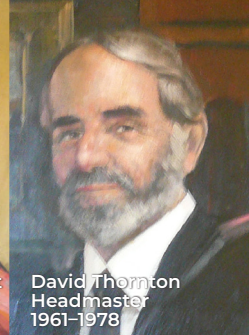
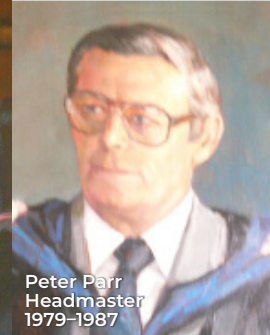




Arthur Broadhurst
Founder
1936-1960



David Thornton
Headmaster
1961-1978



Peter Parr
Headmaster
1979-1987

June 2021

Dear St Peter's Old Boys

As I write the introduction of this year's June edition of the First Fifty, we have just concluded one of the most challenging weeks during my tenure as Director of Advancement at St Peter's. Firstly, the media headlines focusing on the absence of the Executive Principal and Deputy Principal, and then the bomb threat received from the NZ Police on the evening of Thursday 13th May. This necessitated the evacuation of over 500 boarders and staff at midnight into the icy cold Waikato night – no mean feat I can assure you. I am immensely proud to be part of a Senior Leadership Team which acted so calmly and effectively in moving our students to safety. All this on closing night of the school's brilliant rendition of Chitty Chitty Bang Bang!

For those of you who have email addresses, you would've been informed about developments regarding the Executive Principal and his wife. However, I would like to reiterate what was said for those of you who don't have emails. In Term One, WorkSafe New Zealand approached a member of the St Peter's Trust Board to advise that there had been anonymous complainants making concerning allegations about workplace bullying at St Peter's. Following a meeting with WorkSafe, the Trust Board engaged two independent investigators to look into the allegations. The investigations are still ongoing. Due to legal obligations, it has been a difficult environment for the Trust Board to navigate but they are committed to being as open as possible with all our school community. The wellbeing of St Peter's students and staff is our top priority, and the Trust Board is working tirelessly to understand what behaviours may have been occurring in the St Peter's workplace. I would

also like to reiterate that no student-related wellbeing matters are involved in the workplace investigation. For our students, life pretty much continues as normal. I am personally very grateful and deeply touched by the kind words and offers of support that came my way. Thank you. We will continue keeping you informed about developments as and when we can.

On a brighter note, St Peter's just finished the annual senior production, which was Chitty Chitty Bang Bang. In the words of Broadhurst Old Boy Graham Russell "it was as good as any professional production on Broadway or West End". I cannot agree more. The introduction of a Head of Voice in the Performing Arts Department has transformed already good singers into masterful musical theatre performers. I think you would all be proud of the musical tradition that is being upheld at St Peter's, and is going from strength to strength. Read more about Chitty further on.

Something very close to my heart, and hopefully yours too, is the Organ Restoration Project that is proceeding full steam ahead. We need to raise another \$120,000 (we already have \$60,000 in the bank), and then we can replace the old transmission system with a state-of-the-art digital transmission system. We hope that Old Boys would either consider joining the "Structo Saxo Bequest Society" or support the campaign through "Buy a Note", which will lead to enduring name recognition on the organ and in chapel. Did you ever want Mr Broadhurst, Mr Thornton or Mr Parr to see your name written in the stars – well now the opportunity exists to do just that. The Founder's Day Memorial Concert on the 1st July 2021 will celebrate the launch of the campaign. We hope as many of you as possible can attend the Champagne



Sharon Roux

Director of Advancement

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Brunch, concert and birthday cake celebration. Brunch will be served in the dining hall, followed by the organ concert in the chapel. There is no cost to attend, and musical item requests are encouraged. It would be so lovely having you back at school. If you would like to come along, email me or phone me. My details are below.

I hope that you are enjoying the First Fifty, and any suggestions for improvements are welcome. Also, feel free to pen a few thoughts down on paper and share with the rest of us. We love hearing stories about the "old days", as do current students and staff.

Au Revoir Ms Swears

Adieu, my dear - By Grace Thornton

I like to think of the Year 1966, as a bonus in the life of St Peter's School as it welcomed two ladies in their thirties, who were destined to become lasting friends and to serve the school well.

One was Frances Swears recently returned from teaching in England, and the other myself Grace Thornton, who had spent four years as a senior teacher in a co-ed school in Auckland and had then married David Thornton and lived in Christ's College Christchurch before making our way to St Peter's. Naturally, we became friends in this masculine set up although there were other women in domestic roles. Frances had taught in boys preparatory schools, where the young men were a different breed from our more rugged outdoor chaps, she molded her New Zealand boys into a strong group with her good discipline and interesting lessons. Nature trips, sports teams, and willing to try anything.

Frances was not a domesticated woman but no matter main meals were provided in the dining hall and David soon raised the kitchen standard. Frances lived in a graced old house, which had been converted into three flats. Painters were appointed to tidy up buildings and Frances's house was early on the list. The third painter, David, began by painting the chimney from the rooftop to the ground. He tied a rope around his waist and then looped it around the chimney, so Frances had the smartest chimney in the school. Frances was an able actress and had help with presenting school plays and for dressing them, she enjoyed singing and she encouraged boys to enter the choir.

We continued an active friendship and she loved coming to visit our home, always commenting on its neatness and attractive presentation Frances and I kept in touch after we left St Peter's because David was ill



and she always expressed admiration for all David had done, just as we value all she gave to the school built on the rock.

“Structa Saxo”



Page 2 Frances Swears with her 8th grade bare-footers

In Memory of Jean Blomkamp

The St Peter's community sadly records the passing of Jean Blomkamp.

Jean's mother, Mrs Falls, was Matron of the senior boys' boarding house at St Peter's and was aware that there was a vacancy for the Headmaster's Secretary after the much-loved Peggy Coney died. Jean applied for the position and was duly appointed.

St Peter's was a boys'-only school that was growing from a preparatory school of some 120 boys to a combined preparatory/secondary school of over 270 students.

The Headmaster's Secretary was a hugely important role. While not dealing with accounts or payroll Jean did most everything else. She managed all the Headmaster's correspondence, Board minutes, newsletters, student applications and enrolments, interviews, appointments, and collated reports for the entire school each term. If you wanted to get to the Headmaster

then you had to get through Jean first! Athletic Sports, Swimming Sports and Prize-giving Jean had a central role where her superb organisation was required. Jean was the core of St Peter's, knew everybody and everything about the school.

Jean's enthusiasm and efficiency were second to none. Her fingers would fly over the typewriter which was replaced by the new 'golf ball' model, and then the electric typewriter. The Gestetner used to churn out pages of Jean's typing which was also upgraded to a state-of-the-art Xerox photocopier.

Jean's working day always started with joining the boys for their daily Chapel services. David Thornton was Headmaster at the time and it was very much a family school where staff had a lively social time and there was much camaraderie. The present school has historical names associated with the past and it was during Jean's time that these names stem from - David and Grace

Thornton, Mark Hanna, Frances Swears, Lynn and Mike Brock. Then there was the Deputy Headmaster, Brian Fitzgerald, who matched Jean's wit and sense of humour. Fitz and Jean shared the same office, both were smokers, and the daily banter was hilarious. Fitz was famous for never having any cigarettes whilst Jean's handbag held a ready supply.

Following David Thornton Jean then worked for Peter Parr who she nicknamed 'The Gaffer'. Peter Parr was a huge supporter of Cambridge Rotary and Jean's workload increased to cover not only St Peter's but also Rotary.

Jean and Peter Blomkamp were married in the Chapel in 1977. After 17 years at St Peter's Jean spent the rest of her working life in retail. Jean's loyalty, commitment and multi-faceted talents used in the service of St Peter's are fondly remembered. RIP

DEATH NOTICES FOR 2021

<p>Dunningham, David John (1951-1954)</p> <p>On 12 April [2020] in his 79th year. Dearly loved husband of June for 55 years. Loved Father and Father in law of John and Jacqui; Kathryn and Laurie. Much loved Grandfather of Natalia, Sean, Sophie and Liam. A gentle kind and honest man who will be in our hearts forever. Due to current restrictions a private cremation will be held and a Memorial Service will take place when the health crisis is lifted.</p>	<p>Dunningham, Lynn Lawrence Carr (1954-1958)</p> <p>Passed away suddenly at Auckland Hospital on 18 December 2020, aged 75 years. Beloved brother and brother-in-law of Judith and Bob Eggleton, David (deceased) and June Dunningham, Helen Dunningham(Australia). Uncle to John, Kathryn; Richard, Sue and Graeme; Alec and Finn. Great Uncle of 13. A gentle soul now at peace. A service for Lynn will be held at St Jude's Anglican Church, 23 Saint Jude's Street, Avondale on Wednesday 23 December at 10.00am.</p>	
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In Honour of our ANZACs

Broadhurst Old Boy Barry Cook

On Monday 3rd May, the first day of Term Two, St Peter's students paid tribute to the men and women who have engaged in military interventions on behalf of all New Zealanders. The ANZAC service was attended by alumnus Barry Cook who read The Ode of Remembrance.

In 2016 Warrant Officer 2 (Rtd) Barry Cook, was awarded life membership of the national RSA for services to the Guns and the Association over many, many years. He had previously been awarded Life Membership of the Hamilton RSA for service to the RSA.

Barry, or Cookie as he is known to his friends, was conscripted into the Army through compulsory military training in 1953, completing the 10th intake and was posted to 4 Med Regiment RNZA for artillery training. On the 3rd December 1956 he enlisted into the Regular Force and retired after 20 years' service in 1976 with the rank of Warrant Officer 2. His initial posting was to the Artillery Wing at Papakura. Like many men of that era, Barry was transferred to 1 New Zealand Regiment in Malaya.

Barry served in Don Kenning's Battery in SVN from July 1965 to March 1966, and was then posted to the National Service Training Unit as an Instructor, followed by a stint at the School of Guns as Staff Sergeant. In 1970 Barry was posted back to 4 Med Battalion RNZA. His last two years of service were at the Hamilton Recruiting Office.

Barry's principal trade was as a Gunner and he served in both Malaya and Vietnam in that role. In 1962 Barry embarked on exchange to Australia and in 1964 he took part in Operation Powderhorn at the Tower of London. Barry counts many Gunners as special friends, however two stand out for him. The first is Lt Col John Masters MC, RNZA and the second is Master Sergeant Vince Pelito, Commo Chief, 173rd Airborne, US Army, whom he met at Bien Hoa in South Vietnam. Both these men made a lasting impression on him and had the greatest influence on his Artillery career.

After completion of his service, Barry worked as the site and sales manager for the NZ National Field Days for 12 years, then did 18 months as a service station manager followed by 8 years as assistant foreman for a manufacturer of boat trailers.

He has been heavily involved with his local RSA and is currently on the Executive of the Hamilton RSA and has been their Parade Marshall on ANZAC Day for many years.



Throughout most of his career, Barry has been ably supported by his wife Maureen (Mo) and since retirement, overseas travel has been a highlight for them. In 2005 they travelled to the States with the Vietnam Veterans Travel Club. In 2007 they travelled to Passchendaele and Ypres with a VANZ tour and in 2013 Barry revisited Vietnam with his son Steve, who was, at that time, a Colonel at Defence HQ.

There have been other highlights since retirement. In 2006 Barry was part of the team involved with the memorialisation of 4 Med Regiment and its successor 4 (G) Med Battery RNZA with the placement of a 5.5 Gun in Hamilton's Memorial Park.

That same year he delivered the match ball to Hamilton's Rugby Park

by helicopter in a joint PR exercise between the Waikato Rugby Union and the RSA to observe ANZAC Day and in 2016 Barry and Mo were involved with the WWI Centenary Commemorations and the Last Post Ceremony at Pukeatua, the National War Memorial in Wellington where he recited the Ode and Mo recited it in Te Reo. Finally, in August 2016 Barry flew to Canberra for the Australian Long Tan commemoration.

In his very first report card Mr Broadhurst wrote "a fine young specimen with a good strong body". Perhaps Mr Broadhurst had an inkling where Barry would one day end up. Thank you, Barry for your service to the Guns, the RSA and New Zealand.

CLOTHES LIST

All Clothing, Towels, etc., must be marked with Cash's Woven Name Tapes with the Boy's Name and School Number (e.g. A. B. Smith. 42).

(Two dozen spare name-tapes should be sent the first term to mark clothing supplied at School).

ALL articles should be clearly marked, including brushes, combs, tooth-brushes, tooth-paste, garters, scissors, keys, toys, books, etc.

Combs and tooth-brushes may be conveniently marked with adhesive plaster.

Slippers or gym-shoes must be marked by sewing the name inside. The most satisfactory way of marking leather shoes is by having the boy's School Number done in brass tacks on the sole under the instep.

Shirts, vests, towels, and washing dannels should have a loop for hanging.

Belts of raincoats should be marked and firmly sewn to coats.

Dressing gown cords should be firmly sewn to gowns.

Old Boy Memoirs - Broadhurst Old Boy – John Coles

I pen these few observations and thoughts now eighty years after starting at St Peter's school as a young student aged seven in April 1941. The school then was five years old and all was shining and new to a young person. The 2nd World War had started in 1939 and we were subjected to rationing of sugar, tea, and butter. A full vegetable garden kept us in green vegetables, and all was provided. There were a lot of older and so much more grown-up boys, but we all mixed in and grew us as one family.

My father had come from a similar upbringing in England and wished to perpetuate his upbringing in a similar New Zealand environment. The Headmaster Arthur Broadhurst had spent his large England Midland inheritance purchasing the land, having the school buildings architecturally designed, and built with the best timbers and fittings. Nothing better could have been used and utilised during those Depression years. All the crockery, cutlery, and kitchen facilities were of good durable material. The 80-year-old buildings with periodic maintenance today has

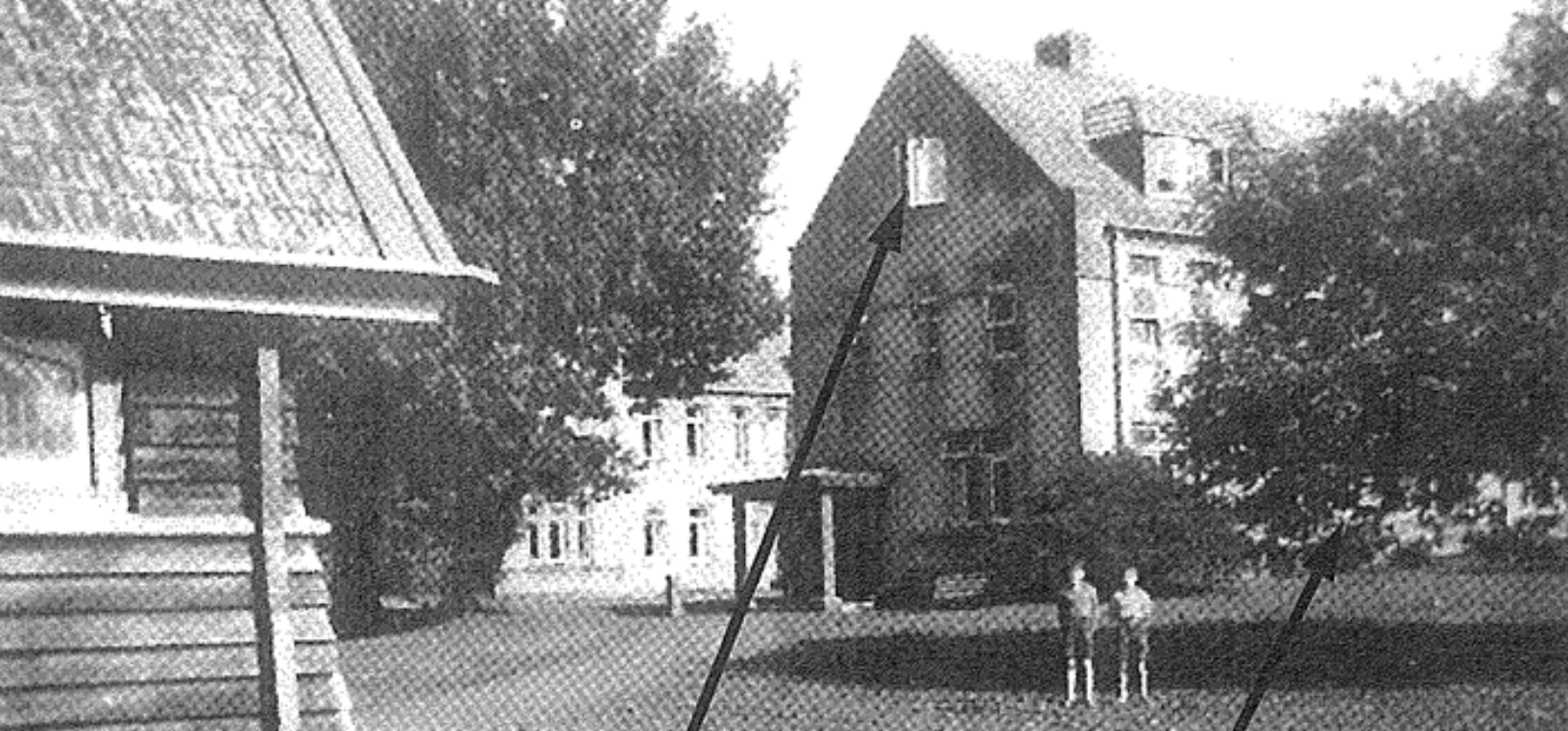
stood the test of time. There has been one fire destroying the music and gym pavilion but the large clock was restored and rescued. The classroom block was also spared. There were in those days only less than 100 acres and that farm provided a playground for the boys. A pedigree Jersey dairy herd was established under the knowledge of Professor Riddett of Massey Agriculture College, often students were taken in hand with farm life and became good practical farmers. Now the farm is under the joint management of the school and Lincoln University.

Over the years the school has purchased further land and today has 600 acres. We have the Waikato River which we swam in as a 2km boundary. Used wisely the land can be used for many purposes, but above all, it must be used for the betterment of mankind, and the further expansion and enlargement of good for the future. Every day I read in the paper of some prowess a St Peter's team has risen too. All this while every day students are allowed to learn to play sports and be respectful to their seniors; to appreciate the love of

music, art and to go out in life to be fine citizens.

Amongst the tall trees, which are also part of the heritage, students can have and reflect on their future of themselves, and plan the world and their future. So 1946 rolled on and I left at the end of 1947. I was then sent to Wanganui Collegiate School, under the headmaster Frank Gilligan, who coincidentally had been my father's Housemaster of Medhurst House at Uppingham. My St Peter's days were and always will be the most formative days of my life.

My life took a great change from the usual farming pattern, and I was not trained in any other way of life, but hidden deep was the desire to help others. So for the next 30 years, I quietly got involved in a broad spectrum of the many local bodies, that sprang up to help people in need. So much satisfaction was gained for a diverse number of people. Now I see that our son Phillip has carried on where I have left off. The reward has been the satisfaction of giving and being granted the QSM for services to the community.



Old Boy Memoirs

Broadhurst Old Boy – Laurie Sanders

There was a poem by John Masefield, I think called *Cargoes*, put to music, about a stately Spanish Galleon and a "Dirty British Coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack butting through the channel in the mad March days, with a cargo of tyne coal, pig iron, which still comes to mind. A different era!

A Special Friend

After school, Willy Ropata and I had an extra-curriculum activity which we enjoyed. We had the task during the colder months, of delivering firewood to each of the Master's houses. This little job had its perks! Every time we would stop at a Master's house, his wife would usually be at home and always we would be given something special, like fudge, or scones, or cake, or some sweets, which we regarded as making the whole job worthwhile. We delivered the wood on a 3-wheeled cart with a big "T" handle at the front and as we went down the drive to the houses at the roadside, we would try and build up speed and steer from the cart itself - like an uncovered horseless wagon. Occasionally we would make an error of judgement and the cart would tip when we cornered too fast, but re-stacking the

wood was all part of the fun. Willy and I went on to do different things after St Peter's but we remained friends for years afterwards. Gradually I lost track of him. Hopefully, he might read this and make contact one day. Bit like E.T. phone home!!! What a fun time we had. Thanks Willy.

Things That Stand Out As Special: Dawn Chorus

Waking up at 6 am in the mornings, and hearing the dawn chorus of the birds was always

special. I would try and work out how God had ordained that birds would praise Him. That what it seems to be, to me. Every time I hear a blackbird sing, I always think of St Peter's and for that brief moment, I am that little boy, waking up to the dawn chorus once again, hearing the sounds that filled me with joy.

Photography

I had been an avid camera buff before coming to St Peter's but here under the excellent tutelage of Mr. West Watson, my abilities to actually develop and print my own shots was established. Suddenly I

could experiment with my photos, crop them, shade them, spot them, solarize them, enlarge them, and yes, even ruin them. What an exciting and creative world this became. At home, my father built me a darkroom and I would spend hours after dinner as a result and would often be working till 3am in the morning. (We can do that when we are young, can't we?) Enlargements of 16" x 12" were commonplace. Often, I was asked to do photos as Socials, Dances, Weddings, etc., and made a small living to cover my costs of materials. Black and white was the medium and it is one I still enjoy today because for certain subjects it can be a very powerful means of expression of moods. Thank you, Mr West Watson.

Drama

Mr Bonham-Carter had a passion for Drama and one year we did a school play called "Waiting for the Stage" about a few dubious characters waiting at the Black Rock Hotel. I was a Banker - (strangely enough, this is what I became when I left College)- and had a beard and a gaberdine coat and a port manteaux bag. It was a Saturday night show that we performed for our parents in the Gym/

Assembly Hall. We had a red indian, three cowboys, a fur trapper (Kendall), a bartender and an old man. Signs over the bar-room wall proclaimed "If you feel dry, drink Kansas Rye". Although the full details of the drama have passed into the mists of forgetfulness, photos fortunately bring back the reality of that evening. I was 11 years old at the time and when my parents came and picked me up we drove into Cambridge and stopped to get refreshments from a dairy that was still open. I forgot I was still wearing my beard and became aware of a very astonished look on the face of the guy serving as this young kid with a big black beard asked for some ice creams. Mum and Dad were laughing their heads off when I climbed back in the car.

Mr. Bevan was also musically and dramatically inclined. We did a great little skit which we recorded complete with our own sound effects and it was all to do with the continuity of statements that could be heard while listening to a radio station, which when switched suddenly to another radio station would still make grammatical sense but completely alter the meaning of the sentence. Comics do this today, but we were probably pioneering the idea in those days. There is a TV ad even today that espouses this idea.

No Points Treats

Every month every boy was monitored to see how he behaved, obliged with work duties, etc., and the system of NO-POINTS-BOYS was designed by Mr. Broadhurst as a reward system for not gaining any demerit points for various criteria. Often, I was one of these fortunate types and those of us fortunate to be selected would be taken for a treat. For example, a day out to see the Karapiro Dam or Marie on Ice" in Hamilton - which was something special. I may have been spared some severe discipline for not wanting to gain demerit points. AFB would bring his Humber Hawk up to the door and us boys would pile into the car (no

safety belts in those days) and be driven excitedly to our treat. Often, we would be out till late, an even more exciting adventure and we would have to creep back into our dorm so as not to wake the sleeping occupants.

Sometimes however, peer pressure would make me feel obliged to do something stupid, just so I could lose a point and not become known as a Goody-Good. What an error. Missing out on treats like that was my own fault, but it shows how one can easily be buckled by other's unfair expectations. To anyone in a similar situation I would say, to heck with them, it's my life that I am living, so don't try and control mine.

Physical Education

Never anywhere near my favourite subject to say the least, PE was conducted by a Mr. Gentleman but as there were so many things I was unable to achieve - climbing ropes in the Gymnasium, for example, or running 800 metres, I don't think I figured a mention in this subject. Hockey and cricket were OK however and I played these sports frequently.

Bathtime

The school must have had a large electricity bill as we all had hot baths most every evening. I can still remember the nursing staff also

had to attend to this evening ritual. Having one's back rubbed with soapy hot water was another new experience. Then it was off to one's dorm in slippers and dressing gown.

The Era

The era of this time at St Peter's was one where the Queen was topmost as Head of State. Lord Cobham was Governor General I think. Cars were still basic - Standard Vanguards, Austin A30's A40's & A55's, Ford Consuls & Zephyrs, Humber Hawks, Morris Minors, Hillman Minx's, Wolseley's, Rovers, Volkswagens, nearly all the cars around were English. We were buying aircraft such as Vickers Viscounts, but ex US Air Force Douglas DC3's flown by National Airways Corporation were still flying passengers about the country though gradually they would be taken over by Fokker Friendship aircraft which we all regarded as a huge leap up in flying standards, new trains were being trialed such as the Daylight Express, from Wellington to Auckland, and the Auckland Harbour Bridge was finished with great fanfare while I was at Boarding School, bringing huge mobility to North Aucklanders. Currency was Pounds Shillings and Pence. From memory it cost £101 (one hundred and one pounds) per tern to send me to St Peters, so all up it cost about £303 per annum. Primary industries were still crucial to our survival in



those days but the stirrings of trade associations with the US were starting to be felt. When Air New Zealand purchased Douglas DC4's and 6's as its preferred airliner I saw the end of British "domination". We had broken out of the constraining "mould" and were looking around the world with fresh eyes. My bicycle was a "Raleigh" definitely a sturdy and durable English brand. At 10 years of age I was keen on Model Railways, Dinky toys, Meccano and Bayko sets. Meccano Magazines were my favourite subscription but this evolved into Amateur Photography as other interests took over.

Scholastics

St Peter's prided itself on study. After our evening meal we would have to do homework. This gave us strong advantages over any state system format as we forged ahead in the school year. The discipline of homework paid off for me and I found my marks rising to heights never before achieved, actually getting A's for the first time in my life. Teachers who had input into my life in those years, were, Mr Smale, Mr Ball, Mr Bevan, Mr Finch, Mr Bonham-Carter, Mr West Watson and of course Mr Broadhurst.

Class sizes were small. This is a photo of my class showing there were only 14 of us in my class - one good reason for high scholastic achievement.

Sports

Never my favourite subject, I had trouble with some sports because of my size and eyesight problems. Rugby was tried but did not work out because of the difficulty in playing without spectacles and distinguishing who to pass to was not easy with mistakes being made. So, it was decided that I could go cycling around the back roads of Cambridge. AFB agreed to set out a course which I followed for a while. One day, however, temptation got the better of me and I decided to cycle to Hamilton.

I was making good progress when the thought occurred that Matron Gallagher might be returning from Hamilton as I was cycling along. Her sharp eyes would pick me easily on the road, so with thoughts of "evading capture", I promptly turned around and headed back to the school. A few minutes after I arrived back, she also arrived.

The Galleon

Downstairs, near the Darkroom, was a large glass case containing a 5-masted sailing ship. I can't recall what ship it was but still have a hazy photo of it. It intrigued me how someone could build such a magnificent model. I often stopped and admired it as it was on my way to the darkroom.

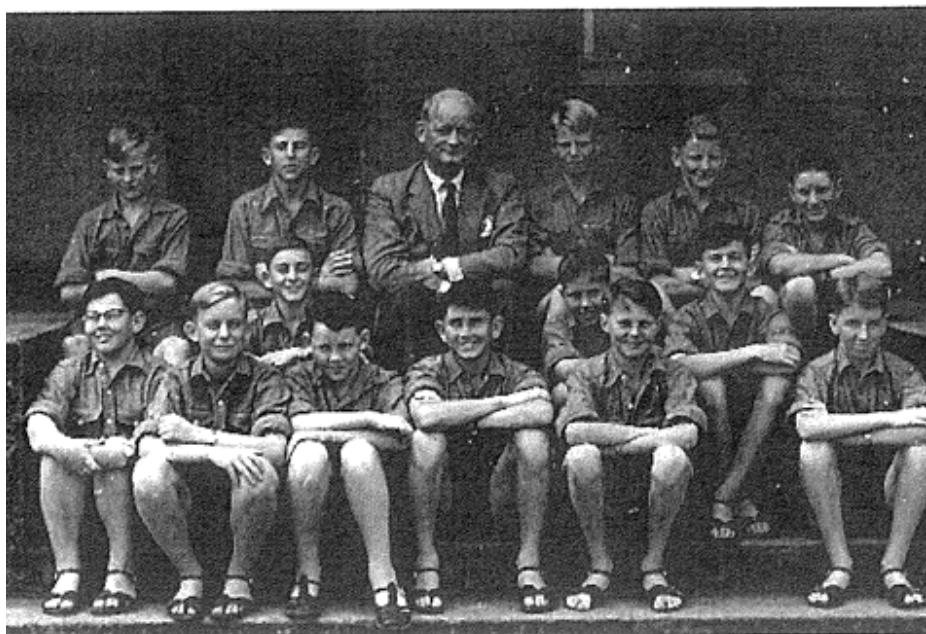
AFB

This man was unique among men. He was a father to all the boys, always concerned about justice and fairness. Rarely did he have to discipline but there were occasions when he used the cane on those "worthy enough of the occasion". (No, I was not one of those). The interest in all spheres of St. Peter's that he had, was obvious. In Speech, and Drama, in Scholastic achievement, on the sports field, self-discipline and dedication were traits that were rewarded if not by

one's own achievements certainly by AFB. I was presented one year by AFB, with a personally inscribed and autographed book "South with Scott" for my scholastic achievements - I still have this book. But the single most fond memory I have of AFB is his willingness to be in touch with every group of boys, from every dormitory.

He would travel around the dorms and sit on the edge of a bed in rotation, reading to each group in turn, stories from Sherlock Holmes. I think we had "The Hounds of the Baskervilles" and I remember being so proud when it was my turn and he sat on the end of my bed and read from this classic story. Such was his attention to detail that he never seemed to miss anyone out from their turn for this special moment. He had each dorm time-managed so, he could progress from one to the other before they each had lights-out. The stories themselves also heightened our imagination and possibly encouraged us to write short stories ourselves.

At Sport's Days, Mr. Broadhurst would challenge the other masters to the slowest-bike-race. This meant trying to ride a bicycle as slowly as possible so that you crossed the finishing line last, without touching the grass with your feet. Needless to say, even when he gave the others a handicap of many yards, as can be attested by the photo above, he still managed to win these races. He could stay balanced



on a bike until dusk fell, while all around him the other Masters either crept up slowly to the finish line, or lost their balance and toppled over. For a man of slightly portly size this was no mean feat and further elevated his status in our eyes.

One evening AFB put on a showing of an old black and white film which had been taken of the construction of St. Peter's School in the 1930's. I wonder if this film still exists anywhere - It was well filmed and helped us to understand the background to the origins of this place.

Morning Tea

Morning tea was doubly exciting. In winter we would have mugs of wonderful hot soup and would sit down with a biscuit or two and in would come AFB with a huge bundle of mail freshly received. He would then call out our surnames and with a deft flick of his wrist he would try to aim the envelope at our lap or feet. Most often he had uncanny accuracy which further elevated him in our eyes as someone special. And of course, if your name was called out, there was the thrill of having a letter arrive almost to your hands, via hand mail. Then you would read it somewhere when appropriate.

The Library

This was a special place of learning. Not being terribly sports-orientated, I would frequently be found in the Library. Everything in those days was very "Old Country" English style and it would be rare to find something of American origin amongst the books then. Magazines of the day were Punch, and they were read with relish. Detective stories by Conan Doyle were also popular as were Biggles books and the like. Stories of Africa and far off lands also caught the imagination as one fancied what one would be doing in adulthood. I was mad keen on anything to do with the armed forces, as the Second World War was still close to my understanding even though I was born after it, in the Baby Boomer period. In one corner by the second door was an ancient fold out book of Egyptian friezes and I remember being surprised to see that someone had tuned it open to a very naughty page! It is funny the things that one remembers, isn't it?

Summary

St. Peter's was a momentous force on my life. It caused me to "grow-up" it taught me disciplines I never knew existed, it rewarded diligence and

achievement, it provided diversity, and fun, as well as a few difficult moments in time. I learned to speak in public - something virtually unheard of previously. But it started shaping me into a fully-rounded person and gave me keys to make something of my life in many ways. It showed me the arts, creativity of photography, the fun of Drama, the way to live in a "community" of like minded people. I think, aside from the difficult times, it all worked to help make me a better educated person. There were teachers there with dedication who encouraged and chided where necessary. But all in all, if ever you meet a person like dear AFB, you meet a vely special man - once in a lifetime does one meet someone special like this mentor - a man who loved his Creator God, and who had such love and enthusiasm for his boys and the whole system of education which he promoted with zeal and vigor. His memory lives on with me and now sits on paper to be shared with others. Thanks AFB. You were a friend to all of us.

School Prayer

Almighty God,

In whom we move and live and have our being,
Make this school as a field which the Lord has blessed,
That whatsoever things are true, pure, lovely and of good report,

May here forever flourish and abound.

Preserve in it an unblemished name,

Enlarge it with a wider usefulness,

And exalt it in the love and reverence of all its members,
as an instrument of Thy glory,

For the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen

“In Search of a School” - The Travel Logs of AFB Broadhurst

By Peter Shaw

Although Arthur Francis Brooks Broadhurst was born into great wealth generated by the cotton industry in the north of England, he eventually realised that he had no wish to enter the family business, deciding to be a teacher instead. In 1924 he left his position with the family firm, Tootal Broadhurst and Lee in Manchester, and began to teach at his old preparatory school, West Downs. Gradually the idea formed in his mind of establishing his own school and with this in mind he travelled to South Africa and other places, visiting schools and looking at possible sites.

Then, in 1932, he began to travel in earnest, visiting the USA, Canada, Ceylon, India, Burma, South East Asia, Japan and Australasia searching for a place to build a preparatory school for boys. During the next three years he travelled in style, much in the manner of an English gentleman making the Grand Tour. An observant and detailed diarist as well as an expert photographer, he annotated his typewritten logs with numbers written in red ink corresponding to the images he had taken in each place he visited. These he carefully captioned and placed in black leather-bound albums. The two sets of books are clearly designed to be read together though until now that has not been possible.

After leaving New Zealand at the end of 1934 and arriving back in England he was contacted by his solicitor, Tom Oliphant of Auckland, who had found a farm property which he thought might be of interest. AFB immediately returned to view the property called Gwynnelands, outside Cambridge, and quickly decided that this was where he should establish St Peter's School.

St Peter's boys of the late 1950s will recall that sometimes on Sundays AFB would read aloud to them from these travel logs, instead of the more usual Sherlock Holmes story. In 1960, when he retired as Headmaster of St Peter's, he left the six, typed volumes of logs and twenty-four leather-bound photograph albums with the school rather than taking them back to England. Since then they have lain unattended and unread in the school's archive and, as time has passed, their significance as a record of a vanished era has greatly increased.

The St Peter's Alumni Association has now decided to publish these logs in slightly edited form, illustrated with AFB's own photographs. Where necessary, footnotes at the side of each page will expand unfamiliar terms and historical references. Photographs will use AFB's own

captions.

This book, *In Search of a School*, will add significantly to the body of history associated with St Peter's. The logs give a clear indication of AFB's genial personality, his educational ideas and his extraordinarily diverse range of interests. It will also provide a fascinating view into the thoughts and attitudes of a man travelling in the inter war years of the twentieth century as the British Empire was fading, the legacy of colonialism unravelling and world tensions building.



Photo No 663 "Some of the Crowd"

On Monday 17 July, 1933 AFB was at Gion in Kyoto, Japan to watch the famous annual mid-summer procession, the Yamaboko Junko. While waiting for the procession to begin he took this memorable photo of a group of women and children.



Photo No 685 "Self at Uji"

AFB posed at the beautiful Byodo-in Temple, Uji, for his Japanese servant/companion, Mr Suito, himself an accomplished photographer.

Did You Know?

“The Origins of St Peter’s Land”

The land on which St Peter’s School stands today was acquired between 1867 and 1870 by Williams Reynolds, (father of Henry and Richard Reynolds) from three members of the 3rd Waikato Regiment. In 1877 A. A. Fantham bought the farm, the area which he increased substantially.

The first race meeting in the Waikato was held at Gwynnelands in 1879. With the departure of Fantham

of Hawers in 1882 “Gwynnelands” passed into the hands of John Seagar Buckland. Later that year the Pakuranga hunt held the first meet in the Waikato there. Three years later the newly formed Waikato Hunt held its first meet at Gwynnelands.

In 1895 Susan Banks, widow of Joseph Banks bought the property. The Banks family continued the social and sporting tradition. Her son Norman

Banks was a leader in racing, hunting, polo, and a breeder of Hunters.

From 1921 to 1935 when the place was bought by St Peter’s Ltd, “Gwynnelands” was owned, first by James Taylor and then by A.M.A Jennins.



**St Peter's
Cambridge**
NEW ZEALAND

2022 Advanced Admissions

Due to the school roll for 2021 being close to capacity, we will be prioritising the applications from our alumni and current St Peter's families. Advanced applications for siblings and the children/grandchildren of our alumni can be made by requesting a form to enrolment@stpeters.school.nz or downloading from the enrolment process page of the school website.

We will contact all advanced applicants prior to the start of Term 1 to request full applications and school reports, with interviews for our priority admissions commencing in February 2021.

Old Boy Memoirs

Parr Old Boy – ???

Old Boy Memoirs

Parr Old Boy – ???

Who is
in the
photo?



Honouring Linda Byrl Bragg

Mitchell Bragg Thornton Old Boy

St Peter's is very privileged to be the recipient of a generous bequest from Linda Byrl Bragg, aunt of Thornton Old Boy Mitchell Bragg. Linda did not have a close connection to St Peter's as such – she never taught here, nor did she attend St Peter's. However, Linda believed deeply in the value of education that St Peter's was providing, and she wanted to make attending St Peter's more accessible for families who did not have the means to do so. And so, following her death in 2003, the Linda Bragg Scholarship was established in 2007. Linda gained no pleasure from her wealth, but she would be glad to know that her thrift has helped young students, whose family faces financial hardship, to gain a much better education than she had.

Linda was born in Te Puke on 9 July 1918, during the depression years, and life was tough for her parents who hacked a farm from rough bush country near Te Puke. On her fifth birthday Linda accompanied her brother Edmund (then 9) and her sister Mary (8) to Te Ranga Primary School, which had about thirty children at that time. She had a happy childhood and enjoyed her schooldays. Because their home was remote from secondary schooling, she finished her education at about thirteen years of age, at around the same time the family moved to a better farm, closer to town.

Linda's mother, who had worked as a tailoress before her marriage, expected her daughters would also earn their own living. Because Linda loved to bake, she went to live for a year with an aunt in Mt. Albert, and here she worked in a bakery which specialised in pastry and small goods, and especially meat pies. She returned to Te Puke, and at about the age of nineteen began a small bakery. She was popular with her

customers, and proud of having her own business, but when war came in 1939 everything changed, and all the young men in the district began to leave.

On 15 April 1943 Linda and her sister Mary went together to Hamilton to the recruiting office and signed up to join the Army - she was then shipped across to Sydney to join the Dutch Hospital Ship "Oranje". The ship sailed to Johannesburg, and then to Cairo in Egypt, where she loaded wounded soldiers bound for hospitals in England. The hot, moist conditions on board "Oranje" were just perfect for tuberculosis to find a victim – and soon Linda became ill.

It was 1949 when Linda finally recovered completely from the TB illness. She soon became something of a 'loner'. Her friends were all married with small children, several young men whom she had been mildly interested in had not come back from the war.

For her entire life Linda was overly cautious with money – and this began when her family actually had none! She wasted nothing, and bought only basic essentials. Linda died on 1 Sept 2003, aged 84 years, and her ashes are buried with her parents in the Old Te Puke Cemetery.

Adapted from Linda Bragg's full life story written by her niece Maree Lewis.

3) This is Linda (left) and Mary relaxing - they didn't do this very often, so it must have been at Christmas, and they were still at the top house (Te Ranga). Linda is about 14, Mary 16. I suspect their umbrellas (made of heavily waxed paper, with bamboo struts and made in Japan) were Christmas gifts, hence the photo, c. 1934 and probably taken by Grannie Bragg. The sisters always got identical presents, right up until Mary was married.



1) Sitting beside the verandah at Te Ranga, she was probably about 11 years old. The white flowers were still growing there when Earle and I visited just before the house was dismantled about 2000. I brought the bulbs home with me and they are flowering right now, so the photo was taken around Easter time, maybe in 1931. This photo, which I really like a lot, came from cousin Molly Martin's collection and I had never seen it until after Molly's death.



2) Taken at Otaki, Linda on the left, probably when she was moving up to Waipukurau and was allowed to get dressed. It shows how lovely her hair was when she left it alone! She had the bad habit of chopping it off herself with blunt scissors!



The Genius of the Class of '55

In an excerpt taken from the Chronicle of 1955, we read about the achievements of the boys in the annual general knowledge quiz. Hands up who thought anthracite is a chap who is good at sport.

The first four places in the final order were:—

1. Devitt (Senior Division) 480
2. Scott-Russell (Senior Division) 468
3. Babington (Upper School 1) 450
4. Otway (Senior Division) 440

Some unconscious humour in the answers lightened the examiner's task, as is shown by the following:—

M.C.C. was said to stand for "Middle Class Cricket Club," or "The Middybone Cricket Club."

A Touareg was defined as: "a type of Arab, mainly all hostile." An allegory is a picture hidden by its meaning.

Anthracite is a chap who is good at sport.

The question: "Who gave a recital in the Gym. on March 29th?" brought forth the (feeling?) reply: "A lady painist."

The platypus is a billed animal which lives in a burough. Another reply about the platypus stated that: "it has a rather omletty tail."

A "short corner" at Hockey is given for a fowl in the circle. Finally, how many marks would you, as examiner, give for the following?

Question: Where is Malta?

Answer: Quite a way from China.

Quotes from Mr Fitzgerald

Deputy Head Master in the 1970's



The attitude of boys, particularly Senior School boys leaves much to be desired. The Chapel seems to be a place for a quiet slumber rather than an activity with real meaning and purpose.

We do seem to have our fair share of recent Old Boys returning to the School in old cars etc. We do not wish to encourage such visitations.

It is proposed to run a fitness programme for the Seniors next term for a period of four weeks. The aim is to ensure that our seniors take athletics seriously; to improve their level of personal fitness; to flatten out the rounded protuberances; and to provide such exercise as may stimulate both the circulatory and respiratory systems and — indirectly, the brain!

Study periods for the 6th Form particularly need some guidance. Several boys have already discovered that it is unwise to just sun seek in these periods; the resulting burns don't necessarily come from the sun.

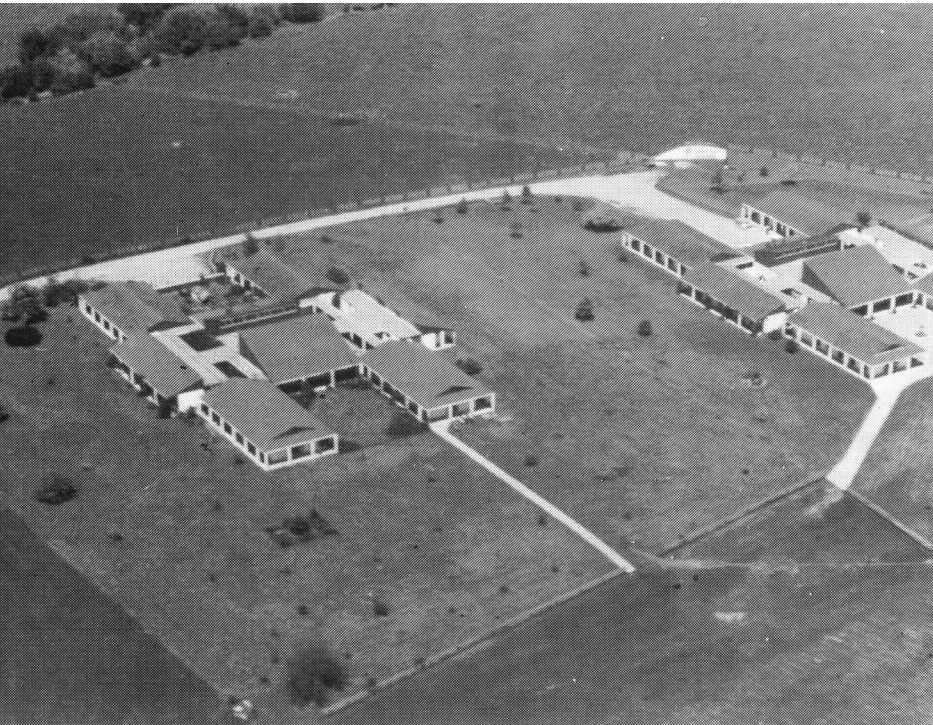


Then and Now

Boarding in the Broadhurst Era



Broadhurst Boarding Chalets 2021



School News



Chitty delights a full house

St Peter's School's 2021 senior production, Chitty Chitty Bang Bang, ran to packed houses from May 7-13, delighting audiences with a theatrical experience as "phantasmagorical" as the magical car itself.

Directed by renowned Hamilton director David Sidwell, with musical direction by Sam Cleaver, the show was, "to use the vernacular, more than spectacular".

Its journey to the stage involved high drama itself when Covid forced the school to temporarily pull the plug on the production just before lockdown last year.

"It was the hardest thing I've ever had to do in my 20 years of teaching," said director of performing arts Stephen Morton-Jones of the moment he had to tell students the show would have to be postponed. "It was heartbreaking actually."

Fourteen Year 13 students from last year's cast who lost their roles and many others who would have been in the crew were given free tickets to this year's opening night.

"There was more energy backstage than I've ever seen before on a production," Stephen said. "And there was a real sense of pride and excitement from last year's year 13s who came. I think they really had a sense of relief that the show was able to go on."

The Chitty Chitty Bang Bang stage show is based on a 1968 musical fantasy film by the same name which, as many readers will remember, starred Dick Van Dyke and Sally Ann Howes.

Adapted from a novel by Ian Fleming, it follows the adventures of eccentric inventor Caractacus Potts, who restores an old race car with help from his children, Jeremy and Jemima.

After discovering the car has magical properties, the trio band together with Grandpa Potts and Caractacus's love interest, Truly Scrumptious, to save it from the clutches of the evil Baron and Baroness of Vulgaria.

Felix Rowe was outstanding as Caractacus, demonstrating remarkable maturity in his accomplished portrayal of an older man, and Natasha Dickie was delightful as Truly Scrumptious, bringing great stage presence and a wonderful voice to her role.

Reid Callaghan and Ella Veitch elicited many laughs in the show's other two principal parts, Baron and Baroness Bomburst, generating gorgeously evil chemistry with their superb comic talent and flair.

There was no weak link in the cast, with every single stage member delivering performances polished to a high shine and executed with captivating energy and pizzazz.

The backstage orchestra was first-class and Ashleigh Gibson, who

went above and beyond the call of duty to continue with the show while on maternity leave, deserves a special mention for her dazzling choreography.

Wonderfully whimsical sets conceptualised by professional production designer John Harding combined with gorgeous costumes, evocative lighting, superb props and seamless scene changes to evoke a feeling of wide-eyed wonder from the moment the curtains burst open, creating that delightful kid-in-a-candy-store feeling that live theatre is all about.

"Teamwork can make a dream work," sang the cast in one musical number, and it certainly did.



Appeal for the St Peter's Foundation Student Hardship Fund

There are a number of St Peter's families that have been badly impacted by the COVID-19 crisis. We expect this number to rise. The School is providing what support it can through central resources, and the St Peter's Foundation has pledged to make a significant sum available to assist the School through the crisis. The St Peter's Alumni Committee is also rising to the challenge by offering to match, dollar for dollar, all donations made by Alumni to the St Peter's Foundation Student Hardship Fund. We acknowledge that this is a difficult time for many, but EVERY GIFT HELPS. Through the provision of temporary hardships grants to cover the next three to six months, we are hoping to keep as many students as possible stable in their education, sustaining their deep bonds of friendship and community.

We cannot emphasise enough how parent, grandparent and alumni financial support in the past has enabled St Peter's to offer the gift of education more broadly than we otherwise would have been able to do. Please join us in sustaining this tradition, particularly at this extraordinary time. Students who are at the heart of our mission, will benefit.

I wish to make a donation to the St Peter's Foundation Student Hardship Fund, that will operate in accordance with the guidelines outlined on the St Peter's Foundation website.
www.stpetersfoundation.org.nz/terms-and-conditions/

The fund is to be operated by the St Peter's School Foundation and donations and/or bequests made qualify for membership of the Foundation.

Please complete the details below and you will receive a receipt and acknowledgement of any donation.

Donations made qualify for tax rebates of 33% as per the current New Zealand Tax Legislation.

Full Name

Full Postal Address.....

Phone number Mobile

Email

Payment Options (please tick your preferred choice)

☐ Internet Banking - St Peter's School Account 03-1568-0452055-000 Ref: Full name + Scholarship Fund

☐ **Cheque enclosed for \$**..... (cheques to be made payable to St Peter's School)

☐ **Credit Card** Please charge my credit Card \$..... VISA / MASTER CARD (circle one)

Name on Card:

Card No: / / /

Expiry Date:/..... Signature:

Make a gift online at **www.stpetersfoundation.org.nz**

Post Form to:

St Peter's School Foundation, Private Bag 884, Cambridge 3450, NZ. Attn: Sharon Roux

For further information, or to make a gift in your will, please feel free to contact the
Director of Advancement, Sharon Roux.

Email: sharonr@stpeters.school.nz Tel: +64 7 8279842 Mob: 027 808 1936



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