



THE BROADHURST ERA NEWS

Issue 5

March 2016

Welcome back to the newsletter. Well we are into our third calendar year – the first issue being in 2014. This is the fifth issue and we are still going strong. The last issue featured an article on Arthur post St Peter's and also my 'Pilgrimage to Lichfield'. I was delighted to see that Lichfield Cathedral School published these pieces in their *Old Boys' Newsletter* and as a result I have published a few memories from their old boys, who knew Arthur in the UK where he taught for 26 years from the age of 70 until he was 96!!! – not bad eh?

I am still getting a great response to the newsletters and I thank you all for the material you provide which helps make it a success. Thank you to all those who were able and willing to make a donation to *The Arthur Broadhurst Commemorative Fund*, which is an ongoing project.

As I keep saying, we are always in need of interesting material for future publications, so please keep the information and

profiles coming - particularly for those unable to attend reunions or gatherings, and those that have not been in contact with the school and classmates over the years. It would be great to have a backlog of work to publish (an editor's dream). In particular I need to receive any information on changed circumstances and/or addresses, or if you have noted the passing of any classmates.

I wish, again, to express special thanks to Josh Wedlake the graphic designer at St Peter's, who takes what I prepare and puts it into the form that you receive and understand.

Editor: Neil McLaughlin
Email neilmcl@xtra.co.nz
Ph +64 (0) 21 619 171
P O Box 33-1520
Takapuna 0740
New Zealand



**ST PETER'S
CAMBRIDGE
NEW ZEALAND**



MUSIC! MUSIC! MUSIC!

Staff members were V Bevan, D A Cowell, A F B Broadhurst and M Smale
There are 33 boys in the photo – one third of the school!
From *The Owl Spreads its Wings* - B & D Hamilton (Caxton Press, 2011)

MEMORIES OF ARTHUR BROADHURST

By past pupils from Lichfield Cathedral School UK

Editor's Comment – I received these comments below as a result of my 'Pilgrimage to Lichfield' article from the last issue of *The Broadhurst Era News*. The article was reprinted in the *Lichfield Cathedral School Old Boys' Newsletter*.

M COWELL

Lichfield Cathedral School, 1958 to 1964

"I have just read the winter newsletter (of the Lichfield Cathedral School) and in particular the article about Neil McLaughlin and Arthur Broadhurst. I was a pupil at the school from 1958 to 1964 and well remember "Mr Broadhurst" known as "Arthur" or "AB". I don't think I was ever taught by him but I fondly remember that he used to come into school lunches and sit at the end of one of the tables and, as in those days we used to rotate places every day, I would from time to time sit next to him. I well remember that he showed us how to use a spoon and fork to tap out letters and words in morse code!

"My other memories of him are that he used to hold musical appreciation sessions in his very small house in the close near school house. This was done in preparation for taking a small number of boys to hear a concert by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, I believe at the Birmingham City Hall (which I think it was called then - it is now the Town Hall). He would play the music we were to hear on his gramophone. He taught me the difference between a concerto and a symphony and through hearing and getting to know the music we were able to enjoy the concert more. To this day I love all music including classical and I am sure his input has influenced that. I also remember that he had some sort of connection with Sir Adrian and was able to get us his autograph, although we never actually met him. I recall he also played the viola (or was it the violin?) in the school orchestra. A lovely man."

ANDREW OLIVER

Lichfield Cathedral School, 1958 to 1964

"I was a pupil at St Chad's from 1958 to 1964 and was, therefore, at the school when Uncle Arthur, as he was affectionately called, arrived in Lichfield. He was a remarkable man and I always remember he had many fascinating stories to tell, although I am afraid I cannot remember the detail. Arthur taught me English for a time and, to this day, I remember how he taught us to tell the difference between phrases and clauses, as follows:

On a FREEZING (pronounced 'phrasing') night, Santa CLAUS came down the chimney.

"Uncle Arthur was an expert musician and I remember him playing the double bass in the school orchestra. He loved his food and always amused us at meals by saying, when he heard what was on the menu, "Ooh, my FAVOURITE," with great emphasis on the last word.

"I have many happy memories of Uncle Arthur, who was a

great character and a very kind and genuine person, and I remember he loved talking about his time in New Zealand. Some years after I left the school, I was asked to give a short talk, I think to propose a toast, at a celebratory birthday for him - maybe his 90th?

"I went to his funeral in Lichfield Cathedral; I cannot remember exactly when he died, but I think it was about 1987."

ANDREW MACHIN

Lichfield Cathedral School, 1974 to 1978

"I am writing to you both with my limited recollections of 'Mr Broadhurst' as he was known to the boys (the school being single sex for a lot of the time I attended).

"The man himself was a bit mysterious. I don't ever remember it being explained who he was, or why he was there, by a member of staff. Yet, it did not seem strange to us for an elderly man to appear in the school, almost as if he was attending a London club. Perhaps it was the ancient surroundings of the Cathedral and Palace, but it did seem to make sense.

"I remember Mr Broadhurst, as always, being smartly turned out in tweed suit, polished back shoes, shirt and tie, with a walking stick which helped him to slowly and deliberately walk around The Palace. He was thickset, but not fat, and stared at us through his glasses.

"The most memorable thing however was that his hearing, especially of the higher frequencies, was very poor. This meant that whenever a boy talked to him the slightly comical (on reflection) scenario could be observed of prepubescent boys attempting to, very seriously, slowly talk as if basso profundo, a scene often repeated as he did not hear the first time.

"From recollection, the boys encountered Mr Broadhurst on two occasions during the school week. Firstly, he was often in The Palace school library (between dining room and Headmaster's Office), either reading the paper, or inviting a boy to play a game - either chess, or more often 'Mastermind' - this game was fairly new on the market, and was very different to any other game we boys had come across, so, often a crowd would build up to watch - with the requirement of silence. Whether he won or lost he was gracious, congratulating his opponent, and offering a rematch.

"The other occasion we boys would see Mr Broadhurst was on Saturday mornings in the school hall in the Palace, when the school orchestra would play during morning assembly (the rest of the week assembly would be in the school chapel). Mr Broadhurst played the double bass, and to see him perched on his stool, with this enormous instrument was a sight to behold.

"This leads me to my only personal recollection. While at the school I had lessons on the bassoon. On my last Saturday, and my last music lesson, I found myself explaining to Mr Broadhurst how to put the bassoon together, how to clean it, how to use the double reed, and where the basic notes could be found, as well as teaching him a beginner's piece. The reason he was finding the double bass too big and heavy to manage and play, and was therefore looking for a new challenge. A reasonable explanation, but as anyone who has had a bassoon knows, it is a large, heavy and cumbersome instrument, hardly a significant downsizing!

"My overall recollection is of a smart, serious elderly man, who was, if not loved, then certainly held in very warm affection by the boys.

CHRISTOPHER WAIN

Lichfield Cathedral School, 1961 to 1966

"I see you are asking for reminiscences of Mr Broadhurst. I'm sure you will be getting lots, but I will gather a few thoughts together at some point.

"He was a very kind man, very generous, though we did, I'm afraid, tend to laugh at him, rather! I last saw him in the mid-'80s, only a year or two before he died. It was an Old Boys' Day which I had turned up to almost by chance, and I said 'Hello sir, you won't remember me, but long ago you taught me the piano.' He said 'Everyone here I seem to have taught the piano!' It was probably nearly true!"



ST PETER'S SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE WELCOMES A NEW FACE AT THE HELM

St Peter's School has a new Principal and leader Dale Burden.

As with many who enter the teaching profession, Dale Burden's decision to train as a teacher came in his school years. So it was that Christchurch-born Dale left Papanui High School for Canterbury University to study a Bachelor of Arts in Classics and History and then to further his studies at Canterbury College of Education.

Looking back "I loved school, in particular I really enjoyed history and classical studies. I also enjoyed sports and I got into coaching quite young, which gave me the satisfaction you get when you get the opportunity to motivate students to achieve success through sport."

His first position found him, while he was out on a teaching experience 'section'. "I was on section at St Andrew's College," says Burden. "A fellow staffer mentioned that there was a position teaching history at Whanganui Collegiate. History teaching jobs were quite rare at the time so I leapt at it." It's all about taking the opportunities as they present themselves.

So Dale relocated north, "It was an interesting and exciting time at Whanganui Collegiate which was transitioning from a boys' school to a co-educational facility," he says. A year later he became the school's head of Social Studies and says that during his time at the school he became involved in the local teachers' association and many aspects of school life, including work within the school boarding houses, "I enjoyed learning about how boarding works and how an independent school works."

After six years Dale was approached to apply for the head of social sciences when it came up at Whanganui High School. "I was pretty green at 28 to take that position but it was a very important move, because that's where I met my wife Yvette. She had come to Whanganui from Nga Tawa College to take the role as the assistant principal."

A keen sportsman and coach, it was on the side-line of a 1st XI football match that Dale met the headmaster of Westlake Boys' High School, which led him to his next role, as Deputy Headmaster at the North Shore school. "At the time I was the chair of the New Zealand History Teachers' Association. I was the National Professional Development Facilitator for NCEA history, back then the North Shore of Auckland was resistant to the change to NCEA, and it was a privileged experience to be part of managing that."

After a short tenure at Westlake there was a move to Mt Albert Grammar School where he has spent the last thirteen years, ten of which were served as the school's headmaster leading innovation and change.

During his tenure at Mt Albert Grammar School he was



Mr Burden with Hanna House competitors at Sports Day

awarded the prestigious Woolf Fisher Fellowship. The award is highly sought after and one awarded to one secondary school principal each annually. The award enabled Dale and his family to travel around the world and for him to attend seven leadership courses at Harvard University.

And now he heads up St Peter's as the school's sixth principal, making the move to Cambridge with his family – wife Yvette and daughter Zoe. Dale says, "The most important factor in taking up this role was that St Peter's ticked both the professional and personal boxes. There have been numerous



Mr Burden with Year 13 students on Geography Cake Day, a Spirit Week event, which involves students decorating a cake to depict and explain a global pattern in geography!

opportunities come my way, but none of them have done that. Zoe will spend Year 6 at Goodwood Primary School and join St Peter's in Year 7. She is a keen swimmer, enjoys a range of sports and is fond of horses, so the facilities here are a great match."

Dale has a strong personal faith and is pleased to be leading a faith school. He is clearly passionate about his new role and the opportunities it will bring to the school. "The facilities and environment here are unique, there is certainly nothing like this place in Australasia. I have great respect for Steve Robb, who has done an impressive job of building a strong foundation for this school, which is well known for its quality and excellence."

"I believe a school should be an environment where all students can achieve their potential and where excellence becomes a habit in all areas of school life. To achieve this, schools need to be goal focused, and have a culture of continuous improvement."

"St Peter's is a high performing independent school, and it has the potential to be the best in the world. It is my job as Principal to enact the trust board's vision to be the best in the world, which is a great goal, and achievable."

"Education is all about relationships," he says, "so it is important I spend time building positive bonds with people, getting to know them and understanding why things are done the way they are done."

Not given to the confines of an office, this first term Dale will be immersing himself in the culture of St Peter's, which will see him on the campus and in classrooms. Gesturing toward the grounds through his office window he says emphatically, "I will definitely be out there, because that's where it's happening."

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTHUR BROADHURST

Memories from Laurie Sanders

What a chapter in my life, has been my time at St Peter's. There were times when it was difficult, but always the 'man' shone through to us, with courtesy and respect, yet authority as well. Discipline was still important enough in those days, but we boys just so appreciated Mr Broadhurst. My musical appreciation soared, my darkroom skills were begun there, even my sporting involvement commenced there. Oh if there had only been a squash court as well. I would have lost weight and got real fit, then.

But, what a man of single-minded generosity. I never knew how wealthy he must have been, yet he shared his financial provisions with such willingness to achieve something great for educational posterity.

An excellent commemoration that I will treasure. Some interesting photos as well. Imagine receiving his LPs – they would be considered sacred taonga!!! He treated his records with such gentle tenderness as we all sat back and listened to Saint Saens or the like, and he would 'conduct' the music as he sat with his eyes closed, imaging himself, no doubt, to be part of whatever orchestra was playing his esteemed favourites. Every time I hear Saint Saens I think of Mr Broadhurst.

I am so proud to have been a member of St Peter's. It has shaped my life for the better, being there – because of Mr Broadhurst.

Laurie Sanders, 1958 - 1959

lsms@clear.net.nz

Editors Comment – This is an extract from an email sent to me by Laurie. I think it is worth printing as it covers the thoughts of so many. Yes it was difficult at times but the rewards were worth it.

MUSIC IN THE 1940s AND EARLY 1950s

Stanley Jackson

Stanley Jackson had arrived at St Peter's School in 1942 and left at the end of 1954. Born in England, he had come to New Zealand in his early twenties. He met Ruth, his wife, in Hamilton and she too joined the staff as a music teacher.

Luckily for Broadhurst and St Peter's, Stanley Jackson was invalided out of the air force and was able to return to the school at a time when male teachers were in very short supply. He began by teaching general subjects and coaching games, but with his qualifications in music (LRAM and ARCM and the B.Mus. he completed while teaching at St Peter's), he was an ideal music director. Monty Pierard said of him: 'Stanley Jackson had a very big impact on the boys and they found him very amusing. As chaplain I got on very well with him because he knew his job and was very good at it.' Jackson and Broadhurst also worked well together.

He was, of course, a very good organist, and could sometimes be prevailed upon to play *Black and White Rag*, the boys' favourite, on the piano. After they left the Jacksons had varied teaching careers, finishing by teaching in the Correspondence School.

Extract from *The Owl Spreads its Wings*



John Ball, Owen Lee, A F B Broadhurst, Mary Grant, H B V Bruton, Stanley Jackson.



Owen Lee, Stanley Jackson, Monty Pierard, Mrs Southwell, Stormy Land.

ART IN THE 1940s AND EARLY 1950s

Owen Lee

Owen was an outstanding art teacher. He arrived in 1946 and left at the end of the first term of 1955. He made sure that artistic boys were encouraged by displaying their work round the school and in the Chronicle. The lino cuts were outstanding, for example, in the 1951 Chronicle, those of N B Browning, C B Fitzpatrick and R K Newman.

Owen Lee did not confine himself to art: he sang as a bass in the chapel choir, played double bass in the school orchestra, and was an indispensable part, with his scene painters, of drama in the school. He left to pursue his own career as an artist, with great success: he exhibited his work in leading galleries and gained an international reputation.

Owen had been an extremely talented, hardworking and successful art master. When he left, Owen's art and craft work was taken over by Dennis Cowell.

Extract from *The Owl Spreads its Wings*



Owen Lee straightens No. 7 Trawlers, Lyttelton, as he prepares for his exhibition of 42 oil paintings at the Canterbury Society of Arts Gallery.

ARTHUR BROADHURST

A PERSONAL RAMBLE OF MEMORIES

By Gary (Gareth) Clemson, 1942 to 1947

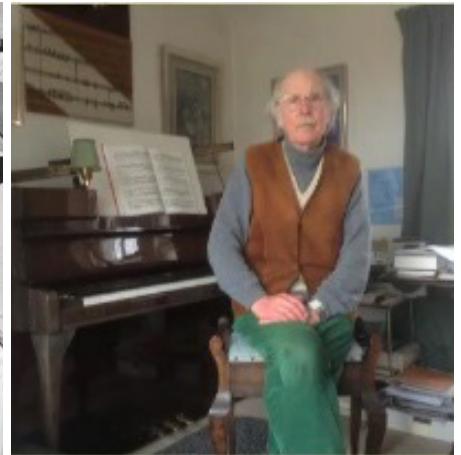
I will never know why St Peter's was chosen as the most suitable boarding school for me to attend.

1942 was the middle of the war years, my father was in the army, and splitting up with my mother. It was feared my grandmother would 'spoil' me, so it was felt best I stayed at school away from home. As an only child, coming from a family with no musical ability whatsoever, I doubt my musical aptitude would ever have come to light if it were not for St Peter's and AFB, for which I shall be forever grateful. Financially it must have been a burden for my father and grandmother paying £60 a term (if my memory is correct). It is only as one grows older that one is aware of how fortunate I was and able to evaluate its uniqueness.

Class sizes of around fifteen was certainly unique and beneficial. For French lessons, we were given French names. There was the occasional French meal where we were all told to converse only in French. For Latin, an assignment system operated, where we worked at our own individual speed, each stage learned and checked by the teacher before being allowed to proceed to the next stage. As I recall, the total roll number was around 96, most of whom were involved in music making. For a school of that size, it is quite extraordinary to remember there were two school choirs – senior and junior, two school orchestras, a chapel choir, which rehearsed each morning, sang morning and evensong on Sundays, and prepared an anthem each week for matins. In addition, there was instrumental tuition on piano, violin and cello – at my time, there was no woodwind and brass. Practice sessions were rigorously supervised in individual practice rooms. A love of chamber music was encouraged with the annual Bevan Cup competition. Soloists were excluded.

It really saddened me to learn of the fire that destroyed the gym, main music classroom, practice rooms and the pavilion. One's memories are so tied up with the visual recollection, that the replacement can never feel the same. Gone also is the unique trestle table with its painted staves and bins of metal notes which we could use to compose simple melodies. It was a thrill to have one's effort selected by Stanley Jackson who then harmonised it on the piano. The rudiments of word setting, from which I have benefited over the years, go back to this time as well. A thorough grounding in Sol Fah was an essential part of every singing lesson. As a composer, I have instinctively drawn on this same Sol Fah for awareness of intervals and relative pitch throughout my life and still do.

Does the phrase 'solitary and sedentary' bring back memories to any of you? Put simply, sit down, occupy yourself and



Gary in the 1945 Chapel Choir and, more recently, at home in Scotland

stop being a nuisance. Perhaps it had died out long ago, an oddity of the early days and Arthur's tenure as Headmaster. It refers to self discipline and using one's time profitably. For the older pupils, time was set aside after the evening meal and before bedtime, for silent reading or model making. Weather permitting, we were allowed to fly our model planes outside. Thus planning ahead was good training for later life and maximising one's use of time. I still benefit from this and am never at a loss deciding what to do.

What kind of man was Arthur Broadhurst? Generous to a fault. Some found him overbearing. His pet hate, as I remember, was quibbling. Those of you who knew him well will have fond memories of him. Eccentric? Yes, to a degree – judge for yourself. We as pupils were made to use Latin words for bodily functions and major and minor for brothers. Would the present boys and girls identify the washing area by the word moab? AFB pretended to be a 'lady' as he walked down the drive and trained us boys to doff our school cap with the hand furthest away. He never advertised when he would appear, the element of surprise essential for its success. He had a 'thing' about how we should walk, and made us hold a board above our head to train us to keep a straight back while we walked down the Drive. For his personal transport, I well remember his cream Vauxhall car which had been converted to run on gas, with its self-produced burner, which needed regular de-coaking. Remember, petrol was rationed at the time.

Was AFB a man of the future and ahead of his time? With the whole world from which to choose, how did he manage to find such an ideal locality suitable for his new school with its adjacent farm, perfect for providing fresh food. St Peter's was built at the time of the Great Depression. which was favourable for the costs of the project. Was this good timing or simply fortuitous? Who can say and does it really

matter? One can assume the latest building practices were used, which included the use of reinforced concrete in the Main Building, complete with earthquake 'gaps' where metal strips were designed to fall off if the building moved, was new practice at the time and not the norm. The dining room with its stainless steel dishwashers also seemed the height of modernity.

It is well known what a fine musician Arthur was. Proficient on the viola, double bass but, above all, on the organ. As a child, I had great fun trying to decide who's improvisations were best, his or Stanley Jackson's. In later life after he retired he tried the recorder, which he used to keep warm in an inner jacket pocket. So it was inevitable that this abiding love of music would spill over into the curriculum of St Peter's, where music had the importance usually occupied by sport. There were sessions of music appreciation. These could lead to being allowed to use the gramophone so long as one passed three stages of competence and followed the music with a score for seamless joins at the end of each 78. Unfortunately, I like to concentrate with my eyes shut and thus did not conform.

There were concert outings I remember, in particular Mendelssohn's *Athalia*, in Hamilton and the complete sonatas for violin and piano by Beethoven at Matamata - accompanied by the persistent hum of a generator to keep the lights on. The school, as a whole, was privileged to have famous musicians visit and stay at the school. Lili Kraus was one I remember. Only recently did I learn that she had been imprisoned by the Japanese and was still recovering from her ordeal at the time of her visit. The other was the violinist Maurice Clare, I can still vividly recall the occasion all those years ago, perhaps 1946 when we were all assembled in the gym for a performance of Bach's Chaconne for solo violin. It is no exaggeration to say I was musically transported. To see him tuck his fiddle under his chin and then produce such wonderful sounds is something I have never forgotten. Recently, I looked him up and discovered he was briefly Leader of the Boyd Neale String Orchestra, was difficult to get on with and had a rather small tone. So much for special memories when we are young. One must not forget Arthur's generosity in making the school available for the Annual Summer School of Music where I enjoyed many sessions of music making. Does this still continue?

More difficult to pinpoint, is the appreciation of Art. There were no appreciations classes as such, though art was part of the curriculum. It was rather more the gradual unconscious 'soaking up' of one's surroundings. Wherever one went, reproductions of famous works of art were there to see. Ever since, these early impressions come to the fore as one recognises the real thing on visits to art galleries.

One of the school's tenets was honesty and sharing - none of the lockers for personal belongings were ever locked - thieving was virtually unknown. The generosity of parents with gifts of sweeties was compulsorily shared on Sunday afternoons,

and the weekly reading of Sherlock Holmes. These readings usually took place outside in the sunshine. Otherwise, they were in the library. This serves as a reminder of the daily display of the day's news displayed on the wall. AFB felt it essential that we knew about the daily news both local and international. A test on current affairs, and how much we had taken in, was held from time to time.

Arthur's personal life remained a mystery. As pupils we were aware he had married his disabled cousin and was subsequently divorced. The question remains, what impelled AFB to establish his dream school in Cambridge? More important, is the broader legacy of moral values founded on Christian principles that are deeply embedded in our lives, a shining compass guiding the way we live; *Structo Saxo - Founded upon a Rock*. Such a good motto indicative of maintaining high standards.

Gareth (Gary) Clemson 1942 - 1947
Tillywhally, Scotland.
3 February 2016

Editor - what a wonderful story with details that are so vivid they bring the story to life. As one who never knew Arthur I can really picture the man and the times. Thanks Gary!

MURRAY GLEN

1944 TO 1946

A Brief Profile

Murray came to St Peter's School in 1944 age eleven. During his three years at the school he played in the 1st XV in 1945 and 1946. He was captain of the 1st XV when on one of the rare occasions that the team beat Southwell in 1946.

Murray was also captain of the 1st XI in 1946. He won the swimming cup in 1944 and 1945 but was not allowed to compete in 1946 had the chicken pox. He has presented to the school archives his Captain's Cricket Cap he wore in 1946, and two two miniature silver cups given to the holder of "The Waller Cup for Swimming" for 1944 and 1945.

Murray was a prefect in 1946 and on leaving St Peter's went on to Wanganui Collegiate School from 1947 to 1950. He then pursued a career in farming and was married, having four children. He is currently residing in Hamilton, NZ.

Editors Comment - many thanks to Murray for his kind donations to the school archives. These items are ready for display in any future museum facility.

HAPPY 80TH BIRTHDAY ST PETER'S SCHOOL

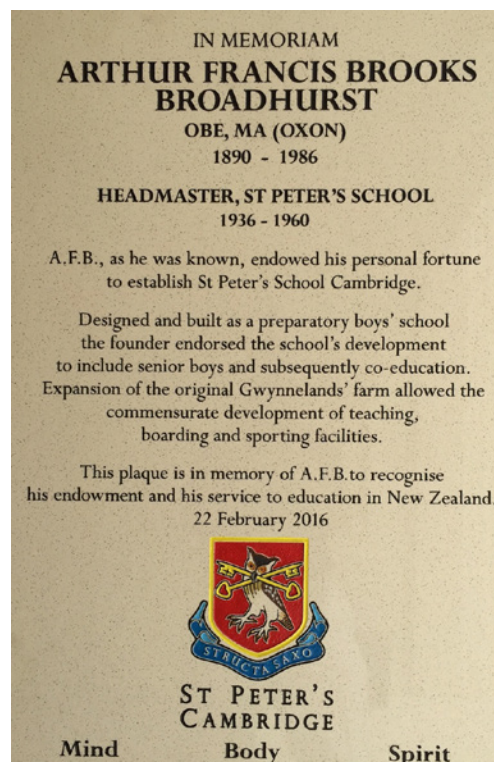
The Unveiling of the Arthur Broadhurst Memorial Plaque

Well, what an occasion. It was the 80th year to the day since the opening of St Peter's School on the 22nd February 1936. The whole school turned out to honour the day and the Broadhurst Years Old Boys were well represented by Bruce Moss (1936-1939), Jack Yates (1938-1943), John Coles (1941-1947), Ross Duder (1949-1953) and Rev Canon Ian Graham (Teacher 1952-1955).

The day started with a full school assembly, and the guests were introduced to the students, some of the history of the school and its founding was explained. It was with great appreciation from the current students who were amazed at the longevity of early pupils.

From the auditorium the group moved to the unveiling of the plaque to honour Arthur Broadhurst. The idea for this was that of a few of the Broadhurst Old Boys, particularly Jack Yates, Ross Duder, Tony Ivanson and John Coles. They have been working on this now for over a year, trying to get wording that was acceptable to all parties, and to ensure that it was a fitting tribute.

Jack Yates made a formal address to the Dinner at the Broadhurst Era Reunion in April 2015 and it was unanimously endorsed by all those there (around 150 including around 100 actual Broadhurst Years Old Boys, plus around 50 partners). Once agreement was reached at the dinner there were many



Left to Right Around Table: Rev Dr Deborah Wilson (Chaplain), Rev Canon Ian Graham, Georgia Grenfell (Deputy Head Girl), Sarina Towers, Dale Burden (Principal), Bruce Moss, Philip Coles (Alumni 1976-79 and Chairperson of Alumni Committee), Hugh Waugh (Alumni 1969-72), Trent Bell, David McLean (Alumni 1979-85), Rebecca Goodman (Head Girl), Ross Duder, Jack Yates, John Coles Peter Parr (Principal 1979-87)



offers to help with the funding of such a plaque. As a result, the *Arthur Broadhurst Commemorative Fund* was launched, with a view to building a capital fund of which the income could be used for projects in memory of Arthur, such as the heritage aspects of the school, scholarships to needy students and the like. It is fitting that the first allocation from this fund is to pay half of the costs (the school Alumni Association will pay the other half) of this plaque in recognition of Arthur's contributions and generosity.

Left: Dale Burden (Principal), Bruce Moss & Philip Coles (Alumni Chairperson)

UNVEILING SPEECH

Frederick Ross Duder, 'Duder Minor' No 67 Light Blue, 1949 -1953

St Peter's Pupils, Headmaster and Staff, Ladies and Gentlemen.

On behalf of the Alumni, including the original St Peter's Old Boys, we are here to remember and honour our founder Arthur Francis Brooks Broadhurst, OBE on the 80th anniversary of the opening of the school.

His vision and generosity to buy the small Gwynnelands dairy farm, invest his inheritance to build this preparatory school for boys during the 1935/6 Great Depression years was a brave and bold act in those uncertain and hard times. But at least there was plenty of labour!

The purchase of a dairy farm, subsequent additions and leases provided an expanding surrounding farming buffer or 'greenbelt'. Located close to Cambridge, this turned out to be a sound investment, supplying town milk to Cambridge, providing a vital early income stream pivotal to the school's finances. Later, this buffer afforded the progressive expansion of its teaching and boarding house facilities and still later accommodating the various sporting academies and the recent Avantidrome.

The wisdom to retain & develop the dairy farm has allowed the Owl Demonstration Farm, attracting the partnership of Lincoln University with its potential advantages for St Peter's teaching and to the Waikato dairying region.

Over his 25 years as headmaster, Broadhurst set the basic educational culture of 'Mind, Body and Spirit' as a culture for a total over 8000 boys and girls who attended St Peter's School over the next 80 years. His balanced scholastic,

sporting and artistic ethos has been perpetuated by successive Boards of Governors, headmasters, academic & support staff. This is the challenge for future headmasters and staff to retain.

On February 22nd 1936 the school was officially opened with a gold key from architect Roy Lippincott, by the Minister of Education Peter Fraser. Arch Bishop Averill and joint headmaster James Beaufort dedicated the chapel and the buildings. Former Prime Minister Gordon Coates and Broadhurst addressed the early staff and the 800 guests including the initial 37 boys, one girl (a staff member's daughter, who was the first girl to attend) and their entrusting parents. An impressive line-up and crowd, especially for those days.

Ironically Broadhurst dismissed the idea of a secondary department but foresaw the idea of a complete secondary school: St Peter's College, perhaps at another location? In later years, well after his retirement, he was to accept and endorse the Board's, and headmaster Peter Parr's recommendation for a co-educational secondary school and day boys to meet the school's and society's changing educational demands

In 1950 when I was at school, 14 years after the school opened, on Arthur Broadhurst's 60th birthday he was awarded an OBE for services to education. His investiture 1952, while I was still at school, was attended by founding trustee T. A. Oliphant, LT. Cornel Brutton and head boy Richard Newman, who said he enjoyed the lunch.



Ross Duder & Jack Yates



Bruce Moss (over 90!) & John Coles

Many feel that his OBE award is under recognised nationally and at the time barely made the local Waikato papers. We have traced, and are attempting to procure, his medal and citation following its auction in England three years ago.

The idea and origin of this plaque, was the idea of Jack Yates and surviving Broadhurst Old Boys to publically remind and permanently record his vision and philanthropy. It was soundly endorsed by around 100 or so old boys attending the successful Broadhurst Reunion at the school in April 2015. It was probably the last reunion for many old boys from that era.

Financed jointly by the Alumni and the new *Arthur Broadhurst Commemorative Fund* (set up at the 2015 Broadhurst Era Reunion) this 'In Memoria' plaque compliments the other opposite it, the commemorative entrance gates opened in the 1980s, the Owen Lee portrait & bronze bust of Arthur Broadhurst playing his beloved cello. Hopefully all will inspire parents, staff and students who come through these doors to share their dreams and live their vision. As a recent popular sportsman says on television, "Dream Big New Zealand."

This school stands as testament to Broadhurst's vision which he realised and lived in.

I trust he would be well pleased to see the school today, with its expanded coeducational role of over 1000, and we hope this plaque does his achievements justice.

I now hand over to Bruce Moss (pupil from 1936), Headmaster Dale Burden and Philip Coles (Chairperson of the Alumni) to unveil this plaque to the memory of Arthur Francis Brooks Broadhurst, Benefactor and founding headmaster of this school 80 years ago today.



Ross Duder's Speech

"Happy Birthday St Peter's."



THE ARTHUR BROADHURST COMMEMORATIVE FUND

I am delighted with the response and reception of the Arthur Broadhurst Commemorative Fund. Many of the Broadhurst Era Old Boys have indicated that it is a perfect way for them to be able to show their gratitude for the formative years of their lives that were so influenced by their time at St Peter's School. I will mention it and its progress in each upcoming issue of the Broadhurst Era News.

I have spoken to many, and received communication indicating an intention to contribute either with the donation or a bequest, to be made to this fund in the Foundation. I am aware that not all are in a position to contribute and I do not intend to exert any pressure – this must be a personal decision, made if you are able and willing. This fund is a long term fund and the capital will be retained as a lasting tribute to Arthur Broadhurst, and the income spent to promote the ideals that Arthur would have championed.

Our first grant has been made from the fund. We have paid half the cost of the commemorative plaque (see article on it) and feel it is a very appropriate way to start. Those who were at the reunion dinner will recall the offers made to set up and donate to this fund. So thank you.

While I have had an indication of more upcoming donations, to date we have received contributions from the following:

Spencer Bush (1940 – 1944)
William (Bill) Childs (1944-1946)
Geoffrey Clark (1953-1957)
Gary Clemson (1942-1947)
Jim Dawson (1946-1948)
Patrick Gibson (1944-1947)
Rev Canon Ian Graham (Teacher 1952-1955)
Peter Jones (1953-1957)
Graham Malaghan (1953-1957)
Neil McLaughlin (Editor & Chairman St Peter's Foundation)
Michael Mowat-Smith (1947-1951)
Graham Ruddenklau (1947-1951)
Sidney Spalter (1946-1949)
Warren Turnwald (1960)
Malcolm Waller (1936-1937)
Alastair Whitelaw (1944-1945)
Grey Whitney (1936-1938)
Nigel Yockney (1950-1955)

I am also aware of some bequests and will include those names once I get confirmation from the donor that it is in order to do so, and clarification of some, or all of any bequest, is specifically for the *Broadhurst Fund* or for the *Foundation General Capital Fund*.

For any enquiry on the fund, its purpose, uses or how to contribute, please contact the editor Neil McLaughlin

THE FORGOTTEN HEADMASTER

REVEREND DENNIS AUBREY COWELL (1954 TO 1961)

Born 28th April 1913, Died 14th September 2003

As editor of the news, I am writing this article on Dennis Cowell, who was an important and influential staff member at St Peter's from 1954 to 1961. It is followed by a report on his life written by his son Roger, who was at St Peter's from 1959 to 1961 and now resides in the UK.

The Rev Dennis Cowell was born in England and educated at St Alban's School, Herefordshire and Bristol University. He held a number of teaching positions before coming to New Zealand with his wife, just before the Second World War. Here he taught both in state country and secondary schools. In 1949 and 1950 he was Headmaster of Hadlow Preparatory School in Masterton.

He joined St Peter's School staff in Term 3, 1954, and was ordained Deacon in the Cathedral Church of St Peter's, Hamilton on 21st September 1954, and at that time also became the chaplain of St Peter's School. In 1955 he was ordained a Priest.

In 1958 he became Second Master at St Peter's. There is a considerable amount of uncertainty around published information on the actual position he held on the departure of Arthur Broadhurst. There is some talk about him being a relieving Headmaster or a Headmaster-in-waiting (for Board approval). I have researched as much documentation as I can find from around that time, and feel I can clarify the position. At the Board of Trustees Meeting on 11th April 1959, Arthur Broadhurst informed the Trust Board that he would be retiring from the position of Headmaster and Chairman of Trustees at the end of the first term in 1960. In accordance with the Trust Deed he nominated as his successor the Reverend Dennis Aubrey Cowell as Headmaster/Trustee.

At an Extraordinary Special Meeting of Trustees held on 30th April 1960, it was moved by J.B. Oliphant, seconded by AFB Broadhurst, *'That the Reverend Dennis Aubrey Cowell L.Th., Ed.Dip., having been appointed Headmaster of St Peter's School with effect from 6th May 1960 be and in terms of the Trust Deed of the St Peter's School Trust Board is hereby appointed Headmaster-Trustee with effect from the said date and shall in terms of the said Trust Deed be the Chairman of the St Peter's School Trust Board.'*

So, I can conclude that Dennis Cowell was definitely not only Headmaster of the school, but also Chairman of the Trust Board until his resignation in May 1961. Maybe because of his short tenure, he has not received the public recognition of his role.



1954



1958



1960

Dennis' son Roger writes...

We came to St Peter's in 1954, when I was only three years old, and my father was a teacher but not ordained at the time. He continued theological studies, and I remember him becoming a deacon, then being ordained priest, too, by the then Bishop of Waikato, John Holland, who we came to know quite well.

Already, by the time of the 25th Jubilee, it was known that AFB would be leaving, and that my father would be the next Headmaster, so presumably there are records of an appointment process, though of course such things sometimes were less well recorded in that time. My brother Michael, who is ten years older than me, may have more recollections of events than I do. He was deputy principal of the Dunedin College of Education (until just before it became part of the university) and now is retired and living on farmlands just outside Warrington, which is a bit north of Dunedin. He, too, was a pupil at St. Peter's for a while, and returned briefly to teach, about 1960, I think.

On leaving St Peter's my father became vicar of Putaruru, and was there until late June 1963, when he became head of a three teacher school in Mahoenui, a tiny settlement between Piopio and Mokau. He continued weekend parish duties in Putaruru for several months until a new vicar was appointed, and I have vivid memories of car sickness as we drove the 88 miles of winding roads between Mahoenui and Putaruru on Friday nights and Sunday nights.

My father didn't settle there, and didn't find contentment in the small rural community, so obtained permission from the Taranaki Education Board to leave at the end of 1963, when he had been offered a post teaching geography (and later also history) at Rotorua Girls' High School.

His interview, on a Saturday, was almost exactly 42 years ago, as I remember waking up on the Saturday morning in Rotorua to the news that President John Kennedy had been assassinated. Rather aptly, the motel was named *Motel Havana*. We moved to Rotorua in early 1964, and stayed until the end of 1968 (when I completed my secondary schooling, and prepared to go to Tonga as a school leaver VSA volunteer in January 1969). My father's last teaching post was in Auckland, as head of history at Westlake Girls' High School, where he stayed until about 1975.

My parents emigrated from England in August 1939, just weeks after their wedding, and didn't return to the UK again until December 1972, when they visited for about six weeks, I think. Less than three months later, my mother died suddenly, aged 59, of a heart attack. My father was devastated at her death. He recovered slowly, and after retirement travelled to the UK several times, completed an MA in history at the University of Auckland, and remarried in 1983, at the age of 71.

At the time of his second marriage, he lived in a townhouse in Freeman's Bay, but also bought a house on Waiheke, spending most weekends there, and moving permanently to the island after his second wife retired. He was chair of the Onetangi Residents' Association for a period, and took church services for many years on Waiheke, too. Memorably, in June 2000, aged 87, he flew unaccompanied to the UK, to attend my wedding, which

was a very happy occasion. He celebrated his 90th birthday in April 2003 with three of his four children present, but sadly fell ill shortly afterwards, with a very aggressive laryngeal tumour. He had extensive radiotherapy, but it had little effect. My father, Dennis Aubrey Cowell, died in hospice care at the Mercy Hospital, Epsom, in September 2003.

Roger Cowell
rogerccowell@gmail.com

OBITUARY: SEB PAGE 1950 TO 1953

Born 11th April 1939, Died 11th July 2015

Seb Page, who attended St Peter's from 1950 to 1953, died on the 11th July 2015. Below are details that I received from his wife Marcia who is happy for me to share with you.

"His illness was a very short one and he had only just been diagnosed with lung cancer when he attended the Broadhurst Era reunion. He so enjoyed the reunion, and I guess it was an appropriate finale as his days at St Peter's were among the happiest times in his life. I was fortunate to attend two reunions with Seb, both of which confirmed to me what a unique and privileged education he had enjoyed at St Peter's during the Broadhurst Era. Below is an obituary written by an old friend of Sebs, Peter Isaac, which was published on Tributes on Line"

Marcia Page, Page Blackie Gallery, Wellington, NZ
+64 4 471 2636
marcia@pageblackiegallery.co.nz
www.pageblackiegallery.co.nz

HIGH END CONSTRUCTOR SEB PAGE EVOKED THE NEW ZEALAND SALON SOCIETY EPOCH

The death after a short illness of Seb Page will for many summon forth that still-evocative era during the inter war years when Christchurch was the hub of the nation's philosophic, artistic and creative endeavour. A blend of emigres and locals coalesced with agrarian dynasties to found a bohemian firmament the influence of which was to last into contemporary times.

Leo Sebastian Page was born into the musical and artistic branch of this pre-war milieu. His father was Frederick Page, professor of music at Canterbury University and his mother Evelyn Page whose paintings became a hallmark of the epoch.

A collegiate future beckoned. He was sent as a boarder to Christ's College. A quick study, and boisterously preoccupied by and proficient in sports of all varieties the

expectations of his illustrious parents soon appeared to be more than justified.

It was now though that a singular trait in the energetic youth became evident. He found it hard to adjust to an institutional hierarchy, especially one in the rigorous educational field. He abruptly quit Christ's College and embarked upon a series of farm cadetships which were to take him the length and breadth of New Zealand.

With his inexhaustible energy, dexterity, and constant aura of conviviality, the next step was for him to settle down on his own farm. Once again the young Page balked at becoming tied down and he sought instead to channel his abilities into a mercantilist sphere.

The prospect though of being tied to a telephone and a set of ledgers failed to appeal and it was now that his organisational abilities matched with his manual and practical strengths combined to give him his true future which was as a constructor.

With his cosmopolitan background and social skills he was to further refine this new vocational calling into becoming a high-end builder. Many modernistic houses and sensitive reconstructions in the Wellington region carry his particular stamp.

With his lack of pretence, and with his managerial ease, and ability to enthuse craftsmen he forged enduring partnerships with a select group of architects and engineers.

With his new career soundly underway Seb Page was to launch still a new partnership. It was the one that was to enable him to regain the world that had so much earlier been laid out for him. His marriage to fine art gallery owner Marcia Shaw was to return him to the salon society style of life that had been familiar to him in his early years.

This marriage was to enable him to give full expression to another ruling passion which was for travel. Each year the couple would tour the arts centres of the northern hemisphere allowing Page to give full expression also to his connoisseurship of fines food and wines.

In more recent years he divided his time between the couple's base on Oriental Parade and their retirement estate in central Wairarapa, scene of his early years as a station hand.

He will be remembered for his immense applied energy and productivity which lasted until just weeks before his death. Also too for his conviviality, learning, and curiosity.

He is survived by his wife, a son, and two daughters.

Peter Isaac

MY LIFE POST ST PETER'S

RICK TOMKIES

1947 to 1949

After leaving St Peter's I went to Wanganui Collegiate School in 1950 and left at the end of 1953, eventually joined the staff of the Waikato Times after turning down an offer in a position as a junior sports reporter for the acclaimed New Zealand Herald – since my interest was rather more in general reporting. I then served my time as a junior reporter on the Waikato daily where I eventually became a general reporter.

After managing to scrape together enough money, I eventually flew (in the early days of prop-powered passenger planes) to Australia where I boarded a passenger liner, the M.V. Oronsay, bound for England. Here I discovered jobs for Kiwi journalists weren't so easy to land, and after working at various jobs and teaming up with another Kiwi, Tony, we toured the UK in a rental Mk 2 Ford Zephyr. It was after this that Tony, a qualified pilot, persuaded me to join him and immigrate to Canada leaving Liverpool on an assisted passage with a twenty pound ticket!

Arriving and disembarking in Quebec we headed east to Toronto, Ontario. It was only then, in 1956, that we discovered that Canada was in the grip of a bad recession and Canadians were losing their jobs to DPs (Displaced Persons) from communist Hungary. These desperate immigrants gladly accepted the CA\$1.00 an hour offered when native Canadians were previously getting CA\$1.10. Living and working in Canada was hard in those days, and a time when Canadians described the situation as 'being in a recession if one had a job or a depression when one was without.' I can remember claims that General Electric in Ontario allegedly laid off some 14000 Canadian employees to replace them with DPs - at that time, lines of hungry unemployed stood in Toronto's streets queuing up outside 'soup kitchens'. I was one of the lucky few – I knew someone in administration of the then Simpsons and Sears!

But eventually the glamor and excitement of the United States beckoned and I made my way down into California where I worked and lived in Hollywood. This wasn't quite as glamorous as it sounds, since I worked as a builder's labourer for an uncle of mine in the building business! In those days a green card was also necessary and allegedly if one 'knew the ropes' it was possible to acquire one. Inquiries back home in Toronto revealed employment opportunities had not improved – drastically so... especially for an unemployed journalist. So determined was I to get back into journalism, that I eventually headed for Australia via New Zealand. En route to Oz I met my future wife Katie, which resulted in my returning 'temporarily' back over the 'ditch' to marry and raise a family. Back in New Zealand I resumed my career in journalism, first on a small bi-weekly, the Taupo Times, and then onto the Rotorua Post. It was here that my career took a change in direction when I was offered, and which I accepted, a place on the Post's sales team promoting the newspaper in other areas. This change of direction happened to lead to

a selling career in the automotive business, a change which I thoroughly enjoyed and one which eventually resulted in me being offered, in 1971, a position on the sales team of a General Motors dealership in Far North Queensland, where sales persons and motor mechanics were evidently hard to obtain, resulting in the company recruiting New Zealanders. It was, at last, a chance to return to Australia, to which I had originally set out for some years previously.

In those days the lure of better money and opportunities abounded across the Tasman, so, despite my wife's misgivings, we packed up and headed into unknown territory, to a small sugar-growing town in Far North Queensland where we were welcomed with open arms and showered with kindness. My position in sales boomed and we were more than gratified in those days with the financial rewards.

It did not take long for me to discover that, as enterprising Kiwis, we could take full advantage of the many business opportunities that laid-back Aussies were appearing to not realise, that were (at that time) in abundance. Jobs also were plentiful and those were the days when New Zealanders made the journey to Australia without passports or visas.

So became the beginning of an entrepreneurial career, establishing various successful businesses, before selling them and starting another. Thus began, after some seventeen or eighteen years in various businesses, an importing business from the United States where I lived again for some months, in order to establish the buying and importation into North Queensland, of collectible automobiles and automotive parts, a business developed from a life-long interest in older American cars!

Eventually, when it came to retiring, we discovered a quiet spot in a very small rural town in the north-west of Far North Queensland where we finally settled and built a small, or what New Zealanders would call a 'wee' house, on an undeveloped allotment. But now after some eight years, and with a plentiful supply of underground water, the block has been transformed into a veritable Garden of Eden. This part of Queensland is a place where the climate, although relatively hot in summer, is dry and devoid of the many 'nasties' of the coastal areas – like summer cyclones, humidity, floods and mosquitoes, and where I could finally devote my spare time to a long-held ambition – to write a book (or several) – both fiction and non-fiction... an ambition I have had since I was in college. Now, as an established author, I have also finally become a self-publisher with Australiana Books. My wife Katie and I had five children, four of whom survived to adulthood to give us sixteen grandchildren, and a total-to-date of seventeen great grandchildren.

*Richard (Rick) Tomkies
silver_connect@bigpond.com*

MEMORIES AFTER 75 YEARS

John Spencer Coles (1941 to 1946)

This is the reflection of a seven year old boy on entering St Peter's School in 1941, written now in 2016 seventy five years later. How does one start amongst the myriads of impressions. Firstly I was brought up to think and know that it was the usual practice to send one so young away from home to board, and learn apart from ones family influences.

My father was only five when he was sent off to Temple Grove on the south coast of Sussex, UK, from his London home. We only lived ten miles from St Peter's on our family farm. I had an older sister and two younger brothers, with a second sister arriving two years later in 1943. With my brothers following me, we were at St Peter's from 1941 to 1951, when the last of my brothers left.

A war in Europe and Japan was being fought – so there were many matters going through the mind of this young boy. The hard working life on the family farm gave way to the orderly routine and discipline of boarding school life. Every new boy was given a 'pater', an older boy to help him learn to be at the right place at the right time. My 'pater' was Sam Horrocks, who now still lives at Taupo. I was assigned to the 'blue' dormitory with fifteen other new boys. The 'blue' dorm was close to 'the san', the domain of Sister G M Swears.

The roll was approximately 70 boys and we all boarded. Life became one of friendship, discipline and schoolwork. At that age I was introduced to French, Latin and all academic subjects. To music, singing, chapel (twice daily), athletics and cricket. All of these were tempered to my age and early learning abilities. AFB could evaluate your abilities and push you in the direction of where you might derive the greatest benefits. AFB has been so rightly known to say, 'Give me the boy at 7 and I will give you the man at 13.'

In regard to the food, this being the war years, there was no

rationing ever of butter. This despite the milk and cream the farm produced being sent to be processed so that it could be sent away to the troops and people overseas were severely rationed. Also, pigs were reared and sold, as were chickens and eggs. We were never hungry, the farm was a real haven and more than that - the times we ventured down there and explored the river bank, and very fortunately came to no harm. So, what a wonderful life, education and environment for a young boy to grow up in.

Many happenings come to mind, but are dimmed by the periscope of time. AFB was very diversified in his attitude to life which was of great benefit to all his pupils and staff. His ability to instil a love of music, by the recorded music played on his magnificent gramophone, or to play the Viola or Organ (which as we all knew and will again be restored to its original greatness). The appreciation of music lives on with us all.

Sunday, reading under the trees in the quiet zone, invariably from his log which was compiled from his travels throughout many parts of the world, or Sherlock Homes, all accompanied by sweets which were in short supply owing to sugar rationing. AFB was a stickler for time and accuracy, hence the electric clock system installed throughout the school. He would take our wrist watches (invariably Swiss made and spring activated) and adjust them to correct time.

Bicycle rides were often taken to the Karapiro Dam which was then under construction, and completed in 1946. Another unusual happening was the siren going off to warn of an air raid. The sounding giving us time to hurtle down the slope to hide or shelter in air raid shelters situated by the then tennis courts. We believed there was always the threat of a Japanese invasion.

AFB drove a large Vauxhall, which was powered by a gas powered engine owing to severe petrol rationing. This had to be de-cooked at frequent intervals to allow the gas system



Above left: At the 2011 Reunion with the Land Brothers; Above right: At the 2015 Reunion.

to operate efficiently. This task was left to we boys under the guidance of AFB. The Vauxhall was eventually replaced in 1951 by a Humber Hawk. It should be remembered that he had learnt to fly, and was a flying instructor at the time of the First World War. He owned and flew a plane which was kept at Rukuhia, Hamilton. He was a practical man in many ways. The large areas of grass had to be mowed and first a 'Gare' mower pulled by a horse and then by a tractor. Hand operated 'Gravelly' mowers were also used for confined areas.

So the six years of my stay and time at St Peter's rolled by. The friends I made included some from the Pacific Islands, who were attracted to NZ education and way of life. I, above all, learnt to think of other people, and thanks to AFB, I learnt to have clean shoes and dress with care. There are so many things borne out in my life that I have to thank Arthur Francis Brooks Broadhurst and St Peter's School for – my interest in the spoken word, and also the diverse characteristics of the teaching staff. I most remember my loving parents and my home only 10 miles away from the school.

John Coles Q.S.M.
jsacoles@ihug.co.nz
+64 (0)7 827 4294

OBITUARY CHARLES ERIC PARR 1936 TO 1937

Born 12th June 1925, Died 18th October 2015

It is with great sadness that I heard of the death of another one of our 1936 pupils.

Charles was a foundation pupil of the school, starting at the beginning of 1936, and was at St Peter's for two years. During his time at St Peter's he was the first winner of the Bevin Cup, the music competition that still exists today. He won the prize for French in 1936 and in 1937 won both the French and Latin Prizes.

On leaving St Peter's he won a scholarship to Wanganui Collegiate for 1938. He then returned home to Takapuna and completed his secondary education at Takapuna Grammar from 1939 to 1942. Following his schooling he attended Otago University Medical School M.B, Ch.B. He followed that with further qualification at the Royal College of Obstetrics and Gynaecology, London, UK.

After practicing at the Lewisham Hospital, London he returned to New Zealand and practised as a specialist in his field. In 1953 he also served in the Territorial Army.

He was married and is survived by his wife Wyn, three children and four grandchildren.

He died at the age of 90 in Auckland.

On behalf of the St Peter's Old Boys I would like to express our condolences to Wyn and the Family.

THIS YEAR'S REGIONAL REUNIONS

One way that we can reconnect with fellow alumni, meet school staff and hear about developments at your school is through a series of regional reunions.

The school and alumni run these as a joint venture to try and attract as many in each area as possible. The main centres in New Zealand get one every two years, and others are held from time-to-time in other centres, as interest justifies.

To help make them a success, it also needs alumni to gather up their fellow alumni, and encourage as many to attend. Often you might be in contact with some of your friends that we do not have current contact details for. Also if you can bring fellow alumni, you at least are going in knowing someone.

Those so far planned for this year are the following. The dates have been locked in, so diary them now and watch for more details:

- **Hamilton Reunion**
Thursday 30th June 2016
- **Wellington Reunion**
Saturday 20th August 2016
- **Sydney Reunion**
Friday 4th November 2016
By request – so need support

To make sure you get included on the mailing list for these gatherings please email Shaelagh Brophy at events@stpeters.school.nz with your email contact and details of which events you wish to attend.



Check on the Alumni Facebook page at www.facebook.com/stpetersalumni for more details as released.



ST PETER'S
CAMBRIDGE

BROADHURST REUNION 2015 1955 - 1964



L to R
Row 2 Paul Sumpter, Peter Thomas, Roger Matthews, David Peryer, Laurie Sanders, George Calder, Rob McCallum
Row 1 Max Whitelaw, Glenn Willis, Julian Hughes, Trevor Barrett, Roland Yockney, Peter Truscott, Graeme Collinson, Chris Hale

And I thought a few photos from the 2011 Reunion would not go astray...



Ross Duder & Stormy Land



Ian Lackey, Ross Ellis-Pegler, Kerry Pegler



John & Graham Ruddenklau



Richard Wrightson & Corkie Morrill



Tudor (Francis) & Helen Bostock



Ross & John Duder



Alastair & Dinah Shanks



Noel & Susan Dwan



Bruce Moss