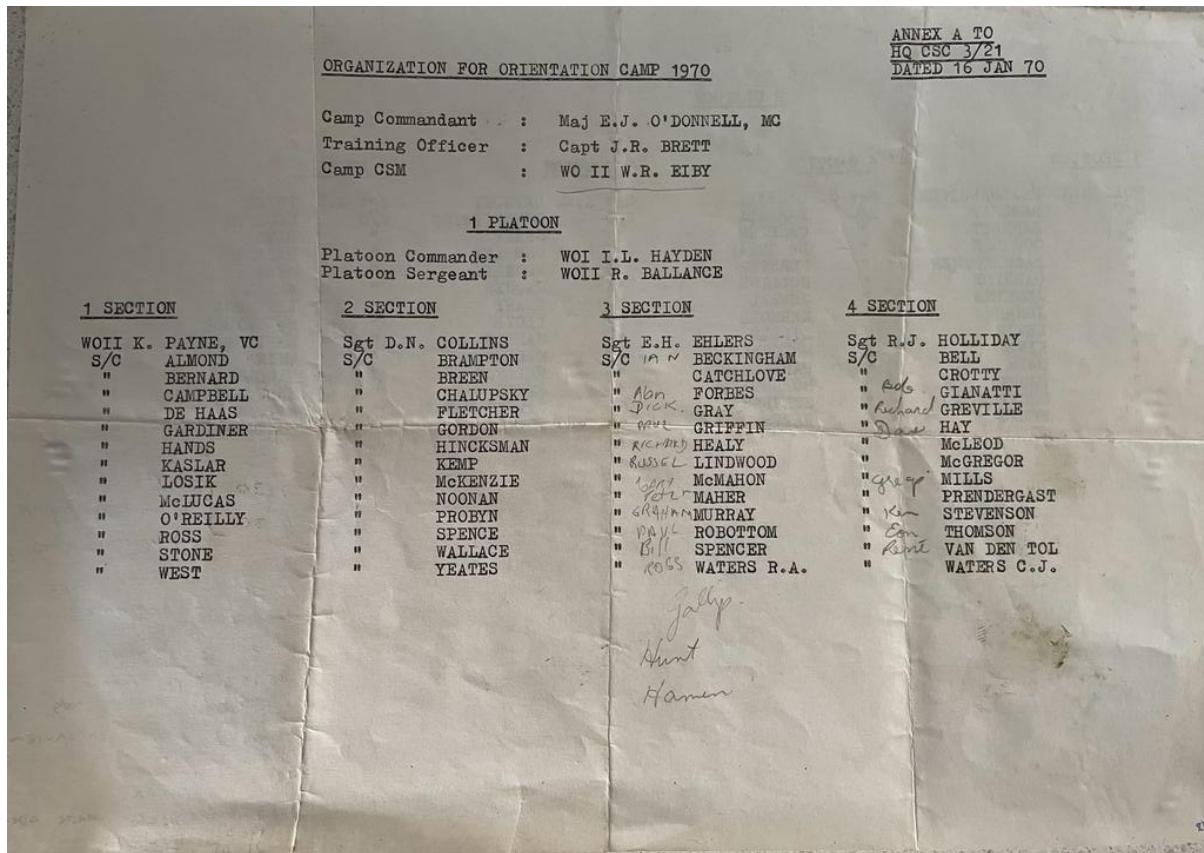
Rear Row (L to R)

Les Bienkiewicz, Gary Martin, Roger Jaques, Geoff Garside, Bruce Tier, unk, unk, Neil Miller, unk, unk, George McDonald, unk, unk, Rob Shoebridge, Steve Neilsen, Chai Linthong, Blank file, Dave Forster

Does Anyone Remember...

Cane Drill? According to Russ' diary, we did our first cane drill on 3rd October 1970. The RMC duty crew and Company Orderlies carried canes; not for disciplinary reasons, but as 'badges of office.' You will recall to salute one had to snap the cane under the left arm and then 'salute on the march.' Flicking the cane to the peak of the cap as a salute (a 'la the vintage war movies) was not recommended.

We Have Proof You've Been Oriented Orientated Been to Point Hut...



1970 Entry (These being the 104 'starters')

NOTE: The more observant will note that two members listed on the Point Hut nominal roles, namely Staff Cadets Kemp and Hockley, failed to attend. (See last page of *As Time Goes By – 1970*.) The 'eagle eyed' will note that the names of Ed Antoniak and Doug McGill are missing from the Point Hut nominal rolls and that there are several spelling mistakes in the surnames.

Alamein (24 of 25)



Excusing Ranks, Names and Initials

Top Row:

Hincksman, De Haas, Gordon, Noonan, Probyn, O'Reilly, Yeats

Third Row:

Chalupsky (Steel), West, Breen, Almond, Campbell, Hands

Second Row

Spence, Bernard, MacKenzie, Losik, Gardiner, Stone

Front Row:

Wallace, Bampton, Fletcher, Ross, Kaslar

Absent

McLucas



Gallipoli (26)



Top Row:

Griffin, Bell, Greville, Gray, Forbes, Linwood

Fourth Row:

Crotty, McLeod, Beckingham, Mills, Hay

Third Row

McGregor, McMahon, Stevenson, Prendergast, Gianatti

Second Row:

Healy, Van Den Tol, Catchlove, Robottom

Front Row:

Waters CJ, Waters RA, Thomson, Murray, Spencer

Kokoda (25 of 26)



Top Row:

Hackett, Lloyd, Linthong, Wilson, Nielsen

Fourth Row:

Gumbley, Watson, Elms, Cramp, Bienkiewicz

Third Row

Smith, Trotter, Waters MT, Muir, Jaques

Second Row:

Miller, Martindale, Nicolls, Hyde, Coulton

Front Row:

Keane, Leary, Martin, McGregor DP, Wilton

Absent

McGill



Kapyong (25 of 27)



Top Row:

Roberts, Jewell, McDonald, Fairbrother, Tyers

Fourth Row:

Watts, Jones, Lewis, Coghlan, Garside

Third Row:

Hollins, Stevens, DeGraaff, Shoebridge, Prunty

Second Row:

Parsons, Owen, Kermode, Lillie, Jenkins

Front Row:

Barrell, Bagshaw, Compton, Barrett, Forster

Absent

King, Antoniak



The reader should note that Army spared no expense to produce nametags

As Time Goes By...1971 Third Class

'To further train the cadet to the level of trained soldier standard.'

Date	Event
25 Jan	Field Training
1 Mar	Academic Year starts
17 Mar	1000 Days to Go and St Patrick's Day
12 Jun	QB Parade
9 Nov	'Night Leave' authorised
14 Nov-5 Dec	Camp Training Bateman's Bay
9 Dec	Trooping the Colour – Handover of the Sovereign's Banner to the Champion Company
14 Dec	Graduation Parade

For the lucky few – Academic ‘Supps’ week kicked off 1971 while the remainder of the Class bid fond farewells to family and friends for another year. The ‘Drillies’ were quick to make their presence felt, awarding the just-arrived car owners of Cork Block (Alamein at the time) the very first Extras for the year. Great start! Week 0 – ED x 1.

Yes, of course there was a reallocation of Barrack Blocks. Alamein vacated A-61 to Gallipoli and moved to Cork and some of Beer. Kapyong was ‘scattered’ between bump-ups, ANZAC Hall and Cork. Kokoda retained A-60. The ‘upper terrace’ blocks, Ack, Beer and Cork had distinct advantages being adjacent the Parade Ground and the Mess. But ominously, they were also closer to Panic Palace which meant any of the ‘power push’ could drop in unannounced.

In Feb 1971, we added another seven ‘Five-Year Planners’ to our number which now totalled ninety-six as follows:

QLD	NSW	VIC	SA	WA	ACT	NZ	Thai
15	42	18	3	7	2	8	1

The year commenced with five weeks of military training – forty-nine periods being Military Engineering (Point Hut) where we learned to ‘blow stuff up’ under the careful

tutelage of Brett Nolan, RAE. The M-18 Claymore was on the menu with its ‘Front Toward Enemy’ stencil. Very helpful: but which *was* the front? It seemed to us that it needed another stencil saying, ‘This is the Front’. Prodding for mines was also on the menu. In later life this would prove a useful technique for locating contact lenses. Naturally, there was the usual field training at Bateman’s Bay which apparently ended in a forced march. Portents of things to come in later years. The 1971 Journal records:

“IMT as usual kicked the year off to an *excellent* start.” As our kids might say, “Say **WHAT?**” Clearly that line written by an aspiring infantry graduate. ‘IMT’ and ‘Excellent’ should never be used together in the same sentence.

We were introduced to Signals – which, if



'25 Set' - Just as a Reminder

memory serves us well – included erecting dipole antennas and using what the DS referred to as ‘field expedient antennas’ – that is, someone’s fence. For those readers with an eye for detail, that bloody radio was called an

AN/PRC-25. Stuffed inside a 37 pattern 'backpack' it was as hated as an M-60 in the 'what-to-avoid-carrying' stakes.

The '25 set' still contained a vacuum valve – such was 'modernisation' 1971-style. It's CES (remember that one lads?) included a whip antenna. So called we understand because it refused to stay upright and had a tendency to whip the wearer around the head and ears.

Perhaps bored by the routine – wait! 'Are we at Point Hut again?' - some enterprising lads discovered that shooting the rapids in the assault boats was a pleasant distraction to all that 'Ordnance Pattern Holdfast' stuff. All of this of course was simply training for the Silver Shovel – an exercise in 'watermanship' won by Gallipoli Company. Editor's Note: Those with prolific memories will remember that the Silver Shovel resided in the Trophy Room. More difficult to remember is what it was actually awarded for; since the association between 'watermanship' and the 'shovel' remains a complete mystery to this day. One of the more interesting episodes of the Watermanship exercise happened when an assault boat became wedged in the rapids, held between the rush of water and the rocks and leaving it badly disfigured when the Team hauled it out with ropes. However, half-Class 3-2 really distinguished itself by failing to recover an increasingly lonely Kev Jones from the opposite river bank. As Dave Forster tells the story: "We had just completed an exercise crossing the river and clearing a minefield and were back on the camp side debriefing when the gruff voice wafted over from the other side: "hey guys – I'm still here!" Kev had taken a quick Z session against a rock and had 'missed the boat'". Recovery action was instigated by the attendant ME Wing staff and delegated to those laughing loudest at the time. The ME staff generally had a sense of humour.

In February, we were introduced to the L-14 Carl Gustav, known almost universally as the

'Charlie Guts Ache.' During live fire exercises on Majura Range and much to the disgust of the infantry instructors, the class quickly adopted the 'Meat Loaf' monicker in lieu of 'HEAT Load' for the load procedure. We simply never failed at an opportunity to impress the Infantry Wing staff. The cry 'Meat Loaf' was sure to bring on the well-known bouts of apoplexy. We discovered along the way, that this weapon has a characteristic that every war movie ignores, called the 'back blast danger area', or BBDA. From this point on, no 'warrie' movie was safe from knowing looks and mutterings of 'BBDA!' when RPG were fired from cars etc. Clearly, after firing Sweden's wonder weapon, we were now well prepared to take on even more dangerous pursuits such as the M-72 and the M-26 grenade. The life of a semi-trained soldier was exciting indeed! Perhaps more exciting for WO2 Keith Payne VC who was on the receiving end of Brian Prendergast's poorly directed practice grenade



Waiting to fire the Carl Gustav. Carl can be seen resting far centre. Russ Linwood on left, Ian Gordon, 'JD' Eoin Thomson and Mike Almond plus others

throw.

After the five weeks of military training, we were of course, now ready to pass on our vast military learnings to an entirely new Fourth Class. We had now advanced to the pre-bastardisation status of 'shit of Kings' - a lofty promotion indeed. Better yet – perhaps – we were now elevated to the status of 'Lord and Master' of the section Fourth Class, which not only meant 'delegation' and passing on instant

retribution; it also meant we could finally pass on TOC responsibilities to our Fourties.

The Academic Year started on 1 March. This transition saw the College revert to the academic routine; dedicated to 'mashing', lectures and tutorials for all but the five periods of drill and physical training a week. For the artists – or those sensible enough to have chosen history as a core subject - this involved attending Prof Turner's exposé on the American Civil War. It is no slight on Prof Turner, but few were able to stay fully alert during these micro-history dissertations; particularly since he typically started each presentation with....'...At 0715hrs, Private Silas of the Union....' When the Editor was quizzed on a Staff Ride in the US about a particular detail of the Battle of Gettysburg – 'How did you know that? – the riposte was simple...'L.C.F. Turner.'

Was it in Third Class that the artists discovered that the Scientists or Engineers were doing Fortran IV computing? As we know computers now, 1970's computing was computing at medieval (or in Inf Wing speak, 'm-deevil') levels involving all those wonderful programming cards. The cards provided unlimited opportunities for sadistic artists to create apoplexy in the technical community with well-rehearsed dropping of hundreds of 'fake' cards. "Oops. Sorry. Yours?"

The physical training periods were still interspersed through the year and we were progressively introduced to Battle PT - an opportunity to perfect 'how-to-look-like-you-are-really-trying' while pulling on a rope or lifting a log. This technique – which involved a high volume of primeval grunting and lots of passive effort - fooled no-one. Nevertheless, rope climbing was a handy supplement to assist raids into ANU accommodation, but on reflection, can anyone own up to ever climbing a rope since Grad? SAS-serving grads exempted of course.

Learning Objective 03-01. During Battle PT log drills, the shortest cadet is always at the centre of the log.

Some lucky lads – including those on CB or Stoppage – got an Easter Rec Camp resubmit. Dick Grey absconded to go parachuting but strong winds prevented his plummet. In the finest tradition of the Cordie, he apparently escaped detection.

Third Class was the year where the system – tired of seeing perfectly good cadets pounding the defaulter's parade – gave us Confined to Barracks and Stoppage of Leave. Both forms of punishment gave rise to the Check Parade – a requirement to front - in blues - the Orderly Officer of the Day in the Trophy Room. In fact, 'Checkies' was an exercise in time and motion – just how long did it take to get back from the Wello, Dicko or Ainslie pub, change into blues and front up? Some of the less-than-alert Orderly Officers were confronted with an ever-increasing number of attendees as they filtered in and surreptitiously joined the ranks of ne'er do wells. Of course, it always helped if the Ord Sword (Cadet duty officer) was of the 'defaulter's' family. 'Defaulters' at the far end of the inspection line were expected to sacrifice themselves by distracting the inspecting officer while their fellow defaulters arrived. The Editor doesn't want to be accused of being 'Corp-ist' - if that is even a word - but the non-combat arms Duty Officers were a sucker for the late arrival sneaking onto the rank he had already inspected. This technique was definitely *not* to be tried with the Grunts on establishment!

During the year, some enterprising (read 'budding capitalist') lads introduced AMWAY spray-on shine for shoes and boots. But even the most adventurous knew better than to spray anything on Mess Boots. This would be sacrilege indeed. Nevertheless, belts, shoes and toe caps of various footwear soon

gleamed, but perhaps too much. Norm and the drillies would allow this ‘spray obscenity’ only when hell actually froze over. You see folks, it is not the shine that is important, it is the effort it takes to achieve the shine that is important. The practice soon ended. Back to ‘bogging’ lads. It is worth remembering also, that at this point the Army still had not invented short-sleeved shirts (soldiers, for the use of) and as such we were still suckers for bumping because of the ‘three finger’ rule and the fact that it was near impossible to get the rolled sleeve flat *and* parallel with whatever parallel of latitude Canberra was on.

What we learned in Fourth Class, was that the ‘system’ each year morphed from one competitive obsession to another competitive obsession. The first obsession was the Cross Country followed later by the Obstacle Course and then Inter-Company Sport. The Companies adopted various routines to practice these obsessions, but with academic work taking most of the ‘waking hours’ – clearly, we had to sacrifice the sleeping hours. Gallipoli Company, now in A61, were particularly vulnerable to these nocturnal ‘arrangements’ by virtue of their proximity to Mount Pleasant and the Obstacle Course.



Russ Linwood (L) and Stu MacKenzie

By Third Class we had learned just how competitive the Inter-Company sports were:

indeed, it is rumoured that the State of Origin Rugby League derived its inspiration for sporting intensity from RMC’s Inter-Company Sports. Such was this intensity that in one of the inter-company soccer matches a spectating CSM actually ordered a player to ‘noblle’ one of his own team who was clearly not performing. Sorry Billy! But that does explain why we had to slide-tackle you.

Entertainment, they say, is the product of invention. And Cordies were nothing if not inventive. The July Range Shoot ended in near-mass reprisals when bush hats – aka ‘giggle hats’ aka ‘hats ridiculous’ were hoisted by the butt party as moving targets. This tested Jerry Berson’s patience to the point of awarding charges to the entire butt party. Cooler heads prevailed. (Looking back on this recollection however, the greater question might be what the hell was an artillery Drillie doing on the range?). Editor’s Note: The reader will recall that the ‘butt party’ derived its name from the ‘Stop Butts’ at the range and not the association with Third Class’s propensity for getting its butts kicked.

By Third Class, we were ‘relaxed’ enough in our surroundings to join in the annual Revue en masse. This gave us the opportunity to poke fun at all aspects of life at RMC. Barry Andrews produced the event which was one of the highlights of the year. And....it introduced us to local ladies seconded to add some class to our thespian (yes: Thespian) endeavours.



The Review (Probably 1971) See End Notes

The Revue ‘discovered’ Doug Tyers’ magnificent voice. It also type-cast Gino

forever as an Italian itinerant; adding fodder to the drillies' verbal repertoire whenever he was on the drill square.

Having passed the Fourth Class apprenticeship, Third Class provided the ideal opportunity to perfect the time-honoured tradition of 'scaling.' The reader will recall that 'scaling' was variously, not making sufficient effort at the task in hand or simply ignoring the requirement altogether. Professional 'scaling' was usually accompanied by a 'Med Rest' chit signed by Doc Daniels. The difference between Fourth Class 'scaling' and 'professional' scaling was that the activities to be avoided now included sport – particularly anything involving running and or Battle PT, lectures and any other activity deemed avoidable. In Second Class this meant the opportunity to escape to warmer climes – Sydney and Bateman's Bay were preferred.

In September, First Class started their attachments and our favourite Second Class were promoted: some having lobotomies in the process. There were reports that these newly promoted Lance Corporals actually 'bumped' us Third Class Cadets – the hide! Well, there goes my calling you by your first name CORPORAL!

Sadly, in October, we lost one of our most popular classmates, Al Forbes, from a car accident in September. Al's loss stunned the Class and the rest of the Corps. Several members represented the Class at Al's funeral in Perth.

In November, Third Class were allowed, for the first time, to take two hours 'night leave' during the week. This practice led to many an after-hours meeting 'twixt Rollo and the guilty party' in the car park. There simply was no way to avoid Rollo's well laid ambush. Some even reported he applied cam cream, but he still denies it to this day.

Camp Training at year's end was at Currowan State Forest (the reader will remember Shallow Crossing of course!!) and South Brooman Forest north of Nelligen. And yes. It rained. The 1971 Camp Training was the first where helicopters were used to deploy the eager soldiers of 1YLI.

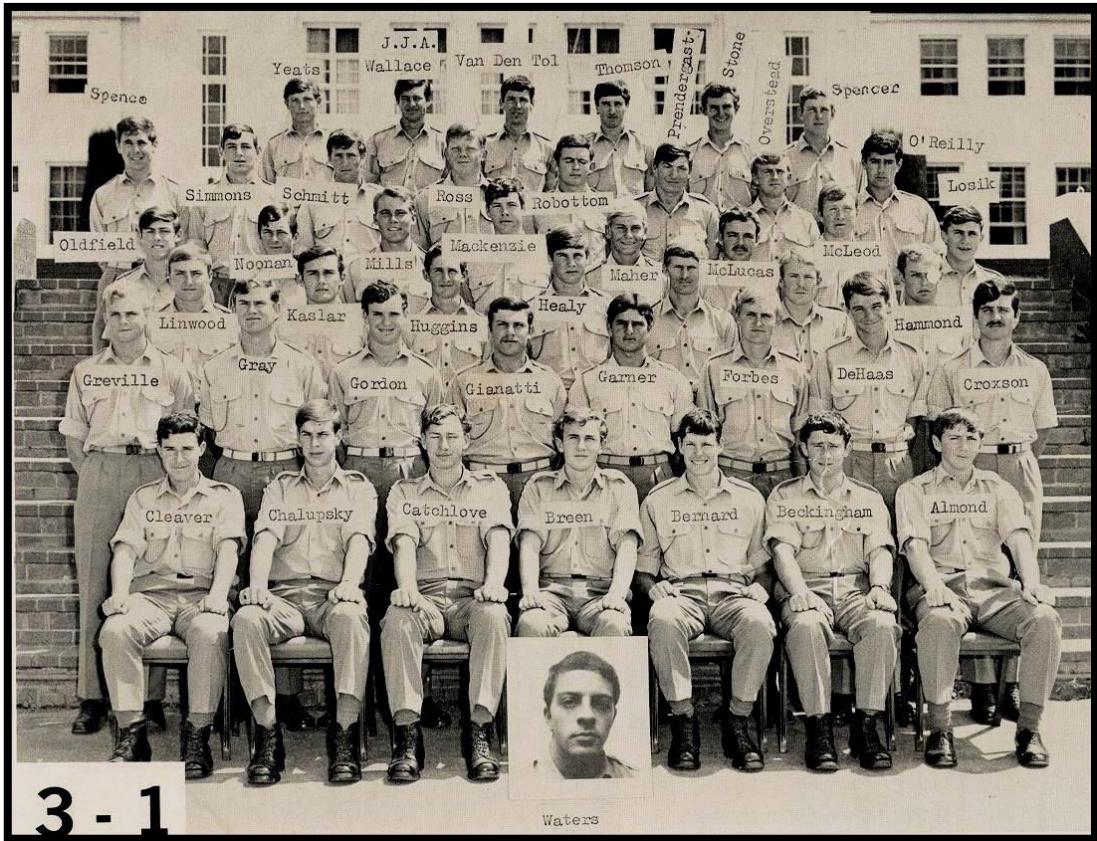
After a titanic struggle, Alamein won the Lee Shield and took its 'rightful place' on the right of the line for 1972. Dave Martindale won the Combined Military Prize, Bob Losik won the Combined Arts, Dave Wilton the Combined Science and Dave Martindale won the Combined Engineering prize. Dave Wilton and John Parsons shared the Institute of Physics Prize. Clearly some things did not add up because the Mathematics Prize was not awarded.

Our talented sportsmen continued to impress. Rob Shoebridge won the Silver Boomerang; Steve Mc Leod retained the tennis trophy and the squash trophy; Dave Forster was dethroned as swimming champion by some Fourthy upstart and Richard ('Dickie') Greville won the Golf Championship - again. Our resident Thai, Chai Linthong took out the soccer trophy.

So, 1971 was a year of part discovery (of the parts of Canberra the system denied to Fourth Class), part endurance (this was only year two of four), and part frustration (some things really made no sense at all). In summary it was a bit of an 'ersatz' year. But for those who made it to another Grad Parade, it was no small achievement. Roll on Second Class.



A lamein and Gallipoli Companies



Half-Class 3-1. (Alamein and Gallipoli Companies)

Top Row:

Rod Yeats, Jim Wallace, Renee Van Den Tol, Eoin Thomson, Gary Stone, Bill Spencer

Fifth Row:

Mick Spence, Roger Simmons, Peter Schmitt, Dave Ross, Paul Robottom, Brian Prendergast, Peter Overstead, Tom O'Reilly

Fourth Row

Terry Oldfield, Paul Noonan, Chris Mills, Stewart Mackenzie, Peter Maher, Alan McLucas, Steve McLod, Bob Losik

Third Row:

BUSS Linwood, Geoff Kaslar, Graham Huggins, Dick Healy, Dave Hay, John Hands, Chris Hammond

Russ Ellwood,
Second Row:

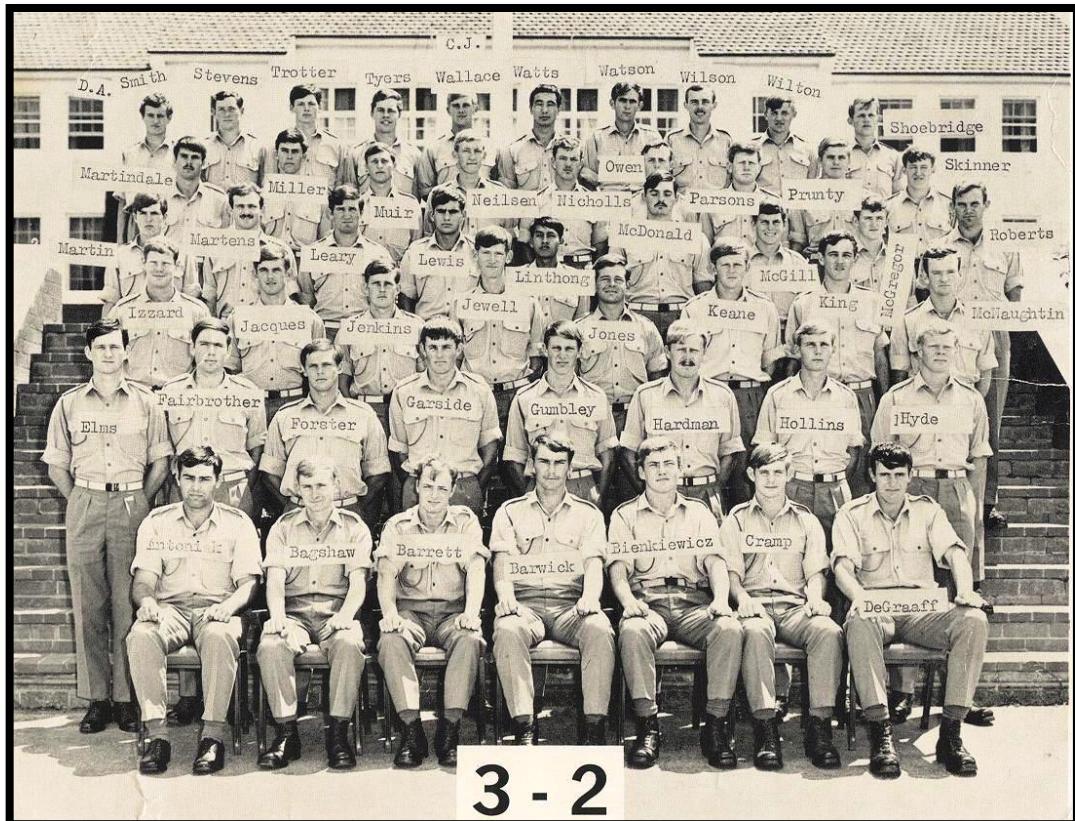
Dick Greville, Dick Gray, Ian Gordon, Bob Gianatti, Steve Garner, Al Forbes, Pete DeHaas, John Croxson

Dick Greville
Front Row

Front Row: Ian Cleaver, Rudy Chalunka, Jim Catches, Rob Breen, Pete Bernard, Ian Rockingham, Mick Almond

Ian Cleavel, Rudy Ch

Kokoda and Kapyong Companies



Half-Class 3-2. (Kokoda and Kapyong Companies)

Top Row:

Dave Smith, Pete Stevens, John Trotter, Doug Tyers, Chris Wallace, George Watts, Chris Watson, John Wilson, Dave Wilton, Rob Shoebridge

Fifth Row:

Dave Martindale, Neil Miller, Ken Muir, Steve Neilsen, Steve Nicholls, Bob Owen, John Parsons, Mike Prunty, John Skinner,

Fourth Row:

Gary Martin, Bob Martens, Greg Leary, Phil Lewis, Chai Linthong, George McDonald, Doug McGill, Doug McGregor, Frank Roberts

Third Row:

Mick Izzard, Roger Jaques, Merv Jenkins, Roger Jewell, Kev Jones, Andy King, Ian McNaughton

Second Row:

Ron Elms, Mick Fairbrother, Dave Forster, Geoff Garside, Peter Gumbley, Reg Hardman, Brian Hollins, Mick Hyde

Front Row:

Ed Antoniak, Ron Bagshaw, John Barrett, John Barwick, Les Bienkiewicz, Bob Cramp, Pete DeGraaf

T he Revue or Review...



Revue Cast as best we can identify. L to R. Standing. Gerry Warner, Bill Mellor, ?, Paul Noonan, Pat O'Brien, Dave Martindale, Bill Greenham, Bill Kearney, George McDonald, Dave Forster, Ian Callan, Bob Gianatti, Chris Jones, Barry Andrews, Paul Ash?, Doug Tyers, Chris Wallace?, Unidentified Lady ?, Kneeling. Unidentified Ladies. Sitting. Gary McMahon, Bob Cronin, ? Ross Eastgate. Note that George McDonald's career as 'Plod' began in the 1970 Revue.

As Time Goes By...1972 Second Class

'To train the cadet to the level of an infantry section commander and to introduce him to the responsibilities of a platoon commander.'

Date	Event
10 Jun	QB Parade and Ball
Sep	Class promoted – some several times over
13 Nov – 1 Dec	Annual Field Training – Bateman's Bay
7 Dec	Trooping the Colour – Handover of the Sovereign's Banner to the Champion Company - Gallipoli
12 Dec	Graduation Parade

In Feb 1972, our number totalled 74 as follows:

QLD	NSW	VIC	SA	WA	ACT	NZ	Thai
11	31	16	2	4	1	8	1

At year's start, we were half-way to our own Grad: a daunting thought. And we were now ready to pass on our *vast* military learnings to an entirely new Fourth Class *and* a Third Class. We were now classed as 'King of Shits' under the old pre-1970 system. More importantly, while we were not 'bombproof', we had certainly moved into the bomb shelter.

Among our 'losses' – OCS's gains – were 'Gino,' 'Oves,' Chris Hammond, Reg Hardman, Mick Izzard, Phil Lewis, Al McLucas, Terry Oldfield and John Croxson. It is sad on reflection that the December 1972 OCS Yearbook generally records these men as "...little is known about X's background except that he was a Staff Cadet at Duntroon before coming to OCS." Or "...another ex-Staff Cadet." These men belong to us. Do your bloody research! It is noteworthy that several of our ex-classmates noted that the OCS drillies spent an inordinate amount of time 'correcting' their RMC drill. The cheek! As if you could do REAL drill on a bloody grass parade ground!

We also lost our Class 'Fizz Kid' Chris Watson. 'Watto' attracted *all* the attention that Larry Podmore deflected. 'Wattos' loss clearly meant that the focus of negative attention was going to fall to some other lucky lad. Short money was on Dave Forster, but Mick Almond's odds were also short.

At the start of the Year, some of the Class – the six 'A' and 'Q' corporals - were promoted to Lance Corporal. Until we were all promoted to Lance Corporal, we generally thought that the Lance Corporals were the 'thrusters:' driven, pains in the backside, but they might do well later at Staff College, where they would earn the nickname 'spring butts.' Fact was stranger than fiction.

We had learned in Fourth and Third Class that the single-striped Second Classman was a danger to man and beast! The single stripe was a danger beacon to Fourth Class – a senior classman to be avoided at all costs.

But with the 'rise' comes also the 'fall'. A select few later created temporary careers for themselves as members of the 'strippers' club and a very select few actually made it into the club more than once – didn't they Dave? Merv and Dave Forster shared the honours as *President of the Stripper's Club*. Dave held the distinction of being promoted back to Corporal just before Grad so as not to stand out in the crowd.

In January, some of the more intrepid in the Class trekked to New Guinea as part of Adventurous Training traversing the Wau to Salamaua track. The lads arrived back in time to start Military Training Weeks on 24th

January. This trip might have been unremarkable but for the fact that Russ and his intrepid group of Adventurers discovered a pilots graduation ring in the wreckage of a downed WWII C-47. The ring belonged to a Flight Officer (sort of a mix between a Warrant Officer and an Officer in the USAAF) Robert Vernon Newlin, KIA 11 March 1943. The ring was presented to the US Embassy.

The year commenced as usual with five weeks of military training. We were subject to 320 periods of Military Subjects in a year which was heavily weighted towards the Academic subjects. The Military syllabus lists 'Character Training' and 'Current Affairs' – neither of which the Editor remembers!!

Again, the Military Engineering training had us 'blowing stuff up' with slabs of TNT. Grenade throwing, M79, F1 and GPMG M-60 live firing followed.



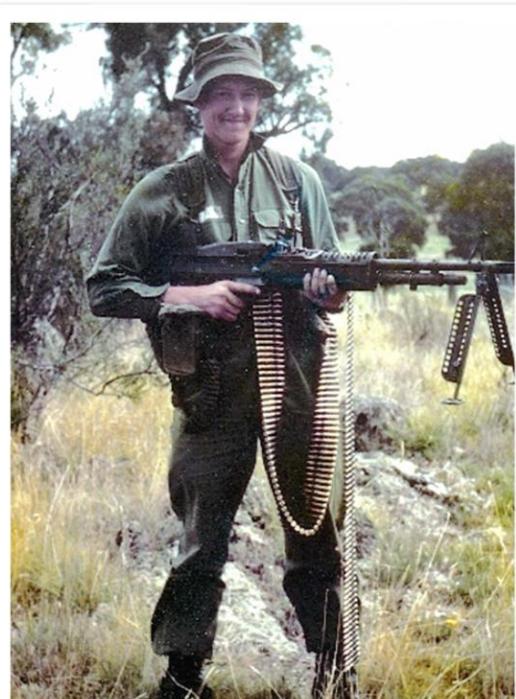
Trained 'junglies' - Doug McGill, Gary Martin, Dave Smith and Greg Leary.

Second Class saw us introduced to 'unarmed combat' for the first time. That is to say we were introduced to it until some perhaps wiser heads decided that adding the 'fighter' to the 'lover' might not be such a good idea in the middle of anti-war protests and the practice was discontinued. Kung-fu reimagined was put to bed.

General William Westmoreland visited on 7th Feb and a number met him. All were carefully briefed not to mention 'Vietnam'. A day later

we bussed to RAAF Fairbairn to provide a Guard of Honour for President Suharto. As if the Artists had nothing better to do!

1972 introduced us to what was to become our favourite piece of hell on earth – Captain's Bloody Flat. Interminable rain, mosquitos and leeches that could easily exsanguinate a full-grown adult male. These creatures were quickly nicknamed 'bull leeches' and made



Steve Nielsen as the Infantryman he never wanted to be...

their way into Class folklore and onto the shoulder of the Class ring.

During the Captain's Flat field exercise Steve Nielsen made a name for himself with his leadership of the cross-country-leopard-crawl-across-open-ground attack into the 'enemy' village. Much to the disgust of the Inf Wing staff – most of whom wrote it up as 'suicidal' – the DS awarded the firefight to the Class. They also awarded Steve with a 'boot up the arse.' (Not Editor's words.) Needles to say, some Infantry DS scribbled on Steve's dossier '...not suitable for Infantry.'

On 23rd February, the Class participated in an 'initiative' exercise. The aim was to plant a

dummy explosive on a strong point manned by the staff. They had found a spare M113 as part of the protection party. (To the uninitiated an M113 is an armoured fighting vehicle.) Dave Smith and others successfully infiltrated dressed as stewards with the ration vehicle. Nothing quite like 'hiding in plain sight.' For his initiative, Dave was disqualified from graduating into Catering.



Range Day - Ian Cleaver, John Skinner and Dave Ross.

The Academic Year started on 28th Feb. This was to prove a real challenge for the Artists, now reduced to two or three 'arduous' – my words - contact periods a week. With all that 'time on their hands' and Fourties very much still a protected species, the Class Artists became inventive with copious 'spare' time. Some settled in to becoming 'permanent' members of the TV Watchers' Club. Many didn't.

Merv Jenkins somehow managed to convince the 'powers that be' in Panic Palace that Bateman's Bay (Malua) needed a Surf Life Saving Club. Thus, was born the east coast chapter of the North Cottesloe SLSC. Frank Roberts, Reg Hardman and Mick Spence were members as were Jeff Coleman (75) and Greg Nance (74). The boys were so successful at this venture that the Corps awarded some of them colours for Surf Life Saving!

The Arts fraternity settled down to wrestle with the two final academic subjects and inventive ways of occupying the mind. For the

Artists the cornucopia of 'free periods' was ostensibly to research and write that Final Paper. This actually forced the Artists to find, identify and use the library; though some had already found it for pursuits other than the academic.

For the Arts Faculty, Second Class personified the '...Time on our hands...' monicker. Nevertheless, the challenge of that 'final paper' was not to be taken lightly if one was to make it to First Class.

The Class 'inherited' the Second Class Coffee Room – for the Scientists and Engineers, the Coffee Room was up the stairs on the right hand Wing of the CSC Dining Room. 'Beaver' and others of the Artist persuasion settled into full-time training for the inevitable morning tea 'Toc' race. The Artists unwritten rule – here revealed for the first time – was that if the food couldn't be eaten it was to be destroyed!!!! Lamingtons became the favoured morno. (Again, for the Scientists and Engineers - a lamington is a little cake coated in chocolate and coconut. Yum!)

The 1972 Journal records that we succeeded in getting and playing a piano – although memory suggests it was actually a pianola.

In May, several of the Class embarked on a



Ex Roaming Rover 'Thommo' 'Bottom' 'Huggo' Unknown and 'Rowdy'

two-week Adventurous Training Exercise,

Exercise Roaming Rover under the direction of Major Laurie Towers. This involved a land rover trek into Central Australia. The activity attracted some local press coverage which seemed slightly surprised that Army cadets could get to – and more importantly back from – distant places.

During the military training periods in March, we were allowed to play with sharp knives for the first time. ‘Sword Drill’ as it was referred to in civilised circles, was an exercise in *not* castrating those in front of you during the salute.

In 1972, the ABC made its documentary film, *Profession of Arms* with some of the Class playing starring roles. The film was narrated by Roger Climpson and looking back, years on, it creates a pretty stuffy impression of what Clink was really like.

1972 was the year when most of the Class reached the twenty-one years old milestone. This was generally attended by a bathing courtesy of Fourth Class and being tossed in the air by classmates at dinner.

“Twenty-one today...twenty-one today. He’s got the key to the door...Never been twenty-one before....”

Kokoda Company – *The Dogs* - started the year as the Sovereign’s Company, but at year’s end Gallipoli Company won the Lee Shield and along the way also the Cricket, Tennis, Rugby, Small Arms and Obstacle Course.

1972 is also recorded as the year three of the four Rugby teams made it to the Grand Finals. The First XV went down after a classic tussle with Norths 17-13. The Seconds beat Wests 20-13 while the Fourths lost to what seemed to be a heavily-stacked Norths side 4-0. As an aside, rugby aficionados might also remember that bloke who played on the wing for the



Ex Roaming Rover. A 'WTF Are We' moment

Queanbeyan Whites at the time – one David Campese.

The ‘Strulies’ also did well in 1972 with ‘Ned’ Miller and Mike Prunty being two of six cadets picked in the University of New South Wales squad to compete in the Inter-Varsity Competition in Perth. This was the first year that the ‘Strulies’ played in the ACTAFL League’s premier division.

The ‘war’ between the Inf Wing and the Class continued as naturally as night follows day. First, there was 2-1’s ‘They can’t bump us all for being late’ attempt. And of course, they did. The ’72 Journal also records that ‘Min’ and the lads of the Infantry persuasion also pulled a full CES check of arriving reluctantants – the word ‘reluctants’ here used as a noun meaning: “We don’t wanna be here. Can’t we study own rooms?” To the author’s knowledge, Min’s CES check still failed to detect that none of the Class had a bloody

sandbag on the top of his 'poop'. (See CSC Standing Orders avid reader; it's actually listed!)

On 17th July, as part of our training to be Section Commanders, we participated in the first live-fire section attacks on Majura Range. The event was unremarkable, but the choice of mid-winter for the activity was at least consistent of our understanding of weather as it applied to 'tropical warfare.'

In Second Class, it was still too risky to 'slow motion' that much-hated PT Test, the Two-Miler. But at the other end of the scale – that is the end closer to supreme masochism – our Class seemed to take great delight in attempting to break all records for the Nine-Miler. Yes, it was a matter of pride to beat the 'record.' In 1972, the Class scorched down Majura Road (then called 'Lane') in one hour thirty-five minutes. That is an average speed of...oh wait, I'm an artist...well, it was quick! In those days, the Lane was still dirt, and this was the last year of the 'out-n-back' run. In 1973, the ACT tarred the road, elevated its status to 'Road' and we did a drop-off (near the Highway) and run back. Footnote: apparently the PTI's were challenged by the 'tarring and renaming,' so they changed the name of the run to the *Fifteen Kilometer BE Test*.

In late September, RMC was invited by the organisers of the Miss Australia Pageant to provide 'escorts' to contestants at the pageant's Ball. The author is uncertain what the selection criteria were, but if culture and gentlemanly behaviour were included, most would have had to self-disqualify. In the terms of that classic movie, we were not yet 'Officers' and probably further away still from being 'Gentlemen' even though self-assessment obviously suggested otherwise.

Naturally, competition was fierce with none of the likely candidates fussed – apparently – by the need to actually dance, ballroom dances.

Here the author carefully avoids further musings about 'ballroom.' Rumour has it that 'Beaver' distinguished himself and single-



Rob Shoebridge and Merv Jenkins with the Commandant MAJGEN 'Sandy' Pearson

handedly managed to cause the Organising Committee to rewrite its 'Selection Criteria for Escorts.'

Needless to say, the lads impressed the attending mums – 'We love a man in uniform' – while irritating the displaced boyfriends. 'Boggo' escorted the winner, but sadly the Committee apparently destroyed all photographic evidence of the event.

Ladies; at some quiet moment you might ask your husband, "Did you go to the Miss Australia Ball?" It should be worth a night out and a nice meal.

A similar contretemps with the 'locals' occurred when a group of the lads ventured into the Snowy Mountains to attend a B&S Ball in Thredbo. The Men from Snowy River were not impressed. (Note: Not everyone drives a bloody ute Ethel.)

1972 was the year of the fuel strikes. And in winter! A national strike in July saw fuel rationed and as a result heating was lost. Some blocks had to do a runner every day to the Sports Ovals for showers.

With the departure of First Class (to LWC and on attachments) in September, the Class was

promoted to CPL/LCPL rank and despite apparent misgivings in HQCSC, took over 'running the place.' Power was finally ours!

Camp Training at year's end was at Currowan State Forest and South Brooman Forest north of Nelligen. And of course: it rained. Some might recall that we were trucked into some godforsaken spot near the Bega Cheese factory to do the CRW Phase. And how we enjoyed CRW!! Walk...walk...walk...'Contact front!' And interminable bloody ambushes.

At year's end, the Military and Academic prizes were awarded to: Rus Linwood (Combined Military Prize) Ian Steel (Economics and Geography), Bob Losik (Government and History), Dave Wilton (Physics Prize) with Peter De Haas. Roger Jaques (Chemistry), Dave Martindale (Combined Engineering) and Ian Gordon (Mathematics Prize.)

Our talented sportsmen had a much leaner year: Steve McLeod retained the tennis trophy, (oh: suhhhprise) Richard ('Dickie') Greville won the Golf Championship, John Trotter won the Lansell Shield for Shooting and Ian Beckingham won the Lord Novar Cup for the Best Second Class Physical Training. (Does anyone remember Physical Training in Second Class? Does anyone remember any shooting competition? Wasn't the idea to turn up to Majura Range and just 'blaze away'?)

Snippett (Snuppit for the Kiwis)... RMC first published the RMC Journal in 1913; it cost 2/- to buy and it contained commercial advertising. Athletics included a three-legged race. The 100 yards was won in a time of 10.15 seconds; there was a 100-yard handicapped race.

At the time, there were only 40 rugby players in total at RMC and the 'oval' was described as 'an inclined plane.'

In December, Gough Whitlam became Prime Minister and the Vietnam withdrawal became a reality. Many reassessed their Corps preferences.

Then 1972 ended and for some the terror of having to pass Academic exams for the final time was over. Then the wait to see our end of year Academic results posted on the notice board in the MI block: even if it was a 'conceded pass' it was a pass, the terror was over and we had made it to First Class. Now it was time to go on leave feeling a bit more confident about the prospects of Graduation, thinking about Corps allocations and wondering what the 'real' Army would be like in just over twelve-month's time.

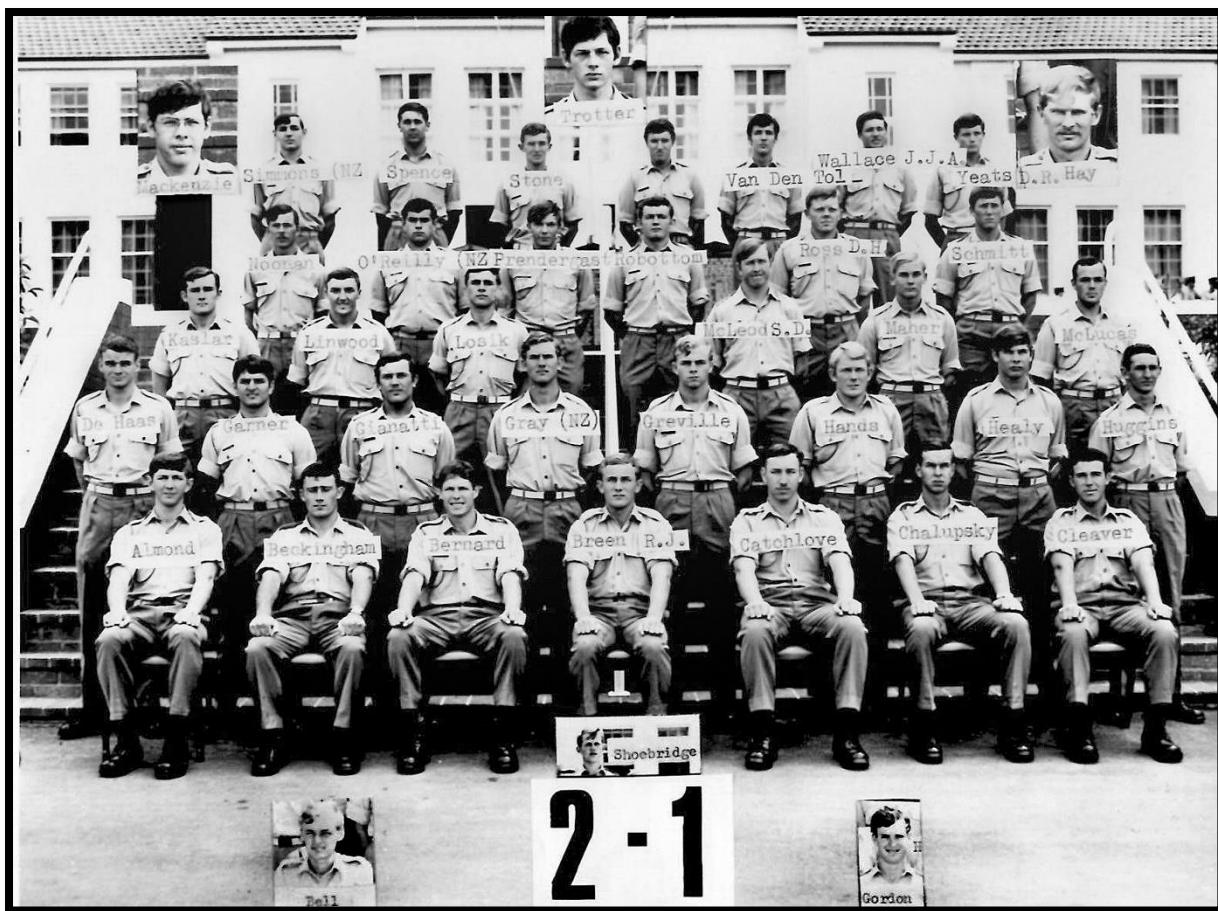


Does Anyone Remember...

A rule that we had to wear thongs in the shower?

When 'sleeping, own rooms' was an occupational hazard?

1972 Class Photos



Half Class 2-1. Alamein and Gallipoli Companies

Alamein and Gallipoli Companies

Insets: Top: Stu Mackenzie, John Trotter, Dave Hay. **Bottom:** Alan Bell, Rob Shoebridge, Ian Gordon

Top Row:

Roger Simmons, Mick Spence, Gary Stone, Eoin Thompson, Renee Van Den Tol, Jim Wallace, Rod Yeats

Fourth Row:

Paul Noonan, Tom O'Reilly, Brian Prendergast, Paul Robottom, Dave Ross, Peter Schmitt

Third Row:

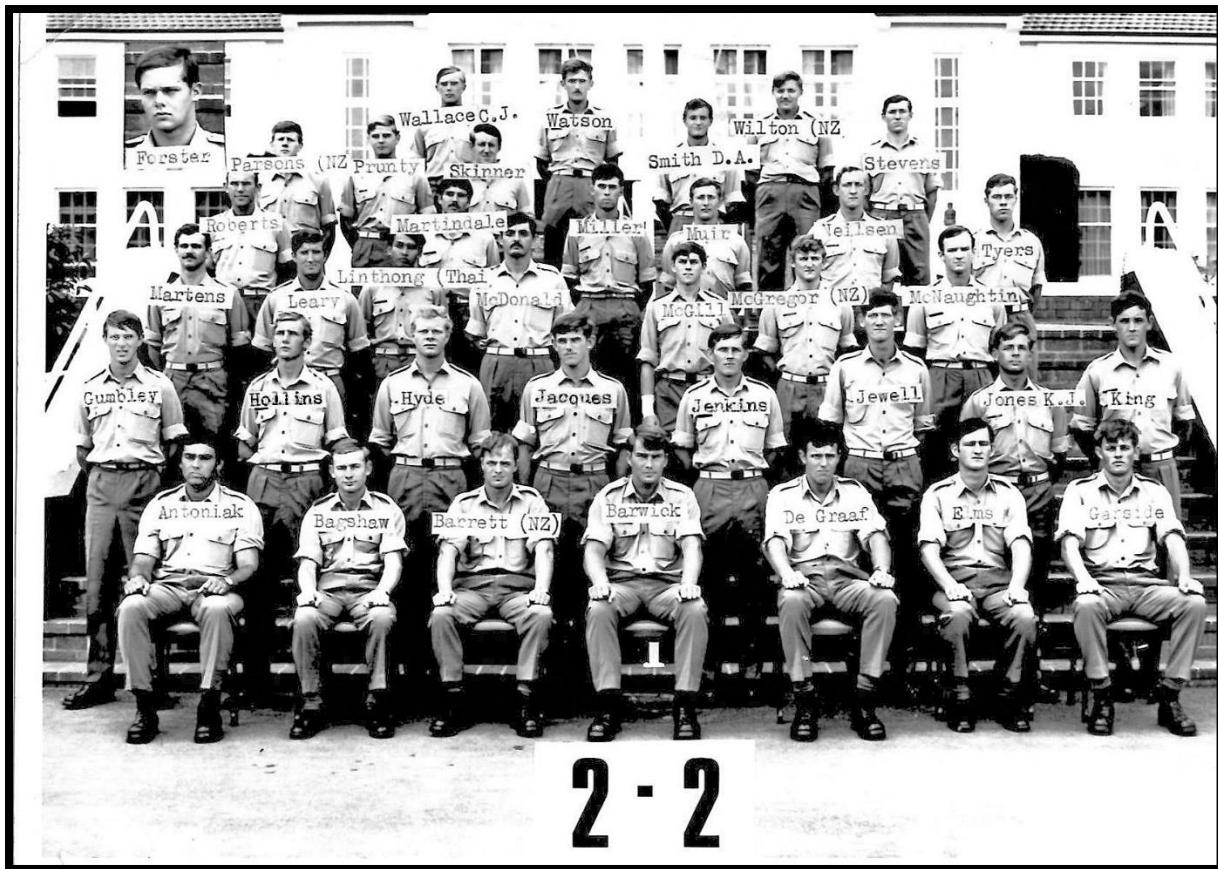
Geoff Kaslar, Russ Linwood, Bob Losik, Steve McLeod, Peter Maher, Al McLucas

Second Row:

Peter DeHaas, Steve Garner, Bob Gianatti, Dick Gray, Dick Greville, John Hands, Dick Healy, Graham Huggins

Front Row:

Mick Almond, Ian Beckingham, Pete Bernard, Bob Breen, Jim Catchlove, Rudy Chalupsky, Ian Cleaver



Half-Class 2-2: Kokoda and Kapyong Companies

Kapyong and Kokoda Companies

Inset: Top: Dave Forster

Top Row:

Chris Wallace, Chris Watson, Dave Wilton

Fifth Row:

John Parsons, Mike Prunty, John Skinner, Dave Smith, Pete Stevens

Fourth Row:

Frank Roberts, Dave Martindale, Neil Miller, Ken Muir, Steve Neilsen, Doug Tyers

Third Row:

Bob Martens, Greg Leary, Chai Linthong, George McDonald, Doug McGill, Doug McGregor, Ian McNaughton

Second Row:

Peter Gumbley, Brian Hollins, Mick Hyde, Roger Jaques, Merv Jenkins, Roger Jewell, Kev Jones, Andy King

Front Row:

Ed Antoniak, Ron Bagshaw, John Barrett, John Barwick, Pete DeGraaf, Ron Elms, Geoff Garside.

As Time Goes By...1973 First Class

'To continue training towards the Platoon Commander level. Including the introduction of important arms studies and a course at the Jungle Training Centre, as well as the further acquisition of instructional techniques and a knowledge of general military subjects.'

Date	Event
Feb	Visits to Eastern Command units
Mar	Visits to Victoria units
Apr	Artillery and Mortar training Holsworthy
25 April	First Class provide Honour Guard at War Memorial
10 Jun	QB Parade
2 Sep	100 Days to Go
22 Sep – 6 Oct	Tropical Warfare Techniques course - LWC
8-22 Oct	Detachment as 2LT to Army Schools
12-30 Nov	Annual Field Training – Bateman's Bay
6 Dec	Trooping the Colour – Handover of the Sovereign's Banner to the Champion Company
11 Dec	Graduation Parade

So, this is it. The culmination of four years of military and academic work – the latter now behind us. At last, we looked forward to unpacking the secrets of the 'military arts.'

We started First Class on 15th January 1973 with a 'parade' hosted by the Adjutant CAPT Grant 'God' Chasling. To ensure that the Class derived the greatest benefit via its exercising leadership skills, the 'system' thrust upon us the largest Fourth Class ever to enter RMC – 158 in total: about 2.4 'Fourthies' to each of us.

We inherited the First Class Coffee Room and the Quarter Bar – both sanctums which are today dedicated to other uses. We also inherited a sec trunk full of military pamphlets to amend.

On 23rd February, we farewelled our popular Commandant MAJGEN 'Sandy' Pearson. Two weeks later MAJGEN R. A. (Bob) Hay arrived as the new Commandant. He is immediately

summed up as 'different' and aloof with a habit of calling everyone by their surname.

In Feb 1973, our number had dropped to sixty-six as follows:

QLD	NSW	VIC	SA	WA	ACT	NZ	Thai
11	29	11	2	4	1	7	1

Roughly, the year was divided into: visits, practical exercises, Model Room lectures, Tactical Exercises Without Troops (TEWTs), or for the more cynical Tactical Exercises Without Thinking, unit attachments and yes, more field work.

The 'system' made good on its 'prophesy' that 'there are never enough Engineers' by removing our engineer brethren for their fourth academic year and setting them up for twelve-weeks of military training at Canungra. This probably comforted the Engineer minds that they could achieve in twelve weeks what it took us 'normal' cadets an entire year. However, the Engineers missed all that beautiful TEWT and IMT torture. Nevertheless, Tom O'Reilly reports that he learned a lot of 'useful stuff' at Canungra. (See Tom's Bio).

Once again, we swapped barracks for the final time.

One of the very first joys of First Class was the CSC duties. The two most important (and hazardous) were the dreaded Orderly Officer duty, known colloquially as the 'Ord Sword' and the red-sash-emblazoned Orderly Sergeant. You will remember that the 'Ord Sword' ran Defaulters Parade, the Sick Parade and the lunch and evening meal parades. His

challenge on Defaulters was to maximise the number of turns executed in the 'left turn...right turn' sequence across the Square. This was generally achieved diagonally across the Square until the Defaulters ran out of space, or in winter disappeared into the Molonglo fog. Foggy days generally meant that – drillies infra-red vision notwithstanding – the Defaulters simply mimicked the sound of the footfall while standing still. There was a record for the greatest number of 'left turn – right turn' iterations that the Ord Sword could achieve.

The Orderly Sergeant was charged – no pun intended – with the duty to break the national flag on the morning parade. You will recall that Norm and Len Williams loved their flag break. Fellow classmates – jesters - made this spectacle a particularly hazardous duty. The assembled Corps was never sure whether the flag would break the right way up, accompanied by (usually) a piece of female undergarment, a shower of confetti, or even break at all! In the event that the flag-break was less than regimental, the Orderly Sergeant



SGT Brian Flewell-Smith trying to find the defaulters in the fog

and the Ord Sword were generally awarded punishment in proportion to the volume of laughter in the assembled Corps. A sigh of collective relief – or perhaps disappointment – from the parade ground always accompanied a clean flag break.

Our first visits were in February and March to NSW and Victoria-based units. Holsworthy and Puckapunyal Ranges figured large in artillery, mortar and armoured firepower demonstrations. We also visited SME – 'Anyone volunteering to be exposed to CS?' – 'Errrr pass!' No visit to Sydney's scenic west would be complete without going to the Infantry Centre, then located at Ingleburn. Here we visited the 'VC Village,' but most agreed it was difficult to tell where the Infantry Centre stopped and the VC Village began.

In the first week of March, we received our new 'luxurious' pay rates: \$138 per fortnight. This pay-rise coincided approximately with the opening of the Private Bin nightclub in Civic. Known universally within the Corps as the 'Rubbish Bin,' the Bin became yet another distraction in a Canberra social scene that was growing quickly. The internet describes the Bin thus:

'...a popular nightclub during the 1980's and 1990's in Canberra Australia, frequented often by rugby players and soldiers.'

Soldiers!? Indeed!

In April, we returned to Holsworthy to do our artillery and mortar fire planning weeks.

The Model Room and TEWT Season

"Go wisely and slowly. Those who rush stumble and fall." Shakespeare. *Romeo and Juliet*



Model Room Session

In March we started our nine-month love affair with the Model Room. After three years, we finally discovered that those double doors in the MI Block hid the 1st Yarralumla Light Infantry's latest challenge to the Enemy hordes.

The Model Room sessions were not only the latest revelation on what the dreaded Enemy hordes were up to...they gave us the opportunity to be tactically creative without endangering real soldiers. Some of the more talented developed a technique to sleep-off the previous night's session in the Quarter Bar in the Model Room, but this was a dangerous pursuit as the desks were so designed as to immediately – and noisily - empty snoozing cadets onto the floor.

The Model Room, and later TEWTs, demanded the careful craft of 'coursemanship.' There were many elements to this: the ability to quote obscure doctrinal principles, authoritatively recite enemy characteristics etc. But the race for the pointer was pre-eminent. The pointer gave the owner the much sought after prize of silence while all his 'mates' floundered in their explanations of the particular tactical problem. However, with the pointer came the responsibility to actually point at the particular feature your co-



TEWT. Ian Cleaver, Rob Shoebridge and Merv Jenkins

presenters were describing. This was not always synchronised to the satisfaction of the Directing Staff (DS).

TEWT season introduced us to the concept of the 'Pinks' – so called because as you recall they were always printed on pink paper. The 'pinks' represented the DS solution to the particular tactical problem. The aim of 'coursemanship' was not to so stun a DS that he immediately referenced his copy of the 'pinks.' One memorable two-flank attack proposed by a syndicate certainly caused a flurry of 'pink' reading followed by the arrival of the DMA to adjudicate the tactical sanity of the syndicate in question. No harm done – probably bloody armour graduates.

The 'blank look' was an absolute must in TEWT season. The 'blank look' was the cadets equivalent of the 'thousand-yard stare' cultivated to do two things: one - avoid answering the question and two – to convince the attending DS that *you do know* the answer when in fact you have no idea how many baths there were in a Bath Platoon. The best civilian equivalent of the blank look is 'stupefaction.'

Captains Flat: Again

"Old God sure was in a bad mood when he made this place." Hunter Thompson. *The Rum Diary*

'Rolly' Paget – not to be confused with the aforementioned 'Rollo' Brett - and the gents of Inf Wing had one final delight in store for us – the IMT week (19-23 March '73) in our favourite training area, Captain's Flat. Of course, it rained, converting all the pits (4'6" with 18" of OHP naturally) to mini swimming pools. The impending loss-by-drowning of an entire class caused the IMT staff to order the 'withdrawal.' Addressing the soaking wet and truly po'd class while *he* changed into dry socks, Rolly informed us we were 'Walking back to Canberra.' Much laughter greeted the announcement. But wait...he actually meant it.

And thus, the soaking wet and moderately hostile column began the 'long march' – the only comfort being that we were at least abandoning that piece of the earth we hated the most. 'Survivors' recall that the class met with the trucks after about fifteen kilometres.



QB Parade 1973. RWS actually on parade.

Several sports coaches were less than impressed that their charges had blistered feet and as far as we know 'Rolly's Walk' was never repeated. ¹

Between 6th and 10th August, we returned to Bateman's Bay, but this time to the Bateman's Bay Motel. This unusual accommodation arrangement gave rise to comments about 'room service' in the 1973 Journal that remain suspicious yet unexplained to this day. The aim of the exercise was to conduct a Counter Revolutionary Warfare (CRW) activity around the picturesque logging town of Monga. After several inter-actions with the locals, we were convinced we were in a re-run of *Deliverance*.

In mid-September, the Army delivered a new weapon to us: the L4 Bren. When I say 'new', it was a World War II weapon 're-bored' to 7.62mm. Thus, off to the range to gain our qualifications. The stripping sequence, 'piston, barrel, butt, body, bipod' remains with the author fifty-years on. Sad!

In First Class we were allowed to play again with sharp knives in the form of Sword drill. Sword drill was but one new form of entertainment on the Square. The other was the series of Ceremonial Drills that we acted out – a Military Funeral and a VIP Reception were two that stick in the mind. These were a great opportunity for the class clowns to display their acting repertoire; though in the case of Geoff Garside, Tac and Wal, the act was never that far from the reality.

Canungra: The Tropical Warfare Techniques Course

"Hell is empty and all the devils are here."
Shakespeare. *The Tempest*

In September/October, we were introduced to what was innocently called a 'Tropical Warfare Techniques' course at...(sharp intake of breath)...Canungra, which at the time was called the Jungle Training Centre. Rumours and 'warries' started by previous classes caused a dread of the place. Now, the infantry graduates might have taken to the place like fleas to a dog, but the remainder were much-less convinced.



A 'Hurry up and wait' at Canungra

Somewhere in there, Larry Podmore made himself useful and took the blame for a missing cadet, or a failed test, or anything else that

¹ It was not the first. We have it on good authority that one of the half-classes walked back from the Cotter Dam.

needed a scapegoat. It wasn't clear if the Inf Wing staff ever got it. Unfortunately, Larry never made it to sentry duty.

Canungra was densely populated by folks who never smiled. Apparently, because the leeches weren't big enough on the Padang, we airlifted via UH-1- something to Woogoompah Island, where, the writer recollects with horror, he was told to bail out while the chopper was still one visual distance above terra firma. Terra firma turned out to be as absent of firma as it was an abundance of terra – pun intended. Having survived being used as a human drop penetrator, the author was extracted by the collar and waist belt from the 'hole of his own making' by one of the 'never-smiling' DS who actually looked amused. Thanks Sarge!

The bull leeches waged a constant war with the march flies and mosquitos for a feast on our delicate, but nearly fully-trained jungle warrior flesh. Ahhh, but we veterans of Captain's Flat weren't going to be defeated by a few Queensland leeches and somewhat unhinged Wing staff. (Editor's Note: 'Unhinged' here means that while we are sure they did have our very best developmental goals in mind, they had completely lost all sense of humour and were given to bouts of – what could only be described as – paroxysm.)

The other great delight of Canungra was the appropriately named Heartbreak Ridge – described by one class member as 'one false crest after another.' And never forget the Obstacle Course – 'What? You want me to jump off that into that?' There is an apocryphal story that one of the syndicates broke the Obstacle Course record held at the time by an element of the USMC. Legend has it that the Marines sent a fresh team out to re-capture the record. We may never know.

At Canungra, we were re-introduced to 'ambushing techniques.' Without doubt, ambushes were the most hated activity in the

military syllabus. Inevitably, they involved twenty-four hours without sleep, no smoking, no talking, no movement and usually also soaking wet. An ambush without rain failed the terminal objective. As an aside, the ambushing technique most preferred by the Class was the '*ambush sprung prematurely*.' One method of achieving this was to initiate contact with an imaginary 'enemy.' But this required the initiator to have an Accidental Discharge – sensibly, later retitled *Unauthorised Discharge* or UD to avoid the obvious confusion with a medical condition common at the Tennis Party. The UD was to be followed by a loud scream of 'Contact!'. In order to disguise the AD/UD, the initiator was required to empty the entire contents of his magazine in the direction of the (non-existent) enemy. The reason for this was obvious – one round might be an accident, but twenty rounds – well, that was an 'engagement.' This course of action required real commitment, because the punishment for AD/UD was generally severe.

The Canungra experience readied us for the annual Camp Training period. Camp Training at year's end was at Bateman's Bay – a locale we never tired of apparently - And yes it rained. The upside was that the Class performed in command and corps-related appointments – the infantry played Platoon Commander, the gunners were employed as FO and the tankies made brews and tried to stay away from John Henry. Did it rain? Yes, it rained so hard that the DS 'pulled the pin' on the final exercise serials and we lit large fires to dry everyone out. Seems that finally, after four years, the powers-that-be decided we'd had enough of experiencing life as tropical fish. However, there remained through our four years' experience in 'jungle warfare' the unanswered question – and yes, we get the rain bit. Why was 'tropical rain' always delivered in the frigid wastelands of the

Brindabella's, Coomera, Monga, Captain's Flat and North Brooman?

Graduation

"If they can make penicillin out of mouldy bread, they can sure make something out of you." Mohammad Ali

And so, in the second week of December, with Grad Parade rehearsals in full-swing, we simply had four Objectives – survive the Grad Formal Dinner, get through Fathers and Sons, march-off the Square for the last time and stand still long enough for our proud mothers and girlfriends to pin pips on our shoulders. These objectives might sound simple ... however, the Grad Dinner was a major hurdle which nearly cost Dave Hay his life. The Catering Corps should not be allowed to serve soup on such functions. It was not *that* Dave had simply passed out at the dinner table ... it was *what* he had passed out in - his soup. Quick thinking by a steward qualified in surf lifesaving saved our lad.

Alamein won the Lee Shield and resumed its place on the right of the line for 1974.

For the record, these were some of the 1973 awards: Rob Shoebridge was the Sword of Honour Winner and won the Armour Prize and Dave Martindale won the Queen's Medal. Russ Linwood won Top Graduate in Arts, Dave Martindale topped Engineering. Dave Wilton topped the Science Graduates and inexplicably, won the Tactics Prize and scooped the pool of New Zealand Army prizes. It is rumoured that a considerable portion of Dave's pay – remembering that the Kiwis were better paid – went to paying off Tactics



Class of '73 marches past

lecturers. 'JD' took out the Small Arms Prize, but refused point blank to transfer to Infantry.

The Graduation Parade was of course a spectacular success, even with our BSM Shoebs, sidelined with a smashed knee after leaping off an APC: he never was keen on those field exercises. Frank Roberts commanded the Graduating Class for the day while the injured Shoebs took 'the best seat in the house' to witness the end of our four years.

And so, after the final display of precision drill, each of us marched out to receive our degrees and diplomas at the hands of the Governor General, Sir Paul Hasluck.

Handing-in weapons and stores seemed like a complete anti-climax.

Grad Ball seems a blur now. Most recall the 'system' abandoned the Gymnasium and we were moved to the Lakeside. Of course, everyone drank too much and then the big, big moment when the survivors of the Class were finally turned into Lieutenants. Proud? – yes, but for many, as much relieved. Remember that Holly was introduced with his mother *and* wife? A sweet moment. Holly started the run on church and chapel bookings in the next few months as our 'married' classmates finally made their relationships 'legal.'

Next morning – in what was our last lesson at Clink - we visited the Sergeants' Mess, a little unsure about what to do when all the Warrant Officers and Senior NCOs called us 'Sir'. As the Editor recalls, some overstayed the welcome!

Then, at last, we were yesterday's Cadets. We packed our belongings in our cars and headed onto the road, or out to the airport, or to a girlfriend's place ... and the plethora of postponed weddings in Canberra and around Australia! We had with us Academic Certificates, Posting Orders, and a myriad of unknowns. We were starting again, this time

older and even a bit wiser, but with a bunch of mates who know exactly what we'd been through. They still know.

'Would you like your mortars to fire illumination now before it gets too dark?

CAPT McWilliam to MAJ 'Drifty' Rayward. Artillery Week



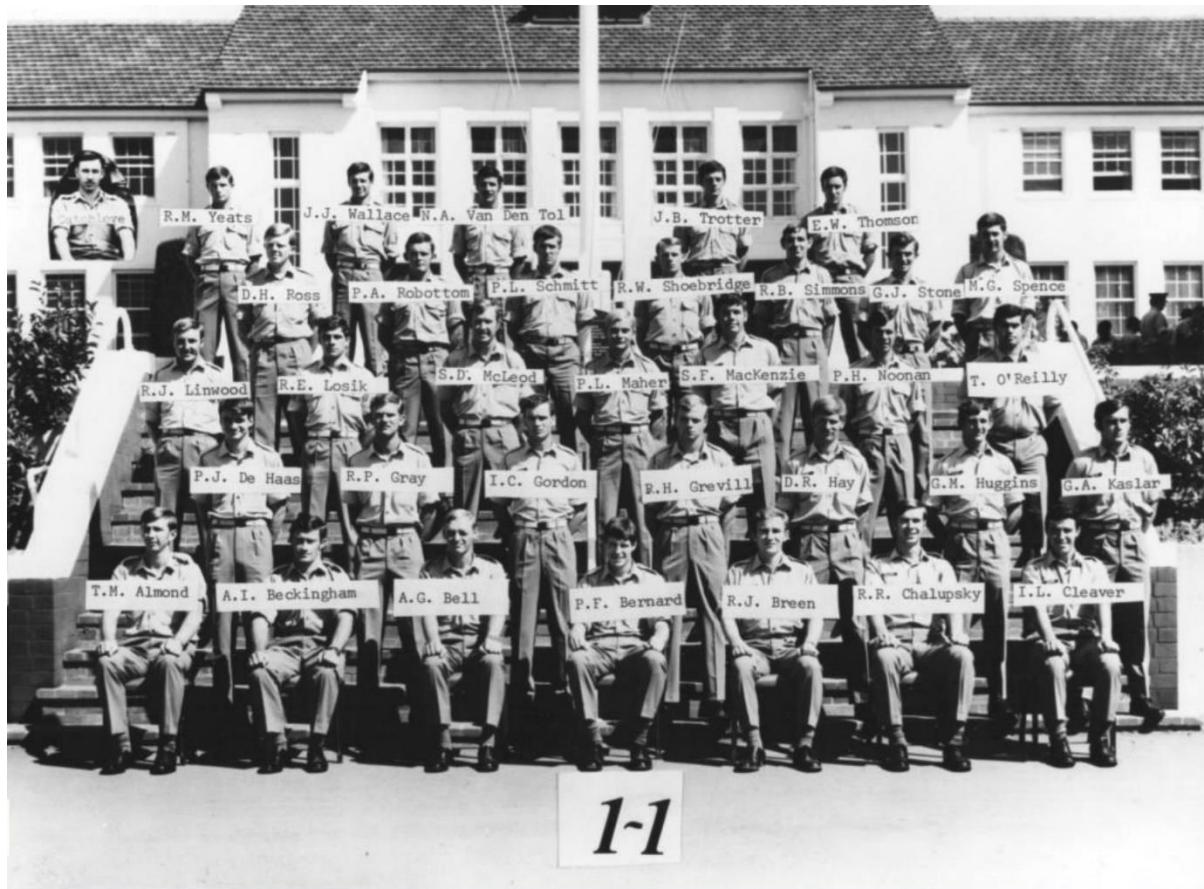
Quarter Bar (Left) and Officer's Mess

Chronologically appropriate, but better left to the Class of 74 to tell the full story, in 1973, the Open Eight borrowed ANU's boat to challenge St Joseph's College (Hunter's Hill) at Yarramundi Reach. (I'll let Class 74 tell the story of what happened to the RMC shell.) Such was the intensity of the race that at the finish line, our coxswain failed to give the 'Easy Oars' or 'Check' command and the shell skidded up the beach and hung for a moment before the hull inevitably cracked.

ANU's coach fed Grant Chasling the worst possible line... 'Well, you didn't break our record!' to which GC responded, 'No. But we broke your boat.'

The Class in Photos – 1973

Gallipoli and Alamein Companies (1-1)



Gallipoli and Alamein Companies (1-2)

Inset: Jim Catchlove

Top Row:

Rod Yeats, Jim Wallace, Renee VanDenTol, John Trotter, Eoin Thomson

Fourth Row:

David Ross, Paul Robottom, Peter Schmitt, Rob Shoebridge, Roger Simmons, Gary Stone, Mike Spence

Third Row:

Russ Linwood, Bob Losik, Steve McLeod, Peter Maher, Stu MacKenzie, Paul Noonan, Tom O'Reilly

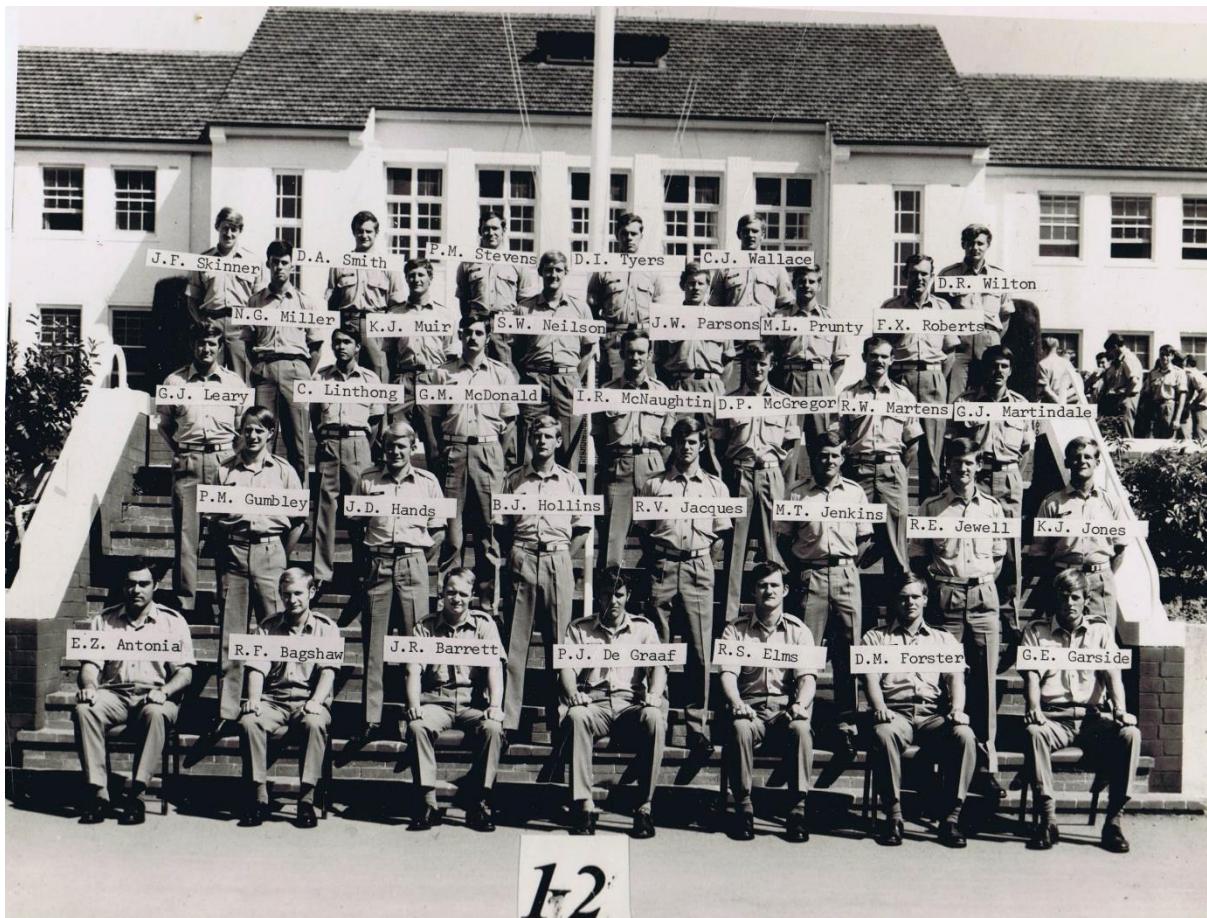
Second Row:

Peter De Haas, Dick Gray, Ian Gordon, Dick Greville, Dave Hay, Graham Huggins, Geoff Kaslar

Front Row:

Mike Almond, Ian Beckingham, Alan Bell, Peter Bernard, Bob Breen, Rudy Chalupsky, Ian Cleaver

Kokoda and Kapyong Companies (1-2)



Kokoda and Kapyong Companies (1-2) – Complete with spelling mistakes and one or two incorrect initials

Top Row:

John Skinner, Dave Smith, Peter Stevens, Doug Tyers, Chris Wallace, Dave Wilton

Fourth Row:

Neil Miller, Ken Muir, Steve Neilsen, John Parsons, Mike Prunty, Frank Roberts

Third Row:

Greg Leary, Chai Linthong, George McDonald, Ian McNaughton, Doug McGregor, Bob Martens, David Martindale

Second Row:

Peter Gumbley, John Hands, Brian Hollins, Roger Jaques, Merv Jenkins, Rod Jewell, Kevin Jones

Front Row:

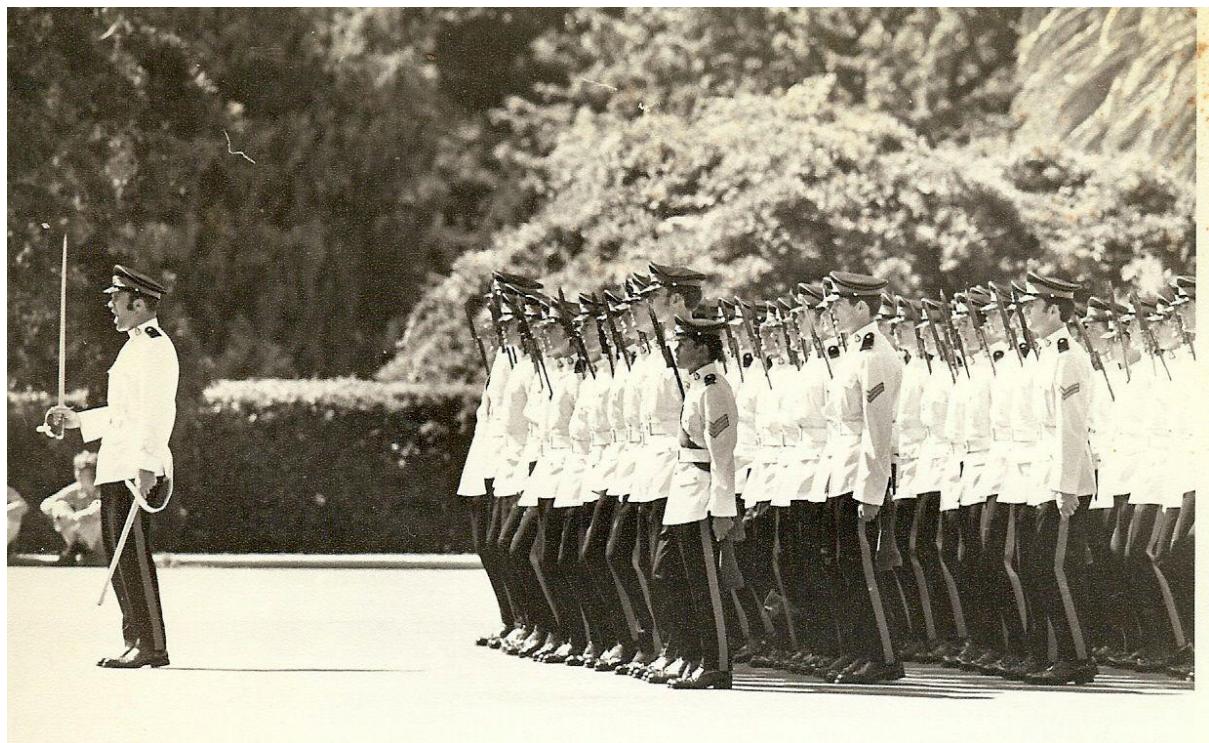
Ed Antoniak, Ron Bagshaw, John Barrett, Peter De Graaff, Ron Elms, Dave Forster, Geoff Garside

Grad Parade...



'What's the use of drinking tea
Indulging in sobriety
Tee-total perversity
It's healthier to booze
What's the use of milk and water
They are drinks that never oughter
Be allowed in any quarter
Come on, lose your blues
Mix yourself a shandy
Pour yourself a brandy
Whiskey neat or sherry sweet
Or any other liquor that is handy
What's the bloomin' sense in drinkin'
Grog that doesn't send you stinkin'
There's no pleasure half like sinkin'
Blotto to the floor

Apparitions metabolic
Ceilings that are hyperbolic
These are for the alcoholic
Prostrate on the floor
Put an end to all frustrations
Drinking may be your salvation
End it all in dissipation
Rotten to the core
Beer to make you hearty
Vodka for the Arty
Lemonade was only made
For drinking when your Mother's at the party
Steer well clear of home-made beer
Or any other stuff not labelled clear
Then you've nothing else to fear
SO BOTTOMS UP MY BOYS'



1970-1973

Those who led us...

RMC Principal Staff 1970-1973

Or as one wag put it
'Our guides, our mentors and tormentors...'

Major General Cedric Maudsley Ingram "Sandy" Pearson, AO, DSO, OBE, MC Commandant 1970-73



Major General Pearson, was born on 24 August 1918 in Kurri Kurri, New South Wales, the son of Margaret and the Rev. George Ingram Pearson, a Methodist minister. He attended Newington College (1932–1936) then the Royal Military College, Duntroon, graduating in 1940.

Major General Pearson served during the Second World War from 1942 to 1945. He subsequently served in Singapore from 1966 to 1968 and was the Commander of the 1st Australian Task Force in Vietnam during 1968 to 1969.

Following the bastardisation scandal at the Royal Military College, Duntroon in 1969, he was posted as the Commandant from 1970 to 1973. This was followed by posting as the Chief of Personnel of the Australian Army from 1973 to 1975.

After retirement from the Army, Sandy Pearson continued to hold leadership roles as the Executive Director, Royal Agricultural Society of NSW from 1976 to 1983 and then as a Director of Brickworks Ltd from 1983 to 1998.

Known for his dedication to duty, Major General Pearson was awarded the Military Cross for his efforts at Maprik Ridge during World War II, where he demonstrated his ability to lead by example and motivate his troops. On multiple occasions, Major General Pearson exposed himself to enemy fire with complete disregard for his own safety to enable his platoon to advance up an almost vertical slope. Later, on his own initiative, Major General Pearson led an attack on the enemy, enabling the battalion to advance 2000 yards. Major General Pearson was also appointed a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order for his role as Commander of the 1st Australian Task Force in Vietnam and was made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire for his leadership of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment. In 1975 he was made an Officer of the Order of Australia.



Sandy Pearson was a breath of fresh air at Duntroon. He was involved in all the activities of the Corps of Staff Cadets: often seen at the mess for meals, on all the sports grounds and in the blocks, where he demonstrated an uncanny ability to avoid being heralded by 'the pipes.' He was approachable and friendly – one cadet recalls him stopping to pick up his fiancée and give her a lift home!

Sandy Pearson died aged ninety-four, on 7 November 2012 at the RSL Village in Narrabeen, New South Wales. His funeral was held eight days later at the Newington College Chapel, Stanmore.

Major-General Robert Arthur (Bob) Hay CB, MBE

Commandant 1973-77



Major General Hay attended Brighton Grammar School for three years as a boarder (his parents lived in Hamilton) and finished as School Captain. He was an outstanding cricketer and footballer, and a Cadet Lieutenant of the Cadet Corps. He entered the Royal Military College (Duntroon) and graduate in 1939. He was appointed Battalion Sergeant Major, awarded the Sword of Honour and attained full sporting colours for tennis, cricket, rugby union and boxing. The captain of the 1939 1st XV was Sandy Pearson.

He also played Australian rules football and made two appearances in 1942 for Richmond in the Victorian Football League (VFL). Both of Hay's VFL games were finals. He made his debut in Richmond's semi-final win over Essendon at Princes Park and also played in the 1942 VFL Grand Final two weeks later against the same opponent, as a half forward flanker. Richmond lost the grand final by fifty-three points and he never played again for the club.



During the WWII he held various appointments, serving in Australia, New Guinea, the Philippines and Japan. By 1945 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and awarded an MBE for his wartime services. The citation for this award stated he was an "officer of exceptional ability and efficiency". In December 1956, he was appointed Military Attaché in Washington, D.C., which also involved being the Military Advisor to the Australian High Commissioner in Ottawa, Canada. These were to be two of a number of appointments which were to be of a diplomatic as well as a military nature.

In March 1969 he became Commander for the Australian Force Vietnam. In recognition of his service in that theatre he was awarded the Companion of the Order of the Bath (CB). The citation to this award records that appointment: "The harmonious relations which

exist between the Australian Force and the United States and Vietnamese High Commands are due in no small measure to the efforts of Major General Hay."

In March 1973 he returned to Duntroon as Commandant, a position he held until retiring from the Army in 1977. He died in 1998. He was the last veteran of WWII to serve as Commandant.

At the annual staff versus students cricket game, Pete Schmitt bought me on to bowl. The Commandant and his daughter were batting at the time. His daughter took her stance and I ask Schmitty 'What do I bowl?' His answer was somewhere along the lines of 'Bowl that usual trash that you do...' referring to my middling medium to fast trash. I bowled, hitting her plumb amidships. The sudden intake of breath from the in-close fielders sucked all the oxygen from the oval. I don't recall what the Commandant said but it did end in '.....Noonan.' She can probably be thankful to this day that it wasn't Pete Overstead that bowled that ball.¹ Dave Forster recalls introducing General Hay to his dad at the *Father and Sons* get together. The Commandant noted that Dave had a 'checkered' career at RMC – possibly referring without realising the perhaps unintended pun – to Dave's frequent attendance at the parade of similar name.

¹ Yes I know Oves wasn't there then. But if you ever experienced batting against him, you would know exactly what I refer to.

(NX 114735) 2265 Colonel John Maurice Maxwell OBE

Director of Military Art (DMA) 1971-73

Colonel John Maxwell called Cootamundra home. He graduated from RMC to AFV School in 1940 – although he is shown in the RMC Journal in 1941. He was one of five officers attached to the British Army in the Middle East during WWII – serving with 5th Royal Tank Regiment in North Africa and Italy. He also saw operational service in New Guinea with 2nd/8th Armoured Regiment and Water Craft Landing Companies.



1: The DMA making Corps allocations

When the Australians were ordered home, they travelled via Bombay on the RMS 'Cynthia' accompanied by 145 nurses – a trip he described with typical understatement, as 'happy.' An accident of posting had him awarded the Burma Medal, which he returned as he felt he did not deserve it. After the War, he was posted to RMC as the MBT Officer, responsible for Armoured and Transport instruction. He was a Squadron Commander at VMR and Commanding Officer, 1st Armoured Regiment and the Armoured Centre. He was known affectionately by his soldiers as 'Slapsie'.

He attended Canadian Staff College and Bovington. He served in Vietnam as the Naval and Military Attaché in Saigon from Feb 1965 to Feb 1967.

As Director Armour (1967-70), he oversaw the deployment of Centurion tanks to South Vietnam. He was a great advocate of air/armour cooperation and he championed the view that every officer should see operational service. He was awarded an OBE in 1970.

He was posted to RMC as the DMA in 1971 and remained there until 1974.

Cadets generally saw little of the DMA even though he held their future in his hands through the Board of Studies and subsequent Corps allocations. A DMA 'toc' was generally not a good omen. He retired in 1974 and died in 2012 aged 90.²

² Thanks to WO2 Tim Finn and John Baines. Summary text of John Baines and Peter Branagan's interviews with Colonel Maxwell.

17023 Lieutenant General Henry John Coates, AC, MBE

CO Corps of Staff Cadets 1971-74



Lieutenant-General John Coates served in the Australian Army for forty years, retiring as Chief of the General Staff in 1992.

He was born on 28 December 1932 in Adelaide, South Australia, but lived for most of his life before joining the Army, in Queensland. He finished his schooling as a boarder at Ipswich Grammar School, where he was the School Captain in his final year.

He entered the Royal Military College Duntroon, on 11 February 1952, graduating on 14 December 1955 into the Royal Australian Armoured Corps. He returned later as the Company Commander of Gallipoli Company in 1963, the Commanding Officer, Corps of Staff Cadets in 1971 and as its Commandant in 1983. He was the first Commandant of

the College since 1942 to hold a higher degree,³ having attained a Bachelor of Arts from the University of Western Australia in 1962 and a Master of Arts from the Australian National University in 1975.

His early regimental life included postings to 1st Armoured Regiment, 10th Light Horse and postings to the UK and with the British Army in Germany as a tank squadron commander. He saw operational service in South Vietnam with 3rd Cavalry Regiment as a squadron commander, followed by an appointment as G2(Ops) in the Task Force Headquarters for which he was appointed an MBE.

He was the CO CSC from May 1971 until January 1974. Known affectionately as 'John Henry,' but *never* to his face. He was a real 'no-nonsense' commander and one of the few on the instructional staff able to strike genuine fear into even the bravest. Following attendance at JSSC, he was posted on exchange to Fort Hood in the USA where he led a team examining developments in training. He had various appointments in operational planning as both a Colonel and Brigadier.



On promotion to Major General and as the newly arrived Commandant at Duntroon, he had to deal with a public bastardisation scandal: he handled the matter effectively and promptly, albeit that punishments that he awarded were lessened on Ministerial direction.⁴ He instituted a number of changes for the reception and treatment of new arrivals, for supervision of cadets by staff and to the operation of the class system⁵. During all three postings to Duntroon, he was emphatic about the complementary roles of the military (Sparta) and academic (Athens) disciplines and was a strong advocate of developing both equally.

His other appointments included Head of the Defence Staff in Washington DC; Assistant Chief of the Defence Force (Policy); and as a Military Fellow at ADFA. He then became the CGS.

After his military career he became an author and researcher, with several published books, papers, and reviews. In recognition of his services to scholarship, and particularly to military history, the University of New South Wales awarded Lieutenant General Coates in 2011 one of its highest honours: an Honorary Doctorate. He died on 11 Jun 2018.

³ Coulthard-Clark, Christopher, *Duntroon. The Royal Military College of Australia 1911-1986*, Allen & Unwin, Sydney, 1986. p 233.

⁴ Moore, Darren, *DUNTROON. The Royal Military College of Australia 1911-2011*. Ligare Pty Ltd, Riverwood, 2001, p. 392.

⁵ Op Cit, p 257.

51811 Norman Herbert Goldspink MBE

Regimental Sergeant Major 1967-71



The towering figure of the RSM of the Royal Military College is probably the most enduring memory for many of us. Norm – 'Sir' or 'RSM' to his face, but otherwise known with genuine affection as 'Norm.' He was an icon to us, and to this day represents the epitome of the professional soldier: firm, fair, honest, consistent and intelligent. He is one of nature's great characters.

Norm was born in Perth, Western Australia on 20th November 1927.

Norm enjoyed the RSM role, "as it was very satisfying and was not a difficult job as such because of my previous experience as a 'Drillie' at RMC, as well as having been involved in training of recruits, apprentices, and officer cadets at Scheyville." His basis was: "I only expected people training under me to undertake things that I would be happy to accept myself."

Norm remarked that he found that all officer cadets with whom he was involved in training were very similar. They were "intelligent, challenging at times, but getting them to graduation was satisfying." He didn't see any discernible difference over the years of his involvement.⁶

One of the highlights for Norm, and for most cadets, was the Queen's visit and Trooping of the Colours in 1970. Other highlights were seeing successful graduations at the end of each year.

Norm was posted to the Infantry Centre at Singleton in 1972 as an instructor on the WO Course, but became the RSM. This was followed by a period as the WO Ceremonial at Russell Offices.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

COL/67/0148/VN

Following that posting he returned to the Army Apprentice's School at Balcombe as the RSM. In 1981 he was posted as the Ceremonial Officer at RMC, initially as a WO1, but later promoted to Captain in the PSO system.

WO2 Norm Goldspink, CSM C Coy, 5RAR directing operations after a mine exploded at C Coy HQ. Phuoc Tuy 1967. Courtesy AWM

⁶ Note: This profile includes extracts of a biography based largely on an interview conducted by Bill Fogarty of the AWM on 25 July 2002, at <https://www.awm.gov.au/collection/S02650>, and interviews with Norm by Steve Jones and David Cran (72) Our thanks to Class 72 for making that article the basis of the text above.

After the Army, Norm took up a position at the Australian War Memorial as a security officer. This required him to wander the floor and keep an eye on things and patrons. He could offer advice here and there, some of it disciplinary and some of it informative. He was known to delight in striking terror into the hearts of visiting graduates: often announcing his presence from 'cover' behind a statue. To his great credit, he recognised all *his* 'sirs'.

Norm has been an honoured guest at many Class's reunions and if not leading astray – read 'mentoring' officers in the RMC Mess – Classes of 71/72 particularly - enjoying the company of those he trained. He and Lois have been a welcome guest at several Class 73 functions.

Norm was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire on 3rd of June 1972.

The Adjutants

Affectionately known as 'Adjs' and other less complimentary sobriquets, the Adjutants were the scourge of the Cadet population. They were generally the most recent graduates on staff and as such, most familiar with the ruses, excuses and routine. As such, they deserve a few lines.

Three Adjutants occupied 'Panic Palace' during the Class of 73's journey: Captains Ivan Cahill (1970), Rollo Brett (1971-1972) and Grant Chasling (1973.)

Captain Ivan Cahill, RAInf



2: The Adjutant looks for divine inspiration...QB 1970

Ivan Cahill graduated from RMC in 1963 and was allocated to RAInf. He served with the USMC in SVN from 1967-68, commanding (yes, commanding) E Company, 2nd Battalion, 3rd Marine Regiment – the only Australian or foreigner to do so. He was awarded a Bronze Star for leading the Company in a firefight during Operation Auburn in Dien Ban, Quong Nam.

Known affectionately as 'Bark Bark' by the cadets due to his guttural mannerism. Most famous perhaps for his very colourful – but now unprintable - rejoinder to Bill Traynor's report that

Staff Cadet Compton was AWOL from Greg Hull's platoon in Kapyong. Known to clear the upper terrace of all female staff whenever he made an appearance.

He did a second tour of Vietnam as a Company Commander with 3rd Battalion RAR. He was appointed Senior Australian Observer in the Middle East and was Senior Observer in Lebanon in 1979/80. He retired as a Colonel.

Captain James Rollo Brett, AM, MID, RAInf

James Rollo Brett was born in Ryde in 1943 and attended Sydney Grammar School. He was CSM of Kokoda Company and graduated from RMC in 1964. He served with 4th Battalion, RAR in SVN from May 1968 to May 1969 for which he was awarded a MID.



Rollo was the scourge of the late-arrivals from local leave. Often found under a blade of grass in the old upper carpark – or perhaps he was just doing some after-hours practice on the obstacle course. Rollo applied a sense of humour to his duties.

Later in his career, he was appointed Director of Studies at C&SC, Fort Queenscliff where he tutored the Class of 73's 'late arrivals' to Staff College. Rollo was awarded an in 1991 AM for his service as CO SCMA.

Rollo has offered the following:

Thoughts of '73 from afar

What tumultuous times!

You young men remained loyal to your calling despite the demonstrations. You prepared for war but they called it off! You came all the same.

Oh yes you missed the bastardisation fracas. Did you? Or did the institution hold to tradition?

You arrived into the chaos of encroaching academia. Oh, that you could have been saved the future hassle of seeking that accreditation for all that studiousness. And Sandy Pearson had a rail installed on the steps to the parade ground for the aged academics! Sacrilege!

You saw so many different role models both in the staff and in your fellow cadets. Who was the image that fed into your style? And did you follow your Company temperament? Did the tennis party ever come to anything?

Not sure how you saw the Adjutant but he was proud to be amongst such aspirational and talented young men. (So hard to catch at being AWOL). The badge on his cap said "Duty First".

Those were brilliant days with proud memories of you all. Thank you for being "The Corps".

I hope that your service was fulfilling, your second careers rewarding and your retirements happy.

Oh, and yes thank you for the banana bed! It lasted through Holsworthy, Fort Benning, Queenscliff and Townsville before being retired.

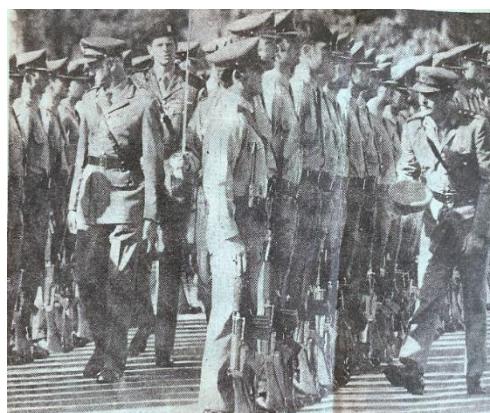
Kind regards to you all, Rollo

Captain Grant Chasling, RAInf



Captain Grant Chasling was SUO of the Class of 1968. Known almost universally as either 'God,' 'GC' or less kindly as 'Grunt.' He coached a variety of rowing crews during 1973 and was known to barter 'days owed' to crew members who celebrated wins on the turps while on stoppage.

Best known for his comeback one-liner to ANU rowing coach after the RMC Eight beached the shell borrowed from ANU. (See 1973). Not one to wander the carparks at night; nevertheless 'GC' retained a 'gotcha' smile throughout his tenure. A 'good bloke' sadly lost to the Army soon after we graduated.



The Adjt retrieves a cap from an Alamein Company defaulter-in-waiting. Commandant MAJGEN Hay and CO LTCOL Coates inspecting. Geoff Kaslar holding his breath on right of the line hoping Grant's mood will improve when he gets to him..

Those who led us...

The officers, Warrant Officers and Senior NCO's that influenced and led us over our four-year journey are listed in the table below – as best as recollections are accurate...

1970	1971	1972	1973
Commandant			
MAJGEN C.A.E. Fraser CBE	MAJGEN C.M.I Pearson DSO OBE MC	MAJGEN R.A. Hay CB MBE	
DMA			
COL M.T. Tripp OBE		COL J.M. Maxwell OBE	
CO			
	LTCOL J.D. Stewart MC		LTCOL H.J. Coates MBE
Adjutant			
CAPT I.J. (Ivan) Cahill	CAPT J.R. (Rollo) Brett (1)		CAPT G.A.C (Grant) Chasling
RSM			
	WO1 N (Norm) Goldspink MBE		WO1 L.A. (Len) Williams
OC Alamein			
MAJ E.J. O'Donnell MC	MAJ D.S. Wilkins	MAJ G.R. Ellis	
OC Gallipoli			
MAJ R.H. Magnusson	MAJ J.D. Thomson	MAJ D.A. Formby	MAJ D.A. Formby MAJ P.B. Taylor
OC Kokoda			
MAJ P.C. Jones	MAJ B. H. Mitchell		MAJ P.T.H. Thorne
OC Kapyong			
MAJ B.R. Fegan	MAJ L.J. Towers		MAJ J.H. Snare
PTI(2)			
WO2 T.M. (Tom) Donnelly		LT J.R. (John) ('Springer') Vincent	
Drill Sergeants(2)			
SGT Gerry Burson	SGT Brian Flewell-Smith	SGT Brian Flewell-Smith	SGT Gary Pope
			SGT George Wilson
SGT 'Sluggo' Henderson			SGT 'Sounds' Smith
WO2 Roger Ballance	WO2 Roger Ballance	WO2 John Sandford	WO2 John Sandford
Librarians			
Redacted at request of various Graduates			

It is worth remembering that we were probably one of the last classes to have RAASC officers on staff. No one graduated to RAASC. The 73/74 RMC Report lists RACT officers.

- (1) CAPT J.R. Brett was listed on staff in 1969/70 RMC Report as the Peace Admin Instructor. He was also the 'Training Officer' (whatever that was) for our Point Hut 'Orientation Camp'
- (2) Despite our best efforts – including consultation with Classes of 71, 72 and 74, we have not been able to identify all the Drill Sergeants and PTI. We know that SGT/WO (John) King (RAAC) and Noel Jervis (SGT PTI) were on staff.

THE CLASS OF

1970-1973

The Class List is in Corps Number Order and it includes all those who started with us in 1970 and 1971

The individual profiles (Biographies) are listed in alphabetical order rather than by Corps Number.

We have elected only to publish post nominals and awards where the individual lists them.



The Class 1970 by allocated CSC Numbers

1970 Entry (104)

2750	Almond	2794	Kermode
2751	Bagshaw	2795	Keane
2752	Bampton	2796	Lillie
2753	Barrell	2797	Linwood
2754	Barrett	2798	Lloyd
2755	Beckingham	2799	Lewis
2756	Bell	2800	Losik
2757	Bernard	2801	Leary
2758	Bienkiewicz	2802	Linthong
2759	Breen	2803	McDonald
2760	Campbell	2804	Fletcher
2761	Catchlove	2805	McLeod
2762	Steel	2806	McMahon
2763	Coghlan	2807	McGregor.J
2764	Compton	2808	McGregor D
2765	Coulton	2809	Maher
2766	Cramp	2810	MacKenzie
2767	Crotty	2811	Martin
2768	DeGraaf	2812	Martindale
2769	DeHaas	2813	Mills
2770	Elms	2814	Miller
2771	Fairbrother	2815	Muir
2772	Forbes	2816	Murray
2773	Forster	2817	Neilson
2774	Gardiner	2818	Nicholls
2775	Garside	2819	Noonan
2776	Gianatti	2820	Owen
2777	Gray	2821	O'Reilly
2778	Gordon	2822	Parsons
2780	Gumbley	2823	Prendergast
2781	Hackett	2824	Prunty
2782	Hay	2825	Probyn
2783	Hands	2826	Roberts
2784	Hinksman	2827	Ross
2785	Hollins	2828	Robottom
2786	Healy	2829	Shoebridge
2787	Hyde	2830	Smith D
2788	Jewell	2831	Spence
2789	Greville	2832	Spencer
2790	Jones	2833	Stone
2791	Jacques	2834	Stevens
2792	Jenkins	2835	Stevenson
2793	Kaslar	2836	Thomson
		2837	Trotter
		2838	Tyers

2839 Van Den Tol

2840 Waters C

2841 Waters M

2842 Waters R

2843 Wallace J

2844 Watts

2845 Watson

2846 West

2847 Wilson

2848 Wilton

2849 Yeats

2850 McGill

2851 King

2852 McLucas

2853 Antoniak

2886 Griffen

1969 Entry (24)

2652	Barwick (from 1971)
2656	Braithwaite (1970 *)
2663	Cleaver (from 1971)
2668	Croxson
2679	Garner
2684	Hammond
2685	Hardman
2689	Huggins
2690	Hunt
2691	Izzard (from 1971)
2700	Leyshon
2704	Martens (from 1971)
2707	Moody
2714	McNaughton
2715	Overstead
2716	Parry
2723	Schmitt
2725	Simmons (from 1971)
2726	Skinner (from 1971)
2731	Stokes
2736	Tier
2740	Wallace C
2745	Bagot
2747	Oldfield

* Mick Braithwaite advanced to Second Class 1971

Mike Almond



I arrived at Duntroon on 20 January 1970 from the rural town of Maitland, from Maitland Boys High School. With no idea of what life would be like and what was expected of me. I did not understand the hierarchy of RMC, which required me to spend a lot of time on the square to develop my knowledge.

After graduation to Transport I spent the next six years in exciting places like Moorebank, Puckapunyal and Singleton.

I left the Army in 1980 to work as the National Distribution Manager for Ampol. In 1982 I chased up my commercial dreams, setting up *Mountain Industries* in partnership - with one truck. The company grew rapidly and I bought out my partner in the early 90's, expanding the business into civil engineering, quarrying and ready-mixed Concrete.

I got involved in Industry politics, and, concerned about industry safety, became National Chairman of the industry association in a period of intense lobbying with the Federal government.

In 2012 I was honoured to be awarded an AM for contribution to transport industry safety.

In 2009, I acquired an American company, *Halco Industries*. *Halco* manufactures moving (live) floors for the heavy transport industry. With the help of my youngest son, Luke, we have grown the business operating in the US, Brazil, UK, Belgium and Australasia.

In 2013 *Mountain Industries* was acquired by *Asciano*. The business had grown from one truck to 250 operating from Adelaide to Townsville.

I am still involved in business, Chairing *Omnitanker* in Australia and *Halco Industries*.



I have three sons and five grandchildren, am married to Lindy who has two children and three grandchildren. I am living between Angourie in Northern NSW and Darlinghurst.

2750 Alamein Company

Ed Antoniak



Bottom, Thommo and Ed

Family

IN VINO VERITAS

All still going strong but I'm starting to forget their names.

Work – part time

I'm a Fellow of the Australian Institute of Project Management (AIPM) and contracted to provide professional assessments.

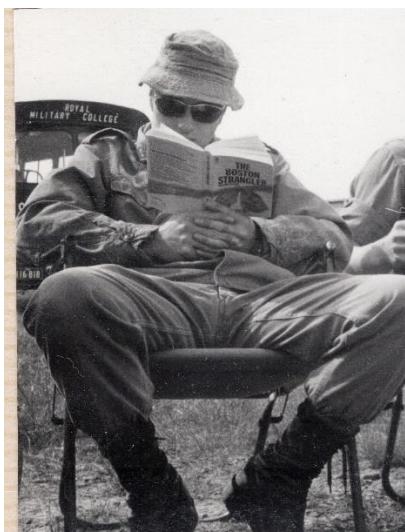
Fishing

Occasionally go fishing in NZ (Land of milk and honey mate!).

Farm

Apart from my professional work I train cheetahs at my farm in my spare time – see snap above right.

2853 Kapyong Company



Following graduation I attended the Artillery YO course at North Head, Sydney, where I managed to get myself in all sorts of trouble before returning to NZ and a Cadre Officer posting to 22(D) Battery, Fort Dorset, Wellington. A fortuitous event as I met my wife to be (Ellen, a newly commissioned 2LT). In mid-1975 we married – and have remained so, despite the odd bump along the way.

My career stumbled along the usual path for a young Arty Officer with postings within 161st Battery as Section Commander, GPO and FO. In 1980, after a stint as Adjutant 16th Field Regiment, I launched into a new line of work as GSO3(Ops), HQ 1st Brigade, quickly followed by a boot upstairs to Major as GSO2(Coord) HQ LFNZ.

1982 saw the birth of our one and only son, then, in 1983, a two-year posting back to RMC as the NZ Instructor – a posting I enjoyed much more than the first visit! This was followed by Staff College at Queenscliffe, then back to NZ as BC 161st Battery – just in time to introduce the Brit Light Gun into service.

I decided about then that a twenty-year stretch was all I could bear with the Army so tendered my resignation and asked for a terminal posting in Auckland. I was fortunate enough to be given the post of Army Instructor at the then RNZAF Staff College (later it became the NZ Tri Service Staff College and relocated to Upper Hutt, Wellington).

The post was both interesting and intellectually challenging with many keen minds keeping you on your toes. The end came a bit too quick really as I hadn't formulated a plan for the next thirty years. I accepted an offer to serve on for another six months as a TF Officer remaining at the Staff College, instructing. Over the next two years I worked with the Navy helping them develop their inaugural Young Officer Staff Course, then instructing on several of those courses.

In 1992 I finally quit all Army activities and took a full-time position with a local transport company which was setting up NZ's first off-wharf Customs Bond Store. I was in charge of supervising the night shift that unpacked the containers and logged all the goods into the store. A total change of focus and it provided many new challenges.

1995 I changed direction again and joined the Navy (as a civilian) in a role that later morphed into Workforce Modelling, Reporting and Planning. Over the next twenty-two years our team developed the forecasting and reporting computer systems, first within Navy and eventually as part of a Tri Service team. I ended up as the RNZN Workforce Planner. I retired mid-2017 and my wife and I, both in good health, now live in a Lifestyle Village in Bethlehem, Tauranga, Bay of Plenty. The recent pic above is with Ellen and our new grandchild, Arabella.

2754 Kapyong Company

John Barwick



John came from Elwood, an inner suburb of Melbourne. He was allocated to Kokoda Company at RMC and was an engineering student. Coming from that part of the world he was a very good Aussie Rules footballer, excelling as a fullback. John fitted easily into college life and enjoyed and performed well in military subjects.

In his third year at the college, the year when we were able to purchase motor vehicles, John bought a Holden Monaro. Unfortunately, he ran into a tree adjacent to Panic Palace in June 1971. The outcome was that John spent an extended time in hospital and lost the use of his left eye. This long absence from the normal cadet classes resulted in him repeating second class.

While still doing well in the military subjects, John continued to struggle with the engineering subjects. Again, he repeated second class and joined with the Class of 1974. In First Class, still academic for Engineers, he failed to complete the course and is therefore not recorded as a graduate of RMC. Instead, in December 1974 he was promoted to Second Lieutenant and allocated to RAE. He is the only cadet to have been at RMC for six years. One consistent comment made by all class groups was that he always fitted in with no airs and graces. Apart from being different with his glass eye, John, as an Aussie Rules fullback, managed to have a quick smoke when the ball was up the other end of the ground. He kept the packed tucked into

his socks. Full backs rarely moved out of the goal square in those days.

Following the Graduate Engineer Military course at Canungra in early 1975 John was posted to 2nd FER in Brisbane as a troop commander. This was followed by other regimental postings including with the Reserve at Haberfield in Sydney. In the early 80s he was the Adjutant of 2nd/3rd FER in Brisbane. By this stage Bar was becoming a legend with his glass eye tricks – like eye on the bar keeping an eye on his drink. In the mid to late 80's he had accommodation and works postings in Darwin and in Canberra. During this time, he became involved with Royals Rugby Union Club which he remained involved with until the late 1990s.

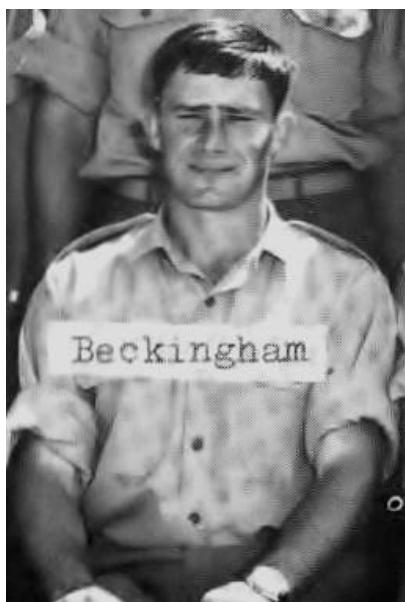
John left the Army in about 2000. Following his retirement from the Army, John worked full time for Royals Rugby Union Club in Canberra and then he moved on to Queensland where he purchased a garden pottery business at Morayfield (near Caboolture).

John was married to Roslyn. They had no children.

John died on 22 October 2013. He was living at Elimbah (near Caboolture) when he died. His 1974 classmates held a memorial service for him in Brisbane in April 2014 that was attended by members from all three classes that he spent time with at Duntroon. (Steve Jones '72)

2652 Kokoda Company

Ian Beckingham



A '...few well-chosen words on life after 73...' as my bio for inclusion in the 'book'.

$$f(\beta_i) dt = \emptyset$$

Where $f(\beta_i)$ is an expression for highlights and other aspects of Becko (β_i)activities since Grad73.

In all, the summation of these is given by the integral \int_{1973}^{2023} for the years (t) 1973 to 2023.

Best regards, Ian

2755 Gallipoli Company

IN VINO VERITAS



I eventually graduated from RMC in 1974 and was posted to 3rd Field Engineer Regiment in Townsville.

On the way to take up the posting, I married Hilary Versace who I had known from High School in Toowoomba. I served as 2IC of 25th Support Squadron, and Construction Troop Commander in 18th Field Squadron.

My next posting was to the Directorate of Engineers in Canberra where we bought a house.

After two years we moved to Perth where I was Construction Officer in 22nd Construction Squadron working mainly on building the initial counter terrorist training facilities for SASR. Our first child, Peter, was born in Perth.

From Perth I was posted to the University of Sydney for a year to do the course work for a Masters Degree in Building Science. Then back to Canberra to manage the CELPS computer system implementation for two years. Our daughter Elizabeth was born in Canberra.

At short notice I was sent to Mendi in PNG as OC 12 CE Works and Southern Highlands Provincial Manager of the PNG Department of Works. This was a very different role with both engineering and cultural challenges. It was also a different experience for our family.

I returned to Australia to attend Staff College at Queenscliff and was then posted for two years as an instructor to Tactics Wing of the Land Warfare Centre at Canungra.

My last posting was as a LTCOL to HQ 1st Military District in the Chief Engineer's Office.

Having settled in Brisbane, my family was reluctant to move to Canberra again and I resigned in 1991.

I then joined the Queensland Department of Main Roads as an engineer working in road and materials technology for several years. During this time, I was fortunate to represent Australia on an international road research committee of the World Road Congress as English-Speaking Secretary. Later, I led work on the development and use of road asset management and maintenance funding allocation systems for the Department retiring as a Director after twenty-one years.

Since then, I have enjoyed playing with our four grandchildren, travel with Hilary, Australian and international walking holidays, vintage car restoration, voluntary work with refugees and as a handyman and gardener at my local church.

2756 Gallipoli Company

Peter Bernard



Writing this contribution has caused me to look back over my life in a way I haven't really done before. A few things were obvious. Firstly, I am incredibly privileged and fortunate to have been born and lived in what is without a doubt the best country in the world at the best time in its history. Secondly, I am very fortunate to have been born into a wonderful family with terrific parents and brothers. Thirdly, I am so fortunate to have met and married a wonderful lady, Cheryle, and have children and grandchildren who are the love and light of my life and give me so much happiness.

What was less obvious to me is how I feel about RMC Duntroon. When I was a cadet, I wasn't overly fond of the place, and it, justifiably, wasn't overly fond of me. I resented authority, lacked discipline and deliberately flouted and broke the rules. Justifiably, I copped close to the most extra drills of anyone in the class (not counting of course Moles' and Chopper's 21|84 in Second Class and other similar misfortunes).

Looking back, I realise it was a case of casting pearls before swine. I was too immature to properly and fully appreciate the incredible opportunity that had been gifted to me. With the benefit of years and experience I came to fully appreciate what a magnificent institution RMC is, and how privileged I am to have been a cadet, a graduate and an Australian Army officer.

For me, RMC was the springboard to a particularly interesting and satisfying career and life. In all, including regular and reserve service, I served forty-

four years. I love the Army as an institution. I am proud of its magnificent history. I enjoyed the way of life and admired and respected the people I served with. It was a great thing to be part of.

I have avoided recounting the details of my career, but I have separately provided some of the more interesting stories and snippets that I was fortunate enough to share with my fellow classmates.

I retired on 31 March 2023. I have been a mortgage broker for the last eleven years. The last loan I wrote settled today, so that is it. It was a different experience working for commission rather than a salary, but I enjoyed it very much.

Best wishes to everyone and I hope to see you all in December.



2757 Alamein Company

Les Bienkiewicz



The 1969 visit to my school by an RMC recruiter spurned my interest. Then a couple of months later, the bastardisation scandal broke, much to my mother's concern! However, as I saw my only option was picking up a Uni Scholarship (dime-a-dozen in those days), I decided to give Dunners a go ... the rest is history as they say.

I was a frequent visitor to extra drills and my lack of commitment to aca's resulted in the Commandant inviting me at the end of Third Class to stay an extra year to 'help the 1971 intake.' Thus, I have a foot in both classes. I finally left 'Clink' in 1974, graduating into RAAOC.

After graduation, I had numerous postings in south-east Australia. I attended Staff College in '87 and the six-month loggie course in the USA (the highlight being a three month "swan tour" on full TA). I also scored the coveted Long Foodstuffs Course in the UK – only to be told 'no, you are the lucky first to do civil schooling at Hawkesbury Agricultural College (HAC) in Richmond.' So, I ended up with a post-graduate degree in Food Science and ultimately became the Senior Inspector of Foodstuffs, responsible for Defence Combat Ration Packs, amongst other things.

I met my wife Diana who was a direct entry RAAEC teacher at Ingleburn and we married in 1976. During the eighteen months at HAC our son John was born. After resigning to focus on family, Diana had a stellar career in the ARes, reaching the rank of LtCol and picking up an AM along the way. Sadly, Diana passed away in 2006 from breast cancer.

I left the Army in Oct 1991 and had two very satisfying jobs in the Public Service – first with the

then National Food Authority overseeing the development of food standards. My Army training and my food tech degree stood me in good stead as it also did in my next job, Secretary of the National Health and Medical Research Council.

I retired from full time work in 2008 and took on a part-time job - well, paid part-time that is, but on call 24/7! - as Executive Director of the Defence Force Welfare Association (DFWA).

I have been involved with the DFWA for over thirty years (you all owe me for your improved DFRDB indexation!) and I volunteer with the Red Cross, RSL and other community organisations.

Sue and I married in 2009 and embarked on a decade of overseas travel – mainly doing house swaps to Canada, the UK, France and NZ amongst other places. We also had side trips to Iceland, Egypt and throughout Europe.

We moved to Sydney this year to be closer to family including first grandson (finally!). Sue has three children, two in Sydney (Tristan and Bree) and one in London (Dayne); my son John is in Canberra. Other family are in Central Coast, Newcastle and London.

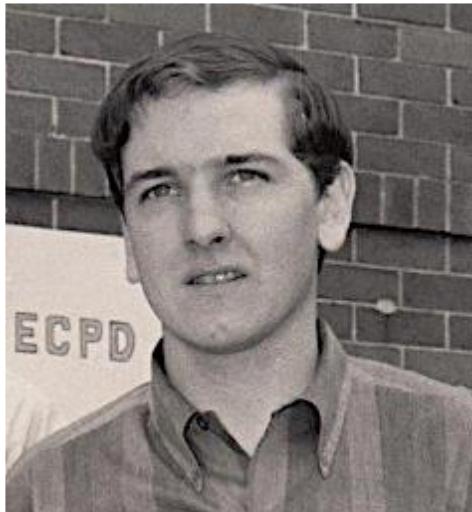
Wests Tigers (alas) and Brumbies remain my footy passions.

Life has been good and the camaraderie with you all is a blessing few others experience ... and I'm not sure that the more recent graduates will enjoy that over their fifty years.

My best wishes to you all.

2758 Kokoda Company

Mick Braithwaite



(By John Elphinston with help from Rick Davies and approved by Jenny Braithwaite)

Mick joined RMC from Griffith NSW having completed his secondary schooling as a border at Waverley College in Sydney. He was originally selected for the 1968 entry, but a bad car accident saw his entry delayed until 1969.

He spent only a short time with the 1970 entry and properly belongs in the Class of 1972.

He was a class 'character' and one of the few or indeed maybe the only cadet to graduate in four years having never completed Third Class, due to a head injury in April '69 and subsequent related on-going health issues.

Mick graduated into RAAOC and did the usual round of junior appointments. He married his wife Jenny, and they had two children, David and Carolyn. Mick was sent on the Long Petroleum course in the UK, which channelled his postings thereafter into the specialised world of petroleum storage and distribution.

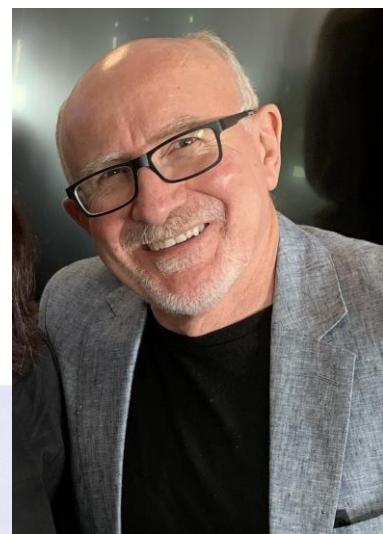
Mick left the Army after twenty-three years and established his own successful business in the petroleum consulting area. Unfortunately, he was diagnosed with cancer in early 2012 and died later that year. His funeral was attended by a large number of classmates, partners, and friends from near and far, a measure of the character of the man and the way he was loved by so many.

We all have our memories of Mick; some would say he was irreverent, passionate, and caring, with a wicked sense of humour, a lover of practical jokes; some would add Mick was always there for advice and to lighten the mood, particularly in early '69; a man of colour, vibrance and presence; a quick and irreverent wit.

One of the quirky things about Mick was the different first name used by the different groups of friends when referring to him. Whether he was Michael, Mike, Mick, or his old Duntroon nickname which many still use, he will, to all of us, be long remembered, not by just a name, but by the positive way he influenced those friends and family around him - regardless of what they called him.

2656 Gallipoli Company

Bob Breen



I began at the 5th/7th Battalion at Holsworthy after graduation. I married Diane in 1974 and started a family, Ben (1978) and Kelly (1980) when at Monash University Regiment. The 1980s began with service in Munster, Germany, with 51st Gloucestershire Regiment and study at Florida State University 1982-83 for a Masters in Instructional Systems. By the end of the decade, I was transitioning out of the Regular Army after missing out on unit command. There were many others better than me at commanding an infantry battalion.

In the 1990s I ran parallel careers *managing Certain Learning*, a vocational education and training consultancy, and working for Land Commanders in Sydney as a Reservist Colonel in operations analysis. I served on operations in Africa, the Middle East and Melanesia. I began the 2000s in East Timor, visited Iraq and Afghanistan in 2007 and left the Army in 2012 after starting work in Afghanistan as a contractor managing Russian transport helicopters in support of ADF and ISAF operations.

By this time, I had completed a PhD at ANU in 2006 and joined the ANU Official History project. I began working for Deakin University at what has become the Australian War College after returning for Afghanistan in 2014. I have written a few books and one finally made airport bookstores around

Australia in 2023. My late Mum would be proud. I am transitioning to full retirement in 2026 after a stint as an Honorary Professor at the War College.

My personal life has had several ups and downs. I have retained a strong Christian faith throughout. The 'ups' were when I was happily married and healthy. The 'downs' were when I was unhappily divorced, lonely and depressed. But all is as well as it can be. Former wives, Diane and Nicola, and wife, Rhonda, all get on well. We touch base for celebrations during the Christmas season each year.

During my downs, I have greatly appreciated the support of Duntroon classmates and Army colleagues. A brotherhood exists. I know who will help me and who I will help in any circumstances.

Rhonda and I moved into an Over 55s Lifestyle Resort at Woolgoolga in July 2019. I am President of the local RSL Sub-branch to ensure Anzac Day and other commemorations continue in Woolgoolga. Rhonda and I enjoy grandparenting and plan to travel while we are able to do so. I think have a book or two left in me.

2759 Alamein Company

Graham Cambell ('Wheels')



Going to RMC with John Hands (JD) was an adventure for two country boys. Little did I realise that I was expected to put in some effort for that privilege. After two years of mediocre academic effort, I was offered the opportunity to continue my training at OCS and graduated to Artillery in Dec 72.

I commenced my Artillery career on the Young Officers course at the School of Artillery at North Head. Being so close to Manly and the world-renowned Sydney northern beaches, I was able to continue my interest in surfing. Regimental postings to 8th Medium Regiment and 8th/12th Medium Regiment (joined by Jim Catchlove, Steve Nichols and Gary Martin) were followed by a posting to the School of Artillery. A twelve-month appointment as ADC to the GOC Training Command followed by a couple of years in Enoggera then back to Sydney (HQ 2nd Division and School of Artillery), a stint at the Malaysian School of Artillery, HQ 2nd Military District, then to the ADF Warfare Centre at RAAF Williamtown. At Williamtown I had the misfortune of being seriously injured in a road accident that saw my Army career come to an end. By this stage our children were establishing themselves at school and we had no desire to return to Sydney for employment opportunities. I landed a job at the University of Newcastle and worked there for seven years before ultimately returning to Defence as a civilian in the Defence Support Group. Whilst at the Warfare Centre and

subsequently at the University of Newcastle I returned to academic life gaining Bachelor and Masters degrees.

I maintained a commitment to sport throughout my Army career and subsequent working life. In addition to playing and competing in rugby, surfing, swimming and cycling, I took on and continue management roles in various clubs. The University saw fit to give a Colour for commitment to university sport.

I am married to the wonderful Kim and we have three children: David (RAAF C130 pilot), Suzannah (Early Childhood teacher) and Laura (Nutritionist). Suzannah and her husband have two granddaughters who are very entertaining.

RMC introduced me to meet a group of fantastic fellows and the opportunity to establish life-long friendships. I relish catching up with classmates and until he moved to the country, I saw Mike Almond often. Trips to Mt Tamborine to see JD are becoming more frequent. I also meet regularly with Rod Jewell and Jim Wallace (neither have changed a bit). Peter Gumbley makes the occasional trip to Newcastle to catch up with his daughter, so we get together for coffee. Overall, I have nothing to complain about and look forward to the Dec 23 reunion and many more.

2760 Alamein Company

James Henry (Jim) Catchlove



Jim with his mother Betty and Anne Bernasconi (later Mrs John Culleton)

I served a couple of weeks over 28 years and was fortunate to have three overseas postings during my service. In 1976, I attended a twelve-month course at the Royal School of Artillery (Larkhill, England) followed by a three-month attachment in Germany. In 1984, I was a student on the Canadian Command and Staff College (Toronto, Canada). In the mid-1990s, I was for two years the Coordinator of the Malaysia Australia Joint Defence Program (Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia).

I was privileged to have subunit and unit command. I commanded A Field Battery RAA in 8th/12th Medium Regiment and the 4th Field Regiment RAA (1990/91). After unit command, I was a DS at Army Staff College (Queenscliff).

In romance, a late developer, I married in 1980 and took my wife (Gail) and young family on the postings to Canada and Kuala Lumpur.

A couple of years after returning from Canada, Gail and I experienced personal tragedy in 1987 when our first daughter (Rebecca) was diagnosed with a brain tumour and died at the age of six. We suffered loss again in 2011, when our second daughter (Jacqueline) died after suffering a stroke while undergoing an operation. She was 26 years old and married. Our third daughter (Lauren) lives in Melbourne and until recently was a secondary school teacher, but remains in employment in the Education sector.

By 1997, I was posted to Canberra (Joint Education and Training Program). In a restructure, the head of the program was upgraded from a Colonel to a Brigadier equivalent. The "new" Brigadier was Ian

Gordon. It was a treat, to work for a while for a classmate.

However, by early 1998, I had decided to resign from the service.

I enjoyed a few months "gap" to unwind. With the family wishing to remain in Canberra, I took a position as a public servant in the Australian Agency for International Development (AusAID). After 13 years' service I retired shortly after my 60th birthday in early 2012.

In 1999, employed again, Gail and I bought land and built in Amaroo (suburb) in Gungahlin (North Canberra area). We sold the house in 2017.

Leading up to the house sale, Gail said she wished to live separately at the coast. I bought in Bonner (next to Amaroo). Gail bought a cottage in Tuross Head (NSW). Although we now live separately, we remain friends. About once a month, I visit her for a weekend or she might visit me.

My current pastime is to play in a small band (strumming a guitar). The band donates its time to local charities and aged care facilities. I am generally in good health although my hearing is shot. I am active in a nearby Anglican church.

2761 Gallipoli Company



Bob Cramp



Growing up in the country I had no idea what I might do after High School, but I was very keen on continuing my participation in sports. So, when an Army Recruiting team came to Murwillumbah High School in early 1969, I was taken by the idea that I might qualify for RMC, and I could continue to pursue sport and get paid (a pittance) to undertake a Uni degree (I hadn't thought much about the military obligations!).

So, with these strong fundamental drivers behind me, in early January 1970, along with George Watts, I embarked on the trip from Murwillumbah to Roma St Station, where we met up with a bunch of QLD Mafia members who were all boarding the train heading to Canberra. Names like Keane, Lillie, Jewell, Forster, Maher and Stone, come to mind. Along the way we picked up Naughts, JD, and Gumbles.

On arrival at Kingston station, we were met by a very friendly chap called the RSM, and so began my Army training. After trips to the Q Store and Barber it was time to head off to a nice spot on the Murrumbidgee, called Point Hut. Here I learnt how to charge and bayonet a straw dummy and other life changing skills.

In Fourth Class, I learnt the art of mid-night bishing raids on other accommodation blocks, and I received more than my fair share of extra drills and generally had a good time.

Engineering studies seemed to be a bit of an impediment in Third Class, so the Commandant and I had a chat and it was mutually agreed that I would stay on in Third Class in 1973, to assist the newbies; Jack Walker and Mark Gregory with their mechanical engineering studies.

I enjoyed a stellar rugby career with the 'near-all-conquering' 4th XV, with occasional call-ups to the higher grades, and John Barwick taught me how to play billiards and pool.

After RMC, I had a couple of junior officer postings with RAEME workshops, until I was offered the opportunity to attend the Officers Long Aeronautical Engineering course in the UK from May to Dec 78. Followed by a posting to a British Army Air Corps unit in northern Germany from Jan – Sep 79. As it was a long posting, I was accompanied by my family and we were provided with semi-furnished Married Quarter accommodation in Middle Wallop (UK) and Detmold (Ger). This posting was a wonderful experience enjoyed by all the family.

On RTA, I had postings between Oakey, Canberra and Melbourne, and all were Army aircraft maintenance related. I attended Staff College in 1987, and finished my military career as CO of Oakey Workshop Battalion in 1991 – twenty-one years of service.

I then worked in the QLD Public Service for a further twenty-one years, initially as a HR Manager, then HR & Payroll systems project manager, and finally as a Project Director implementing ERP solutions.

By mid-2013, the grass on the retirement side of the fence looked much greener, so I took the plunge into retirement.

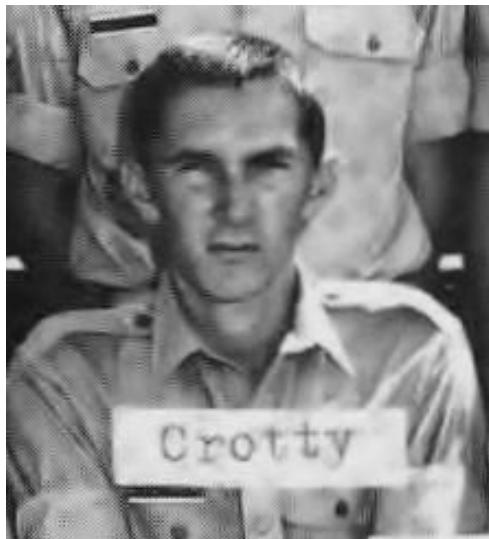
Lyn and I are now forty-eight years happily married with three children and six grandchildren. We are working hard at enjoying ourselves in retirement, staying (reasonably) fit and doing lots of volunteering. We have enjoyed caravanning around parts of Australia, though there are still many more places to go on our bucket list. We have also enjoyed a number of O/S trips, pre COVID.

I attend Mango's regular COSTIB lunches in Brisbane when I can and catch up with those who now live in SEQ.

Life has been good to us.

2766 Kokoda Company

Steve Crotty



Contributed by Dave Hay

Steve stayed with us a year in Fourth Class residing at Anzac Hall with the other men of Gallipoli Company. After a year he moved on to other things in Canberra, working with the government like most other Canberrans. He eventually moved to the sunny climes of Brisbane and has been there on the south east side ever since. His passion has always been motor bikes and boats and before he retired, he was a shipwright making all sorts of wonderful boats and repairs to those whose owners had mishaps.

I had lunch with Steve the other day and the mention of bikes came up and I recollect the time he borrowed my Honda 65cc step through and left it hidden up at General Bridges' grave. Rollo Brett happened to take a walk past the grave that particular day and I was unimpressed when my name was called out at lunch time parade as "would the owner of motor bike xxx report to the Adjutant". This was one or two weeks before it became legal to own a motor bike, but when the charge was heard it was legal. Good old Major Magnusson told me that the charge would be dropped, but as I was having another charge heard at the time, he informed me that he had taken my illicit behaviour with the motorbike into consideration and gave me another seven days CB and fourteen-days stoppage. Do the crime pay the

time. Thank goodness they only caught me for a quarter of my crimes, or I would never have got past the gun gates in all of Fourth Class.

Like most of us, Steve has not aged well and the young fresh-faced cadet looks have disappeared over the years, but you can still recognise the voice and that smile. He spends his time now near the water, taking libations of ale at several local pubs and doing odd jobs around the house and neighbourhood. Hmm, sounds just like most of us. Also, like most of us, he has retained his original sense of humour and attributes that made him such a good mate in the early seventies. He may have gotten older, but all it takes is a little prodding and that young cadet from Anzac Hall comes rolling back.

Note: Steve surprised the COSTIB guys on 12th May and rocked up for the lunch at the Ship Inn and enjoyed every one's company. It took a few minutes for some to recognise him as he has more hair than six of us combined, but soon he was back in the fold enjoying good company with old comrades. You can take the boy out of Duntroon, but you cannot take the Duntroon out of the boy.

2767 Gallipoli Company

Peter de Haas



I cannot believe that this December will mark fifty years since Graduation from Duntroon. The time has gone so quickly!

Gratitude is the first thing that comes to mind in writing this brief bio. So far, I have had a good life and have been very blessed to have shared forty-six years with my lovely wife Angela. Alicia our daughter turns forty this May.

I graduated into Signals and served in 4 Signal Regiment in Brisbane, then in 1 Signal Regiment, Sydney, before embarking on a two-year posting in the US working in the Systems Development Office of the US Army Satellite Communications Agency at Fort Monmouth in New Jersey. I also had short secondments in Canada and the UK to round off my satellite communications knowledge and experiences.

On return to Australia in 1980, and in true Army style, I was posted to the School of Signals in Melbourne... as a Training Development Officer? However, this was quickly followed by a posting to 6 Signal Regiment, where I became the OIC of Satellite Communications Troop; commissioning and then operating the first major satellite communications terminal at Watsonia Barracks.

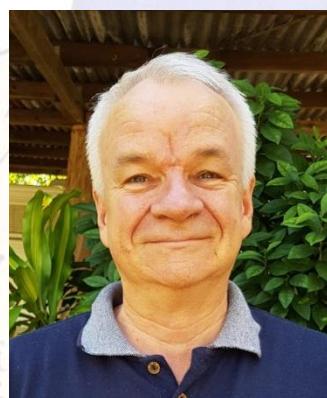
In 1983, I was posted to the Joint Communications and Electronics Branch (JCEB) in Headquarters Australian Defence Force as a Major. Then, in May of that year, we adopted our daughter Alicia.

In 1985, I resigned from the Army to take up a civilian position as Director Engineering in JCEB. This decision was also influenced by the fact that we felt that more stability for our family would be better for Alicia, and for all of us, given her special needs.

In early 1990 we left Canberra and my job at JCEB to become lay missionaries through PALMS Australia. We then found ourselves at Daly River, an aboriginal community in the Northern Territory, responsible for the day to day running of a facility delivering substance-misuse programs for

Aboriginal families and individuals. We remained involved in this program for two years, returning to Canberra for a further year in Defence working on special projects relating to industry engagement.

To be near Angela's father who was becoming frail, we moved to Perth in 1993 and I found work as an IT consultant with a small consultancy practice. Then in 1996, I was asked to open an office in Brisbane, so we moved across Australia again and I became one of four Directors of the company in 1997.



I remained with this company until 2004 when Angela and I decided it was time for a tree change to get away from the stresses involved in running a small business. Consequently, we moved to Ravenshoe in Far North Queensland.

We both became very involved in this community and soon I found myself as religious instructor, chess coach and part time school chaplain at Ravenshoe State School. These were very fulfilling years. I finished up at the school in 2021 when we moved to Mareeba.

In 2010, I was ordained a Permanent Deacon in the Diocese of Cairns and was asked to work primarily in the vast Gulf Savannah Parish providing pastoral and spiritual support to Christians who are without a resident priest and mostly very isolated on cattle stations and in small towns. I continue in this role today albeit with less flexibility and mobility than previously due to our family circumstances. It's a role we have shared as a family.

We now live a quieter life in Mareeba and remain in good health overall. We enjoy living here surrounded by a beautiful garden, and going out for little excursions together, as well as spending time away in our caravan.

**2769 Alamein and Gallipoli
Company**

Peter DeGraaff



Growing up in country Victoria, I wanted to join the Army from the age of thirteen – going to Duntroon and then with all the great postings I had, that dream came true. I only served in the same location with a few of the COST group, but it was good, and still is, to catch up with some of you here in Canberra from time to time.

After graduating in 1973 into Infantry, I was posted to 1st Battalion as a Rifle Platoon Commander and Assault Pioneer Platoon Commander, including a three-month exchange to Canadian Forces Base Calgary, Alberta, Canada. In 1976-77, I was SO3 Coordination, HQ Field Force Command, Paddington, Sydney.

In 1977-1978, I went to OCS Portsea as Officer in Charge Battle Sub Wing – my second best posting with a Kiwi WO1 and sixteen very experienced Aussie WO2s in the team. Our first son, Ben was born in Rosebud, Victoria.

In 1979-1980 I was posted as OC A Company 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles – my best posting with Carmel and baby Ben in Hong Kong. I was one of only thirteen British Officers in the Regiment of 120 Gurkha officers. When we returned to Australia in 1981, I went to RMC as the Tactics Instructor. I attended Army Command & Staff College, Fort Queenscliff in 1984. Our second son, Tom was born in Geelong.

My final postings were SO2 Plans (1985) then SO2 Ops HQ 1st Division, SO to ACMAT-A then SO1 Policy & Plans, Materiel Division – Army.

I resigned in January 1990. I spent sixteen years in the Australian Public Service with the highlight

being Deputy Project Director & Commercial Manager Project Wedgetail (Australian Early Warning & Control Aircraft). I did nine years in the Senior Executive Service in Health & Ageing, managing large purchasing programs including hearing services and blood and blood products and, planning for, establishing and working in the National Blood Authority, including A/CEO for eight months.

I spent six years running my own strategic procurement and contracting company in Australia and introducing Australian company capability to the Arabian Gulf. Finally, I spent four years establishing and managing a strategic ICT procurement and contracting capability for the ACT Government

From late 2016 to the present, I have been an Expert Advisor with *Proximity*, working onsite in large, complex commercial projects, mainly in Defence.

Carmel and I live in a lovely apartment in Forrest in Canberra and we have a wonderful home in Merimbula on the NSW Sapphire Coast. We have now lived in Canberra for almost thirty-two years – it is a great town. Our son Tom is married and we have two grandsons – we are very fortunate that they live in Canberra too.

Despite the ‘blessing’ of birthdays, I try to keep fit enough to enjoy my main pastimes – camping in the Aussie bush and fishing at Merimbula. I really enjoy spending time with Carmel and my family and a glass of good Shiraz with family and friends.

2768 Kapyong Company

Ron Elms



My post-graduation Army career was pretty typical with various Infantry regimental postings and non- regimental postings - too boring to do a blow-by-blow shopping list.

Highlights for me were three consecutive postings in Brisbane totaling six and a half years. It seems once you were in, you stayed in. Yes, I was the reason all you others could never get to sunny Brisvegas.

However, all good things come to an end and the 'system' finally got me out with a posting to the UN in the Middle East. Yes they were tough times. I then did something you should never do in the Army. I volunteered go to Melbourne. But it was my home town after all. So, the next six years were spent enduring Melbourne's winter.

I then left the Army after twenty years and worked in Workers' Compensation until the call of the north saved us from Melbourne's winter and we returned to Brisbane where we still reside. I spent sixteen or so years working at Griffith University in various student administration management roles until I retired.

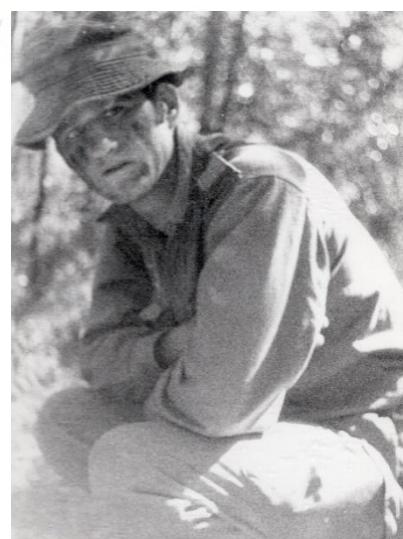
Retirement was busy up until recent times and I amused myself doing RSL advocacy work

which very satisfying indeed. Needless to say, I did many claims for '73 classmates. I'm responsible for their pensions and the subsequent drain on the public purse!!!!

I am still married to the same wife - Jenny. I got through forty-four years of marriage the same way I navigated life, that is, 'one mistake at a time'. We have two daughters and a son and four grandchildren, with one on the way.

So that's it. Life has treated me pretty well although old age is unfortunately catching me up.

2770 Kokoda Company



Mike Fairbrother



I entered the Royal Military College, Duntroon in January 1970. Not having had the experience of School Cadets, I was taken by surprise when we were greeted by a bloke with a big stick who kept yelling at us to get into three ranks on the road! It only went downhill from there as we were shipped off to what I thought was an introductory holiday camp on the river at Point Hut, but that was no holiday! It took me a while to settle into college life and I thought about leaving on a number of occasions during the first few years. I struggled to apply myself fully to the academic program and consequently failed one subject in Fourth Class. Unfortunately, I failed another subject in Third Class and had to repeat the year in 1972. It was at this stage that I got serious about pursuing a long-term military career. I advanced to Second Class in 1973 in the appointment of Company 'A' Corporal and then to First Class in 1974 as CSM of Kapyong Company. I graduated on 10 December 1974 and was allocated to the Royal Australian Army Ordnance Corps.

During the period 1975 to 1981, I held a number of appointments at the rank of Lieutenant and Captain. The highlights of this period were my time as Assistant Quartermaster of 3rd Field Engineer Regiment where I served with a number of my former RMC classmates, and as an Instructor at the RAAOC Centre. I was promoted to Major in 1982 and in 1983 completed the Army Staff Course Division 2 at the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham, UK. This course was followed by the first of my two postings to Materiel Branch of Army Office. In 1986 I attended the Australian Army Command and Staff College. I was awarded second prize in the Peter Stuckey Mitchell Essay

Competition for the major written assessment of the year.

I was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in 1987 and held appointments in Materiel Branch (responsible for general engineering projects and the self-contained Field Hospital) and as Senior Logistics Officer at Moorebank Logistic Group. In 1992, I attended the Joint Services Staff College. At this stage of my career, I decided that I needed to place more focus on my family. I had moved eleven times in eighteen years and now wanted to settle down somewhere. Consequently, I resigned in May 1993 and moved to Illawong in Sydney where I have lived in the same house for the last thirty years! During this time, I worked for over twenty years in Defence related positions in the public and private sector.

My first appointment after Duntroon in 1975 was located in Brisbane. Late in that year John and Robyn Hands invited me to dinner. Also present was my future wife Lorraine who knew John through family connections and Robyn through her legal work. My relationship with Lorraine developed from there and we were married in 1977. We have two children, Belinda, who is married with one daughter and Peter who is married with a daughter and son. They are all doing well and we very much enjoy our family activities. This has become much easier as Peter has recently returned from a ten-year stint working as an engineer in Vancouver. Lorraine and I have been lucky enough to enjoy life fully with family and friends, travel, music concerts and festivals, sporting activities and volunteer work in the local church and Community Fire Unit.

2771 Kapyong Company

Alan Forbes



Al was a typically parochial '*Sandgropers*' but that was also one of his endearing hallmarks. It was most likely why he formed such close friendships with some of us equally-biased Queenslanders. He chose to become a '*Gentleman Artist*' and figured prominently in our TOC races to deny even the smallest morsel of TOC to the overworked Engineers and Scientists.

Al was a talented middle-distance runner and was prominent in the RMC athletics competitions. He was a hard-charging Aussie Rules player; however a wiry frame meant he was generally a scrapper for the ball, rather than a standout ruckman or forward. Certainly, he committed everything to his tackling, particularly if it was an inter-Company game and the opposing player was a bit taller or bulkier than him.

Those of us that knew him well invariably describe Al as an easy going, happy guy with a ready smile, a cheeky wit and a zest for life. He had his heart set on graduating to Army Aviation and becoming a pilot. With his dedication and personality Al would have made a fine officer. With his intellect and tenacity, he would have coped easily with the demanding training to become an Army pilot.

Al was one of the first to get a car as it was a necessity for him in order to keep up his hectic schedule with the young ladies of Canberra. Typically, it was a VW beetle which he christened '*Herbie*' (naturally) and which Al insisted had an autopilot. Al both loved '*Herbie*' for the freedom,

and cursed when its lack of reliability let him down. Sadly, it was in the loved/cursed '*Herbie*' that Al's time with us was so tragically cut short.

It had been a most convivial and enjoyable Saturday afternoon jazz session at the '*Dicko*'. Al was in his element with the music, the atmosphere and a few of us mates from Dunroon. Always ready for a cold beer on a hot afternoon, Al had very much enjoyed the arvo and was full of life as he headed back to Dunroon alone – he said it was to do a bit of extra mashing (yeah sure!).

Two hundred metres short of the Gun Gates and home, something went wrong. We reckon it was the autopilot playing up again. Anyway, '*Herbie*' rolled and Al suffered catastrophic head injuries. A couple of us who had been with Al at the '*Dicko*' arrived some minutes later, but there was nothing anyone could do except make him comfortable. Perhaps he knew subconsciously that we were there with him.

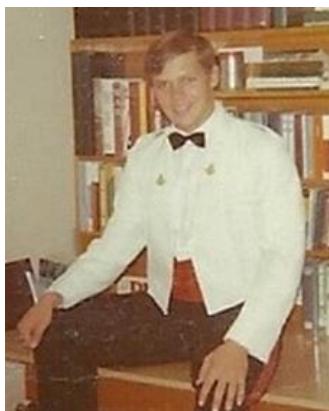
Al fought valiantly for ten days, but our prayers were not to be answered. His family made the decision to terminate life support and Al slipped away on Tuesday 5 September 1971.

Al's death had a profound effect on our Class. We take some comfort in knowing that while Al's life was too short, he led it to the fullest. Al's motto was undoubtedly: '*Carpe Diem*'.

Rest in Peace, Al.

2772 Gallipoli Company

Dave Forster



Following graduation, I was able to provide relatively competent service in a variety of roles within 1st Field Regiment at Wacol. In 1976, Jen and I were married. I had

proposed mere weeks after we met in 1974 at Mike and Ann Prunty's wedding. I then nearly forgot I had done so when she said "Yes" several months later. And yes, we are still married! Our daughter Bronwyn was born in Adelaide in 1979 during my next posting at 48th Field Battery.

I was then posted in 1980 as an Instructor to OCS Portsea. In 1982 we moved back to Brisbane where I was appointed as BC 105th Field Battery. Our son Andrew was born that year when I was away on Ex Tropic Lightening in Hawaii. Jenny has still yet to forgive me! We then moved south in 1984; first as SO2(ILS) in Logistics Branch at Army Office, and then on to Queenscliff in 1986. After Staff College, I was posted to BAOR in Germany as SO2(Ex Plans), HQ 3rd Armoured Div. We returned to Australia in 1988. I was posted to HQ ADF as SO1(Coord), JEPS and finished off a busy decade attending JSSC.

In 1991, I moved to Melbourne as CO 2nd/15th Field Regiment and then became CO 2nd/10th Medium Regiment after amalgamating both Victoria based Army Reserve artillery units. A local Staff posting for another two years followed. Future progress, if any, would have meant another move. The children were approaching Secondary School years and Jen and I were ready to drop anchor. I started a second career working in the Career Transition Management field. I also began a fifteen-plus year association with Rotary. We moved, for the last time, into our current home located in Templestowe.

I took my own advice and left the paid work force in 2003. The rest of that decade was focussed on voluntary work with Rotary. This was both fulfilling and time consuming and culminated with a stint in 2009/10 as a District Governor. We welcomed our first grandchild, Eleanor, just before a short

overseas trip in 2009. Bronwyn had qualified as a teacher eight years earlier and the birth kicked off her seven years of maternity leave.

In 2011, Bron presented us with a second granddaughter, Madeline. In 2012/13, I moved on from Rotary. After ending both paid and voluntary work, I started to trip over my own feet looking for an outlet. I found it, to an extent, in playing around with words and indulging in some creative writing for my own amusement. This was quite cathartic as I had developed a few minor health issues including becoming acquainted with the "Black Dog". This was punctuated in 2013 by the birth of our grandson, Charlie. But of great concern then, our little Maddy was diagnosed with a brain tumour. Fortunately, it turned out to be benign and was

removed successfully. She hasn't looked back and is thriving. Andrew decided to change careers from Graphic Design and retrained as a Chef. He was married in 2014 and two years later was diagnosed with stage-three colon cancer. We have family history there. He has been cancer free for nearly six years and is now a first-time dad with our third granddaughter, Olivia. Life can be kind sometimes!

My pithy writing endeavours include weekly gatherings with a small group of feisty feminists where we collaborate over our various literary efforts. They have yet to figure me out, but I remain the Alpha male in the group. As the one and only male, this is not surprising, and I do as I'm told.

Jen and I enjoy getting away on short and longer road trips and regularly attend music events and festivals. We have yet to be classified as Grey Nomads; we do not own or tow a van. But the car seems to have a mind of its own and tends to home in on any wineries and similar establishments.

Overall, the last fifty + years haven't been too bad at all!



Geoff Garside ('Sides')



Geoff descended on RMC from the central NSW Coast at Kiama. Disarmingly a naïve country lad, 'Sides' soon established himself as one of the class characters. He quickly forged a reputation as an irreverent and humorous class member. His legendary ability to impersonate Infantry Warrant Officers was a welcome diversion. His repertoire included 'Min' Moore, Brian "Wait for it!" Foster, but most unforgettable was his rendition of 'Snow' Purdon.

He graced the Point Hut concert dressed back to front! He marched backwards into the assembled throng, webbing reversed, backpack on his chest and cap on backwards. No-one is sure to this day whether this was deliberate or not!

Not known for his military skills and physical coordination, he nevertheless successfully worked his way through all the military and academic requirements. After graduating to RAAOC, Geoff was posted to 9th Transport Company in 3rd Task Force as OIC of the Foodstuffs Platoon.

Sides personified the uncoordinated - an 'unco'. He conquered his tendency to square gait early, but he

was a veritable disaster in Vaulting and Agility. One day on the obstacle course, he had to negotiate the rope swing over the bear pit. His grip on the rope slipped and he slid down the rope as he swung to the inevitable collision with the opposite wall. He dusted himself off, climbed out and successfully repeated the swing.

In First Class, in the Tactics Model Room, he crawled under the canvas terrain model to give shape to the hilly terrain. His inability to control his laughter, caused the inevitable earthquake in the landscape and he was 'sprung.' Maybe the DS - 'Maddie' McWilliam wised up and prodded him sharply with the ubiquitous billiard cue-cum-pointer and 'Sides' emerged covered in crap to the cheers of the assembled multitude.

Geoff married Maree and became the proud parents of three children Adam, Ashleigh and Alexandra. After he resigned, Geoff studied law and qualified as a Solicitor. He practised with a firm in Goulburn and later established his own practice in Cessnock in the Hunter valley. Geoff died after a sudden heart attack on 30 November 2020. Apparently, there was no funeral service as such as

Geoff didn't believe in them. Sadly, Maree passed away shortly after.

"Geoff was man of gentle and unfailing humour. One of the many anecdotes that spring to mind was of Geoff, who was an arts student with lots of free study periods, one day attended an engineers' mechanics class, just for fun.

The lecturer, who was a bit foggy (as many were) clearly hadn't noticed a new student in the class, even though there were only about five of us. Geoff, who knew nothing about the subject, started asking questions, but the lecturer still didn't twig to it. At the next mechanics lecture a few days later, he had prepared a detailed answer to Geoff's questions, and even then, had not realised that there had been a 'ring-in.'" *Reg Hardman*

"Geoff and I were both posted to Townsville after graduation (as was FX and Rowdy Yeats) - Geoff to an Ordnance unit. It was there that he learned to play golf by hitting cane toads as far as he could with an iron during the wet season - especially at night. We had some good times!" *Rod Jewell*

"I have great memories of Sides in Townsville in the two years after graduation. Without Sides I would not have been introduced to my lovely wife, Fran. For this I will always be grateful.

'Sides' arrived in Townsville with a beautiful, expensive set of about thirty golf clubs and bag: presumably to improve his golf. Sides was very diligent, practicing at night by whacking cane toads all around the Officer's mess. Such was his prowess that the Task Force Headquarters sent out an official minute directing members to desist from

'murdering' toads as the stench of dead toads was not appreciated by the Commander or his VIP guests. By the end of the year, I was amazed to see the golf bag in the corner of Sides' room full of bent and broken clubs, many with their heads missing. He hardly had a club left to dispatch a toad with, even in an emergency.

At a memorable night's 'few drinks' in the Mount Stuart Officers Mess with 'Sides', Peter Jenke and some other subalterns, 'Jenks' decided to display his newly-acquired ability to place a piece of crockery on a rotating ceiling fan blade. Of course, 'Sides' and the rest of us had to have a go. The next morning, there was not a useful piece of crockery on which to serve breakfast! We received a very large mess bill at the end of the month including a line item 'cost of replacing crockery'. Good memories, good times. RIP mate." *Ian Steel (Chopper)*

"The memory that comes to me was of Geoff and PT: how dangerous it was to be next to him in the gym when we were lined up doing exercises. You could guarantee that if everyone else's arms were going up - his were coming down. 'Sides' might have been the originator of the term 'unco.' That aside, I have memories of him being a funny irreverent and gentle guy, and as someone said a mimic, especially of Drill Sgts and the Infantry Wing WOs." *George MacDonald*

Geoff Garside - one of our mates who made the journey just that little bit more interesting and amusing. We wonder if Larry Podmore was his spirit guide - or vice versa!

2775 Kapyong Company

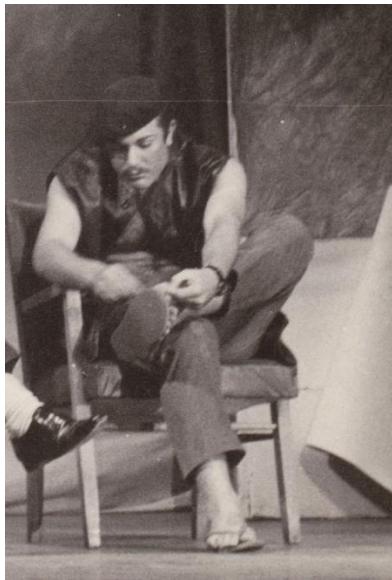
IN VINO VERITAS

Bob Gianatti ('Gino')



In the absence of Gino's Bio...as a fellow Western Australian, I offer the following:

'Bob' known universally as 'Gino' was one of the Class who immediately fired up the drillies' imagination. 'Gino' was to drill what Sides was to PT. In those days of course, his Italian heritage attracted much attention and he played on it much to everyone's amusement.



Gino left RMC for OCS at the end of 1971 and graduated into RAE in December 1972. He served in PNG and with UNTSO in the Middle East although

despatched to Cairo - ostensibly to survey the pyramids.

'Gino' resigned and transferred to APS where he worked within Management Audit Branch during the testing period of the Defence Support contract tendering.

He is a tireless volunteer for Legacy.

Gino is married to Denise and has two sons Adrian and Adam. He lives in Perth and frequently attends the RMC+ lunch club mainly to support our collective efforts to keep 'Skins' on the straight and narrow.



2776 Gallipoli Company

Ian Gordon ('Groover')



It was all a big shock on Day 1 and we were very young. But I was surrounded by some great blokes who were all going through the same thing and that made it much easier for me. I connected with some good guys at Point Hut and after that it was a matter of avoiding trouble.

Academics was always my toughest problem at RMC and I was very close to being out of my depth as a Scientist. I think I got through out of sheer willpower and some understanding Academic staff. Good on them. Having a few rare skills such as being able to high jump and long jump certainly helped: that was an extra incentive for the System to give me a few breaks. Then it was a matter of letting the years roll on. Luckily, I had a wonderful girlfriend in Perth and that saved me from being distracted in Canberra while I struggled with the Accas.

We graduated and I married Ula. After that my work, a growing family and quick-fire postings made it all a blur. Being technical gave me some very enjoyable long overseas courses which took the edge off the long work hours. So, I slowly worked through the promotion exams (remember those?), Staff postings in Canberra, Staff College (what a dream that was) and then into the 'right-place-right-time' posting and promotion zone. I don't remember having particular career ambitions: just to learn and be useful. I did learn that I'd been extraordinarily lucky to have Ula with me. She wasn't at all keen on the Army but was a loyal and massively supportive partner. And we had three beautiful loving children who are our most valuable gift of all.

I had some very lucky posting breaks. I was in a not-very thrilling staff job in Canberra and we found out

that poor Roger Powell, who was Deputy Force Commander in Dili, had taken ill and Australia needed a replacement at very short notice. Peter Leahy told me I was his most dispensable senior staff officer so up I went. That came with temporary promotion and probably kept my career prospects alive. It was a very lucky break for me. Fortunately, Roger recovered as well.

My last job was in Jerusalem with UNTSO – again through a fortunate and curious set of circumstances beyond my control. Ula had just been diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis but it seemed that she'd be able to cope. Being a UN official, she was allowed to accompany me for the two years.

By the time we got back to Australia, it was starting to get tough for Ula. Her deterioration was relentless and very cruel. Ula struggled on for ten years and by then the poor brave girl had nothing left. Her final fade wasn't surprising, but still a great blow. My family and my mates, especially Wal, Bottom and Rob were a massive support and helped me start something new. I joined a polar adventure tour company that one of my daughters was with and I then had something new to refocus on. Just to make things entirely new, I sold my house, car and almost all my possessions and became a nomad which seemed a good idea at the time. One day I'll have to slow down but not yet.

From the day I left high school, the Army and my family were my life and going to RMC was the first of the two best decisions I'd ever make. Thanks so much for being my mates. Groover

Richard ('Dick') Gray



Richard joined the New Zealand Infantry in 1970, and went to RMC Duntroon as an officer cadet. He served for just shy of thirty years, achieving the rank of Colonel in 1994. He retired in 1999. During this time, he served in three peacekeeping missions – Operation Midford, Rhodesia; UNTSO in Lebanon and UNPROFOR in former Yugoslavia, as well as foreign postings in Singapore and Malaysia. It was in Bosnia that he was awarded a military OBE, with the citation “personal bravery in the pursuit of peace”. Richard was made the UN Senior Military Observer conducting negotiations with the protagonists battling over Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia Herzegovina. He played a major role in negotiating the opening of Sarajevo airport which enabled the UN to fly in food and medicines for the civilians in the besieged capital, the longest running humanitarian airlift in history. In 1993 he went to the United Nations in New York to be New Zealand’s first ever Military Adviser to the NZ Mission, which then became a permanent posting. New Zealand was President of the UN Security Council in 1994 and Colin Keating, the NZ Ambassador to the UN commented recently “*Richard wasn’t a natural diplomat, but I needed someone who could get things done.*”

During Richard’s army career he held a number of senior posts including Commanding Officer, Trentham; Assistant Chief of General Staff and his final post Commander 3 Land Force Group.

Tony Connell was Richard’s Brigade Major at that time and wrote: “I had the privilege to work as Richard’s Brigade Major at the Headquarters, 3rd Land Force Group from mid-1997 until late 1998. I found Richard to be the personification of a professional Army Officer. He set himself

exceptionally high standards and he expected all others to meet his standards. However, if an individual made a mistake, he was forgiving. He did not hold a grudge. As the Commander, he made it his business to know what was going on within the units under his command. He was a firm believer in the power of team sports to develop high morale among the troops. To this end, the Burnham Rugby Club played a large part in his ensuring high morale among the soldiers of 3 LFG. He had the ability to inspire loyalty from those who knew him well. It was a very sad day when Richard left 3 LFG. The Southern Army lost a leader, a true friend and some of its flair. I have one regret about my time serving with Richard – we didn’t get the opportunity to deploy on operations. I would have followed him to the gates of hell and back – as would the rest of 3 LFG at that time.

Richard married Wendy, his first wife with whom he has three daughters, Katie born in Israel known as “Katusha Kate”, Bridie and Lucy. After leaving the Army, he went into business, but suffered from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder which had a devastating impact on his life. His marriage to Wendy broke down in 2003 and in 2005 he moved to London, UK to marry Fiona. In 2013 he suffered a catastrophic brain haemorrhage from which he was not expected to recover. He spent two years as an in-patient in hospitals and neuro rehabilitation units where he started his miraculous recovery. The stroke left him with physical and neurological disabilities which still continue to improve even now ten years later. Richard and Fiona live in Kent, where he enjoys supporting Fiona, gardening, growing vegetables and taking his dogs for a walk.

Richard Greville



After twenty-five years of service, I decided it was time to put family first. Virginia had a great job in Sydney and both my kids were at Sydney Uni so I decided to look for a job in Sydney. I thought that I needed some interview experience so I applied for a job as General Manager of a Sydney golf club. I did not want the job so was very relaxed in the interview and to cut a long story short I got the job.

I was General Manager of Pennant Hills Golf Club in Sydney for 5 years a job that I did not like very much so made the decision to retire and just go surfing and play golf. Virginia's career in IT and Telco outsourcing was going well and she had no desire to follow me into retirement. I think she particularly liked the frequent flyer miles as she spent most of her life in a plane working in wonderful places like India.



My surfing improved a little bit, but my golf improved quite a lot and eventually I was selected

to play in five Australian Senior Golf Teams competing once in Hong Kong, once in Vietnam, twice in New Zealand and once in Australia.

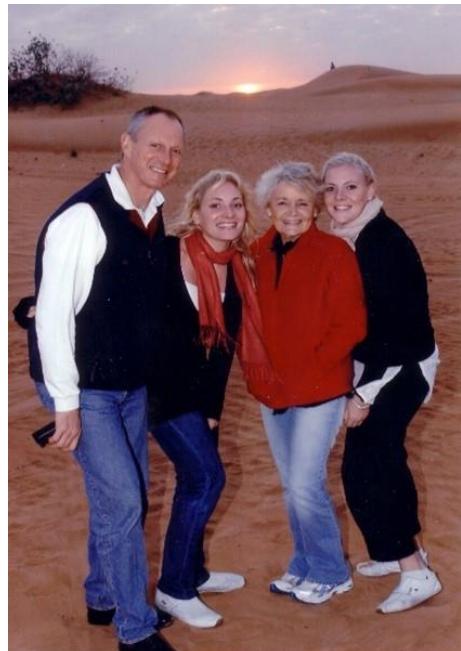
After several years of this Virginia decided that I was having way too much fun and she started thinking about retirement. We sold our beach house at Avoca and bought a house at Magenta Shores Golf Club on the Central Coast of NSW. Virginia even took up golf. Since then, we have travelled extensively playing golf all over the world.

During a game at Magenta, where I was not playing particularly well, I told Virginia that I was thinking of giving the game away. Her response was "and what would you do with yourself" to which I answered "I'll buy a horse". At the time I was only joking but we now have shares in six racehorses and we have a beautiful old warmblood and a retired racehorse that we ride every single day and we love it.

My son Simon is a very successful Pharmacist currently with three pharmacies. My daughter Kristiane is a Senior Producer for SBS. I have five grandchildren, four still at school and one in first year at Uni doing cyber security.

2789 Gallipoli Company

Peter Gumbley



Current State

Penny and I are happily living in our family home in the leafy Brisbane suburb of St Lucia.

Paige and Nathan have purchased a lovely home in Dee Why, Sydney, where they live with our fabulous three year old Grandson, Oliver.

Courtney has recently returned to Australia after thirteen years abroad and has set up home in Newcastle with her Canadian partner, Dave.

The Army Journey

I enjoyed a twenty-year Army career, the highlights of which included; two years in the Ministry of Defence London, Staff College in 1985 with numerous classmates, two years as a Company Commander in the ODF and two years as a Company Commander at RMC.

One memorable highlight in London was to accompany our Governor General and Lady Stephen, as ADC, during their visit for the Royal Wedding of Andrew & Fergie, whose Form Guide subsequently deteriorated.

The Family Journey

Greater than any work or sporting highlight, I've been blessed with a loving wife of forty-seven years and two beautiful 1980's daughters, who we speak with daily but don't see nearly enough. I enjoy an annual ski trip with Courtney and I still cycle and

surf regularly. My 2007 Track Cycling World Championship is a great family memory.

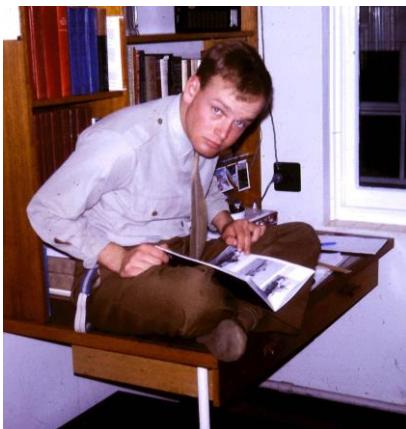
Pen and I are now grappling with the dilemma of our "next move". We love the beach and both girls live by the beach, so you would imagine a move to the Sydney/Central Coast region would be a slam dunk. However, we love South East Queensland and we have a nice friendship-base here. First step will be retirement mid-2024, followed by a bucket list overseas jaunt, and then home to put our minds to the next move.

Working Life

Having enjoyed early married life in Brisbane, Penny and I decided it would be an ideal post-Army home. I studied Commercial Real Estate Valuation in my final Army years, facilitating an easy career transition. Penny has enjoyed a career in State Government, latterly with Queensland Childrens Hospital, which lights up her every day. I've enjoyed a successful thirty-three year career in commercial property. A highlight included a ten-year stint with an international company as their State MD. Since 2007 I've enjoyed running my Corporate Property Advisory business. So, down tools in 2024 to look forward to precious family time and travel.

2780 Kokoda Company

Chris Hammond



I, along with several others from the class, relocated to the blissful shores of Portsea in 1972, where we spent the year enjoying the attention of another group of drill Sergeants intent on correcting imperfections in our RMC drill. After graduating to RAAOC, I filled several appointments up and down the East coast with several repeat terms in Melbourne. In the twenty years that I served I did not run across many RMC classmates apart from the Corps promotion courses and the memorable Tac 3 and Tac 5 at Canungra. The main exception being my last appointment as SO2 Log Ops in Log Branch Canberra where I worked for Chris Wallace. However, at about that time, I decided to test my worth outside of uniform, and in 1989, I resigned and joined CSIRO as Finance officer for Forestry and Forest Products. I spent twenty years working for CSIRO in various divisions and corporate finance where for several years I became the forward scout for CSIRO at Senate Estimates. It was very enlightening to see how some of our politicians and senior bureaucrats interacted with each other. I retired in 2008 to be around Kaye for support in her battle with cancer that she had been fighting since 2003.

It was during my time at RMC that I met my future wife Kaye, and we were married at the Duntroon Chapel in 1973. For some reason or quirk of fate all our sons were born in Melbourne, Matthew in 77, Rohan in 79 and Simon in 83. We moved to Canberra in 1986

and have been here ever since, happily residing in Stirling before Kaye passed away in 2009. The boys have all settled in Canberra not far from me and between them produced four granddaughters and two grandsons. None of my mob have followed my footsteps into the services, probably a result of the many schools and moves they had when younger.

I have done a bit of travelling with trips to the UK and France to see the battlefields of WWI. I paid for my own tour of Vietnam and Cambodia, which I must say was a lot more comfortable than some of our earlier trips. I have also done Canada, the USA, China (glad I did that a few years ago) and New Zealand. I think from now on I will stay a bit closer to home with Aussie-bound expeditions.

I have also occupied my time in retirement by spending several years as assistant secretary of the Woden Valley RSL Subbranch, until due to a minor health problem, I stepped back from that in the last couple of years. In 2019 I had a quadruple coronary bi-pass and then a few stents. This getting older is definitely not all it is cracked up to be. My time now is spent chasing grand kids to sport, gymnastics, dance and occasionally to nippers surf events at the Broulee Surf Lifesaving club on the South coast. I enjoy gardening, cooking and the odd beer at the Weston Creek Labour club (walking distance from home).

2684 Gallipoli Company

John Hands ('JD')



Jennifer and 'JD'

Arriving at RMC from the little country town of Wingham, I spent first year in shock and survival mode- who had ever heard of a test to stand on your head. Nevertheless as the years went on, I started to enjoy the time at RMC (and weekends away!). The friendships made at RMC are very important to me, and I frequently catch up with Classmates and others from classes above and below. I was allocated to Alamein for the first three years, but I was moved to Kapyong for 1st Class- probably because I kicked Dave Wilkins dog when it farted at the very moment he was announcing that change was necessary.

Although I retired at the earliest possible time to address the pay discrepancy between my needs and what we received, I had a great time in the Army. Highlights were my first posting to 6 Task Force (6 OFP), Computer Training in the UK (where as a young Captain we were invited to everything going), Senior Supply Representative in Tasmania, Staff College, Project Manager of a large computing project, and CO of a Supply Battalion.

As my 20 years was approaching, I applied for a job at Collins Foods (Purchasing Director). Some thirty-three years later I am still working for them (on contract), having retired in July 2017.

Highlights of my time at Collins included leading the Supply Chain and Information Systems area for over

twenty-five years, as part of the Executive team that bought the company from the NY Stock Exchange (with Private Equity) in 2005 and the listing of the Company on the ASX in 2011. Other highlights were being involved in the rapid expansion of KFC in Australia and overseas (including a stint as Head of Country for Germany) and the acquisition of most of the KFC outlets in WA and NT. I still represent Collins Foods on the KFC Australia Supply Chain Council and the Global Supply Chain Council for the parent company of KFC, Pizza Hut and Taco Bell.

On the personal side, Jennifer and I married in 2003 in Vienna. We have four children and five Grandchildren between us. Tom is based in Hong Kong, Naomi in London, Stephen in Brisbane, and James in Melbourne.

We try to travel at least yearly and, with two children overseas, we have ideal stopping off points.

We live on twelve acres at Tamborine Mountain with our dog, swan, guinea fowls and uninvited black and wood ducks, and carpet snakes. We hope to be here for some time – health permitting.

**2783 Alamein & Kapyong
Company**

Reg Hardman



Not much notable to say about my time at RMC. The sports highlight was being appointed to the much sought-after position of goal-keeper in the Hockey Last-XI, a team of such low status that we had an Aca as a coach. Rowing surfboat with FX, Merv, 'Sides and 'Muck Spunce' down at Malua Bay was enjoyable.

Tuned the old 1961 VW every Saturday, trying to get it fast enough to keep up with George MacDonald's '64 VW, it never did. Managed to keep out of trouble, being a light drinker, but not pass enough exams, being a heavy sleeper.

Graduated Portsea in December '72 and spent the next few years in long-term schooling, doing engineering. Posted to the workshop of 2nd Field Engineer Regiment in Brisbane, then 1st Division, HQ RAEME, then OC Technical Support Troop of 1st Field Regiment RAA, which finished off my Field Force days, in SE Qld. The next five years were spent in Melbourne as SO2 Weapons in the Maintenance Engineering Agency. I don't regret my fifteen years

in the Army, but always felt like a bit of a 'square peg', so to speak.

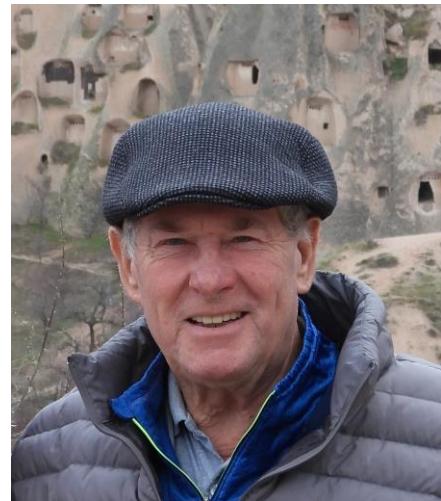
The real engineering career started when I took a job as production engineer at *Hobart Manufacturing* in Sydney, followed by several years in my own business writing technical documentation for software and engineering companies.

Following an interest in a branch of mathematics, I was corresponding with a commercial research group in France. On a holiday there, I made contact and was offered a position as technical writer. The plan was to work for three years in Paris, plus another two years if it worked out.

Well, here I am still after twenty-two years, slightly retired living in France, where I pursue other interests, in theatre and dance, as president of the *Théâtre Laboratoire de Paris* and dancing Argentine Tango with my partner Réjane.

2685 Kapyong Company

Dave Hay



RMC was all a bit of a giggle really: I couldn't understand why they always wanted to do things the same way. I liked to try things a different way, which is probably why I spent so much time on the square. Luckily, before they woke up it was graduation time and too late to cut the experiment. After graduation into Signals, I spent another sixteen years wondering where it would all lead.

I had a great first eight years with challenging jobs and independent commands away from all the parades and marching. Of course, it all had to end and they sent me to Canberra where I had four years in interesting jobs independent of all the military brouhaha, except for the court martial. By this time the Army realised it didn't know what to do with me so it sent me full time schooling to finish my computing degree. And what happened then? They sent me back to clink in charge of the computer systems. I then refused a job in Melbourne and decided I would see how much DFRDB was really worth.

I joined the Taxation Department and had seventeen years relishing all the different computer jobs they offered me; gaining a lot of experience and contacts. During this time, I was offered a job in the Reserves and I muddled through for nine years wearing baggy green skin on weekends and accepting their tax-free beer money. I worked in private industry for a year with *Compucat* which was little different from being in the Army except they were all technical professionals. I joined the ACT Government and worked as a Department ICT Manager. I spent three years with Emergency

Services as their ICT Manager. With all the ex-service people there, it was like being back in the Army. I had a ball there until I moved to Brisbane.

Retirement suited me. I took up art lessons and have done a few good paintings and a lot of crap - just like real life. I took up lawn bowls at the Banya Bowls Club. I have found my niche in life! I am a good bowler, not a great one, but the companionship is great and there's always something to do. I am currently President of the Mens Council and have been on the Board of Directors for the past five years or so. Between bowls Margaret and I have travelled around Australia in our campervan: to the tip of Cape York, across the Tanami Desert to Broome and around the Kimberley. We also took a trip to the 'Dig' Tree to see where my great-great-grandfather wrote *Dig* during the Burke and Wills Expedition. We are also on about our twentieth cruise. In March we did the Suez Canal ending with a few weeks in Turkey and visiting Gallipoli.

Ned (Margaret) is still curious to see what I do next. Next year marks our fiftieth wedding anniversary and we are doing a luxury cruise around the Med and the Rhine. Our three daughters have grown up, Deborah and Libby live in Canberra and our youngest Katherine is in Wagga with our two granddaughters, Lottie (five) and Dulcie (two.)

The future? Who knows? Definitely in Brisbane, and definitely playing bowls and having COSTIB luncheons to catch up with class mates. Life is good.

2782 Gallipoli Company

Brian Hollins



While I live, I grow

The road travelled to escape from or return to Duntroon remains uppermost in my memories of our time at RMC. Where the old Hume Highway crossed the Razorback stood a *Ficus rubiginosa*, known as the Anthony Hordern tree. Nearby was a billboard proclaiming, "While I live, I grow".

Until recently, I had not pondered the extent to which the motto of a once famous department store in Sydney has underpinned my life. This realisation came to me when late last year an old friend and I walked the Camino Frances in northern Spain. All up, my feet trod just over a thousand kilometres: a pilgrimage that coalesced history, geography, culture, spirituality and friendship.

Importantly, I was able to reflect and reminisce, with the occasional regret about my life journey. Aside from the rekindling of a long-lost friendship, foremost of my positive thoughts were my four children and eight grandchildren. Of the eight, Pia passed away suddenly, soon after her birth. I was numb with this loss.

Amy, the third of my four threw herself into creating an enormous playground in memory of Pia. As an OT, Amy specialised in inclusive play for children of all abilities. I was hoping she and her family would move back to the east coast from Perth. It appears to be a forlorn and selfish wish on my part, and she will remain in WA with my eldest, Brad, and his family. Brad is a FIFO underground miner, and like me, he has seen the effects of prolonged absences on relationships and family life.

Aaron, my other son, is a medical doctor and Associate Professor at James Cook University. He has specialised in indigenous health, and rural and remote medicine. His first emergency callout involved climbing a water tower to administer a sedative of some sort to a fella threatening to jump.

I was the primary carer for Megan, my youngest, and from that experience I often ask how mothers

do it. Megs has an incredible understanding of domestic animals and racehorses, but after three years has decided to change career paths. She is now looking after sales and marketing at the Holbrook and Woomargama Hotels in southern NSW. Drop into either pub and mention my name, to see if you can get a discount. Stay a day or two and explore the decommissioned HMAS Otway at Holbrook, and the cemetery at 'The Swamp', where you will find the headstones of Larry Podmore's ancestors. Seriously! BTW the locals are talking about retrofitting a nuclear reactor to the sub and then re-floating it on the Murrumbidgee to the Murray, and downstream to Goolwa and the Southern Ocean.

These reflections of family crossed my mind many times on the Camino, but none more so than on the Meseta, a vast, desolate plateau to the west of Burgos. Slightly further on is the Cruz de Ferro, the highest point on the Camino Frances. Traditionally, it is where pilgrims leave their burdens behind, by throwing a stone from 'home' onto the pile of rocks surrounding the wooden post supporting the cross of iron. The throwing of my rock from the beach at Emu Park was accompanied by a prayer, said silently in the hope that the balance of my life would be marked by good deeds, especially in support of the many Legacy widows and families in central Queensland.

The culmination of my Camino came at Santiago de Compostela, with my request for the forgiveness of my sins; achieved by entering the Cathedral through a side door, then by visiting the Tomb of St James, and finally through confession. And just to make sure, I did all this twice.

It's been quite a journey since our days together at Duntroon, from which I hope we have all grown.

2785 Kapyong Company

Graham Huggins ('Huggo')



In 1970 I returned to RMC as one of twenty-four cadets who did not graduate with their original Class. Some chose to repeat, transfer to OCS Portsea or return to civvie street. I elected to repeat Fourth Class; a decision that affected the next fifty years of my life. The alternative was a transfer to OCS in which case I may well have seen Operational Service in Vietnam, but then I would not have graduated in 1973 to Infantry and be posted to Townsville where I met and married Gail. For all of us, 'Sliding Doors' has been an appropriate mantra.

The passage of time has dimmed my recall of many events in 1970. Yes, there was the Presentation of Colours necessitating many hours on the parade ground and evening TOC sessions, but that's about all I recall!

My second year in Fourth Class passed by in building A61 without incident. I was still on the top floor overlooking the Parade Ground and Canberra airport. In 1971, I moved into Cork Block then to Ack Block for two years next to the flag pole.

After graduation, I was posted to 2nd/4th Battalion, RAR in Townsville. My only service outside Australia was to Rifle Company Butterworth (RCB) in 1975. Following postings to AHQ, AAS Balcombe, LWC, 1st Battalion, RAR, GLO at RAAF 35 Squadron, MA to Commandant RMC, OPSO 41st Battalion, RNSWR Lismore and finally back to Canungra, I retired in 1993.

My military career was over - or so I thought. I spent the next thirteen years in real estate and audio-visual technology sales before putting the uniform back on. With so many young officers, including my sons, committed to operations in the Middle East, opportunities arose for Dad's Army to fill a range of vacancies. My final posting on Continuous Full Time Service, prior to my second retirement in 2010 was



2IC 1st Field Regiment at Enoggera. This was a particularly enjoyable time as my son Matthew was also posted to Brisbane.

I married Gail, a Speech Pathologist in 1976. We have two boys, Brett and Matthew who both attended ADFA and RMC graduating to Transport and Infantry. They have had a number of deployments to Timor, Iraq and Afghanistan. We have four delightful grandchildren living in Sydney and Darwin. While we don't see nearly as much as we would like, that is the lot of military parents and grandparents.

We enjoy an active retirement on the Gold Coast where a number of our military friends have settled. I enjoy wood-working and spend far too much time at the Veterans' Mens Shed in Nerang. Gary Stone joins me on Tuesdays and we play golf with other veterans at Boomerang Farm on Fridays.

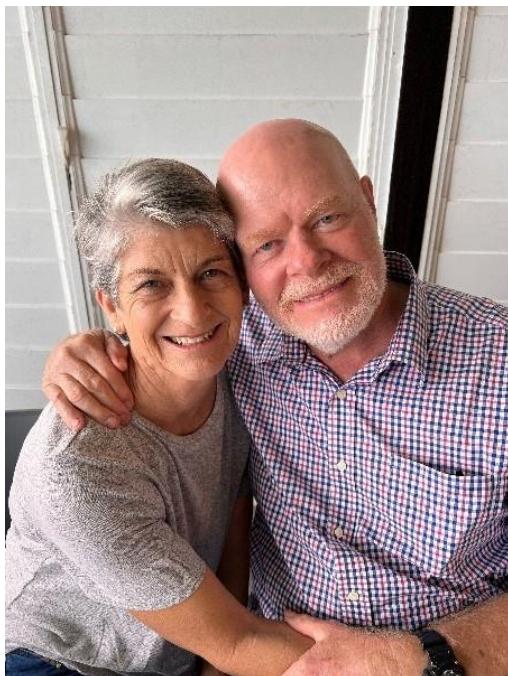
Gail and I were fortunate to travel widely pre-Covid, but will probably now limit our trips to within Australia. That said we have just renewed our passports - so who knows.

We all have excess time on our hands and there is no need to worry about the bastards getting us down. Stay safe and enjoy life.

2689 Alamein Company



Mike Hyde



Although starting with COST in 1970, in late 1973 I decided to try out the big wide world (the grass is always greener!) and finished my civil engineering at RMIT.

After two years as a civvie, I again joined up as a Direct Entry Lieutenant to serve for twenty-seven years, during which time I also completed a BEcon at University of Queensland. Many interesting postings followed throughout the eastern states, the Middle East-Israel/Lebanon and three years with the US Army Corps of Engineers.

I was extremely fortunate to be at the right place at the right time with the exact skillset and US experience and with a US Two and a Three Star batting for me to allow me to serve in the First Gulf War 1990-91 (ancient history now!) in US 7th Corps and 1st US Armoured Division (Old Ironsides). I was responsible for three US Army Engineer Battalions which had more combat engineers than our entire Australian Army. An unbelievable and tremendous experience with lots of (ie, unlimited) things that went bang! Trailers and trailers of explosives.....just sayin.'

With Canberra being spoken of in no uncertain terms as being imminent, my final posting was as COL (Ops) at Land Comd Vic Barracks Sydney. I avoided Canberra by being head-hunted in 1997 to help organise the Sydney 2000 Olympics serving in

the Olympic Coordination Authority doing Olympic Operations Planning. This led to five years of super interesting, but intense, times culminating in making a contribution to a great Olympic Games.

Life became a lot more mundane thereafter with some sixteen years in NSW/Qld local government and NSW State government employment as GM/CEO and State Regional Manager roles.

Retirement beckoned in late 2016 along with a much-desired relocation to Brisbane (finally!) to be close to our three kids' families and eight grandchildren.

As Philippa and I celebrate our 50th anniversary this year, we have much for which to be grateful. One granddaughter is doing second year university teacher training and another boy has just started at ADFA (RAAF -doh!).

Got to love being in Brisbane with many military friends and family around us.

2787 Kokoda Company

Roger Jaques



My Military career highlights included the following: Redeye Missile Troop Commander and, later, Battery Commander, 111th Air Defence Battery (Light), 16th AD Regt (Light); UN Military Observer in India and Pakistan (UNMOGIP); Military Assistant to the Deputy Chief of the General Staff; and, finally, Joint Planning Staff Officer, Operations & Planning Branch, HQ ADF. Along the way, I attended the Army Staff Course, Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham, UK, and the RAAF Staff College, Fairbairn, ACT.

When I retired from the Army, I moved to the USA. I attended Washington College of Law, the American University, in Washington, D.C., and graduated with a Juris Doctorate. I moved to Honolulu and drifted for a couple of years before working as a paralegal for four years in the Office of the Hawaii State Attorney General.

Life in Hawaii with my wife Margaret included hashing and triathlons and running marathons (seven) in Honolulu, Maui and The Twin Cities, Minnesota. Running highlights also included the Ten-mile Kilauea Volcano Crater Rim Run and, as part of a seven-person team, finishing second one year in the 134-mile Oahu Perimeter Relay Race.

In 2000, Margaret and I moved to Seattle, Washington, where I worked for the next eighteen years in a private law firm, concentrating on Complex Litigation, Construction Law, and Environmental Law. For sixteen of those years, I planned and coordinated the firm's Tribal Environmental Seminar for Native American Tribal Leaders and Environmental Managers. I also had the great experience of hiking into Havasu Canyon in the Grand Canyon, Arizona, camping in the Havasupai Reservation, attending a U.S. Bureau of

Indian Affairs environmental field seminar, and participating in construction projects in support of the Havasupai Tribe.

For many years, Margaret and I have enjoyed hiking and camping in the numerous scenic places in the Pacific Northwest. From wine country in Eastern Washington to mountains, lakes and old growth forests in Western Washington, plus Mount Rainier, the Columbia River Gorge, the Puget Sound, and the Pacific Coast of Washington, Oregon and Northern California, we have tried to experience as much as possible what nature has to offer. A highlight was a camping road trip from Seattle to Northern Minnesota and back, taking in Mount Rushmore, Crazy Horse Memorial, The Badlands, Grand Coolee Dam and Lake Roosevelt. We also experienced, in very close proximity, a herd of several hundred bison roaming free in Custer State Park, South Dakota.

Last summer, we took a Viking cruise from Venice to Barcelona, the highlight of which was snapping mooring lines and running aground in gale force winds in the Adriatic! This summer we are taking another, hopefully more sedate, Viking cruise around Norway and Iceland.

Familywise, my elder daughter, Vanessa, is a pre-school teacher at an International School in Shanghai, China. My son, Nathan, and his family live in Canberra, where he serves as an officer of the Australian Federal Police. My younger daughter, Carrie, is a teacher at an International School and together with her family also lives in Shanghai.

Life is good.

2791 Kokoda Company

Merv Jenkins



It's never easy to recall Merv's life and Career. His passing remains tragic and these few recollections will be a compilation of memories of a few mates.

Groover: I first met Merv when we were young teenagers at School together in Perth and it was a comfort to be at RMC with him. Merv's easy going and slightly rebellious nature at RMC made him a favourite. That, along with his clear ability and application at the things he took to be important took Merv quickly through the junior officer ranks.

Merv was especially interested in, and so became extremely successful in the Electronic Warfare world. He advocated strongly for his Unit and Army to develop quickly where many needs were emerging. This sometimes put him at odds with some of the older policies, funding allocations and practices in Defence. In due course Merv judged that he could have more success and influence as a Defence civilian so Merv started a new career stream there and he continued his successes.

The story of Merv's difficulties in his appointment in a Defence appointment in the United States are still shrouded with unanswered questions, and speculation delivers no peace.

We all miss Merv I know, and feel the pain of Sandra and his family. I wish Merv had heard the words spoken about his at his funeral before his final decision. Perhaps we would still have him if he had. He was a dedicated servant and friend.

Shoebs. Merv and I became friends early in Fourth Class and I always valued his dry humour, laid back approach to life and ability to escape, whenever he could, to the surf of the NSW South Coast. He was a

'cool dude'. In Second Class, he kept me grounded when we had various appointments. As a Class, we were very lucky to have him touch our lives with a life that was dedicated to service.

Bottom. Being unhindered by WA-based female commitments during leave periods, Merv and I often stayed on the East Coast and travelled in his Holden Panel Van aka 'The Bread Truck' to such places as Byron Bay, The Gold Coast and as far North as Bundaberg. We even did the two-week Land Rover desert trip one leave and walked the Black Cat Trail in PNG in Jan 73. When in Perth it was more basic, always beach-oriented and usually the Ocean Beach Hotel aka OBH.

In many ways Merv was an enigma. He was intelligent, determined and highly competent and while he seemed to be made for the Army, he had an unwavering frustration of those conventions that restricted freedom of action when solely and rigidly predicated on rank. If we hadn't graduated into 'the long peace' Merv would, in my opinion, have flourished in the unconventional operations arena and achieved an almost legendary status.

Merv's common-sense approach and willingness to think outside the box made him a force to be reckoned with, traits that made him a successful leader and administrator across his Defence portfolios.

Noons. Merv and I shared a somewhat cynical view of rules – pretty much all rules. He led me astray often. The Jenkins billeted me at their house on Eric Street during Groove's wedding. Much too close to the North Cottesloe Surf Club and Ocean Beach Hotel to be healthy. Sometime during the wedding

festivities Merv and I absconded to Rottnest Island, barely making it back to the wedding – and a sound talking to from the Groom and Best Man. We served together three times – I used to trek across for a dose of sanity when he was at Dundas and I

was at Parramatta. We served together in Damascus and Lebanon and later Canberra. I never tired of his company.

2792 Kapyong Company

Rod Jewell



In retrospect, it was the reports of intense fighting during the 1968 Tet offensive in South Vietnam that convinced Rod that he should apply for RMC. The logic was simple - If conscripted, it would probably be better to go to Vietnam as an officer than as a private soldier – at least he would have less people to boss him around.

In January 1970, Rod entered RMC half a day after the remainder of the class because of flooding in Mackay (but that's another story!). Although not a star in sports, social events, or anything really, Rod eventually managed to graduate in 1973 with a commission and a BEng. His first posting was to 3rd Field Engineer Regiment in Townsville.

Rod was then seconded to the Papua New Guinea Defence Force helping to construct roads, bridges, culverts, and an airfield (Kokoda Trail area, and Green River in the West Sepik). He appreciated the Green River yearly rainfall of 7.7m.

In 1977, Rod was posted to SME Casula to write training manuals on explosive demolitions and counter surveillance. During his time there, he met his first wife with whom he had two lovely daughters.

Rod then had postings to 17th Construction Squadron at Holsworthy - UNTAG preparation for Namibia; Long Term Schooling at Sydney University - Computer Aided Architectural Design; 19th Chief Engineer Works at Randwick - Design Major; and

Command and Staff College at Queenscliffe - student.

After two years as OC 1st Field Squadron in Holsworthy, Rod returned to Canberra at DGAW-A at Russell Offices - SO1 Major Projects; Australian Defence Force Academy - Visiting Military Fellow; and Personnel Branch - managing the uniformed strength of the Army.

Rod retired from the Army early 1996 to lecture in information systems at CQU Mackay. After eleven years and a divorce, Rod became operations manager for a Sydney developer. Leaving there, he helped in the construction of pipelines and pump stations for drought proofing the Central Coast of NSW, and in a contract with Gosford City Council for an infrastructure refurbishment program. Whilst working there, he met the lovely Maria, who he later married, and moved to Newcastle.

Since the latter part of 2013, Rod has been retired and living the good life in Newcastle, enjoying daily walks along nearby beaches with Maria and Bruce the beagle. Rod also meets former RMC inmates for coffee. He babysits; volunteers at Glenrock Lagoon Scout Camp (see photo); and is an IT understudy for the Newcastle University of the Third Age. Rod dabbles on the ASX where his stock picking ability is on par with that of the legendary Larry Podmore. He and Maria travel as much as they can.

2788 Kapyong Company

Kevin Jones



Writing this has me looking forward to the reunion, and feeling thankful to those involved with organising it. Fifty years since graduation! Wow.

I ended up doing thirty-three recognized years of service in Defence, serving in RA Sigs until my retirement in Tasmania in 1990 (after twenty years), then transferring to RA Inf to serve in the Army Reserve as a Major (for another thirteen years).

All good. There are plenty of good memories, and I'm happy to claim that the system got enough out of me to justify the training and experiences provided to me.

At this stage of my life, I am happy with the opportunities available to stay connected with 'old' comrades. Locally this is facilitated by my Affiliate Membership of the Anglesea Barracks Officers' Mess, participating in a military history group, membership of the 12th /40th Battalion Retired Officers' Association, regular lunches, dinners, fishing trips, the odd holiday together and so forth.

Fortunately, my last posting in the Regular Army brought my family and me to Hobart. We arrived in January 1986. At that stage, my family consisted of my wife Lysbeth (Lys), and three children (Lysanne, Eloise and Amelia). In 1986 Peter and in 1988 Sally arrived. Tasmanian Born!

While Lysanne and Peter live locally as I write this, Eloise and Amelia live in Darwin, and Sally in Brisbane. Total Grandchildren: **Eight**. Lysanne (three), Eloise (three), Amelia (one), Sally (one). Lys and I enjoy grandparenting, and regular trips to Darwin and Brisbane form part of this activity.

Early last year, Lys and I moved from a two-story house on the side of a hill to a nearby single-story house on the flat. A well-planned and well-funded major renovation of our new home is almost complete. We now confidently assert "we are staying at 23 Ninda Street until we are carried out".

The open-plan area of the house has a wooden 'dance floor' surface. A good-sized area for practicing ballroom dancing. If you are curious, the search term **Kevin Gold Paso Doble** on YouTube will bring up a recent 'Gold Medal' performance.

I took up dancing about seven years ago to help my movement around the tennis court. But it has taken on a life of its own. As a result, the President of the Rosny Park Tennis Club is not playing as much tennis as he used to. That said, he feels like he is moving well (touch wood) when playing.

2790 Kapyong Company

Geoff Kaslar



Jan and Geoff

Life after Grad started out badly, having to cancel my wedding to Jan that week. She overcame her illness, and we were married on the 8th March 1974. So by the time of our class reunion, we'll be close to our own 50th anniversary: quite a milestone.

My military service was fairly uneventful, except for a posting to 5th/7th RAR, where I was reunited with Jake O'Donnell - who, after trying to have me disallowed from touring NZ with Combined Services Rugby, told me I may have chosen the wrong career. I did manage to complete an MComm before resigning in 1980, which was to come in handy when applying for jobs.

Civilian life involved working for several large listed companies and three different business ventures. The first of these was in 1983, when I joined the *John Valentines* Franchise, running its Parramatta Health Club; later inviting Paddy Ryan to become a partner. After two years of absolute boom times, the collapse of the *Vigor* gym chain, which had come to Sydney from Victoria, made front page news and led to the same fate for our group.

The second was in 1993, when Steve McLeod asked me to join him in a manufacturing business called *Real Estate Displays*, which made what the name suggests. The business went well until Steve decided to return to England to work, so I sold up in 1999. However, I had made some excellent contacts in the real estate industry during those six years and

decided to join *LJ Hooker*, opening an office in Thornleigh in late 1999. This was my final business venture, and one that went well, seeing my office grow over the following ten years from #720 in gross income nationally to #36, with a staff of fifteen.

In 2010, I ceased being a sales Principal and relocated to Magenta Shores on the central coast; essentially easing back my workload until I was more than happy to retire at the end of 2019. Jan and I did an enormous amount of overseas travel during our time with *LJ Hooker*, for which we are very grateful looking back now post-covid.

On the family front, it's been wonderful watching our children reach adulthood and achieve in their chosen fields. Amy joined me in real estate, and rose to become the most successful female salesperson for *LJ Hooker* in Australia. Corinne is an outstanding primary school teacher, with wonderful accolades from her students' parents year after year. Adam, after a sometimes-tumultuous career as a chef for fifteen years, now has his own lawnmowing business here on the central coast.

We love our grandchildren to death, with Tia (nineteen) at University in the UK, Luke (sixteen) in Year Eleven at Barker College and little Aidan (three) living close by and keeping us sooo busy in our retirement.

2793 Alamein Company

Peter Keane



Rosemary and Peter

'Twas but a blink of the eye for 50 years to unfold its mysteries and its promise – where did it all go?

I was invited to stay an extra Third Class year majoring in drill and ceremonial and then graduating in 1974. But with many of my closest friends from that 1970 Fourth Class intake I welcome the invitation to contribute to this journal.

From Duntroon it was go north young man and I went off to the artillery. I loved the smell of cordite on those early mornings at SWBTA and Tin Can Bay so much that I spent those early years at regimental postings at 4 Field Regiment in Townsville, 8/12 Medium Regiment in Holsworthy and 1st Field Regiment in Brisbane.

Overseas to UN service in the Middle East in 1983 – despite 'cooking and looking' on the Golan Heights and Lebanon I failed to bring peace to that troubled part of the world. On return to Australia, my last regimental posting was as Battery Commander of 105 (Tiger) Battery in 1984-5.

After staff college in 1986 I did my duty in Army Office in operations branch before being posted as Deputy Commander 7 Brigade. But my life and priorities had changed by then.

In Townsville I had met the love of my life, the lovely Rosemary (I was so naïve – I was easy pickings, but a good catch). In 1977 we married.

By 1989 we had been over-run with children (five no less and four of those were quads born in Sydney in 1988). Brisbane had become home base.

With peace breaking out all over; a new posting south from Brisbane to Sydney; and the family situation approaching critical it was that time to make a decision about our future – I left the Army in 1991 in Brisbane.

What to do? From a standing start I secured gainful employment with the Queensland Government and after a modestly successful public service career I retired in 2011.

Since then, Rosemary and I have settled into retirement gracefully at Buderim on the Sunshine Coast – living the dream as our kids say. Life now is travel, golf, fishing, surfing, grand kids (six of) and a bit of Legacy work.

In these senior years, sometimes I reflect on decisions made – sort of 'sliding door moments'. We both enjoyed our army life, the basis of which has been the Duntroon experience shared with so many good people over the past 50 years.

Life has been good to Rosemary and I with good health, good friends and a happy marriage of 46 years.

Our best wishes to you all.

2795 Kokoda Company

Rex Kermode



Marg, grandson and Rex

I still have many fond memories of my time at Duntroon. Winning the Novice Boxing beating Phil Lewis in the final, the Under 19A's rugby plus two games in the First XV, sneaking out on my motor bike to buy hamburgers for our section from some place in Civic, sneaking into the Corps kitchen with an unnamed accomplice to 'acquire' special treats (like ice creams), for our section and especially Camp Training. I had a great time at Duntroon with a lot of wonderful blokes (especially Ian Lillie), but just thought that the Army was not for me in the long term.

After I resigned from Duntroon, I worked in Bega at an accountancy practice for two years. I then went to Wollongong Teachers' College for three years and taught mathematics for thirteen years at firstly Boorowa, Peak Hill, Queanbeyan and then Bega High for eleven years. I resigned from there and started my accountancy career. I studied via distance education through Monash University campus at Churchill in Victoria. After twenty-five years in Public Practice in Bega, I retired in 2017.

When I returned to teach at Bega High in 1978, I met my wife Margaret and we lived in Tathra, on

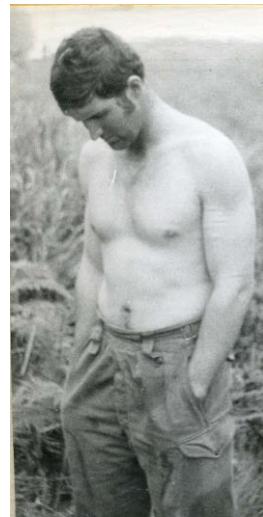
the far south coast of NSW, eighteen kilometers on the seaside from Bega. We were married in May 1978, and three years later had a daughter Beth, followed seventeen months later by a son, Michael. Beth has been an English teacher at Deniliquin High School for nineteen years and in April 2023, she had her first child, a son. Michael produces radio for the ABC in Darwin, and he & his partner have a two-year-old girl.

Marg and I love Tathra, as shown by our being here for forty-five years. Marg plays golf whenever she can. I play a bit of golf as well and I'm involved with Tathra Lions and Bega Valley Legacy, as well as other community activities, like organising and running the dawn and main ANZAC Day Services for the past thirty years.

I started playing Golden Oldies Rugby in 1999, but two knee replacements in 2009, and two shoulder replacements in 2018 put paid to that. Geez, I had some fun though and Marg and I saw a lot of the world that we otherwise probably wouldn't have seen by going to World Festivals.

2794 Kapyong Company

Greg Leary



Hi everyone. It is great to contact you all again after so much time of our life has disappeared. I have had a truly blessed life sharing it with three wonderful wives, three kids and nine grandchildren.

I have spent 20% of my life living in China and Europe where I had an office in Shanghai and Lucerne, Switzerland. I was appointed Global Supply Chain Director for *Schindler*, a Swiss multinational. I met my latest flame, Amanda when she was twenty-eight in Shanghai and I was fifty-eight. She is a beautician with Dior so I get regular facials to keep me young. Haha. She has an apartment in Brisbane now, but she will move back to Sydney next month.

Amanda is a gypsy: she moves about every twelve-months and I follow. She has lived in every high rise in Sydney and owned an apartment on the Gold Coast where I got into whale watching. But the garbo's upset her with the 6am pick up, so back to Sydney, then a stint in Wollongong, before Burwood then the River City Brisbane, now she wants back to Sydney.

You get the picture? Never let the grass grow under your feet, right? Anyway, she is gorgeous and always entertaining and our two cultures always clash.

Her English is far better than my Chinese. We have been many places in the world together, she absolutely loves Japan but my great love is Istanbul and Prague. I used to get a train down from Munich to Prague during my visits to my Supply Chain

Managers in Europe. I find Eastern Europe fascinating but a little dangerous.



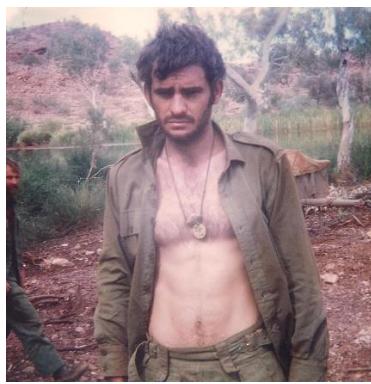
Danny my son is Head of a Chinese English school, in Shanghai 'The Harrows', living with his South African born wife and two kids. Belinda is an Emergency Nurse living on a farm in Marulan NSW with her brilliant entrepreneur husband, who has Yachts, Quad bikes, Rams and Jet Skis. My other daughter Samantha is a journalist who was working for the ABC in Dubbo NSW. Her husband is an Engineer. They leave for a three-month road trip across the States in July this year with their four kids.

So life is good. Never a dull moment. I retired twelve years ago when I reached sixty, because China would not extend my work permit. So, I bought Amanda to Australia to live. We have been moving ever since but we wouldn't have it any other way, new horizons and experiences enrich our life.

Had my gall bladder out via emergency surgery last year. Amanda had to call an ambulance as I was really crook. She loved that, NOT! But all good now.

2801 Kokoda Company

Phil Lewis



After my seventeen year-young girlfriend failed the rabbit test in 1971, I did the 'right' thing and married her. The crowning glory was my exit interview with Rollo Brett who told me that I had received THE 'definitive' social C pass. (I gave him a dance music tape as a parting gift – with the first song being "It's Hard to Be Humble")

I ended up in the OCS class of '72, and graduated into the Cockroaches despite several DS claiming that I was a big enough larrikin to have gone into the Grunts (imagine!).

I spent three years in PNG (one as OC Pig Farm in Goldie River Barracks). I had three fistfights with soldiers clearing OR's bars when the MPs refused to arrest 'One Toks', and ordered a patrol boat to fire a warning shot over the bow of an Indonesian fishing vessel.

I was the first Pogo officer to gain survival instructor accreditation on the SAS Survival course. I was posted immediately afterwards, so never got to use the 'skills'

I 'revolutionised' the Army training video PHILOSOPHY: producing a sex, drugs and rock 'n roll character guidance video for the Padres and a documentary of the Australian Engineers in Namibia with the UN Peacekeeping Force in 1989 (A Distant Peace – still available on You Tube)

I resigned from the Army in 1992 after falling on my moral sword over a spat with a rogue General. Turns out that being morally right actually means bugger-all in the real world and I ended up leaving Australia in June '93 for overseas adventures and never returned to live fulltime in Oz thereafter.

My official Bio partly reads "A leader, senior executive, project manager and strategic

consultant with fifty years' experience in conflict, post-conflict and development environments. Has military, UN, NGO and private sector experience at field and headquarter levels in over twenty countries including Iraq, Afghanistan, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, UAE, Sri Lanka, Palestine, Ethiopia, Eritrea, Jordan, Yemen, Bahrain, Papua New Guinea, Namibia and others. Has directly collaborated with government leaders, senior Ministers, Ambassadors, senior UN officials and major donor organisations to initiate and execute major emergency and development programs and projects."

And that briefly sums up the plethora of gigs I have had since we all first met in January 1970. I have commenced writing my memoirs, but it's not for general publication as I don't want to spend my remaining years in jail or looking over my shoulder.

I have been visited by the big black dog on a few occasions as a result of experiencing first hand incidents involving dead children (including three of my own). My situation is usually under control thanks to the wonderful support from family and friends. If anyone wants to discuss coping mechanisms, feel free to contact me privately.

I will probably never fully retire and am currently consulting on major waste-to-energy and graphene projects in Europe, North America, South Africa and the Middle East.

I moved permanently to France in July 2019 to assume the role as chief guinea pig for the French medical system. I currently hold the French record for largest (by volume) prostate removal by laser and am vying for the French title of the most unusual and adverse medical conditions in a single (almost) human body.

I luv youse all (well almost all).

2799 Kapyong Company

Ian Lillie



Lil and Deb



Mick Prunty, George McDonald, Pete Stevens and Lil

Great to be able to catch up with everyone from RMC 1970! A lot of water under the bridge since that fateful train trip from South Brisbane to Yass!

I didn't mind Fourth Class that much. I enjoyed the military stuff and the sport; swimming and water polo and U19 Rugby. Unfortunately, I didn't pay enough attention to the Academics, coasting along as I had done at school. Fortunately, Sandy Pearson after a brief interview, invited me to repeat Fourth Class in 1971, where I met another great bunch of great blokes graduating with them in 1974. I had a more difficult interview with my mother and resolved to hit the books in future. I gave up Rugby and took up Aussie Rules to mark the fresh start! Did ok for the rest of the time even picking up a few military prizes.

The next big thing was meeting Debbie McIntyre at the Nurses home at Canberra Hospital in 1972. We started going out together soon after. A permanent girlfriend made life at RMC much more bearable. We got engaged and were married two days after grad - so 49th wedding anniversary coming up.

I went into Ordnance Corps as the Army seemed to be in the doldrums after Viet Nam. My plan was to learn a trade and sign off early and make my fortune on civvy street! Ended up doing thirty-four years in uniform, retiring in 2004, as a Brigadier. So much for well laid plans. Served in logistics and training postings, including Melbourne, Canberra and Albury Wodonga (several times), Bogan gate, three years in Brisbane, DS at Staff College and a supply job at the Embassy in Washington which was great for the family. I also commanded the Peace

Monitoring Group in Bougainville, which is the highlight of my military service.

We had nineteen houses in our first twenty-seven years of marriage. Our final posting was Melbourne in 2001 and we moved into our own home and have been here ever since! I ended up a defence consultant from 2004 until we both retired in 2016. This included years in the UAE on a logistics project where I caught up with Phil Lewis: often reminiscing over a good whisky.

On the family front, we have three daughters, all born in different places: Kate in Parkes NSW; Rachel in Brisbane and Rebecca in Canberra. We have six grandchildren. Our grandson lives in Melbourne near us and the other two girls and five granddaughters live in Albury.

Retirement has been good. We have had caravans for years and get away a lot especially during the southern winter. We catch up with fellow RMC grey nomads. We both play golf and Debbie is involved in a bunch of voluntary activities. Apart from golf, I am swimming and walking most days. We have avoided any major health issues (touch wood) although I do have two new hips.

So, all good with the Lillies. It has been a great journey so far made all the better by the many close friendships forged all those years ago that continue to this day.

2796 Kapyong Company

Russell Linwood



Probably the military career highlight was spending almost the entire time I was eligible for Army service in uniform, from 12 Jan 70 to 1 Dec 17. That makes me both the youngest, and the longest serving member of our class. Regular Army appointments followed the usual career profile including operational service in Malaysia and Commanding Officer 1st RTB before accepting appointment in the Queensland Ambulance Service where I also undertook many Army tasks as a Reservist until mandatory retirement. Training was my secondary specialty aside from shooting. I continued my competitive shooting up to international level, until the eyes grew dim.



Having served for so long, I met and worked with a huge range of wonderful people, and my modest efforts in the military history might reflect the benefit of working beside many fine fellow soldiers. A similar experience as a civilian in the Emergency Health Services field led to the satisfaction of perhaps making the world a better place as the chief trainer



and then a commander in Queensland Ambulance Service.

I was awarded the Centenary Medal in 2001 and the Australian Service Medal in 2003, both for services to the nation in Ambulance training and operations.

In my post- ambulance career, I also did a stint on the faculties of both QUT and Griffith University teaching Quality in Health Care and related civilian disciplines. I also took the opportunity of clocking up a few degrees in the second career's focus area.

Judy and I remain the proud parents of three children – all university graduates and one from RMC – who in turn have graced us with seven grandchildren. Like everyone else, they grow under one's feet before you know it, and range from one to eighteen-years old.

Post-paid career work is characterised by a range of service-oriented pursuits; especially advocacy for veterans, local community service, military history and my other passion most will remember – music. I play lead guitar in a band in which I am the second youngest. You will be pleased to hear I still don't sing. Thanks for allowing me to share this pen picture.

2797 Gallipoli Company

Robert (Bob) Losik



Bob and Lynne



It is humbling to reflect on fifty years of one's life in a few words on one page. I am still surprised to find myself in the seventies and considered by society as old although I certainly don't feel it. How did it all happen so quickly?

The undoubtedly highlight and greatest gift in my life was marrying my best friend, Lynne. We had crossed paths before I entered Duntroon, but it was only after I was at the School of Armour, Puckapunyal, on my Young Officer's course that we reconnected and married in May 1975.

I served with 4th Cavalry Regiment at Enoggera until December 1977 when I returned to Canberra to complete two years post graduate studies at RMC. I then transferred from RAAC to Intelligence Corps and enjoyed working at the Joint Intelligence Organisation as the Middle-East desk officer until April 1983 when I returned to civilian life.

Not surprisingly I continued working in the security field, initially as the Security officer for the former Department of Communications, and then in variety of other APS organisations. The most satisfying part of my working life was after 11 September 2001. This tragic event generated extraordinary structural and operational challenges in the Intelligence community. Until my retirement in July 2010 my working life was always interesting, challenging, at times frustrating but highly rewarding. As a member of various Committees, it

was an opportunity to have exposure and input to the operation of Government.

However, all the above is unimportant when I look at our children and grandchildren. Lynne and I had four girls – Catherine (1979), Sharon (1980), Rebecca (1983) and Anneka (1987). They are a source of joy, and it is a privilege to see them carve their own lives and establish families. It gives us great confidence in the generation that is taking over the reins from us. We also now have eight grandchildren, five girls and three boys from eleven years to just a few weeks.

In retirement I have enjoyed reading, gardening, photography, travel and an exercise regime including walking. Lynne and I treasure our precious time with family and enjoy entertaining our many friends. It was a memorable experience to connect with relatives across Europe for the first time in 2011. In 2018, and again in 2022, we undertook two eight-month trips in our caravan exploring the Kimberley and Pilbara regions of WA as well as north Queensland and the Northern Territory. Whilst exploring this magnificent country we completed numerous bush walks and trails.

In the words of Albert Facey, we are living 'Fortunate Lives'. We don't know what lies ahead but it would be a privilege to celebrate our 60th Class Reunion.

2800 Alamein Company

Stuart ('Stu') Mackenzie



I graduated into Ordnance Corp and over the next six years served in Albury, Lithgow and Holsworthy, finally ending my military career at Moore Park Barracks (now the Sydney Sports Ground). I resigned my commission and left the Army on 14 Jan 1980 – exactly ten years to the day from starting the journey as a callow seventeen-year-old. I met and married Kerry in 1974 and looking back I believe that when I got out it was my time to leave. I never had any real desire to go back in.

Since Then - 1980 – 2023. Coal mining – I started work in mid-January 1980 at Darkes Forest Mine as



Lynne, Stuart and Cath

a coal miner and within 4 weeks was on a several week strike over a safety issue – this being just 6 months after the Appin Mine explosion that killed 14 miners. I spent 6 happy years working underground, during which time I got my Engineering Degree, statutory qualifications, had 3 children – Sarah in 1981, James in 1984 and Evan in 1987.

I left the mine in 1986 and started to use my degree, working as a contractor in the coal industry. Since

then, I have worked in coal and hard rock mining in a number of countries around the world. I sat for my Mine Managers qualifications in 2008 and have managed two mines and run projects in most Australian states – all underground operations, In 2012, after the death of Kerry, I moved to the USA and worked in Denver for three years. During that time, I spent several months working in Germany on advanced mining technology and Ghana starting a new gold mine.

Since late 2015 I have been back in Australia, working on projects in WA and currently NSW. I am still working and while I enjoy it I will keep going. I currently support several projects at Cadia Mine near Orange NSW and Red Chris Mine in British Columbia.

As mentioned above I married Kerry in November 1974 and she passed away in May 2012 at age sixty from breast cancer. We had three children and now have eight grandchildren – six boys and two girls: so, the Mackenzie name will live on. Unfortunately, only one of them, William, knew Kerry, because the other grandkids were born after 2012

While working in Denver I met a Lynne and we got married in a pub in Denver in 2014. I moved back to Australia in late 2015 and Lynne followed in January 2016. Lynne had no children of her own but my three welcomed her into the family and she is now a much-loved Nanna to the eight grands. Lynne received her temporary residency in 2016 and full citizenship in June 2021.

We are living at Mount Cotton near Redland Bay south of Brisbane and enjoying life. We travel back to the US regularly as Lynne's parents and brothers live there.

Peter Maher



Laura and Peter

It's hard to believe it is coming up on fifty years since Grad, but my body is telling me it's true. It has been fifty years of moderate professional success, variety, great times and a blessed family life.

On graduation, I joined the 6th Battalion RAR just coming back from Singapore with the majority of officers and soldiers with Vietnam service. I was lucky to have great NCOs who graciously allowed me to think I was running the show.

I had the normal run of regimental and staff postings over my military career. Highlights were ADC to GOC Training Command where I met Laura, the UN in Kashmir where we were married in 1978, and Commandant LWC Canungra in 2007 as my last full-time appointment.

Other notable appointments were postings to HQ 3rd British Armoured Division in Germany in 1988, Liaison Officer to the USMC in Quantico, Virginia 1994-96 and Deputy Chief of Operations, MNSTC-I in Baghdad, Iraq in 2006.

After transferring to the Reserve, Laura and I managed a holiday resort, and I did lots of projects and periods of Reserve Full Time Service. For the last ten years I have been a part-time Services Member of the Veterans' Review Board.

Laura and I are the very proud parents of two boys. Ryan is currently a LTCOL in AAAVN (pilot) in Canberra with qualifications and experience in Capability and Project Management and currently teaching at the ADF technical college (the equivalent of RMCS Shrivenham). He is married to our beautiful daughter-in-law, Heidi, and they have

three boys – Noah (fourteen), Oliver (twelve) and Calvin (eight). We love them all to bits and visit as often as possible.

Other son, Jarad, is a Senior Associate commercial lawyer here on the Gold Coast. He enjoys his bachelorhood and the freedom it provides to travel and live the good life. He has his own home here and so we have the benefit of being close, but separated. Methinks he much prefers it that way too.

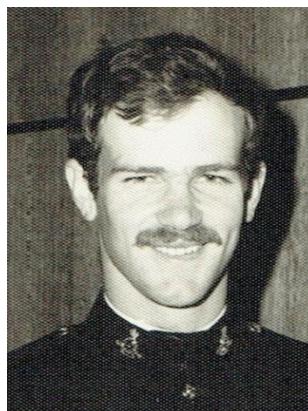
Laura and I have had a boat in the Whitsundays for fifteen years: sold it recently - much to the disgust of some Classmates - and now have a caravan. We have also made a number of overseas trips (but not in the caravan), including Mexico, the US, Canada and Alaska this year.

We are looking forward to the reunion and the chance to catch up with many old (sorry long-term!) friends to renew the special Class bond we have which was formed so many years ago.

2809 Gallipoli Company



Robert ('Bob') Martens



I entered RMC in 1969 and repeated Third Class in 1971 to join the Class of '73.

My first posting was to the Technical Services Unit at Broadmeadows. This was followed in 1976 with a posting to the RAEME Training Centre (RTC) where my immediate role was to become the RTC lead for Leopard Tank training which included a four-month posting to the Federal Republic of Germany to train with the Bundeswehr and major equipment suppliers. After this project was established and operating, I left the Regular Army in March 1979.

I started my new career in civilian life in the Mechanical Section of the NSW Department of Main Roads in Sydney. However, after filling a few engineering/management appointments I had decided that a life of commuting for three or four hours per day was not for me and in 1983 we moved to Canberra.

This move was the start of a long-term association with the Commonwealth and ACT Public Services (PS). I took full advantage of the mobility provisions of the Service never spending more than three years in one position nor five years in any organisation. The range of appointments included policy and project management work in Commonwealth departments to managing the delivery of services directly to the public in the ACT departments.

I left the PS in 2005 to make best use of the pension conditions and found ready employment in the consulting industry in the ACT. After working for a couple of different companies I rejoined the PS to take a position at RAAF Williamtown as the Contracts Manager for the maintenance of the FA 18 Hornet fleet. We had decided to leave Canberra,

and this was a convenient way to do it, and with a removal supplied by the government.

During my time in Canberra, I crossed paths with many members of ours and other classes, worked with a colleague who had a part in building the 'room within a room' and on one occasion shared a lift with H. J. Coates.

I left the Williamtown position to become the fleet manager for Pall Australia on the NSW Central Coast to supply the ADF with water purification and desalination plant. In mid-2013, I started my own company to contract back into Pall and closed it in 2018. I was engaged by the Central Coast Council as a Commercial Analyst until late 2020.

My ARes career began during my time in the DMR when I joined and eventually became the OC of one of the DMR sponsored squadrons in 21 Const Regt. In Canberra, I was posted to the Reserve Staff Group which was a rather disappointing experience and prompted my departure from the Reserve in about 1986.

Through all this, I completed my engineering degree conversion, a BEc and an MBA. I have also been studying Mandarin Chinese over the last six years or so through a variety of providers. I have served as a member of the local Central Coast committee for Engineers Australia and still maintain my registration as a Chartered Professional Engineer.

I have been married for forty-nine years to Lena and we have one daughter and a grandson who live in Canberra. We have been on the Central Coast for about 14 years and enjoy an active lifestyle in maintaining and developing our 2.5 acre property.

2704 Kokoda Company

Gary Martin



Linda and 'Marty'

Klink. I was too young, uncommitted, and with a sense of living in an ashram surrounded by Woodstock. The grass looked greener outside the gates. Gough didn't help when he laid waste to the ADF and my purpose and aspiration. But a Sandy Pearson TOC turned that around. (Henry Coates did not. He was in bed with Acca's)

'Loyally, I served' for twenty-eight years and the ledger remains unbalanced. I am indebted to the Army, not only for the life and opportunities it provided, but because it cared. The standout was in '76 when I put myself into 2nd Mil Hospital for three months in traction. The prognosis for smashed hips, pelvis, knee and split tibia was 'discharge' and no guarantee to walk.

The challenge was accepted, and the Army not only stood by me, but I was promoted and posted to HQ Training Command, a rehab facility, to give me a chance to see if I could get FE. I did. And I then became adept at disguising the extent of the injuries from each routine, periodic, and pre-deployment med board until I drew stumps. DVA now give me some beer money and a med card.

My military career was nothing remarkable. Regimental, command, operational, ADC, training and staff posting and appointments. My 'life after that' was in the private, not for profit, and public (Qld) sectors. I even ran my own business for a short time. ('Short' due to the acrimonious actions of my ex's lawyers. Testicles removed via my wallet).

In 2013, I grabbed a Campbell Newman redundancy pack and have enjoyed a life of semi-indolence since. I met my wonderful wife, Linda, in 2010 and I live very happily at the northern end of the Redcliffe Peninsula, Qld. I have three kids from my first

marriage, and two granddaughters. And I am step-dad to Linda's four sons, and four grandkids. Life is good.

So here we are, reflecting, and the older we get the better we were. Central to my reflections of our days at Klink, is just how close we became, and the lifetime links forged. Every person from our class touched me in some way. I thank you all for that and count myself lucky and grateful for the gift of mateship we share. For those inclined to detail, here is a timeline summary:

70s: Graduated OCS, Jun 74. 8th/12th Medium Regiment, GPO/FO. SO3 Pers HQ Training Command (77-78). Married '78. Battery Captain 1st Field Regiment, and Honorary ADC to Governor of Qld (79-80).

80's: Adjutant, School of Artillery (81-82). UNMOGIP (83-84). BC 8th/12th Medium Regiment (84-85). Instructor, Royal School of Artillery, UK (86-87). Staff College ('88) SO2 in Force Development (89-90).

90's: SO1 Ops/Plans, HQAF (91-92). CO 1st Ground Liaison Group (93-95), SO1 Training, Land Headquarters and attachment to HQAST for deployment to Moresby during military unrest following the Sandline Affair (96-98).

Civvy St: Business Development Manager, LOGSERV ('99). GM Operations & Deputy Director, Australian Red Cross ('99-2001). Divorce 2001. Self Employed ('01). Operations and Training Manager LMR Roofing Pty Ltd (02-04). Manager procurement training and then Operations, Department of Public Works, Qld ('05-'13). Retired and married. **2811 Kokoda Company**

David Martindale



Kim and Dave



My ARA 'career' spanned just over twenty-three years. It was followed by eight years doing mainly Reserve Service and then fifteen years in the APS in Defence.

I enjoyed my time in the Army, both ARA and ARes, with a variety of postings across Australia and overseas. After attending a Graduate Engineer Military Course in Canungra, my first posting was as a troop commander in 22nd Construction Squadron, Perth; followed in 1976 by a posting to the (very small) Doctrine Wing of the School of Military Engineering (SME) in Moorebank, Sydney. There, with a staff of a very experienced WO1, I was put to good use editing endless drafts of Field Engineering Training Pamphlets!

In 1978, I was detached as a junior engineer to John Holland Construction for about ten months on the Splityard Creek Dam Project near Ipswich. It was excellent practical experience, with the added benefits of: allowing me to *not* wear uniform other than my GP boots, to grow my hair and moustache long and being paid an allowance to live in a flat in Ipswich. In 1979, it was back to Moorebank as the Adjutant of 1st Field Engineer Regiment (1FER), followed in 1980 by a few months as acting Operations Officer. My time at 1 FER was my first and, as it transpired, my last experience of combat engineering!

In early 1981, I was posted to RMC to be an Honorary Visiting Fellow in the Civil Engineering Department for an enjoyable two and a half years. Then, in mid-1983 I was posted to Staff College in Camberley UK, preceded - as was normal then - by a 'secondment' to the British Army on the Rhine and attendance on a Division 3 course at the Royal Military College of Science at Shrivenham.

After return to Australia, in January 1985 I was posted to Puckapunyal as OC 21st Construction Squadron. And, in 1987, I was posted back to Canberra as the SO1 Employment Policy in the Directorate of Personnel Plans, Army. Next, for a change of scene and pace, I was posted to Perth again as the Chief Engineer 5th Military District in early 1990. Then, back to Canberra once more, as a student at Joint Services Staff College in 1992.

But while there I was offered a redundancy which I accepted, transferring to the ARES. I realised I needed a Plan B (and C) and so, in March 1997 we bought the Lyneham Post Office and Laundromat which we still 'run'. And I joined the APS in 2001. Between then and 2016, I had a variety of roles at the EL1 and then EL2 levels. My last job was as the Director of Health Service Support in Garrison Health Operations in Joint Health Command; so quite a military focussed job to finish my 'career'!

I was a slow starter in the marriage business. I met Kim in 1975 when on a YO's course. Her father, Captain 'Mac' Macartney was the QM at SME and he took me home to enjoy a home cooked meal. However, at that time Kim was only 15! Also, I was to learn later that in the mid-50s Mac had been the SSM of 21 Const Sqn and had also been on staff at Duntroon in the late 50s with Norm Goldspink - small world stuff.

Kim and I started going out in 1979 while I was at 1FER and were married in the SME Chapel in 1982. Our three children: Rhys, Erin and Drew were born in Shepparton, Canberra, and Perth respectively. We now have three young grandchildren: a girl and two boys.

George McDonald



We take up my story in 1991; by this time, I was well established in Brisbane with my wife Janette and daughter Mae, who was three at the time. I was under advice of an impending posting back to Sydney with no promotion on the horizon, I left the Army to take up a Logistics type posting in the Brisbane based Qld Emergency Services.

I left with no regrets. I felt that my Army Career was a bit like a *Boys Own Adventure Story*: numerous field deployments throughout NSW and Australia, including leading the Army detachment on an annual resupply of three Australian Antarctic Bases in 1974/75 and lots of parachuting both here and in the US where I completed the US Special Forces Free Fall Course during an exchange posting.

I married Jan at the Duntroon Chapel in 1974. We bought a soon-to-be-renovated Queenslander at Moreton Bay, upon which I would unleash my latent handyman skills over our years of ownership. The family also include two dogs and of course a sports car – the Duntroon era white MGA has been replaced by a restored 1965 XK150 Jag.

Most of my 'second' career was in Qld Emergency Services, firstly in the SES and then the Qld Fire Service where ironically, I was required to wear a uniform. This was followed by a stint in the Commercial world: managing a bus and coach manufacturing company; working with an industry lobby group and finally with the Hire a Hubby National Franchise group. I finally left full time work and 'transitioned to retirement' working as a part time handyman for one of the franchisees I met. Looking back, I think that these handyman years

were probably the most enjoyable and rewarding of my working life

We now have a miniature poodle that is just the right size for our boat. The dog has a bladder to die for because I can take him ashore at about 2100 for a pee and he lets us know about 0900 the next morning that he wouldn't mind popping over to the beach to lift his leg. What a dog! He (the dog that is) also has an understanding with Jan about his place in the family pecking order.....at the top.

I still have an interest in classic cars and drive a 1973 VW Kombi ute while Jan drives her 1975 Mercedes sports. I play clarinet in a local band, and we have done a couple of cruises – the Kimberley Coast and earlier in 2023 to the Antarctic Peninsula (a bucket list item for Jan since 1975). As she promised me, the penguins **were** different!

I have well and truly hung up my tool belt, although I trot it out on demand as our daughter has bought a house nearby - a renovator's delight - and guess who is the honorary handyman? Jan still runs her own consultancy business while trying to retire. Mae is a Senior School Art Teacher and was recently nominated for a National Education Rising Star award, so we are one pair of truly proud parents. The fact that she is their only child has nothing to do with it.

Reflecting on life to this point I am content with the various twists and turns that my working life has taken and I am grateful for having the support and love of Jan and Mae.

2803 Kapyong Company

Doug McGill



I graduated with the Class of '74 and to my great surprise was posted 8/9th Battalion, RAR in Brisbane. Four days after Graduation I married my long-term girlfriend, Faye.

I spent 1975 as a Platoon Commander 9 Platoon C Company, then the first three months of 1976 as LO to the Task Force Commander, then became the Transport Officer for a few months, before going to Butterworth with C Company as the Administration Officer.

After spending 1977 at Kapooka, I was posted to HQ Logistic Command in Melbourne, where my first son was born.

In 1981 I was posted back to 8/9th Battalion as 2IC of A Company. For the Kangaroo 81 Exercise, I spent three months helping to raise the Logistic Support Group and organise the transport to Shoalwater Bay and back.

I resigned in December 1981 and started a twenty-five-year career in the Australian Customs Service. There I spent time in most activities in Customs, including anti-drug operations, Intelligence, auditing of importers and quite a few years in supporting the computer systems. I also took up jogging, which resulted in my running in the 1999 Gold Coast Marathon and a few half Marathons, before my knees gave up.

During my time in Customs, I was able to complete a Graduate Diploma in Library Science, a Graduate Certificate in Business and a few computer courses. This would amaze most people, because of my RMC academic record.

I am currently retired in Mooloolaba on the Sunshine Coast and am still married to Faye.

We have three children, Matthew, Geordie and Karina.

Since retirement I have become very active in Freemasonry, and I also volunteer with *Sailability*, which is an organisation that takes disabled clients sailing in small dinghies. I have also acquired a kayak, which I use to feed the fish.

2850 Kokoda Company



Highlights of my military service were commanding a newly established APC Troop in the South Island for close on three years, G3 Ops at 1 Brigade in Auckland for two years, and two years with 4th Royal Tank Regiment in BAOR and UK. Roger Powell was a Squadron Commander and it was great to have him and Rhonda as ANZAC compatriots during this time.

After Staff College I commanded Queen Alexandra's Squadron, the pinnacle RNZAC regimental appointment at that time.

In January 1988 I had six months in the Sinai as the NZ Contingent Commander at the MFO on promotion to LtCol and retired at that rank in July 1989. I then spent two years travelling in South America, USA, Europe and Asia, mainly Thailand.

The time came to earn a living again so I returned to NZ. After working for NZ Red Cross for a couple of years I decided to move to Melbourne in 1996 and scored a role at the national office of Australian Red Cross. It was great to see some familiar faces during this time in the form of Michael Barrett (NT Red Cross boss) and Gary Martin (NSW Red Cross).

I had five years there and then moved to the University sector, initially at the University of Melbourne, and then 11 years at Monash University until I retired in April 2016. I never thought I would work for/with academics for so long. The role as

manager at the School of Biomedical Sciences was, overall, a great experience and the work undertaken by the researchers at the school was inspiring.

Since retiring I have been based primarily in Thailand whilst traveling regularly throughout Asia. Although Covid interrupted all that for around eighteen months when I got stuck in 'locked down Melbourne', I was able to get an exemption and flee back to Thailand in August 2020. Life here was initially pretty bleak with few tourists and some internal travel/life restrictions but all is back to normal and I have been able to start travelling again. I plan on another 3-4 years here and then will return to my Melbourne home. I feel lucky to have worked and lived in a pretty stable world environment, when one compares it with the craziness around now. I enjoy what each day brings and appreciate the life I have had and continue to enjoy.

2808 Kokoda Company

Stuart ('Stu') Mackenzie



I graduated into Ordnance Corp and over the next six years served in Albury, Lithgow and Holsworthy, finally ending my military career at Moore Park Barracks (now the Sydney Sports Ground). I resigned my commission and left the Army on 14 Jan 1980 – exactly ten years to the day from starting the journey as a callow seventeen-year-old. I met and married Kerry in 1974 and looking back I believe that when I got out it was my time to leave. I never had any real desire to go back in.

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near Orange NSW and Red Chris Mine in British Columbia.



Lynne, Stuart and Cath

As mentioned above I married Kerry in November 1974 and she passed away in May 2012 at age sixty from breast cancer. We had three children and now have eight grandchildren – six boys and two girls: so, the Mackenzie name will live on. Unfortunately, only one of them, William, knew Kerry, because the other grandkids were born after 2012

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2810 Alamein Company

Steve McLeod



Alexia, Steve, Francesca, Ines Easter 2021

Steve McLeod (known affectionately as “Rooster”). A man of Athena and Sparta, who comfortably excelled in academia and on the sporting field. He had a love of music and the arts in general and a warm love of family and friends. He was an adventurous spirit, with unbounded wanderlust, and loved nothing more than sharing holidays with his extended family in exciting parts of the world, including Austria, Peru, Madagascar and Chile. While staying in Australia in 2016, Steve and Nick were planning a father & son extended motorcycling trip, which didn’t materialize due to Steve’s cancer diagnosis. In 2019, Steve and brother Andy and wives made a pilgrimage to the McLeod ancestral Scotland to enjoy time exploring the Orkney Islands. Sadly, in April 2020, COVID interrupted the chance for Steve and Army mate Geoff Gunton to travel to and explore the Atlas Mountains, Morocco.

Steve’s military pathway strayed a little from the norm. Graduating with an Arts degree, Steve chose to serve as an Engineer. Following an initial posting to 1st Field Engineer Regiment, he returned to RMC as Garrison Engineer and completed his BEngr, achieving First Class Honours. During his three-year “scholarship” at RMC, Steve continued where he left off in 1973 by winning successive A Grade Tennis Championships and playing for the First XV. In these early years he and Lindy grew their family, with the birth of Mia in 1976 and Nick in 1978.

A posting to 19 CE Works followed in 1980. While there, Steve surveyed and designed two airfields at

Yampi Sound. Working dawn to dusk, the team took a swim in a nearby waterhole one hot evening. The next day, they discovered a family of crocs basking on the banks in the morning sun!!

Seeking broader challenges, Steve applied for business scholarships to London Business School and Harvard in 1982, he won both!! Having a desire to live in Europe and with a financially lucrative offer from LBS, Steve resigned from the Army and commenced an MBA at LBS in 1983. Steve’s resignation prompted a personal call from Gen Peter Gration, then DCGS, who simply asked Steve to reconsider his decision and name his career path. Not to be deterred, Steve proceeded with his plans and once settled in LBS relocated the family to his selected flat (renovator’s delight) in Maida Vale, near Abbey Road Studios (befitting music buff Steve).

From 1985 to 2015, Steve served as Director, Chairman, Principal, and consultant to numerous global companies, including Capgemini, Roland Berger, PPG and Reichhold. Testimony to Steve’s clever timing in business was his appointment as a director of Capgemini South Africa in 1995, just in time for the Rugby World Cup!! In 2010, Steve teamed up with Kerry Chikarovski and launched *ParkMobile* in Sydney, a leading-edge “Pay by Phone” parking system.

Steve returned to London in 1996 to reconnect with the European-based business colleagues he had left in the early 1990’s. In 1997, Steve moved to Paris with PPG, meeting and becoming fond of Francesca

Macbeth and her two lovely daughters, Alexia and Ines.

Purchasing another “renovator’s delight” in 1999, Steve embarked on an extensive two-year project to create a fabulous Loft Apartment in St Martin, 10th Arr, near Gare de l’Est. This home, resplendent with Japanese Garden entry, genuine Eiffel internal supporting girders and fabulous open French-style kitchen, hosted many classmates and friends to a special “Rooster Dinner”. Such occasions are well-remembered for Steve’s culinary expertise and superb French wine cellar, and a very humorous and warm discourse between Steve and the ladies of the house!!

Steve and Francesca married in 2003 and the Loft remained the family home until 2012, when they purchased a nearby Parisian apartment. They also purchased coastal land in the small town of Mézos, Southwest of Bordeaux, in an area where the beaches reminded Steve of Australia. This home project was completed in 2014 and some lucky classmates visited and shared Steve and Francesca’s new Landes-style home, complete with a preserved and ancient cork tree!! Steve and



Chile December 2019. Christine, Francesca, Eric & Ines, Molly, Nick, Alexia, Steve.

Francesca enjoyed a twelve-month home-swap in the Blue Mountains at Blackheath in 2016 and it was during this time that Steve was diagnosed with cancer. In 2018, they sold the Paris apartment and later purchased an apartment in Biarritz, a nice supplement to Mézos. Steve bravely fought his cancer for five years, but sadly succumbed on 3 August 2021. Vale old mate.

2805 Gallipoli Company

Alan McLucas



AL and Merv inspect the
Gordon barbecue slab circa
1985



Despite studying mainly science subjects at high school, I was advised to study Arts at RMC because it was easier and accas weren't important for graduation! Not the best advice. Academic results were a 'mixed bag,' but I remained on track to graduate with the Class of 73. Because married cadets were not yet allowed at RMC, I was discharged in February 1972. I joined the Officer Cadet School, Portsea, graduating December 1972.

Our withdrawal from Vietnam corresponded with Corps preferences and an offer from RAEME to attend UNSW Kensington to complete an engineering degree. I completed a Bachelor of Engineering with Honours in 1976.

At my Portsea graduation parade, Governor General, Sir Paul Hasluck stepped forward to present the Sir Sidney Rowell Shield. I saluted, the shield started to slip out of his grasp and I was slow to catch it (almost didn't). The GG uttered colourful expletives. Thankfully, the public address system did not catch the GG's impromptu verbal delivery.

I attended Army Staff Course at RMC of Science, Shrivenham, in 1982. My course report stated *inter alia* "Major McLucas ... is a capable officer prepared and suited to a wide range of capability and acquisition appointments, with the exception of specialist communications ...". I returned to Canberra to take up my new appointment in heavy engineering, only to be met by Ian Gordon bringing me news that I was appointed to a specialist communications (Combat Net Radio) acquisition project.

I was appointed Director of Australian Technical Staff Officers' Course (now Capability Technology and Management College). I remember this as the

first posting I really wanted, had requested and was given. It was certainly the most rewarding.

In 1997, I took six months long service leave with a secondment to ADFA on the academic staff. I completed a PhD in Operations Research, graduating in 2001.

In June 2001, I joined ADFA as Senior Lecturer and led the development of remote and distance delivery of Masters coursework. I taught a variety of undergraduate engineering subjects, postgraduate coursework courses and supervised research students before becoming Deputy Head of Engineering and Information Technology School. I was Deputy Director of the Capability Systems Centre before transitioning to teaching part-time in anticipation of retirement in 2018.

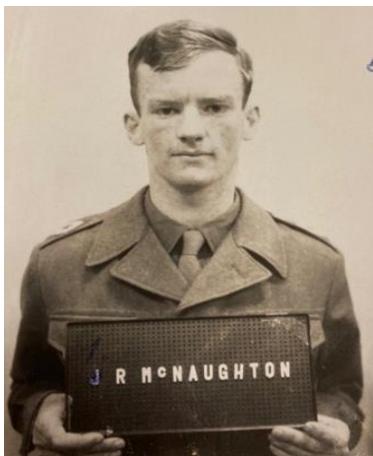
I established a Combat Net Radio project which saved the Defence budget \$255m (1992 dollars) and delivered the required capability. I understand my Award is in the mail and will be delivered ... tomorrow!

In 2002-3 I wrote, "*Decision Making: Risk Management, Systems Thinking and Situation Awareness*" which the Norwegian Defence College uses as course text.

I was runner-up in 1975 NSW Taekwondo championships in light heavyweight division, followed by award of Black Belt. And with REME co-driver CAPT Derek Hunter, I won Group 1 in the 1980 Southern Cross International Rally: five days over a gruelling 2616 km.

I have been married for thirty-three years to my beloved, Marianna.

Ian McNaughton



I entered RMC in 1969 and undertook the long course repeating that year and graduating in 1973 to RAA. After corps training my first posting was to 1st Field Regiment at Wacol where I spent four years. I was then posted to HQ 6 Task Force as SO3 Air. I also had a short stint as a successful rugby coach while there.

From there I was posted to 8/12 Medium Regiment at Holsworthy as Battery Captain A Field Battery which I think is the oldest unit in the Army wearing our white lanyard on the left shoulder. After that I was promoted and posted as Senior Instructor Regimental Training Wing at the School of Artillery at North Head at the end of which I spent a time as OC Support Wing (otherwise known as OC Archways as my office was near the archway entry to the School).

After that I was posted as SO2 Training Support at HQ Training Command at Middle Head Mosman. Of interest to some may be that part of that position was oversight of the bi-annual Combined Colleges Tour of military establishments, so I saw this tour from both ends.

From there I attended civil schooling at the then Nepean College of Advanced Education gaining a Grad Dip in Business Computing followed by a stint as Computer Development Officer at HQ Field Force Command Victoria Barracks Sydney.

I left the Army from Sydney and started work with the Queensland Government in 1989 first in workers' compensation then in workplace health and safety. This was an interesting time as it saw the end of right-wing government and many changes for the good in Queensland. I stayed with

the government for about eighteen years gaining a Master of Science in Occupational Health and Safety by correspondence from the University of Greenwich along the way.

After leaving the government I started my own business doing training and systems auditing and the auditing part continues today. Latterly I include systems consulting. My son in law works in the business and will probably take over someday. We cover quality, environment, OHS, business continuity and information security.

I have been married twice and remain happily married with three successful children and six grandchildren. I was lucky to run into my second wife as she has and is a rock to me and the family. I have travelled widely, mainly following my children around the world and have many wonderful memories of overseas trips.

I played rugby after Duntroon for several years before injury precluded this. I also played cricket well into my thirties and thoroughly enjoyed that. After leaving the Army I became involved in basketball both administratively and as a coach and probably enjoy this game more than the two other sports. All things considered my health remains pretty good.

I am thinking about retirement and gradually moving that way but still enjoy contributing where I can.

My thanks to those who keep us in touch with our former Army friends as this contributes to our wellbeing.

2714 Kokoda Company

Neil Miller



I have had a blessed life since graduation. Married to Janet in Jan 74, we have four children and seven grandchildren ranging in ages from four to twenty. Our eldest granddaughter is now doing Psychology at Canberra University. Six grandchildren live close by so there are a lot of pickups, transporting, attending sports and dancing events.

I stayed in the Army full-time for twenty-one years, then had fifteen years in the Reserve (mostly in Sydney). Highlights included command postings up to Brigade (5th Brigade Holsworthy), and a final posting as National Commander of Army Cadets. An exchange posting with the US Army in Hawaii was a pivotal learning experience for me and my family.

While I was a visiting fellow at ADFA, I was encouraged to do a Doctorate. I wanted to do it on Expert Systems for strategic planning for Defence. However, a discussion with the CDF - one of my RAE mentors – convinced me that coming up with solutions that differed from senior leaders was not a winner. I decided to focus on introducing technology into organizations.

After three years, I was awarded the PhD and started a software development company.

We funded the development of our own software; building a Training Area Information Management system (that included the ability to instantly draw and combine templates for any weapon). We also built a whole-of-Government Telepresence Video Communications booking system for the Department of Finance.

I spent time in Silicon Valley, San Diego, Los Angeles, Washington and Toronto. In hindsight, we should have physically moved to the US, because US venture capitalists are reluctant to invest offshore – no matter how good a solution is.

I was an adjunct staff member of the Australian Graduate School of Management (UNSW) on the Executive MBA courses. I also ran a wide variety of courses for the Australian Institute of Management and the ANU Centre for Continuing Education.

Y2K provided the opportunity to facilitate conferences in Darwin, Jakarta and Bangkok. In Bangkok, I was able to catch up with Chi Linthong who was a two-star general at the time.

I worked with the Commandant of ADFA, VCDF and Australian Sex Discrimination Commissioner to change the ADFA culture after the infamous Skype incident.

I retired some time ago and spend time writing a book on Work Navigation which uses tools to navigate through complex and dynamic work situations.

I joined Kairos Prison Ministry Teams that go inside the Canberra and Goulburn gaols to help prisoners find forgiveness, appreciate that they are not alone, and to see the path to eternal life.

Janet and I spend time caring for members of our local church. It is great to be part of a large loving congregation. I chair a Building Committee to add a \$3.4 million extension to our existing church.

I maintain a regular gym and swim program. We invested in foldable electric bikes that fit inside our SUV. We ride with friends and take advantage of the many cycle paths around the country.

I know I have finally retired, because when someone says it is a public holiday or a weekend – I usually have to think, is it?

2814 Kokoda Company

Ken Muir



Sue and Ken

I arrived at Duntroon in January 1970 from South Strathfield High School. Early memories include using a closed safety razor at Point Hut in the dark around 5am and wondering why I still had stubble. I learnt early how to dodge parades and as much drill as possible. As an Arts student I enjoyed 8am playschool, morning-tea, cramming for exams with good likeminded and hard-working students and sport. I think I became a resident of the Kingston Hotel until my last year when I established my wine tasting cellar in the prefabs.

After graduation to Ordnance, I was sent to Bandiana; so much for enrolling in Melbourne Uni for computing! I spent the next five years playing rugby, water polo, orienteering and Aussie rules and fitting in some army at Bandi, Melbourne and Perth.

I left the Army in 1979 to wander the world. I loved hitchhiking through Scandinavia, Europe, Israel and Rhodesia mostly just keeping out of strife. Back to OZ and feeling restless so I returned to South Africa for a few years before finally coming home.

I settled down, studied back at UNSW, joined the NSW Public Service specialising in Risk Management. I figured that my hitchhiking experiences would hold me in good stead and luckily, they did. I moved to Penrith Council around the Olympics and stayed until retiring in 2016.

Fortunately, I found Sue in 1990. We have two daughters, one son and four grandchildren. I am living in Western Sydney.

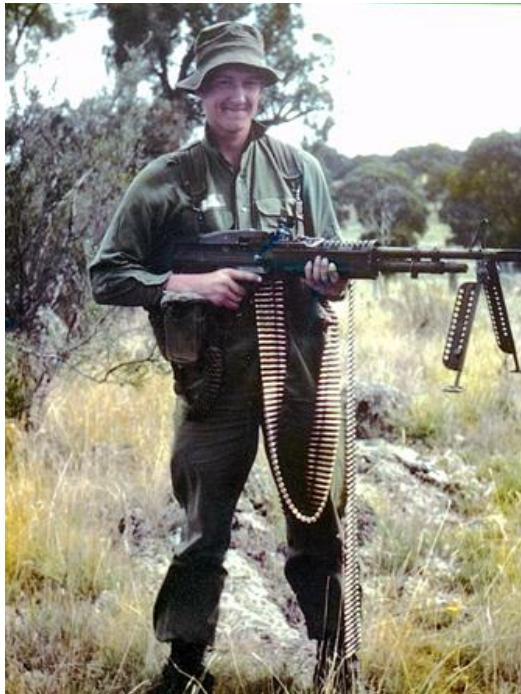
2815 Kokoda Company



Steve Nielsen



Steve and Mary Anne



Well, what an interesting fifty-three years!

I believe that I have earned the title of the most boring career ever. Nine years in the Army, twenty-seven as a public servant and ten as an IT consultant. Most of it spent in Canberra, in a variety of Government agencies including three stints in Defence. Now retired and spending time supporting Mary Anne, with grandkids, woodworking, reading books and watching YouTube documentaries. Can't complain (who would listen). Had good fun working in IT and helping people with IT problems and solutions. Enjoying the art of turning perfectly good wood into sawdust.

2817 Kokoda Company

Steve Nicolls



1970 was an amazing year. I sat next to Rob Shoebridge on the train to Canberra and discovered that we were bound for the same place. We looked around at a bunch of long haired lads with amusement and wondered if anyone else on the train was going to Duntroon. Of course they all were and the look on their faces as we were ordered into ranks by an angry old man with a big stick was memorable. In barracks Norts greeted me and helped me get settled in.

A few of us jumped the fence before leave was approved and went to a party where I met Steve. She became the love of my life and we married five years later. Eventually we had two girls, Kelly and Sarah and Kelly had two sons, Dylan and Kai. The family includes Sebastian, a black Cavoodle (oversized) and Finnegan a Tabbie.

Terry Boyce, Bill Mellor, and Darrel Pool declared a family meeting in my room one night when it was known that I'd face Wheels Campbell in the Novice Boxing welterweight final. I was apprised of the fact that each member before me had won their respective titles and that while a good performance would be appreciated there was a high degree of honour to be gained in winning! No pressure.

John Hands and Bob Breen ran a psyops on me each night praising Wheels' prowess. It didn't bother me until the week of the fight when they mentioned that Wheels was the NSW Police Boys junior boxing champion. Hmmm – I was a peacenik compared to that and I hoped it wasn't true. Anyway, Wheels really only hit me once and it was caught on camera! I never heard the end of it even though I won the match.

'Dogs for Sovs' was the mantra and every Sunday Bob Crawshaw dragged my reluctant body out of bed and we ran the cross country. And it went on from there in every event we competed in. My bit was a small part of the effort replicated all around the Company and eventually we prevailed. In the rest of my time at RMC I mastered the art of AOD and life was good.

When I retired from full time service I took up Road Cycling in a limited competitive way due to crook knees and I loved it. The local club is a hardy bunch and I felt as if I was back in Fourth Class, but it is such a fantastic sport I kept going back for the weekly adrenaline rush. I now look back on my Army career as a metaphor of a Cycling Grand Tour. It was clear in Fourth Class that I was never going to be a GC contender, but I had enough training to win a number of Stages! Stage wins were;

Big Guns – 8th/12th Medium Regiment - a couple of tours

RMC as an instructor

Army HQ – DARTY, COPS, DPLANS, DOPS, DAPA

Royal School of Artillery Larkhill as an Instructor Gunnery

Army Command and Staff College Queenscliff as a student and DS in the fullness of time

Chief, Observer Group Lebanon UNTSO

HQ United Nations New York

HQ TRADOC Virginia

COFS Land Warfare Development Centre Pucka

Doctrine Wing Army Knowledge Group as a civvy I'm now engaged by a local wine business as an active relic ☺

It has been an honour to serve with you all and be a part of the class peloton. Steve

2818 Kokoda Company

Paul Noonan ('Mole')



A hernia after Grad interrupted my quest to be the next Guderian and as a consequence I missed the Radio Phase on the RAAC ROBC – which was ironic as I was later to be the Wing Sl. Those MS and Directorate folk *do* have a sense of humour.

I lingered as a Lieutenant Troop Leader for three years before the system caught up with me and sent me to 1/15RNSWL as Adjutant. Thence, as fortune would have it to UNTSO in the Middle East with Merv, Gino, Dave Smith, Pete Schmitt and Jim Wallace. ('So many beers...so little time.')

On my return I started my long love affair with Puckapunyal – in between building stables for the horse-owning wife of the day (WOTD). I was fortunate enough to command C Squadron 1st Armoured Regiment then the HQ Squadron. Some posting wit then decided I needed a staff posting as an SO2 Facilities in DGOP. So successful was I that the Engineer fraternity made me an honorary engineer! DGOP was where the kingmakers of the day sat, but alas I was probably better suited as a court jester. PJ Abigail once said when handed a brief – 'Give it to Noonan. If he understands it, everyone will.' I took this as a compliment.

I somehow managed to achieve a brilliant C+ pass at Staff College – it was my learned dissertation on the counter attack I'm sure. Staff College introduced me to MJK – who of the 1986 brood could forget the Karratha 'stand in the sun while I stand under the shade of the C-130' bollocking Al Schmitt, Leroy and I got for an extended tour of the Darwin Casino? Eighteen months later I was shipped to the US to attend Armed Forces Staff College. Was the system trying to tell me something? Was I underdone as a staff officer? Was I just....underdone??

In the US I worked in Training and Doctrine Command (TRADOC) on Title IV Joint Professional Military Education and as the officer responsible for Leavenworth – the Tactical Commanders Development Course and the Battle Commander's

Training Program. I also enjoyed a few games of golf at Leavenworth with Phil Charlesworth – one in the middle of winter! I over-stayed my welcome in the US because of Gulf War I and for penance was sent to Personnel Division on return to Australia.

In 1991 we lost our oldest son Phillip – my big mate – to a seizure. Heartbreaking.

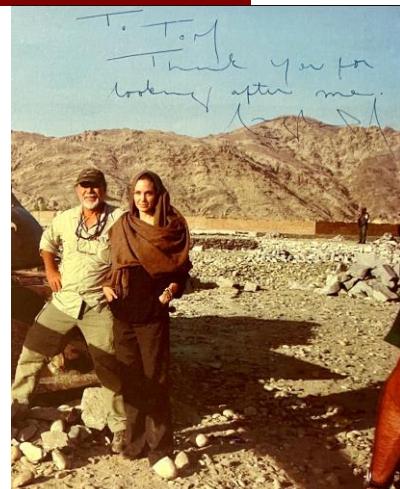
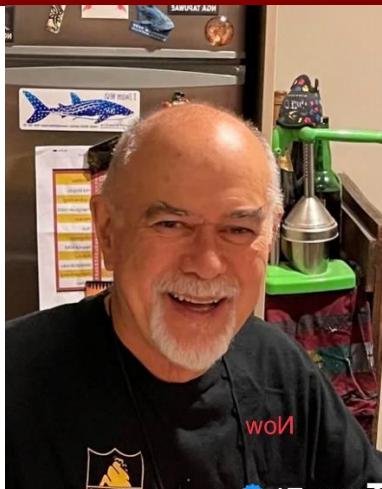
I managed to escape the Canberra bubble to start an extended posting to Training Command where I again impressed MJK. Not! I had the dubious distinction there of being President of two Boards of Enquiry into the death of soldiers. In 1995, I was detached to the AS/US Training Team in Cambodia.

MJK so loved my time as COLOPS that he managed to post me to WA in one of the Defence Corporate Support jobs. That told me I was not destined for military greatness: 'perhaps a governorship'?

I MIER'd in 2001 and took a sabbatical to my garden. Neither I nor the garden benefitted. I joined first Transfield and then Programmed in various Business Development, Bid Management and Contract Management roles. In 2011 I took up a position as the Performance Manager in a large utilities company, but I discovered along the way that my dislike of the bureaucracy was second only to my dislike of unions and as such was a pretty career limiting issue. I 'retired' – actually it was a mass-sacking after we lost a very large contract – in 2015 and added to my collection of USAAC WWII aircraft models and wrote various monographs on WWII aircraft markings and the US Air Force in the Pacific. I had found my niche – yippee!!

None of my (I count three Wally) marriages survived, but I have two great kids, Matthew and Beckie and three terrific grandkids, Mia, Charlie Rose and Sebastian. I am an obsessive cyclist. Golf (which I was rubbish at) was too slow for me. I have two beautiful dalmatians who now do the garden work for me. Dolce far niente...

Tom O'Reilly



Graduated in 1973...or so I thought. The Ozzies loved us so much they wanted to keep us. So off we engineers went to Canungra. This was supposed to make up for the military studies year we missed at Clink. We learnt really useful stuff such as: how to break track...whoop-de-doo. how to put up a hoochee, how to use a ration pack and finally, Australian Admin...I found that really useful..NOT!

On the plus side, it was not a bad place to spend four months; up in the mountains, close to O'Reilly's pub and the Gold Coast.

I spent 1973-79 learning the gunner trade with deployments to Singapore and Fiji (pre coup.) I had a break in 1978, when I went off on a four-month attachment to BAOR in Europe on Ex *Long Look*. Fun,fun - spent mostly on tour...oops I mean on exercise in Denmark and Canada with a boozy week in Berlin with the Welsh Regiment.

1979...my first 'operational deployment' with the Commonwealth Monitoring Force in Rhodesia. Enjoyable first look at Africa. Worked in the 'heart' of Boer-country...too many beers and braais...I worked with a couple of excellent Ozzie subbies!!

The next twenty years were pretty standard: deployments to Palestine (1983-84) where I was almost shot by a young snotty nosed Israeli rookie on the Golan Heights. Angola(1994-95) putting together and negotiating the third peace agreement between the belligerents and establishing UNAVEM III. As with its predecessors, this peace agreement didn't work either. East Timor in 2001...managing to catch-up with some old RMC guys, Groover; Roger Powell and a few others. Some memorable times.

I resigned in 2002 and joined United Nations as a Staff Safety Adviser. Fourteen great years followed. I worked with UN High Commission for Refugees in some fun places like Iraq; Afghanistan twice; Sudan; Somalia; East Africa, working from Yemen to Rwanda and all countries in between. At time hairy but always enjoyable. Some great experiences: too many to list here.

I retired for real in 2015 and have done very little except travel when possible. I got married to Barbara in 1989. Sadly, we divorced in 2005. We had some great years together. I have three kids; a daughter Helena, a son Jacob and a *whangai* son, Mitch (He is Barbara's son...he 'adopted' me.). I have nine grandkids and one great-grandson. Love them all. Both sons were tricked into living in Australia. One of my grandsons has even become a Wallaby fan...what a downer.

Highlights: Marriage and the kids. Looking after Angelina Jolie...not once but twice. Commanding our Training Group in Waiouru...being part of the development of our service people. Reconnecting with my both my Maori and Irish cultures. Five Years in Afghanistan...so much history. Passing along the Khyber Pass where my great uncle marched with the British army in the third Afghan war.

Lowlights. Divorce and retirement. Covid got in the way of my travel plans for a while.

Seeing so many classmates and service colleagues pass on...may they all RIP

2821 Alamein Company

Pete Overstead

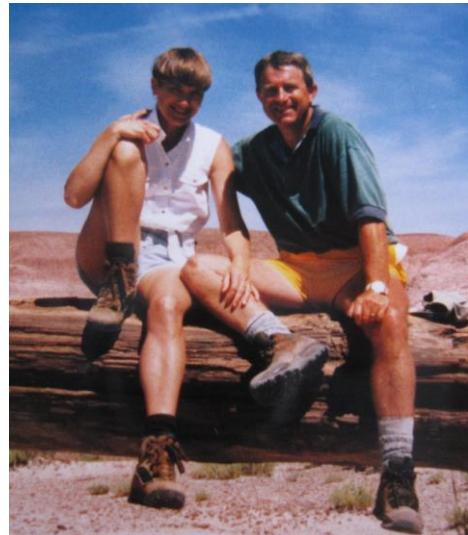


Commencing at Duntroon in 1969 and graduating from Portsea in 1972, Peter was initially selected for aviation to become a pilot, but with dodgy knees he took a career redirection to the artillery and over the next fifteen years he would continually return to regimental life with appointments from young officer to battery commander, mostly at 1st Field Regiment in Brisbane.

After Staff College in 1986, Peter was off to see the world with high profile postings in the UK, the Defence Intelligence Organisation, Norforce in Darwin, Lavarack Barracks in Townsville and Washington DC. In several of these postings, Pete found himself working in the international intelligence world, much of which he couldn't, wouldn't and didn't talk about ... often heard to say '... if I told you I would have to kill you!'

Nevertheless, we know that Pete found himself in Iraq in 1991 post Operation Desert Storm. His was intelligence work souveniring and collecting war materials for the Australian military in a dangerous environment. Some of these souvenirs, and by that I mean equipment such as armoured vehicles and eight-ton howitzers that had been destroyed or damaged by depleted uranium munitions. Many of us sense a connection between his duties there in Iraq and the debilitating condition that he subsequently developed.

No reflections on Peter's life would be complete without mentioning his schoolgirl sweetheart, Bronwyn Dowling. On graduation they married in



January 1973 and shared every experience together.

Pete and Bronny loved to travel. They both adored outdoor activities and living on the edge especially with adventure. They played sport, dived on coral reefs, wandered through the jungles of Africa trekked the slopes of the Himalayas in Nepal, surfed some of the most magnificent beaches throughout the world... Maldives for one – camped and fished in many of the famous and not so famous national parks throughout the world.

As his brother John recalls some of their adventures, imagine camping in a tent in Iceland with just a candle and a few tins of baked beans – they did. Trekking the Klondike Trail in the Yukon and coming face to face with a grizzly bear without any form of protection except a pair of swift legs – they did; sleeping on top of a toilet block in Arizona to dodge the rattle snakes - they did. Caravanning Alaska and jetting off to summer in Jamaica when Washington was freezing over - they did.

Peter lived his life to the full. It was in his nature to have made many strong friendships throughout his life. In no small way this helped him overcome some of the painful afflictions he suffered in his last years. Pete passed away prematurely at the age of 61 years in 2010.

In summary we are sure Peter would reflect that he had lived a fortunate life.

Prepared by Peter Keane and John Overstead

2715 Alamein Company

John Parsons



My military career from graduation to leaving in 89 was: Senior Instructor at School of Electrical Mechanical Engineering; Officer Commanding Queen Alexandra (Waikato/Wellington East Coast) Squadron Light Aid Detachment; Staff Officer Grade 3 Personnel and then Staff Duties on Headquarters 1st Task Force; United Nations Observer Group Egypt and Lebanon; Officer Commanding 2nd Field Workshop; Officer Commanding New Zealand Workshop Singapore and Staff Officer Grade 2 Logistics Headquarters New Zealand Land Force Command.

On leaving the Army, I completed an electrical apprenticeship and was employed in a number of trade and technician roles. In 1996 I joined an electrical consultancy and commenced my professional development towards becoming a chartered engineer. This I completed in 2004 during employment with Watercare Services; the Auckland City water and wastewater utility. My employment included design and project work in

the dairy, steel, rail and, water and wastewater industries. I completed employment in October 2021.

Elizabeth and I were married in December 1996. We have two daughters Anna and Lucy

The rifle and fly rod do not get a lot of use these days. However, I am still active in the tramping and orienteering clubs. The tramping club allows me to volunteer in support of the Department of Conservation track maintenance and Kokako Recovery Programme.

I have been doing some long overdue reading on the Australian Army in the South-West Pacific during World War II. For the unit of military history, the engineers studied the American Civil War. Had the Pacific been studied I would have certainly had a much greater appreciation of the 1972 visit Wau to Selamaua area and the Nadzib, or was it Marilinan airfield in the Markam Valley?

2822 Kapyong Company

Larry Podmore



Still married to Emily Schedlowski. Their daughter Primrose joined son Myron after Larry's on-board C-130 epiphany on what caused Myron. Larry's military career lasted

the Class average in duration. He Corps transferred several times as successive long suffering reporting officers battled to find his "talents". One reporting officer summed it up: 'Podmore does as he's told. And nothing else.' Another noted he should never be posted near anything that went 'bang.' He finally ended up in RAAEC as a PR Officer and was seconded to a series of unremarkable Projects and Operations.

Larry attended Command and Staff College at Queenscliff (arriving with a conceded pass, that is, he was given a pass if he conceded that he would never be asked to perform anything remotely resembling a command function). He performed especially well at the Queenscliff Drama Club, perhaps reflecting that his life was a pretty much a continual drama. He scored a social E Pass (another first for Larry).

Larry was the subject of a cartoon strip in the Army News for a time (his first foray into Public Affairs) and groomed as a possible DPR for the ADF. He fell well short of reaching his potential following the Mobile Combat Condom Production Equipment trials fiasco which saw him as the scapegoat for a series of misadventures in the Defence Procurement Organisation. The nub of this fiasco was centred on unauthorized pressure tests of the latex material used, which, when placed over the muzzle of the SLR to prevent ingress of moisture, effectively prevented discharge of any projectile.

Moving to the civilian world, Larry first took up an appointment with the Oodnagalarbi Shire Council as their Chief Traffic Control Engineer. After revolutionising the training which was then adopted as the national standard for these unsung heroes of road construction, Larry left the Public Sector and opened the Podmore Traffic Control Academy. This became a huge success in training a generation of graduates dedicated to telling people



when and where to go and not necessarily how to get there, but sadly it ran at an ongoing loss.

Despite his lack of any plausible - or even demonstrable - business skills, Larry has managed to prosper thanks to an inheritance from his wealthy Aunt Agatha. As with many of his Classmates, he and Emily are now proud grandparents to Lennie, Minnie and Snow. They live comfortably on the NSW South Coast not far from Merimbula. He has yet to be sighted by Chris Wallace who has a holiday hacienda not far away at Tathra Beach. Larry has been seen at several coastal RSLs where he is always ready to sign in visitors under his own name.

Larry also gave his blessing to his name being used in conjunction with the Podmore Foundation on the one proviso that no funds should be directed towards the Home for Retired and Confused Warrant Officer Instructors. This condition has been faithfully honoured.

It was great to see Larry at the last Class Reunion, though he chose to maintain a very low profile (he's now very hard to recognise because, unlike his Classmates, he's let himself go). He was also a bit hurt at the cruel treatment given to the Engineers and Scientists at the Dinner (he was sooo looking forward to the lamingtons until the milk arrived) that he has proposed that the theme of the next reunion be 'Reconciliation' - that the Artists finally say sorry for the humiliation that has been delivered to the Engineers and Scientists over the years. Larry told me that he sees a formal "Sorry" ceremony, including a reconciliation walk across the square, reconciliation beers in the old Quarter Bar area, and a ceremonial lammo handover. His proposal for a Makarrata-style ceremonial stabbing of a token artist in the thigh with a dessert fork, was thankfully rejected by cooler heads. We can all only dream.

Larry's central purpose was to take the blame for absences from a parade, failures in tests, confusing instructors or other general screw-ups that might result in punishment. For that he had the Class's eternal gratitude. **0000 All Companies**

Mike Prunty



Mike and Ann



Mike and Ann with the Grandkids

I was married in January after graduation and posted to a transport squadron in sunny Puckapunyal. After a brief time as an instructor at the Transport school I was promoted and posted to a squadron in Townsville. By this time I had done every officer posting in a squadron bar that of OC; so where better to go than Portsea, as an instructor. Dave Forster and Peter Leahy were also there for retraining and we formed the WSC (Wine Selection Committee) for the Officers' Mess. Portsea was a fun time during which time I became a father.

Next came literally a 'no notice' posting to Puckapunyal on temporary promotion to Major as the OC: a unit I had been a LT in only seven years earlier! The Ash Wednesday fires were a huge undertaking for the transport unit and proved to me that Australian soldiers can show great initiative in times of crisis.

Having purchased a house in Canberra and been assured a posting to Canberra was most likely after Staff College, I was posted to Canungra as an instructor on the Tactics wing as the lone 'loggy.'

A chance remark to my Corps Director that I had not had an overseas posting paid dividends and I got a plum, accompanied posting to Germany as a logistics officer in the British HQ 3rd Armoured Division. I smiled when I learnt that Dave Forster was to go to the operations section. Be assured both Dave and I availed ourselves fully of the British hospitality and had several trips, visits and excursions at their expense

Joint Services Staff College followed during which time it was evident I would not be promoted so I subsequently joined the APS in Logistics Division. Despite my best effort to make myself indispensable I was made redundant after six years.

Ian Steel who was a LTCOL working in the Defence Estate organisation encouraged me to come on board as an Army Reserve project officer as they were very short of people willing to take on building projects.

After three years I was recruited back into the APS. Ian and I were called into the office of Head Infrastructure and told we had priority tasks to achieve within eighteen months: Ian was to move Army Staff College out of Queenscliff and I was to move HQ Training Comd out of George's Heights. Fortunately, my best man, Frank Roberts was heading up Training Command so I could go straight to the top to overcome any resistance.

Around 2007, ADFA approached me to take leave from the APS and take on the ADFA Redevelopment - a \$100 million project. What was to be a twelve-month arrangement turned into an eight-year commitment due to the other projects overlaid on the ADFA site. It was a challenge taking a project from a shopping list of wishes through to the Parliament Works Committee. I retired from the APS on its completion.

At age sixty-six I was asked to soldier on, but I agreed to be formally age-retired by the Army, not knowing that I had been technically still on the Stand By list! I got a gold Certificate of Service to say goodbye.

In retirement we have travelled a lot overseas, been indulgent grandparents and despite health concerns, have been active in charity and church work. Golf is a priority these days and after thirty years I finally got a hole in one last year.

2824 Kapyong Company

Francis Xavier (Frank) Roberts



FX and Nikki

Fifty years on from 1973 finds me happily living on the Gold Coast in Queensland with Nikki, my wife of forty-three years. We boast five children and five grandchildren. I stopped full-time work in 2013 and haven't done much since. Grandparent duties, a bit of fishing, maintaining our two-acre block and part-time membership of the Veterans' Review Board keeps me busy. Tried golf without success and have yet to consider bowls.

I spent most of my working life in the Army with all the moves and disruption that involved. Despite my education as an engineer at RMC, I graduated into the artillery, influenced as I was by my less than illustrious academic performance and the advice of our structures lecturer (Bruce Golley for my fellow civil engineers) that, while I might pass the structures exam, I should avoid walking on anything that I designed.

I did the usual round of regimental and training appointments, a highlight being my time at the Royal School of Artillery in the UK where I met Nikki. My time with the Gunners culminated with command of the field artillery regiment in Brisbane.

Outside of the Gunners I spent time involved in materiel acquisition and developing military strategy. My last few years in the Army were spent commanding the brigade in Brisbane, commanding the Peace Monitoring Group in Bougainville, commanding the Army's Training Command and, towards the end, being Deputy Chief of the Army and Head Strategic Policy in the Department of

Defence. On leaving the Army in 2005, I transferred across to the civilian side of the Department for about seven years.

Don't see many of the old gang these days but looking forward to doing so in December.

2826, Kapyong Company



Paul Robottom



With a copy of the Army dress regulations in hand, I had a friend in Perth cut my hair cut a day or so prior to arriving at Duntroon. He measured everything to a 'T', and I had full confidence I would pass what any thinking man would expect to be the first act of military life puerility. On that first parade 'Sluggo' Henderson duly told me to 'get a haircut' and being incensed at this I ignored his direction and on parade three days later he told me I had a 'good haircut'!

This outcome drove home to me a rapidly rising belief that Army culture was just like Christian Brothers' College, a culture based largely on fear of reprisal and corporal punishment. This epiphany led to the attitude that my career would be about me doing my own thing, no matter what this meant for any advancement.

Oddly enough this approach probably led me to remain in the Army until March 2003, just over 33 years' service, counting RMC time. My early highlights were service as a Platoon Commander in 3RAR, Troop Commander and Squadron Operations Officer in SASR and then ADC to the CGS. I returned to SASR for two years as a Sabre Squadron Commander and then as a student at the first year of the new Command & Staff College.

The remainder of my military career was spent in the Special Operations world, in Counter Terrorism Operations and Intelligence staff appointments and with a three-year posting to Fort Bragg, North Carolina as the Special Operations Liaison Officer to US Special Operations Command. Prior to my US posting in late 1992 I spent three months in Bahrain

during which I also entered Iraq as a Team Leader with UNSCOM 47.

In total I spent ten years as the head of the Defence Intelligence Organisation (DIO) Counter Terrorism Cell. 911 created an 'intelligence' enterprise so I left DIO for a short stint with the Australian Crime Commission intelligence coordination area and then AFP intelligence management for four years. Following this and working with the knowledge that there is really nothing new, and everything is in effect 'just the same old sh*t but in a different language' I did six months border security and development consulting in PNG, and then as a contractor spent two and a half years as the Program Manager of Defence's Weapons, Munitions and Explosives Security Audit Program.

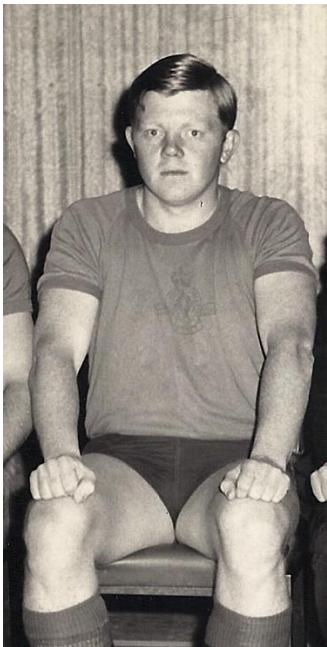
I retired from full-time work in 2012 but continue to do part-time work as a Military Researcher for DVA, conducting ad hoc research and analysis for the Veteran's Review Board.

Like most of us, my physical pursuits have become more modest in recent years and thanks to Trots who mentored me into fly-fishing in 1996 it has been my passion since and has allowed me to gracefully refuse 'to let the old man in'. Trips to NZ with Tak and fishing with Thommo have allowed me to maintain the view that I'm growing older, but not up while proving that our RMC sense of humour has remained merciless, and the 'puss-pulling' comes thick and fast.

I am married to Colleen, have a son and two daughters and five grandchildren.

2828 Gallipoli Company

David ('Dave') Ross



(Right)

*Dave and
Maureen
with 'Two
Walks a
Day'*



After thirty years of an occasionally eventful, but overall enjoyable time in the service, I finished my MBA, ditched the uniform, and stumbled into work in an industry association, supporting its lobbying activities to the federal government.

Based in Sydney, my work took me mostly to Canberra and Melbourne, and many times to Europe and the US for conferences. My post-army, fulltime work endured for fifteen years but continues today in a part-time capacity.

Working from home during COVID was a beneficial distraction complemented by an energetic and demanding hound who relished - if not demanded - two walks a day - see pic.

I am unquestionably the office dinosaur but I find the interaction with my fellow but very much younger staff members energising and stimulating. I attempt not to give them history lessons and advice on how we did it "in the olden days" and that "we've tried that before". I have no plans to fully retire although I'm ambivalent on the point.

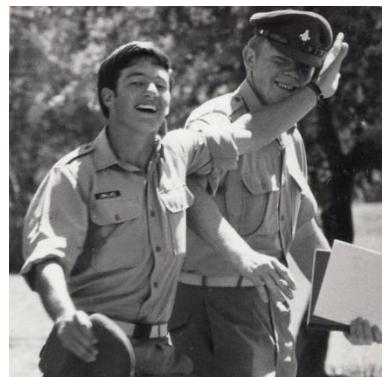
I have been involved with several ex-service organisations over the years but our ageing cohort seems increasingly bereft of active volunteers prepared to share the load, with a dearth of younger ones coming up through our ageing ranks. So whilst I'm still participating, I've reduced my involvement to a more realistic load which

better allows for family commitments and our nomadic proclivities.

Meanwhile Maureen continued her work as a librarian with Sydney University, retiring in 2019. Our three daughters eventually moved out following productive studies, with degrees from Sydney University and UNSW.

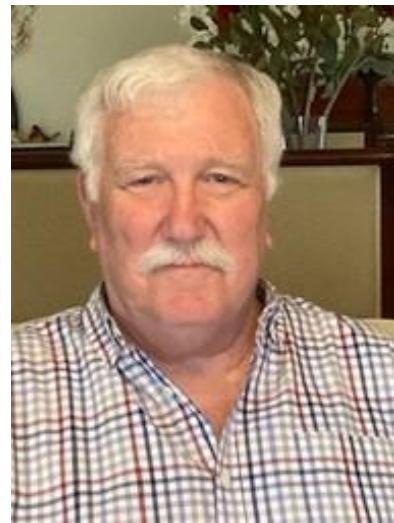
We downsized in 2017 to a smaller house in our favourite suburb, on the one level, which is an essential part of achieving long-term accommodation stability into our "golden years". It took a span of forty years of having at least one child at home before we became empty nesters, but then that's not so unusual these days I suppose.

We are extremely fortunate to often see our three daughters, their partners and our two grandchildren who are all now living in the Sydney area.



2827 Alamein Company

Peter Schmitt



After graduating to RAInf, I first served as Platoon Commander 11 Platoon, D Company 6RAR: Thankfully, eight years after the Battle of Long Tan, at which my predecessor was KIA on 18 Aug 1966. A sobering thought. I then served as the Assistant Adjutant for my sins.

In Oct 1974, I was married to Maryan, whom I had met during Second Class while at RMC. This year we will celebrate our forty-ninth wedding anniversary. We have two children; Reuben born in 1977 and Nicole born in 1979. We have two grandchildren, aged seven and five at the time of writing.

After 6RAR, I was posted at the end of 1975 to Queensland University Regiment as the Adjutant/QM. In Jan 1978, I was posted as the Communications Officer and then 2iC Support Company, 8/9RAR. From Sep 1979 – Sep 1980, I was in the Middle East as a UN Military Observer with United Nations Truce Supervision Organisation (UNTSO) in Cairo, then Tiberias. When I returned to Australia, I was posted as Adjutant, Infantry Centre.

In 1982 and 1983 I served as a Company Commander in 3RAR (Para), having joined the Battalion in Holsworthy *after* it relocated from Woodside. As a South Australian by birth, the irony of this was not lost on me.

In 1984, I attended the Malaysian Armed Forces Staff College in Kuala Lumpur.

On return to Australia, I had a two-year posting to HQ RMC and at the end of 1987, I was posted for two years as an SO1 at AHQ in the Directorate of Service Conditions. After this I was posted as CO, The Pilbara Regiment - one of the most challenging and rewarding postings of my career. After three years in the north-west, I was posted as the Army Instructor at the Navy Staff College at HMAS Penguin for three years.

I was then posted as SO1 Ops, Land HQ and left the ARA for the first time at the end of 1996, after twenty-eight years continuous full-time service. After a fifteen-month stint in the construction industry, I was invited to come back and work at Ops Branch, LHQ, which I did on a part-time basis for the next eleven years; working in both Operations and Training Branches. In 2009, I served an additional year of full-time service on HQ Forces Command, before retiring for good.

I was awarded a CSM in the Australia Day Honours in 2002 for service to Operations Branch, LHQ. In Oct 2005, I received a Training Command Commendation from my old Fourth Class (then MAJGEN Dick Wilson) for my work as the LHQ rep on the Active Reserve Training Model Project Team.

2723 Alamein Company

Rob Shoebridge



RMC

College life is a bit of a blur after fifty-plus years! Mixed memories of bush, The Square and Queen's Parade, acas, toc races, the life of a Second Class Artist, the enthusiasm that usually went with the competition for Sovs. Gaps filled in with athletics training and competitions at RMC and away and early morning training sessions with Groover. First Class was the joy of graduating, the disappointment of watching Grad Parade, even if in a good seat. And a very clear recollection of being bished in the middle of one night by Dave Smith!

Life after RMC

A good thirty-one years in uniform. The clear highlight was marrying Jill, the support she has provided through good and bad, having three sons, and now two daughters-in-law and three grandsons. Returning to RMC as a Company Commander in the company of Gumbles and Ned Miller made me realise how demanding sixty Staff Cadets could be! Like having sixty additional sons!

We were very lucky and served as a family in the Middle East, West Germany with the Brits, Kuala Lumpur and Singapore. Probably explains why two of our sons are now long-term expats. During our third year in Singapore, Groover made me an offer I couldn't refuse! We settled in Sydney and for the next fifteen years I worked in three multi-national

defence sector companies. Lots of overseas travel. After a short stint being self-employed, I have now spent almost seven years managing retirement villages in Sydney. No, it's not the recce before we move into one! It's confirmation that we never will!

By circumstance, regular contact with the COST has been sporadic. Through the drive of Dave Forster, Noons, Groover and JD Hands to get this reunion up and running, this will change.

Shoebs

2829 Gallipoli Company



Roger Simmons



I joined as part of the 1969 Fourth Class. I took the Engineering option and followed the five-year plan! Whilst at Duntroon, I played cricket and rugby, earning my colours in cricket and being an infrequent member of the 1st XV and stalwart of the 2nds, which I captained in 1973. My only other sporting achievement was in the Novice Boxing, where I won my weight division, against Bob Shaw (incidentally my bother) and the Thomson Cup.

I graduated to RNZE and was posted to the School of Military Engineering, initially for Corps training, then as Plant Training Officer and finally as Senior Training Officer. I represented the Army in both rugby and cricket and played in senior club sides in both sports in the Manawatu competition. I resigned in March 1978.

I did a Bachelor of Business Studies between 1975 and 1982, with Finance and Marketing majors. In 1993-94 I did an MBA, focussing on Strategy and Agri-business. The Agri business was part of research I was doing for a quite large corporate deal I was doing at the time. Call it using resources!

When I left the Army, I took up the role of Association Secretary with the Automobile Association. I left that position in 1983 to be a Merchant Banker with AGC Merchant Securities where I traded fixed interest securities and constructed financial arrangements as a Corporate Financier. Some deals were quite large!

After the 1987 stock market crash, AGC quit the Merchant Banking game and I took my skills into the Contract Management space and was hired by Prudential Assurance to set up and run its retail

investment operation. When Prudential was bought by Sovereign Insurance, I moved to AMP as the Corporate Trust Manager.

In 1995, I joined Price Waterhouse as a Business Consultant to head their Strategy and Business Improvement consultancy. In 1997, I was headhunted by SAS Institute to head up their New Zealand operation. In 2000, after numerous 'Australianisations' and Globalisations, I was done with Corporates and headed out to consult on my own account, and spent time with Expense Reduction Analysts in supply chain consulting. I ceased that in 2016 to chase a less hectic lifestyle. I have set up and now run a virtual golf club, where, apart from providing affiliation to NZ Golf for casual players, I also run golf tours and have developed two Smartphone Apps. COVID got in the way of the tours and in the uptake of the Apps, but I am currently contemplating a relaunch phase.

I married Paula in 1979 and separated a few years ago. We have two daughters, Megan and Stephanie, and one grand-daughter, Isya.

Over the course of my life, sport has played a big part. I have played – basketball, orienteering, triathlon, touch, scuba diving, fishing, hiking and of course, golf. Both my daughters represented New Zealand in Karate, and Stephanie, won the Commonwealth Open title.

I currently live in Paraparaumu: a contented soul!

2725 Gallipoli Company

John Skinner



I entered RMC in 1969 with the Class of '72, but repeated Third Class in 1970. I have to say that I didn't enjoy my extended stay at the College. The concept that cold showers and other indignities in July and August would make a better military leader of me never took hold. The only endearing feature of these years was the guys I met and became friends with.

I guess I had the usual run of Air Defence artillery postings at Woodside as Troop Commander, Adjutant, BC and Regimental 2IC. One disappointing feature was the isolation from other gunners. Postings to UNMOGIP and Shrivenham were the overseas sweeteners, but it didn't take me long to work out that there was no baton in my backpack.

Overall, I guess the system saw me as only an average officer. Postings to Canberra convinced me of my equivalent view of the system. I was told that being a "quiet achiever" was a death sentence to further advancement. However, the skills and experience, particularly leadership, gained from RMC and the Army in general did stand me in good stead for my post Army working life.

I joined the Superannuation and Insurance Commission in its early formation in Canberra on the Super side, and found a niche there. My quiet achiever style was more suited there. I became a national project manager for a system to record all payments. From there I took up a senior

management role and eventually General Manager at the WA Government Super. During this time, I completed Graduate Diplomas in Superannuation Management and in Financial Planning. After quite some years there, and as a stint as Commissioner of Superannuation for the NT Government, I finished my working life in the most rewarding of all my positions as the WA Public Trustee.

Sadly, my marriage to Christeen didn't make it the thirty-year mark, but we do enjoy our family get-togethers with our three kids and six grandkids. I am still living in Perth, where the rest of my family live, and my retirement years are spent in travel, mostly overseas, playing Bridge which, I took up during the pandemic, and spending time with my grandkids

2726 Kokoda Company



David Smith



As I am sure is the case with many of us, the task of recalling events and milestones over the past fifty years has not been easy and has challenged my diminished store of grey matter. To simplify the task, I am restricting my recollections to events that have taken place since leaving the Army in 2002. At that time, together with then wife Wendy and daughter Alex, we relocated to Brisbane. I decided to try my hand at hospitality and became the manager of a private club in the CBD. This was an interesting period where I quickly learnt that hospitality staff did not share the values and work ethic that I had come to take for granted with Army people. In particular, I found chefs to be a class of people deserving of certification as stark raving lunatics. They certainly provided me with countless management challenges which were always interesting and often very funny. Suffice to say I had re-runs of *Fawlty Towers* on a loop to provide perspective for my experiences.

During this time, my marriage was experiencing significant headwinds and ultimately it crashed and burnt and Wendy and I separated. Anyone who has gone through an acrimonious separation and divorce will know that this is a truly dreadful experience. Fortunately, during this time, I formed a relationship with a wonderful woman also called Wendy who became my rock amidst the turbulence. We married in 2009 and have enjoyed a very happy existence ever since.

I gave hospitality away in 2012 and we both retired from the workforce to pursue our retirement goals which it must be said are fairly modest. We both

love to travel and have experienced a number of fabulous overseas trips mostly to Europe but also to the United States and South America. I still retain some military association through the presidency of the ANZAC Day Commemoration Committee which coordinates the City Dawn Service each year as well as a student service involving all schools in south-east Queensland just prior to ANZAC Day. Aside from that I am very content to potter around the house doing bits and pieces while Wendy enjoys daily ballet classes and doting on her two grandchildren who live not far away. All in all, a very peaceful existence.



Dave and Wendy

2830 Kokoda Company

Mike Spence



I liked RMC so much I stayed another year, but came to my senses so I could join RAE and not be a gunner. What was I thinking?? 'Plumber' Taylor had a few words to say to me on that subject. I believe I was the first 'legally' married cadet at RMC, but that was offset by thinking of others who were not so fortunate. Christopher was born seven days after grad in '74.

My first job was Troop Commander, 6th ConstTp, 9th Field Squadron, 1st Field Engineer Regiment. Apart from normal exercises etc, I built a Fire Station at Marrangaroo ammunition depot where Stu Mackenzie was posted that year. Jennifer was born in 1976, three months before flying out to PNG.

The three years in PNG would have to be the highlight of my time in RAE; was not only the professional work but the visits to all parts of the country; battlefields, fabulous scenery, the people, and jobs in great locations. Glad I was not Rod Jewell stuck out for months on end near the Irian Jaya border building an airfield at Green River. I did the 'big tour' of all bases in the first month in-country and got stuck in Wewak for a week as the boss stuffed up – that was hard to take with no work to do and forced myself to go sightseeing.

For having such a good time in PNG, I was posted as SO3 Pers to 6th Construction Group in Melbourne and thence to SO2-something at HQ Logistic Command (facility master planning etc). Melbourne was good. This was followed by 2IC 1st

Construction Regiment, where it was all go (diplomacy was required dealing with the three OC's of Dick Weber, John Hartman and Ian Grant).

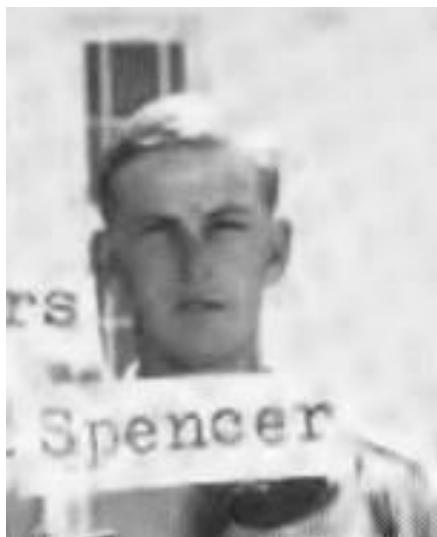
Off to Army Office for a Pers job for three years where I met Glenda and thence two years at 1st Recruit Training Battalion as SO2 Log. While in Wagga, Glenda and I both did a second degree in Applied Science (Environment) – one of the best things I have done. I pulled the pin on 4 Jul 90. Glenda was posted to Oakey/Cabarlah and I was a camp follower.

We both did Engineering and Environmental Consulting for the next thirty years. Work involved several USA trips and fourteen years as the Consulting Engineer at a meat plant in Ipswich and Gatton. The main thing I found that was useful was the combination of engineering and environment qualifications to talk knowledgeably to both sides. Glenda (also a geologist) and I moved back to Toowoomba in 2016.

Since then, I have re-discovered my keen interest in photography. I do a lot of dog photos as you may guess. The lasting legacy of RMC and the Army has been stepping up to help others do stuff, professionally and as a community service.

2831 Alamein Company

Bill Spencer



Having been back squaddled for a lacklustre performance in Physics II in 1971, I finally managed somehow to graduate in Dec 74.

Postings as a junior officer in field and strategic communications, ARes training and then electronic warfare provided my grounding in the operational and technical aspects of Sigs Corps. Attending the technical staff course at Shrivenham in the UK in 1982 then set me on the path of Army and Joint project management and Joint capability development that covered most of the rest of my time in uniform.

Highlights of my service career include command of the Electronic Warfare Regiment in 1990-91, followed by director of Army C3 projects and director of communications development for Defence and the ADF.

Denied the opportunity for a non-Corps posting at several turns, my career stalled at the rank of Colonel and so I bailed out to become a Defence civvie in mid-98. Initially, I headed a team doing strategic planning for Air Force projects, then worked as part of a small team to develop a business information systems strategic plan for the then Defence Materiel Organisation.

In 2003, I became the deputy to the AVM running the Air Force's Airborne Early Warning & Control program. This significant undertaking consumed the next ten years of my life and probably counts as the most challenging, yet rewarding, job I ever had. Despite the early setbacks, we got across the line in the end and Air Force now has a world-class



capability that I am pleased to say I was part of creating.

The last seven years of my time in Defence were spent working (initially for Terry Oldfield) with a great team of 'grey beards' from Defence, Defence industry and academia conducting governance reviews of major projects and then setting up a new process to help projects with developing their acquisition strategies.

I finally retired in early 2020 after clocking up fifty years in the Army and Defence.

On the home front, I married Wendy, whom I met at Fourth Class dancing classes, on graduation. We have one son, who lives in Ireland with his partner and our two grandsons, and a second son, who lives in Perth with his partner.

We started traveling overseas some years ago and made it to many destinations in Asia and Europe, as well as parts of the eastern Mediterranean and USA before unrest in the Middle East and Covid put a spanner in the works.

Wendy retired in early 2022 after fifty years in nursing and we moved to our new home in an Over 50s Lifestyle Resort on the Sunshine Coast in Oct 22. We have settled in well, made lots of new friends, as well as rekindling ties with lots of old ones. We find ourselves so busy with all the activities on offer that we need to take the occasional holiday from retirement!

2832 Gallipoli Company

Rudy Chalupsky (Ian Steel)



Born in Newcastle, NSW, I served in the Australian Army for thirty-seven years.

After graduation, I was allotted to RAAOC and posted to 3rd Task Force in Townsville as second in command to Daryl Crunkhorn in an Ordnance Field Park. Our unit had been scheduled for deployment to Vietnam in 1974, but the Whitlam Labour government stopped that. Nevertheless, I loved regimental life - on exercises, rugby, hockey, swimming, water skiing and studying for military law exams. What more could you want? Full of life and vigour with scarcely a minute to spare.

I changed my name to make things easier. It hurt my Dad and was a mistake that I later regretted. I met Fran in Townsville and we married in Brisbane in 1976. She is the love of my life, and despite different allegiances during the State of Origin Rugby League games, we remain happily married.

I was employed mainly as a logistics officer in a broad range of jobs in supply, information systems, weapons procurement, project management, facilities development, strategic logistics policy, government administration, budgeting and finance. A highlight was a posting as Deputy Commandant of the 1st Recruit Training Battalion, Kapooka. We enjoyed every minute of the ups and downs of Army life and the friends we met along the way; as well as the fifteen different houses we lived in.

At various times, we were major beneficiaries of long-term schooling opportunities at the University of Queensland, at Royal Military College of Science at Shrivenham UK and at University of Southern Queensland. I elected not to go to Command and

Staff College which curtailed my career subsequently. It was a missed opportunity.

Despite intermittent health difficulties that started at the age of forty-seven, after retirement, Fran and I discovered the joys of river cruising and touring in Europe and the United Kingdom, including memorable, three month long, home exchanges to Prague and Kent, England.

Sadly, Fran and I could not have children. Perhaps as a consequence, we have worked as volunteers in churches, various charities and organisations that help children and youth in Australia and developing countries to achieve their full potential.

I have a BA, B Econ and M Bus.

At present, we are living quietly on the Sunshine Coast.

2762 Alamein Company



Rudy and Fran

Peter Stevens



Wot???



On graduation, I was posted to 3RAR, Woodside, SA, as a Platoon Commander, along with Bottom and Ron Elms. During my time at 3RAR, I also held positions of Transport Platoon Commander and 2IC, Admin Company.

In mid-1976, I was posted as 2IC, Queensland Agricultural College Training Unit (now part of QUR), in Gatton QLD. Nothing of note happened except that true to its agricultural nature, we had a 'pet' brown snake that lived under the latrines, a depot next to the pig sty and drain pipes that rattled every time a cow in the next paddock took a drink of water.

In 1978, I was posted to 1RTB, Kapooka as 2IC A Coy and I also had other appointments - Adjutant, and SO3 Coord, HQ 1 RTB. In 1980, I received a posting order to RMCS, Shrivenham, UK. I knocked back the posting order due to marital difficulties I was then posted to 3RAR. I was there until 1982.

I convinced MS to issue another posting order to Shrivenham which I attended in 1983. This was a great course, but I did say at the time that when I died, I wanted to come back as the wife of an RMCS attendee. They had an even better time.

On completion, I was posted to Material Division-Army, Canberra. As only the Army can do, I was initially posted to the Directorate of Electronic Procurement – noting my RMCS report stated that I was suitable for employment in any Weapons Staff Officer position *except in the area of electronics*.

In 1989, Debbie and I separated and subsequently divorced. We have two children, Michael and Caroline and four grandchildren.

In 1990. I was posted to the Engineering Development Establishment, Maribyrnong, VIC and then as SO2 COORD, DCOORD-A, Canberra. This was the hardest and most frustrating posting I had: dealing with Ministers, Ministerial Representations and Senate Estimates hearings. After two years I was burnt out and took a redundancy package.

After I separated from the Army, I drifted for about eighteen months. I worked in real estate, mowed lawns and had a stint as a private investigator.

Despite the redundancy package, the Army offered me a posting (Full-time ARES) to DTRIALS in DSTO which I took.

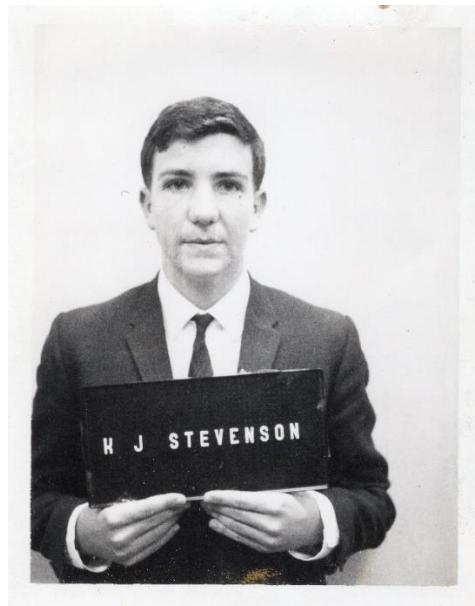
Later, I spent three years as a Test Engineer at ADI (now Thales). This included being Test Engineer during design, development and evaluation stages on the Bushmaster vehicle.

After that, through networking, I had other private sector management positions in Melbourne with Ceramic Fuel Cells, Innovonics, Tectonica, Ball Consulting, SYPAQ Consulting, Transurban and, finally, Citywide Services (City council services).

I retired about 9 years ago. During my time in the private sector, I met and married Dee (2005). I have two stepchildren, Daniel and Breanna.

2834 Kapyong Company

Ken Stevenson



Ken entered RMC as one of the 1970 intake. He did not graduate from RMC after a Herculean effort to make it through academics. Fortunately, he was successful in transferring to OCS Portsea from which he graduated in Dec 1973 into RAAOC.

One of the 1970 Anzac Hall fourthies, Ken saved many of the remaining fourth class there from Extra Drills through his capacity to score many himself, taking the rod to spare our backs. That meant some of us got to some breakfasts some of the time. And we repaid him with extra muffins and toast at 9.30 pm TOC!

Ken's dad, a World War II veteran, was still serving in 1972 when that family moved to Canberra on posting. This gave Ken, and some of his RMC classmates including Russell Linwood, a most welcome warm place to go on cold Sunday afternoons in winter. There are classmates among us still married our (then) girlfriends who were among the group of Ken's friends to have such visit privileges. And BBQs out at Cotter Dam. The pressure of academics was Ken's challenge, not a lack of mates.

He married his life-long girlfriend Margaret from Newcastle. Not a lot is known of Ken's Army career or wider life experiences since then, but it is tragic to record that he took his life several years ago.

Research has not yet been able to identify if he was succeeded by children. He is however remembered as a good bloke who tried his best. Those close to him know that. We are all privileged to share the ranks on the square with Ken when he was one of us.

While at RMC, Ken was probably next best remembered as a drummer in the cadet band for the years he was there (extreme right of group photo). He was also a hockey player.



2835 Gallipoli Company

Gary Stone



I had a career as an Infantry Officer for twenty-two years; commanding troops in 8/9 RAR, 6 RAR and 1 RAR - in Malaysia 1974-75, the Fiji Coup in 1987, and Peacekeepers deployed to the Iran /Iraq war in 1989. I also served as an Intelligence officer; Exchange instructor at RMA Sandhurst 78-80 and Land Operation Officer HQADF during the First Gulf War 1991. I am a graduate of the Australian Command and Staff College (1983) and the Joint Services Staff College (1990.)

I was ordained in the Catholic Church as a married Deacon in December 1994 for chaplaincy to the Army, and saw operational service in Timor and Bougainville. I was asked also to take on Chaplaincy to the Australian Federal Police in the Asian Tsunami and in numerous deployments to Timor and Solomons 2005-2012. My son Michael and I featured in ABC *Australian Story* episodes in 2007 and 2009 for our work in Timor and our particular role in saving the life of President Jose Ramos Horta.

I have been married to Lynne for over 47 years and have four adult children, two of whom are Veterans. Michael graduated from RMC in 1999 and Paul graduated in 2007. Lynne and I live near Mt Tamborine, Qld.

In 2001, I founded *Friends and Partners of East Timor* (FPET), delivering over \$1.500,000 in aid over eighteen years, and facilitating health and education in remote rural areas of Timor. The RSL awarded its National Peace Prize to FPET in 2005.

I currently serve as chaplain for ex-service people and their families in south east Queensland. I founded the *Veterans Care Association* in 2014 to facilitate the delivery of holistic health education which includes spiritually-based pastoral care to rehabilitate veterans and support their families.

In 2016 son Michael developed for the Veterans Care Association a rehabilitative programme called *Timor Awakening* for both Australian and Timorese veterans. It involves nine months of engagement and a two-week educational experience in Timor and the Gold Coast. Fifteen programmes - each including twenty-five veterans and family members - have now been delivered. These are the first programmes of their kind in Australia to also embrace healing of moral injury as a component of the holistic healing and rehabilitation of Veterans.

In 2018 care provider Bolton Clarke invited me to assist in the development of the *Veterans Families Toolkit* series of "hope filled" videos that are now shared internationally.

Michael and I and our team live out the words of Jesus in Luke 10 "bringing good news to the afflicted, new sight to the blind, and liberty to captives"

In the Queen's Birthday Honours list in 2020, I was awarded the Medal of The Order of Australia for services to the veteran community

2833 Alamein Company

Eion William George Thomson



Leah, Anna and Scott Thomson-Bennison, Thommo

I resigned from the Army in January 1990 in the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, having held the position of Director of Ordnance Services for two years. Other senior positions held include OC 3rd Supply Company and Chief Ammunition Technical Officer. I attended the Ammunition Technical Officers Course at the RAAOC Centre in 1976, and two years later was seconded to the British Army School of Ammunition for two years. I was also lucky enough to spend some time back in Australia on numerous occasions where I caught up with class-mates and was able to continue the missionary work I started in 1970!

After leaving the Army, I farmed a small holding in Central Otago for four years before taking a series of logistics management roles mainly in food production industries. This culminated in the general management of a wine bottling company based in Nelson. In 2012 I was diagnosed with bowel cancer, and the next two years saw a long period of recuperation after two operations and the removal of three tumours. This was the end of my full-time working life. Thereafter, I worked part time in warehousing, transport and agricultural roles until I retired completely in 2017.

I spend my time now on DIY, cooking, gardening, home brewing beer, reading, following politics (Well I did pass Government 1 – just!), trout fishing, and taking the “puss” out of Bottom, Tac occasionally, – and myself. All fertile grounds!

I have been married to Leah for forty-eight years. We have one daughter, Anna, of whom we are justifiably proud and love to bits. She is a lawyer

working at Police national headquarters in Wellington and is married to Scott, a cop and a good guy.

I am enjoying life, although everyday aches and pains make me realise, I am not quite up to what I could do when we were all ten feet tall and bullet proof, back in the day.

I enjoy a close circle of friends, most of whom I don't see nearly enough. That's life! I do see quite a bit of Bottom and (unfortunately) less frequently Tac, through our mutual love of the gentle art of fly fishing. It's always good to get together, have a few drinks, carry out a few character assassinations, and reminisce about those days at RMC that largely formulated who we are today.

I have no regrets!

2836 Gallipoli Company



Bottom, Thommo and Ed Antoniak: Fishing apparently

John Trotter



From the pen of the erudite Paul Robottom.

Trots and I were posted to Canberra in the late 70s early 80s and then to Staff College in 1984 and we also saw a lot of each other in his post-military life in Canberra.

Despite his reputation for acerbic commentary on people and all manner of things Trots was a gracious mentor and fine teacher. He was generous with his time and displayed a level of patience not previously considered a Trots trait when imparting his knowledge and advice on all sorts of topics, from cooking to fly fishing and life's lessons. As a result, he was deeply respected and loved by a wide range of people, from young female netballers, work colleagues, my family, and an eclectic range of acquaintances.

And through to the end his incisive intellect never ceased to amaze me and while always willing to listen, if he considered it appropriate, would succinctly tell me what I was saying was absolute rubbish!

From the pencil of Chris Wallace.

John left us way too early at age forty-nine. He was diagnosed with inoperable cancer and the prognosis was three to six months. I was his designated next of kin which in those days raised a few eye brows! As a single parent he decided that he would tough it out to see his three kids finish school. Mission accomplished.

He was survived by his three fantastic children, David who was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for service as a battle group commander in Afghanistan, Jane and Elizabeth both very accomplished businesswomen. He would have been so proud of them and he would have loved his seven grandkids

To my best friend who I miss every day. See you in Valhalla dear mate.

**2837 Kokoda and Alamein
Company**

Doug Tyers



Waiting to march on to Point Hut parade ground in late January 1970, I thought I was sufficiently inconspicuous in my newly minted greens until WO2 Ballance strode up and in his unmistakable accent, told my mate Geoff Garside (sadly at rest) that he was an 'idle man' because his gaiters were on back to front. As I started to laugh, he turned to me and said, "What are you laughing at Tyers? So are yours!" Thus, began nearly forty-five years of combined ARA, ARes and Emergency Reserve service. During all that time, I never served in the same unit as any other members of the Class of 73.

Graduating to the RACT, I spent the first couple of weekends singing at long-delayed weddings in the choir lofts in the RMC Chapel where we choristers had learned the best way to avoid Church Parade work parties. My interest in singing continued in parallel with my time in the Army and I took a year's leave to sing professionally in Europe and the UK.

I had the honour to command at all levels from sub-unit to formation as well as a multi-national command, commencing at 176th Air Dispatch Company, Penrith where as a result of the resignation of many of the Company's officers on return from Vietnam, I found myself as Administrative Commander for the first six months of my first posting.

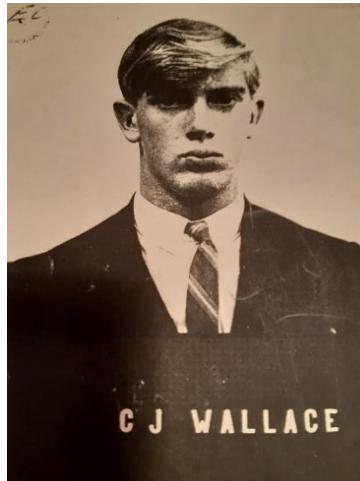
I married my wife, Kim in 1981 and moved to Perth where I was posted as OC 5th Transport and Movement Group. Staff College at the West German Commanders' Academy followed from 1984-86, after which we returned to Canberra. I was promoted to LTCOL in 1988 and the same year our son, Sam arrived. I completed a Master's degree in 1989, attended JSSC in 1991 and assumed

command of the Army School of Transport at Puckapunyal where our daughter, Georgia was born. I became DMOVT-A in 1993 on promotion to COL and attended the inaugural course of the Australian College of Defence and Strategic Studies in 1995.

I was promoted to one star in 1998; my initial appointment was Director-General National Support and Mobilisation Planning. I then assumed command of Logistic Support Force (as well as Honorary Head of Corps for the RACT) in mid-2000 when we provided operational Logistic Support to the Iraq, Afghanistan, Solomon Islands, East Timor and Bougainville. My final posting was Commander, Peace Monitoring Group, Operation *BELISI*. Ian Lillie relieved me and he closed down the operation. It was more than a little incongruous that after being taught how to prosecute state-sanctioned violence over many years, much of my time on operations involved dressing in a bright yellow coloured shirt and convincing warring factions on Bougainville to give me their weapons - while unarmed.

While commanding the Logistic Support Force and the Peace Monitoring Group in Bougainville I was fortunate to be working with great staff who made me look good and I was appointed as a Member of the Order of Australia in the Australia Day 2004 List. I retired from the ARA in June 2003 and Kim and I established a Consulting Company which we ran for fifteen years. The Company was active in the rehabilitation industry (Kim is an Occupational Therapist) so after all those years engaged in possibly damaging people, the last fifteen years were spent trying to fix some

Chris Wallace



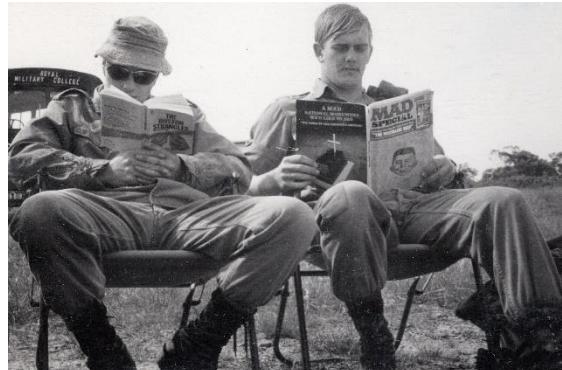
Lynn and Wally

I need to set the record straight. I was not a repeat from 1969. I was discharged after three in-depth discussions with the Commandant and reenlisted in 1970. As I understand it, I was the first cadet to be arsed out and asked back. While I still have some great mates from the Class of '72, I found myself in a Class brimming with talent, compassion and very good people. How lucky was I! Thanks for adopting me.

I retired after twenty-six years of boy's own adventure. Service highlights were: secondment to the Malaysian Armed Forces, Commander Divisional Supply 1sf Division and as the advocate representing the ADF at the Defence Force Remuneration Tribunal. I then spent seventeen years as CEO and Secretary to that Tribunal where I had interaction with the ADF Command group and members of the three Services.

On the personal side, Lynn and I live in Canberra but also spend time at our coastal home in Tura Beach, just North of Merrimbula. We have three children between us, Sarah and Tim in Victoria, James in Canberra and one grandchild, Oliver.

I look forward to catching up with classmates in the future.



'Fangio' and 'Wal' Studying for Artillery Week

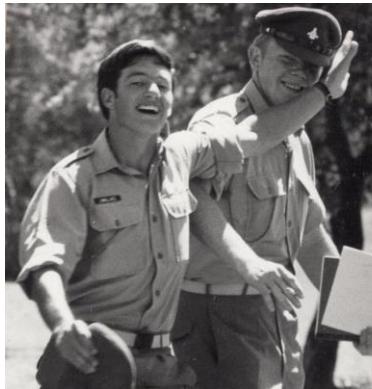
2740 Kapyong Company

Editorial Comment:

I had the privilege of going to school with Wally and often absconded from the confines of the Boarding School to his place in Bronte/Tamarama. Thence to Jim Bodell's Charing Cross Pub.

One of the Class Clowns, Wals rather 'muted' Bio doesn't really do him justice. Along with 'the usual suspects' (mainly 'Sides', 'Watto' (Chris Watson) and 'Tac') Wal was a constant, astute and humorous observer of 'the Military Condition.' He added constantly to our colourful lexicon. His quote; 'Tis better to have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy' still causes me to laugh.

Jim Wallace



Well, the greatest privilege I think I have had is running into Class of 73ers continually over all these years. Really is special.

I'm currently in Newcastle where we moved from the compulsory infantry experience of a small rural property outside Canberra. I even went mounted to honour my time in 1st Bde – a ride on mower! We had a mountain which unkind non-infantry types accused me of having trenches on.

I left the Clink for 8/9RAR with Stoney and Gumbles, where I commanded first the Signals Platoon and then Pioneers, which would have frustrated me to death except it proved excellent preparation for SAS with its long-range comms and explosives training. When I went into my interview with the CO after selection, I had all my well-rehearsed reasons why I should go to the Vehicle Mounted Tp, but before I could tell him I lost my stomach on a swing, he said "Ah, my new Free Fall Troop Commander!" So, after fifty-five seconds of fun on interminable exercises in the Kimberley and Pilbara, and knowing Bottom was driving around everywhere with Vehicle Mounted, I spent weeks walking.

Adjt RMC was fun as you'll imagine, especially when you can push up the ceiling tile in front of your old room in A61 and immediately put your hands on the dirty runners of an absolutely amazed Fourthie. Got married to Poppy in the second year there and then took a 'honeymoon year' in Syria and Israel with the UN. *DS, Noons, Shoobs* and I were awarded the coveted International UN Cooking Certificate. *Shoobs* even got his first driving licence!

Back to SASR with Bottom. CT came on the scene and provided at least an operational tempo and urgency. Then to staff College Camberley where I was to get my AM from the Queen for a unique

qualification called: 'an accident of geography.' She didn't even give us TOC!

Penance then with a couple of staff jobs in Canberra and then COSASR which they decided I needed a third year in to get right. Greatest privilege though, as I know each of us who have commanded Australian troops at any level know. Back to Camberley as the Australian instructor. Although I really enjoyed the Poms, I had to remind one who announced how fortunate I was to be in a country with some history, that while I loved visiting museums, I wouldn't want to live in one.

Back then to Canberra as Commander Special Forces for three years, ACDS and then Commander 1st Brigade which was another unique privilege and one where a special forces snob realised the sheer quality of all our soldiers.

DGLD back in Canberra saw me out when I saw yet another White Paper written almost entirely by civilians with hardly any attempt to lay a khaki hand on it. We owe soldiers more than that.

Poppy and I have had two wonderful girls and three grandchildren. I continue God-bothering of course. We have started a political lobby group, a Christian law firm and a small college near Murrumbateman to produce better leaders for the public square. The curriculum is amazingly like the ACDS one, although much more prayer!

One of the great joys of Newcastle is to get together regularly with *Wheels* and Rod Jewel and occasionally *Farmer* and even *Gumbles* from time to time. Always the highlight after all this time and always will be with every one of you.

God Bless JJ

2843 Alamein Company

George Watts



Pissed that I didn't get my first, second or third corps preferences and allocated to RAEME instead. A short sojourn at LWC to re-learn how to dig holes and run up mountains before heading off to first posting as OC Elec Coy, 2nd Base Workshop Bn. This required attendance on a YO's course at Bandiana, where a couple of Kap Coy classmates and I seriously disrupted how the course was conducted. On return to my unit, I was fronted to the 2MD COL EME for a frank discussion about my future!

Twelve months later, I was posted as OC 8/12 Mdm Regt Wksp, but six months in, I was sent to the School of Electrical Engineering (SEE), Arborfield UK as part of the Rapier technical training program. Extra-curricular activities included hockey and competing in tug-of-war with SEE teams. I coached the adjoining Apprentices School water polo team, and caught up with a few classmates as they toured the UK on Long Look. Which reminds me of a funny anecdote. I rang the Savoy in London asking for Mr Walker and was connected to Max Walker. I rang again asking for Mr Pascoe and ended up taking to Len Pascoe. The Australian cricket team was also staying at the same hotel. What are the chances?

A couple of years later, I was posted to Bandiana as SI Guided Weapons Wing to stand up the initial Rapier training courses. While a culture shock from the surrounds of Royal Berkshire and London, Bandiana's redeeming factor was its proximity to the Rutherglen region, where as the wines member I acquainted myself with all the local vintners. By the way, Elec Wing won the RTC tug-of-war competition for the first time ever and went on to win the RAEME district competition.

A couple of years later, I was off to SA as supervising officer at the Rapier BRF, Salisbury. Twelve months

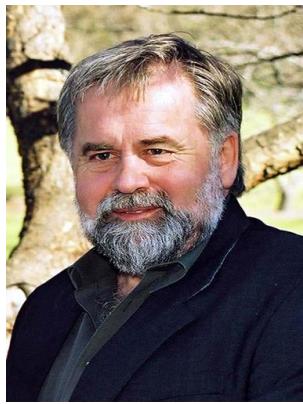
later, posted to 16AD Regt as OC Wksp. The most rewarding posting of my short military career working alongside the cloud punchers and many Dunnars graduates. My posting there was extended to three years before I headed off to a staff posting at Maintenance Engineering Agency, (MEA). I put up with six months as a desk jockey before handing in my resignation.

The transition to civvy street was smooth and reasonably painless: first up Fujitsu Telecommunications. It was there I first met Sir Roderick Carnegie, then Chairman of CRA who I was to encounter in future jobs. Two years on, I joined a small consultancy where Alan Collier was a principal. While consulting with a customer I had a close encounter with Sir Rod and agreed work for his small business called CATSCO.

In 1990 I was head hunted as GM Systems BU of AeroSpace Technologies Australia (ASTA) responsible for the Nomad, Jindivik and other projects such as Nulka. During this appointment I awarded a contract to a small company called Adacel. Two years later, during a sabbatical and playing some golf I got a call from the MD of Adacel asking whether I could come in and have a chat.

That chat led me to joining Adacel in various appointments, teaming up with Sir Rod again as Chairman of Adacel and moving to Montreal Canada to start up the North American operation. A most rewarding opportunity, which has kept me engaged for the last thirty years, visiting many countries and cultures over that period. Now it's time to hang up the boots and pursue other passions!

Robert 'Bob' West



Bob entered RMC in 1970 and was allocated to Alamein Company. He left RMC during or at the end of 1970.

Since leaving the Australian Army he has been involved in financial and real estate sectors and has held senior managerial positions with National Mutual Life Assoc, Industrial Equity, Jennings Industries, Obayashi Corporation of Japan, Frasers of Singapore and Record Funds Management Limited.

He moved to Adelaide and married a New Zealand girl and has two children (Darius, and Kirsten) and five grandchildren.

A number of years after a divorce, he married Judith - another New Zealander and 'collected' a step son Rikki, and two step grandchildren; During this period, he moved to Sydney and held several senior management positions.

He is a qualified private pilot with a multiple-engine command instrument rating.

2846 Alamein Company



With fifty plus years of hindsight, I have concluded that I really wasn't suited to the Army. I think staff like John Coates and Brian Mitchell tried to tell me that at RMC but it was too late by then ... and again, with hindsight, I can't really think of anything else I would have chosen to do, at that age!

Despite their reservations, I managed to graduate and served in the normal range of regimental and staff appointments in Signals, in NZ and a few overseas as well. After about fifteen years, I realised that the rest of my career would be behind a desk, and that I was more interested in IT than wheeling divisions around the battlefield, so I retired from the Regular Force at the 20-year mark. (That is, I qualified for superannuation).

I remained in the Territorial Force for about another ten years, and spent the rest of my working career in IT, including in NZ Defence HQ as a civilian, DSTO (Australia) as a Defence Scientist and finally eleven years at Massey University in Auckland as an IT lecturer/researcher. I had numerous IT research papers published, and made two starts on a Doctorate, but never quite got around to finishing it.

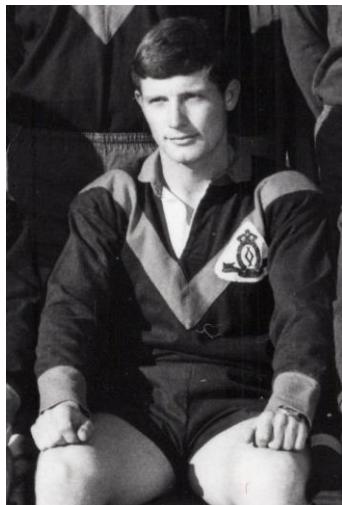
I think my (mostly) non-paid activities are what I enjoyed the most, and in which I think I have made my greatest contribution. These include volunteer work and some paid research in wildlife telemetry systems (see photo with the kiwi recovery program), general conservation volunteer work, and, more recently, historical heritage in archaeology. In the latter field, I have had papers accepted for journals and conferences and have located and surveyed dozens of archaeological sites which have gone into the national site recording system. This will probably be the last major phase of my 'career', as there's not much time left for another paradigm shift! Google 'david wilton archaeology' or some-such and you should find some of my stuff.

I've been married to Jan since 1976 and we have two daughters Joanne and Jenny, now in their 40s. Two grandchildren so far; Sophie (14) and Harvey (9).

Probably the best epitaph I could wish for is: 'He explored a few tracks'.

2848 Kokoda Company

Rod Yeats ('Rowdy')



Written by Jim Wallace...

This is a hard one to write. I was lucky to have Rowdy in the same section in Fourth Class. I say lucky, because you couldn't have had a more committed and genuinely caring fellow Fourthie in your Section: always pulled his weight, always watched your back and even had parents in Canberra!

Few of us won't remember his fitness, drive and determination in rugby, running and on the obstacle course. He invariably took *out-of-towners* under his wing, taking us home for meals and arranging girls for functions. Although, on the basis of one he got me, that was not necessarily a good thing!

We all know it didn't end well for Rowdy, taking his own life in 1988. But we also knew his better side. His mother gave me his Grad Menus on his death and I can think of no better way of remembering him than in some of the comments on those Grad Menus over the years. They show the potential and unique humanity of a good bloke dealt a bad hand. I know we remember him fondly.

'You shall never know how much respect I really have for you. You are great. I have great expectations for you. All the best. I hope we shall be friends for ages.' Patrick Cullinan

'Dad - It was really good to have you behind me this year, it made 4th Class that much easier. All the best in First Class and your obviously very bright future.'
Ian (Not so "grand"son)

'Grandson - Your big problem is that you're too much of a nice guy. All the best.' Vic Gibbons

'You old "Commo", thanks for keeping me sane this year, the discussions we had were really refreshing. Great knowing you and keep the rugger going and crash into the 2nd XV next year.' - Joff Johnson

'Bloody great knowing you and your oldies mate, thanks for being a really great mate during the last two years.' Jim Wallace

'Rowdy old pal, old breakaway exponent to the classiest degree. You're a real gentleman mate (and I don't say that lightly). Good luck to a bloody good bloke.' Marty O'Hare

My brother and a great bloke – see you in 2nd Class next year and make sure you see me when in NZ. A good breakaway, - we'll play in the 4th 's again next year! Dave Wilton

'A great bloke and a hard worker. I can't see you failing because you are a walking success. Best of luck.' Simon Willis

'The grin has never left your ugly dial all year and I hope it won't for the next three, keep it up boy – and all my best wishes.' Jack Brandon

'You bastard... Your friendship is one I hold to be of the closest and best that I've made.' Mac

'Anyone as keen as you cannot fail to do well. I believe that there is more to life than people at RMC would have us believe. I pray that one day you might feel that way. All the best.' Mike Swan

Thommo probably summed it all up best:

'Man, you're not too bad a guy for an Aussie.' Eoin Thomson

‘Forty-one Largely Unaccounted For Sir’



Over the years, we have tried to maintain contact with all those who have some claim to being Class members. A number have passed on, could not be located, or elected not to maintain the links.

Nevertheless, in the following pages, we have included their names and photographs (where available) and what we know of them since RMC. All replete with ‘full stops’.

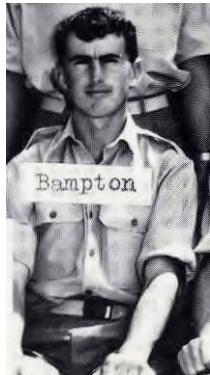
Missing Classmates (Excusing alphabetical order)

Kim Bagot



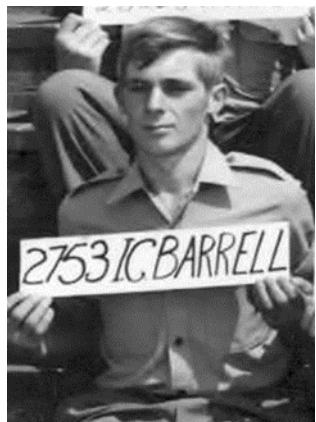
Kim was a 1969 entry and left RMC at the end of 1970. He has elected not to participate in COST or other RMC Class activities.

Mike Bampton



Mike was a member of Alamein Company. He left RMC in 1971 and graduated from OCS to RAA in Jun 1972. He apparently did Regimental service with 1st Field Regiment before undertaking flying training. He served with Int Corps.

Ian Barrell



Ian was allocated to Kapyong Company. He left RMC at the end of 1970.

Chris Coghlan



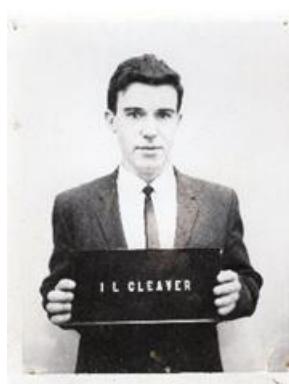
Chris was a member of Kapyong Company. He left RMC at the end of 1970.

Keith Compton



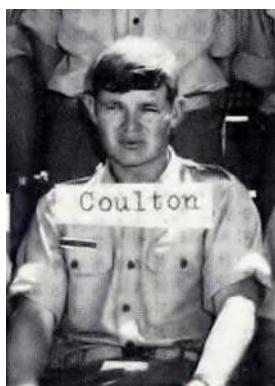
Keith was a member of Kapyong Company. He was discharged early in 1970.

Ian Cleaver



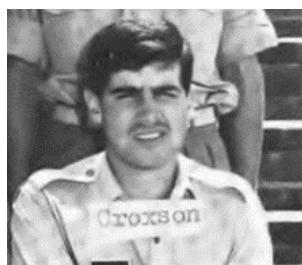
'Meat,' 'George' or 'Cleaves' entered RMC in 1969 and was a member of Alamein Company. He graduated into RAEME. All efforts to contact him since the 40th Reunion have failed. Noted for having more nicknames at Clink than anyone else.

Peter Coulton



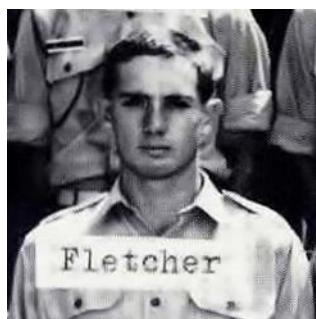
Peter was a member of Kokoda Company. He left RMC at the end of 1970.

John Croxson



John was a member of Gallipoli Company. He left RMC at the end of 1971 and graduated from OCS into RACT in Dec 1972.

John Fletcher



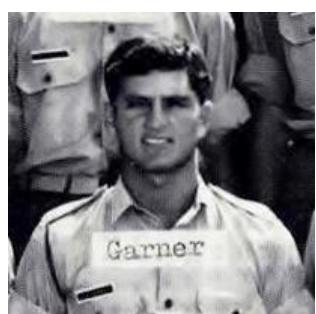
John was a member of Alamein Company. He left RMC during, or at the end of 1970.

Barry Gardiner



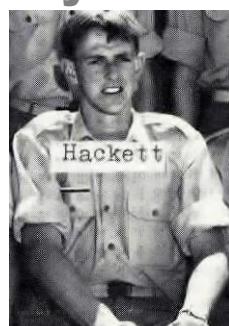
Barry was a member of Alamein Company. He left RMC in 1970.

Steve Garner



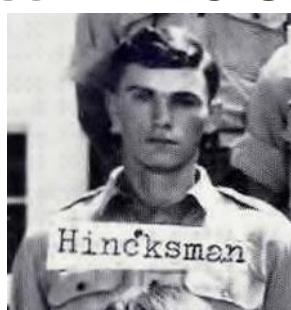
Steve was a 1969 entry who was with us in Alamein Company for three years. He left at the end of 1972. It is believed his career path post-RMC was in the Sport Admin field.

Tony Hackett



Tony was a member of Kokoda Company. He left RMC during or at the end of 1970.

John Hincksman



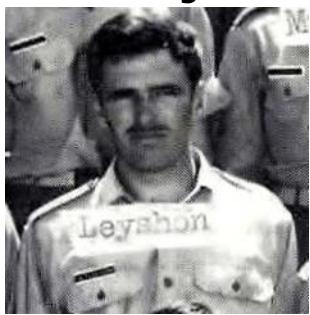
John was a member of Alamein Company. He left RMC during or at the end of 1970.

Andy King



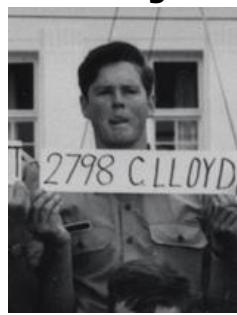
Andy was a member of Kapyong Company. He left at the end of 1972 when he was discharged. It is believed his post-RMC career path was in the Health Care sector.

Dave Leyshon



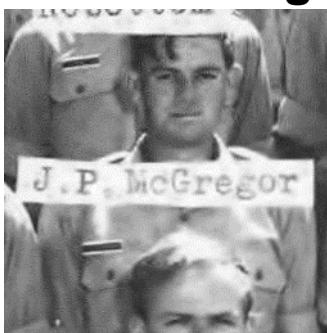
Dave was a 1969 entry allocated to Kokoda Company. He left at the end of 1970. He submitted his Bio for the 1972 Book and has elected not to participate in COST.

Chris Lloyd



Chris was a member of Kokoda Company. He left RMC very early in 1970.

John McGregor



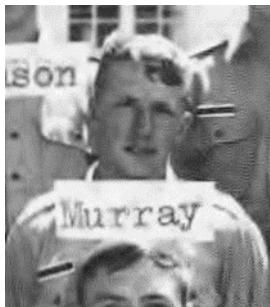
John was a member of Gallipoli Company. He left RMC in 1970.

Gary McMahon



Gary was a member of Gallipoli Company. He repeated 4th Class and left RMC for OCS in 1972. He graduated to RAInf from OCS in Dec 1973.

Graham Murray



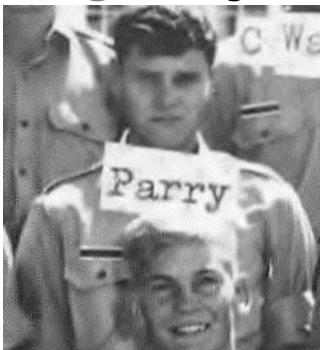
Graham was a member of Gallipoli Company. He repeated 4th Class and graduated from RMC into RAInf in Dec 1974.

Bob Owen



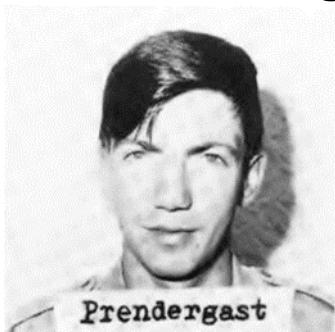
Bob was a member of Kapyong Company. He repeated Third Class and left RMC in 1973 and graduated from OCS to RAE in June 1974.

Greg Parry



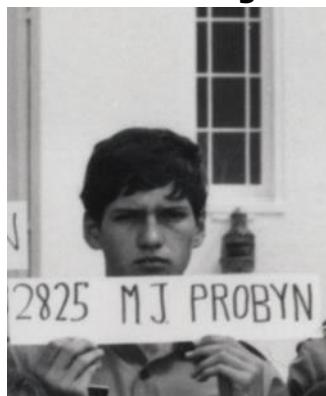
Greg was a 1969 entry and a member of Gallipoli Company. He was offered a repeat year in 1970. Although he appeared in January Class photos, he apparently elected discharge early in 1970.

Brian Prendergast



Brian was a member of Gallipoli Company. He was with us until he left RMC in 1972. It is believed his post-RMC career path was in the Public Service in the Civil Aviation area.

Mick Probyn



Mick was allocated to Alamein Company. He left RMC early in 1970.

Ken Stokes



Ken was a 1969 entry and a member of Alamein Company. In 1970, he was the Fourth Class Senior. He left RMC in 1970 and graduated from OCS to RAA in Jun 1971. He has elected not to participate in COST or other RMC Class activities.

Bruce Tier



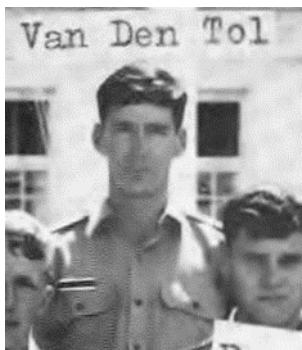
Bruce was a 1969 entry and left RMC at the end of 1970. It is believed his post RMC career was in academia and or tertiary education.

Ross Waters



Ross was a member of Gallipoli Company. Ross left RMC at the end of 1970.

Renee Van Den Tol



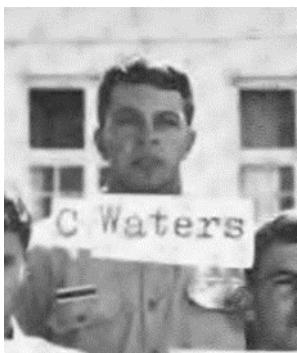
Renee was a member of Gallipoli Company. Renee repeated First Class and graduated in to RAEME in Dec 1974. He has elected not to participate in COST or other RMC Class activities.

John Wilson



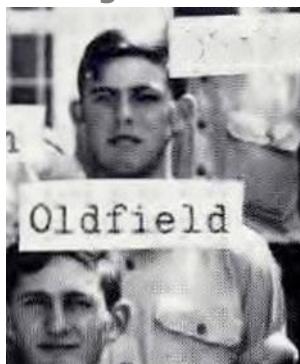
John was a member of Kokoda Company. He left RMC at the end of 1971. He was later commissioned in the ARes into RAA and served with various NSW based units.

Chris Waters



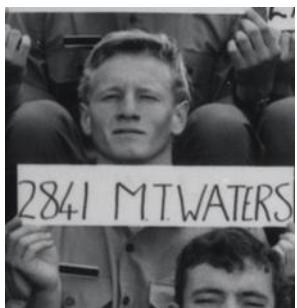
Chris was a member of Gallipoli Company. Chris repeated Third Class and graduated to Intelligence Corps in Dec 1974.

Terry Oldfield



Terry ('Split') joined RMC in 1969 in Alamein Company. He left RMC at the end of 1971 and graduated into RAEME from OCS in Dec 1972.

Mike Waters



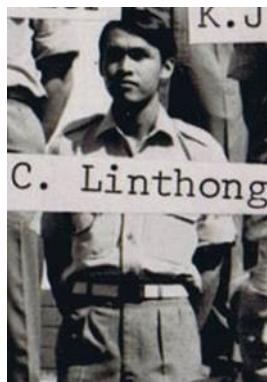
Mike was a member of Kokoda Company. Mike left RMC in 1970.

Mick Izzard



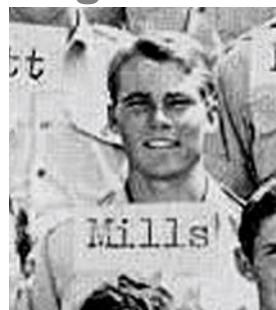
Mick entered RMC in 1969 and was a member of Kapyong Company. He left in 1971 and graduated into RASigs from OCS in Dec 1972.

Chaisit Linthong



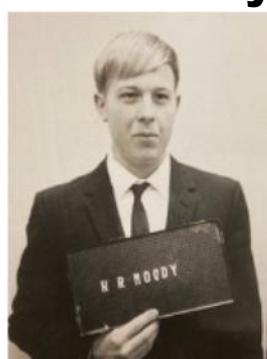
Chai graduated into the Royal Thai Army. Little is known of his service. He rose to the rank of Lieutenant General in the Royal Thai Army.

Greg Mills



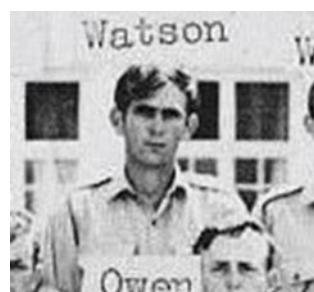
Greg was a member of Gallipoli Company. He repeated Third Class and graduated into RAE in 1974.

Kevin Moody



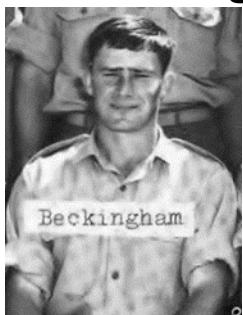
Kevin entered RMC in 1969 and was a member of Kapyong Company. He repeated Fourth Class and left RMC in 1970.

Chris Watson



'Watto' was a member of Kokoda Company from 1970 to 1972. Known to get into more trouble than the rest of the Company combined. The Class 'Fizz Kid'

Ian Beckingham



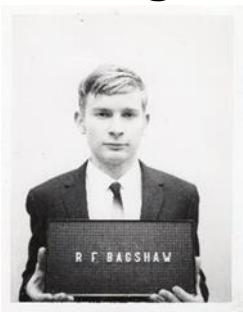
'Becko' was a member of Gallipoli Company. A favourite target of the 'Drillies' and PTIs. Possibly the only cadet ever to be told to breathe on the Parade Ground. Beneath the taciturn appearance, a dry wit. Graduated to RAE. Claims to have done nothing for the last fifty years.

Paul Griffin



Paul was a member of Gallipoli Company. He elected discharge during Point Hut Orientation Camp. He re-enlisted in 1971 and apparently was allocated a new Corps number, 2886 and went to Alamein Company. He thus has the distinction of being the only cadet to have two Corp numbers.ⁱⁱ He left RMC after Third Class. Reported to be deceased.

Ron Bagshaw



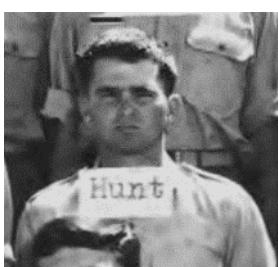
Ron was a member of Kapyong Company. He remained with the Class until 1973. He repeated a year in Engineering and graduated into RASigs in 1974. He had various postings to 1st, 2nd and 6th Signal Regiments and DCOMMS-A. He passed away in April 2018.

Richard ('Dick') Healy



'Dick' was a member of Gallipoli Company. He repeated Second Class and graduated into RAE in 1974. 'Dick' passed away in 2020.

Vic Hunt



Vic was a 1969-entry and a member of Gallipoli Company. He left RMC at the end of 1970 or early 1971. Little is known of his life. He is reported to have passed away but no details are known.

ⁱ Chai's name is variously recorded as Chaiyadit, Chaisit or Chayasit

ⁱⁱ As far as we can determine

