



Royal Military College **DUNTROON**

Journal of the Class of 1974



FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF GRADUATION 1974

The 50th Reunion Journal

Editors' Note

The moment I picked up the journal until I put it down I was convulsed with laughter. Some day I intend reading it...(apologies to Groucho Marx).



Everything in this journal was provided by our classmates including those who stayed and graduated in 1974 and those who left at sometime before. Most of it is true except the bits that aren't, but that's what happens to your memory at 70. As they say, never let the facts get in the way of a good story. The Journal brings to mind a withering remark by one of our academics about a dodgy paper... "Your essay is both good and original, but the part that is good is not original and the part that is original is not good". Academics can be so cruel...but accurate.

We have applied a light touch to edit out obvious errors, correct grammar and spelling and where practical explain abbreviations and obscure references. This journal is neither a totally true nor accurate record of our time at Duntroon and our life since 1974. It is the writings of septuagenarians recalling their life when they were young, had all their own hair and could clearly see their feet when standing up. Strangely enough many of the tales submitted are a little similar so that's probably an endorsement of truth.

The response to our calls for stories was very gratifying and whilst the collection and correction process over the year was at times daunting we thoroughly enjoyed it. You can always edit a bad page, but you can't edit a blank page. Anyway, we don't think we have offended anyone or left out anything vital, but if we have, we apologise.

Thank you for your biographies, stories, anecdotes and photos, and we especially thank the donors whose financial help made publication of the journal a reality- your generosity was priceless. A special thanks to Bill Blair for his photo wizardry and eye rolling patience to our calls for help. Bill brought focus and clarity to many 50 year old photos.

You will see gaps in the biography section. We have endeavoured to contact every classmate, either by telephone or email. Some emails have bounced, some have been ignored and some have chosen not to be remembered in the Journal. Go figure.

We hope you enjoy your memories, but we're not volunteering for the Centenary Journal.



Al Egan & Col Green

The Class of '74

This place is paradise....if you can stand it

Fifty years since graduation is a hard number to grasp. It just can't be that long. In December 1974 the notion of getting together in 2024 would have been fanciful given our planning horizons probably didn't extend beyond our initial postings. Sadly many of those memories we hold from our time at Duntroon have faded with time, much like the colour and vibrancy of our graduation photos.

Life in those first few months of fourth class was testing and tough. Some thought it Dante's Inferno. But we learned the game quickly and came to rely upon and trust each other - safety in numbers and camaraderie: never let the bastards grind us down. Our lives at Duntroon had some elements of frustration, loneliness, rejection, mistreatment, misunderstanding, bullying, disappointment, and disaster. And after that came Tuesday.

We grew up quickly at Duntroon; we had no choice. At the time it felt an eternity but looking back it seems such a brief encounter. Yet so many things happened, we had so many experiences and achieved so many milestones, but now all that is archived with age.

This journal is an attempt to celebrate both the Duntroon years and our 50th Reunion and record some of our memories. The editing of this journal has been a revealing exercise. No two biographies were the same in recalling life at RMC and careers, families and pursuits since graduation.

However, the journal hasn't captured everything. The memories of some events were a little hazy or incomplete but they are a recollection. Some of the anecdotes and stories capture that time perfectly. Unsurprisingly the two events

which resonated the most were Novice Boxing and the Easter Bunny - and who hasn't dined out on those two occasions over the past 50 years? Unfortunately there are literally hundreds of stories and incidents that didn't make it into the journal and they are best kept in our respective memory palaces for private recall.

Our class at Grad had cadets from 1971-74 plus those who elected the five year program, except of course John Barwick who set a benchmark of six years. Equally, this journal contains stories and bios from people who started with us but for various reasons didn't finish in 1974, but the friendship and bonds formed in those first few months of fourth class remain strong, so they're 'in the book', to borrow a Norm Goldspink-ism.

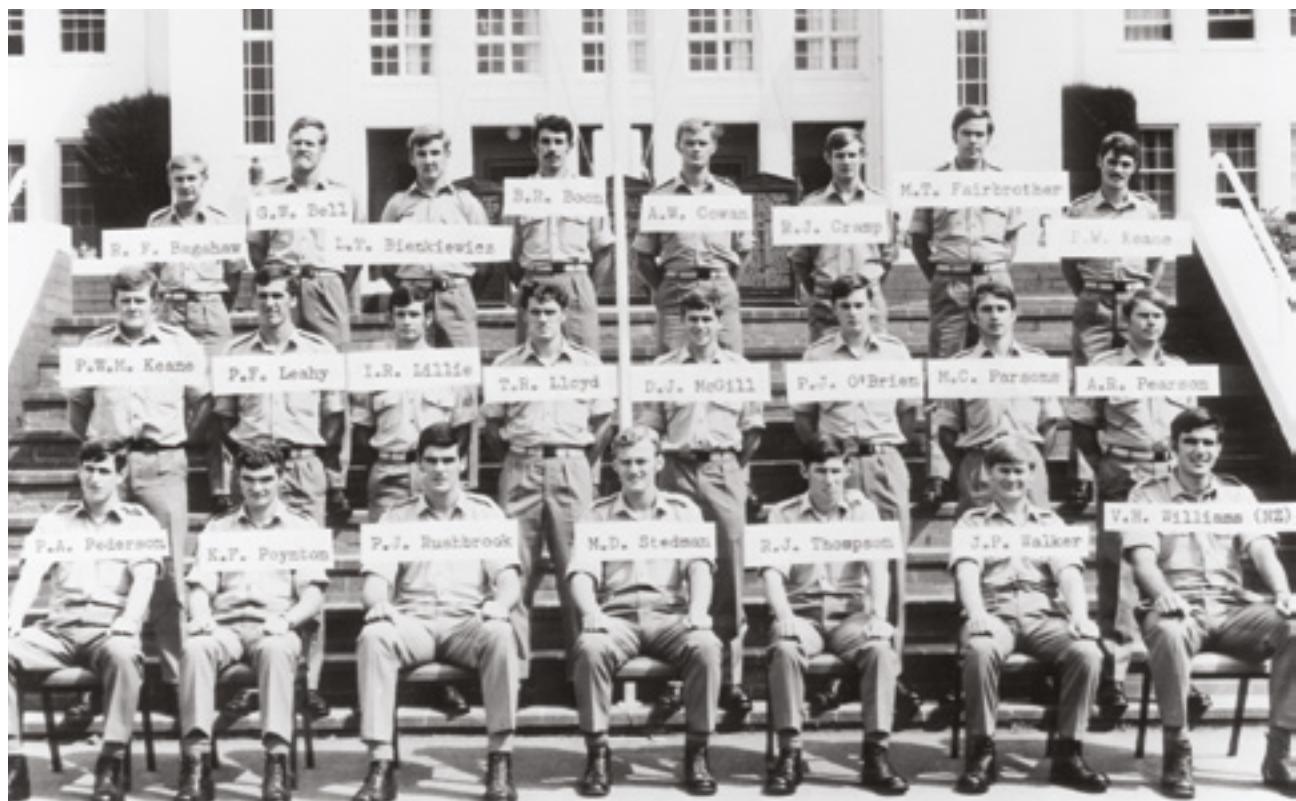
RMC in those days was unique and sadly (or gladly) not so much today. We can think of no Australian institution that comes remotely close to capturing the history, experiences and camaraderie of its community. It is a rare and valued club and it's a testament as such that after fifty years a majority of our class still attend reunions. That's quite an achievement.

Al Egan & Col Green





Class 1-1



Class 1-2

Duntroon Life

Life changed for us in 1971 (or 1970 if you came early). One day we were enjoying a carefree teenager's life and next we were in permanent angst trying to iron something called polyesters - such a pointless material.

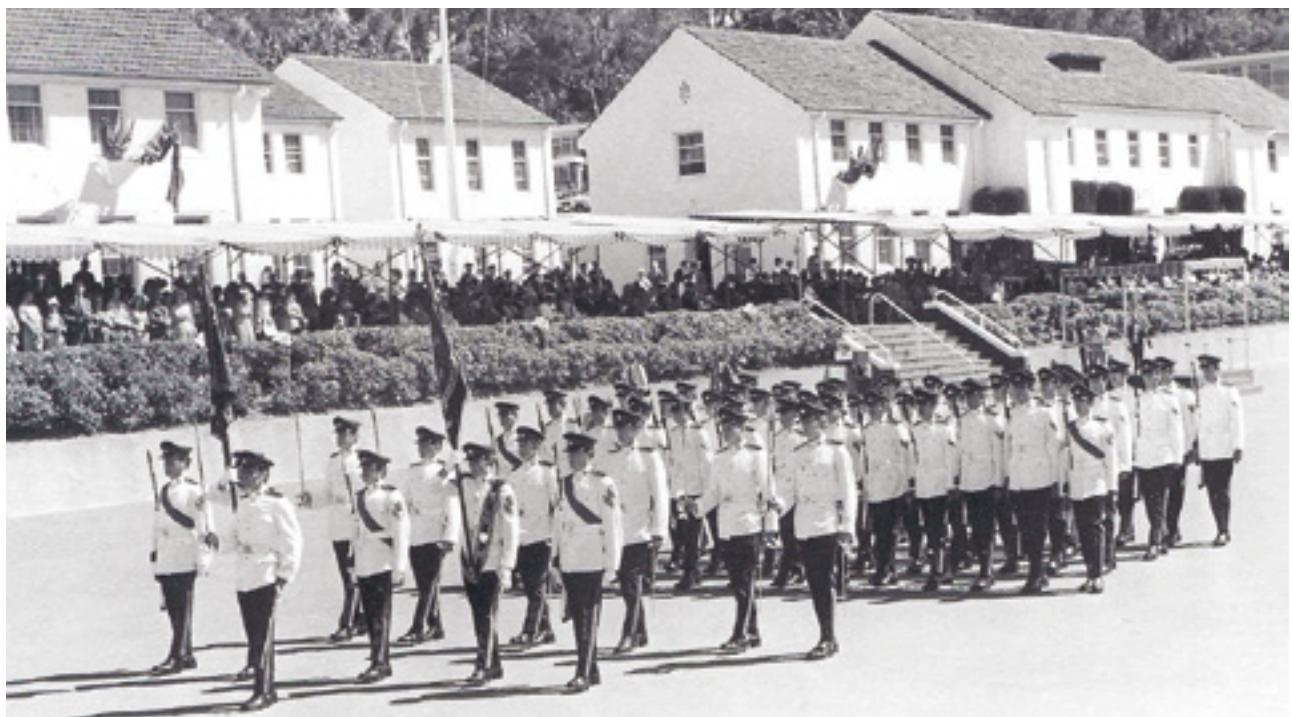
We arrived at Duntroon from all over Australia and New Zealand. Of course by the end of the first hour we knew who came from WA and Qld. We didn't have to ask because they told us.

Long hair was a threatened species and it didn't last long in those first days. But you had to admire the humour of the barbers who always asked how you'd like it, but still gave you a standard shearing. White heads were a fourth class badge for a few weeks.

Fear of the unknown was a feature of our early life at Duntroon, coupled with a dread of everyone who wasn't in fourth class. The mess, particularly the evening meal was not unlike the life and death spectacle of an African savannah waterhole. You knew you had to eat and drink but the threat of a mauling from a

roaming senior class predator was ever present. The only safety in those early days was the sanctity of your room but because you weren't allowed to lock your door it was still fun central for senior class who burst in constantly to point out some arcane issue with your existence. Still, leaps were helpful and it did confirm the lunacy of a jock strap. Who knew?

Canberra became the centre of our universe and the news, events and music of that period is etched into our memory. The wallpaper of our time was a pattern of the dying days of the McMahon Govt and the rise of Gough. There was also the TV war that was Vietnam, Richard Nixon hatching Watergate plans, AM music, long hair (for everyone else), and flares and body shirts, which we could wear with confidence as we didn't have a big bellies.



Final march past Graduating Class Of 1974

On precious weekend leave, our less than fashionable haircuts only gave away half our identity. Confirmation came in having to dress like the local vicar in and around the drinking holes of Canberra. It was never a good look at the Kingo or Deakin Inn dances with well ironed trousers, a polo-neck jumper and sensible shoes - a guaranteed prescription for birth control.

Friday afternoon military lessons were an embuggerance only surpassed by Saturday morning PT after a big night on the town. Vomiting on the way up Mt Pleasant was a right of passage, unless of course you played in the first or seconds Rugby where instead of PT you were treated to peeled grapes, rare steaks and a fully stocked harem.

Apparently they're still trying to track down the PTIs who thought OC Volleys were perfect shoes for running. As we soon found out (a little earlier than our orthopedic surgeons) that socks offered

more shock protection than the shoes. So too the wisdom of long runs in those superbly shock absorbent GP boots - twisted laces notwithstanding.

RMC never failed to surprise with bizarre activities. What was the purpose, (other than concussion), of running off the back of a moving F1 truck? Sure, it was fun to watch, but PTIs were just odd. And vaulting? Seriously? And not to forget rope climbing, traverse ropes, heaves, curls, dips, log exercises, pace stick drills, IMT...

There are a million other RMC memories that will never make it to print but are fun to recall. Sadly as we age, the audiences we tell them to tend to get that glazed look - probably because we've told them so many times. But, even so they're our memories and we will always treasure and tell them.

Anyway, what about the time we.....

Al Egan



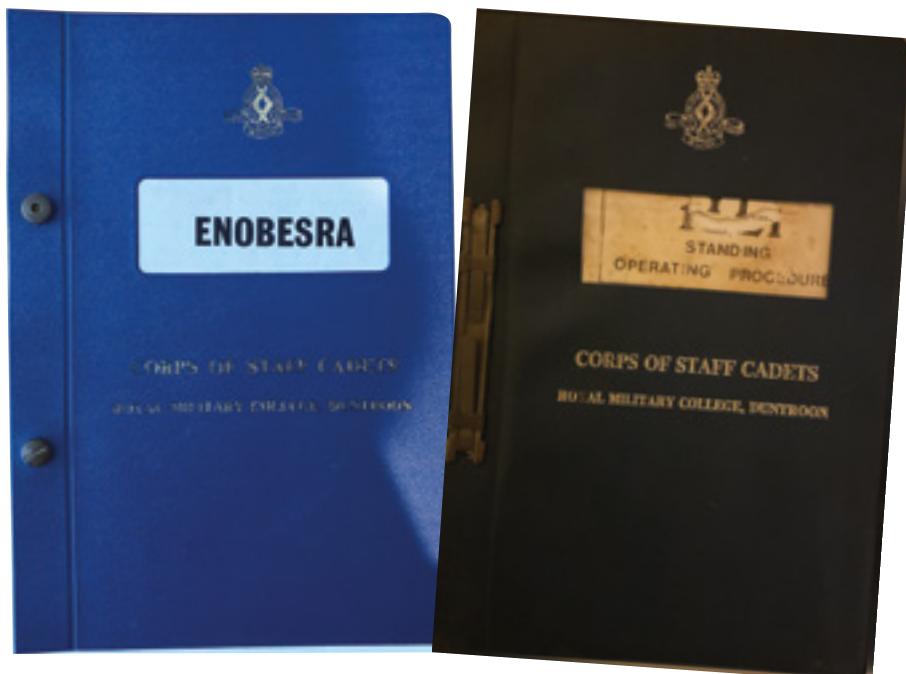
Don't stand in a group!

Our Staff 1971-74

These are the staff who were theoretically in command at various levels. Like any unexploded device it was safest if you avoided contact with them, as injury could result involving extras, charges, a pep talk, or a rocket of varying severity. Memory has it that if they were spotted heading towards our respective barracks it was a fourth class mission to bang on the water pipes...as if that ever worked.

All staff at all ranks even down to the Transport Cpl were accorded the salutation of Sir. All ranks were potentially dangerous and best left undisturbed.

1971	1972	1973	1974
Commandant RMC MAJGEN C.M.I. Pearson DSO, OBE, MC			MAJGEN R.A. Hay CB, MBE
Commanding Officer CSC LTCOL J.D. Stewart MC	LTCOL H.J. Coates MBE		LTCOL J.A. Sheldrick
Adjutant CSC CAPT J.R. (Rollo) Brett	CAPT G.A. (Grant) Chasling		CAPT S. (Steve) Sainsbury
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 Gellipoli MAJ J.D. Thompson	MAJ D.A. Formby		MAJ P.B. Taylor
OC Kokoda MAJ B.H. Mitchell		MAJ P.T.H. Thorne	
OC Kapyong MAJ L.J. Towers		MAJ J.H. Snare	
OC Long Tan			MAJ R. DeVere MAJ R.V. Behan



New and Old RMC Testaments



Sporting outfits including obscenely short shorts. Gotta love 70s style.



So many uniforms, so many tram tracks...



RMC circa 1974



Commandant Sandy Pearson offering to stab new jar of Vegemite.



The Gun Gates.

*Works of fiction.
Payslip and paybook.*



The morning flag break.



Stories, Warries, Fibs, Exaggerations and Anecdotes

Our Memories

You've come back from the Hawaii Exercises, helped put a flooded town back in order, and now you're involved in a multi-national exercise.

You're right. All men are not up to it.

Army Officer life is more than just a job. It is many things to many men. And a way of life to most. With more involvement. More challenge. Greater reward. For you it could start at Duntroon.

Few make it.

But the few gain many things.

Duntroon is a way of life that has to be lived to be enjoyed. It's not all beer and skittles. It's hard—great Army Officers don't fall out of Hemingway novels, you know!

Duntroon is fun—you get to know more, do more, and get more than you ever dreamed.

Duntroon is very secure—you're fed, clothed, cared for medically—and paid very well indeed.

And you graduate as a lieutenant with a university degree.

Army Officer life beats the pants off nine to five.

You're right, all men are not up to it.



Scholarships.

For young men in pre-matriculation year, a number of Scholarships worth \$400 are available to assist completion of final year of matriculation studies at your own school before entry into Duntroon in 1976. Enquire now...

Applications close August 7, 1974

QUEENSLAND

Townsville 71-4784

Rockhampton 21-3031

NEW SOUTH WALES

Newcastle 2-5479

Sydney 21-3101

Blacktown 708-2889

Blacktown 621-3484

Caloundra 708-7909

Chatswood 43-4541

Gosford 625-1407

Lyndhurst 206-2079

Orange 62-6979

Wollongong 28-6492

Albury 23-4292

A.C.T.

Sydney 47-4530

VICTORIA

Melbourne 22-2731

Footscray 44-4191

Geelong 870-5073

Falcondale 806-1477

Moorabbin 94-3342

Camberwell 81-4799

Box Hill 43-8008

Fitzroy 21-1240

Gardiner 9-6297

Malvern 24-3672

Warrnambool 62-8278

TASMANIA

Hobart 20-6122

Luton 21-1065

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Adelaide 223-2401

NORTHERN TERRITORY

Darwin 80-0911

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Perth 22-4355



Graduate as an ARMY OFFICER AT DUNTROON

It's not if, but when you're offered
a place in the Army Officer
and you're offered such a great life
and involvement in the Army, you
shouldn't let it pass you by. Now is the
time to make the move to Duntroon. Send the
form to Duntroon Officer, G.P.O. Box 1128,
or to your local Army Recruitment Officer, or come in
for a chat.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

POSTCODE _____

DATE OF BIRTH _____



'Come To Dunnars'

Early in 1974, Defence engaged an Advertising Agency to produce a TV film for use on commercial TV stations in connection with the RMC recruiting campaign for 1975. Undoubtedly it was destined to be a blockbuster film about a day in the life of a cadet at the Royal Military College, Duntroon featuring (or co-starring) members of the Class of 74.

The casting crew visited the college in early March and checked out the vast array of talented actors on show in the Model Room. For some strange reason, I was selected as the central character in the film. Other classmates were nominated to participate in particular sequences. They included Peter Rushbrook, Peter Leahy, Trevor Lloyd, Peter White and Steve Hodge. The filming took place during the weekend 30-31 March 1974. The ambitious shooting program tried to capture in two days just about everything that a cadet could possibly do at RMC.

On the first day of shooting, we spent most of the morning on the Parade Ground. Unfortunately the filming crew thought that it would be good for us to do about six laps of the square while they determined the shots that they wanted and then another five laps to film the required sequences. Needless to say, there were not too many happy campers on the Parade Ground that morning. In the afternoon, we had squash, golf, football, rowing and sailing. The day finished

with a cocktail party at Duntroon House with models provided! The second day of shooting started early at the obstacle course. It was not much fun hanging from a rope while the filming crew worked out what they wanted to capture for this sequence. This was followed by an Orders Group set up by our Instructor Infantry and a tactics model exercise in Model Room 1. The day's filming ended with laboratory work in the Physics Block and Chemistry Block. Fortunately, there were no speaking roles so we did not have to explain what was going on.

Two versions of the film were made; one 30 second version for commercial TV stations and one 60 second version for the Cinemas. Also, a full page advertisement was produced for the National print media. The film was set to an accompanying sound track specially written by Bruce Woodley (The Seekers) for the Australian Government Advertising Service. I have only seen the film once by chance in 1977. Lorraine and I were sitting in the cinema in Melbourne, when, during interval, I appeared up on the big screen for 60 seconds of action packed entertainment! I was so inspired by the advertisement that, if it had not been a Saturday, I would have proceeded with haste to the nearest Defence Recruitment Office to sign up to do it all again!

**Mike Fairbrother
(Fairo)**

On the Motivation to enter Duntroon “Much of your pain is self-chosen.”

In 1971, computers were the size of houses; aero letters and telegrams were the means of maintaining long-distance relationships. You would also recall the 70s as a period when the benefits of the sexual revolution from the 60s continued to be widely enjoyed - Australia's involvement in the Vietnam War and conscription were much less popular. Many of our friends would have quietly questioned our choice to opt for a life premised on conformity, long periods of enforced abstinence and the distinct possibility of being sent to Vietnam. Irrespective of our

individual motivations, I'm confident few were responding to the recruiting commercial of the day describing life as an Army Officer being "better than a career in plastics."

Life at Duntroon was like living in a bubble. It is interesting to note that the last meeting of Duntroon's Debating Society in 1971 considered the topic "Vive la Difference" Curiously difference was not really tolerated at Duntroon in 1971.

Cullo

Don't Bank On It

I remember it well. It was a disastrous day for the boat club. In those days our boats were kept in the old War Memorial store at the end of Plant Rd next to Morshead Drive. We had two eights - our good boat and an old, but serviceable 'banana' boat. From memory it was a championship regatta.

We had taken our good boat down from the rack to fine tune it for the regatta. We were working away and suddenly there was an awful crash - one of the trestles had collapsed and our beautiful boat had a nasty hole in the hull where the trestle penetrated it. There was no hope of any repair, even temporary.

So we put it back on the rack and took down the banana boat to prepare it. We did so and rowed the 8 km or so to Yarramundi Reach. Needless to say our fellow oarsmen noticed the old boat - the story spread around the regatta ground.

We rowed in the heat and soundly beat our major rival ANU (Australian National University). As it was a championship regatta and we had interstate competition, our ANU colleagues very graciously offered us the use of their boat to give the ACT rowing community its best shot of winning. We accepted their kind offer.

We raced the final and won, but it was a tough race. At the finish - I can't recall whether the gun was late or not fired at all but when our coxswain realised what had happened he quickly ordered us to check the boat (ie put our blades in the water to act as a brake) as hard as we could to stop the boat before we hit the bank.

I was rowing in the bow seat. I heard a crunch from the bow quickly followed by the bank whizzing past me under my seat. The boat stopped and there was a pause - then an almighty crack as the boat broke in half.

But we won the championship.

Needless to say there was an RMC truck taking two broken boats to Sydney the next Monday for repair.

Steve Cornish

PS. There is an apocryphal story with this episode where the ANU coach supposedly approached at the end and said, "well you didn't break our record" to which Capt Grant Chasing responded "yes, but we broke your boat". True or not it's a good story. ED.



*Sel Heaton
demonstrating
one man Haka.*

Do you remember?

The excitement that came when Army replaced Dunlop Volleys with KT26s

1970s - A Golden Era For RMC Rugby

One of the nice diversions of College life was Saturday afternoon sport. Even after a morning of military lessons or PT it was great to venture out into the community and to take on those long haired civilians at sport. And of all the sports it was Rugby Union - 'the game they play in heaven' where the college was able to compete at the highest level.

What better than to wander down to Number One (reputedly 'the oldest playing field in the ACT') to mingle with staff, WAGS and senior officers from Russell, with their shooting sticks and dogs and for all to engage in that wonderful cry - 'Carn the Corps!', and to disperse later to the Sportos (Sportsmans Bar) to enjoy a beer with the opposition.

Looking back to those naïve days of amateur sport it is amazing to see the success we enjoyed in the early 70s. RMC had been a powerful club since the inception of the ACT RU and the John Dent Cup in 1938 when our wonderful Commandant MAJGEN 'Sandy' Pearson excelled pre and post WWII. In fact we won the competition consistently thereafter - sixteen times between 1938 and 1962. However, after 1962 we did not appear in the grand final again until that famous 1972 Grand Final in the mud at Manuka Oval, when we went agonisingly close 17-13 to Norths. Writing in the Canberra Times on 11 Sept 1972...

Greatest Rugby Union Grand Final

Norths 17 defeated RMC 13 after 20 minutes of extra time at Manuka Oval on Saturday in a match which will be recorded as one of the greatest grand finals in the history of rugby union in the ACT. It will be enhanced by the passing of time, so that in 20 years time rugby buffs who saw it will say convincingly "Ah,

but you should have seen the 1972 grand final. That was a great match. And they will be right"

The Class of 74 was well represented through Lou Gardiner, Geoff Bell, Tony Casey, Steve Hodge and Bob Brown.

Sandy Pearson was quoted as saying '1972 was probably the most successful year in rugby in the history of the college'. We romped in the Club Championship; won one premiership, and competed in three grand finals:

1974 the first XV went down 18-0 to Wests (classmates Sel Heaton, Pete White, Geoff Bell, Lou Gardiner, and Bob Brown). The Seconds won the title in 1972 (featuring Mick Wheatley, Bob Sheppard, and Mick Spence). The Thirds won in 1973 (with Steve Ferndale, Mick Bird and captained by Greg 'fastback' Nance); but went down narrowly in 1974 (Greg Nance, Tony Casey, Russ Stuart, Mick Fairbrother, Brendon Fraher, Dave Lucey and Mal Motum). The mighty Fourths also lost the 1972 GF (Mick Fairbrother, Pete Keane; Russ Stuart and Bob Cramp).

The success of these teams is all the more remarkable when you consider that we were mostly teenagers playing against older seasoned men. We were aided by some fine members of staff, such as 'Jum' Burgess (RIP); Steve Sainsbury; Eli Quartermaine and coaches such as JD Thompson; Hori Howard (RIP); Davy Wilkins Mick Woodard and 'Lofty' Eiby.

There's no denying this was a golden era, which inculcated in me a great love of the game, which I have not been able to toss. But more importantly - It was a lot of fun!

Bob Brown (ex Wallaby - Ed)



Sel Heaton and Steve Hodge

Some Duntroon Slang

Acca	A member of the UNSW Academic staff
AOD	Absent on Duty
Block Rat	Someone who preferred to stay in the barracks when they could be out on the town
Blow Ups	Unrelated to arguments. Mattress illusionary. Long plastic tubes that could be blown up and inserted into a plastic cover to make an inflatable mattress
Bogger	Someone who enjoyed cleaning their boots and brass to an artificially high standard and therefore raised the bar for the rest. Note: each accommodation block had a paid civilian cleaner who would attend to communal areas – these boggers were generally much older, had been working in the college for many years, could be the source of much wisdom, and unlike cadet boggers were well regarded.
Bouncing the Piss	A direction from a senior class member that required a Fourtie to bounce an imaginary ball off any nominated wall or the ceiling at rapid speed and to retrieve the 'piss' should it fly out the window.
Carry the Mail	A game played once a year in the RMC gymnasium involving a bundle of rag being thrown in between the members of Fourth Class and Third Class. The object of the game, which had no rules, was to get a bundle of rags to the other end of the gym.
Checkies	Nightly check parades – parades held to ensure cadets that were on SOL (Stoppage of Leave) or CB (Confined to Barracks) were actually at the College. Some cadets were perpetually on SOL &/or CB and established very good escape and alert routines if they dared to escape into town or elsewhere.
Conch	Someone intent on doing exactly what was expected of them by Panic Palace – not highly regarded by most.
Com Toc	Being invited to meet with the Commandant of RMC – but not for tea or coffee. A process where a cadet was given a senior admonishment and placed on a warning
Crutch	Vegemite (of course)
Dog biscuits	Biscuits found in rat packs; only fit for dogs
Dogs	Anyone from Kokoda Company
Fid	Derived from the Army abbreviation for field (fd) – anything to do with the bush
Fid mug	Folding aluminium cup for field use. The addition of hot water to a well-seasoned (i.e. uncleaned) fid mug provided an instant "drink"
Goffer	Soft drink
Leaps	An exercise that required all forthies in an accommodation block to change from one uniform to another in a very short and sometimes impossibly short period of time. Directed by senior classes who delighted in mixing variations combinations of uniforms (and jockstraps) just to complicate things.
Mashing	Studying. Mashers were generally held in similar regard to Conches.
Moriarty	A game directed by a senior class member that required two blindfolded forthies to lie on the floor facing each other; to grasp each other's left wrist and to wield a donger (rolled up magazine) in their right hand.
Panic Palace	Headquarters of the Corps of Staff Cadets

Pressure cooking	Bang a can of tinned food from a rat pack onto the side of your boot thereby denting the tin. Place dented tin onto fid stove and wait until you hear a distinct 'pop'. This should take approximately 1 minute and the contents should be hot. Warning: known to explode molten hot food fragments.
Oil	"Pass that Oil Fourth Class!" A message that had to be passed from the first Fourthie on each floor in each accommodation block until it reached the last Fourthie for the benefit of the senior classes. Had to be relayed word perfectly and preceded, in the first instance, with the words "excuse me please gentlemen". Even the slightest deviation meant that the oil had to be repeated. Senior classes delighted in initiating oils that were deliberately complex.
Over the Hill	The RMC picture theatre which was literally over the hill from the accommodation blocks
Rat Pack	Nothing to do with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin or Sammy Davis Jnr – meaning a combat ration pack. These supposedly came in 6-7 varieties but the only varieties we saw were those whose use-by-date had long expired.
Scaler	Someone who feigned injury to avoid work
Sinker	Dessert, of a consistency that would sink rather than float and that would remain stuck in the bowl if it was turned upside down
TOC	Not to be confused with a counselling or disciplinary session. Meaning Tea or Coffee
Truff	Trousers
Zedding	Sleeping

John Culleton



Inspecting tent ropes. First class tour 1974

That First Day

Christmas/New Year 1970/71 was an especially memorable one for me – my last as a schoolboy – my last as a civilian – my last as the person I had been.

I left Parkes NSW by train in January 1971 and was farewelled by a cluster of relatives at the station – comments were passed that I looked just like my Grandpa Pritchard when he went off to the Great War. I joined up with the remainder of the NSW contingent in Sydney and set off for Canberra. It was a scared and nervous boy who entrained in Sydney – a country boy who was nowhere near as confident and worldly as he thought and who was about to enter an establishment that was tough and worldly.

My possessions were meagre and consisted only of those things that the military had stipulated I take. My hair was short and my bloody knees

were knocking. We were met at the station by the RSM (what is one of them?) who had an extraordinary voice and a short temper, or so it seemed. Loaded on transport we set off for RMC – for incarceration in the Clink.

We soon realised that although things appeared well organised, the mandatory yelling that accompanied everything we did caused sufficient confusion to disorganise this uncertain rabble. We were paraded and sorted, marched and sorted, issued with gear, paraded and sorted, marched and sorted, all to a continuous cacophony of orders issued by pitched voices from irritating and irritable NCOs.

Truly, a snippet of the years to come.

Bob Pritchard

Exhaustion and Punishment

Most would remember being continually sleep-deprived, constantly rocketed, in an endless split-arse and thinking of little more than how to survive each day.

As we were to later learn, the Geneva Convention expressly forbids captives from being subjected to sleep deprivation, but the RMC curriculum deliberately embedded such into the first six weeks. The more sleep deprived we became, the more prone we were to error and omission. Sadly, not everyone could see light at the end of the tunnel and some good blokes decided they had had their fill and left Duntroon early.

Punishment was a constant in our lives at Duntroon. In retrospect, some of us might admit that they deserved some of the formal punishments that came their way. And then of course, there were the more frequent instances of informal and undeserved punishment meted out by 2nd Class, largely for their own self-gratification. There were also instances of the military curriculum being deliberately structured in a way that came close to resembling a form of punishment – like scheduling vaulting the morning after big Friday nights. Greg Nance still complains about the work parades in lieu of the church parades being twice as long. Religious punishment? It is perhaps little wonder that many of us came to obsess about beating the system and getting square with our tormentors down the track.

The longer we spent at RMC, the less we were subjected to informal forms of punishment. However, the frequency of formal punishment did not necessarily abate and some of us continued to be on the wrong side of the ledger. Rather than buckling under the pressure, they dug-in and wore the lack of promotion that ordinarily came in 2nd Class as a badge of honour - Cleansleeves.

'Dayboys' came in for special attention. I remember being in 1st class and being sprung while coming back to Duntroon one morning. I was dressed in battle dress and with my sweetheart, later to become my wife Anne. As we pulled up at a set of lights along Belconnen Way, Captain John Vincent (senior PTI) just happened to be in the vehicle in the next lane. John Vincent looked at his watch and smiled – I gave him a salute and then looked at my watch. Later that morning, the Gal Coy OC asked me what I was doing on Belconnen Way at 0710. I thought of saying I was conducting a reconnaissance because time spent on reconnaissance is rarely wasted, but instead "Running 10 minutes late, Sir." I copped a couple of weeks stoppage, but could have got a lot more. Perhaps a case of a deserved punishment being tempered by an OC who knew that the crime of being a dayboy fell well short of being heinous

John Culleton

On Drinking

There is no question that alcohol was a large part of our lives at RMC, but it would be easy to forget that some states only lowered the drinking age to 18 in 1970-71. Little wonder that most of us, and particularly the West Australians and Queenslanders who were only 17 when they arrived, got the taste. Rightly or wrongly, most of us drowned our sorrows and sought comfort in alcohol. However rather than murdering our passion, it fuelled it.

We consumed alcohol after every major sporting event and places like the Deakin Inn, Wello, Kingo, Dicko and Manuka Football Clubs. All became regular venues – to the extent that at some of these establishments bar staff there would announce over the PA system that 'checkies' had been called.

Peak alcohol occurred when some of us made it to 1st Class and became regulars of the Quarter Bar. Sadly, the Quarter Bar is no more. However, the image of Jack Walker breaking the long-standing 80-fluid ounce pewter record while perched aloft in the courtyard tree remains forever.

Cullo



Bottles or some other lethal drinking game.



Bill Spencer and Dick Healy demonstrating sensible drinking.



100 Days to Go at Tarago Pub 1974



Russ, Peds and Rushes at Tarago



100 Days to Go 1974



Untidy day's end of 100 Days to Go

Knotty Corners

When we arrived at Duntroon how many of us knew what a counterpane was?

One of the first things I learnt on arriving at Duntroon was how to make my bed properly, with the counterpane almost rigid. The secret was the corners. Derek Leslie took it upon himself to teach us how to do a proper hospital corner on the sheets and blanket but not to fully tuck in the counterpane. The flap on the corner was precisely at 45 degrees. Derek called the hospital corner a "nurses' knot" and having spent a bit more than my share of time in hospitals, I've inculcated several generations of nurses with the correct terminology of "nurses' knot"

Bill Blair

A Testing Moment

I really owe Mick Gavenlock for getting me through my ACT licence in 1971. Mick allowed me to take the practical test in his very low slung fiberglass-bodied open top dune buggy, powered by a VW engine. The ACT Testing Officer took me through the usual routine and then directed me to a narrow side street off Northbourne Avenue. He hopped in and asked me to make a three-point turn. In my enthusiasm to demonstrate my prowess I spun the steering wheel too hard and with full lock completed the turn in one go. Despite his rigid smile and arched eyebrows he accepted this without objection. I think he was just keen to get out of an almost completely unprotected car (and a reckless cadet).

Pat O'Brien

Never Volunteer

At our first outing to the rifle range, the class was huddled in the heat at the 100m mound waiting for firing to begin. One of the Infantry Wing instructors walked up, got our attention, and called out. "Who can ride a motorbike?". Seeing an opportunity for a soft job, a few hands shot up. "Great" said the WO, those with your hands up can run up to the 600m mound and carry all the crates of ammunition down here. Never Volunteer!

Noel Adams

100 Days To Go – 1971

My Platoon Sergeant asked "Pritchard, are you sleeping here tonight?" Interesting question – where else would I sleep and he knew full well that I was still/again on Stoppage.

"Yes Sergeant Green, I am in my room tonight."

He says, "well if I were you, I would leave my door open, lights off and tuck yourself down on the bottom of the bed behind the door."

Interesting statement and after almost a year at the College I prided myself on accepting that no reason need be given, but I would be well advised (as I just had been) to heed my Sergeant's direction.

Somewhere around midnight I was awakened by yelling and loud noises. Heads poked around my door with comments that I was obviously out that night. They moved on.

Shortly after I heard what sounded strangely like a head bouncing off the steps as someone was dragged down the stairs. The voice protesting such cruel and unusual behaviour sounded very like Phil Slocomb. I waited in silence till the break of day, when we all found out the true meaning of '100 Days To Go' celebrations.

When I later asked the good Sergeant why I was forewarned, he replied along the lines of "I think you have suffered enough this year cadet." Funny, but he was one of those who ensured that I did indeed suffer for any perceived misdemeanour.

That day unfolded like no other and taught us Nah, can't recall what it taught us, but I think some of it was great fun!

Bob Pritchard

Tramlines

In third class I was supervising some new fourthies including how to iron their uniforms. I was assured by one of them that his mother had taught him ironing - smart mother. Anyway, he was taking an age so I looked in. His technique was to simply push down on the iron and not slide it.

"I thought you said you'd ironed before"

"Yep, but only hankies"

Bill Blair

On Love and Romance

Many (or most) of us were not very successful when it came to love while we were at RMC. True, there were a few who fell in love with their dates, or someone else's at the Tennis Party, but many of us spent long spells in dry paddocks despite desperate knock-back marathons at local pubs. Those intent on maintaining pre-existing relationships with their sweethearts at home found it hard going because whispering 'sweet nothings' from the public telephone in the blocks while the rest of Company walked by or told you to hurry up was not easy. Then there was the matter of having to rapidly feed the phone with the remnants of your salary.

Had it not been for the nurse and teacher training institutions in Canberra and Goulburn, many of us might never have found a partner. The circumstances for those in these institutions were not dissimilar to our own – they too were away from home, living in close quarters and leading regimented existences.

A not insignificant number of us married within a week or two of graduation and are still married to the same person.

Cullo

On Cars

When we were permitted to own a car most of us could only afford bombs and even then, ensuring that car had fuel or rego was challenging. If you were on the scrounge, it mattered not whether the car's rego was current or the tyres were bald – what mattered was getting to the start line. The exception of course were the Kiwis, who by virtue of tax exemption, acquired brand new Fiat 124s or Celicas – the rest of us took solace in the fact that the Kiwis were loath to take their vehicles beyond the gun gates for fear of reducing the resale price when they returned to NZ. When the rest of us needed to impress, we swallowed our pride and made do with EJ Holdens, XR Falcons, Zephyrs and dodgy Datsuns. There were of course a few notable exceptions: Jack Walker, Lee Osborne, Russell Scott and Stewie Whyment acquired vintage luxes while Charlie Vagi purchased a brand-new Ford Superbird. To this day Charlie remains adamant that he did not finance his vehicle via the Gallipoli Company Canteen Fund.

Cullo



Kokoda boys



Ground Brief somewhere in 1 YLI funpark.

RSM Norm Goldspink On Parade

Before the superpowers of Marvel Comics, we had Norm Goldspink. I recall Alamein marching down the main steps onto the parade ground when Norm, about 75 metres away, outside the Headquarters Building, boomed out "Staff Cadet Adams - your lanyard is around the wrong way!"

How did he do that? It is such a small knot and I was hidden in the middle of the Company. Weak at the knees, I noticed with horror that Drill Sergeant Flewell-Smith was heading towards me, all hot and bothered. I had become the centre of his humiliation by Norm. I had special attention from Sergeant Flewell-Smith for a day or so but, fortunately for me, he soon found another reprobate. I was saved. Thanks Russ.

Noel Adams

Capital Offence at the Inf Wing

I recall an incident involving WO1 Min Moore at the Inf Wing one day. Lee Osborne and I had been issued with new technology photochromic prescription glasses and we wore them to Inf Trg Wing one bright, sunny day. Min went apoplectic when he saw us wearing "sunglasses" on parade and ordered us into his office for disciplinary action. Of course, once we got inside, the lenses faded to clear. He demanded to know what we had done with the sunglasses. The concept that they were the same glasses was totally beyond him, much to our amusement. We only escaped his wrath when we managed to get him to allow us to demonstrate the colour change process. But then we were in the shit for showing him up in front of everyone else.

But at least it wasn't something serious like twisted laces.

Bill Spencer



RSM WO1 Norm Goldspink.

Norm Goldspink - The Essential RSM

Norm Goldspink died on 9 January 2024, at age 96.

Norm had been a drill sergeant at RMC for four years in the late 1950s and combined with his four years as RSM (1968 to 1971) he influenced a generation of Army officers that had graduated from Duntroon. Even though we only had Norm for that first year at Duntroon his memory and the impact he had upon us remains incredibly strong. He was Our RSM.

Always will be.

Al Egan

RMC Sport

Rightly or wrongly, there was an unstated correlation between the sports we played at RMC and the level at which we played them, and the favouritism that followed some sports. Those who were good enough to play in the 1st XV rugby team in 4th Class were afforded a degree of protection from things that might detract from their match performance – like sleep deprivation, or actual chewable steak compared with someone in the 4th XI soccer team.

I think most of us accepted the College view that sport provided an opportunity to display athleticism and courage and promoted teamwork. Even had that not been the case, most of us loved the break that sport provided from our military and academic programs and the opportunity to be regarded, even if only briefly, as an equal with those more senior to us in the same team. Most of us will recall Novice Boxing quite well but not fondly. We were, however, the last Duntroon Class to do novice boxing

Cullo



The Quarter Bar (sadly no more)



Lou Gardiner, Al Egan, Daffy Donald, Brendon

Belated Confession

Easter Rec Camp in 1971 was on the South Coast and not being a surfer or indeed swimmer, I wasn't thinking much of alternative pursuits.

One of our number Jim Scott, a West Australian, had been adopted by a family in Canberra (the Todds)- I think Jim was chasing a girl boarding with them. This family had a holiday house at Dalmeny a little way north of the Rec Camp. Jim had recruited a fellow sandgropers, Stuart Whyment, for an "alternative" Easter Rec Camp activity.

Jim had convinced the staff to give him a 77 radio set with a "plan" to hike up Mount Tilba. Jim's real plan was to hitchhike up to Dalmeny and spend the weekend with the Todds. Surprisingly the DS agreed and we three duly headed off to Dalmeny. We had a grand old time with family cooked meals and nighttime prawning sessions. In due course we were driven close to the Rec camp and returned to join everyone else before heading back to Canberra. Fortunately our "plan" remained undiscovered.

Bill Blair

The Model Room

No discussion of the military program at RMC would be complete without mention of the Model Room. Russell Stuart would adopt the crucifixion pose within minutes of sitting down and on one unforgettable occasion managed to slide from the row he was sitting in into the row below him. Bar was also an accomplished sleeper – he would transfer his eye patch to cover his good eye thereby disguising his slumber. Who could forget Rob Joske and Si Young crawling under the cloth model during a ToC break, to create new vital ground during Ex Torres Vedres, but then falling asleep under the model.

Cullo

Memory Lane

In looking through the 1971-74 Journals I discovered some recurring themes: exhaustion; punishment; alcohol; sport; cars; love and the pursuit of excellence – the latter two themes being more about deficits than surfeits. These themes were dominant across all four years of our time at RMC, and in some cases five and John Barwick's six years. Drafting this article has reminded me of the limitations of my recall and of some baggage that I have carried for a long time – and this article is my way of letting go of that baggage.

Life has taken us in many directions but if we were to do a nav re-section with the aim of getting back to our starting point, we all probably come

back to the same place. For a short but intense period, we all got to understand why the College's unofficial motto was *Nil Desperandum*. I am sure that we have all been asked at some stage whether we would do it all again – my answer is always "Yes, but differently." I genuinely regret not having committed myself more wholeheartedly to my studies – I was too intent on simply getting through each day and then letting off as much steam and therefore failed to make most of my opportunity at Duntroon. It was only after I graduated that I came to understand the value of much of what I had been taught and to fully appreciate the calibre of my teachers.

Cullo



Alamein "show parade"...

Gal Coy locals 1971.

Canoe Club Snowy River Trip 1973

In 1972 someone found two old fibre glass kayaks under one of the buildings and thought we could go canoeing. It turned out that they were twisted so wouldn't paddle straight and somewhat brittle and so were useless. My father, who lived in Canberra at that stage, had a mate who was in the Canberra Canoe Club and he suggested we borrow their Canadian Canoe mould and make our own. So over a few weekends in the RMC rowing shed, half of which was a store for the National War Memorial we moulded a couple of orange 16 foot Canadian fiberglass canoes. We had a few short trial runs with them in the Murrumbidgee River from Tharwa Bridge to the Uriarra Crossing. These were fairly uneventful so later that year we did a four day trip down the Murrumbidgee.

The big outing for 1973 was a trip down the Snowy River over Easter leave, starting a little way south of Lake Jindabyne. By now the fleet had expanded to four Canadian canoes and two ancient kayaks. This was sufficient for several intrepid blokes including Al Pearson, Al Bell, Richard Fullford, Trevor Lloyd, Tim McKenna, Col Green and Charlie Vagi to test their limited experience. There was some water in the Snowy; certainly enough for us to capsize in the rapids a few times drowning all our gear. We made good progress for a couple of days and soon knew precisely why it was called the Snowy.

By Saturday the canoes needed repairs, which took that afternoon. Sunday was a slower day in pouring rain and on Monday after a few rapids we entered a gorge filled with more sand and rocks than water. We then decided to carry the canoes around the worst rapids but soon tired of this and preferred to tackle them on the water, even when it wasn't very deep. This proved damaging for the canoes and bailing became essential. Our camping site for the night was inhabited by countless rabbits who sat at the entrance to their burrows and stared at us for ages. The flora was also interesting as there was a lot of wild cannabis growing along the river banks. It was the 70's after all. Despite running repairs each night, by Tuesday the canoes needed constant bailing and we halted at Jacksons Crossing, north of Orbost, shortly before lunch. There was a delay of 24 hours here as the transport struggled to reach our remote campsite to take us back to Duntroon

Allan Bell



Canoe Club Snowy River Trip



Canoe Club Snowy River Trip

Do you remember?

Being the flag orderly and wondering if you had prepared the flag properly, or whether some bastard had hi-jacked your work by replacing the match with a nail or filling the flag with confetti



Vince and Charlie auditioning for The Young and The Restless.



John Cullenon's wedding



Absolutely unposed pic. Just chillin'.... sort of.

Car Repairs... Almost

Stu Whyment (Gal Coy) was never going to be selected for RAEME. Stu had a second-hand Jag and he decided the tappets needed adjustment. Surprisingly he managed to do the adjustment, however, unlike a good surgeon he didn't do a check-count of the tools he had used before tightening up the patient. Stu had left either a spanner or screwdriver inside one of the cylinders. As he started up the engine the offending tool proceeded to launch vertically through the block and bonnet and into the blue yonder. At least the tappets were tightened.

Bill Spencer

Bright Lights

Greg Nance recounts a story about one summer's Saturday night in 1973 having a few beers at the Batemans Bay Catalina Club. They'd just finished a day's surf patrol at nearby Malua Bay as members of the Canberra-Bateman's Bay Surf Club. When it was time to head back to Malua Bay, Greg and Frank Roberts slipped off to get the club wagon and surf boat with a surf reel tied to the wagon's roof racks.

As other club members waited at the club's front door under a brightly lit portico of 20 or so parallel aligned fluro tubes, the lumbering surf wagon swung into the club's driveway. Unsurprisingly, measurement is one of the first skills to go after a few beers. As bad luck would have it the combined height of the wagon and surf reel was about six inches more than actual clearance.

The wagon rolled in and took out the first ten or so light tubes and wires. Greg and Frank looked up through the windscreen and did a lightning appreciation, which may have included reversing. Instead they drove forward neatly taking out the remaining tubes in a sparkling display.

They never went back to the club.

Al Egan

Do you remember?

Ever mastering tying your bow-tie unassisted?

Tying a bow tie was more difficult than nuclear physics.

BC Day

Enobesra says BC Day stands for Battalion Commanders Inspection day, allegedly. To me, and most cadets, it stood for Bloody Clean Day, or Bastard's Coming Day. Initially I struggled to get organised between reveille at 0615 and morning parade at 0745, let alone getting my room set up prim and proper. The easiest solution was to skip breakfast on BC Day, a saving of at least 10 minutes. However, like everyone else, by March the daily routine was not a problem and by April clever ways had been developed or passed down on how to take shortcuts or disguise or hide dirty shoes etc. The issue was that BC Days just kept on keeping on and had progressed from nerve wracking to routine to boring to annoying and finally by Second Class just simply tedious. I

mean, how exciting can it be to arrange books left to right by height, and lay out a rifle on a calico sheet for the 150th Thursday. By '73 I was so over BC days that one morning at about 1000 I simply crawled into bed (exhausted after a long night of playing endless games of 500) and went to sleep. The rifle, magazines etc slammed against the wall in a collection of parts. Shortly after the Company Commander on entering my room muttered "Sorry" assuming I'd been up all night studying, shut the door and left. So much for the inspection.

Col Green



BC Day No 1



BC Day No 2

My Big Prang

When we were at Dunnars the powers that be decided that motorcycles were a danger to their investment in cadets and put a 250cc limit on motorbikes. I duly bought a 250cc.

But soon I had the bright idea of buying a similar twin cylinder Suzuki of 500cc – if I took off the badges Panic Palace wouldn't twig to my subterfuge. By that time lots of us had oversized bikes (Ted Nance, Mougie, Gary Thompson and others).

All was well until May 1973. Travelling home on leave, I managed to crash into three cars on the Hume Highway – the 500's old fashion brakes were insufficient to bring my 120kph down sufficiently to get around the 20kph bend!

My right foot volunteered to take the brunt of the accident. Most bones broken and one toe damaged and eventually getting gangrene. The medical authorities left the toe to go black assuring me it would eventually fall off – it didn't and it was eventually amputated (along with some others in later remedial surgery). I spent a good part of '73 living in the hospital and attending classes in rec dress with crutches – what I sight I must have been.

One interesting side-story. Sometime late in our period the parallel bar 'dips' were introduced in our PT test. After months on crutches I crushed the test.

Bill Blair

Engineers' Revenge

They say revenge is a meal best eaten cold. Retaliation was four years in the making. Once academic periods started each year, Engineers had little chance of sampling the delicacies of morning TOC, as most had been scoffed by Artists. The reasoning is simple, they had few periods on, whilst Engineers and Scientists had few periods off and rarely just prior to morning TOC.

If you were lucky, you made do with crumbs and a black cuppa. This was war! Revenge finally came in the form of a free period just before TOC. We assembled early in the First Class Coffee Room and waited. Out came the trays of sandwiches, party pies, sausage rolls, pikelets and lamos!! We could not believe our eyes, or our luck.

The order was – EAT!!!. Once all the lamos were gone, work started on the party pies and sausage rolls, jam was layered on the pikelets and gorged! Then we started on the sandwiches. Yet the abundance of food was too much for mere mortals to consume. The word went out again – DESTROY!!!.

George Watts was impressive taking big bites out of a handful of sandwich halves and putting the remnants back. Full to bursting, we barricaded the doors and opened the windows and we leaned out and yelled "LAMOS". The artists raced up the steps and found blocked doors. We departed contentedly leaving the mayhem behind us.

The revenge was as delicious as the lamingtons!!

Terry Beaton

That First Surf Rescue

As freshly minted (RMC) Surf Bronze qualified patrol members of the Canberra-Batemans Bay Surf Club, we were idling on the sand one weekend afternoon at Malua Bay in 1974, when the call went out that someone was in trouble in the surf. A man and a rather attractive girl were frantically waving for help. Quick as a flash four of us plowed into the surf. Unfortunately we all swam out to the girl. We shouted to the floundering man, you'll be right mate just swim further along the beach out of the rip.

Al Egan

Green Underpants and a Lifelong Nickname

Like many of us, Ian McKinnon was bemused by the list of items we were issued on day one including a wallet, 1930 vintage football boots, football jumpers, jock strap, full sets of underwear etc. We found out very quickly it was all junk - quality was a lost concept for the Army in those days. But the Army must have had a sense of humour, for example, the wallet was a plastic bag, trousers needed braces and the underpants were Army green boxer shorts. At our first PT session many of us wore the boxers, which extended well below the absurdly brief blue PT shorts. After that first lesson commonsense and practicality prevailed and most of us reverted to a pair of normal underpants but Ian continued to wear the green boxers to PT for some time. He was consequently awarded the moniker 'Grundlers' for his green underpants. The name stuck.

Alan Pearson

Trove (Finding Stuff)

Many of you, especially the genealogists, will be aware of the National Library of Australia web resource Trove. For those who aren't, Trove is an archive of many of the nation's newspapers, magazines etc. It holds the scanned image, and automatically optical character recognised transcript of the article. The automated recognition is not perfect and a huge team of volunteers (called "voluntrovers") add a human dimension to the transcript, correcting errors in the automated process.

Glenys Blair is one such voluntrovers. These editors can also create indexes of shared topics. Glenys has put in a lot of work and produced one for our class in a collection called Duntroon Grad74.

If you go to the Trove website <https://trove.nla.gov.au/> you can simply put "Duntroon Grad74" into the search field and you'll get into the collection, however this collection (generated by a 'tag' that Glenys has affixed to each article) is a bit clumsy to work with (sorting/filtering etc). Instead, you should access the 'list' of Duntroon Grad74. This is a little trickier to get to via the 'Advanced Search' – but to save you the trouble, simply click on the link below: <https://trove.nla.gov.au/list/55937>

Bill Blair

Track and Field

I was very fortunate to be selected to compete in the 10th Commonwealth Games in Christchurch in 1974. The Games were a memorable experience with expected highs and lows. A big surprise on my return to College; I found myself moved from Kokoda and placed in Long Tan and relocated to Ack Block. Many thanks to those who shifted my kit!

My involvement started purely because the Australia Athletics Federation scheduled the official selection trials to clash with RMC's final exams. Fortunately Major John Snare avoided the clash by organising the RMC Decathlon Championship, jointly run by RMC and the ACT Athletic Association in October 1973. Most of RMC's athletes competed, in either track or field events or both, to enhance the results.

About the time of graduation, the Australian Team was selected for the 1975 Pan Pacific Games, but my selection notification was sent to the Duntroon Post Office. Apart from being on my honeymoon followed by 10 weeks at Canungra, it wasn't received until I marched into the Technical Services Unit at Broadmeadows. In the meantime, my father thought it hilarious that "The Advertiser" in Adelaide reported me as "Missing – Unable To Be Found, despite numerous attempts". So I have been MIA (ie Missing In Australia) at least once. Such was Army life.

Terry Beaton



1812 Overture

I remember the endless rehearsals for the 1812 Overture. In Second Class I was in the rear rank of the left hand guard, standing at ease, waiting to fire the feu de joie. Unsurprisingly, I was bored rigid when the RSM told us to "feel for the seam of your trousers with your left hand and align your thumb with the seam". He was near the cannon at the far end of Ack Block and I was closer to Panic Palace. It was dusk. Unable to resist the temptation, I rubbed the palm of my left hand up and down until I found said seam and duly aligned my thumb as instructed. Grant Chasling, unseen a few paces behind me, dryly commented "Very bloody funny Corporal Green, three days stoppage of leave"...

Col Green



Inter-company obstacle course comp. Gal Coy team.

Camp Training 1

It was either 3rd or 4th Class, probably 4th Class... Pete (Mingo) Keane and I were part of a night ambush patrol and WO2 Keith Payne VC was our DS.

The planning, orders group, move to and occupation of the ambush position all went to plan and we were secure just after last light. It was then up to the DS as to how long we would remain before the ambush was sprung to ensure that our night routine was correctly observed... or not. Either very late at night or very early in the morning the ambush was sprung and the search group went forward to where the enemy had fallen. Pete and I were side by side on the ground in the centre of the ambush when a gruff voice behind said: 'You've just been shot and you are unconscious. Understand?' 'Yes sir', I whispered.

I leant over to Pete and suggested we swap places as I knew what was to come: I was to be stretcher carried and I was a lot heavier than Pete.

When we were underway, WO2 Payne came to inspect the stretcher looked at Pete laid out and said me: 'Didn't I touch you up in the ambush?' He didn't wait for a response ..."must have been too dark. Carry on".

We learnt a valuable lesson that night. Even carrying someone the size of a Pete Keane over a relatively short distance completely exhausted our group. I'm sure that Pete would be the first to admit that it wasn't exactly a comfortable ride either.

When we sat down for the debrief with WO2 Payne at the completion of the activity, we had a frank discussion about the evacuation of casualties from the battlefield. I'm sure Keith Payne was recalling his own experience two or three years earlier when he was confronted with a desperate situation where more than 40 of his men, both wounded and displaced, had to be recovered, organised and led to safety while under fire. A remarkable achievement under the most difficult of circumstances.

Phil Charlesworth

Do you remember?

Being the company laundry orderly and wondering if you had got the sheet and pillowcase tally right

Camp Training 2

It was 1973 and the rain had been falling steadily for some days. We were in defence and had begun to dig to Stage 3: a fighting bay and two sleeping bays. The fighting bay was waist deep, the sleeping bays about knee deep.

That afternoon particularly heavy rain had filled the pits to overflowing. If not on patrol or constructing obstacles, those still inside the position could do little other than huddle under a hootchie. Smocks, lightweight, imaginary were useless and some of our number had been evacuated due to exposure.

As the afternoon became darker we began our evening routine. We packed up our gear to prepare for 'stand to' and sat at the rear of our pit which was overflowing. Word came for 'stand to' and we stayed sitting at the rear of the pit. One of the DS moved behind us and suggested that we adopt fire positions so we moved to adopt a position behind the pit.

'What are you doing?' the DS hissed 'You should be in your fucking pits. Go on, get in'.

I looked at the DS, incredulous. It was useless protesting. We both slid into the water up to our waists.

'That's better,' he said then realised that we had developed our pit beyond shell scrape stage 'Oh shit.' He then "suggested" that we would be better off out of the pit and sitting behind it. I seriously contemplated abandoning my preference for Infantry. Ironically, that same DS served as my CSM in an Infantry battalion three years later. As much as I tried to draw him on what happened that night, funnily enough he would not discuss it under any circumstances.

Phil Charlesworth



Al Egan discovers secret tunnel to Nurses' Quarters.

Camp Training 3

Week three of camp training in 1972 involved deployment up the Clyde River in assault boats. Our section from 1YLI in the boat included Mick Wheatley, Dave Dowling, Ian Mansfield and me. There was not a lot of freeboard on the assault boat and the small waves soon started to spill into the front. In an endeavour to lift the prow out of the water, the Engineer corporal gunned the motor. Rather than lifting the nose up, it caused it to dive into the river and immediately swamp the craft. "Abandon ship" and we all jumped off on the side closest to the river bank. This naturally capsized the craft and I popped up under the boat, holding a rifle in one hand and my back pack in the other hand. I decided I needed neither and let them sink. Dave, with his M60 on a sling across his shoulders was sinking and bobbing, sinking and bobbing. Mick Wheatley, who until then had managed to keep his rifle dry, now swam over to help Dave and together they both proceeded to sink, swim, sink. Eventually Dave managed to discard the gun. Tony Casey, from another boat, was the cheer squad! John Henry was in his command helicopter hovering and circling around in front of the upturned craft providing nil assistance but getting a grandstand view of the action. The CO's action inspired Dave to graduate into aviation. We lost a total of six rifles and a machine gun. Once ashore we watched as divers entered the water shortly after, and much to our disappointment, recover all the weapons. The lesson in additional stripping of weapons was put to good use over the next few days to remove saltwater induced rust.

Col Green



Les Miserables?

Bad Night at Camp Training

On an annual camp training I was one of two batmen allocated to the company commander. On the nightly gun picket roster I had to wake up the other Bat. He was sleeping in the same tent as the OC. Before sunset I asked the other Bat which side he was sleeping on - OC on the left side roughly north/south. Easy. Unfortunately in my absence a bit later they changed their sleeping alignment to East/West, but didn't tell me. So, sometime after midnight I went to wake up the Bat. Let me see...If the OC is on the left as I remembered then my mate was on the right. I reached into the right side off the hoochie and shook a body which was unfortunately the OC's face. He didn't take it well. Thinking I'd made an error, and in a general panic, I moved to the other side of the tent and reached in. Alas, this time I grabbed the OC's feet. Funny, he just couldn't see the humour in the incident. I did double gun picket duty for the rest of the week.

Al Egan

Do you remember?

As an RMC Aussie Rules player, being ordered to leave the field by the umpire before the game started because your RMC issued boots had leather sprigs that were nailed to the sole – a set-up that had been banned about a decade earlier!

The Easter Bunny 1

Twas the night before Easter ...

And in the land of Dunnars the senior blokes said .. Get to bed fourth class! So we went to bed, admittedly after an afternoon of boozing and drinking games provided by Third Class following the annual cross country.

Then at zero dark hundred as slumber reigned .. WHOOSH !Soaked .. and suddenly awake we were.

Come on fourth class get those mongrels from (insert other company) Get 'em. So we full of fortitude headed to..??? Just where were we going .. and to do what ?

Then it was raining, but not rain, just all of our stuff from our rooms - Block A60 vomited our belongings to the grounds below.

We were had, hoodwinked, fooled. We had all of Easter Rec Camp at Narooma to rehash our mistakes.

Kev Poynton



Gal Coy A61 first few weeks 1971.



QB Ball restaurant before fight over bill.

Easter Bunny 2

Life for fourth class was hectic for the first three months. We had to run everywhere for the first six weeks, and we were confined to campus during that time so we had little exposure to alcohol.

Then came the so-called Annual Cross Country where the Corps took part in a race over Little Ainsley. I cannot remember the distance involved but it was long.

After the run third class plied us with drinks. I remember thinking this unusual given the shitty way they had treated us to that point.

The combination of tiredness from the run and low resistance to alcohol meant most of us returned to our rooms that night drunk, or at least "emotionally drained".

Later that night loud banging on my door woke me from deep sleep. As I opened the door a second class sprayed me with a fire hose. The force of the water knocked me across my room. He then proceeded to spray my room with the hose as I lay dazed on the floor. Another senior classmate grabbed my military equipment and threw it out my third-storey window. My bedding and mattress followed. As the firehose retreated I saw the contents of my room floating in a muddy puddle below. I rescued it wearing sodden pyjamas. The rough ground hurt my bare feet.

All along my corridor I saw similar acts of horror taking place in fourth class rooms. Mine was at the end of the corridor so I must have been one of the first to receive a visit from the Easter Bunny. Water was flooding from every part of my room so I could not sleep there. I was exhausted after the run. My body ached. My head was fuzzy from the alcohol and lack of sleep. I needed to sleep. But where?

My solution was to go to the drying room on the ground floor. I unhooked curtains from the recreation room and made a bed. I did not sleep well.

Early next morning all fourth class started the long process of restoring their rooms and equipment, ready for the next inspection and a trip to Easter Rec Camp at Narooma.

The memory of that Easter night is still vivid 53 years later.

Steve Quinn

Easter Bunny 3

As Easter leave approached, sinister moves were afoot to ensure that 4th Class could live through what those already in residence at RMC had experienced before us. What a clever ploy to order us to put our sleeping bags into the Rec room on Friday night so that they could be checked for correct marking of number and name and taken away the following day to be 'water proofed'.

We settled down to a normal night's routine only to be awoken by a bish-tin of water being unceremoniously dumped on us and the cries of our senior class alerting us to a raid by our not-to-be-trusted neighbours from Block A61. 'Come on 4th Class, let's get them!' And away we went to deal with Gallipoli Company 4th Class, who had been similarly alerted to a raid from A60. It wasn't until Kapyong 4th Class came up the hill from Cork Block screaming blue murder that we began to smell a rat... reinforced by clothes and equipment tumbling from the upper floors of A60. By the time we returned to our rooms the damage had been done. All that was left was to pick up our stuff and get on with life as a 4th Class.

While getting my stuff together I heard a warning call from somewhere upstairs and looked up to see one of our 2nd Class drop my sec trunk out the top floor window. That was it! I couldn't care if he was 2nd Class or not, he was going to be hammered and hang the consequences. I suspect he knew that he had gone a little too far.

You had to admit... it was a well orchestrated event. My anger had subsided by the next time I saw the 2nd Class responsible and he even gave me an apology in 2023.

Phil Charlesworth

Do you remember?

The Musorians - the most indefatigable enemy. They never gave up and came back every November.

Drivin'

There wasn't a lot to do in Canberra in the 70's, so Trevor Goodhew and a number of others started to go to the speedway at Tralee on the weekend. By this stage we all had cars, so we started to go to Kowen Forest on the weekend and try our hand at rally driving and racing each along the dirt tracks through the woods.

The head of the academic admin department, Graham Spackman, had an FC Holden he raced at Tralee, so Trevor and I began to help him out. On a couple of occasions, we acted as track marshals at Tralee. To get into the swing of things, Trevor and I bought an old FC Holden station wagon that had a few months rego left on it. Trevor was mechanically minded, and he converted the car from a column gear shift to a four on the floor. My job was to cut the hole in the floor, but I missed the gearbox on the first attempt, so we ended up with a gaping hole in the floor of the car, with a big chrome gearstick poking up through it.

We used to take the car 'rally driving' in Kowen Forest and the Tharwa tip. One day in Kowen Forest we decided to take photos of each other drifting the car around a tight corner. As I was coming around the bend at full tilt, I hit a rock and rolled the car - the windscreen popped out and the car ended stuck on top of a fence post. Luckily, I wasn't hurt but we had to walk back to the main road and hitch-hike back to Canberra to get another car to tow the damaged Holden back. In the end we gave the car to Graham for spare parts. It was all great fun - maybe a bit irresponsible.

Ian Mansfield



Best behaviour at Grad Dinner 1971

Some Reflections from Duntroon

Sandy Pearson

My interactions with Sandy only occurred during my Selection Board and then once after a rugby game in 1971. In the game, a ruck collapsed with me in a heads down position and the whole of the forward pack on top of me, resulting in hyperextension of my neck. This was the only time I was grateful for a short neck. The result was that I was taken off to Canberra hospital, paralysed from the neck down. Later that night, at Duntroon Hospital, only one person came to visit me. Yep, it was Sandy Pearson. My esteem for him grew immensely that night. My teammates (the bastards) were off at the pub that night. Fortunately, my paralysis only lasted several days and after treatment from Madame, I was back playing rugby four weeks later. What was I thinking?

Rowing

The day we broke the ANU Boat.

For some reason this incident has captured the imagination of those who weren't there, for those of us in the boat, it was probably something best forgotten. So the story is... the boat used by the open eight met an unrelated accident and needed repairs, so Grant Chasling arranged the loan of one of ANU's boats for us to use this one particular Saturday in 1972. I remember we were in the left lane and fighting the whole way to win the race, neck and neck with another crew. We won the race. Now here it is worth pointing out a few things, firstly we (the crew) were looking backwards, secondly we were exhausted and moving very fast, and thirdly, the left hand lane had a short stopping distance before hitting the shoreline (something we only realised later). Not knowing what was happening around us, initially we didn't pick up on the urgency in the coxswain's voice when he yelled "stop the boat". Not that we needed to do much as the boat stopped all by itself when half of it rode up the bank.

I recall that moment when the boat was

suspended in time and space, before breaking in half. I have to admit it was kind of funny giving ANU their boat back, oh and by the way, here's the other half. I'm glad it was Grant who had to explain that day away.

Early Morning Training.

At the start I was not a great fan of early morning rowing training during the week, until I realised that we would never make it back in time for the 0800 hr parade. I found a perverse joy in having our breakfast in the Mess, all to ourselves, while watching the rest of you down below on the parade ground. All with the approval of the Adjutant. Sorry guys, we didn't feel sympathy for you.

The Row Home.

Being in the Open Eight we were always the last race in the regattas at Yarralumla Reach. As RMC had no boat trailers, the only way home was to row back which always seemed to be late afternoon after the wind had picked up. The return trips were usually a nightmare with a tired crew and the inevitable strong headwind in the Basin. By the time we got back to our boat shed, stored the boats and got back to barracks, the jazz at the Dicko was usually finished. I hated those return rows. For me, it also meant a late start on the road to Sydney.

Saturday Night after Rugby. "Where's Hodgey?"
Reply: "At the hospital...again"

Telephones.

Geoff Bell and I had the misfortune to be the two fourth class who lived closest to the only phone in A60. Our Section Commander, Bill Mellor, had a rule that the phone had to be answered by Geoff or me within three rings. I can proudly say we never failed. I can't speak for Geoff, but to this day I am still traumatised by the sound of a phone ringing more than three times.

Peter White



AAF - A 4
Revised June 1988

CHARGE REPORT

CHARGE(S) against No 2905 RANK AND GRADE SFC II

NAME I.W. MANSFIELD PARENT UNIT R.M.C. SUB-UNIT ALA

UNIT R.M.C. SUB-UNIT ALA CORPS CSC

Charge No. 1 of 1 Sheet

Particulars of Charge

First ✓ NEGLECTING TO OBEY UNIT STANDING ORDERS, in that he, at DUNTRROON, on 1 Feb 1973, did have a .22 calibre Squibman rifle, number 135058, A.C.T. Licence number 24462, in his room, contrary to CSC Standing Orders para 510(b) which states, "Firearms, other than weapons on issue are not to be held in Cadets rooms, but are to be secured 203 (ix) in the Battalion store".

Charged under AMR

Second ✓ NEGLECTING TO OBEY UNIT STANDING ORDERS, in that he, at DUNTRROON, on 1 Feb 1973, did have 1 x 7.62 mm round, 1 x 9mm round and a quantity of blank ammunition in his room, contrary to CSC Standing Orders para 511(e) which states, "Ammunition is not to be kept in Cadets rooms".

Charged under AMR

Third ✓ CONTRARIO TO THE PREJUDICE OF GOOD ORDER AND MILITARY DISCIPLINE, in that he, at DUNTRROON, on 1 Feb 1973, did take from the Field Firing Range 1 x 7.62 mm round, 1 x 9mm round and a quantity of blank ammunition after the range warning had been 203 (ix) given. Removal of ammunition off a moving vehicle.

Charged under AMR

Fourth ✓ NEGLECTING TO OBEY UNIT STANDING ORDERS, in that he, at DUNTRROON, on 2 Feb 1973, did have a button undone, contrary to CSC Standing Orders para 703, which states inter alia, "Cadets are to maintain a smart and soldierly bearing and are to be neatly and cleanly turned out".

Charged under AMR

Witnesses

RANK	NAME	UNIT
Maj	D.S. WILKINS	R.M.C.
W.O.I	L.A. WILLIAMS	R.M.C.
Sgt	G.W. POPE	R.M.C.

Particulars of Person Committing Accused into Custody (If committed)

Signature and Rank

Appointment and Unit

Date

Initial Investigation by Officer appointed under AMR 2380

Referred to on (date)

Signature and Rank

Appointment and Unit

Date

ALL PERSONS CONCERNED IN COMPILING THIS REPORT ARE TO FAMILIARIZE THEMSELVES WITH THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE PAD COVER.

THE PAD COVER IS ILLUSTRATED IN VOL 1 OF THE ARMY LAW MANUAL AS A NOTE TO AMR 8/3 1994.



Gary Martin. Trained killer.

Left: Ian Mansfield's charge sheet; Charge No. 4 is a REAL court martial offence.

Do you remember?

Jumping off the back of a moving truck Why?

In the history of warfare has there ever been a need to jump off a moving vehicle? But the PTIs enjoyed the spectacle.

Shootin'

During 3rd class a number of the Alamein lads bought .22 calibre rifles: Trevor Goodhew, Dave Dowling, Sel Heaton, Steve Hodge and me. On a Friday night we would borrow a friend's ute and go spotlighting and rabbit shooting. Usually this was on the south side around Tharwa (which is now all Canberra suburbs). We became pretty good shots from the back of a moving vehicle and would usually bag a few rabbits. Sadly, we didn't have a plan what to do with the dead rabbits, so they were usually left on the side of the road - pest control at least. We saw lots of interesting wildlife in the dark - like kangaroos, wombats, and of course the infamous possum stuck in the fork of a tree (which led to someone getting their nickname).

The shooting hobby didn't end so well for me. When Paul Griffin was kicked out for the second time, as he left the Commandant's office, he said words to the effect 'you staff don't know what's going on in the barracks - cadets have booze and weapons in their rooms'. The next morning there was a lightening raid by staff and I was sprung with my .22 rifle not so cleverly hidden beneath the drawers under my bed. I was charged (see charge sheet) and got 7/21. Not a good start to 1973.

Ian Mansfield

RMC trip – PNG, Wau to Salamaua, January 1973

This trip followed the battle trail of the Wau – Salamaua campaign of 1942. It followed on from the success of the same trip of the previous year organised by RMC instructor Captain John Paget (grad 1966). Our group of about 20 cadets comprised mostly of COSF and a few from the class of '75.

Itinerary - C130 to Port Moresby, Caribou over to Lae, truck up to Wau in the mountains, on foot down the Buisival track to Salamaua, workboat across the bay to Lae, Caribou to Port Moresby.

Mark Gregory



Among the wreckage of war, in this case a C-47 transport. Rusty ammunition dumps along the track. One unwise cadet picked up a grenade and threw it into the bush!



Another break on the track



Showing enthusiasm on an LCM ride in Lae



Ration and mail drop. Newly married Captain Paget was pleased to receive a letter from his wife. We, on the other hand, were pleased to get rations as it was touch and go with the weather

My Tidbits

- **First car** – the pale blue 403 Peugeot – often seen in pieces outside A61.
- **Easter Bunny** – I had a broken collar bone, and was in hospital when they took our sleeping bags for “water proofing”, so I still had mine when we got bished. So I did get a good nights sleep, unlike others.
- **Compulsory sport** – sailing – it was great sailing past the old hospital – picking up nurses from the peninsula and taking them for a sail and getting their phone numbers
- **Tennis Party** – my 2nd class lined me up with the daughter of a full Colonel. Not a great experience, and did not last long!
- **Life in the accommodation blocks** – my 3rd class was in the Bump Ups behind Anzac Hall. Curtains for doors, and huge gaps top and bottom of the “walls”. Bathrooms were a very quick dash in winter, but at least the female staff in Anzac Hall liked our runs during the day ...
- **Company dog** – I had a labrador for a few weeks in A60 in 1st class. After a few little deposits around the block, the Panic Palace putsch told me to get rid of her – she went to a farm in Tassie.
- **TOC races** – 1st Class provided us Engineers with very sweet revenge, as the Artists who had been so slack for the first three years had beaten us to the food, were now busy with Mil work – the tables certainly turned in OUR favour!! But what do you do with all the “excess” food ? Take a bite out of the stuff you couldn’t eat.
- Towards end of 1st class, I sweet talked a beautiful young lady to go out with me. But later found out she was the RSM Lenny Williams’ daughter. Hmm ... She was great, but perhaps it was not a good move, as the RSM rarely missed a week to prod me in the back on parade with a “Hair cut CPL Boon”... We got engaged, but the weekly trips for me from Sydney to Canberra did not help, and we called it quits.

Brian Boon



QB Parade

Engineers on 1974 Camp Training

During our First Class Camp Training, the Engineering and Science cadets were not fully trained to fill the various unit appointments that the rest of the class were given. Instead we participated as part of the enemy force. During the Counter Revolutionary Warfare phase down the South Coast, I was partnered up with Terry Beaton to be the enemy in contact drills. It was hard work bashing through the thick scrub but at least we were travelling light with only our basic webbing. I had just a string hammock but Terry chose to rough it sleeping on the ground. Engineers are used to hardship and privation after being denied morning tea by the artists for so many years.

Being engineers and naturally brilliant (sorry

artists) Terry quickly noted that movement in the creeks was much faster than our poor classmates patrolling in the thick scrub. We'd fire off a shot or two, then run down the creek before the blue units started their contact drills. All was well until we struck some of the more substantial streams. Terry is just a shade taller than me - actually he's a lot taller. I can remember one stream where Terry entered knee deep "Hurry up" he said, while I was thigh deep. It got deeper with Terry at knee deep and me waist deep. "Come on" from Terry chest deep and me underwater - thankfully a friendly hand pulled me to shore.

Much fun.

Bill Blair

Kiwi Memories

In January 1971 I got on a plane from Kiwi Land to Oz and RMC Duntroon.

I can always remember on the first day walking to Cork (Alamein) Block and there coming out of the door was Tom O'Reilly dressed just like a typical Kiwi - Black singlet, black shorts and jandals. His words of welcome were, "Kia Ora mate, my names Tom - welcome to Dunnars". Me a little 4th class from Little ol Waihi NZ.

Novice Boxing. I was up against Brendon - two Kiwis against each other!! I let him win as I knew he was going to be BSM eventually!

I remember having to keep your room spick and span 24/7, and leaps and second or first class constantly being in your room to inspect and pulling socks out of the drawers then testing them by bouncing them just like tennis balls. If they didn't bounce enough then drawers upended, told to tidy up AGAIN and make sure the socks were "tight"!! You soon learnt to keep your room tidy 24/7.

Sel Heaton

Do you remember?

Writing out your extra drill forms a thousand times because it just wasn't : neat, accurate, readable, timely, modified cursive, perfectly printed, too many caps, too few caps etc.

The Ground Brief

John Culleton, following a long night out, was trying to give a target indication on Majura Range using the hand method and courageously referencing a mob of cattle in the middle distance.

"Reference the mob of cattle 300m to your front - go three knuckles right of the cow with a white blaze on its forehead" 'Unfortunately the cow with the white blaze immediately headed left and the rest of the mob followed. Not to be outdone, Cullo adjusted the indication only to see the cows break into a gallop and splinter in all directions - to this day, he reckons one of the DS was remotely controlling the mob.

Eagle Eyed

As a cadet walking innocently along the upper terrace under the clock on Forbes Block I was verbally harangued by RSM Goldspink from the Juliet balcony of Panic Palace. The range was 120 metres. He shouted out across the width of the parade ground, 'Staff Cadet Leahy, your back pocket is undone.'

How the hell could he see that?

Many years later I came across Norm at a function and asked him how the heck could he have seen my errant button from so far away. He said he couldn't but had seen the offending fault earlier in the day and decided to save it up for later.

And no, I didn't get an Extra Drill.

How legends are built.

Pete Leahy

Zapped!

Many years after Grad and living in Bridges House, I was invited by a group of cadets to take part in a video for the annual RMC review. I agreed and was invited to the Cork Block Cavern where the video was to be filmed. About six of us squeezed into the cavern and commenced filming.

Alas, there wasn't enough light to get a decent picture.

Being the helpful type I told them I had a spotlight in my garage and I would go and get it. As I lived close by, I suggested it wouldn't take long.

On exiting the cavern, I carefully secured the hatch and moved the bed back into place. There was no escape. I then leisurely strolled home, had a cup of tea and returned 90 minutes later with the spotlight.

They were making a right royal ruckus and were in a mild state of panic and embarrassment.

You can't take the zap out of a zapper.

Pete Leahy

I Remember...

Lining up at the Q store and being issued my kit by a senior NCO. As he picked up each item and made us confirm that we had it, I remember being told to "look at your shaving mirror to check to see that it works"; to "look at your comb FS with 28 teeth – count them" etc and being so disoriented that we all did. I also remember the poor bloke standing next to me holding up his still boxed jockstrap and being told to "check to see it fits" and "they come in three sizes – small, medium and large". As the nervous bloke fumbled to get his jockstrap out of the box to check,... "I haven't got all day – when you are alone in your bed, do you use one or two hands?" to which the flustered bloke blurted out "one" – quick as a flash, the NCO responded "you'll only need a small one, son".

Being told to "address the beam" at PT sessions in the Gym had nothing to do with learning its name.

Inviting a young lady that I met at the RMC chapel (compulsory church parade) to the tennis party and later finding out that she lived with her parents in a married quarter within Duntroon. When I arrived at the MQ (it was not one of the run-of-the-mill quarters) I started to sweat. I knocked on the door in an absolute lather of sweat and was met by the DMA. Yep, I had unknowingly asked the DMA's daughter to the tennis party. I was on my absolute best behaviour that night.



Jocks in jocks.

WO2 Errol (Judy) Garling distinguishing himself as OIC of a night shoot on the 25m range at Canungra and was blown-away by our scores and claiming a national record - we didn't have the heart to tell him he had put up so much illumination that we'd all been able to use our weapon sights.

WO2 Andy telling us not to be embarrassed to come to him for "sporting goods"

A classmate getting disoriented during a clearing patrol on camp training and ending up being separated from the patrol. On realising this, his survival instincts overrode his need for security and he yelled out to all "my name is...."X" I'm from Gunnedah and I'm lost". Suffice to say, he was not amongst those who were called upon for the next clearing patrol.

John Culleton

Do you remember?

The triumph of hope over performance for blow-ups

Did they ever capture the bloke who designed blow ups? No punishment was too harsh.



RMC on the Yarra

Rowing in Melbourne

Our coach Bryan Green thought it would be a good idea to enter our eight in Lord Mayor's Challenge Cup in Melbourne. The Cup is part of a regatta rowed on the Yarra during the Moomba Festival.

Bryan did his homework and based on our race times he entered us in the Maiden Eights.

Rowing on the Yarra is a bit different to Yarramundi reach. The river is narrow, and the 2000m course has bends in it. There is just enough room for three eight oared boats to race. And on each side of the river there is a path on which coaches traditionally coached their crews mounted on a bicycle. At the end of the course, there is a row of boat houses next to each other with delightful gardens behind. To row there and experience the atmosphere of the colocated rowing clubs was quite special.

The weekend arrived. Bryan managed to borrow a boat for us, but we took our own oars. We used the C130 milk run to Laverton to get us down there but from memory we had to bus it back.

To get to the final you had to win a couple of heats. Our first heat was very successful. We managed to negotiate the bendy course and it was exhilarating rowing so close to the bank so we could get a feel for our speed. We won convincingly.

The next heat was much the same. Except this time we had earned the support of some locals who cycled on the path next to us shouting 'come on RMC' and 'well rowed RMC' and similar friendly encouragement. We won that heat convincingly too.

The final was much the same except we had a larger and more enthusiastic band of mounted followers. Their encouragement gave us that bit extra I think. We won the final convincingly.

At the end of the regatta, it was open house at all the boat houses - what an experience.

In hindsight, discussing our success we thought that Bryan might not have considered a couple of factors. Normally we rowed in fresh water and at an altitude of 1800'. The Yarra was salt or at least brackish and of course is at sea level. The fresh water meant that we displaced more water at home and had more drag. Mind you that was probably partly offset by the state of the Yarra's water! And the altitude difference gave us an aerobic advantage. But we won the Cup nonetheless.

Sadly I don't think RMC has been back to the regatta since.

Steve Cornish



CommTOC

The fear surrounding a Commandant's TOC was well founded. Treated like an Orderly Room, marched in and standing fully at attention. I did two in one week at the end of Second Class. What a farce as I had passed everything but my adverse attitude to authority and my leadership role in recent ANU invasion led to the TOC. I was not sure whether it was an interview or a reprimand. Got the second interview because I was not "conrite enough" in front of the Commandant. I survived because I had passed everything and had good support from most civilian and military instructors.

Greg Nance

Beach Blanket Bingo

Surf Life Saving as an official sport at RMC was the biggest scam pulled off by cadets. No supervision at all from RMC courtesy of Barry Andrew's (English lecturer) agreeing to supervise from afar in Canberra. What a great bloke.

Merv Jenkins, Frank Roberts and I were the movers and shakers having done some patrols and performed rescues, which were reported in the Canberra Times convincing the hierarchy as to the value of the idea. Great weekends driving the surf boat down to Malua Bay in the club's Ford on a Friday afternoon with full rations from the mess, we lived like kings. Saturday night at the Catalina Club. Not that we didn't train cadets with their Bonze Medallions and provide patrols and surf competitions, we did it all and loved it.

Greg Nance

Any Religion Will Do - As long as you've got one

I learnt very early in fourth class the benefits of religion. At the first church parade we were marched over to the chapel for compulsory church parade. "Catholics to the right, Protestants and others to the left". A small group of us non believers remained standing. What about us sir? You can come with me on an emu bob around the grounds. Huh? I got religion after that day.

Al Egan



*Phil Slocombe and
Pritch. Camp Training
1971 clean up.*



RMC Visit to Akabri, Indonesia August 1974

A series of cadet exchanges between Duntroon and the Indonesian Military Academy, Akabri, were first organized in 1973, and a second round occurred in 1974.

In February 1974 a group of Akabri cadets visited us at Duntroon (see our yearbook for details). The return visit to Akabri was held in August 1974 and it included three of our class members – Dave Dowling, Steve Cornish, and me. The rest of the Duntroon contingent consisted of 16 second- or third-class cadets. The supervising officer was Captain Bob Lowry, and we also had a RACT officer assigned as interpreter.

In preparation for the trip, we had briefings and learnt some Indonesian phrases. The previous years group had all taken a good supply of jack-rations, but we were told not to, to avoid offending our hosts (big mistake). When departing Akabri, that group had also been presented with a beautiful ceremonial silver dagger, and much of my motivation for going on the trip was to get one of those.

We left cold Canberra on a RAAF C-130 and overnighed in Darwin on our way to Jakarta. The next day we went by bus to the Indonesian Armed Forces Academy, AKABRI located in Magelang (a small town of 500,000 in central Java). Our two-week program involved lectures, field training and side visits. We were integrated into the training programme of the Indonesian cadets, and we went on their parades, ate with them, and slept in their barracks. All of us came down with diarrhoea (and secretly wished we had ignored the jack ration ban). The bathroom facilities were basic, with squat toilets and no showers. Each bathroom had a large, tiled font filled with freezing water and our daily shower involved throwing a bucket of water over each other.

Field work often involved patrolling through paddy fields. On one occasion we had hundreds of kids following us. An Indonesian officer pulled out his pistol and fired a few shots in the air to scare the kids away. We complained and said we did not mind the kids, and cautioned that someone may get hurt. The answer was basically

'mind your own business', and 'life is cheap in Indonesia'. We were issued old Indonesian rifles, but the blank rounds actually had a wooden projectile that came out with some force when fired. This obviously led to a few mishaps. On another activity, we paddled 8-man rubber dinghies through the sea on a night raid. The Aussies all seemed to get put in the front of the boats, and whenever we turned around in the dark, our Indonesian colleagues were seen to be relaxing at the back of the boat. The culmination of the exercise involved standing waist deep in the surf in three ranks, being welcomed at dawn as returning heroes from the sea.

Dave Dowling recalls this last activity, saying 'My lasting memory of our visit to Akabri was the water-borne badge exercise and assault onto the beach. I remember standing in the water with a paddle at the present arms instead of a rifle, waiting for the General to inspect us. We were waist deep in the water adjacent to the outlet from the village paddy fields which doubled as the village sewer. I recall seeing blind mullets floating past as we waited for the General's inspection. Then on command, a series of explosions went off from slabs of PE planted on the beach to simulate a beach landing.'

The cultural activities involved lots of singing and visits to local museums and the old Buddhist temples of Borobudur. Other visits included batik factories and local village markets.

Overall, it was a rewarding experience to see another Army and their officer training system up close and personal, and also to see the life and culture of our near neighbour. The only downside was that we didn't get a silver dagger, just a certificate and a cheap medallion.

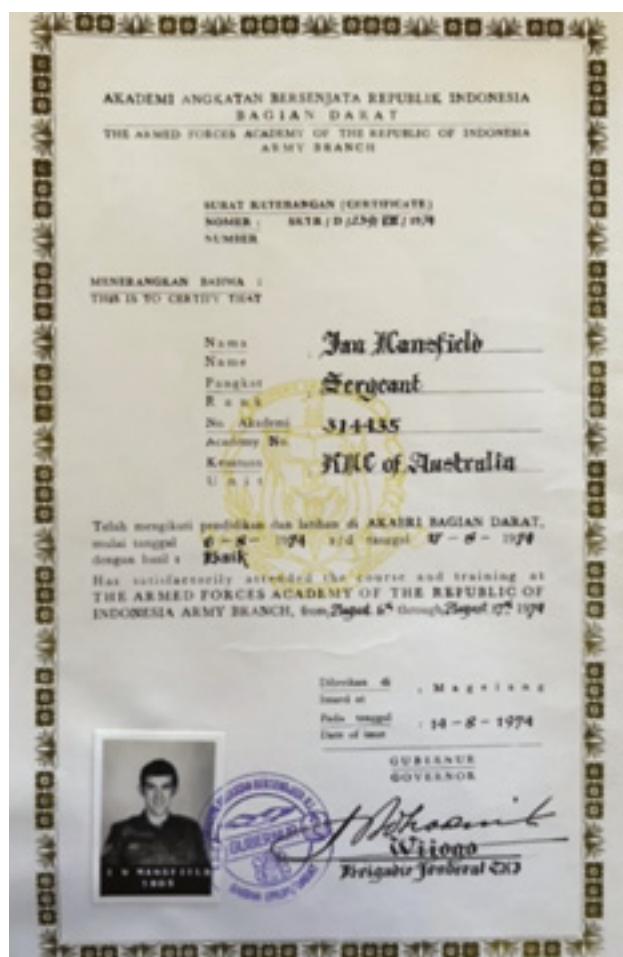
Postscript. Small world. In 2005 I attended an international landmine meeting in Zagreb, Croatia. One of the Indonesian delegation was a military officer (who we had nicknamed Rocky) and who had been one of our host cadets during the visit. We recognized each other and had a good chat.

Ian Mansfield

Do you remember?

Whether Field Wing staff ever reached an agreed position on whether water bottle carriers should be attached to the bottom or top eyelets of your basic webbing belt?

Don't get me going on how to lace GPs



Married Quarter Roulette

Living at Duntroon in later years Lee and I initially moved into Bridges House where the Commandant used to live, which by now had become the Chief of Army's residence. Nice place. However, we were evicted from here as the upstarts from the Navy and Air Force were moved onto the base. The CDF stole our house. We subsequently moved to the house by the swimming pool which was called Gwynn House. I refused to accept the name as Gwynn was a British officer and General Bridges left him behind when he assembled his HQ to go to Gallipoli. I renamed it Casey House after Lord Casey who had actually lived there in the 1930s.

To commemorate moving into the houses I held a dinner party for the some of seniors of the cadet hierarchy - BSM, BQMS, CSM Kokoda and as the guest of honour, Staff Cadet Casey.

He duly attended and was the perfect guest. He stood to attention in the corner of the dining room, said nary a word and consumed no alcohol.

Pete Leahy

The Rowing Trophy

In 1971 when I commenced RMC, I was only 17 years of age until November of our first year; the legal drinking age in my home state of QLD was 21 years of age, and the legal drinking age in the ACT, NSW and VIC was 18 years. So, my experience with drinking alcohol was non-existent. Towards the middle of our fourth-class year, we were introduced to our first formal dinner in the Cadet's mess with our mentors being our senior classes.

So, this dinner commenced with the tradition of sherry drinks as an appetizer in the anteroom followed by the formal dinner. I was encouraged to drink a few sherries and then throughout the dinner we were being educated on various wines. As the evening evolved, I became rather ill from all the alcohol and when I raised the matter, the senior class were quick to point out I had to wait until the royal toast before I could leave the table to go to the toilet.

As I became more and more ill, I focussed on the big trophy that was adorning the table, as it turned out this was the Rowing Trophy. Anyway, the inevitable occurred and the trophy provided a receptacle for my needs. Credit to the mess staff who quickly evacuated me subtly through the kitchen and out of the mess. Next morning, I woke up and thought wow – I had avoided major trouble.

Alas, when we had our mess parade at lunchtime the following day, then Battalion Q Corporal Peter Martyn sought me out as he was near me at the formal dinner and advised me to charge myself. I recall I was the third last member of my class who hadn't been charged, which until that point was a badge of honour just waiting to be dismantled. Ironically, many years later in a private Industry company Peter and I worked together as fellow Regional Managers and were close colleagues and friends.

As it emerged, I ended up being remanded straight to my Company Commander, Laurie Towers for the hearing of this charge. Laurie was the RMC Rowing Officer and my punishment ended up being the maximum he could give me. So, I may have been one of the last of the class to get charged but I went close to winning the prize for most punishment, even though on a first offence.

Despite the difficult learning experience, I have never since drunk too much at a formal dinner and have learned to pace myself. I also detest Sherry with a passion. I have also never been a big fan of Rowing. Everything that happens at RMC provides life lessons.

Bruce Whiting



*Capt Grant Chasling
offering "kind" words of
encouragement to his crew.*

Nicknames

Love them or hate them, sooner or later you got one. The more you tried to dissuade people from using it, the more it was used. Most of the nicknames stuck and 53 years on many are still used. Admittedly the reasoning behind many of the nicknames is forgotten history.

Possum	Dave Dowling
Fastback	Greg Nance
Grogan	Lou Gardiner
Mango	Pete Keane
Mingo	Pete Keane
Vol	Col Green
Brownie	Bob Brown
Idle	Al Egan
Nuk	Sel Heaton
Hom	Pete Leahy
Panel	Terry Beaton
George	Geoff Bell
Fetlock	Dick Fullford
SAS	Marcus Parsons
Fin	Dick Healy
Wayne	Graham Murray
Noys	Kev Poynton
Serge	Rene Van Den Tol
Pooh Bear	Pete White
Chas	Greg Mills
Waller	Bill Cowan
Pig Pen	Bruce Whiting
Wheels	Graham Campbell
Tinker	Jeff Bell
Noggy	Bill Blair
Knees	Mike McKague
Piker	Geoff Hourn
Marty	Gary Martin
Praeties	Chris Halliday
Lills	Ian Lillie
Soggy	Steve Hodge

Leeroy	Lee Osborne
Tom	Dave Poole
Undies	Mark Underhill
Vunce	Vince Williams
Lips	John Cornish
Padre	Peter Curran
Cullo	John Culleton
Mougie	John Moug
Mouse	Trevor Goodhew
Case	Tony Casey
Charlie	Phil Charlesworth
Crampie	Bob Cramp
Mate	Steve Cornish
Fairo	Mick Fairbrother
Grabba	Mick Gavenlock
Chubby	Doug McGill
Grunders	Ian McKinnon
PJ	Pat O'Brien
Rushes	Peter Rushbrook
Spag	Russell Scott
Stu	Russ Stuart
Gus	Simon Young
Birdie	Mike Bird
Bar	John Barwick
Boonie	Brian Boon

Al Egan

Do you remember?

The ritual opening of a new jar of Vegemite

Tale of the Two Keanes

One unique feature of the Class of 1974 was that it contained two Peter Keanes. Both exceptionally good looking, both extremely charismatic, they could hardly be called doppelgangers as on face value, they could be easily differentiated without much effort. One was a rather robust six feet two inch tall red-headed Queenslander, and the other a more diminutive five feet seven inch dark haired (rapidly going grey) South Australian. But just to aggravate the situation further, both were named Peter William Keane.

On arrival at RMC, both had to navigate the 'Wot's my name Fourth Class?' routines and the allocation of nicknames. Everyone had a nickname ... one just couldn't escape this process of assimilation into the RMC corps of cadets. The Queenslander had entered RMC in 1970 and already had become known as 'Mango' with obvious connections to his state of origin. The South Australian entered the august halls of the college in 1971 to be given the moniker of 'Mini-Mango' shortened to Mingo.

Fate and circumstances can be quirky and someone with an arcane sense of humour threw them together and identity confusion reigned for years to come. Firstly, the two Keanes were assigned to Kokoda ie the same company. Things were made worse when Mango repeated third class to undertake an extra honours year in drill and ceremonial and found himself sitting beside the other Keane for the next three years of RMC life.

Mango and Mingo! These nicknames could not be applied to formal military and academic documentation so the question was put to them 'Do either have any forms of identification that could be used to separate you in RMC paperwork etc? Well of course they each had different regimental numbers and indeed different cadet numbers. But this was not the Welsh Fusiliers after all and it was deemed impractical to respond on roll calls to 2795 Staff Cadet Keane or 2093 Staff Cadet Keane.

So Mango volunteered that he had a second Christian name of Michael and he became known to all as PWM Keane. This additional letter in the name was universally assumed to be 'M' for Mango!

Two cadets with almost exactly the same name, in the same class, and in the same company...what could go wrong?

It didn't take long. In 1971 Mingo filed his tax return - no response from the Australian Tax



Mingo v Mango

Office. After many inquiries he was told that his tax return had been processed and had been already banked into an ANZ account. He did not have an ANZ account! When asked if he had banked a tax cheque into an ANZ account Mango responded: "What, who, me?" If you received a cheque addressed to Peter William Keane, what would you have done with it? Eventually the matter was sorted with the tax office, but this was just the start of years of confusion.

In early 1972 the class had character guidance training. The class was divided by religion for the exercise - Catholics and that other mob the Protestants. Of course, both Keanes were Catholics and were destined for eternal life (refer last paragraph).

Routine administration continued to plague the two Keanes: drycleaning, mail and extra drills often could not differentiate that there were two Peter William Keanes.

In 1973 there was a hiccup involving a Keane. The Adjutant, Captain Steve Sainsbury, with the wisdom of Solomon, called both Keanes into his office. They marched in, saluted dutifully to be met with the following: "Someone named Keane has ten boxes of sweatshirts sitting in the foyer of my Headquarters. Please explain". It certainly did take some explaining as did the existence of Kokoda Enterprises. Mango took the rap and the Kokoda Enterprises' entrepreneurial rewards!

In late 1974, graduating cadets were entitled to new uniforms including a set of tailor-made mess dress blues which failed to arrive in time for graduation and were sent on to the location of first postings. Queenslander Keane had been allotted to artillery and Townsville and the South Australian Keane was posted to transport in Puckapunyal. When trying on the dress blues, the gunner found he had received the correct jacket but a tiny little pair of trousers with the RACT "GT" stripes; and truckie Keane received

man sized trousers with the red Artillery stripe!
Would this confusion never end?

Eventually and upon graduation the Keanes headed to different careers and parts of the country and, fortunately, were never posted to the same area at the same time. The Army was learning! But the confusion didn't end there.

In 1984 Mingo was sent Mango's United Nations Middle East Post Operational Report. He did very well although it is noted that he did fail to bring peace to the region!

In 1985 Mingo received Mango's posting to Command and Staff College for 1986. When sorted it was get back in the queue Mango and await your turn in 1987.

In 1988, when Mingo was attending a course at Canungra, he was asked by a fellow officer what he was doing there when his wife had just given birth to quads! Mingo went pale!

In 1996 Mingo received in the mail a copy of

Mango's mortgage statement! It was from ANZ; remember that ANZ account confusion of 1971?

In about 2005, when doing his tax return, the accountant was relating income from bank accounts as notified by the Tax Office when she stated that Mingo had \$XX dollars interest from an ANZ account. Never had an ANZ account!

If there is one thing that both Keanes have in common is that respectively they have been blessed with beautiful partners for life, however great care has always been taken not to mix them up!

But now as they approach their twilight years, what else can be confused? Alas, Mingo has expressed a vision of both Keanes lining up at the Pearly Gates where St Peter is totally confused and asks them both "now just tell me, who is who?"

Mingo

Recruiting for RMC

In early 1979, I was posted back from PNG to 1 Field Engineer Regiment in Holsworthy. On arrival, I was told that I had been selected to go on a 6-month detachment as an Army Careers Lecturer. The idea was to get recent graduates out and about to talk about their own experience in the Army. The detachment would involve travelling around schools giving talks to senior high school students, primarily about a career at Duntroon. There were about six or seven lecturers chosen that year, including Russ Stuart. Our training consisted of briefings and giving practice lectures in Canberra, but we also visited RMC, OCS Portsea, and OTU Scheyville. Our main 'tools' were music of the 1812 Overture, and a Duntroon recruiting film called 'In Good Company'.

We all were assigned a driver and a movie projector, and I was allocated to most of Sydney and northern and western NSW. I worked hard. I gave two lectures a day, five days a week for about five months, totalling nearly 180 schools. Russ Stuart, in his usual lucky way, got Tasmania – where he cruised around and spoke at maybe one or two schools a week! It was an interesting experience to go around the countryside giving a sales pitch for RMC. In many areas of western Sydney, talking about officer training was like convincing kids in Alice Springs to join the Navy – ie. not really on their radar. Realistically, we spent much of our time talking about general entry through Kapooka or trade training through

Balcombe. Again, I am not sure how effective the program was for recruiting for Duntroon, and I only ever met one person who said that they applied to go to Duntroon due to my talk. To end my detachment, in mid-1979 I hosted a group of high school headmasters on a visit to Duntroon, where Dave Dowling was the SO3 Coord, and where the Army tried to convince the headmasters to encourage students to apply for Duntroon.

I think back to my trip to RMC in 1969. I am not sure how effective the schoolboy visits and scholarships were. I do not recall anyone else from my schoolboy visit signing up, and I do not recall any other class members saying that they had been on a similar visit. I also only recall a few other cadets who said that they came in via the scholarship entry method, such as Dave Dowling, Rob Pritchard, and Tony Casey for example.

Ian Mansfield

Do you remember?

Checking your canteen account the night before payday and finding out that it exceeded your pay

Mess Etiquette?

It was the first week of formal dining for the entire Corps of Staff Cadets and we were all kitted out in summer mess uniform. The mess was set up with tables of eight. A senior class sat at one end flanked by second class cadets. Third class cadets were seated next to them with a lowly fourth class, me, at the opposite end of the table.

We sat at attention until the meal was served and the first class cadet gave permission for everybody to eat. At this point we had not received the etiquette lessons that came later in the term. I proceeded to eat the way I always ate back home in Newcastle.

The first class cadet screamed: "Staff Cadet Quinn, are you an animal?"

I immediately sat to attention, swallowed a mouthful of peas, and froze.

"You cannot use your fork like a spoon," he said. I shrugged mentally. This was the way we ate at home.

"This is how you use a fork to eat peas," he said as he demonstrated the noble art of fine dining. "Now you do as I do," he said. I turned my fork over and tried to spear a few peas with it, pushing them with my knife.

He screamed again. "Your finger. It should not be shaped like that." I had no idea what he was talking about. "Bend it," he screamed. I bent my finger as elegantly as I could.

"Bend it more," he screamed.

I tried to follow instructions- bend my finger or something else? He screamed again: "bend it."

A pink mist came before my eyes and I used my other hand to bend my fork into an L shape.

The other cadets on the table dissolved into fits of laughter. The senior class stared at me, his face purple and red. But he seemed dumbfounded and said nothing. At least I got to finish my meal without further interruptions.

Some days later I was marching by the mess when a first class voice screamed at me to stop. I froze to attention. The first and second class coffee rooms were above me and I could hear voices. I heard the window above me open. A basketball bounced on my head and knocked my cap off. I'm not sure if that was the same cadet who had tried to train me in etiquette. I gathered my cap and marched away as fast as I could.

Stephen Quinn

Road Warriors?

When we were in Third Class, we didn't have a lot of funds and travel for leave was expensive without a car. Mick Wheatley and I were going to be stranded at Clink during the August leave period and hit on the brilliant idea of hitch-hiking from Canberra to Brisbane. We figured that we'd have a better chance of a lift if in uniform so we wore battledress and carried our green kitbag. Our first lift from Northbourne Avenue towards Sydney was with a bloke who was quite chatty. When asked, we explained that we were from Duntroon (it was, after all on the shoulder flash) and when he asked what we thought of Duntroon we told him: low pay, limited leave, indifferent food, excessive drill, defaulters parades, etc. By the time we got to Goulburn we'd exhausted our tales of woe and asked him what he did. He said he was the XO on HMAS Sydney. The rest of the drive passed in silence.

Col Green



Pritch offering infantry advice to Maj Ron Shambrook

Lessons You Don't Forget

Shaving

Heading down to a Saturday morning drill session, early in the year, I was passing Cork Block when I realised I hadn't shaved. I had no time to go back to A60 so popped into Andy Kerr's room in Cork Block. His razor was handy so I dry shaved myself. That resulted in lots of snicks on my face. I then became the centre of attention of a swarm of flies who then focused on my face for the entire drill period.

Bush Cooking

After the first week of camp training and showered and in fresh greens I was cooking my can of tuna over my hexamine stove. I'd seen people dent the side of their cans and when the cans popped the contents were cooked and ready to be opened. The opening was the part I missed observing! Unfortunately, when I used the opener I had the can tilted towards me. The outcome was a jet of hot, tuna oil which covered my fresh, clean shirt. The aroma of cooked tuna, and the swarm of flies, remained with me for the rest of the week.

Never Arrive Early

The six Kiwis of the class; Brendon Fraher, Selwyn Heaton, Lou Gardiner, Paul Ash, Andy Kerr and I had been at Waiouru since 5 January, where we had been attested into the NZ Army before undergoing a pre-RMC familiarisation course. We then flew out of Auckland and arrived in Canberra via Sydney in the mid-afternoon. Having been given our kit we were then allocated to our companies. The Kokoda third and second classes, who were doing supplementary academic exams at the time were clearly bored. This meant that Paul Ash and I had their full attention, particularly from the newly minted Third Class. We were very grateful when the rest of Fourth Class turned up on 19 January to become an added distraction.



Which Corps to Select?

I wanted to serve in an Arms Corps but how did I come up with the artillery? It was a process of elimination:

- **Armour.** This failed for two reasons. The first was as a result of the tour of army bases we did in Fourth Class. I recall visiting 21 Supply Battalion, which had a number of Vietnam APCs stored outside. I remember they had their bellies blown up from mines and the floors were now ceilings. The second was in First Class when we were doing our armoured familiarisation week at Puckapunyal. We had a troop of Centurion tanks in the FUP. When H hour arrived two tanks failed to move, a third broke down on the LD and the fourth made it about 100m to the objective. Not the best advertisement. Besides I wasn't enamoured about Puckapunyal.
- **Infantry.** I think that Camp Training cured any aspirations to become an infantryman particularly Currawong Carnival. I wasn't particularly fond of lying in ambushes or Singleton for that matter.
- **Engineers.** I liked the idea of engineering but there were enough of the class who would have engineering degrees to disqualify that as a career option. Besides, I wasn't crazy about Casula.
- **Signals.** That was equally attractive but I thought the scientists in the class would fill the billets.
- **Aviation.** I couldn't see anything wrong with Aviation other than Oakey. However, I'd transferred to the Australian Army in August 1974, and never applied to do the flying aptitude tests.

That left the RAA and since I was a late starter into the Australian Army, Pat Thorne, as my company commander, was very persuasive. The RAA also had the added benefit of the School of Artillery being at North Head in Manly, just a couple of suburbs away from where Julia lived in Mosman.

Vince Williams

*Assisted bathing
on 21st Birthday
(Gal Coy)*

Novice Boxing

"You never forget who you fought in the Novice boxing competition". Peter 'Mango' Keane.

For those of us who started at Duntroon in 1971, we had the dubious honour of being the last class to take part in the compulsory Novice boxing competition.

Most of us had never done boxing before and the instructions were fairly basic. The PTI said "the aim of this lesson is to demonstrate that in boxing you can take a punch, but then get up and keep going". This sounded rather ominous. To demonstrate, he called out Greg Nance to the front of the class. The PTI said 'staff cadet Nance, hit me'. Greg was hesitant, but the PTI insisted. Greg threw a soft punch. The PTI said 'hit me harder' so Greg threw another punch. No, the PTI insisted, I want you to really hit me. We all knew what was coming. Greg recalls what followed; "He definitely taunted me twice before I really let him have it. I grazed his cheek but didn't connect. He whacked me with a really hard left hook counter punch (which was the aim of the lesson). I remember he supported me and said to me, but not to the class, 'that was a really good shot, you nearly got me - ha ha' - as my head was ringing. I don't know how I stayed on my feet, but I was dazed. I had to sit out part of the training until I recovered".

Cadets were paired off randomly depending roughly on weight and size. The fights consisted of two 1-minute rounds, and this quickly became the longest two minutes of our lives. Again, Greg Nance reflects "I do remember the sheer terror building up inside me which culminated in the fight itself. I am not alone in saying I think we all felt that way. Interestingly, everyone overcame their fears and got in the ring. On the night the urging from senior classmen and the taunts from some who were pretty piss weak sticks in my mind. I won my fight against Laurie Boyd. Mostly

air swings. I hit him once. I decided not to go on as I would have to face McEntyre".

The whole atmosphere was quite gladiatorial. It quickly became apparent that the event was not about boxing, but about 'character'. A couple of the interesting lead up bouts I recall were Kev Poynton v Bruce Whiting, then Trevor Goodhew v Derek Taylor, and Al Egan facing off against Des McInerny. Some of the memorable finals were in the heavy weight category, where Lou Gardiner and Geoff Horne slugged it out with big heavy punching, no backward steps and both marked up afterwards. Another memorable bout was Trevor McEntyre v Terry Beaton – again heavy punching and blood. Trevor McEntyre recalls "I remember boxing as a lot of fun, but with serious undertones if your opponent was from another company. We were Alamein and paired generally with Gallipoli, but I boxed Terry Beaton who came from Kokoda, so there was a bit of angst there. These days I am often showing off the boxing medal to my grandchildren... with the story well embellished". Of course, the star of the show was Rus Stuart, who was classy and fearless in the ring – and the well-deserved winner of the Golden Gloves award for best boxer and the last entry in gold letters on the Boxing Honour board hung in the cadets' mess.

In my own case, I won the first fight and chose not to continue. However, on the day of the finals Andy Cobon wanted to take part in the final – would I box him? Foolishly I said yes. I was robbed. Later that night I had a splitting headache so went to the RAP. The (female) nurse was initially sympathetic and asked what I had been doing. When I said boxing, she replied 'well, that's your own silly fault', threw some Panadol at me and said off you go. That was the end of my boxing career..

Ian Mansfield



*Fever pitch excitement...
TEWT lunch 1974*

Novice Boxing 2

Who can forget the zeal with which our 2nd and 3rd Class corner support geed us up to go out punching regardless of who your opposition was.

My first bout as a Light Heavyweight was against Russell Scott, described by my second class as one of our 'arch enemies' Gallipoli.

'Ding!' and away we went with a flurry of gloves. Only then did thoughts turn to when one minute would be up! First round down and the inevitable pep talk from the second while being towelled down. 'You've got him really worried. Just a one-two to the gut and head and he'll go down...'

'Ding!' and away we went again but with much less energy. I managed to land a couple on poor old Russell and I suspect that he landed a couple on me. When he came in for the clinch, meaning we could barely hold our arms 'Ding!' - it was all over. Thanking God that we had both survived largely unscathed, Russell and I touched gloves and walked to our respective corners only to be greeted with: 'Piss poor 4th Class! Call that a fight? We walked away!'

As luck would have it, my next bout would be with Pete White, one of my fellow Kokoda fourties and solidly built! Thankfully the bout was soon over but I felt guilty and was unconvincing telling Pete that it was a lucky punch.

Phil Charlesworth

Novice Boxing 3

I used to do occasional boxing at a Police Boys Club in Sydney before Dunnies. I was very ordinary but I thought I could survive a few rounds. So on the night of the big Novice Boxing horror I was warned very clearly that I better win etc, as I had glory of the section to support. My opponent was Dan McInerny. Little did I know that Dan had six fists instead of my two. Mercifully the ref stopped the round as apparently I was bleeding for Australia. So ended my boxing career.

Al Egan

Do you remember?

Ever being able to assemble and use the 'spider'?

Novice Boxing 4

Lou Gardiner was directed to come to the front of the boxing class by a PTI and was asked whether he was orthodox or a southpaw, "I don't know - I just hit with both hands"

John Culleton

Novice Boxing 5

Time has not lessened the boxing memories.

My third class became my second and he wrapped my hands, laced my gloves, assured me it would be a walkover and even lifted the rope to ease my entry into the ring. Now I know how the Christians felt when they entered the Colosseum. The end result was the same for both me and those Christians; slaughtered.

I can definitely remember the first minute of round one, I held my own and traded blow for blow but I was fading fast. My boxing gloves now weighed a ton, my blows were becoming weaker and after an eternity the bell rang. Sit, breathe in, breathe out, listen to the advice "His left hook is weak, go for his nose, keep swinging, move your feet" All useful and all forgotten the minute the bell rang for round two. I survived round two, lost on points, 'nuff said.

We all learnt a lot about ourselves and our fellow classmates.

Col Green



Trev McEntyre boxing demo.

The Long Way To Duntroon

My journey to Duntroon began with a canoe trip across the lagoon to the mainland of New Georgia.

I was at home on the island when the letter arrived telling me to report to the Brisbane Recruiting Office; all the selection processes completed at boarding school in Toowoomba. The letter contained an airline ticket, pocket money and instructions for the rest house in Rabaul. But, as I was not an Australian citizen there was a caveat regarding successful resolution of the citizenship question on arrival in Brisbane. At the time I was classed as a British Protected Person (BPP). God only knows how the letter found me.

Then by DC-3 departing Munda airstrip on the milk run and an overnight stop in Rabaul but the rest house booking had fallen through. I had no money to speak of, but I managed to contact a distant family acquaintance who put me up for the night.

At the Recruiting Office I discovered an appointment had been arranged with the Citizenship Officer at Immigration around the corner where I was duly sworn in as a citizen. Back to the Recruiting Office, excitedly clutching my Certificate of Citizenship for attestation, and then flying to Canberra, arriving at Panic Palace on the following day, late into Week 4 with less than \$5.00 in my pocket and only one change of clothes.

So, the above saga was the excuse I gave Sergeant Flewell-Smith when I finally arrived at the Clink late one morning about four weeks late. 22 years later Flewell-Smith was on the same Resettlement Training at UNE, Armidale!

Mistaken For a Steward

After room allocation and Q Issues (everyone was at training) I was taken to the Cadet Mess for lunch and sat down among the denizens of Cork Block. Trevor McIntyre told me 10 years later, that when I first sat down with the group that they thought I was a new steward, but then I followed them back to Cork Block! Rifle drill was the first period after lunch, so I was helped into my uniform and to set up the rifle with sling. I was grateful to Tony Casey, also in Alamein who had been a fellow cadet at Downlands College. He met me at the steps of Cork Block and on the way to the upper terrace of the parade he quickly explained that the drill was the same as in cadets except the rifle had a pistol grip.

So that was my introduction to the College. My arse had not touched the ground since getting out of that canoe five days previously. It was an

intense five days, scary in patches for a 17 yo and I was relieved to have a bed in Cork Block, a roof over my head and some mates.

Duntroon Life

Speaking of mates, after passing the Screech Test and Lanyard Parade it was of course our first leave. But I must have had my head up the proverbial because after mess I went back to my room and after a bit realised it was too quiet. On sticking my head out, I realised I was the only one left in the building, so I read my drill pamphlet and went to bed. That must have been a Friday and everybody had gone out.

The next time we had leave I actually hid in my room after Mess because I had never been in a pub or had a drink and did not know what to do. But a group of fellow fourthies led by Greg Nance I recall, must have realised what I was doing, so they bashed my door down and physically dragged into one of their cars. And I still recall that first night in a pub learning all about Australian pub etiquette; when it was my turn to shout, and what was a middy or pot or schooner. I suspect I proved an apt pupil. I was grateful to be included that night and on many other occasions, though the headache next morning was unbearable. Plus, I later discovered the real use for a "Bish Tin, Cadets for the Use of".

Reflections.

I do not have the words to describe my sense of awe (still) at how a 17 yo boy from a village in Solomon Islands could be granted citizenship and be accepted in one stroke into the Royal Military College, Duntroon, one of the country's premier institutions. Flowing from that I have had the privilege to command Australian troops both mainstream and indigenous, I have been led by some great leaders, served with or mixed with some wonderful people including those who have held the highest offices in the land. I have seen the headwaters of the Nile but at heart there is and always will be the Class of '74 and the Corps. It always leaves me with a sense of awe, gratitude and feeling rather humble at the enormity of the journey.

The reader can find more anecdotes at the following link but be warned it is an hour out of your life that you shall never get back: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zWhH95Sz_AE

Mick Wheatley

Tanks A Lot

MAJ R. K. Hill, MC was the RAAC instructor on the Military Instruction team when we were in 1st Class. He pulled off a remarkable act of military persuasion, which was perhaps due to the kudos associated with his MC. Anyway he managed to persuade the Armoured Corps, as well as I assume, RAAOC and RAEME, that it was necessary and appropriate to locate an M113 LRV/APC at Duntroon. It was the only operational one in the ACT; the others being museum pieces at the War Memorial. Not only did he manage this but he also persuaded the Corps and Personnel Branch that it was appropriate to post an RAAC Driver/Signaller to Duntroon. I can't recall the vehicle ever being used for any instructional purpose, related to us at least (perhaps the other Classes may have benefited), but I was, once, invited to accompany him in the vehicle out to the Field Firing Range off Majura Lane. We took the opportunity to collect fire wood for his Married Quarter. So no locals were alarmed, no weapon was mounted in the turret! He was a terrific bloke and a real character.

Pat O'Brien



Engineers doing the hard yards on Canungra TEWT.

Eye Opener

I was an 18 year old callow youth who had never spent a night in the bush. I was taken aback when we first slept out on a concrete floor on Majura Range during those first few weeks - no beds no pyjamas, all round fairly harsh I thought, not realising what was to become bread and butter in Infantry.

Greg Nance

Corridor Sounds

Walking from the showers to my room on the first floor of A61 in first weeks of training I saw one fellow cadet crying in his room and then later it was not uncommon to hear the late night whimpering. Sad for some disconcerting for others.

Al Egan recalls waking up in those first few weeks to find a fellow fourthie sitting on the floor in Al's room sobbing that he couldn't take it anymore and asking what should he do. Al kindly explained that he should make sure his uniform was correctly ironed. Sympathy was in short supply in those early weeks.

Greg Nance

The 1971 Victorian Train Gang

It was a significant event. We Victorians all rolled up on the appointed day, signed the oath and were ordered or maybe threatened to be back at Spencer Street Station that evening for the big trip of our lifetime. In the meantime we managed to sneak in a long pub lunch somewhere and a few last goodbyes followed by a party time of sorts on the overnight train.

The group was Jim Boag, Jim Winn, Derek Taylor, Ian Mansfield, Jack Walker, Trevor Goodhew, Dave Lucy, Andy Cobon, Bill Cowan, Pat O'Brien, Pete Leahy, Russell Scott, Peter Curran, Rick Robbie, and....Kevin Poynton.

The big day dawned and it was on through Goulburn to Clink and...apprehension. But at least there was someone there to meet us a Canberra that morning albeit a bit gruff and very upright. RSM Norm.

I will never forget that day and that trip. I like to think the Vic mob is bonded for life.

Kevin Poynton

RMC Language Primer

Cordies	Staff Cadet
Sliding Halt	RMC halt (not practised elsewhere in Aust Army)
Ration Scale	What we didn't get
DL's, Dirty Louie's	The alternative mess (and tastier)
37 Pattern Pack	Issued pack capable of carrying only a hankie, toothbrush and blow-ups
Inf Wing	Inf WO Serengeti
Larrys	Leeches
Sportos	Sportsman's Bar Anzac Hall
Science 1A	Artists' concept of Quantum Physics
Snow	The catering officer
The Real Army	What RMC wasn't
WO Speak	"I've only got a few criticises to make, Did you iron your uniform with a hot coke bottle?"
Jungle Paw	The only way to get a bigger meal
Deferred Pay	What you really wanted in your hand
Actual Pay	\$15 a fortnight...ie two nights out.
Choofer	Army water heater producing Luke warm water (with sound effects)
Inf Wing No.2	Where the WOs "learned" us in proper boot lacing..and other stuff
The Family System	Senior classes with same last two Corps numbers
Summer Mess Kit	Dining ensemble designed by Salvador Dali
Pass that Oil!	The theatre of it was far more interesting than the message
Brothel	Senior class reference to your room
Fizz	A charge (A4) "conduct to the prejudice" etc
The Square	Where we practically lived
Easter Rec Camp	Sigh...a week without end
Sandy	The nicest Commandant
The Tennis Party	Expectation exceed only by disappointment
"O"	The end letter of all drinking establishments eg, Dicko, Wello, Kingo
Over the Hill	Duntroon's answer to The Ritz
Bog	To clean or bugger off - normally at a senior class's behest
Carry the mail	Orthopaedic adventures for Fourth Class
Med Rest	Better than a Lotto win
Camp Training	Wettest month of the year
Annual Cross Country	Hills minus training equals vomiting at finish

Nine Miler	Delightful tour along Majura Lane
Two Miler	Kill me now
Supps	Academic Extra Drills
IMT	How to go to ground without hurting your knees (or attracting staff WO attention)
BBDA	Not practiced in Hollywood movies
History1	LCF Turner sleepy time
Amway Spray	Sarin toxin for Drillies
Butt Party	Not what your civvy friends think it was.
Strippers Club	Sew them on, tear them off, repeat...
Captains Flat	Heat, extreme cold, leeches, rain. The next day wasn't any better
Ambush Training	Where UDs were very useful to ensure an early night
TV Watchers Club	Artists' dream time
Turning 21	Tossing and unscheduled bathing
True Fear	An Orderly Sgt hoping the flag would break properly and not be full of confetti or upside down
The Model Room	Also known as Schrodinger's Cat where we were alive and dead at the same time
TEWTs	Mumbling with confidence
JTC Canungra	"Now THAT'S a leech"
Canungra Obstacle Course	DVA White Card reference point
Hospital	Easier to enter than escape from
A fid King	A cadet accomplished in the field; or the exact opposite.
Mount Pleasant.	Erroneously named a feature behind the College
An all-nighter	Not as enjoyable as some might think
Pay Parade	The only Parade we were happy to attend
Elation	Checking Acca results after returning from Camp Training.
Deflation	Checking Acca results after returning from Camp Training.

AI Egan

Do you remember?

Having an alarm clock go-off from inside your pack (probably placed there by the same bastard who interfered with your flag raising) midway through defaulters' parade



Reunions and get togethers over the years



Tenth Class of '74 Reunion at Royal Ascot

In 1984 Kev Poynton, Al Egan and I were studying at RMCS Shrivenham. Well, to be precise, Noys was studying whilst Al and I were planning our forays into Europe. As Army personnel resident in the UK we could apply for tickets to London social highlights including Trooping of the Colour, HM's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace and Royal Ascot. We applied for and won tickets to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot Racecourse to watch horses run either around a triangular course or along a one mile straight. As one was mixing with the "correct set" and trying not to grimace when drinking Pimms, one was required to wear appropriate attire; a traditional morning suit complete with top hat for men - the expression "dressed like a pox doctor's clerk" comes to mind. Women had to comply with rules covering dress lengths and hat sizes. Tiaras were optional.

This made it an elegant sporting occasion, albeit bizarre and slightly silly. It felt like we were extras in a Monty Python sketch. We couldn't really take it too seriously although the English gentry attending thought it was a frightfully good show, eh what?

As it was our 10th year since Graduation we elected to make a day of it. So after losing our cash on donkeys and consuming sufficient cheap champers with our chicken salad lunch in the carpark, as one does, we three did a March past in unsteady time. Kim Egan, being sober, kindly drove us home.

Col Green

Do you remember?

Ever getting everything back that was put in the drying room?

Our Class Overseas Travels

It is said that our overseas trip program had a 'colourful start' – apparently the Greens, Whites and Browns were sitting around a table when the idea of inviting the class, and partners, to travel to Gallipoli was first mooted. We are uncertain, but pretty confident that ours is the only class that does trips like this. Certainly everyone we've spoken to from other classes have remarked that we are unique. The trips say something about the class of 74, sticking together



As this was our first 'residential' occasion away, a few guys fell into a feeling that we were 18 again. Much beer consumed on the first night together and by the third we all realised that we weren't 18 any more.

Gallipoli and Turkey 3-18 May 2004

Brownie recruited the assistance of Jack Thurgar, who also ran Australian War Memorial battlefield tours, to develop a visit program for us.

As with all of our trips, there was a balance of Australian military history with commemoration at the war cemeteries along with country orientation/cultural (including shopping) and our own social interaction.





(Peter White
absent rest in bed
due to an illness).

France/Belgium 28 Sep – 9 Oct 2008

Again we called on the assistance of Jack Thurgar to design this the trip which started at Paris and ended at Brussels focusing on Australia's involvement in World War 1.

After leaving Paris there was a focus on the battlefields and cemeteries including a visit to the Villers Bretonneux school and the Australian National Memorial. Our visit to Menin Gate was quite moving. It was a relatively quiet night with perhaps only one other wreath laying other than ours. Peter Keane gave the Ode. We had made a commitment that, if the end of the proceedings looked a bit of a fizzer, that we would sing the Australian National Anthem – indeed this occurred, but to hear the crowd join in, with many accents including Belgique, showed how seriously this town saw the sacrifice that Australians had made. The last few days were in Brussels. A couple of the guys reckoned the beer cost too much in our hotel, but noted a sign for the local beer on the door of the establishment next door. It took a few moments inside for them to realise it was a brothel.



Vietnam/Cambodia, 17-31 Oct 2010

The trip started in Hanoi with a side trip on a junk in Halong Bay, down the coast to Saigon including time in the Australian base at Vung Tau and Nui Dat. It was finished with a side visit to Siem Reap/Angkor Wat.

Our time on Halong Bay was where Al Egan proved his (fabricated) skills in the art of watermelon carving.



The "Cruise to Nowhere" 5-8 Oct 2012

We were planning to go to Greece, but world politics intervened. As an alternative, Barb White suggested a short cruise out of Sydney on the good ship Pacific Pearl.

No war cemeteries here, but there were plenty of big waves. There were enough of us to create two pub trivia teams - much competition and the rest of the crowd didn't stand a chance.



Greece-Crete 5-23 Sep 2014

A number of people were still keen to get to Greece and Crete despite the ongoing 'shakiness' of the Greek economy and the potential for significant disruption to the travel.

One part of the trip was particularly notable given the visit to Pinios Gorge where Mike Fairbrother's father fought – and indeed then led a small group evading the Germans to rejoin Allied forces, including absconding with a fishing boat at one stage. The time on Crete was highlighted by a chance visit to a private museum in the village of Askifou where we were able to join the owner in perhaps the best raki we'd experienced on our trip.

A Change in Ongoing Records of These Trip

Previous to this trip Bill Blair had produced a CD containing a 'mini website'. Photos were provided by all who came, and typically a detailed diary from one of the participants. This got to be a bit of work for him, so for the 2016 trip, and all subsequent, they have been documented on Bill's travel blog. Often times people have been kind enough to offer photos where Bill's record is missing. There is also a facility to add comments.

<https://www.glenysandbill.wordpress.com>



Grand Palace with guide

2016 Class Trip- Burma/Thailand

A day trip to the summer mountain retreat of May Myo (May-town) saw us close to the Chinese border. British colonial influence still abounds. The traffic crammed and winding descent was adventurous. We took an intriguing river cruise to ancient Mingun. A colonially decadent late lunch over Mandalay Lake awaited our return.

We visited Sagaing, the site of a bridge blown by retreating British Forces in WWII, and a day trip to Meiktila, with three surprising monuments erected by Japanese veterans in 1972. A cramped flight to Yangon and the Rangoon War Cemetery with another wreath laying.

Our arrival Bangkok coincided with news of the King's death. Next day a trip to Ban Pong Station, where POWs detrained and then to Kanchanaburi War Cemetery before visiting the "genuine" bridge across the River Kwai. Off to Hellfire Pass Museum the next morning and descent into infamous Konyu Cutting.

Our stay also included day trip to the border town of Sangkhlaburi and Shimo Sonkurai campsite, where a Service was held at Cholera Hill Cemetery where we laid a wreath and poppies. A boisterous last night before a shopping return to Bangkok, with a raucous farewell party.



Thailand Group



Korea-Japan 23 Sep – 8 Oct 2019

Wendy Spencer had plotted this for some time, figuring that Bill Blair would have to be an expert on Japan, let's get him to organize. Seemed sensible to him to recruit John Moug (long term DA in Seoul) to organize some time in Korea also. As it turned out, John was not able to accompany us due to a family situation.

We had quite a treat being given permission to go to the DMZ and enter the negotiating room. The US Army guide had a wicked sense of humour and had great delight in calling a group of officers into line for the photo.

There are no Commonwealth War Graves Commission cemeteries in Korea. Instead our dead and missing-in-action are buried or commemorated in the UN Cemetery – as neat and well-cared for as any CWGC site.

On to Japan where Russ Stuart and Cindy Simon joined us for Japan (co-ordinating with Rugby World Cup I believe).

Our initial stop was in Fukuoka/Nagasaki. Terry Beaton had mentioned a small monument to Australian WW2 PoWs who were in Nagasaki when the bomb was dropped. Glenys Blair found the details and it was added to our itinerary. The formal war cemetery is in Yokohama where Simpson VC was buried after living in Japan for many years.

The Bells and Blairs had arrived in Korea a few days before the others and got hit by a typhoon on the East coast of the peninsula. One slid between Korea and Japan while we were touring with little impact. However for those who stayed on, one belted straight through Tokyo flooding shinkansen and generally causing some havoc. There is also strong evidence that Bill Spencer, who was laid low just after the end of the formal tour, was an early victim of COVID.



Aside from that, we all had a great old time. The final dinner was unique – it was Margaret Dowling's birthday, so Possum phoned home. We all joined in for a rousing Happy Birthday song – as did the neighbouring rooms of the restaurant.



ANZAC Day Kuala Lumpur, the Tugu Negara is a national monument that commemorates those who died in Malaysia's struggle for freedom, principally against the Japanese occupation during World War II and the Malayan Emergency

Malaysia-Singapore 19 Apr – 1 May 2024

This was conceived by Vince Williams and Russ Stuart – with much help from Cindy Simon. The idea was to start at Penang and follow the progress of the Japanese invasion to Singapore. A further module to travel to Sabah to recognize the Sandakan death march ended up being cancelled at the last moment when our flight in was cancelled due to volcanic ash.

A highlight was being invited by the High Commission to the ANZAC Day dawn service in Kuala Lumpur and the following gunfire breakfast.

Russ and Cindy did a great job shaping the trip, including a special lunch at the Royal Selangor Club (Russ and Cindy are members) which was a special occasion for Jack Walker. The club was the site of the first Hash House Harriers. The visit to RMAF Butterworth brought back memories for those in the group who had served with the company – especially when we went to their watering hole at the Hong Kong Bar. Finally, not many of us were aware that George Bell's dad had served in Singapore during the invasion. George gave us an extensive ground brief when we visited the Japanese landing sites. We were also unaware of Kev Poynton's involvement in restoring the Changi Chapel in Duntroon.



The 50th Anniversary committee obtained agreement from the Australian War Memorial for the Last Post ceremony during our our 50th reunion to recognize LTCOL Arthur Boyes, CSC number 168 who lies in Kranji War Cemetery. Boyes was at one time Commanding Officer of the force that Geoff Bell's father served in during the Japanese invasion.

Next trip?

Well, we've certainly had some colourful travels enjoyed by all – where to next time? Time to get the atlas out again.

Bill Blair, Bill Spencer, Terry Beaton

Our Biographies

This is who we were at Duntroon and who we are now...
and what we got up to in the last fifty years.

*"No man has a good enough
memory to be a successful liar"*

Abraham Lincoln



It is only when I try to summarise my career in a few words that I realise what opportunities and experiences we all were afforded as graduates of RMC. It had not been my plan to attend Duntroon – I was going to study geology and discover vast reserves of minerals. Alas, Plan A foundered, and I found myself, slightly startled, being attested into the Army. What had I done? I soon realised that to survive, I had to try and fly under the radar. I managed to do this and in 1974, popped out the other side as a brand-new Signals Lieutenant. For the next eight years, I served in a variety of regimental postings – Troop Commander, Squadron Commandeer and a year as an Adjutant. These were wonderful opportunities, and I was able to travel along the East coast and the remoter areas of Western Australia – the Kimberley, the Pilbara and the Goldfields deploying by planes, trains, helicopters and ships. Unfortunately, military life was not conducive to married life at that time and my first marriage failed.

Then Canberra beckoned – it was tough to leave Perth as

I had re-married and we had bought a house near the beach. My next postings were mainly staff appointments, all demanding and satisfying. The jobs involved planning for several UN Peacekeeping operations plus planning and exercises for counter terrorist operations, including the Brisbane Commonwealth Games. A personal highlight was undertaking communications planning for the police forces in the South Pacific – Kiribati, Tonga, Solomon Islands, Vanuatu, Tonga and Western Samoa. Well, someone had to do it!

After the South-West Pacific experience, I attended the Royal Thai Army Staff College, and after an idyllic if rather pathetic year learning Thai at Point Cook we packed up and headed for Bangkok. My training paid off as there was an attempted military coup while I was there and, having completed the module – 'Counter Coup Operations', I knew which Bangkok intersections to avoid. After re-training at Staff College Queenscliff, it was time to return to Canberra. At this point, my career took a dog leg turn into the secret

world. I ended up as the Deputy Director of Military Intelligence for special intelligence – mainly signals intelligence and electronic warfare plus a few other things that go bump in the night. This was followed by the highlight of my career as CO 7 Sig Regt (EW) at a very demanding time in the unit's storied, if anonymous, history.

After command it was back to Canberra – I had promised the family there would be no more new schools and removals. A posting as Visiting Military Fellow at ANU was hard to top and JSSC was just as enjoyable. I then spent professionally rewarding years in the Prime Minister's Department at the Office of National Assessments.

In 1998, I decided it was time to retire from the Army. I had ten interesting years working with a small imagery intelligence company but it was swallowed by a bigger fish and then by a bigger one again. I decided to finish up my career, helping my wife run her fabric business where I paid the bills and was kept out the back so as not to scare the customers. Since retiring, my focus has been on spoiling my grandchildren.

Ron was a member of Kapyong Company. He started in 1970 and joined our Class in 1973 when he repeated a year in Engineering. Ron was a very private person, and from the time he joined our Class his priorities were to pass his 'accas' and to further enhance his status as a quintessential dayboy.

He was a smoker and it was a surprise to many that he retained an excellent level of fitness. In this regard he was one of a very small number to be able to climb the long ropes in the gym using arm strength alone. His main sporting interest was hockey.

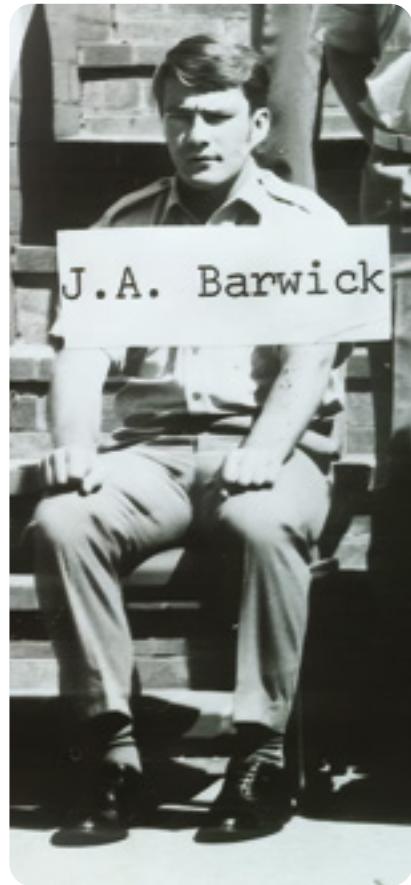
He graduated into RA Sigs and had various postings to 1st, 2nd and 6th Signal Regiments and DCOMMS-A. He passed away in April 2018.



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 pack tucked into his socks. Full backs rarely moved out of the goal



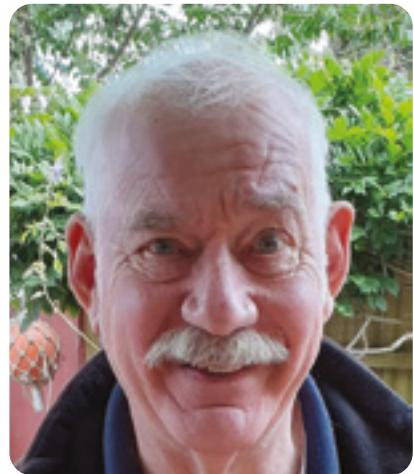
square in those days.

Following the Graduate Engineer Military course at Canungra in early 1975 John was posted to 2nd Field Engineer Regiment (FER) in Brisbane as a troop commander. This was followed by other regimental postings including with the Army 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 80s 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 and 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).



Thoughts of Duntroon raise mixed memories. I marvel at past ability to "leap" from one activity to another in mere minutes, unlike now and I still dread long forgotten exams. Not being scholastic I never sought RMC. I was born in Singapore, son of a British WO2. In 1962 family immigrated to Adelaide. Joined Air Training Corps hoping to fly but failed eyesight ended that. I was coerced by my father to try for Portsea, but persuaded by Recruiting to do engineering at Duntroon. Miraculously passed RMC Selection and Matric in 1970. I missed Majura Range Training due to National Athletics Championships.

I was told by 'academics' I must do Civil Engineering due to lack of Chemistry yet graduated into RAEME on preferences influenced by RAE's stipulated quota for graduates.

A PTI Sgt sourced a partner for Tennis Party. I survived TOC races, boxing against Trevor McEntyre, Easter Bunny and 100 days to go. Due to my height, Norm Goldspink was the only staff member who could inspect my cap badge, even from the Upper Terrace, striding along barking "Never ever" and "That man!". I tried to burn down A60 in 1971, when a Birko heater

scorched through a blanket. It was the first of two charges.

Couldn't wait to buy a car in 3rd Class, but nearly pranged it crossing Hay Plains on one of many long drives home and I became engaged. Almost snuffed it with pole vaulting accident during Inter-Company Athletics in 1972. Concussed, not breathing, but life saved by Lionel Davies (Ambo), when the medic panicked. I spent five days in Duntroon Hospital, where Doc Daniels diagnosed displaced right clavicle, which is still treated by DVA today. Forever grateful to Major John Snare for coordinating the special trial at RMC late 1973 and to all the many cordies who competed to assist Commonwealth Games's selection.

I cherish telegram from 'Sounds' (Drill Sgt Smith) awarding 'two Extra Drills for poor arm swing' at Opening Athletics Ceremony at Christchurch. I was placed in Long Tan on return and moved into 'Ack' Block. Became 'day boy' on weekends after Carolyn moved to Canberra. Survived a 'bed check', by riding a bicycle 'Over the Hill' past General Bridges grave, whilst staff waited at Gun Gates to catch those AWOL. Mid-year returned to NZ with First Soccer team on PR trip. Fondest memory

was graduating and marrying Carolyn in Duntroon Chapel, thanks to Padre 'Matt' Dillon.

Routine career development, which fatefully changed shortly after Townsville, when Carolyn died suddenly in Melbourne in 1987. As she had frequently helped the Chaplains run 'Marriage in the Army' sessions, the Lavarack Chapel overflowed for her Memorial Service. Her last wish was to take me to Thailand. Incredibly, the MSc gained at RMCS (UK) back in 1982, secured a Defence Cooperation Project job in Thailand at two technical units built under SEATO. Ten days before leaving, I married a long-term friend, Sheila Hogben. I visited the Burma Railway and was hooked by its spirit. In early 1996 I transferred to Inactive Reserve. I was contracted by International Policy Div to coordinate and escort Thai Generals on study visits, before becoming Curator at Hellfire Pass, initiated by Trevor Lloyd. Rest is history. Grateful to Graeme Smith and Peter Leahy, then CA, for being promoted as Col Comdt (RAEME)-(Vic & Tas) in 2007. Led Class Trip to Burma and Thailand in 2016. Since then, researched local cemeteries to find over 2,200 interred veterans. They are no longer forgotten.

After a year on a Commonwealth Scholarship studying engineering at University of Queensland, being paid by the Army to complete a degree appealed to me. So I applied for entry to RMC and started my 5 years at Duntroon.

After graduation my first posting was to 3 Field Engineer Regiment. Before moving to Townsville, I married Hilary Versace who I met at High School in Toowoomba. I served as 2IC of 25 Support Squadron, and Construction Troop Commander in 18 Field Squadron. My next posting was to the Directorate of Engineers in Canberra where we bought our first house.

After two years we moved to Perth. I was Construction Officer in 22 Construction Squadron working mainly on building the initial counter terrorist training facilities for SASR. Our first child, Peter, was born in Perth. From there 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 Computerised Engineer Logistics Planning System (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 unique 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 the development and use of road asset management and road maintenance funding allocation systems for the Department retiring as a Director after 21 years.

Since then, I have enjoyed playing with our 4 grandchildren, traveling



with Hilary, Australian and international walking holidays, vintage car restoration, voluntary work with refugees, as a building repair contract manager, handyman and gardener at my local church.

Why RMC and would I do it again?

RMC/UNSW

was a great option for me to get a cost-free degree, and I reckon I would make the same decision again. And as it turned out, the 28 years I spent in the Army were very rewarding professionally and personally, and I have no regrets at all.

Career Highlights

Troop, squadron and regiment command; the first job I had at Army Office writing the minutes for Chief General Staff Advisory Committee and senior committees; Staff College in the UK; the work I did in the Middle East as Military Assistant to the Chief of the UN Truce Supervision Organisation (UNTSO); the year I [mis] spent at ANU doing a Masters in Strategic Studies; and some great jobs I had as a Colonel.

Post-Army Life

My first job after retirement was as CEO of Sydney Markets Ltd, which operated Australia's largest fresh produce and flower markets, as well as several retail markets including Paddys. It was a great job where my leadership and change management skills were certainly put to good use. This led to me being headhunted to be CEO-designate for the Australian Jockey Club, which hired me to institute change, but in the end didn't really want it – so we parted ways. I then set up a boutique consultancy business focussing on strategic planning and mentoring, and although it was successful, I never really had my heart in it. Instead, I focussed more on volunteering, serving on the Board and governing council of the Royal Agricultural Society of



NSW (Royal Easter Show) and as MD of the Australian Year of the Farmer held in 2012. For my sins, I was also president of the Mid North Coast Rugby Union for a few years!

Random Memories

- Rob Joske and I getting 21 days CB in Week 4, after we were caught using my VW to sneak out to parties on weekends. Saturday afternoons at the Dicko – how good were the Fortified Few?
- Joske and I buying Kokoda Enterprises off PWM Keane, only to have our considerable stock of spray-on spit polish immediately banned by Norm Goldspink after it tended to go milky in the sun. Thanks Mango!
- Attending Madame Gilmore's excellent physiotherapy sessions in preference to morning parades and the obstacle course.
- Simon Young (handsome prince), Phil Charlesworth and myself (delicate swans) spending months practicing the 'Pas de Trois'; ballet skit for the Review only to have Youngy break his ankle on

the obstacle course the day before the 'performance'. While I'm on Youngy, who could forget hanging him by his trouser belt off the coat hooks near the model room one lunchtime after his incessant banter/BS became too much.

- 100 days to go at the Tarago Pub - epic. Lending my \$100 Simca to Pete Rushbrook, who apparently had a hot date, with strict instructions to keep topping up the water. Luckily, the wrecker took it back afterwards for \$50 – not sure how the date went!
- Me marching in only four of the twelve major parades held from 1971-74 – must be a record surely?

The 1969 visit to my school by an RMC recruiter spurred my interest,,, little did I know what I was in for. A couple of months later the bastardisation scandal broke, much to my mother's (and my) concern! However, as I saw my only after school option was picking up a Uni Scholarship to study who knows what, I decided to give Dunners a go ... the rest is history and I entered in January 1970. I was a frequent visitor to extra drills and my lack of commitment to acca's resulted in the Commandant inviting me at the end of Third Class to stay an extra year to 'help the 1971 intake.' ... and thank you classmates for making me (and all the other repeats!) welcome.

After graduation (RAAOC), I had numerous postings in south-east Australia. I attended Staff College in '87 and enjoyed a six-month loggie course in the USA (the highlight being a three month "swan tour" on full TA). In 1980 I scored the (then) 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 late wife Diana, 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 from the ARA to focus on family, Diana had a stellar career in the ARes, reaching the rank of LtCol and picking up an AM. She went on to being the (civvy) aide to



the Governor General. 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 National Food Authority overseeing the development of food standards, in particular rationalising them with New Zealand. My next job was Council Secretary for 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 still volunteer also with Meals on Wheels, RSL and other community organisations.

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

We moved to Sydney in 2023



to be closer to family. 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.

My journey began at Lavarack Barracks on Sunday, 18 Aug 68. I was there to witness the presentation of the US Presidential Unit Citation to D Company, 6 RAR by Prime Minister John Gorton. The Vietnam conflict had interested me for some time and coupled with school cadet camps at the Selheim military training area in North Queensland conducted by regular Army instructors the seed was sown. RMC Selection Board in Brisbane in 1969 was followed by 3-4 days at Duntroon in the winter of 1970 (sleeping on the floor in Peter Gumbly's room) before turning up outside Panic Palace in January of 1971 waiting to be told by the 'sorting hat' my Company allocation. My time at Duntroon was unremarkable, the four years passing in a bit of a blur.

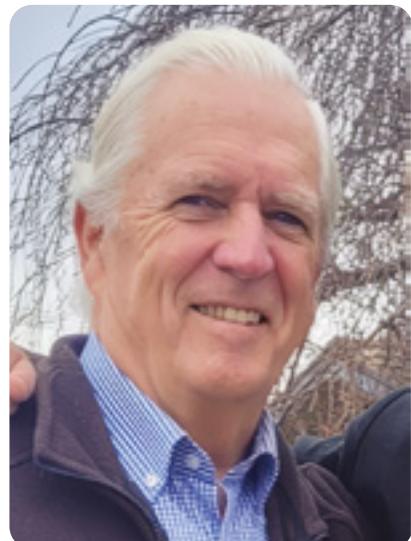
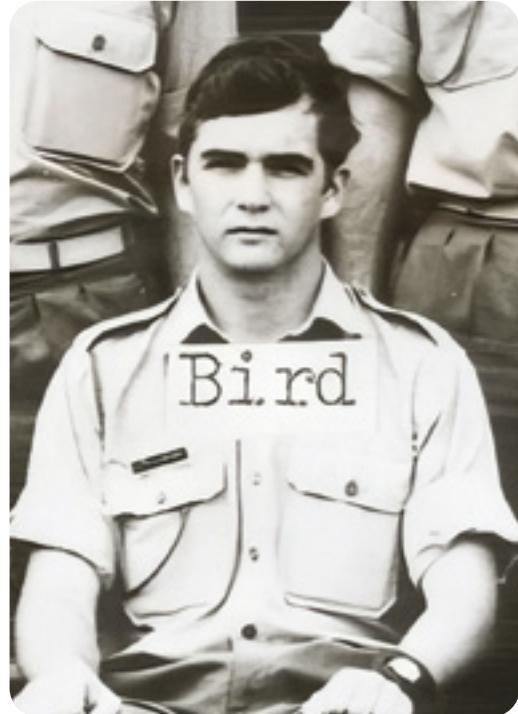
Nevertheless, I remember the sense of purpose that drove the class over four years, the comradeship that kept us together and the friendships that stayed the test of time. There were challenges and there were memories. For me some of those memories included playing with the Staff Rugby XV, Ex Roving Rover - an 11 day trek through NSW, wrangling a steel block on a lathe at Canberra Tech, etc. I could go on; however, all good things had to come to an end.

Following graduation I was posted to Townsville - 3 Fd Engr Regt via Canungra (Grad Engr Mil Course). My career then followed a familiar pattern - regimental, staff, training and works postings ending in 1999 on Staff at Weston Creek (Australian Defence College). While there were some memorable moments across my Australian based service, my time in PNG will always remain

special. It's where I came face to face with our common humanity. Highlights included walking in the footsteps of the Kiaps (Mendi - Lake Kutubu); riding shotgun for Defence Minister Beasley; Freedom of Entry to the Town of Mendi - 12 CE Wks; OP BLUEPRINT - Three Operational deployments to the Bougainville conflict (1993-94); briefing the PNG Cabinet on a Malaysian funded Defence Project and implementation; PNG Body of Work over 7 years and Community Projects.

I left the Army in January 2000 after 29 years. I closed the JSSC in June 1998, transferred to the Australian Defence College Staff and stayed until the first course of the College had been completed in December 1999. I then wanted to return to humanitarian work. Subsequently, I worked in the following areas:

- a. UNMIK - DPKO. Leader of a Reconstruction Team in Kosovo.
- b. OSCE. Working with German & Danish Army Engineers to support Kosova minorities.
- c. UNRWA. Working with Palestinian Refugee Communities in Syria and Gaza.
- d. UNFPA. Based in New York, I travelled to and managed infrastructure projects in Cairo, Senegal, Istanbul, Astana, Panama & Cape Town.



Along the way, Adele and I separated and I married Carole in 2005 in France. In 2014, I retired and moved to the South of France (Saint Georges d'Orques). Carole is from this area. We have a son, Aurelien who has just finished school and looking to begin creating his memories. We now live a quiet life among the olives and grape vines.

Hmm, Al asked that I remind you all who I was. I'm not sure if anyone actually used my first name at Duntroon – for many it was 'Staff Cadet' and later 'Corporal'. For mates it was 'Noggy' which makes it hard for some this many years after Duntroon.

It seems I was destined for Duntroon. Apparently in the British Commonwealth Occupation Force (BCOF) SGT's Mess in Kure Japan, my dad and George Watts dad were each in a competition over their son's development – apparently they both ended it with "my son is going to go to Duntroon".

Coming from a serving officer's family I suppose I thought I knew a bit about the Army – I think it was Noel Adams' dad, who was my dad's CO, even conducted a mock selection board for me by way of practice – must have helped because I sailed through. Indeed I must have overachieved when another guy and I were told to back off in the initiative course test – seems there isn't supposed to be a solution to them.

My folks were living in Singapore when I got the message to get back to Duntroon. I spent my first night in the Army sharing a room with Peter Pedersen. I started to get a bit worried when he got into his fitness regime before bed. After a false start with a BSc program, I entered the Elec Eng course. Managed OK though I did struggle with History 1A – Professor LCF Turner's reminiscences of El Alamein didn't stick that well.

So, into the real Army and I can't complain. I had two postings overseas – Long Signals Course in UK and as an America Britain Canada Australia (ABC) Liaison



Officer with the US Army's Communications Electronics Command in New Jersey. I retired from the Australian Defence Force Academy (ADFA) in 1994 when Charlie Vagi and I were educating Technical Staff Officers.

I was headhunted into the Defence Science and Technology Organisation, for the large part advising Army comms projects. From 2006 I moved out of the labs and supported firstly Special Operations Command HQ as their Staff Officer Science and later the Counter Improvised Explosive Devices (IED) Task Force. I left the public service in 2011 but then spent 2012 doing ARes duties with the task force on technology insertion projects.

Glenys and I were introduced by Alan and Hilary Bell when Alan and I served in Townsville. We were married in Toowoomba in 1976 on the long drive to Watsonia. We've got two kids, Tim and Jenni, who are now around the age I left the Army – scary. They each have three kids – so Glenys and I have 5 grandsons and one granddaughter. Tim's family is here with us in Canberra, meanwhile Jenni is in Brisbane –



which gives us a good excuse, to catch up with the Brisbane class mates on occasion.

Fly fishing for trout is a passion replacing many years with the Scouting movement, but also I'm heavily involved in fishing politics, the University of the Third Age and the National Folk Festival (as a volunteer, not performing). While I'm not planning on punching out any time soon, let me say that I look back on those times as shaping who I am. I'm thankful that the friendships have survived the passage of time. Finally, we have very much enjoyed our Class of '74 overseas trips and the connections they maintain.

I was offered a "try-before-you-buy" trip from Hobart to RMC during my school year, after which I applied. I started taking a Science course, but couldn't stand the Chemistry professor, so changed over to Engineering. I kept my head down at RMC, and managed to stay off the Square for Extras much of the time. I preferred being with the opposite gender, or going sailing with the Club boats.

After grad I worked in Sydney, PNG, back to Sydney, then they sent me to Shrivenham to do the Div 1 course - a hard year with all the study and papers to write. Back to the then Materiel Branch in Canberra in 1984. Next I was offered Staff College, but declined in favour of doing an Engineering Masters at ADFA. Then back to Sydney for my last full time Army job.

After 18 years, I resigned and became Defence Housing Authority's first manager in Sydney West with 2000 houses to manage. No office, no staff, just a list of the properties, and told to "go and fix the problems". Very busy job but one of the best I had. Then headhunted to ACT Housing as Manager of their 12,500 properties, followed by National Capital Authority. Later accepted a Director's job at Hobart Council looking after their outdoor workforce of 250 Council workers (hmmm) for 5 years. They were a challenge at times!

I transferred to the ARes, ending up as Chief Instructor at the Regional Training Centre in Hobart, but my highlight role was as CO 21 Const Regt for three years. I wrote a long paper on Recruiting and Retention issues, and was called to the Senate Committee of Inquiry on that subject.

After the Hobart Council role, I took an Australian Government Aid program job in PNG for two years, but ended up staying 9½, which included working on the Kokoda Track for 3½ years - enjoyable but a challenge at times! We lived on our 53' yacht at the Yacht Club! I was held up only once - pistol and machetes!!! I received a Meritorious Community Services Medal in the PNG Honours & Awards in 2014 for my services to boating & yachting in PNG (I ran many learn to sail courses and navigation courses, as well as being actively engaged in sailing and various roles on the Club Committee.) I also completed a year in the Solomon Islands as an Infrastructure Advisor in 2016/17.

In 2014 we holidayed for seven months driving around Europe & UK, then I started voluntary work - building water supply systems in Laos for 9000 remote villagers who'd been affected by the War, with a charity called Mines Victims and Clearance (MiVAC) www.mivac.org.au.

I was also asked to go to Vietnam, Cambodia and East Timor to provide water supply designs there. I'm now Chairman of MiVAC, so that keeps me busy. We are planning to undertake water supply work in Timor this year around Balibo (where the "Balibo 5" journalists were killed).



I also run my own Handyman business that keeps me even busier. We now live on a canal in Mooloolaba, Sunshine Coast, with a new labrador; a boat and two kayaks on a pontoon; and a Hobie catamaran pulled up on our beach. It's a tough life, but it has been an enjoyable and rewarding journey.

As I write this I am looking out over Nelson Bay, enjoying retirement (whatever that is?) on a beautiful day. Thinking back those 54 years to our beginnings at Duntroon, my thoughts are mostly positive. Unlike some others, I actually enjoyed those four years. I had the advantage of being a Canberra boy; and a number of the Gallipoli guys benefitted from home-cooked meals at Curtin, thanks to my mum. And my dad (aka Captain Dad) was a member of staff for a couple of the years. So pretty easy transition.

It was in A61 that I met guys who remain my closest mates to this day – Fastback Nance, Idle Egan, Cullo, Undies, Quinny, Louy Gardiner (RIP), Brendan, Col Green; Bill Blair, Scotty.

Other memories include:

- Rec Camp at Narooma and Norm Goldspink's ominous presence;
- TOC-racing the Engineers and midday movie - for the Artists;
- Billiards with 'Maurie the Bogger' and feeding senior classes at evening TOC sessions;
- Overcoming Stu Whymen's backhanders in Novice Boxing;
- Greg returning to the blocks late one night after wooing Rhonda in my car and she saying yes to his marriage proposal.
- Cullo burning his 'old fella' while ironing in the nude.

It was in 1972 that a few of us had our first trip overseas to Europe – but of course what happens on tour, stays on tour; especially in Pigalle...

As most know rugby has been a big part of my life; and it was at Duntroon where it all began.



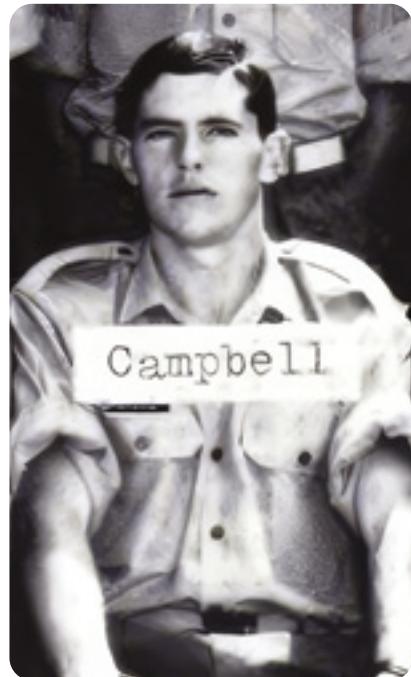
Selection for ACT, NSW Country and NSW. When I was picked to go on a rep tour to NZ and US, the college staff said I could not be released. However, after a phone call from Sandy Pearson (then Chief of Personnel) to the Commandant I was suddenly available. Happy days.

Unlike most, I stayed in the Army for the long haul – 33 years as a regular, then 10 as a Reservist. I enjoyed life as an Infantry officer, with postings to Sydney, Townsville, Singleton; particularly parachuting at 3 RAR, and as CO Infantry Centre in the Hunter.

Other highlights include training trips to Butterworth, Hawaii and US, UN Peacekeeping in Iran/Iraq, organising the Commemoration and return of WW1 veterans to Turkey for the 75th Anniversary of the Gallipoli campaign and numerous trips to Timor and Afghanistan for the Inspector General ADF.



Post service, I had short stints with a couple of Defence contractors – definitely not my cup of tea. In retirement I have enjoyed helping out at Legacy and at the Brumbies and Newcastle Rugby. Friends will also know that along the way I made a mess of a couple of marriages, until finally finding my rock – Jenny; and henceforth have thoroughly enjoyed life with her and our kids and grandkids.



Going to RMC in 1970 with John Hands was an adventure for two country boys. Little did I realise that I was expected to put in some effort for that privilege and subsequently joined the Class of 74. After two years of mediocre academic effort, I was offered the opportunity to continue my training at OCS Portsea 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 and spent many hours chasing waves on the Northern Beaches. Regimental postings to 8 Mdm Regt and 8/12 Mdm Regt (joined by Jim Catchlove, Vince Williams, Steve Nichols, Tim McKenna and Gary Martin) was followed by a posting to the School of Artillery. After the School followed a 12 month appointment as ADC to the GOC Trg Comd. A move to 131 Div Loc Bty at Enoggera followed then back to Sydney (8/12, HQ

2 Div and School of Artillery), a stint at the Malaysian School of Artillery, 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 a sudden end. By this stage our children had established 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 at the University of Newcastle I returned to academic life attaining 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 continued management roles in various sporting clubs.

The University saw fit to award me 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 daughters who are very entertaining.

RMC introduced me to a group of fantastic fellows and the opportunity to establish life-long friendships. I relish catching up with classmates but there aren't that many around Newcastle. In recent years, Jim Wallace, Rod Jewell, Bob Brown, Mal Motum, Tony Miles, Spike McKaskill and Mark Metrikas have made Newcastle home and we meet monthly for a chat. Rod Allan (72) and Peter Gumbley make the occasional trips to Newcastle so we get together for a surf, bike ride and coffee. None of them have changed a bit. Overall, I have nothing to complain about and look forward to catching up with classmates.

Why Duntroon? I recall talking with an old boy of my school who was a First Class RMC cadet in 1968. He painted a delightful picture of life at RMC. For a boarding schoolboy in the Queensland country, he made Duntroon seem like a nirvana, so I was sold. As it turned out, Duntroon was no nirvana, but it did have its moments. There was no real academic challenge for an artist, except maybe Economics II, but a degree was a degree after all. Cadet pay wasn't too bad, particularly after 1972. The military training provided more challenge and interest, except for mil law, peace admin, and drill. Tactics allowed for innovation and thinking under time pressure. The best part of Duntroon for me was that the institution gave you four years to develop, grow and become aware of your capability, strengths and weaknesses, and character, as well as that of others. Additionally, I guess the bonds that were developed with classmates was for me the lasting takeaway from Duntroon.

Post Duntroon

In infantry, I served in the normal battalion locations such as Townsville and Brisbane. Liz and I were married in 1978 and later had a delightful 5-week honeymoon touring the UK and Europe on \$10 a day. Two children arrived over time: Emma at Duntroon in 1981; and, Liam at Queenscliff in 1985. During the first decade post graduation, I did some time on deployments to Uganda and the ubiquitous tour to Butterworth. Post Staff College, I had a longish stint in Land Headquarters (LHQ) at Vic Barracks, Sydney. A posting to Canada followed for 3 years



and 4 winters. Joint Services Staff College (JSSC) and Russell followed before leaving the service in 2001.

After the Army, I served over twelve years with the NSW State Emergency Service responsible for the southern part of the state. This time was particularly rewarding in developing and mentoring volunteer leaders in the SES, as well as handling the emergency response to the many natural disasters.

In 2016, Liz and I decided to downsize and move to Brisbane. I can say we absolutely love living in our urban village of Teneriffe. Lately, my focus is more now on golf and travel. Given the number of times I play each week, you'd think I would have a better handicap. Anyway, we travel when we can, with a bit of a focus on walking trips like the Camino de Santiago of which we have completed four. Our most recent walk was around the hills and vineyards of Chianti. Dodgy knees will determine how many more I can do.

Would I do it again?

I think that the Duntroon classes from the seventies graduated into an Army mired in a post-



Vietnam malaise of sorts. For nearly two decades, the Army and Defence struggled to define a purpose and credible mission for itself. I recall going from Counter Revolutionary Warfare (CRW) to the conventional defence of Australia, the short lived Army Development Guide (ADG), Dibb, an expeditionary force supporting allies etc. The struggles of peacetime service! All the while, the army shrank in size year by year and in many ways became a garrison army, lacking that critical sense of identity.

I always wanted to be a vet, but like most I had other options lined up after leaving school. I received a phone call from a fellow who called himself the Adjutant the week before start date at RMC in January 1971 asking if I was coming. No pressure - he needed an answer now. The rest of course is history. The next 30 years of my life were in uniform.

Dunners Ton-of-Fun Club as some irreverent engineers called our institution was just that for me. After an initial struggle with accas in 4th Class, I enjoyed all the College had to offer in the next three years. Obviously there were times when I really wanted to be a vet again but there was always a new attraction to keep me engaged with preparing to be an officer in our Army.

After graduation I moved to D Coy, 6 RAR as a platoon commander which seemed like a natural progression having served as CSM Long Tan Coy in its first year at RMC. There followed the usual range of Regimental, Training and Staff appointments with many highlights including deployments to Rifle Company Butterworth, training in the UK, serving as a Military Observer in Kashmir and working with the US Army to enhance computerized battle simulation and its application for training from Battalion to Corps and analysis for low to medium levels of conflict.

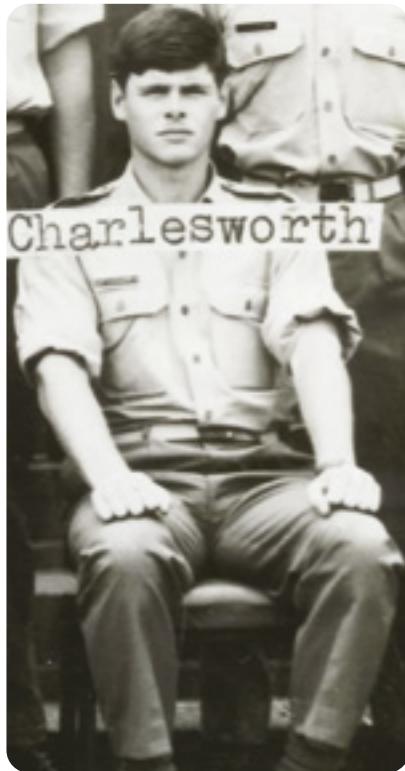
I eventually decided to move on from 'The Firm' and obviously considered becoming a vet (again), but then I had an offer too good to turn down and ended up working with the Red Cross, first in Australia then internationally from 2004 to 2014: Indonesia, Timor Leste,

Pakistan and Afghanistan.

By then my life had changed. I had left a career of almost 30 years in the Army, I had worked in intense situations in overseas locations for 10, I had moved on from one marriage and into another with an Indonesian lady and I settled in Medan, a city towards the northern end of the island of Sumatra. What to do next? Well, I always wanted to be a vet (still)... but then there were consultancies in the region that could only be done by me and they occupied my time until 2018 when I decided to hang up my tabard.

Then came the time to reflect. Many of my close and enduring friendships were with RMC classmates and yet there were only two occasions when I actually served with one or more: Infantry Centre at Corps Training Company with Tony Casey and Graham Murray in 1977, and 2/4 RAR with Marc Parsons in 1982 and 1983 then Steve Ferndale from 1983 to 1985. But then we had those unforgettable Class trips starting with Gallipoli and Turkey in 2004, France and Belgium in 2008 and so on... Vietnam, Myanmar/Thailand, Korea/Japan and through to this year's trip to Malaysia and Singapore. Great fun and good company.

And more recently at a battalion 50th reunion of formation I bumped into a few of my diggers and we were talking about what we've done since we left 'The Firm'. When questioned about what my aspirations were, I looked into the distance wistfully and said: 'I really wanted to be a vet'. A wise old former RSM came up and put an arm around my shoulder and said: 'But you are one...' I suppose he was right.



My RMC journey started quite by mistake. My closest friend growing up was Chris "Watto" Watson from the Class of 1970 who invited me to a Queen's Birthday weekend. The experience was life changing and the 1971 intake became my goal. By September, selection Board behind me I knew I was in providing I passed year 12. And so it came to pass.

I fancied my chances in the boxing ring and ultimately faced Ian Mansfield. I figured it would be a good match up. Big mistake but somehow I got the nod that night. After dinner fatigue overcame me so I put preparation off until morning. Having overslept and unable to prepare I turned out unwashed, poorly shaven, tram lines, dull brass, unpolished boots! The Adjutant decided to conduct an inspection that day and chose 2 Section! In my mind, here comes six months of extra drills! "Good fight last night Staff Cadet Cobon" and on he went dishing out extras to those further down the line.

After the Cross Country just before Easter like every other Fourth, I found senior cadets unusually supportive and friendlythat is until someone threw a bish tin of water mixed with a myriad of sticky ingredients over my door at midnight bringing back reality.

Returning to civvy street in 1972 I joined Woolworths as a Management Trainee and two years later joined British American Tobacco, as a sales representative. Featuring RMC on my resume was crucial in both appointments. Over 19 years with BAT I worked throughout Victoria as a Field Sales Representative then Divisional Manager. Between



1978 and 1981 I managed the PNG Islands, based in Rabaul with responsibilities for Manus Island, New Ireland, New Britain, Bougainville and The Solomon Islands.

Back in Australia I moved to the Sydney head office marketing team but BAT and I went separate ways in 1993. From late 1993 and until retirement in April 2023 I worked across a variety of senior roles with Goodman Fielder Australia / New Zealand.

Our lives were thrown into turmoil in September 2022 after we returned from a UK trip. The doctor provided the bad news; my PSA was very high. After many scans and tests the diagnosis was brutal; Aggressive Metastatic Stage 4 Prostate Cancer. Hormone treatment commenced immediately with chemotherapy starting in February 2023. Chemo almost did me in losing all my hair and 10kgs. Natural therapies are now part of my life every day. Here I was at 71 years of age, enjoying life and loving work when things changed for ever.

I retired at the end of April 2023 and now spend time between medical appointments relaxing with weekends away, social

outings with family and friends and boating on Lake Macquarie. We are active in the Hunter Valley Prostate Support Group. Travel is always on our minds.

Son James has just moved with Google Deep Mind to Silicon Valley California. His fiancé Jordan is an American lass who recently gave birth to twins so California is on the agenda soon. Our younger son Lachlan and his fiancé Dayna have moved into their own home in an adjoining suburb.

In closing, I was touched beyond belief by those who reached out to Linda and me following my Cancer diagnosis. We look forward to December to share a beer.

I left Duntroon for Portsea, via Adelaide, on the Queen's Birthday weekend in 1972. Having my appendix out on arrival in Adelaide left me ill-prepared for my arrival at Portsea in July and I was discharged as medically unfit in August 1972.

In August 1973, after a year with the National Bank, I joined the SA Public Service. Julie and I married in November 1973 and I commenced an Economics Degree (part-time) at Adelaide University in February 1974. 1980 saw the degree finished and a move to the SA Health Commission as a policy and projects specialist. During my time with the Commission, I served as executive officer to a couple of task forces, managed the Chairman's Office and provided research services for two Parliamentary Select Committees, among other things. In October 1979, left the Public Service to work for the South Australian Farmers Federation. Farmers are a unique breed – hardworking, proud, conservative and serious – and continuously claiming that the rest of Australia owes them a living, particularly "the government". I worked as executive officer to a range of commodity committees and, over the years, we fought and won a few battles. However, I'm not sure about the war. 1996 saw me return to the SA Public Service, this time with the Department of Primary Industries and Resources, initially as an Industry Development manager. The new millennium brought with it a focus, for me, on regulatory



reform that prevailed until I retired in June 2016.

With our three sons David (born March 1980), Mark (born August 1982) and Tim (born January 1985) growing up, the new millennium also saw Julie and me embrace holidaying overseas, commencing with England and Scotland in December 2000. We celebrated the arrival of 2001 at the Hogmanay, the Scottish new year festival, in Edinburgh. Most years since then have seen us holiday somewhere outside Australia. Bali, Phuket and cruising have been featured regularly.

Leisure-wise, I have always been a keen walker. In 2001, I registered for Oxfam's Trailwalker – a 100km endurance event for teams of 4 along the Heysen Trail in Adelaide's Mt Lofty Ranges. By the end of 2012, I had completed ten 100km events. There was also one DNF. In early 2013, I decided I "needed" to run a marathon before I turned 60 that November. That didn't happen until 2014, courtesy of Dengue Fever contracted in Bali in 2013. I ran



another road marathon in 2015. By the time Covid came along, I had also finished three 56km trail ultra marathons and many shorter road and trail running events.

I was diagnosed with atrial fibrillation in 2016, probably because of all the endurance activity. This ultimately led to a pacemaker being implanted earlier this year. Now, I walk sedately 3 times a week, I volunteer at the Flinders Medical Centre two half days each week and am involved in a project mapping the history of agriculture in South Australia. We also have five grandchildren upon whom we dote.

It was the 1960s. We lived on a farm on the east coast of Tasmania at Buckland. Being a bush kid to get an education we had to go to town (ie Hobart) and to a boarding school.

In Tassie I was fortunate to go to two good boarding schools. In those days, the first four years were at High School and the final two matriculation years were in the State system, at Matric College. Fortunately we had a group of very good teachers who gave many of us a good grounding in the arts, sciences, sport and of course in those days, cadets. While I quite enjoyed cadets it did not spark any real inkling for a military career.

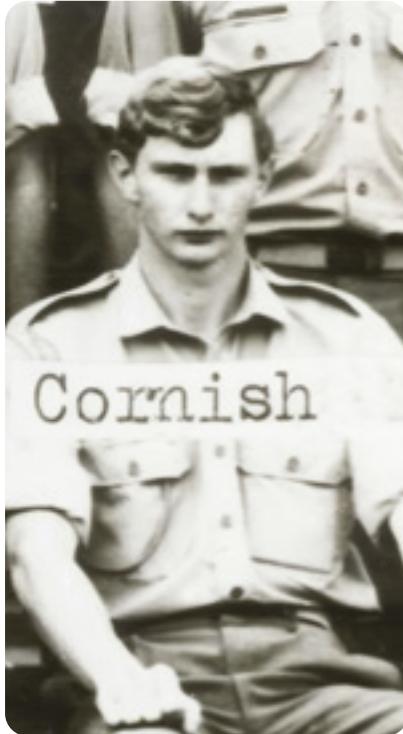
My headmaster saw something in me and encouraged me to consider the Royal Military College. I went on a schoolboy tour to RMC and I remember the great facilities and it was so much better than being a school boarder. So, I applied for and was awarded an RMC Scholarship.

My most enduring memories of RMC apart from the hard work and camaraderie of the Engineering course are graduation and the lead up to it and the enduring and strong bonds of friendship among us. To think that a motley bunch of teenagers could be thrown together in January 1971 and pop out the other end qualified to command soldiers

in Vietnam. It was a pretty daunting prospect.

I am a bit of a classical music fan so one of my enduring memories is the 1812 Overture and I think I had a well-rounded performance and participation. I even sang bass for the Russian hymns. Also I will always remember rowing at RMC. We formed the RMC 1st VIII and stayed together as a crew for three years and pretty well cleaned up all ACT championships, including winning the Disher Cup a couple of times.

I have fond memories of reminiscing with our military instructors and as I got older, I appreciated their methods more and more. There are some of course I would not like to have anything to do with, but I can't say more lest I offend defamation laws! We were fortunate by having a pretty



decent bunch of instructors on the whole – but I sometimes wonder what they might think of the Army of the 2020s.

But RMC prepared me well for life a subaltern after grad, but probably not for running defaulters' parade in thick fog in the middle of a Canberra winter. I remember sending the parade off into the fog one morning with a series of turns etc and not being absolutely sure where the defaulters were. I had to rely on sound and calculation to stop them marching into a wall. They eventually re-emerged from the fog but they had no idea I'd lost them.

Anyway, would I do RMC again? Without question – yes.

Growing up in country NSW I had no idea what I might do after High School, but I was very keen on continuing my participation in sport. 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.

On arrival at Kingston station, we were met by a very friendly chap called the RSM (Norm Goldspink), though I preferred to just call him "Sir". So began my Army training. After mandatory trips to the Q Store (where we were issued with some unique paraphernalia, masquerading as "kit!") and Barber shop (where we were not asked what fashion of hair styling we would each prefer – it was as simple as "short" or "shorter"), 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 midnight bishing raids on other accommodation blocks (who said there was no Easter Bunny), 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 1972, 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 the masterly art of playing billiards and pool.

I have many fond memories of the fine bunch of fellow cadets, that I lived with, trained with, studied with, socialised with and played sport with, over 5 action packed years of my young (and formative) adult life. Of course our "band of brothers" in Kokoda Company were a special bunch, who were guided by an erudite group of senior class mentors!

I have no idea what I would have done with myself if I hadn't made the fateful decision to apply for and been accepted into RMC in 1970. Would I do it again – probably yes, it was a great learning opportunity and experience, at many levels.

I am now much older and a little

wiser, forty-nine years happily married with three children and six grandchildren. Working hard at enjoying retirement, staying (reasonably) fit and doing lots of volunteering and some travel.

Life has been good.



I was motivated to enter RMC by my enjoyment of school cadets; a desire to see the world (I had never been on a plane and despite being a West Australian had only been to Perth 3-4 times); and a belief that doing so was a better option than conscription or a "career in plastics".

Chrissie Amphlett captured my sentiments about RMC perfectly when she famously sang "there's a fine line between pleasure and pain" – there are people and events/traditions that I recall with great affection, but there are also situations and individuals that I would prefer to forget (but have not). In truth, I now admit to being less than a model cadet - I wore my heart on my sleeve and paid the price that came with that. However, RMC taught me about the importance of resilience and gave me friendships that endure to this day; it also provided me with important lessons that served me well throughout my 27 years of commissioned service (RAINF) and my subsequent civilian career (in water/agriculture/ Natural Resource Management and Board roles).

The highlights of my time at RMC were:

- meeting Anne in 1st Class and marrying her 10 months later;
- the friendships made and the characters met;
- sport and inter-company competitions (other than for drill, at which Gal Coy purposely tried to come last); and
- graduating - and no-one sang "We Gotta Get Outer this Place" at the end of Grad Ball with greater gusto than me.

The highlights of my Army career, post-graduation, were:

- service with the UN in the Middle East (1986);
- subunit command, 3RAR (1981-83, which included a period as OC Rifle Company, Butterworth);
- tactics instructor, RMC (1984-85), during which time I did my best to challenge cadets rather than frustrate them;
- unit command, 51 FNQR (1991-93);
- exchange instructor, Canadian Forces Command & Staff College (1993-95);
- avoidance of staff postings until I was a LTCOL; and
- notwithstanding the events of Sept 11, being Australia's Defence Attaché to United Nations in New York (1999-2001).

Nowadays, Anne and I live in Northern NSW (Casuarina). Our daughter, Emma, and her husband and their two sons live five minutes away. Our son, Matthew and his husband live in Canada and have done for many years. I work part-time, in a variety of capacities for the NSW Government, and have not given up hope of one day also being able to play my guitar properly. Anne spends a lot of time being "Nonna" to our two grandsons ensuring that there is a ready supply of afternoon tea for them and their mates and ferrying them to their sporting



and social activities. While my body is held together with a variety of artificial materials, Anne and I remain committed walkers and hope to embark on our 5th Camino in the near term. On....on....



The saying goes: If you enjoy your work and the people you work with, then why change? I guess that explains why I remained in the Army for 50 years. Or perhaps, nobody told me I should leave.

How formative were those first four years? New friendships, introduction to brussel sprouts in the Cadets Mess, playing in the Waugh Cup rugby comp, cross country running along Dairy Flats and learning humility from MAJGEN Sandy Pearson. Graduating into the RAAC provided postings to 1st Armoured Regiment at Puckapunyal at a time when Army was transitioning from Centurion to Leopard. It was an exciting time for a new RMC graduate.

Postings followed to 4/19 PWLH, 2 Cav Regt and HQ 1 Bde in Holsworthy. Although it was the era of the Great Peace (post

Vietnam) there were still lots of training adventures both within Australia and overseas. Staff postings in Canberra followed and then to Sydney where we would make our home. Land HQ / HQ Forces Command provided a opportunities for Operational Service in Iraq, Kuwait and Afghanistan. They were the professional highlights. Experiencing three generations of tanks, and trips to Jordan and Kenya also made for some interesting experiences in my later years of service.

Marriage to Debbie came in 1981. She sacrificed her career as a child psychologist to be the fantastic mother of our children and a patient Army spouse. She continues to be my rock. We are extremely proud of our two daughters, both with highly successful careers in corporate health management and clinical nursing. Our three grandchildren (all under 6) provide us great joy even

though it can be demanding at times.

Sydney has been our home for 30 years and boating has become our collective family hobby and interest. Through the years we've been owners of various yachts, mostly enjoying harbour racing. In the 90's we became co-owners of a UK based wooden motor cruiser. This resulted in holidays with our children and our friends exploring the coasts, rivers and canals of UK, France and the Baltic. Our boat ownership continues with a sailing yacht moored in the Hawkesbury River. It is our 'floating caravan'.

Post-retirement goals are to keep healthy and active. We travel when our grandparent duties allow. Since hip replacement surgery in 2022, I have returned to (slow) distance running. Podium finishes for a 70 year old is now possible with the diminished number of runners in my age category.

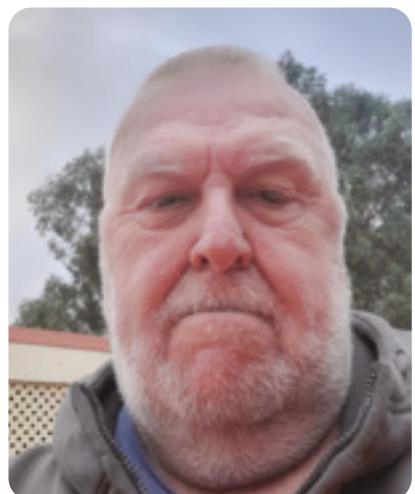
We are very much looking forward to catching up at the 50 Year Reunion.

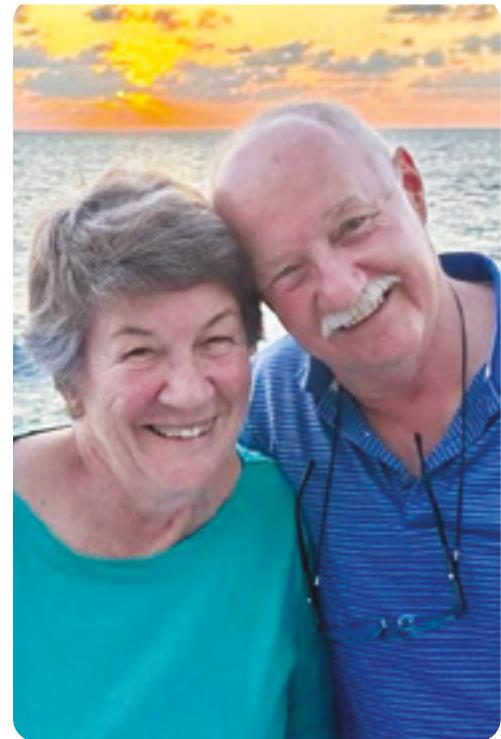


Joined to be a grunt and they said nope you'll be an engineer boyo; so put my Corps preference in as catering. But it was living with Lou and Nancy (Greg Nance) that earnt me the nickname that would prove wonderful - Daffy. Anybody called Daffy can fly under many radars, just the ticket in Tinsel Town (Russell).

Really did want to be a grunt so dropped out and went to Portsea. Injured at Healesville (ironic ha); hospitalised in a Navy hospital, where I found that, instead of carting your house on your back, Navy would let you drive to the fight.

They were short of aviators - what's an aviator? they get paid more - I was in. Flew off an aircraft carrier and in P-3 for years. Even took truckie Al Egan out for some cats and traps (catapult and landings on/off HMAS Melbourne) one day. What I did in planes I could do in submarines - so rode and played with them in so many ways pretty much to this day; even saw Nancy again a few times ha. Lasting memory of Duntroon - outside the many laughs and the odd growl; Norm Goldspink's 'presence' that never left me. You know what I mean.





Who wants to go to Army Aviation? That's what Captain

Peter Ingram, (the Aviation Staff Representative at RMC) said to our class in March 1974. After a lukewarm response where only 4 hands were raised, he added that it meant driving to Sydney for a couple of days of aptitude and medical testing. Surprise -surprise, a dozen hands shot up and we were off for a weekend at Kings Cross.

As luck would have it, the night before the testing was my 21st birthday, so I was not in good shape in the morning for the aircrew medical. Fortunately, the RAAF Doctor took pity on me and I was told to lie down until my blood pressure had recovered. I guess I must have still been under the influence when the aptitude testing started, because the little white dot stayed in the circle while I wrestled with the flight controls. The psych tests were also a bit of a blur, but I must have guessed well with the multiple-

choice questions.

Sadly, only three of us made it through selection.

After a streak across the Dunnars Parade Ground at 100 days to go, and the ensuing 21 - 84, we made it to Grad and a posting to a combat arm before flying training. Greg Nance decided to stay in RA Inf, and after a stint at Oakey, Rene Van Den Tol elected to transfer to Survey Corps where he rose to become the Director.

During a posting to 3 Field Engineer Regiment in Townsville, before Flying Training at Point Cook, I met a lovely lady at the Allen Hotel. Apparently, I told the boys in the Officers Mess next morning that I had met "Miss Right", so the die was cast. Margaret and I were married in Sarina with the Guard of Honour provided by mates who'd pub crawled from Townsville. After a quick run through the six swords outside the church, and a reception at the Sarina RSL it was off to Oakey to continue the Rotary

Wing Flying Training Course. No time for a honeymoon with the Instrument Rating Test two days after the wedding. On the drive south, Margaret quizzed me in preparation for the Test. It all helped, and I made it to the Wings Parade in Dec 76.

I always reckon I should have paid the Army to let me fly a helicopter over most of Australia, PNG, the UK and West Germany. It was also an honour and privilege to command a Troop of Lynx Attack Helicopters in West Germany, 162 Recce Sqn and 5th Aviation Regiment.

After 25 years' service, where the family had suffered 14 removals, it was time for pay back. Thanks to Peter Keane (the senior) for the intro into the Project Management world, where I've thoroughly enjoyed managing projects in the rail, mining, aviation and Defence industries. Now it's time for more cycling, pickleball, cruising and caravaning and enjoying retirement with mates and family on the Sunshine Coast.



Charles Dickens must have foretold my RMC experience when he wrote "it was the best of times, it was the worst of times". In some ways the best of times began on the first day, like that old expression says, there were no strangers there, only friends I hadn't met yet, and many of those meetings on that day are still rusted on friends. Yet judging by how I felt at the end of the first week in Jan 1971, the worst of times was way in front. Feeling sorry for myself disappeared quickly in a world of "what's my name?, pass that oil fourth class, excuse me please gentlemen etc, put your name in the book..." thanks Norm.

Things I'll always remember: jockstraps are just silly, basic webbing that first time was akin to mastering quantum physics, the mess as a fourthy was early survival training, and leaps despite being a bastard proved very helpful to this day. I also remember that I was a great bleeder, which I discovered in Novice Boxing. I know that nicknames last forever - Sgt Flewell-Smith in reminding me I was "Idle" at drill - who knew? I learnt that dust was not my friend, an SLR is naturally dirty,

and that \$15 for a fortnight normally lasted only two days...but at least Dirty Louie's was cheap.

Third and second class passed with a normal allocation of extras and CB - what else was there to do on a freezing morning in July at 0630? Academic lectures and tutorials were another matter: sleep in the first and panic in the latter. An artist's life was tough too: denying Engineers TOC and enduring those midday movies in the Rec Room. First class was enjoyable, albeit the model room was a hostile environment. Why did the DS always ask a question about something I hadn't read?

Saturday night at the Deakin Inn dance was...instructive. One night in desperation, Lee Osborne and I decided to have a competition on the most knock-backs for a dance. It was a big number (and a tie). Also countless adventures in the Kingo/Wello/Manuka Footy Club removed most of my \$15 a fortnight, but they were memorable times.

I graduated into RACT and Air Despatch, which had me working at RAAF Richmond

for many years; it was a very enjoyable time. Some good postings followed including some dull ones. RMCS in the UK was fun as was Staff College soon after, but the enjoyment of uniformed life soon waned and in 1989 I resigned and started work at UNSW where I became the Director of Facilities Management and after 20 years I was lured by UQ in Brisbane for a similar job, which saw me through to retirement.

I married Kim in 1983 and we have a son Phillip married and living in the US and a daughter Natalie and family (one grandson so far) living in Melbourne. Both delightful and happy kids.

So looking back on those four years back in the early 70s I ask myself would I do it again? Considering the frequent embiggerance, the fun, true friends, the first six months' horrors, growing up, military bureaucracy, pettiness, challenges, adventure, sport, the Kingo, crappy first cars, dodgy first dates etc, would I do it again?...Nope.

Wait...yeah, you bet I would.

I entered 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 recreation 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 several occasions during the first few years. I struggled to apply myself fully to the academic program and consequently needed to repeat Third Class in 1972. It was at this stage that I became 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, where we were able to take the company from last to first position on the square. I graduated on 10 December 1974 and was allocated to the Ordnance Corps.

During the period 1975 to 1981, I held a number of junior officer appointments, the highlights being Assistant Quartermaster of 3 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 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 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 Operations 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 11 times in 18 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 31 years! During this time, I worked for over 20 years in Defence related positions in the public and private sector and retired in 2013.



My first appointment after Duntroon in 1975 was in Brisbane and late in that year I met Lorraine, who was to become my life partner and best friend. We were married in 1977. We have two married children, and 4 grandchildren. They are all doing well and we very much enjoy our family activities. 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.



I had it lucky in 4th class - I was in "Crunk's" section on the top floor of A61. Extra drills were not something he concerned himself about so I had it easy. Others were not so lucky, especially Cullo and John Moug who were in the next section. I played water polo, so did the BSM. Mike Smith told me to sit on his table where I remained for the first couple of months, so no standing to attention behind a vacant chair and asking "is there a spare seat at this table". I just knew "Easter Bunny" could not have all been Paul Ash's fault, even though many did. Lou broke my ankle crash tackling me at rugby practice as I caught a Bob Brown up and under which had me in hospital and in plaster for a number of weeks.

Third class seemed like a never-ending year. I enjoyed the Australian language paper many of us did, as I learnt the history behind why many of you speak the way you do. It was Friday night at the "Kingo" and "Over the Hill" in the weekends

for me, just as it was for many others. I enjoyed Second Class as I had a car and freedom. My final year as BSM was both demanding and a privilege. Actively encouraged by Pete Leahy, Kokoda fourth class tried unsuccessfully to "bish" my room a couple of times during the year, and it was probably the same group that dragged me from the dining room early during Grad dinner to tie me to the flag station and then hosed me down.

What did Duntroon do for me? I made genuine lifelong friends. I was always determined to graduate. I owed that to myself and to Wanda, my girlfriend in New Zealand. Would I do it again? Sure, it was four years that I will never forget. However, I was more than ready to leave Duntroon when we graduated.

What did I do for the next 45 plus years before retiring. I served in an infantry battalion from Lt to CO, with two postings to Singapore. I attended the British Staff

College and the Australian Joint Service Staff College. All my staff appointments were in Wellington. I travelled the world. We, as a family, had five overseas postings and I was fortunate to have two operational tours; the first to Rhodesia/Zimbabwe in 1979/80 and then in 2007/8 a six-month winter deployment to the mountains of Afghanistan as the Commander of the NZ Provincial Reconstruction Team.

High point ... being a platoon and company commander in the jungle of Malaysia. Low point ... Wanda being killed while we were posted to New York. I will always remember the done deals over a beer at the Coogee pub the night before Army-to-Army talks. But isn't that what Mates do?

I retired from the NZDF after 49 and a half years of service. Retirement in Wanaka is easy - I just follow orders, most of the time!!



Amilitary career suggested itself because my father had been in the Army in one form or another since the 1930s and I wanted a degree. My most enduring memory is possibly Easter Bunny even though there are other candidates. It was an important four years of my life though I would categorise it as "best worst time of my life". I never felt comfortable in the place and was glad to leave. I'm not sure if I would do it again, but if I did, the message I would give myself is to get my mother to teach me how to iron.

My military career highlights included:

- My posting as ADC to GOC Log Comd provided me with a great insight into how the Defence Department operated at the higher levels.
- A posting to the British Army of the Rhine as 2IC of 7 Armoured Workshop, REME and subsequently the OC of one of the Main Repair Groups looking after Challenger tanks. It was gratifying to see the things we had learnt in TEWTs and command post exercises happening on the ground with real Armoured Corps operating across West Germany.

- CO RAEME Training Centre (RTC). It was a privilege to command the Corps' school.

While CO RTC I met Cath, and we married in Albury in December 1990. It was an instant family for me since Cath had two boys, Ben and Nathan from her previous marriage. Following RTC, I completed a Master of Information Science. I finished my military career working in Materiel Branch looking at systems integration for PARAKEET and AUSTACCS. I left the service in 1993.

I joined the Army System Support Agency (SSA) for three years. I suffered a minor heart attack around this time. I made the move to private enterprise and joined a small consulting company. The nineties in many ways was the most significant decade of my life, marriage, moved to Canberra, refocused to IT, heart attack, and two changes of career.

I stayed with that company until 2008. In 2004, Cath and I turned the Class of '74 Gallipoli Trip into a month and half around the world. I also did the Korea and Japan Class trip in 2018. In 2008, I moved into consultancy work and stayed



doing that until 2012.

I was finding it wearing being continually in the job market as it were and I moved back into the public service doing system administration of classified networks in the Australian Signals Directorate where I am still employed. At about this time, Cath and I separated, and I moved into an apartment.

The class trip to Korea and Japan whet my appetite for travel and I planned a trip to Egypt, Israel and Jordan for late 2020, but COVID put paid to that. I moved to a unit in a retirement village on the Sunshine Coast in late 2021 but have stayed on "at" ASD working from home part time. Since moving north I've managed to get to Jordan and Egypt (no Israel for obvious reasons) in November 2023 and Peru, Brazil and Argentina in September 2024.

The move north has been good. I have friends around, some old, many new; and I've gotten involved in the Village as well as keeping busy with the part time work. I think I'm happier now than I have been in some time.

L (Lou Gardiner started at Duntroon in 1971 and graduated with the Class of 1975. He was a much-loved member of both classes (74 and 75). Lou passed away in July 2015. Below are extracts from the obituary given by Bob Brown at his funeral in Wellington on 23 July 2015.

As we sat with him on Saturday, in his last hours, we did a lot of reminiscing. We went back to the day a brash young, slightly naive, Kiwi arrived at Duntroon, (a bit podgier then, before he discovered physical fitness in a big way).

From the start he was a staunch Kiwi. At the same time he was quick to give us lots of friendly advice - on how we should be running our country; who should be picked in our sporting teams; how useless backs were and so on. This was one thing that didn't change over the years - Lou's strong opinions on many things - we came to expect it; and to love Lou for it. Although we really had no choice but to! Interestingly when anyone else criticised Australia Lou was the first to stand by us in true ANZAC style. Many close friendships were forged in those early years; and they have endured. They were reinforced in the three subsequent postings that Judith and Lou had to Canberra as a Major in the 80s; as a student at the Defence College in 97 and then as Defence Advisor at the High Commission. And of course their kids Matthew, Ben and Erin were all subjected to Australian schooling.

He represented NZ with pride.



As he did later as Army Chief when he had such a close relationship with our CDF and Chief of Army, (both of whom are here with us today - David Hurley and Peter Leahy). In total Lou spent over 10 years of his service in Australia. And of course, when he wasn't posted there, he was serving with us on operations in Somalia and East Timor; or helping plan our combined operations in Afghanistan.

In later years Lou and Judith stayed in close touch with friends in both the RMC classes of 1974 and 75; visiting Australia and attending reunions in Turkey, Vietnam and in Thailand, as a guest of the Crown Prince - who is also a classmate (Class of 75).

Of course rugby was the other element of the 'Australianisation' of Lou. He played First Grade for 5 years at Duntroon, starting as an 18 year old. He played for the ACT, with memorable wins over Tonga and QLD; and for NSW



U21s. But his proudest moment was playing for ACT against a team called the All Blacks. Lou was still playing grade rugby in Canberra for Easts as a 40 year old - and still criticising the backs! He also coached the Defence Academy team in Canberra during that period. Lou retains many close friends in ACT and Australian rugby union.

So we remember Lou fondly as a strong leader and as a man of great compassion and integrity. Rest in Peace Lou"

I grew up in the eastern suburbs of Melbourne and my memories are mainly of Scouts, school cadets, getting out in the bush and school work in that order.

I studied the Maths/Science stream in secondary school but failed to get a high enough Year 12 score for University or RMC entrance in 1969, so I successfully switched to Arts the following year. This determined my academic course at RMC and gave a strong incentive to never repeat academic or military courses.

My early introduction to RMC was a schoolboy visit in 1969. I remember meeting two Second Class cadets from my school who gave me the advice "don't mention the Cadets". I think I took this to heart and spent my four years at RMC trying to "fly under the radar". I partially achieved this by not getting an ED in fourth class. I joined Alamein company and lived in the farthest room from the parade ground in ANZAC Hall which provided many challenges, especially for leaps. I also lived in Ack, Beer and Corks blocks over the next three years, so my personal possessions were kept to a minimum. My memories of RMC revolve around field and military training, surviving the academic work, friendships formed and adventurous training such as the vehicle trip to the tri-State border, the Wau

to Salamaua walk in PNG and a Shallow Water Diving course with the Commandos.

After graduation, I was allocated to the Royal Australian Armoured Corps (RAAC) and a career which saw me serve in every regular RAAC unit. This was a great time of field training and exercises, heavy equipment use and leading troops; however, it did not do much for my development as a staff officer. I also attended a 12 month course in the UK on AFV design which trained unit level technical staff officers; however, I did not use this knowledge until posted to Canberra as SO1 A and B vehicles in 1989.

Unfortunately, this posting was cut short by illness at the end of the year which saw me medically downgraded and I was sent to the University of Canberra to complete a Graduate Diploma in Information Systems to enable me to move into the new world of managing Information Technology. After managing a number of smaller projects I began my last and most rewarding job in the Army as the Project Director of a major project to develop the Army's first Command Support System.



After three years on this project I decided to leave the Army in 1996 to work for a number of large IT companies as a Project Manager/Consultant until late 2006 when my health failed again and I was advised to retire. After a period of recuperation, I volunteered with the Australian War Memorial and Defence Force Welfare Association in several roles and still work with the Veterans Support Centre in Canberra

I married Jenny in 1976, we have two children, two granddaughters and a grandson. Our daughter is an IT consultant working for Army on the specification for a new C3 system, our son has just bought his own business after a number of years as a financial advisor for banks and industry. He is also an ARes graduate of RMC serving in the RAAC. I did not try to influence either of my children in their career choices! Jenny and I currently spend our time volunteering, travelling in our motorhome or on the occasional overseas trip in between medical appointments.



Like my peers, I aspired to a Tertiary education, however University education was expensive and I had zero funds available. By the time I was 16 years old my Mother, Father and Step-Mother had died and it was only because Legacy paid all my fees to attend boarding school in Grade 12 that I matriculated. RMC offered a career, a degree, pay, accommodation and food. I'd been considering the Army since Grade 11 and Duntroon sounded more exciting than the teaching scholarship or the cadetship in mine surveying that had been offered to me. It proved to be a life changing decision.

Fourth Class was initially a blur with daily routine, company duties, room preparation, academic work and military training. Shortcuts and concurrent activity became prized attributes. The fine art of researching and writing up assignments the night before submission is still one of my strengths. Third Class highlights included a car, a slower academic pace, and canoeing

on the Murrumbidgee River. Second Class was a relaxed version of Third Class. In First Class Military work suddenly became serious. I discovered the Div in Battle thriller series, the joys of JSP 101 and I noted that apparently 'The Enemy' was neither the Directing Staff nor the Drill Sergeants.

After Graduation the Army posted me to Townsville as a Platoon Commander, Brisbane on Headquarters 1st Division, then Brisbane again as an Adjutant and Brisbane yet again as a Company Commander. In a desperate attempt to remove me from Queensland I was posted to RMCS Shrivenham. Science 1A was little help in understanding differential calculus and spread spectrum techniques. Noys and Al Egan were also on this course and it was a most enjoyable year of study. This was followed by two years in Singleton and then a mini class reunion for 12 months by the sea at Queenscliff. A posting to Canberra for two years then led to the best posting of my career when I returned to Shrivenham as an Instructor.

Back to Canberra, where I managed major projects in weapons, ammunition and communications equipment, followed by JSSC and discharge in 1998.

Project management skills were easily transferred to civvie street and I soon formed my own Consulting Company. For the first ten years I worked everywhere except Defence and then moved back to the warm weather in Queensland for semi-retirement. I married Noeleen whilst a subaltern in 2/4RAR and we have two adult sons. Entering Duntroon became possible for me due to Legacy support and in retirement I devote most of my spare time to Legacy. In addition, I play golf poorly, we regularly travel overseas and we stay in contact with many of my Duntroon mates.

Duntroon instilled in me self-discipline, teamwork, confidence, a work ethic and values that have remained all these years. It also gave me a tremendous group of mates who have been my closest friends for 54 years. Would I do it again; in a heartbeat.

Why did I choose RMC?

I was in school cadets and enjoyed it so I was open to the idea of a military career. The other factor was getting a University degree. These were pre-Whitlam days and the cost of University was well beyond the means of my middle class family. In year 11, I applied for an RMC scholarship and was successful. This pretty well sealed my fate.

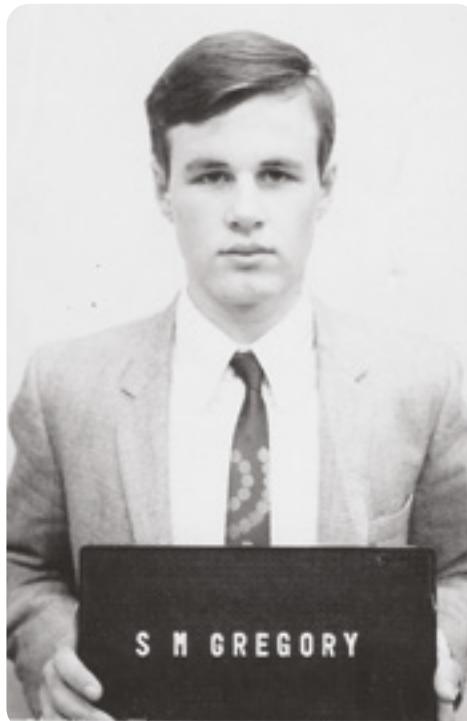
The most enduring memories?

The enduring good memory is the friendships created during fourth class and the support of those friends through a difficult year. The most satisfying feeling was graduating. Other memories: my room being "bished" at Easter; the time stress of meeting military demands as well as the academic demands of an engineering degree; arriving hungry at TOC from lectures to find the tray bare; and the fourth class boxing match, an amusement for the senior classes.

Would I do it again?

I have often asked myself this question but in retrospect, I have no regrets, so the answer is yes. What advice would I give to my younger self starting out on that first day? Survive the first year and then do what is necessary to graduate. The enduring friendships?: all the other fourth class in the same platoon as me.

I Graduated into RAEME. First posting was to Puckapunyal and then to 4 Cav Regt in Brisbane.



A short stint to Army Recruiting selling Duntroon and Portsea to Victorian school kids. Then overseas to USA for six months to retrain from armoured to watercraft maintenance. Back in Aust to a SO3 job in Victoria Barracks, Sydney.

By that time, I had served ten and a half years and was free of my return of service obligation. I was married, I had two young children and family life figured highly in my thinking. Sydney was not where we wanted to be. Marianne, my wife, was a Brisbane girl and I decided to test my worth on the job market in Brisbane. The outcome was a highly attractive offer to join the Shell Company. It was one of those cross-roads in life where a choice is made to balance family and career. I spent the next 15 years with Shell eventually ending up in senior management positions in their Melbourne head office.

By this time our eldest children were in their teens and the family decision was to resettle in Brisbane for their later

education years. Nothing was available at my seniority level within Shell, so I ended up in the electricity industry at the time they were deregulating into competitive markets. The next ten years were with Ergon and Energex. When these companies sold off their retail businesses to AGL and Origin, I took a redundancy offer and set up my own energy consultancy business. Seven years later, I retired in January 2014.

Marianne and I have been married 45 years. We have four children and ten grandchildren. All live in Brisbane except for one daughter, her French husband and two children, who live in Lyon, France. Our shared passion is travel both domestic and international. Apart from travel, my amusements are time with family and friends, golf, fishing, learning French and voluntary work with the corporate body of our apartment building.

Sadly Richard (Dick) left us in 2020, but he is fondly remembered as a larger than life character. Richard took the five year option - obviously he was enjoying Duntroon so much he asked for another year: academics are so kind. Dick was a Gal Coy boy and

John Culleton remembers him as a strapping but somewhat loose-limbed bloke who had a smile the size of a split watermelon. He wasn't your classic military type but he was genuine, wholehearted, had a zest for life and a laconic sense of humour. Richard also had the nickname of "Fin" and the origins of the name have passed with Richard, but it was a term of endearment.

Richard graduated into Engineers having picked up his academic game by graduating with Honours Class II in Mech Eng for his third year studies. His penchant for things mechanical was always on display in his devotion to his pride and joy; a purple VW bug with illegal mufflers (coke cans!). It was frequently in parts but Richard was as serial tinkerer. Richard also took up skydiving, spear fishing and long distance walking for many years after Duntroon.

Peter Keane (Mango) relates how he and Richard walked the Kokoda Track in 2008 with some Duntroon mates all of whom had left the adventure a little late and were in their late fifties - no longer the strapping young men of the Duntroon days. Richard's Duntroon connection



is also responsible for getting him together with his wife Jenny. Richard and Derek Taylor met their respective spouses at a teachers' dinner. Many dates followed.

His first posting was 2 Field Engineer Regiment in Brisbane for two years (1975 -76), followed by a few corps and non corps positions in Sydney and Melbourne. Richard also tried his hand at Aviation (Point Cook and Oakey) but it wasn't to be. Something about coke cans on the helicopters.

Eventually the pull of settling in Sydney proved too strong and he left the Army in the mid 80s. Before eventually pursuing a technically based role at the University of New South Wales, Dick had a number of government contracting jobs. His colleagues from UNSW regarded Richard as an extremely popular and very competent manager. It took a long time to find someone of Richard's calibre as a replacement.



Richard then moved onto the Atomic Nuclear Science and Technical Organisation at Lucas Heights where he stayed until retirement. He had a perfect Duntroon and engineers' perspective at ANSTO translating technical heavy and dense documents into a digestible, readable and accessible form. Enobesra must have helped.

Richard is survived by wife Jenny and four boys David, Dan, Andrew and Martin.

Al Egan

I was the youngest of the five kiwis to join the class of 1971 - only two of us graduated with the class, Brendon Fraher was the other. Many adventures ensued in my thirty-seven-year career. The earliest highlight was taking a team to Antarctica to begin the reconstruction of Scott Base over the summer months. It was minus 40C but we were wearing shorts and teeshirts and basking in the sun which shone 24/7.

In 1981, I married Rosie and we immediately packed our bags and headed to Fiji for a two year honeymoon. I was seconded to the then Royal Fiji Military Forces (RFMF) which had me in a dual role in charge of the rural development unit and Chief Engineer. From then on, we were backwards and forwards to Australia for Staff College and a stint at JSSC as one of the DS. In between times I was seconded to UNOCA to run the de-mining in Afghanistan from Pakistan. Subsequent postings included a year as an acting Brigadier in Eastern Slavonia heading up a UN peacekeeping mission. Although it was unaccompanied, Rosie set herself up with the two young boys in Slovenija and we had an amazing year. From there I had a stint as Comd 2LFG before taking up my final role as the Military Advisor to NZ's mission to the UN in New York.

Once I left the military, Rosie and I went to work in Afghanistan for Professional Service Solutions (PSS) before joining UNOPs in Kabul. Rosie worked for the Peacekeeping Mission and we lived in Kabul in our 40ft container in a relatively stable time between 2009 - 2011. From there it was Dubai and a stint with SERCO, alongside Steve Jones,

supporting the Australian Military Operation in Afghanistan. When I thought the good life had arrived, I was shoulder tapped by the UN for an Engineering role in the Central African Republic. It was unaccompanied which we soon tired of so we took the next opportunity which saw both of us headed to Nepal to work for WFP. Five magical years later, we sadly left Nepal as COVID refugees.

Although we were able to work remotely for a year, when the pressure was on to return and the New Zealand border remained closed, we sadly resigned.

Soon after, I took on a role with the consultancy engineering firm, Jacobs, and Rosie continues to do contract work for other UN agencies. We share our time between Auckland and Waihi Beach which is our primary residence. A ten-kilometre surf beach isn't bad to stretch aging legs on. We've built our retirement home, future proofing it for our older age. We have two sons, one daughter-in-law and a grandson.

To date, we have been blessed.

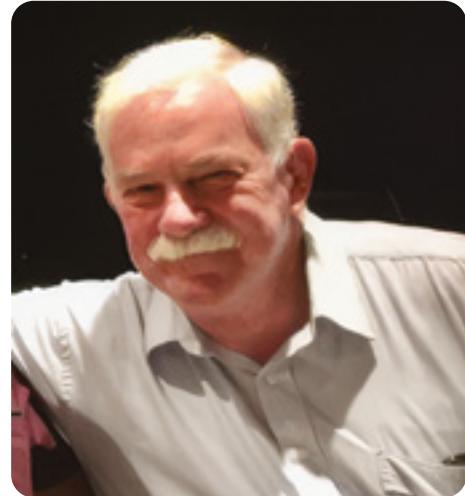
Sure there have been ups and downs but regardless we are continuing to create a story which is uniquely and positively 'ours'.



I recall arriving at Canberra railway station in January of 1971 alongside fellow pending cadets from Sydney. We were greeted by a welcoming, but serious, RSM Norman Goldspink. The first few days/ weeks at RMC were a steep learning curve in a daunting and unfamiliar environment. In time we all settled into the routine which was to guide us through our time at the College for the next 4 years. The two main themes that stood out to me in those early years of my Army career at RMC were undoubtedly the emphasis on discipline (both self and group) and the camaraderie.

The four years to graduation were full on. Apart from the, over whelming at times, academic schedule there was the allure of an impressive number of sporting opportunities. I was fortunate enough to represent the College in rugby, basket ball and rowing. The highlight of my sports involvement would have to be captaining the RMC 1st Fifteen in the 1974 grand final against Wests (and yes we did lose 16-6!). The four years at RMC seemed to pass fairly quickly and I still have fond memories of my time there and was pleased to make some very good friends who I still stay in touch with.

So commenced my Army career as an officer. Like my RMC mates I was fortunate enough to have an interesting and challenging career.



Some highlights would be:

1. 2nd posting to 1 RTB where I was promoted to Captain.
2. EOD and IED training courses, England.
3. 2 year posting to the School of Military Engineering.
4. Senior Instructor, Single Service Training RMC.
5. 1988/89: Deployment with the United Nations Iran/Iraq Military Observer Group (UNIIMOG) in Iran.

After having served for 20 years I decided to resign my commission. I was fortunate to secure an engineer manager's role in local government. I served in this role for 25 years mainly in Qld, NSW and Tas. Eight years ago I became a volunteer tour guide, a position I thoroughly enjoy, in the Army Museum Tasmania, Anglesea Barracks.

I chose RMC because I saw an ad for RMC early in High school and decided that was what I wanted - an Army career. My most enduring memory of RMC is the mates that I made and the fact that friendship is just as solid to this day (but of course it includes their partners as well). Not so sure that I would do it again, but have very fond memories of my class mates

then and now. What advice would you give your young self starting out on that first day? Throw yourself with enthusiasm and pleasure into all the challenges you face.

Earliest memory of Duntroon is the train trip from Central Station, learning I had met Greg Nance two years earlier on the SCG, for the Waratah Shield Final.

The greeting from Norm and the Drillies, at Queanbeyan, was a little less warm than the train reunion. As an RMC OC in 1985, I remember looking at 4th Class on their first day and seeing in their faces many of us. By then Duntroon was undergoing a facelift but the faces hadn't changed.

After deciding on the 'short' course at RMC, I worked as a labourer and truck driver for two years before returning to the Army, graduating December 1974 from OCS into the Australian Intelligence Corps. OCS classmates included Bruce Taylor, Stu Williams and Mick Wheatley. First posting was 5/7RAR. Peter Pedersen was another PLCOMD, Ian Flawith was Coy 2IC and Peter Cosgrove OC. Recalled from leave following Cyclone Tracy and sent to Darwin, we met Cossie among the wreckage of Darwin.

OIC Counter Intelligence, in the Division Intelligence Unit, followed. CI was a backwater so I took three months on a travel scholarship. It was meant for SE Asia but a vacant RAF seat, from Hong Kong, proved a temptation to visit Europe.

A lot of Rugby included tours with Army and Combined Services teams. When an opportunity arose for an SAS



Officer Selection Course I grabbed it. I had two years as SASR Intelligence Officer. The Hilton Hotel bombing saw the Regiment given a Counter Terrorist role. My focus was on that role but I also became a free-fall parachutist. It was the best Captain's job in the Army. Leaving Swanbourne, I attended a Long Security Course with the British Army and became OIC 55 Security Section, British Army of the Rhine (BAOR). Instructing at the School of Military Intelligence (SMI), Canungra, followed - then OC Long Tan, and Staff College with 14 RMC class mates. Then Brigade Major and UN observer, Iran.

I attended the 75th Anniversary of Gallipoli - well orchestrated by Bob Brown, with Peter Pedersen giving a wonderful battlefield tour. Peds had earlier shown Margaret Thatcher around and it was a moving experience to visit The Nek to hear his wonderful description of the forlorn charges.

Then Deputy Director Military

Intelligence, during the First Gulf War. It was a tough job; brigadiers and above had television in their offices. I battled CNN in an attempt to be relevant. DIO intelligence was 24 hours old and CNN was on Baghdad rooftops. At the time, I was commuting across the country to be with my family in Perth. Unfortunately, the only way to fix that separation was to resign from the Army after 19 years service. I joined the Commonwealth SES as Executive Director Investigations with ASIC, in Perth.

Favourite quotes:

1. "There are only two traditions in Australia, the Melbourne Cup and Duntroon!"
and from an RMC graduate in WW1, about to go 'over the top':
2. "Men, in a moment we die, and I'm going to lead you".

Although starting with Class of Seventy Three 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

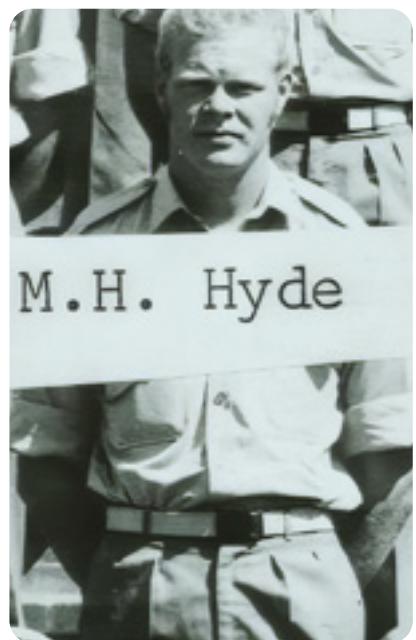


government and NSW State government employment as GM/CEO and State Regional Manager roles.

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.



I had twenty-two years in the Army. The first four years were at 4 Fd Regt in Townsville. Loved it! Two years at Portsea was fun... worked hard and thoroughly enjoyed the camaraderie of both the instructors and cadets. Portsea Golf Club was pretty good too! The career highlight was my posting with UNTSO - 6 months in Damascus on the Golan Heights and 7 months in Beirut at a time when the city was far from pleasant, but professionally was most rewarding.

Battery Commander and Regt 2IC at 8/12 Mdm Regt and then six years at Vic Bks in Ops at HQ2MD. I worked on interesting projects: Newcastle Earthquake Relief, evacuation of Nyngan after floods, Sydney North Shore Storm Relief, PAMS Project Officer. The six years in one place was wonderful for networking outside the military and led me to my next working phase.

I left the Army early 1992. Some of my early post-Army roles included the following:

- Event Director for Tooheys' World's Biggest BBQ... 12 hours of entertainment in seven NSW cities simultaneously for 800,000;
- Promoter / Tour Representative on Elton John, Billy Connolly, Barry Humphries, Michael Crawford, Nelson Mandela Tours;
- International Director Olympic Aid, Atlanta Olympic Games;
- Event Director Coca Cola's Redfest, Sydney Olympic Games Opening Ceremonies;
- Event Director, Opening of Sydney Olympic Stadium.

In 2000 I started managing high profile sportstars and celebrities. It all came under the Robert Joske Management banner in 2003. This included Australian Test Cricketers, Wallabies and track stars including Sally Pearson and 'celebrities' such as

Sir Peter Cosgrove, Alexander Downer, Mark Donaldson VC, Sofie Formica, Alan Joyce, Zach Rolfe and many others. It was so much fun (and still is!) and I was getting paid for it!

2024 sees me still working and enjoying the relationships I have made over the years. The Management company continues to thrive even though I have moved away from sports management. I currently have several major projects on the boil: producing a fortnightly geopolitical in-conversation podcast with Peter Cosgrove, Alexander Downer and Kim Beasley. I have a joint venture project with Icon Productions to bring Mark Donaldson VC's book to the big screen and I am in a consortium to build new state of the art movie studios in Sydney...blue sky now but my fingers are crossed.

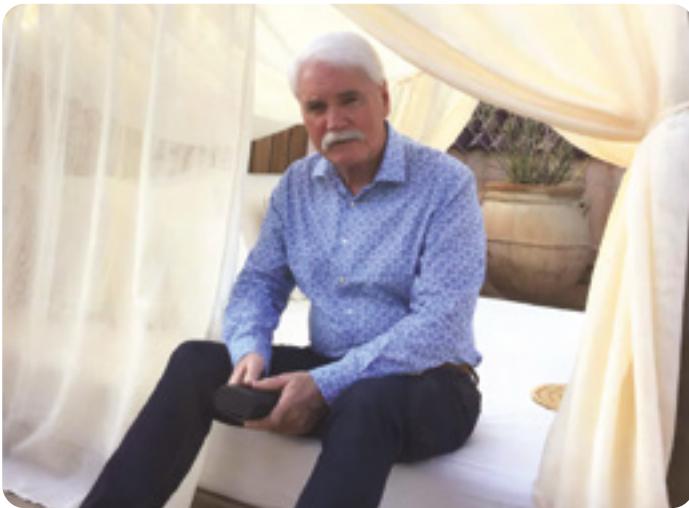
I have served on the Forces Entertainment Board for the past 18 years and on the Prince's Trust Advisory Board for seven years (now King's Trust). Until recently I spent 13 continuous years on Committees and Working



Groups at Royal Sydney Golf Club.

Retire? nup... having too much fun!

My personal life has been blessed. I am married to renown Sydney artist Elizabeth Wadsworth (married 30 years) and we share two sons and one grandson. I am still playing golf several times a week, swim at North Bondi, ride my surf ski and still enjoy snow skiing with family.



I was never academically gifted, so it was a great surprise when I was notified in January 1971, that my Matriculation results had won me admission to Adelaide Uni to do Arts on a Teachers Scholarship or admission to RMC Duntroon to do Arts. Thinking it was time to leave home and that a career in the Army might be a little more exciting, I chose RMC. How right I was! Two weeks later six of us boarded a train at Adelaide Station to head off via Melbourne where we picked up those rowdy Victorian types! Then off to Canberra.

A week after arrival at RMC I was wondering what on earth I had done! Who were these big guys who seemed intent on yelling at me? "What's my name Fourth Class?" was the common theme. I could only remember one; it was another Peter William Keane! For some unknown reason we were placed in the same company (Kokoda) to spend the next four years being confused for each other. It was even better when he did an early honours year and we spent three years in the same class! That is a whole story on its own!

Classmate friendship was the defining aspect of Duntroon life

and beyond. While initially confused and homesick it was personal relationships with others who felt the same as me helped us all endure.

That, of course, was the aim of the place. Not many pen their thoughts 54 years later, as if it were yesterday. Few have friendships so enduring. We are blessed.

The next four years were a blur! Novice Boxing, won the Flyweight Division (can't believe I was ever that light!), Easter Bunny (WTF), green Fiat 1100 and many trips to Adelaide, footy 2nd XVIII, basketball team and a grand final victory in 1974; and, of course, getting confused with the other P W Keane! Lucky he's a nice bloke!

The final year went even quicker. Being given the responsibility of carrying a flag that was twice as tall as me and about the same weight was a hoot. My nightmare was making an oops as the colours were marched onto the square at Graduation Parade and falling down the stairs! That would have made me famous!

After successfully negotiating the stairs at Grad I spent the



next 23 years in the RACT, Postings around Australia and the USA saw me gravitate to the Air Dispatch area. Much fun, many parachute jumps (128) including one with 1800 Americans of the 2nd Airborne Division, one pass, one drop zone! Tended to focus my attention!

Enough fun, time to look after the family. Hung up my boots in Jan 1998 in Melbourne. Settled the kids into schools where they all finished their education. Gained employment initially with TNT then Toll Logistics and spent the next 17 or so years enjoying the challenges of civilian private enterprise. My aim was to retire at 60 and I did just that in Jan 2013.

Enjoying the "good life" with my beautiful bride. Always on the lookout for Duntroon mates. I am always amazed that whenever we do meet it is just like yesterday when we last spoke! It is a very special relationship. No airs and graces- that would never work! We know too much about each other!

Twas but a blink of the eye for 50 years to unfold its mysteries and its promise – where did it all go? I remember those first days and weeks at Duntroon with vivid clarity – I entered in 1970 but all the yelling and ‘wot’s my name’ nonsense, the novice boxing and the Easter bunny, Point Hut and WO Keith Payne VC, the tennis party and \$8 a fortnight, extra drills and bonding with some outstanding classmates was the same. I stayed an extra third class year majoring in drill and ceremonial and then graduating in 1974.

Once in Third Class the academic life of an artist was pretty cruisy except for one major obstacle, Economics II and Andre Kaspura. Many a Kokoda artist founded on this academic rock – many a Kokoda artist can only thank Pete Leahy for saving their careers with a tutoring lifeline at final exams time.

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 Shoalwater Bay Training Area 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 1 Field Regiment in Brisbane. Overseas to UN service in the Middle East in 1983 – an abject failure - I failed to bring peace to that troubled part of the world – just look at it now!. 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

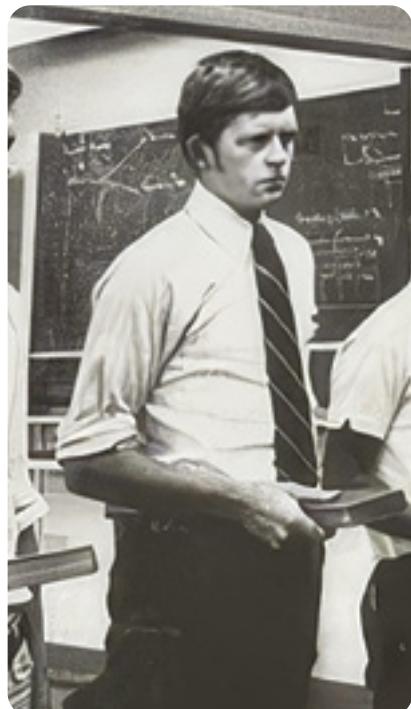


Brigade in Brisbane. But my life and priorities had changed by then. I had met the love of my life the lovely Rosemary whilst in Townsville (I was so naïve – I was easy pickings but a good catch).

By 1989 we had been over-run with children (five no less and four of those were quads born in Sydney in 1988). Brisbane became home base. With peace breaking out all over; a new posting on the command list but 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 senior executive 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 (eight of) and a bit of Legacy work.

Life has been good to Rosemary and me with good health, good



friends and a happy marriage of 47 years. Would I do it again yessiree I would but I would make certain that I had Pete Leahy’s Economics II exam notes available once again.

My best wishes to you all. Fire for effect!

As I look back over 50 years, I find myself living within 2km of where it all started. From my balcony on the Kingston Foreshore, I can see the HQ RMC building as well as Mt Pleasant, Little Ainslie, Mount Ainslie, Army HQ in the ADF complex at Russell and the Majura Range area beyond the airport.

Memories. Sluggo Henderson at the railway station, too many times up Mt Pleasant, (no links in the chain) 11 years at Army HQ, the dirt road out to Majura (now a 4 lane highway) and miserable cold nights out on the range. Now when it rains, I stand out on my balcony and hope that the cadets out on the range shout to the heavens, 'Piss it down Hughie'.

The Army was good to me. With our deployments through the late 90s and early 2000s I had the opportunity to visit our troops on operations across the globe. As a class we graduated into an Army at peace. Towards the end I was lucky to observe an Army at war. You should be proud of them and the contribution you made, through your careers, to keep the spirit alive. They were strong, resolute, brave and determined. I talked of them as worthy inheritors of the Anzac Spirit and as wonderful Ambassadors for Australia.

Some of you probably wonder how I finished up where I did. So do I. Simple really, I hung around because they kept offering me great jobs - Hong Kong with the Gurkhas, Kansas



at the US Army Staff College and then command.

On leaving the Army Lee and I stayed in Canberra. With no stately mansion or sheep station calling us away and with Lee having started a successful business it was her turn now. She put up with the disruption and supported me in our many moves and postings and it made sense to stay put. By this time our three sons, Bradley, Christopher and Patrick, had graduated from University and were moving interstate. Now they hold our 4 grandchildren hostage in Melbourne and Sydney. As ours were late breeders the grandkids are young and great fun.

None of the boys joined the Army. Their attitude was confirmed by the eldest when he was around 21 and was asked if he was going to join the Army. He emphatically replied, 'Shit no, I've been in it for 20 years.'

On retirement and I am still unsure what that means, I found myself teaching undergraduates at the University of Canberra. My focus is on defence, national security and terrorism. In many ways it's a bit like being a Platoon Commander again. The students are young, most are eager to learn and wonder what their future holds. I also enjoy the opportunity to further my efforts to counter the pernicious thoughts and proposals put forward by the ANU strategy mob, especially Paul Dibb and Hugh White.

As well as this I have been working with charities, primarily with Soldier On, to support our contemporary veterans. Along the way there were a few ASX listed boards, advisory roles, media commentary and as much travel as we could squeeze in.

50 years is a long time, but it's been good.

A lot of water under the bridge since RMC but I will try to recall some highlights. As one of a few repeats in 1971, I simply left one class and joined another. As far as I can remember, I didn't mind my first Fourth Class as I enjoyed the military stuff and the sport; swimming, water polo and rugby. Unfortunately, I didn't pay enough attention to the academics, coasting along as I had always done. In Jan 1971, I had a COM TOC with Sandy Pearson who invited me to repeat Fourth Class. From then on, I hit the books. I gave up rugby as a sign of a fresh start. Life in Fourth Class was hard but once you got into the swing of things, it was a bit of a game. I tried to keep a low profile which I achieved most of the time! Probably the worst place at the College in Fourth Class was the mess and trying to find a friendly table.

I met Deb at the Nurses Home at Canberra Hospital in 1972. We started going out soon after and were married in Narromine two days after Graduation, so a big anniversary coming up soon.

Repeating a year meant that I got ahead of the program by Second Class. This time a DMA TOC where he suggested that one subject in Second Class was probably a bit light! I took on an extra subject, but the workload was not that heavy. Second Class artist was a cruisy lifestyle. By then I had Deb, a car, pocket money, sport and socialising. I became a day boy and again kept a low profile.

First Class was a bit more demanding, but I enjoyed it as it was a bit more serious and we finally concentrated on military training which was the main game. 1974 went quickly and we were soon rehearsing for our Graduation Parade. We were



introduced to the various Corps and we visited units and bases around the country. I chose RAAOC as the Army seemed to be in the doldrums after Viet Nam. My plan was to learn a trade and make my fortune on civvy street! Ended up doing 34 years in uniform, retiring in 2004; so much for well laid plans. Served in logistics and training postings, particularly in Melbourne and Wodonga. I spent time at our Embassy in Washington and commanded the Peace Monitoring Group in Bougainville, which is the highlight of my career.

Like everyone, we moved around a bit, but kept in touch with our lifelong RMC friends. We bought our home in Melbourne and have been here ever since! I was a consultant until we both retired in 2016. We have three daughters; Kate, Rachel and Rebecca and six grandchildren; our grandson in Melbourne and the five



granddaughters in Albury.

Retirement has been good. We are grey nomads and get away in the van especially during our winter. We have avoided major health issues (touch wood) although I do have two new hips.

So, all good with the Lillies. It has been a great journey made all the better by the many close and lifelong friends from over 50 years ago. And, of course, not forgetting our classmates who are no longer with us. Repeating in 1971 was a good move! It has indeed been a privilege to be a member of the RMC Class of 1974.

Memories of RMC include learning to tie a black tie, ironing, questions at dinner - how many tiles are there on the roof of the Commandant's House? Drinking lessons with A.G. (Gerry) Warner. Military training, field training wing instructors like Keith Payne and Lofty Eiby, the Tel El Eisa cloth model exercise. Professor Swan and principles of radar, attempting to stay awake in John Laird's lecture on Tess of the D'Urbervilles, LCF Turner explaining the effect of the industrial revolution on military technology, R.C. Thompson outlining the genius of Napoleon. All this leavened by J. Wilczynski's lectures on Socialist Economic Development and Reforms, Beverley Male's and Margot Symington's explanation of Soviet and Chinese politics and J. McCarthy's assessments of post-colonial behavior in Asia. Extracurricular and incidental activities; the visit of the fashion models to the Quarter Bar, nocturnal expeditions to Nimmo House, part time work on the ANU Heavy Ion Accelerator with the connivance of the Construction Union, backpacking around NZ and trekking in India and Nepal in late 1974 and early 1975.

Graduated and allotted to Royal Australian Artillery (RAA) and posted to 1st Field Regiment at Wacol, Brisbane. Highlights of the first years include: conducting my first small arms range practice, calling in a Fire Mission Division in Hawaii (54 X 155 mm guns firing Improved Conventional Munitions), ADC to Commander 1 Div, Major General Phillip Bennet later General Sir Phillip Bennett, AC, KBE, DSO. Postings followed to RMC as Instructor Artillery, and then to United Nations



Truce Supervision Organization patrolling on the Syria Israel Lebanon border. Subsequent postings to HQ 3 Division and then to 4 Field Regiment Townsville and Staff College. Post Staff College an initial posting to Army Office and responsibility for Surveillance, Target Acquisition and Night Observation requirements. Duties included developing weapon and platform specifications, sponsoring DSTO tasks, Defence Committee staff work, and the occasional special project e.g. interviewing Sir Arthur Tange for the Army HQ conference, arguing Army priorities with Force Development and Analysis in Defence Central and developing STANAG agreements with the US and UK armies, and responsibility for the Army aspects of Joint Plans.

A 1990 posting to the US Army HQ Training and Doctrine Command provided exposure to the military might of the USA and the highest levels of campaign planning and execution. Regular Army Service concluded in 1998 with a range of HQ ADF and AHQ staff

appointments including Joint Training, and special projects dealing with recruitment and retention, Joint Command and Control arrangements, and interoperability.

A period of Full Time Service as (Deputy Commander 5 Brigade/ Senior Army Representative Holsworthy immediately followed by 12 months at the National Defence University Islamabad Pakistan finally ended Army service in Jun 2009. I now live in Northern Thailand with my second wife Nongkran and travel extensively. Together we operate a family farm growing rice and market produce more as a hobby than a business. Through my Australian company, I provide consulting services to a range of public and private sector companies responding to Defence Requests for Tenders usually in the logistics and operational capability space.



I graduated with the Class of '74, after having repeated Third Class in 72, and to my great surprise was posted to 8/9 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 Liaison Officer to the Task Force Commander. I 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 8/9 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 of the Unit 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.

My grandpa was a WW1 veteran and I remember watching for him on TV in the Anzac Day marches in the sixties. This sparked a passion for the military which finally overcame all other career ideas. This landed me at Duntroon six weeks late on Friday morning 26 February, just as the rest of the class was marching off from their lanyard parade. I've been catching up ever since!

My most enduring memory of RMC was the amount of drill we did. It seemed to just go on and on. 'Corps, once more around the square' was the dreaded cry. The second was my early realisation that the easiest way to get thrown out was to fail academics. So, I made sure I didn't.

Would I do it again? Absolutely. Duntroon itself was pretty tough for me in the early years. In the last two years, when I did Physics pretty much by myself, I was a bit lonely which prompted me to join the 'Coffee House' youth group at Manuka, where I met my wonderful wife, Margot on the first night.

But for me Duntroon was always a means to an end. I found my early career as an artillery officer, with post graduate study thrown in, very fulfilling. 1987 staff college was one of my happiest years, with many Duntroon classmates on course, plenty of time with our four beautiful children and getting a taste for strategy.

Not surprisingly, I ended up in the 'grey sponge' of Canberra's Russell Offices in 1990. I thrived in the very frustrating capability development process, with some involvement in it for 10 of the next 12 years. The other two years were a great reality check as CO/CI at the School in

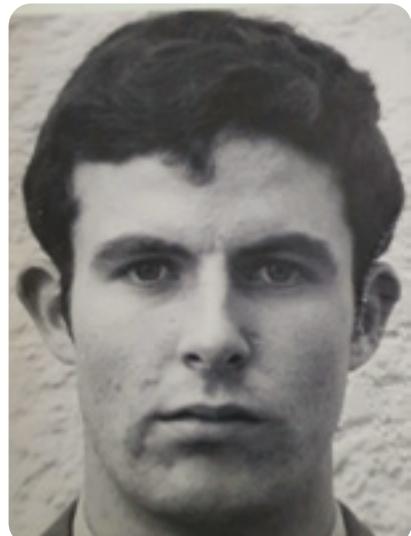
Manly. This 'decade', including Exercise Kangaroo 89 and 1997 at the Defence College, was the best time of my working life.

After retiring from the Army in 2002, I returned to science in DSTO for five and a half years, but sadly the period from the 2003 Iraq invasion until the end of Australia's aggressive security policies in 2007, was the darkest time in my Defence service.

From 2007 till February 2021, I worked as a contractor to Defence including a few years in the Reserve, again with much time in capability development. During this period, I had some of the best times of my personal life including the birth and growth of our beautiful grandchildren, and regular 'battlefield tours' with classmates and their wonderful spouses.

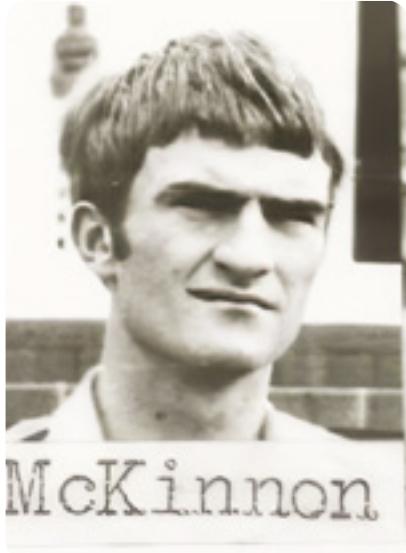
My advice to my young self, starting on the first day? Don't leave your rifle at the Q store after you've signed for it! That evening, my platoon sergeant (John Cox) visited my room and noticed my rifle missing. I had a bad night. Luckily, the storeman had secured the rifle, which we picked up the next day, but it wasn't a good start.

Happily, it got much better from then on and I've always enjoyed our class reunions every five years since graduation. So really looking forward to the next one in December!



He was born in Orange NSW and went to James Ruse High School in Cabramatta. On the first day at Duntroon we had to get a haircut, which was obviously short. Ian ended up with a tuft of hair sticking up on his crown so someone, probably one of his other good mates here, Pat O'Brien, nicknamed him COCONUT! On manoeuvres someone would call out "Coco" and others would answer with "Nut" then "Nut Nut", then "Nut Nut Nut" etc until one of the instructors would yell out, Mr McKinnon – keep the noise down. Placid Ian took it graciously.

Ian was a foundation member of Long Tan in 1973 and played rugby union and athletics; he was tall, thin and fast. Ian recognised early on the downsides of having to walk everywhere while simultaneously carrying all your gear on your back so he decided that the Royal Australian Armoured Corps was the way to go. On Graduation Ian was allocated to the Armoured Corps and spent his first few years at Puckapunyal. Initially trained on Centurion Tanks, he was then involved on the Leopard Tanks which were being introduced into service in 1977. He spent a lot of time at Woomera on the initial trials.



A posting to the 4th Cavalry Regt at Enoggera, included a three month training exercise at Butterworth, Malaysia during which he was seconded as 21C D Coy 6 RAR Postings to 2 Cavalry Regiment, ADC, Fort Queenscliff and Sydney

Ian retired from the Army in the early 90's and worked for Defence Companies in Melbourne including Telstar, RLM, Tenix, BAE Systems and worked there for 8 years. Ian liked to get involved with causes and projects, whether to renovate his home or to help address the traffic flow problem outside his house in Melbourne. All were pursued with enthusiasm and professionalism.

Ian was a professional soldier, a very dedicated Armoured Corps officer, a good bloke and a good friend to many.

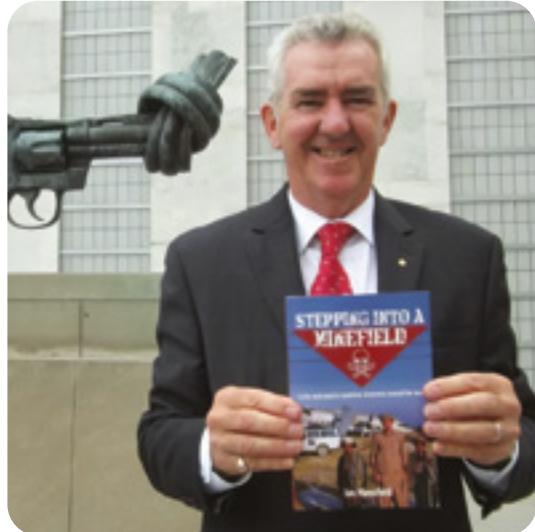
Not having been in school cadets, I found the first few weeks at Duntroon challenging, but soon settled into the routine and rhythm of cadet life. My experience of Duntroon is the same as others, although I did enjoy meeting cadets from all over Australia (and NZ) and it broadened my horizons through the adventure training trips to Cameron's Corner, PNG, and Indonesia. Other than graduating, the best thing about 1st Class was meeting my wife-to-be, Margaret. We married in May 1976.

In the RAE I did the normal range of postings. In October 1976 we went to Wewak in post-independence PNG, which was quite isolated, but good work and fun. I then did the 18-month NBC course in the US and Canada. A weird subject, but great to travel extensively throughout the two countries with my family. The best posting I had was as the OC of 20th Div Engineer Support Squadron in Enoggera in 1987/88. Coming from Geelong, I enjoyed Staff College in 1987. There were 17 of us from the Class of 1974 on the course, so it was like a year-long class reunion. I went on many of the major exercises of the time – Brahmin Drive, Droughtmaster, Kangaroo 89, but they all seem a bit pointless now. Despite being in a peacetime army, I added up the time spent away from home on major exercises, courses, etc and it came to about 3 years - out of my 23 years served. However, I cannot remember a year in the Army where I did not do a training course of some sort – what other employer would do that?

In 1991 I had a bit of a 'sliding doors' moment, when I was

offered the post of Commanding Officer of the UN Mine Clearance Training Team in Pakistan/Afghanistan. This was an accompanied post, so we set off on a life-changing journey with our 12 and 10-year-old kids. It was a one year posting that turned into 20 years out of Australia. Soon after I arrived in Islamabad the UN offered me the job as the program manager, so I resigned from the Army. The work of setting up mine and UXO clearance programmes in war torn countries was extremely rewarding. After Afghanistan, we went to Laos and Bosnia. Later I got a senior post with the UN headquarters in New York for 4 ½ years (where we also witnessed the dreadful attacks on September 11, 2001). Soon after we moved to Geneva for 9 years. Working for the UN was interesting – I met some of the most talented, dedicated staff, and some of the most useless – and personal traits we take for granted, like honesty, loyalty, trust, etc were not always evident.

By 2011, we started to have grandkids back in Australia, so I 'retired' and we moved back and lived in Mooloolaba. After renovating the house, I started to do some consulting work with the UN, AusAID and other organizations, still in the landmine sector. This involved travel, so I slowed down during COVID, although I still do a



few jobs. I also wrote a book, called 'Stepping into a Minefield' about my experiences working for the UN. Because our kids were in Canberra, in 2020 we 'right sized' and moved to a new apartment in Canberra, where we are very happy.

Before Duntroon, I had been out of Victoria once. Now I have visited nearly 100 countries, and we have lived and worked in eight of them. Whatever modest achievements I have had, I put down to the solid grounding we received at Duntroon, and the support of my family – Margaret, along with Zoe and Charles (who both went to Duntroon).

My time at Durners can best be described as confliction. I loved the military, and the brotherhood, but I also felt I was missing the 'Age of Aquarius' lifestyle being enjoyed by my school mates. Gough ended the great adventure in Vietnam and laid waste to the ADF, and that seriously damaged my sense of purpose and aspiration. I will never forget my TOC session with the remarkable Sandy Pearson who turned that around, but not enough for me to pass Economics 2 for the 3rd time. I headed off to OCS Portsea for six months.

I remain indebted to the Army, not only for the life and opportunities it provided, but because it looked after me in 1976 when I found myself into 2 Military Hospital with smashed up hips, pelvis, knee etc. The original prognosis was unlikely to walk again, and discharge, but the Army stood by me and gave me a chance to see if I could recuperate.

The challenge was accepted and I 'managed' my way through a variety of routine, pre-deployment and para med boards right up until I until I drew stumps in 1998. DVA gave me some beer money after that, and a card.

My military career was unremarkable but thoroughly enjoyable. I had regimental, operational, aide-de-camp (ADC) training, UN, command and other 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, because it was ruined by my first wife's solicitor's intent on removing my testicles through my wallet.



I met my wonderful wife, Linda, in 2010, retired in 2013 and now live very happily at Mango Hill (yes, he loves the name). I have three kids from my first marriage and two granddaughters. I am also step-dad to Linda's four sons, and four grandkids. Life is good.

So there it was, and central to my reflections of our days at Clink are the lifetime links that we forged. I was actually very lucky to have been in two classes and my OCS class, because every single person from them touched me in some way. I count myself lucky and am grateful for the gift of enduring mateship we all share

For those inclined to detail, here is a timeline summary:

70's – RMC (70-73). OCS, Jun 74. 8/12 Mdm Regt, GPO/FO (74-76). HQ Trg Comd, SO3 Pers (77-78). Married '78. 1 Fd Regt, BK 105 Fd Bty and Honorary ADC to Gov of Qld (79-80).

80's - School of Arty, Adj (81-82). UNMOGIP (83-84). 8/12 Mdm Regt, BC (84-85). Royal School of Arty, UK, Instructor Gunnery



(86-87). Staff College ('88), HQADF, SO2 Force Development (89-90).

90's – HQDF. SO1 Ops/Plans, (91-92). 1 GL Gp, CO (93-95), LHQ, SO1 Trg, (96-98). End 1998.

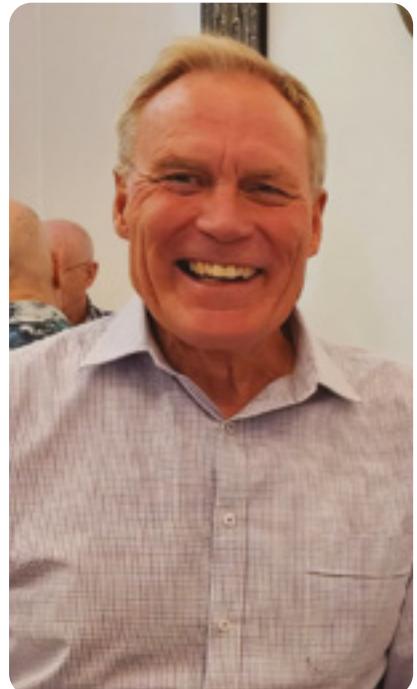
Civvy St - LOGSERV, Bus Dev Mngr ('99). Aust Red Cross, GM Ops & Dep Dir, ('99-2001). Divorce 2001. Self Employed ('01). LMR Roofing Pty Ltd, ops and trg (02-04). Dept public Works, Qld Procurement training and ops ('05- '13). Retired and married.

When I resigned in 1973 I was still working my way through a 21/84 charge for what was an ignominious attack on ANU. It was just a little fun (well I thought it was). I started in 1970 attempting Engineering but after a number of academic missteps eventually ended up in the class of 1971. I think the biggest impact I had on RMC was the A61 billiards tables, that and my beloved Ford Zephyr - just loved those Venetian blinds! —it was a hell of a car. Somethings you never forget.

When I resigned my then Adelaide girlfriend Leonie (who was soon to become my wife) picked me up in Canberra for the drive back to South Australia. I sold my Herbie Johnson, AB's, shotgun and 22 calibre rifle to try and cover fuel. Unfortunately, the infamous Zephyr had gone to Ford Heaven.

I tried to get back into my Engineering degree but the zeal had left me. My brother in-law steered me into a job at Holden. I steadily worked my way up the corporate ladder from assembly worker, line foreman and onto the area manager of the GM general assembly. It was an exciting and rewarding career. I followed up as the SA Ops Manager for one of the other GM vehicle lines which included a lot of overseas travel.

When I eventually left Holden (we weren't on the best of speaking terms) I moved into a number of manufacturing, operations and production roles in various SA companies such as



BAE and Caroma.

Leonie and I divorced in 1992 but we put all our effort into ensuring our three kids continued to thrive. They're all married with lots of kids and have secure and happy lives. We're very fortunate. I continued my Duntroon love for hockey and played at state level and coached from 76 to 94. I also became involved in U8-U18 basketball in manager/coaching roles. Was a great time.

2024 hasn't been the best year for my health and like many of us, the body has all sorts of problems, but thankfully I'm still mentally strong and my wonderful partner Deborah is always there to help me.

I have had an interesting and varied career since Duntroon, but I'll always remember the times and experiences I had, and of course some very enduring close friendships.

Attendance at Duntroon offered the opportunity for me to leave home to pursue a career that encouraged sport and fitness. I promised my parents that I would give it go and stay at least a year at the College. I was certainly watching the days to go board for the first few months and, for those who remember the Army advertising campaign at the time, I was definitely thinking 'I should have gone into plastics.'

By the second half of 1971, I found that I was quite comfortable with the routine at the College and the camaraderie amongst inmates was outstanding. The downside for me was the academic studies. This weakness ultimately produced a one-year delay to my graduation.

My eventual graduation and allocation to RAEME was better than I anticipated and the work hard, drink hard culture really suited me. I was rewarded with additional training which led to a very satisfying career in aircraft logistics and eventually procurement.

I can't describe any of my pursuits after full-time Army as a new career. I did venture into the interesting world of Art Gallery management for a period while I was involved with



an artist. For the past 30 years I have enjoyed participation with Masters Swimming both as a competitor and a coach.

I have never lost my interest or passion for thoroughbred horse racing. I have owned or part-owned several very slow horses and a couple with reasonable ability but success in big races has evaded me. I still live in hope.

I remain active in my local community and am involved in my local licensed Club and local RSL Sub-branch.

I travel extensively with my partner and plan to continue to do so while the health allows.



After a DNF for 1974 I graduated in 1975 to Infantry. On the Friday following Grad I married Catherine (Cathy Young). Catherine went on to support me and make a home for our three sons over many postings within Australia and abroad. I transferred from fulltime service to the Reserves in 2009 and finally retired from the military in 2019.

Post-Army I avoided real work and enjoyed renovating a rather run down house and rejuvenating a neglected block. I volunteered with a number of community organizations and continue to be involved in Legacy and our Church. Catherine retired from full time work in 2023 but continues to work part time for our local Parish. We now enjoy life on our (very) small acreage at the Port Phillip side of the Bellarine Peninsula which we share with the latest of a long line of dogs of dubious pedigree. We are blessed with three loving sons, two lovely daughters-in-law and five delightful grandchildren.

RMC, especially the first year, was an incredibly important formative experience for me. Among all the aspects of RMC the most important enduring one was the classmates I met, many of whom I count as friends to this day.



Postings were:

Infantry

- 1976-78 3RAR (Rifle Pl Comd, IET Pl Comd, AADJT)
- 1981-82 School of Infantry (OIC NCO Wing, IET Coy Comd)
- 1984-85 3RAR (Prcht) (OC Rifle Company, OPSO)
- 1989-90 3RAR (Prcht) (Bn 2IC)
- 1993-94 CO PTS

Staff

- 1979-80 HQ Trg Comd; 1986-87 5 Bde; 1991-92 Army HQ; 1998 HQ ADF; 1999-2001 HQ ADF; 2002-2003 CO SCMA

**Overseas Postings/
Deployments**

- 1978 Rifle Coy Butterworth (Pl Comd)
- 1983 UNMOGIP(Kashmir) (MO, MA to CMO)
- 1984 Rifle Coy Butterworth (OC)
- 1995-97 Canadian Command and Staff College (DS, Head JW)
- 2001 Solomon Islands (COMD ADF Contingent OP TREK)
- 2004 – 2008 Republic of South Korea (DA, Seoul, CLO UNC, Australian Rep UNCMAC).

I chose RMC in 1969 and the Army as a career after not a lot of thought but really wanted the challenge to see if I could do it. After obtaining a scholarship that year, all I had to do was matriculate to UNSW to do the Arts degree. The first days and weeks seemed like a blur. The culture shock was enormous but soon making friends and realising we were all in it together made things a lot easier. Beating the system and a sense of humour became bywords.

RMC was a good choice for me at the time but my advice now would be Uni first then into Duntroon later - bit older and maybe wiser! I like the current system of off the street into Duntroon then 18 months to become an officer. Duntroon memories now faded with time are in order graduating, meeting Rhonda my wife of 50 years and friendships which have endured over the same 50 years. RMC transitioned me from 'boy to man'. Although not perfect, RMC gave me a confidence and maturity and personal skills which have lasted a lifetime.

I was a lazy academic and passed easily - a gift from the excellent academic life provided by UNSW. The lecturers for the most part were true intellectuals - English and Political Science stood out for me.

21 years of rewarding soldiering in peace time followed. 75-77 Platoon Commander then Intelligence Officer of 2/4 RAR in Townsville. I had decided to give up my Aviation place and had qualified for SAS in 76, serving there 77 to 79 as an Air Troop commander specialising in parachuting and Mountaineering. Two years in 80/81 as SO3 OPs at 1



TF followed by OC 1 Cdo Coy 82-84. Then Staff College at United States Marine Corps in Quantico USA then six months on long service leave in Europe travelling. Last years in the Army were at HQ Special Forces, Canberra University and Army HQ, then two years with the US Army in Fort Leavenworth Kansas USA and lastly at the Army Battle Simulation Group in 93.

I was never in the Army for the long haul. In 1993 I had outgrown my active soldiering life and after recovering from serious illness decided to leave and seek a new career and more money and security for my family. This was the best decision I ever made besides marrying Rhonda (50 years in 2024 like so many others who married in Grad Week). These second careers led to financial security. My family has flourished - two daughters Simone and Meaghann, two sons-in-law, Toby and Chris and four grandchildren aged 19 (Charlie) 2x16 years (Milton and Hazel) 11 years (Arthur).

I secured several well paid and rewarding positions over the



next 25 years - GM of a Council in Yamba NSW, then 10 years as CEO Surf Life Saving Australia then six years as a Director on the Executive of the Australian Sports Commission, London and Rio Olympic Games as Security Director for the Australian Olympic Committee (AOC) and last job Head of Sport for the 2018 Commonwealth Games. All of these jobs were new and exciting and well paid and I learnt many new skills from the varied experiences. BUT all were built on what I had learnt in the Army, particularly during my formative time at RMC.

Growing up in the immediate post-WWII generation I gained an initial feeling for military life from my parents who had served - my mother in the WAAAF and my father active service in the Pacific in the RAN. I also had an insight from four years in the school cadets at my college in Melbourne; the same school as Jim Molan and Ron Elms. At least I knew how to iron and wear a uniform and spit polish my boots before arriving at Duntroon. Rick Dobbie was part of the same selection process and we later served together in C SQN 1 Armd Regt as Tank Troop Leaders.

On 18 Jan 71 all the Victorians, including Rick Dobbie, Trevor Goodhew, Jack Walker, Russell Scott, Jim Winn, Peter Curran, Kevin Poynton, Charlie Vagi, Bill Cowan and others who were to become friends and fellow cadets, were farewelled by our families at Spencer Street Station. In Kapyong I was allocated to Jim Molan's Platoon. I lived in Ack and Cork blocks for two years, which were close to the Parade Ground and the gym - a significant advantage for leaps between different classes.

By Graduation I was keen to move on to "real" soldiering in the RAAC. From the start of the RAAC Regimental Officers Basic Course in January 75 until I left the Army in January 96, I had found my vocation as an Armoured Corps officer. My various postings to four of the Corps' Regts, and the School of Armour, were the most



enjoyable, instructive and satisfying of my time in the Army. Other highlights were a year as ADC to the Governor General, a six-month attachment to HQ 4 Armd Div, 1 British Corps, BAOR, where I very fortuitously met my future wife Anne. Two years in Paris at the French Staff College and Joint Staff Course in '87 and '88, and a final posting as DS and then OPS Instructor at C&SC, along with Ian Lillie, Steve Nicolls and Vince Williams.

For 18 years after leaving the Army I was employed as the Regional Manager/Director of the Loddon Mallee Region of the Country Fire Authority in North West Victoria. It was my great privilege to lead a team of 120 dedicated field staff and 10,000 CFA volunteers. The role was a real leadership challenge for which my time in the Army had been a great preparation. Since retiring Anne and I have spent our time undertaking long distance walks in the UK, Spain



and France, as well as shorter ones here in Australia.

My time at RMC with a generally great bunch of blokes in all classes was the foundation for everything I have done since Graduation. I am very grateful for that preparation and the subsequent opportunities it has provided Anne and me to raise our six children, and now to enjoy their lives and our seven grandchildren.

Thank you to all those with whom I have served, for your friendship, professionalism and dedication.

Lee or Leeroy as he was known by practically every cadet stood out from the first day. His red, white and blue flare jeans did the job. He may have been all the go in the US in 1971, but Lee was probably the only person in Australia who was wearing such clobber at the time.

Lee also had a huge music collection and an ear popping sound system to match. This 'hobby' was only matched by his predilection for go faster sporty cars. He had lots of them over the years.

Lee was one of the first in the class to have an alarm clock go off from inside his pack on defaulters' parade – this time-honored zap never failed to get a laugh, not only because of the startled look that it would elicit from the victim but also because it resulted in the victim getting another extra drill – Lee was an above average zapper but always took those that came his way in good spirit. Lee was also there the night we lifted about 600 witches hats laid along the length of the Kings Ave and relocated them into bedrooms throughout the Duntroon accommodation blocks in the dead of the night. What made this zap even more memorable was that it was BC

day in the morning. A lot of perplexed but panicked cadets was the result.

Lee was posted to RACT and during his early years he served in a number of regimental appointments as a troop commander with 10 Terminal Regiment and 16 Transport Squadron.

A posting to PNG in 1981 at HQ PNGDF in a movements appointment was followed in 1983 by appointment as the officer commanding 30 Terminal Squadron.

Lee attended the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham in 1985 and Command and Staff College, Queenscliff in 1986. This was followed by appointments in Materiel Division, then on promotion to lieutenant colonel 1990, as a project director. In 1994, Lee departed for the USA to join



the Army Staff (Washington) as the desk officer to manage Australia's involvement in the ABCA agreement.

Lee retired in 2002 and after a stint in the consulting world returned to international logistics as a defence civilian and commenced his second journey in international logistics in early 2003 as a member of the international logistics team within strategic logistics branch.

Lee died in 2022 after a long illness. He is survived by his wife Catherine and their two children Alexander and Charlotte.

Lee was a great mate. He is still missed.

Al Egan



Marcus came to RMC in '71 as a Kokoda late starter. He was younger than most of us, having matriculated in year 11. The son of an orchardist, Marcus spent his childhood at Grove in Tasmania, growing up in the historic family home, "Crabtree House".

In those early RMC years, Marcus kept a tight rein on his money, and in consequence, was a dreadful wingman on a rare night out. In later years, he cultivated a killer smile, updated his psychedelic wardrobe, bought an exotic car, and became a favourite with the ladies.

As a scholar, he was both conservative and studious. On the parade ground, he was "unco", regularly competing with Rob Joske for the Norm Goldspink Mechanical Duck Award. For casual entertainment, Marcus enjoyed nothing more than a quiet Sunday afternoon shooting rabbits in the hills surrounding Canberra. He participated in the 1973 Wau-Salamau trip where he met Sue, his first wife. By first class, he preferred the racy lifestyle of a day boy rather than the rigours of his official role as company CQ. Along the way, his love of all things infantry

had earned him the nickname SAS, a nickname that stuck for life.

Post graduation, SAS spent several years in Townsville, serving in a variety of regimental appointments with both 1 RAR and 2/4 RAR. His more significant roles were Adjt 2/4 RAR in 1980 - 81, OC B Coy in 1982, and OPSO in 1983. Married with two daughters, Fiona and Emma, Marcus left for CGSC at Ft. Leavenworth in mid-1984, graduating in 1985. He divorced after Ft. Leavenworth, and came to Canberra on a staff posting in 1986. In 1988, Marcus married his second wife, Debbie, and had three more children; Luke, Andrew and Anna. His military career continued with postings at RMC, Defence Housing in Brisbane, (where he took a year off in 1991 to complete his MBA), and back to Staff College where he lectured in tactics, honing his shred tearing skills on anyone submitting sub-par work.

After retiring from the Army, Marcus worked briefly as a head hunter before being appointed as Deputy Director, of Personnel



Services at the University of Queensland in 1995. During his time at UQ, SAS was "mentioned in dispatches" on a number of occasions for outstanding leadership on a variety of UQ projects. He remained with UQ for the rest of his working life. He and Debbie settled on acreage at Pullenvale outside of Brisbane, and purchased a holiday home at the Town of 1770. These were halcyon days for Marcus, time to settle, time for family, and time to share the outdoor life he loved so much. Marcus had a love of sailing. He owned a Hobie Cat, and also sailed competitively out of Brisbane for many years on a boat called "Broadsword".

Marcus passed away in August 2017. Many of his former RMC colleagues from around the country attended a packed service, testimony to the high regard in which he was held.



Upon graduation I joined the RAAOC. I spent my first posting in WA, where I learnt a bit, worked with some good people, and enjoyed an active mess life with several classmates (you know who you are), and other young and young at heart officers. In many ways it was the classic young officers first posting.

In 1976 I attended the Ammunition Technical Officer Course at Bandiana, and ammunition became one of the three main threads to my career with postings to ammunition depots in country NSW, national fleet manager positions in Melbourne, two years in the US, and a training job at Bandiana. The highlight of my time at Bandiana was a Defence Cooperation Task in the Solomons to prepare for in-country training to address their immense WWII Explosive Ordnance problem. While in my first Melbourne posting I met an 'arresting' young lady from the Military Police. Heather and I were subsequently married in the US, in 1980, and have been a special team ever since.

The second thread of my career was general logistics and general staff postings. This included my initial Ordnance posting, as well as Command

and Staff College in 1987, and 18 months full-time at ADFA completing a Masters of Management Economics. I then had postings at Army Headquarters and the Inspector General's Division.

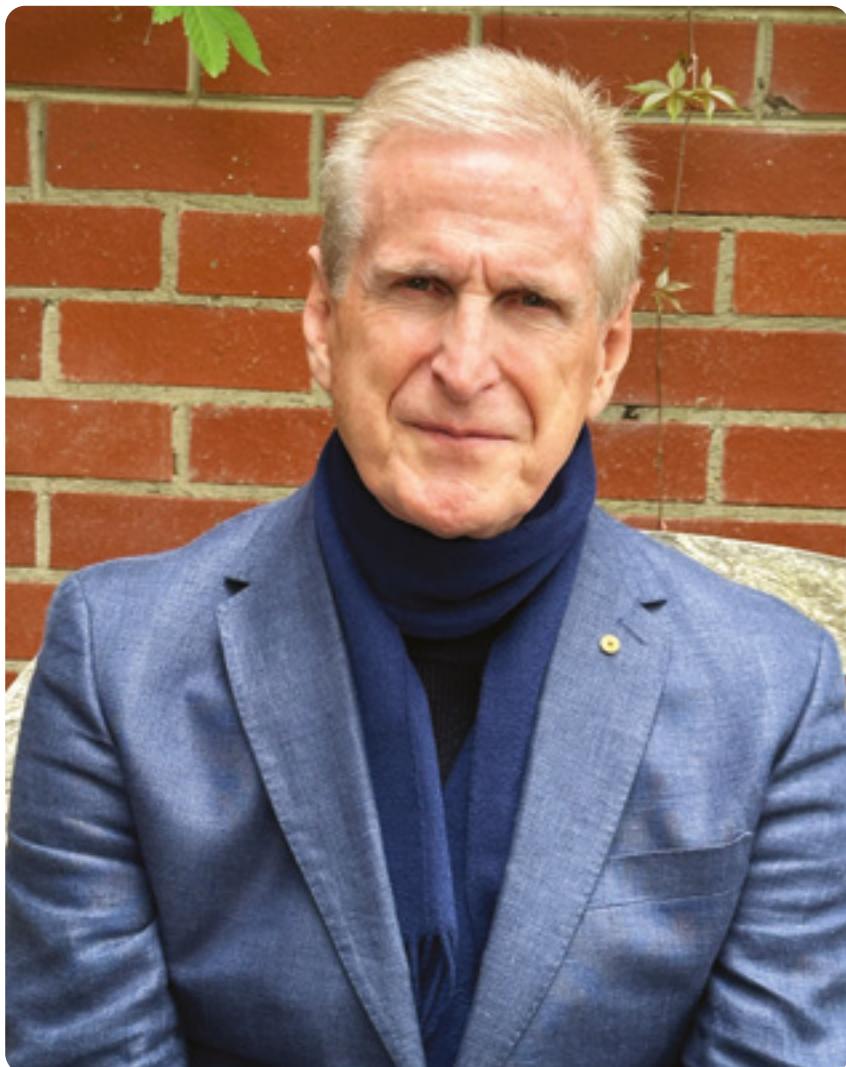
The third thread of my career was in command positions. I commanded three times, once as a major and twice as a Lieutenant Colonel. As a major I commanded the major ammunition depot for Army at Myambat, in the Upper Hunter Valley. In 1990-91 I was Commanding Officer of Perth Logistic Battalion. This was my second and final 'home' posting. I left there to undertake the masters' program at ADFA. After two Canberra postings, I was offered a posting to Brisbane to be 2IC/Logistic Operations Officer at Brisbane Logistic Group. I subsequently became the Commanding Officer. It was a source of pride that I had been CO in two of the most desirable locations-Perth and Brisbane. I had a short posting to the Joint Ammunition Logistic Organisation at Orchard Hills in Western Sydney before discharge in 2002 after 31 years of full-time service.

Back in Brisbane I joined the Army Reserve and spent

several very enjoyable years at HQ 1 DIV. While at HQ 1 DIV I was sent to Iraq to conduct an ammunition related investigation.

As my military career was winding down a role as a consultant in general logistics was increasing, mostly to the Department of Defence. For a while I managed both simultaneously. A highlight of my consulting career was a job set-up by Ian Lillie - working for an international company in the UAE, modernising the UAE Defence Force logistic systems. After all of the above it was time to drift into retirement.

The class visits incorporating visits to significant Australian battlefields and cemeteries have been a complement to the existing bond between classmates. However, walking the Kokoda Track with RMC colleagues in 2008 was a graphic illustration that age does indeed weary, and the years do eventually condemn. I now spend my time playing golf, researching military history, surviving Covid and any other health threat to people in their 70s, travelling (pre-Covid), and trying to make time for all the other things I'd like to do.



After the army, Peds pursued his true vocation and first love, military history. As a historian, he wrote ten books on the First World War, chapters in several others, and numerous articles on other conflicts. He often appeared as a talking head on television and radio, was a frequent lecturer and conference speaker both here and abroad, and led battlefield tours worldwide, which included leading and organising the first British tour to Dien Bien Phu. On finishing up as Assistant Director of the Australian War Memorial, Peds was appointed consultant historian for the Commonwealth government's commemorative projects on the Australian Western Front battlefields during the centenary of the First World War. In this role he helped plan much of the Australian Remembrance Trail and oversaw the preparation of historical content for the Sir John Monash Centre at Villers-Bretonneux, as well as for local museums in France and Belgium. He was also consultant historian for the ANZAC Museum in Beersheva, Israel. In 2020 he received the AM for his contribution to military history. A very private person nowadays, Peds will not be participating in the reunion but wishes everyone bountiful blessings, the best of luck and the rudest of health.



I enjoyed my time at RMC commencing with 'that train trip' in Jan 71, with existing friends (Tim McKenna, Pete Leahy and I all from the same school), making new friends, learning new skills (both military and professional), engaging in great sporting and social activities, and travelling to exciting places like PNG. My craft of leadership was in its embryo days.

A variety of Army postings beckoned...WA then PNG. It was there in the wilds of the Sepik that I honed my leadership, the one expat officer among the good men of the PNGDF. A return to WA saw exposure to the Nor-West frontier. Canberra and Pucka followed, then Shrivernam UK Staff (Sabbatical) College. More leadership on offer in Sydney before 'vale 3rd AIF' in early 1991.

Post Army professional life saw me embrace more front line leadership roles in the hospital and local government sectors, then four great years in Vietnam teaching English to all ages of folk.

I have always loved my "Strules", and that continued until age 38. Our Dunners premiership in 1971 and as playing coach for an ADFA side in mid 80s were stand outs. I have contributed to community over many years via Red Cross, Legacy WA, Cystic Fibrosis WA, RSL (WA) and more.

Lorraine and I were together for seventeen years, and then the Margaret years followed, ending harshly with her death in 2007 from cancer. Son James resides in Perth. And now, supporting a dementia stricken Mum in Melbourne, and a variety of other pursuits as well.

Thank you World, for life thus far.



A life shaped by four years
Not surprisingly to those who knew me, post my graduation I found some trouble adapting to the constraints of the 1970s Army. I enjoyed a short time as Platoon Commander in 3RAR C Coy 8 Pl. I was quickly moved on to be the Ack Adj, a role that taught me much about Hire Purchase Agreements and how to extricate soldiers from such usury. There followed a move to 2/4 RAR, duty as Mortar Line Officer and acting Mortar Commander. Another move then to Canberra as SO3 Army Safety and then back to 3RAR as 21C C Coy.

At this time we worked out our daughter (Sandra Jane) had been to 4 primary schools – and my lovely wife Carol gave me a choice – her and Sas or the Army – no brainer!

What had I learnt in these 10.5 years – love is most important (I just didn't know how much at that time), youthful infatuation with aspirations must grow up and placing trust and respect in people purely because of their position is almost guaranteed to end in disappointment. Oh yes, and graduating was not the end game – just another beginning. But much of who I became and remain was defined by those four special years – for better or worse.

Where to then

After a short (unsuccessful) flirtation with private enterprise, I was back in Defence as a civilian – much easier. I found I had a true knack for resource management and flowed easily from ASRP-A to RFP Division, to DSTO Resource Management – if these acronyms mean nothing to you then you obviously missed the most important players in Defence – SHOW ME THE MONEY!



I was involved in the development of Program Budgeting (later Program Management and Budgeting), the associated Defence Ledger System, established the Defence Financial Management and Education Training Directorate, was CEA to DEPSEC Acquisition and was Defence Liaison Officer to Minister MacLachlan at Parliament House for two years. This latter position truly opened my eyes to the fallibility of humans – power corrupts etc.

On a recreational side, I took to rugby and played in South Australia and for the RMC seconds, had a short game for Army against Navy (broke my hand in the first five minutes), played touch football at the national level and represented Australia Over 30s against New Zealand and held Veterans Athletics records in the ACT for some years – especially for the 100 metres.

I took early retirement, I had had enough, Caz was not well, Sas had finished school and so we moved down to Merimbula.

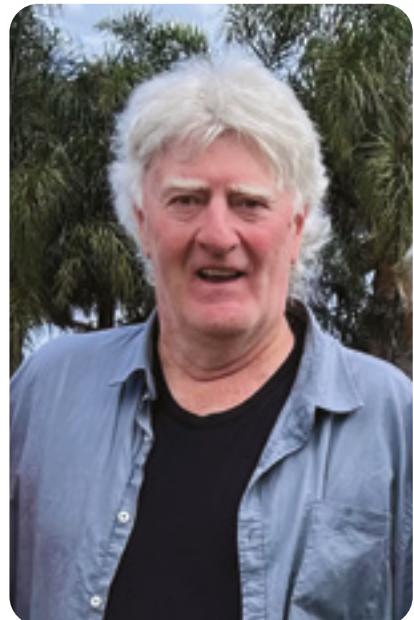


Finally we moved to the Sunshine Coast into a gated community – this posting at the direction of she who must be obeyed and she was happy.

But as life does, things went truly pear shaped. My beautiful wife of 45 years died from MND in 2020, followed two years later by my darling daughter from the same disease.

The loss is too great.

Then, again, as life has it, I met another lovely lady who for some reason has agreed to spend time with me – the hurt remains but happiness has also returned.



I applied to RMC Duntroon because I wanted to go to university and my parents could not afford the fees. Free tuition did not arrive until the election of the Whitlam government a year later (1972). I also wanted to escape my home in Newcastle where I'd lived my first 17 years. One of my most enduring memories of RMC is opening the door to my room on Easter Bunny night in 1971 and being thrown back against the wall by water from a fire hose. And then sleeping on curtains in the drying room because my room was flooded. But the best memory remains the many friendships I made then which have sustained me through life.

You all know I resigned after fourth class. Most don't know that I re-applied a year later. But the Army told me I was outside the age range. It was probably their way of rejecting me after the things I said about RMC in my resignation letter. During a visit to the Duntroon museum at our class 25th reunion in 1999 I read my file. The comment

from my Geography 1 teacher Professor Laurie Olive was profound. It offered a single word: "Hopeless". But I did note that my military marks were well above average, which surprised me.

I was a lazy academic, getting by via a good memory. My attitude changed with maturity, and two decades later I got a PhD aged 40. I succumbed to an infection days after submitting my thesis and spent six days in hospital. On the second night one of the elderly women in the care home next to the hospital climbed into bed with me, thinking I was her husband.

My best-worst experience was the 36 hours I spent during the birth of my second child, my daughter Tobi. My then wife Deirdre spent much of the time telling me what a shit I was for getting her pregnant and putting her through childbirth.

After leaving Duntroon I became a newspaper reporter. I worked as a journalist in Australia, Thailand, New Zealand, the UAE, the UK and China. After two

decades as a journalist I taught journalism in Australia, the UAE, America, China and Norway. I returned to journalism with the South China Morning Post in Hong Kong from 2011-13.

I retired last year as professor of mobile phone journalism at Kristiania University in Oslo (2014-23). I currently live in Brighton in the UK. My focus in recent years has been making comedy movies. I'll end with some numbers: three wonderful children; two marvellous grandchildren; three marriages and three divorces; 110 (approx) number of countries visited at least twice; 30 books published; nine films produced where I wrote, directed and edited; one million words (approx) written about wine

Advice to my young self: Learn to relax, find the humour in life and don't take many things seriously. As GK Chesterton said: "Angels can fly because they can take themselves lightly."

Lorraine and I have been in partnership for approaching 40 years; though, I am sure she would wish my first wife her sincere thanks for assuming responsibility for the initial load she bore. Meeting in Melbourne, Lorraine did bring with her some baggage in the form of two girls, Nicole (10) and Brooke (6). It is baggage I have happily carried since. As my daughters, they repaired the past and rescued me from the future. In 1987, while in the middle of my Monash Paper, our third daughter Samantha arrived.

Lorraine and I continue to draw much pleasure watching our daughters and four precious grandchildren, aged 7 to 17, grow. However, following 23 years living in Brisbane post Army, we decided to relocate to the glorious reaches of the NSW Northern Rivers. Figured they would be more likely to visit us there than 10 minutes down the road in Brisbane. It has proved a great move for us. I am now a rusted-on Blues supporter.

Lorraine and I pursue mutual interests in retirement; principally around family, live music and travel. We have been avid caravanners over the last 10 years intermingled with overseas trips. I continue to do my best to lead an active lifestyle, sharing my daily interests across cycling, swimming, golf, walking, some local volunteering and amateur videography released under the Rushbrook Media Corporation label.

On separating from the Army in 1993, we settled in Brisbane. My first 2 – 3 months were spent on sabbatical. Meanwhile, Lorraine returned to property management and was pleased to finally secure a job for more

than a posting cycle. Packing Lorraine off to work each day and me filling in time around the house soon drew an all too predictable response. I subsequently took up a short-term Project Manager's position within Queensland Health. That led to a 22 year career as a logie across various appointments within the Health Department.

I am in no doubt that my 22 year military career prepared me well for subsequent civilian life. A career in the military resulted from a realisation, in Year 11, that physics and chemistry were not my strong point. As such, a career trajectory in veterinary sciences quickly fell from favour and, with a Vietnam vet as a father, the Army a logical calling.

So off to Duntroon. My first vivid memory of life at RMC was quickly establishing that senior classmen did not appreciate being called mate. Only did it the once on that Day 1. The other early memory was a particularly uncomfortable evening dining experience at one unnamed first classman's table. Barely ate my meal and was thankful for the leftover bread and lemon spread I was able to cobble together from other tables as I quickly exited the mess hall. Notwithstanding, a memorable time at RMC followed by fulfilling careers in both uniformed and civvy life. I would do it all again ... albeit a bit smarter.



Resigned from the Corps at the end of '72, explored the world for a while and ended up getting a Certificate in Horticulture in '81. Came north to Little Mulgrave (FNQ) in '85 with wife no.1, where I pioneered a plant nursery growing tissue-cultured banana plants for the banana industry. This lasted till 2016, when I moved to Malanda on the Atherton Tablelands with wife no.2, my forever-wife Kaye. I now produce hybrid papaya seeds for the local papaya farmers. No kids of my own, but two grandkids from my step-daughter Erin.

I'm still proud of the fact that I was the first to be charged in our class (along with Geoff Bell and Robert Joske) for going AWOL before Easter Rec Camp. Speaking of which, I remember Pritch, Rushbrook and I on that camp, going for a hike and discovering Zara Holt's unoccupied homestead, wandering in, opening the fridge and discovering part of a shark and wondering whether it was the one that ate Harold.

For potential officers and gentlemen, we certainly behaved like criminals from time to time!



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. I was obviously on a Rugby Scholarship and the best sport ever was Surf Life Saving – hence the photo from about 1973.

My first job was Troop Comd, 6th Const Troop, 9th Fd Sqn, 1FER. 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; it 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 Const Gp in Melbourne and thence to SO2 something at HQ Log Comd (facility master planning etc). Melbourne was good. This was followed by 2IC 1st Const Regt 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 3 years where I met Glenda and thence two years at I RTB as SO2 Log. While in Wagga, Glenda and I both did a second degree in App Sci (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 30 years. Work involved several USA trips and 14 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. Do a lot of dog and footy photos. The lasting legacy of RMC and the Army has been stepping up to help others do stuff, professionally and as a community service.

Not joining the Class until 1972, my memories of RMC differ a little from most. However, being beaten consistently to TOC by the Artists was a common theme, as was playing billiards against Morrie the Bogger in A61. Carrying the machine gun on Infantry Minor Tactics and Camp Training was habitual and, with it, getting the outside seat on chopper insertions, with only one cheek inside the aircraft – geeze, I hated those left banking turns! Participating in the Obstacle Course Iron Man and ending up at the finish line, sculling a warm long neck and a raw pork sausage, raw egg, banana, and bottle of milk against Fin Healy, and winning! Being rescued by Norm Goldspink in the Sergeants Mess in Grad Week when I was being savaged by a very irate RAEME Artificer Sergeant Major. In the end though, having been back squaddled for a lacklustre performance in Physics II in 1971, I did finally manage (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. Attending the technical staff course at Shrivenham in the UK in 1982 set me on a course of Army and Joint project management and Joint capability development that covered most of my remaining 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 and so I bailed out to become a Defence civvie in mid-1998. Initially, I headed a team doing strategic planning for Air Force projects, then worked as part of a small team developing 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 Aircraft 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.

The last seven years of my time in Defence were spent working with a great bunch of 'grey beards', initially 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 50 years in Army/Defence.

On the home front, I married Wendy, whom I met at Fourth Class (1970) 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. We



moved to the Sunshine Coast in Oct 2021 and Wendy retired in early 2022 after 50 years in nursing. We have settled in well, made lots of new friends, as well as rekindling ties with lots of old ones, and find ourselves so busy that we need to take the occasional holiday from retirement!

Ken entered RMC as one of the 1970 intake and repeated with us in 1971. After a Herculean effort to make it through academics he transferred to OCS Portsea from which he graduated in Dec 1973 into RAAOC. Ken was a quiet, pleasant person who upset no one and was probably not upset by anyone either. He was also a very good sprinter, not quite at the Silver Boomerang standard but pretty close. He is remembered as a good bloke who tried his best. While at RMC, Ken was probably next best remembered as a drummer in the cadet band for the years he was there. He was also a hockey player. He married his life-long girlfriend Margaret (Marggie) from Newcastle and over time they had two children.

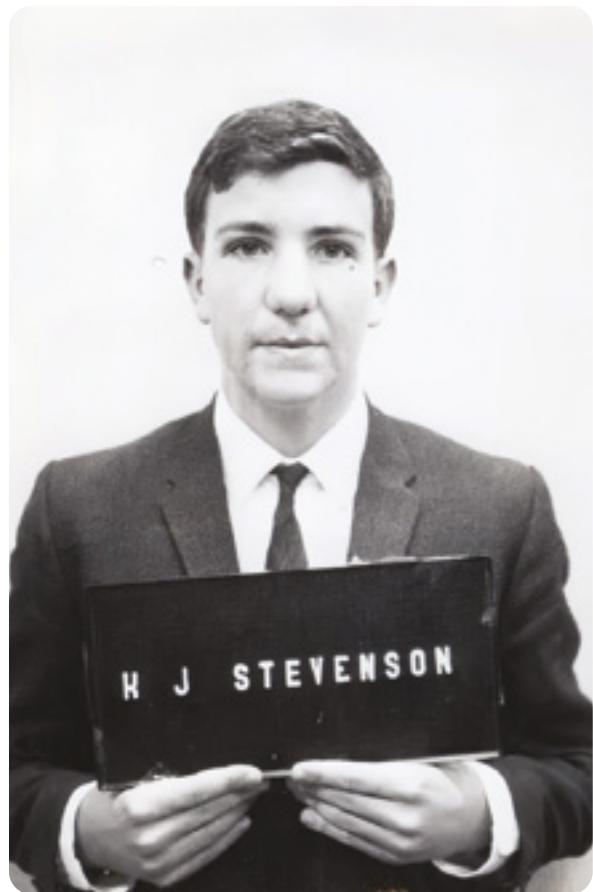
In 1975 Ken was posted to the ammunition depot near Denman, NSW, as Admin Officer and, with Ian Lillie and Alan Pearson, attended the 1976 ATO Course. The course required students to maintain a running average of 80 % in the weekly examinations over 10 months. Ken flourished in the disciplined environment and passed the course with an average over 90%. Ken was posted to the ammunition depot at Wallangarra on the NSW/QLD border.

In 1978 Ken was posted to the EOD Control Centre at Victoria Barracks in Sydney. When the Hilton Hotel Bombing occurred on 13 February 1978, three men were killed and eleven were injured, Ken was one of the first responders on site. The bombing was arguably Australia's greatest terrorist incident, and Ken was involved throughout the duration of the incident, and thereafter,

during the many inquiries that were conducted.

While posted to the EODCC Ken was particularly pleased to be involved in two unusual tasks. Ken was sent to the Australian Antarctic Base to dispose of some civilian explosives that had been required for a construction task some time before. Due to the logistics of travel to and from Antarctica Ken was there for a month. The disposal task was only made complex because no

one knew what the cold weather could have done to the stability of the old explosives. Ken was also in a small group from the EODCC who were put through the NSW Police 'pursuit' course. Despite enjoying handbrake turns in a Police vehicle Ken indicated that he was unwilling to try the manoeuvre while driving the unstable, heavily laden VW Kombis that were the standard Army EOD vehicle. After the EODCC, in 1980 and 1981, Ken was posted as Captain Instructor at the Ammunition Wing of the RAAOC Centre at Bandiana, and in 1984 he was selected to attend the Div 2 Course at RMCS at Shrivenham. Ken and Marggie later divorced, and Ken lost contact with both our Class and the '73 Class. Ken re-married and he died some years ago.



What were we thinking! Gathering at the Brisbane Recruiting Office, Queenslanders Case, Col, Bruce, Birdy, Mick and Dave were the first of a wonderful band of Brothers who came on the four year journey. We were boys, joining an Army that was at War, volunteering in a time of conscription, full of testosterone yet signing up to attend Australia's only All Male University ...? My simple thoughts were, Goal 1: to graduate with a University Degree extending minimum effort while being paid to do it. Secondly, Chase Girls and thirdly develop a robust Drinking Habit.

Much fuss was made of our Thompson Cup (Boxing), 1971. However, over the four years, the award of which I was most proud was a Pewter Mug for RMC Rugby Best Clubman, 1974. While feeling bulletproof, my goals and disregard for Rules and Regulations drew obvious attention and Goal 1 was achieved by the skin of my teeth. Graduating as per plan, I set out to complete my Masters (started while at RMC), serve the mandatory five years, and get on with becoming Prime Minister of Australia.

Military Career, 1975 – 93 What a wonderful world! I loved the excitement and camaraderie of my temporary pursuit. Five year windows for re-evaluating career choices (before becoming PM) were reset at ages 25, through to 40. Sitting on a Kashmiri mountain, I recall thinking, "where else could one have so much fun and be paid too!!". Who would later spend two(+) years teaching me languages and foreign culture? Overseas Staff College was a



highlight, providing an insight to the World we live in for which I am ever appreciative. Further highlights included secondment to DFAT, an Australian Diplomatic Team committed to resolving a conflict in our Region. This introduction to geo-strategic policy included sensational experiences (e.g. Lunch with Director CIA, tour of the White House). Personal objectives, unlike time in Duntroon, were absolutely in sync with those I served. In this context, it was very satisfying to see new goals executed successfully. An Australian General commanded the UN Operation in Cambodia. Australia's contribution was Signals and I commanded the 1st Contingent.

23 Feb 1992 was a time for reflection on one's mortality. The first soldier on active service wounded (Arm & Leg), since Vietnam. Sudden proof that literally, you're not bulletproof! Marriage quickly followed and then birth of my beautiful daughter (yes in that order...but only just). Headhunted while in UN HQ New York (one of the team of Military Advisors to the Secretary General), I resigned after 23 years, joining Telstra International.



Business Career, 1994 - After six years of Telstra appointments headhunted again - by a Swedish version of Richard Branson \$\$\$\$\$\$. Employed as his global troubleshooting CEO, sojourns in Singapore, Indonesia, Sri Lanka and Pakistan were as exciting as Army time. Cindy and I now live in Malaysia in semi-retirement, operating a Telecommunications Consultancy - the adventure continues.

Today My Goals remain quite simple:

1. Keep an aging mind in check
2. Appreciate wonderful Brothers (and wives) who've shared such a formative part of my life – Class of '74
3. Love the Girl I finally caught

C'est la Vie. Prime Minister of Australia need no longer feel threatened.

During high school in Melbourne, I joined school cadets and accepted a schoolboy visit to Duntroon in 1970. I believe these two experiences, and wanting a university degree, led me to apply for RMC. Starting Duntroon at 17 and a half, I've often thought I should have deferred for 12 months to see what life had to offer after leaving school.

Generally, you remember good times while painful experiences tend to fade over time. Duntroon provided both. While the shenanigans of senior classes were wearisome, some of the pranks were humorous in hindsight. One Saturday night I was 'abducted' while watching movies Over the Hill - blanket over the head, ribs punched if I struggled - then dropped off along Gundaroo Road with no shoes. Regardless of mixed memories, four years at Duntroon formed connections that remain durable after 50 years.

Unsuccessful in final year engineering studies in 1974, I transferred to OCS Portsea graduating in June 1975. Posted to Sydney, I met and married Alison in 1977, thankfully now my wife for 47 years. During a 12-month posting to Canberra in 1978, I completed my studies at RMC. Initial overseas appointments were to PNG (1979-1980 and 1984-1985). I declined Command & Staff College offers for family reasons and instead attended Royal Australian Navy Staff College in 1990. The following year I was seconded to UN HQ New York (1991-1993) to what is now the Department of Peace Operations. Being a



member of planning missions deployed to Angola, Western Sahara, the former Yugoslavia, Mozambique, Eritrea and Liberia, and managing aspects of Peacekeeping Operations in Somalia and Cambodia, are amongst highlights from this time.

Not being promoted, and the Army unwilling to leave me in one locality while our two children completed high school, I joined the Australian Agency for International Development (AusAID) in 1997. High spots included Bougainville (Peace Monitoring Group in 1999 and Transition Team in 2003); Rome visits three times a year for World Food Program (WFP) Executive Board meetings (2001-2003); Kuwait (liaising with USAID and WFP at the start of Desert Storm 2 in 2003); Solomon Islands (International Peace Monitoring Team in 2001 and Director Corporate Support RAMSI in 2009); Indonesia, Banda Aceh (Tsunami Emergency Response Coordinator, Jan-Jun 2005); Singapore (APEC Secretariat,

Director Project Management, 2007 – 2008); Afghanistan (Development Adviser Uruzgan, Aug- Nov 2008; Uruzgan again in Nov 2011) and Canberra based Afghanistan program manager 2008-2018. After AusAID merged with DFAT in 2013, additional missions included Nauru (Deputy Head of Mission for three months 2015 – 2016) and Nepal, Kathmandu (Head of Development Cooperation, 11 months in 2019).

I retired from DFAT in early 2020, but accepted three further contracts, the last as Chargé d'affaires to the Marshall Islands (Jun- Oct 2023). I finally retired in Nov 2023.

Looking back, undertaking international studies/development economics or similar, in preference to entering Duntroon, might have been a better career choice. On balance though, I have thoroughly enjoyed my careers with the Army (1971-1997) and AusAID/DFAT (1997-2023).

I arrived as a late entry to Fourth Class in January 1971 and quickly found friendship and a helping hand from those already enjoying the delights of RMC.

What can I say about fourth class? A life changing experience? A whole year of fun? An experience it certainly was. All of the usual activities culminating in a less than impressive academic result, perhaps I had too much fun. A main highlight was getting to know Sandy Pearson over a few chats in his study.

The following January I returned only to be rejected academically. I chose a change of path and joined an elite group who would attend all three officer producing courses: Scheyville, Portsea and Duntroon. In the end I changed courses and returned to Canberra and completed an Arts degree but having to start again with the entry class of 72.

I graduated into Infantry much to the amusement of those present. Two postings ensued - 8/9 RAR (Brisbane) and 4 Training Group (Adelaide). An incomplete relationship with the military lead me to pursue a career in business.

My business life began with a family company involved in property development and live cattle export. This proved less than successful and I moved into real estate timing this perfectly with "the recession we had to have". Finding this unsuitable I began work in the oil industry for Caltex. If there was one certainty it was movement as this involved more postings than the military. I worked in a number of management roles across marketing, logistics, IT and security in Brisbane, Sydney,



Townsville and some global locations. Perhaps one of the more interesting activities was providing one million litres of JetA fuel for the UN in Aceh following the major earthquakes there in 2004.

After the oil business I moved to the UK and began business consulting with a bent towards technology. This also involved considerable travel and diverse working environments - England, Scotland, Wales, Germany, The Netherlands, Finland, Malaysia and The Czech Republic. This mainly involved large scale programme delivery.

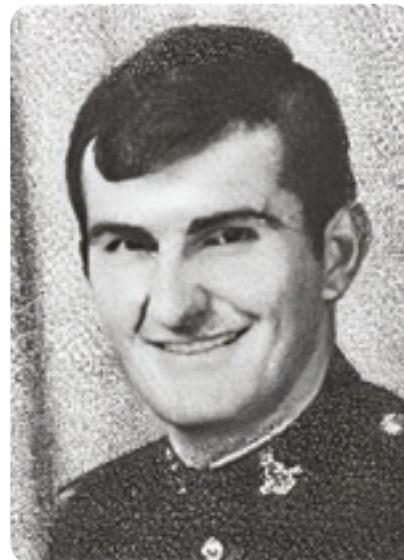
I am now a resident in the UK (London) for 18 years and I enjoy most things but mainly wine, food, history and gardening. My four sons are spread across three continents. I am also available for coffee or beer with visitors.



I entered RMC in 1971, and began close friendships with fellow engineering students – Steve "Stork" Cornish and Terry "Panel" Beaton. In 1974 I 'switched' to the '5-Year Plan'. My first posting was to 21 Construction Squadron in Puckapunyal. Throughout my early career I held a range of technical engineering appointments, including 3 years at 12th Chief Engineer Works, Mendi, in PNG's remote and challenging Southern Highlands Province.

In 1985 our family relocated to Shrivenham in the UK - taking over our house and car from Col and Noeleen Green, to tackle not only the challenges of the Technical Staff Course at the Royal Military College of Science, but also enjoy the pleasures of the British way of life, especially our regular Friday evening sessions at the White Horse Pub in nearby Woolstone. However, the fun and interesting times in the UK soon faded into the distant past in early 1986 as I began Staff College in Queenscliff.

In 1990 I was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and appointed as the Chief Engineer of 19th Chief Engineer Works – taking over the reins from Kev Poynton. While being professionally very rewarding, it was made all the more enjoyable by working with one of our former classmates – Derek Taylor. In early 1991, following the first Gulf War I led the first Australian Contingent to the United Nations Special Commission into Iraq (UNSCOM), searching for Iraq's Weapons of Mass Destruction. To say that this appointment was extremely challenging and rewarding is an understatement, and it would also influence some later unexpected decisions in



my career. For my services to the UN I was fortunate to be recognised with a Conspicuous Service Cross.

In 1992 I was posted to Staff College and then re-posted to Canberra to the newly formed Australian Technical Staff Officers Course (ATSOC) at ADFA, – alongside Bill Blair. In late 1995 I was promoted to Colonel and appointed as Head of Australian Defence Staff – PNG. Confronting issues such as PNG's infamous Sandline mercenary crisis, the Aitape tsunami and a major drought made for a very interesting and demanding three years. For my contribution to the Defence relationship with PNG I was again fortunate to be recognised with a Bar to my Conspicuous Service Cross.

In 2003 after 32+ years in uniform, I decided to consider a second career, and joined the Australian Geospatial-Intelligence Organisation (AGO). I was seconded to a Parliamentary Joint Committee as a technical advisor, to assist an inquiry into the intelligence on Iraq's weapons of mass destruction. In June 2016 after a range of APS appointments I tried to retire. In mid-2017 I

returned to Reserve duty, to assist in the Inquiry into alleged war crimes by Australia's Special Forces in Afghanistan. Following completion of the Inquiry and after a career spanning 50+ years, I finally "pulled the pin" in May 2021.

Rosemary, who I first met in late 1971, and I were married soon after graduation in 1975. We have 3 adult children, Catherine, Andrew and Richard, and are blessed with 4 wonderful grandchildren. Rosemary and I have remained in Canberra, but have enjoyed numerous overseas holidays, especially cruising, and hitting the road as Grey Nomads. We also spend quality time relaxing at our "home-away-from-home" on the NSW far South Coast.

I was born and bred in Ballarat and went to St Patrick's College. I enjoyed Army Cadets so 4th class had no surprises. My father was an RAASC truck driver in WW2 and served in PNG and finished up as a Corporal. He worked for Ballarat Brewery and then leased his own pub from them in 1962.

I think seeing how hard my parents worked encouraged me to join the Army as I didn't want to be a publican. At RMC I was allocated to Kapyong Company and studied Mechanical Engineering. On a couple of occasions when fellow classmates visited our pub my father didn't worry how much we drank as long as we kept away from the top shelf. He would leave the bar open when he went to bed saying he would just add a few buckets of water to the kegs next day to compensate especially for the amount "your young mate Kevin" drank.

One of the photos in this journal shows me with an M16 on camp training 1974. My wife wanted to know what the yellow cork on the barrel was and I told her I was surprised to hear that question as most Army wives would know it was a Blank Firing Attachment of course!

I graduated in 1974 into RAEME then did a three month intensive military course (GEM) at the Jungle Training Centre, Canungra in Qld, postings to 3 Base Workshop in Broadmeadows Vic then 2 Signals Regiment at Watsonia Barracks. In mid 1977, along with Bruce Whiting and Dave Pascoe, I was sent to the UK to do a 12 mth Aero Engineering Course at the Royal Navy Engineering College in Plymouth and at the British Army Air Corps Centre near Salisbury,

then a three month posting to a British Army on the Rhine (BAOR) Helicopter Squadron in Detmold, West Germany. Highlights included low level helicopter flights along the Mohne Dam (of Dambuster fame).

I then was posted to the Army Aviation Centre at Oakey, Qld and spent six years there with postings to 5 Base Wksp Bn and 173 Sqn Wksp (Pilatus Porters/Nomads).

In 1982 I spent three mths with the US Army 25th Infantry Division in Hawaii attached to a helicopter squadron.

In 1984 I was posted to Thailand as Army Nomad Engineer on a Defence Co-Operation Plan with Nomad aircraft supplied to the Royal Thai Navy for pirate ship surveillance in the Gulf of Thailand. In 1986 I returned to Melbourne to the Maintenance Engineering Agency and in 1989 posted to HQ Support Command, RAAF in the Army Aircraft Section.

In 1991 retired from the Army and took a position with AWA Defence on the Nulka Active Missile Decoy Project. The Project was a joint RAN/USN hovering rocket to protect ships against radar guided sea skimming missiles such as the Exocet. The Company merged into British Aerospace Australia and finally BAE SYSTEMS.



I retired in 2017 and am actively involved with the Waverley RSL. I've been a member of the Hash House Harriers since 1981 and am a keen bike rider.



The options for a British Protected Person from the Solomon Islands to pursue a military or discipline forces career were limited to the local armed constabulary. During my time at boarding school at Downlands College in Toowoomba I was a keen member of the cadet unit. In 1969 whilst on annual cadet camp at Greenbank a Regular Army Cadre Captain suggested a career in the Australian Army via Duntroon or Portsea. And the rest was history, to my amazement then and to this day.

My memories of Clink are all positive. Tom O'Reilly was my Lord and Master and a superb mentor. My Corps "Father" had left RMC so Gary McMahon stepped in for him. Because I was naive in the finer points of life, Peter Tey and one other stepped in and took me out to a dinner. I found Duntroon to be a supportive environment where I was given chances, more than once.

I repeated Fourth Class but subsequently went to Portsea, graduating in Dec '74 and catching up with the Infantry blokes on the Young Officers Course in 1975. Most of my commissioned service was

completed in a Regimental environment; in either the RAR, RQR, FNQR or 1 Avn Regt. I served as a Platoon Commander, Reconnaissance & Anti-Tank Platoon Commander, ARES Adjutant, Company 2IC, five years as a Company Commander, and lastly as Operations Officer. Being a member of the Commonwealth Military Training Team Uganda was a highlight along with three years on Thursday Island.

Resigning in 1993 I joined the Royal Solomon Islands Police Force on contract as an Assistant Commissioner to form and command the National Reconnaissance and Surveillance Force. It was effectively the regrouping of the Police Field Force and the Police Maritime Force, the two armed constabulary components. Unfortunately, the border erupted with numerous cross-border "hot pursuit" incidents, direct attacks on police posts, shelling of villages, protective operations moving the BRA leadership and BIG into and out of the country and even one ship-to-ship naval action. This segued neatly into the civil war on Guadalcanal resulting in my losing the armoury on the morning of the coup on 5 Jun

2000. It was a torrid five years and impossible to continue so I called it a day.

Skipping forward a few years, I began working as a Project Officer for Patrick's Defence Logistics, a subsidiary of Toll Logistics. In that capacity I deployed to various UN missions in Darfur (build up), Haiti after the 2010 earthquake, Chad (draw down), Ghana (prepping and deploying equipment by sea). Parking up 800 white Toyota LandCruisers in southern Darfur, prime targets for the Janjaweed, was a particularly interesting exercise. My final hurrah was as a freight forwarder based out of Lae moving mining equipment off the ships up to the mines in the Highlands. After 22 years as an infantryman, I ended up a "loggie", oh the shame, the shame. Nevertheless, all those manifests and DPDSS back in the day became useful after all. Compared to the Infantry, being a "loggie" was a breeze, it certainly beat walking.

Michelle and I live in Toowoomba. We have three children, one of whom is in the Army, seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

In my last year of high school, I can't recall there ever being a longing to join the Army and go to Duntroon. With career options running short and having been provisionally accepted for Duntroon, I suddenly became interested in my HSC and ended up looking forward to what lay ahead. Little did I know. At my selection board I recall meeting Sandy Pearson and Al Egan. Apart from meeting Al, the only thing I remember from that day was the glint in Sandy Pearson's eyes when he found out that I played rugby and given my academic prowess was probably just as well.

At Duntroon I found life fairly tolerable as long as I could escape to Sydney as often as possible. Having met Barbara while still at school, I joined the "married" club early and was AWL more than once on a weekend (not that anyone noticed).

In the early days of fourth class I think Geoff Bell and I had a slightly easier time as we were both in the First XV which probably gave us some grudging latitude (plus we were on a first name basis with the BSM). With college life established, the next four years became a revolving door of accas, rugby, rowing and trips to Sydney with some military training thrown in to justify my attendance at the college. I am grateful for the lifelong friendships that I developed.

On allocation to the RACT and now married to Barbara, life became an adventure for the next 22 years with postings in Puckapunyal, Brisbane, Canberra, Sydney, Canberra, Queenscliff, Canungra, Sydney then back to Canberra with our children Conor, Bronwyn and Erin joining us early for



the journey. In 1996 I finally called it quits after 26 years. During my time I was fortunate to have command postings as a platoon commander, company commander and regimental commander. The remainder of my (paid) working life was spent in the Public Service in Defence before being rescued by Brownie for a four year stint back in uniform working for him on a project developing instrumented training facilities around Australia. The highlight of this period was the many business class trips to the USA (mostly Hawaii), and an extra two years as a civilian consultant being paid by the Americans.

In 2009, with Conor, Bronwyn and Erin all grown and settled in Iceland, Melbourne and Canberra respectively, Barbara and I retired to our holiday house on the south coast of NSW. As we were both keen to volunteer our time to help in other areas, we soon found that 'retirement' was just a matter of perspective and we have found ourselves as busy as we were at any time previously. For me, I joined the local



volunteer Marine Rescue unit. This year I have reached 20 years of service including the last five years as Unit Commander, 15 years as a rescue vessel skipper and hundreds of hours on the water involving many searches and rescues by day and night. Our plan is to stay in our house at the coast for as long as medical science can keep us here, where we can enjoy life and good friends.

My primary reason for choosing to go to RMC was to ease any financial burden on my family caused by me going to university - I was the eldest of five children in a very middle-class family in Brisbane, and universities were not free in those days. Other reasons that influenced me were the adventure of living away from home, being paid a modest sum fortnightly (\$15 as I recall) while studying, and guaranteed employment after graduation. All these big life decisions I was making as a 16-year-old!

Personality-wise when I entered RMC, I was more an introverted, independent, reserved young teenager from a Roman Catholic private school background; my strengths academically lay in mathematics and sciences, sports wise lay in athletics and swimming mostly, and I was a Cadet Under-Officer in our School RAAF Cadet Unit. Without going into the details, my home life was very demanding and required a high level of mental and physical resilience which subsequently meant I did not find the first year of RMC as personally challenging as many of my first-year classmates, the other two fourth class in my section left in the first year.

When I graduated from RMC, I feel I had matured much more quickly, I feel I was more self-confident, I was imbued with a bit of RMC arrogance, I was more worldly within the framework of a military and engineering education, but I still at this stage was not sure I wanted to make a career of the military. Subsequently I spent 25 years in the military, then 11 years in senior appointments in four private sector companies,

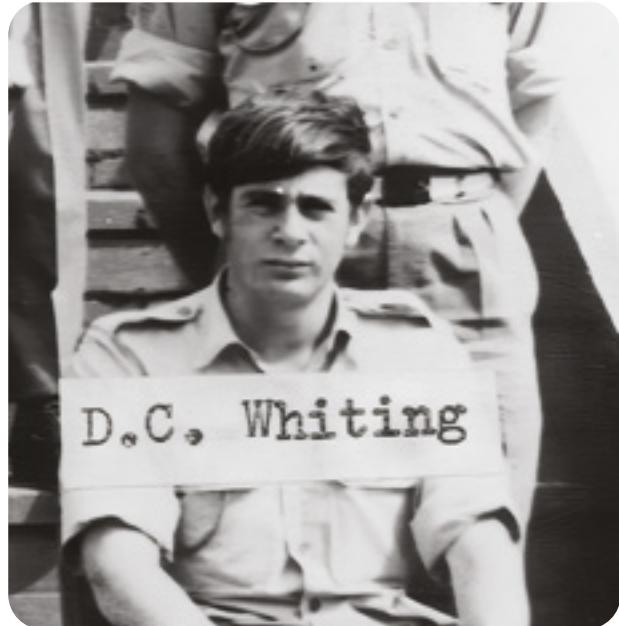
then back into Defence as a Public Servant in the Defence Acquisition and Sustainment domain, then ceased work in Jul 2023 where I live in Lyon, France.

An enduring memory of RMC is linked to my class nickname. I had just returned to my room in Beer Block after the annual St

Patrick's Day mayhem between fourth class to find my room contents had been dispatch out of my second-floor window, including my bed. My room had been fire-hosed, and sitting smouldering on my desk was a firecracker threatening to start a fire. In walked my third class, Mervyn Jenkins who proceeded to berate my 'pig pen' of a room. I can honestly say this is the only time I was ready to totally lose my cool and resort to violence while at RMC, Merv clearly sensed this and executed a tactical withdrawal.

My life since entering RMC has been very rich with the best times of my life, professionally and personally, having been spent working and living in other countries, especially in the USA and in France. However, my time in the military meant that my family lived in 13 homes over 25 years across many states in Australia, and overseas, which was a factor in what I would describe as the worst time of my life - marriage breakdown.

My advice to anyone on their first day starting at RMC would



be to focus on building the life-time relationships you can create in your time at RMC, expect to learn many lessons (both positive and negative) that are likely to guide the rest of your life, and try to avoid making your military career a vocation instead of a profession.



Why RMC?
My family migrated to NZ from Singapore in August 1969, and in 1970 I was in my final year of school. Consequently, I saw no harm in popping into a NZ Army Recruiting Office in Auckland in April 1970. The outcome was a five day Regular Officer Selection Board (ROSB) in Waiouru in August. It was the Selection Board President who told the successful candidates whether they were going to Portsea or Duntroon. I was offered Duntroon, and since travelling to Australia; being paid/dressed/fed and accommodated; and, ending up with a University degree made lots of sense, I said, "Thank You".

Most enduring Memory

On 21 May 1973, I passed my ACT driving test and a week later collected my new, duty free, white Toyota Celica (YEM298). Then, on 9 June I met Julia (Jules) Macintosh at the QB Parade. Fantastic timing.

The worst best thing of RMC life

Jules became the catalyst for me applying to resign from the

NZ Army and join the Australian Army. This occurred on 14 August 1974. The worst best thing about transferring was that I then had to pay \$700, to leave the NZ Army early, and the \$1500 duty on my car.

Would I do it again?

Absolutely. It has been a terrific journey with lifelong friends being a key part of it.

Day One Advice?

Don't arrive the day before your new Australian classmates especially when there are a few disgruntled second and third class about doing supplementary exams.

Post RMC

We spent a total of eight years at North Head in Manly, seven years in the UK and only two in Canberra. What's there to complain about?

What do I consider to be my highlights after just over 36 years of Army life?

Of many two come to mind. The first was commanding the Sector West (West Force) brigade group in East Timor in 2002. The second was the third UK job as Head of the Australian Defence Staff and Defence Adviser in London, but covering

most of Europe and Russia, from 2004-2007.

Post Army

I left the Army in May 2007 and that was the end of full-time work. I accepted a 'gun running' job with a German arms company, Krauss-Maffei Wegmann (KMW), which I did part-time for five years. I also found my way to Macquarie University as a senior lecturer from 2010. When I retired from Macquarie at the end of 2016, it marked the end of paid work. Subsequently I have spent my time volunteering, particularly with my local RSL sub-Branch.

Family

Our three children, Kate, Mike and Tim have all done well and we are the very proud grandparents of four boys and four girls. Our oldest son, Mike, lives in London and they have four children, two boys and two girls, and that gives us a great excuse to head to Europe regularly.

We are very happy with the way things have turned out. We live in Forestville on the Northern Beaches of Sydney, in a home, which is now too big for us, but after 23 moves we are here for the duration.

I came to RMC in that summer of 1971 with mixed feelings. Leaving behind friends and family for an unfamiliar life weighed heavily on me. Looking back, I'm not sure I was prepared for the rigours of Duntroon life. New friendships made a big difference. Many of those friendships have been lifelong, and are treasured.

As Corps Junior, I had the task of changing the Days to Go Board! This task was often stressful. I made the mistake of telling one Orderly Officer that I was very right-handed. That news spread, and I spent the rest of the year having to change the board left-handed, with predictable results. Weighing in at just over 55 kg, I was the smallest Cadet in Kokoda. Some unkind colleagues seemed to think it was sporting to leave me hanging on coat hooks by my belt, or dangling out windows by my ankles. I never once did anything to provoke these ruffians. I took a "skin of my teeth" approach to 'acas'. This approach proved to be my downfall. Having scraped through 4th Class, I failed a supplementary exam in 3rd Class, and had to repeat. I hated repeating, and never really assimilated with my new class. I felt disheartened, and took to drinking at the Airport Bar with bad company, (Barwick and Poynton). I inevitably became disinterested in RMC life. It was a certain formula for failure, and I eventually ended up in the Commandant's office for the dreaded 'Comm Toc'. My life as a soldier had come to an end.

Life after RMC settled well for me. I stayed in Canberra, joined the Public Service, got married, bought a house, all in short order. Many former

Cadets doing early postings in Canberra dropped in over those years. My wife, Jeannine, and I had three children during our Canberra days, Matthew, Melanie and Penelope.

In 1984 I moved back to Hobart, my home town, to take up a position with Australia's Antarctic Division. This was a great opportunity for me, culminating in my appointment as Station Manager of Davis Station. This appointment involved wintering in Antarctica in 1989, as well as spending the preceding and following summers at the Station, some 16 months in all. It was a long stretch, and Jeannine made it clear that I was to get a 'real job' upon return. I eventually left the Antarctic Division, and took up a job offer with Australian Newsprint Mills. This company became a global company head quartered in Norway. My roles were various, but mostly logistic positions in Hobart, Melbourne and Sydney. I stayed with the company until retiring in 2011.

After retirement, Jeannine and I settled north of Coffs Harbour. The Bells lived a few minutes up the road, and over the next 10 years, we spent many pleasant hours eating and drinking. There was a lot of gardening and fishing activities to keep Geoff and me out of mischief. We regularly entertained old RMC friends as they passed through. These were halcyon days.



But all good things come to an end. Jeannine and I recently moved back to Hobart for family reasons. We've downsized to something befitting our advanced years and bionic joints, and have small grandchildren within walking distance.



Our last view of
Duntroon in 1974

