



THE BROADHURST ERA NEWS

Issue 10

July 2018

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Issue 10 of the newsletter. It is great to receive your feedback and comments on the various articles as it helps to shape future issues.

I keep asking for contributions and thanks to a submission from Gary Wilson (in Issue 8) followed by one from Ned Jack (in Issue 9) there has been a further response from a number of you who have said these stories have encouraged you to contribute. The results can be seen in this issue.

To make this publication enjoyable and memory provoking I do need your contributions so that fresh information and comments can be enjoyed by all. So if you are one of the number who have not shared your stories of your St Peter's days or your subsequent life, maybe it is time for you to put pen to paper? These are important in a number of ways. Not only do they bring back memories and maybe a smile from your school mates but also they go into the school archives and as such become a permanent part of the school history.

This year sees the inaugural "Distinguished Alumni Awards" and it is thanks to the inspiration and hard work of both Sharon Roux, Director of Advancement and Sara Young, Alumni Manager that

these have come to fruition with three awards to be presented at a black tie dinner on Saturday, 8th September. One Broadhurst Old Boy (Sir Noel Robinson 1953-1957) is being recognised. (See article in newsletter).

As editor I wish, again, to express special thanks to Kath Carmody, the Graphic Designer at the school who takes what I prepare and puts it into the form that you receive and understand and Kay Greed, the school archivist, who helps by finding many of the older pictures and stories.

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**ST PETER'S
CAMBRIDGE
NEW ZEALAND**



Farming the way it was "In the day"

GRAHAM RUDDENKLAU (1947–1950)

MEMORIES OF FOUR WONDERFUL YEARS



1948 1st XI



1949 1st XI



1950 Prefect



1950 1st XV

My brother (John) and I were born on a sheep and cattle farm at Te Pohue - a small village 30 miles from Napier on the Napier Taupo road. Worse than that the farm was seven miles from Te Pohue and most of the road was gravel. So, we were isolated geographically - so much so, that we started our education with correspondence lessons mailed to us from Wellington. Our Mother guided us through the "sets" from Wellington along with the help of "teachers" at Clifton Terrace in the big city.

I'm sure I must have frustrated our mother - especially when a mob of bleating ewes and lambs came into the sheep yards for drafting etc. I was an impossible pupil. Our nearest neighbours were five miles away by road. But life was good.

The time came when correspondence school was OUT and boarding school was IN. My parents chose St Peter's School near Cambridge for John and I. John was 11 years old and I was 10. We travelled by bus - Hawkes Bay Motor Company. I will never forget the misery as we left home amid tears and into the unknown. Furthermore I used to get motion sickness.

St Peter's was a school for about 90 boys. Our Headmaster was Arthur Broadhurst. He was in the "rag" trade in England and must have achieved huge wealth sufficient to build his school which continues today. I admire his ambition. His initials were A.F.B. and we used AFB as his nickname.

I also admire our father (Karl). It was not long after the slump in New Zealand when we were sent to St Peter's. He had to find 60 pounds per term for each of us although I believe there was a concession for two brothers.

My first weeks in a dormitory with about 20 new boys were a disaster. I awoke after my first night in a strange place to realise I had wet my bed. We were looked after by three "nurses" and the head nurse was "Sister Swears". I guess she was used to bed wetting and she told me she would give me a protector if it happened again. I was so scared of a repeat performance and glory be it never happened again.

It didn't take long to settle in to St Peter's. We made friends.

First term was in the summer time. The wake up bell would ring. We would grab a towel and wrap it around our torsos and roll the

top to secure it as we ran down to the swimming pool to swim one length. AFB would be there to watch if any of us lost our towels. Those unfortunates whose towels fell off would miss our swim and have to go back and take a shower.

Looking back I remember the surnames of our pupils.

- Bostock - from shoes.
- Barnes Graham - from Gisborne - the artist.
- Gunsen - his grandfather was mayor of Auckland.
- Firth - from concrete.
- McCullun - from the Auckland Harbour Board.

It was important that we had to walk with a straight back and never to slouch. AFB wanted to be proud of his pupils. At assembly my name was called out for slouching. As punishment I had to walk down to the main road (about 300 yards) with a book on my head and it wasn't allowed to fall off.

AFB had his own method of writing, we must not put hooks in our works. I cottoned on to this style of writing and I actually won a prize for writing at our writing exam. Trouble was when I went to Fielding High School; my English teacher would stand over me demanding that I put hooks in my g's and h's. My English teacher was Mr McChure. He was the Mayor of Fielding. Sometimes you can't win.

It was so good to get home for the term holidays. I can remember the outbreak of infantile paralysis in New Zealand and we got an extended holiday. I think it goes without saying that my parents enjoyed it likewise.

I was never good at schoolwork. We went through "lower school" into "middle school" into "upper school" and "senior division". Then it was secondary school. Most of the boys went to Wanganui Collegiate and Kings College. Brother John and I went to Fielding High School.

Sport was so good. We had a great sports field, cricket, rugby, hockey and athletics. We played other schools Southwell, Kings, Cambridge etc. AFB would take us in his car to Kings in Auckland which was a red letter day for us. I had some ability as a slow bowler and took seven wickets for 45 runs.



John and Graham at the 2011 75th Jubilee Reunion. (John unfortunately died 8th June 2017)

Rugby

As St Peter's were at a disadvantage we all left for secondary school at 14 years - not 15 years old. Southwell were allowed to be 15 years old so we never had a chance against them. I played fullback and John Gibson was Captain and I was vice-captain.

Hockey

Once a year the St Peter's staff would make up a team to play against the boys eleven. The staff were short of players and I was selected to play for the staff. I couldn't get used to the idea and at once stage found myself competing against Mr Devore (a staff member) for the white ball. "Hey- what side are you on!!"

Slow bike race

The staff would line up on their bikes and on the playing field for a race of about 100 yards. From memory I think AFB was allowed to win.

School work was ok. At break time we would play in the "little yard" with bat and ball and the wicket was a drain pipe. We used tennis balls. One day two of us would bat together. The bowlers couldn't get us out and in a fit of anger I ducked. The ball hit me fair and square on my ear. It burst my ear drum and I was bleeding quite badly. By coincidence AFB took us by bus into Hamilton to watch the movie "South with Scott". I had an ear appointment with a specialist in Hamilton so missed the movie and AFB was supposed to collect me to return to St Peter's. Trouble was he forgot all about me and I was left all forlorn on a pavement in Hamilton. It was getting dark and cold so I asked a man for help.

He took me into his home and I enjoyed sitting by a lovely fire while he rang St Peter's, and of course I was picked up ASAP. I felt sorry for AFB. His embarrassment would have been huge.

Sister Swears was a wonderful woman. She treated us as her own. I got the mumps and was in the sick bay for a few days. Unluckily it coincided with the annual athletics day. By this time I was quite good at the high-jump and I could run quite well. The pupils were either a "light blue" or a "dark blue" and we remained light or dark for always. Success was important to gain points for our team. John Gibson was a dark blue and he led his team while I was a light blue and led my team. There was a cup at prizegiving at the end of the year. John Gibson was a very good friend. He went on to become a well-known lawyer in Wellington. I remember with pride going up for the above cup in 1950 for its presentation by a celebrity and his name eludes me.

Poor Sister Swears. She developed cancer and was confined to her bedroom. I got a special request from her to visit her in bed of course. It was so sad to see her but she gave me a big smile and I came away in tears. It simply was not fair to lose her and St Peter's was in shock.

Moving on, Brother John was quite intelligent. He took Latin and got 98% for his exam and 97% for French.

My fourth and final year at St Peter's was marvellous. We were prefects with responsibility. Some of us were going into puberty. We knew how to make our beds properly! Once a week our bottom, sheet went to wash and the top sheet went on the



bottom and the new sheet was the top sheet!

Religion was important. Our day started with a chapel service and ended with a chapel service. Our choir had a huge reputation New Zealand wide. The bell would ring and we would all collect for a short service. I enjoyed being the bell ringer and it demanded that it had to "ding" enough dings according to AFB's age. We also had a divinity period each week. Oh, the choir wore cassocks and surpluses. Mr Jackson was the choir master. We had to practice the Sunday hymns and we had to "get it right". Mr Jackson threw his energy into the practice session and was visibly perspiring while AFB played the magnificent organ in the chapel. The whole school had to walk to church in Cambridge on St Peter's day. It was quite a long way to walk so AFB would pick up the stragglers in his car. He must have been a Church of England person. So am I!

Sunday

The day when parents were allowed to visit and take their sons out for the day. On their return, all lollies, chocolate etc had to be handed in to AFB. Of course there were many boys who never got to go out. So AFB would distribute the sweets to us and with luck we would get up to 10 to enjoy. We would then collect under the cherry tree and munch on our lollies while AFB would read to us from Sherlock Holmes detective stories. It was a wonderful gesture from our Headmaster.

My parents were far too far away but sometimes I got lucky and would join with a friend for a day out. I remember going with Peter Otway a few times. Mr and Mrs Otway had a launch and we would cruise up and down the Waikato River. The Otways owned

the stallion called Foxbridge who sired many fast racehorses. We got to see Foxbridge one day. A magnificent animal - jet black and too dangerous to go into the same paddock with him.

Other Sundays we went to Rotorua and had a hot swim. With luck we got to meet guide RANGI at the hot pools where Maori people collected pennies, etc thrown into the pool.

The gymnasium was a part of our physical makeup. There were ropes hanging from the ceiling, plus other equipment. The ceiling was quite high and I believe I was one of a select few who could scale up this rope and touch the ceiling without the use of our legs.

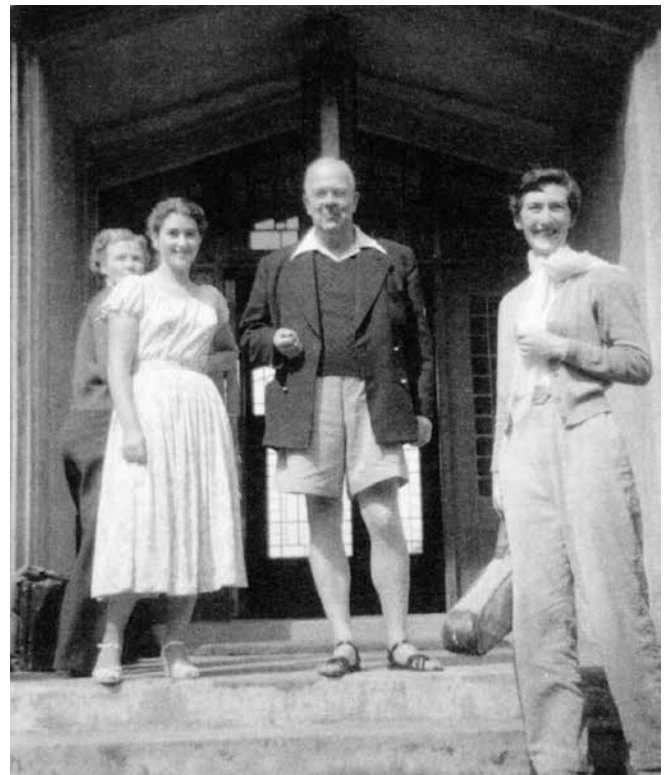
Boxing

AFB was keen for us all to protect ourselves with some method of self-defence. We all had to box in a real boxing ring in the gymnasium and we were organised according to age. A win would mean we had to have another fight as in tournament fashion. It took me to win four fights to reach the senior final. My opponent was a hard hitting boy and after the normal three rounds the judges couldn't separate us so we have to have another round. At this stage my mouth was bleeding from cuts from my own teeth. There were no mouth guards in those days.

I must have landed a few more punches in the bruising last round because the referee raised my hand but I am quite sure he hurt me more than I ever hurt him. His father was a developer in Auckland city.

Swimming was never my forte. Full stop! But I enjoyed diving in swallow fashion off the spring board. David Hardie was great to watch and he always entered the water with hardly a splash.

Boys will be boys! Discipline was bred into us. Frankly I can remember few incidents when AFB had to show his authority



AFB in shorts!

with the cane. Except when a group of us took off down to the Waikato River. We had such fun diving from a willow branch into the river. The current was quite swift but nobody got into trouble and it was ever so much fun. Trouble was the news got back to AFB. He was furious! Result was a touch of the cane and two hours of running around the playing field. We deserved it.

In reflection of four amazing and wonderful years at St Peter's School. I realise the wisdom of my parents to send me there and I can't thank them enough.

St Peter's has expanded dramatically since 1950. It caters for girls, secondary pupils and student numbers escalated. AFB received the OBE in the Queen's birthday honours and rightly so.

As for me, brother John and I both attended Fielding Agricultural School for three years and then did the "intensive" course at Lincoln College. Our father passed away at 60 years. John and I inherited a farm each - John at Eskdale and me at Te Pohue. Estate duty was in vogue in those days. Government took 60% of Dad's estate. It took many years to pay off the big mortgage. But we both got these and flourished because we were well educated farmers. Oh the high wool prices in 1950 were a Godsend.

I married and we had two children. Bruce and Susan. Bruce attended St Peter's. He learnt to fly light aircraft. It was so sad when he got caught in a down draft flying from Ardmore to Napier and crashed. He died instantly but I was so pleased that

there were no passengers with him.

Daughter Sue married a farmer. They continue on the home farm and that pleases me no end.

The marvel of my story revolves around the importance of education. "But when I become a man I put away childish things"! (From the Bible.)

From "Desiderata". Max Ehrmann. "With all its sham drudgery and broken dreams it's still a beautiful world. Be cheerful, strive to be happy".

Graham Ruddenklau

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Editor's comment: See the photos and team members in the 1949 Fathers v Sons Cricket match.



Fathers v Sons 1949



School 1st X1

School 1st X1 (L to R Back) John Barns-Graham, Graham Ruddenklau, John McIntyre, Stuart MacDonald, Bill McCallum, Don Currey, Peter Black, (L to R Front) Charles Smith, Peter Horrell, Angus Park, John Gibson, Michael Gill



Fathers Cricket Team

Names of Fathers (in no order as couldn't) Reeves, Barns-Graham, Ruddenklau, Ross, Gardiner, Fitzpatrick, Tutt, Lackey, Dartford, Smith, Milne.

In the 1949 Fathers v School 1st X1 the Fathers came out on top – the Fathers scored 175 for 9 declared and the school 1st X1 55. A win to Fathers by 120 runs.

David Leach (1945–1949)

SOME MEMORIES OF MY TIME AT ST PETER'S

My younger brother Paul and I arrived at St Peter's in 1st Term 1945. I remember being a bit taken aback at the Leach Minor (80) and Leach Major (79) designations that were assigned to Paul and me respectively. Coming from a slightly dysfunctional family, St Peter's became a stable and welcoming environment in which I thrived.



I look back and fully appreciate how I embraced every available opportunity to extend skills and intellect. It was there, in the old tiered science lab/classroom, that I was introduced to the world of electronics as an evening hobby. (I later took up a degree in Electrical Engineering.) To this day I marvel at the talent and patience of AFB's staff in nurturing and extending some 80 odd prepubescent boys. Music and the performing arts became a lifetime passion. Singing in the Chapel choir; playing the 'cello, the Chapel organ, and the piano; performing chamber and orchestral music; performing in plays and musicals, are all interests that have remained with me over a full life.

Some memories remain as sharp as ever:

- Warm summer afternoons in the 'gramophone room' listening to the classics and following the orchestral score – sometimes with the responsibility of sharpening the fibre needles and attempting a seamless changeover between turntables.
- Sunday afternoons in the library listening to AFB reading Conon Doyle's Sherlock Homes stories and just occasionally Rider Haggard. (His novel, "She", was considered quite racy!)
- Every morning standing in front of a long stand in the library that displayed the day's edition of the NZ Herald.
- Clean hand inspection before meals.
- Playing hockey against Diocesan Girls School and rugby against arch enemy Southall School.
- AFB's greeting as he came in to commence French class – "Maintenant"!
- I recall that some of us boys were appointed as science lab monitors giving us unrestricted access to the lab. Of course

that resulted in me and a couple of others, making gunpowder and filling a cocoa tin with the mixture. We took the device down through the big kahikateas, to the river bank and set off. Made a bit of a bang!

It was AFB particularly who generated in me an enquiring mind and a desire to keep learning - a trait that remains with me to this day and for which I am ever grateful.

Life after St Peter's

After completing Senior Division (Form 3) I was sent to Nelson College as a boarder (Barnicoat House). Graduating from College in 1953 with a University National Scholarship, I studied for a Bachelor of Engineering at what was then University of NZ (Auckland College). The engineering faculty was actually located at Ardmore. Ardmore was then a disused W/W11 Airfield and the buildings were re-purposed as both a Teachers Training College and a School of Engineering. Needless to say many engineering students, including yours truly, married teachers.

My engineering career commenced with a NZ Post Office junior telecommunication engineer's position in Napier. From that beginning My career developed through different disciplines, including civil/structural with Andrew Murray, mechanical industrial with George Beca (now the Beca group) eventually landing up in Melbourne, Australia. Initially, the Australia adventure was only to be short term, but circumstances changed and we settled as a family in Australia, eventually becoming citizens. During the early 1980's I became interested in project management and got involved with the management of design and construction of major resource development and industrial projects. Eventually I practiced as a consultant, advising organizations how to develop world class project management techniques, finally retiring in my mid 70's.

We have a family of two sons and a daughter. As an engineer, I have travelled extensively both internationally and throughout Australia and wanderlust seems to have been transmitted to our sons, one of whom is now an American citizen, the other a British citizen. Both boys are graduates of Duntroon Military College, the elder eventually leaving the Australian army and taking a law degree in USA. The younger had a career in the British army with service in Kosovo and Afghanistan and retiring with the rank of Major. Our daughter, who now lives in Melbourne, was a member of the Australian Army Reserve for many years. Amongst many other activities, she teaches 'cello both to private students and kids at a local college. My wife Jennie and I have both commenced our 80th decade and now live in a beautiful retirement village in the town of Bacchus Marsh, Victoria. Jennie is a prolific patch-worker and embroiderer, while I enjoy a range of hobbies and amateur theatre activities.

Editor's Comment: *Thank you David (a prefect in his last year, 1949), it is a very interesting story and just the sort of piece that will be of interest to your classmates as well as remaining as a permanent historical record in our archives.*

James Dawson (1946–1948)

Born 30 January 1938

Died 4 December 2017



This homage to James William Dawson has been put together by his wife Jane.

James was a pupil at St Peter's between 1946-1948. His clothing name tag was no 1! Mr Broadhurst was the headmaster at this time. James's archived school reports and health records have been lovingly saved, stored and discovered! They make interesting reading. School memories for James were happy sessions when Mr Broadhurst would gather the boys together and read chapter by chapter passages from a gripping book. Not so happy were the early morning swims when he was often nominated to jump into the pool first and break the ice. James intermittently kept in touch with school friend Jeremy Pope whom he admired for his worldly achievements.

After St Peter's, James went to his local school in Karori and then on to Wellington Technical College. The family moved to Auckland and James went to Seddon Memorial College.

During his teenage years James participated in several diverse things. He had a fascination with magic tricks, wizard's wand and cards and became quite a showman! He joined the Waitemata Rowing Club and took part in several regattas often sleeping overnight in miserable cold boating sheds. He learnt to ski and played an active role in helping to build the Taupo Ski Lodge and also looking after youngsters on the mountain slopes

during holiday camps. Alongside his Dad he learnt the skills of fly fishing on the banks of Lake Taupo and up the stream beds on the way to Tuarangi. His Dad also taught him how to use the lathe. James was very friendly with Bruce McLaren and together they clattered down minor streets in Remuera in obscure trolley cars and the makings of go karts. They went to countless car rallies and races together.

In 1956 James was accepted at Auckland University. Nine years later he got his Diploma in Architecture. He interlaced his studies with work experience in various architectural practices. He laboured as a stone mason for Scarborough Bros of Auckland and built some handsome stone walls. He also helped to assemble the mosaic sign on the Parnell Swimming Baths. He worked on site at the Aratiatia hydro- electric power station as a draughtsman/detailer. He had vacation jobs which included labouring on the Auckland Waterfront and odd jobbing at the Hellaby meat works.

In 1964 an English girl came into his life. She had walked off a ship from Britain and was seeking employment. A temporary homecare job was on offer at the Dawson's residence which she accepted. A month or two later romance blossomed. We married in 1965 and in due course bore two boys and twin girls.

James commenced work with an architectural practice, Kingston Reynolds Thom and Allardice in 1964. In 1972 he was invited to join the JASMAD architectural group and was seconded to the Information and technical processing wing which was vital to the building industry. In 1983 James was invited to be a director on the board of JASMAD. In 1989 JASMAD merged with two other practices and became JASMAX with ten directors.

James had particular involvement with several university buildings. The most challenging was the restoration and strengthening of the Old Arts Building between 1982 to 1988. On sabbatical leave in England he visited the workshops of Salisbury Cathedral and York to view their procedures on restorative work. In 1982 and 1983 James had two stints in Saudi Arabia overseeing a successful JASMAD bid for the construction of 950 homes in Al Jubail.

Associated professional activities were being on the Standards Association Board, Advisory Committee for Building Research, part time architect tutor at Unitec, Examiner for architects education and registration board. He overviewed several complaints issues and provided reports. (Besides his professional work he has championed several issues with Auckland City and latterly the Rodney council).

In 1978 James had a magnificent holiday with his father. They were part of a group trekking along the lower reaches of the Himalayas searching for Rhododendrons. It was no easy ride but they had porters to guide them and set up camp.

(Continued on page 8)

We owned the first Raven class yacht made, and had her for thirty years. Most years we sailed to Great Barrier where we were tempted, and indeed bought, seven acres of gorse ridden coastline! We managed to tame a lot of the land still finding time for walks, fishing and making camp oven bread.

James early retired in 1996 and decided to leave the city and buy eleven acres near Matakana. We chose to have an Econo barn built and moved north full time in 2000. We were passionate about establishing an olive grove. During the ten years we were on our farm we developed an amazing site with over three hundred olive trees neatly planted along hand hewn terraces. We planted poplar trees on unruly ground and native trees down gullies. We did not keep animals but chose to mow stretches of land with our tractor and mower and ride on machine. We bought a small olive

press and eventually produced our very own pot of gold! We sold our oil at a local farmers market and to private people. We even found time to press olives for other small holders.

James got introduced to bowls and became a good player. He loved the game. Sadly, just weeks before he collapsed, he had had to stop playing as his knees were hurting him and knee replacement surgery was being discussed.

He was a much loved father and dear husband....I am indeed proud.

Editor's comment: *Thank you kindly Jane. I picture of a life well lived and enjoyed to the maximum with family and friends. Again the School and Alumni extend their condolences to you and your family.*

Reg Gibson (Staff 1936–1946)

R R (Reg) Gibson was a talented all-rounder. He had been educated in Christchurch at the Cathedral Grammar School and Christ's College and after leaving school in 1926 taught at Cathedral Grammar until he left at the end of 1935 to take up the position at St Peter's. He had played competition cricket and rugby, he had a commission in the territorials and he had been principal chorister of Christchurch Cathedral. He taught English, French and mathematics, coached games and sang in the chapel choir. No degree stood next to his name in the St Peter's magazines until 1944, though the Christ's College School List says he graduated BA in 1935.

Gibson recalled that Broadhurst interviewed him in Christchurch: He had booked a hotel suite and the interview was accompanied by a lavish afternoon tea. Paul Gabites (St Peter's staff, 1937–41)

wrote, 'Reggie Gibson towered above them all. He brought great experience, good sense, a charming and most intelligent wife (she had an MA degree) to St Peter's – an excellent administrator and gifted teacher.'

On another note I see Reg Gibson was also the "Best Man" at AFB's wedding to Diana Leatham in Gisborne on 29th December 1937 – so it does show some friendship there.



Reg outside school



Reg far left with Horsemen at St Peter's 1940.

Arthur Francis Brooks Broadhurst

FURTHER MEMORIES FROM GARETH CLEMSON (1942– 1947)

I am grateful for the Broadhurst Era News for triggering more memories of St Peter's, in particular the mention of the Bevan Cup in Ned Jack's life's story. We were told that the Bevan Cup was to encourage group music making. I remember the year 1947 when Ned won with "Where the Bee Sucks" by Thomas Arne (please correct me if I'm wrong).

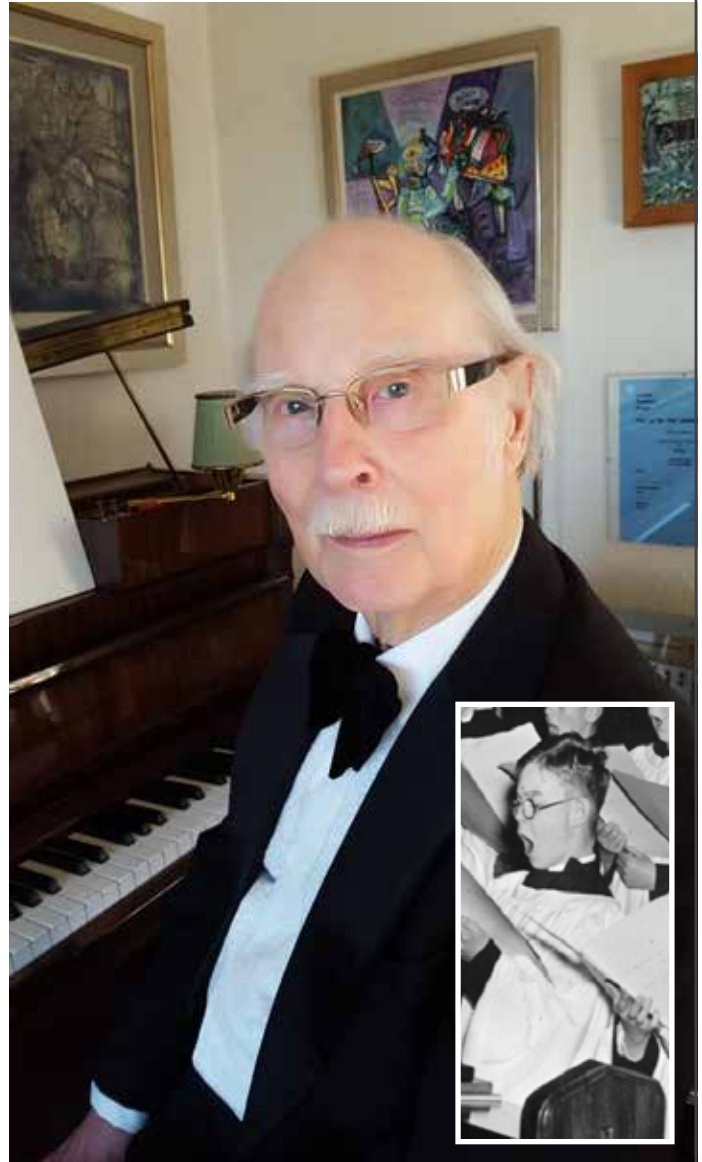
Editor's comment: *Yes in 1947 was won jointly by Ned Jack and Donald MacDonald. He sang it beautifully. At that same event, I sang tenor in Summer is icumin in, played numerous accompaniments, and viola in a quartet. I'm sure Ned won't mind if I say some parents thought I should have won!*

The back page of Issue 9 showing the organ reminded me of the fifteen months having organ lessons from Stanley Jackson. I still remember the thrill of letting rip on such a magnificent beast and playing with all the stops out. But not for long before discipline was restored and real practice begun. Having the pipes opposite is unique as is the pneumatic action. On one tuning session, I was introduced to the whole tone scale. This was because of the way the pipes were arranged in tiers. So far as I remember, I followed Roger Hollinrake as organ student.

In Issue 8 there was mention of the annual summer school of Music, many of which I attended. I wondered if this would crop up at some point. I particularly noticed the photo of AFB and Winifred Styles, his viola teacher. I seem to recall her saying that the flight to New Zealand in 1948 was fraught when smoke was detected in the cabin as they were flying somewhere over the Pacific. Winifred Stiles, like so many other female musicians in the UK, held the fort while the men were away fighting in the war. On their return, they wanted their jobs back. She later became the founder member in establishing the instrumental school of Music at Auckland University. On her death, she financed a scholarship to encourage young viola players. It was AFB who introduced me to the viola. I had forgotten this until I saw the photo. When I left St Peter's, I went to King's College and continued the viola with Winifred Stiles for a further eight years, playing in the Auckland Junior Symphony Orchestra under Charles Nalden and the Auckland String Players under Georg Tintner.

I still play and practice the viola, so there is a direct link musically with AFB.

Back to the Summer School. Owen Jenson and his team, created a special atmosphere for those who attended. Like so many others, I have fond memories of music making and informal meetings with leading musicians of the day. Many of you should recall the final evening's concert where it became a tradition to perform Milhaud's clarinet trio with its jazzy witty tunes, very daring at the time. By chance I learned that a member of the little group I play with each Friday in Edinburgh, knows New Zealand well, and also attended the Cambridge music schools as a violinist. She is 88 years old and so most likely attended when I did, and was one of those who camped out. Truly a small world and how music spreads its wings.



Gareth – Formal off to perform and right - Gareth in the Choir (1945)

I remember Owen Lee, the art master, mentioned in Issue 9. In 1946, the school planned a production of Humperdinck's opera "Hansel and Gretel". Part of the preparations involved painting the stage set. Owen then divided his scene into a number of squares which was then applied to the full sized screen. A number of willing volunteers then went to work on each square using the original for guidance. Unfortunately, mid-way through intensive preparations musically and artistically, the deputy head master Mr Gibson, who was involved with the drama, accepted a promotion to Cathedral Grammar School in Christchurch.

Editor's addition: *As AFB said at the end of 1946 "This was an honour for St Peter's but a great loss to us. Mr Gibson was here from the start. He undertook the duties of Bursar in addition to his teaching, and to him we owe most of the layout and development of the grounds. In 1939 he was appointed First Assistant. I am glad to be able to have this opportunity of acknowledging the debt I owe to Mr Gibson's help and advice during the years he was here. We often didn't see eye to eye over everything, but the arguments we had always clarified the situation, and we remained friends." – see photo and short piece at bottom of this article.*



After much debate, it was decided to go ahead with the production to much acclaim. Can anyone confirm AFB played the double bass on that occasion?

I do wonder if it was a Miss C Hebblethwaite who preceded Owen Lee as art teacher. Her work would be better described as teaching craft – lino cuts, painting using different media, creating slip in folders such as could be used for writing paper and envelopes. I seem to remember also, sprinkling paint drops on water which was then transferred to paper. She walked with a pronounced limp.

Editor's addition: Miss Hebblethwaite was the art teacher from 1941–1943. She was followed by Miss C Renai for 1944–1945 with Owen Lee starting in 1946 and remaining at St Peter's till 1955. AFB had a complimentary view of her contribution as in the 1943 Chronicle he said: "We are losing another member of the Staff this term. Miss Hebblethwaite has suffered more than anyone could guess, and now has reluctantly had to give up teaching."

She has nobly stayed for an extra term till I could fill her place. Miss Hebblethwaite's influence on the Art of the School has been tremendous. She is a born teacher, and she will miss her classes as much as they will miss her. We wish her every success and happiness in whatever work she undertakes."

Lastly, does anyone remember the Rev Chandler, chaplain to St Peter's while I was there? He was the willing 'Courier' for countless requests for model kit sets to be purchased with our limited pocket money. The 'Tui' glider was for beginners. 'Advanced' was for advanced. Flying was one of the few things permitted as an alternative to 'sitting and solitary' being usefully occupied. On one particularly windy occasion, one advanced glider soared high above the main building and disappeared, never to be seen again.

Gareth (Gary) Clemson

Email: garethhclemson@g mail.com

Editor's comment: I found some material on Gareth's work and here it is "Gareth Clemson is a composer, performer, teacher, freelance music critic, born in New Zealand, living and working in Scotland since 1962. A graduate of Auckland and Edinburgh Universities, he had lessons in composition from Thomas Wilson from 1963 to 1965. Gareth has been a class music teacher, then a peripatetic teacher of violin, firstly in West Lothian and secondly in Fife. He now teaches violin and piano privately.

As a composer, his works have been broadcast on Radio New Zealand and Radio Scotland with public performances in the USA, Italy, Scotland and New Zealand. Selected works include: Viola transcriptions of the Quartet from Rigoletto, the sextet from Lucia di Lammermoor, the Bach Toccata and Fugue in D minor, and Chopin's Revolutionary Etude – all for unaccompanied solo viola. Edinburgh Symphony Orchestra conducted by Alasdair Mitchell gave the premiere of Pandura for full orchestra. The same conductor also premiered A Song for the Inner Self for full orchestra on 23 February 2001 performed by the East Renfrewshire Schools Orchestra. A Passing Dream for orchestra and chorus was performed by Philomusica of Edinburgh in St Mary's Cathedral 2005, conducted by Stephen Doughty.

More recently, highly commended for "Trumpet can Roam" and winner of the unpublished adult section with Arabesque G 16 competition organised by the National Galleries of Scotland in association with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra."

Ned Jack (1945–1947) THE IMPORTANCE OF WIVES/PARTNERS

After the issue of the story on Ned Jack (in the last issue). I received the following comment from Ned.

Dear Neil

Thank you for your constant dedicated labour for the Broadhurst Era and every part of the school.

In my story I should have made mention of Amber's vital role in making the "dream" possible. I enjoyed seeing one or was it two photos in Gary Wilson's story of his wife. Could I suggest in future stories that a photo of our wives (if we were fortunate enough to have one) be included.

Kind regards

Ned Jack

Email nedamberjack@gmail.com

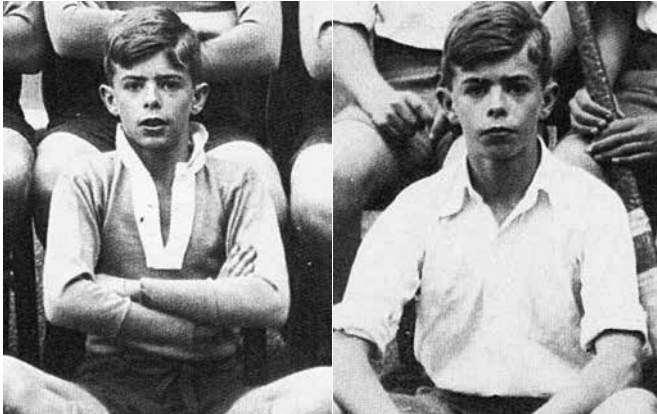


Editor's comment: We all know the importance and influence of our significant "other half" in our life story and as I advised Ned, I always try to include it where possible. But as editor I am reliant often on you providing that information to me to process. So when compiling an article, don't be shy to include your wife/partner in it and also would welcome any photos at any stage of your life. I try to find them from old school publications and reunions but it is not always easy. There is always the fear of a wrong photo being included.

Owen Woolley (1942–1945)

Dear Neil

I get great enjoyment in reading the Broadhurst News you present, they bring back many happy memories of my time at St Peter's. You have asked for us to give you some info of our time there and life after leaving the school. I have pleasure in enclosing my thoughts as I recall them.



Owen, 1944, 1st XV

Owen, 1944, 1st XI

With my brother David, we were sent to board at St Peter's as our parents were involved in Wartime service in WW2. So in January 1942 we were packed off to Cambridge to our new school till the end of the war as it happened. The school roll at that time was 56 pupils and 14 staff, I have enclosed a picture taken in December 1943 of the School all included (see below I am extreme right 3rd row up).

My years there were from 1942 to 1945 and I must confess that looking back now, at age 86, they were some of my happiest times of my life. I think my sporting achievements for me were much more important than learning or art and I was successful in getting my Colours in the 1st XV and XI and Captain of both in 1945. In 1945 I was awarded the Lamer Cup for Best All Round Sportsman (I still have the miniature cup). I understand this cup is still presented today.

Of course I had to be involved in music, it was a must for all pupils, so chose the violin and with my brother David on viola won a duet at a festival in Hamilton and were presented with a certificate by the then Governor General Lord Newall. Don't know how we did that? My jersey calf won first prize at the A&P show in Hamilton 1944 but I cannot remember who my partner was. Got a photo somewhere given to me at the Reunion in 2011 by Stormy Land.

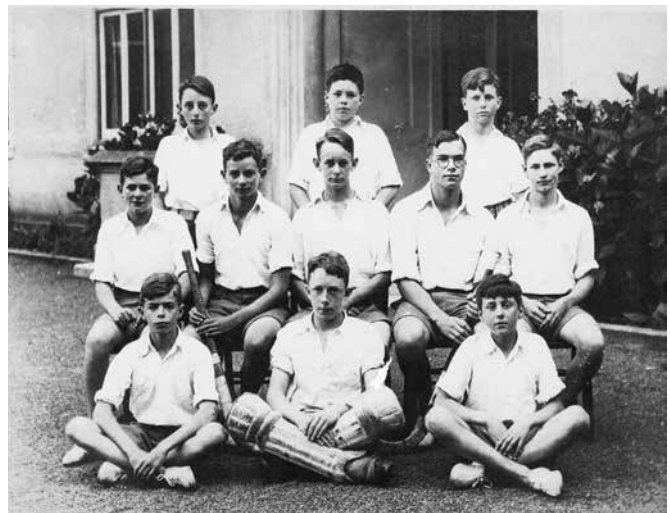
There is always a challenge in a boys' boarding school to do something daring and for us it was the midnight swim from our dormitory down to the swimming pool and back without being caught. Can't believe that AFB did not know what was going on, but we will now never know.

After leaving St Peter's I attended Kings College as a boarder in Parnell House from 1946–1949 and was able to make the 1st XV



Owen 1945 (Larner Cup, Tasman Smith Cup and Cricket Pad Prizes)

and XI and Colours in athletics. I managed to scrape through School Certificate and University Entrance, again sport was much more enjoyable than learning. I chose commerce as my preferred option to start work so in 1950 joined accounting firm Haszard and Browne in Auckland and attended Auckland University in the Evening for Lectures for my B.Com. Left H and B in 1953 for my big OE to England and the Queen's Coronation,



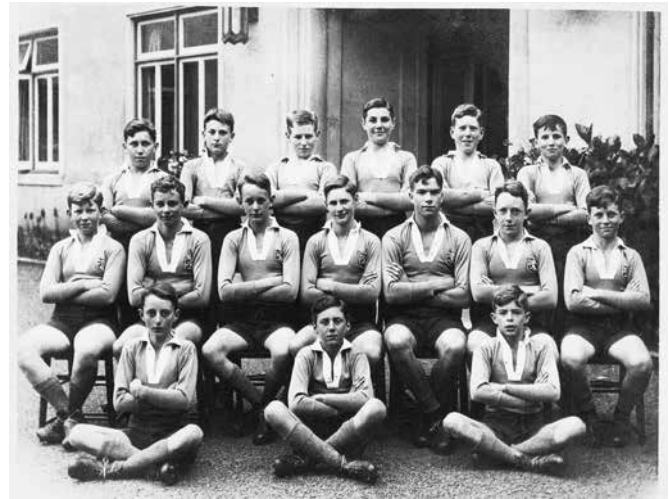
Cricket 1st XI, 1944

had three months hitch hiking around Europe (that which was not Occupied by Russia) a month with an English Army Unit as we were missing out on our CMT obligations in NZ an option then to reduce our time in NZ on our return. Spent a year away touring the British Isles and part time working, returning home mid-1954.

Back home in 1954 joined Fayreform Ltd, a foundation manufacturing company as their factory manager (I did not want to sit all day in an accountants office). Worked with them till 1964 when I moved to the family business Woolleys Ltd (Estb 1914) as Accountant/Factory Manager where I worked till Retirement in 1997. I am now living in a Retirement Village, Peninsula Club on the Whangaparaoa Peninsula.

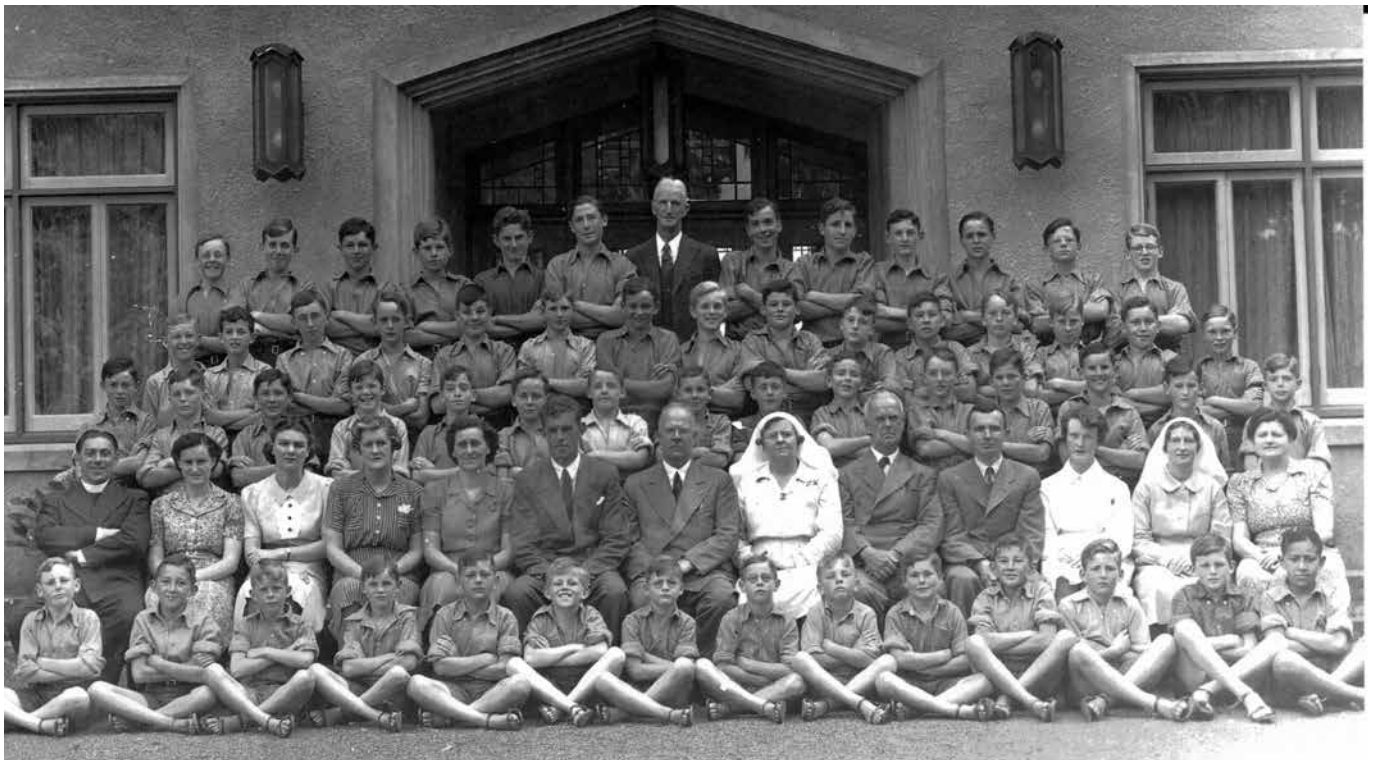
Owen Woolley

Email: o.woolley@xtra.co.nz



Rugby 1st XV, 1944

Editor's comment: Thank you Owen, this is the type of background that we are looking for. It helps others to remember their times at St Peter's and also to discover what happened to classmates in later life.



Des Gentleman (Teacher 1958–1959)

I recently received advice of the death of a former staff member from the Broadhurst Era. Des Gentleman was a teacher at St Peter's in 1958 and 1959.

A few years ago I located him in Takaka, Nelson and he has been receiving the Broadhurst Era Newsletters.

His wife Anne emailed me to confirm that sadly Des passed away in April of this year. Our condolences to Anne and family.



Paul Ashford Harris (1953–1958)

ODD BOY OUT – A MEMOIR



Paul as child



Paul, Head Boy, 1958



Paul, 2015
Broadhurst Reunion

As the editor of this newsletter I am always on the lookout for stories and items about our "Broadhurst Boys" that cover either their time at St Peter's of their subsequent life. In this case I discovered a wealth of information in a book written by Paul and published in 2018. Paul was kind enough to donate a signed copy to the St Peter's Library, but first I am using it to produce this article. The book was published by Ventura Press (Australia) and Paul has kindly allowed me to review it for you.

As the synopsis says:

When Paul Ashford Harris receives a phone call to say his childhood home has burned to the ground, he begins a fascinating journey to reclaim the history of his eccentric family and its relationship to New Zealand from the beginning of colonisation.

We meet his highly respectable Victorian grandfather, Sir Percy Harris, an eminent member of the House of Commons. His grandmother, the highly bohemian Lady Frieda Harris, an artist, suffragette, friend of Emily Pankhurst, and the infamous occultist Aleister Crowley, for whom she painted the famous Thoth Tarot cards.

Then there's his eternally distant parents, whose idea of parenthood was giving birth as swiftly as possible, immediately appointing a nanny and arranging a couple of satisfactory boarding schools.

Taking you on a remarkable journey from the politics of London's East End, to the early years of the Australian gold rush and rise and fall of the family business Bing Harris, *Odd Boy Out* is at its core a poignant memoir that examines the legacy you are given – whether good or bad – and how it shapes you into the person you are today."



The story starts with the burning down of the family home in July 1996. It was the home that Paul was brought up in, and this sets the tone of the book. The book proper starts with his Father, Jack, born in London in 1906 and the book traces the family from that time. From the early days of the family business (Bing Harris) with its trials and tribulations it makes compelling reading of life as Paul saw it through his own eyes.

Paul describes his growing up in rural Waikanae and the adventures he had till he was shipped off to a boarding school, St Peter's, at the age of seven, being left at Paekakariki Station to be put on the overnight express by his nurse and travelled unaccompanied to Hamilton. Paul did this for "six long years – three times a year". He talks at some length about his time and adventures at St Peter's, the fruit trees, the dinky toys, the

dormitories, the ice cold swimming pool the porridge and cold toast. An interesting chapter for me.

From St Peter's he went on to Wanganui Collegiate. Paul does comment that the only three people in NZ to have no interest in sport were his parents and AFB. Which he said was ironic, considering he captained the 1st XV at both St Peter's and Wanganui Collegiate, and was a member of the crew at Collegiate that won the rowing "Maadi Cup" and he didn't think they noticed. In 1956 the Springboks played Waikato and Waikato beat them being awarded the Springbok Head for the first provincial team to beat them on a tour. Paul goes on over two chapters to discuss his older sister (Maggie) and brother (Christopher).

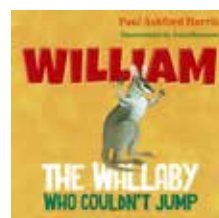
After his NZ schooling he was given a place at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, UK (like his grandfather and father before him). He talks about life as a NZ'er in the home country and all it encompassed – how he played rugby at Twickenham for "Harlequins". This background is enthralling and covers a large variety of what it was and why.

There are a few chapters on Paul's early relations and their friends and business associates that gives a real insight into business and society in the UK.

If anyone is interested in obtaining a copy a link to both electronic and hard copies is: www.simonandschuster.com.au/books/Odd-Boy-Out/Paul-Ashford-Harris/9781925384284

In addition to this book Paul has also written a number of children's books (see at above link and two covers below) and a fiction book Aardvark. Paul was had a career in Media and Finance based mainly in Sydney. He married his wife Gail and they have four children and a number of grandchildren.

Paul's email is: paul@ashfordharris.com.au



Peter Cradwick (1952-1956)

SOME MORE MEMORIES AND PHOTOS

Hi Neil,

As always, your informative 'News' prompted thoughts about St Peter's. I found some notes I made about a choir picnic when I caught a trout! In issue 7 p.5 you showed a photo which included me with my arm in plaster. I believe this was one of a series of photos taken for the yearly prospectus and just why they would want one showing how 'dangerous' St Peters was I have never understood! However that is not the point of this communication.

I'm not sure what year that was ('54 or '55?) but it must have been around the time of the annual choir picnic at Matamata Hot Springs. (Editor's Comment: Yes it was 1955 Choir Picnic)

Naturally enough I wasn't able to partake of the pleasures of the pools, so Broady brought along a simple fishing line – the green twine on a stick type – and some 'lunch 'n sausage' from the kitchen. These he gave to me with instructions that I could fish in the nearby Waikato River for eels. I had absolutely no expectations of catching anything. So imagine my surprise on getting quite a strong 'bite'. It was clearly a reasonable sized 'eel' on the other end so I pulled it in gingerly wondering what I was going to do with it once landed. I was in for another shock because on the end of the line was a good size rainbow trout!

When I presented this to AFB there was some initial consternation regarding the fact that I/we didn't have a fishing licence, however the deed was done and the fish was dead so no point in wasting a good trout. It was duly concealed in a towel and delivered to the kitchen on our return. AFB had this for his tea the next evening - I think I was given a taste!

Peter Cradwick Email: pcradwick@gmail.com



Red Dorm: Jeffery Roberts, Peter Cradwick, and Ian McDougall



Dark Room: Unknown, Peter Cradwick and Gordon Cuthbert



Chapel Choir, 1955

The Arthur Broadhurst Commemorative Fund

The response to the Arthur Broadhurst Commemorative Fund is continuing. 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. **You will see that the list of those contributing is growing. At our March 2017 issue it stood at 28 donors and a total of 38 separate donations. It is now up to 45 (a total of 61 separate donations).**

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. 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. As well as donations we would welcome any bequests that Old Boys were able to make.

To date we have received contributions from the following:

Trevor Barrett (1955-1960)	Graham Malaghan (1953-1957)
Paul Bush (1938-1942)	Neil McLaughlin (Editor and Chairman St Peter's Foundation)
Spencer Bush (1940-1944)	Bruce Moss (1936-1939)
Ken Chandler (1938-1943)	Michael Mowat-Smith (1947-1951)
William (Bill) Childs (1944-1946)	Peter Parr (Headmaster 1979-1987)
Geoffrey Clark (1953-1957)	Donn Randell (1940-1943)
Gary Clemson (1942-1947)	Graham Ruddenklau (1947-1951)
Barry Cook (1943-1945)	Graham Russell (1948-1953)
Robert Cox (1957-1958)	Alastair Shanks (1948-1953)
Peter Cradwick (1952-1956)	Terence Skerman (1938-1940)
Jim Dawson (1946-1948)	Peter Borrie Smith (1953-1954)
Joan De Renzy (Staff 1951-1953)	Peter McK Smith (1950-1955)
John Duder (1949-1950)	Sidney Spalter (1946-1949)
Ngairé Fisher (Teacher nee Harvey, 1947-1952)	Warren Turnwald (1960)
Keith Fitzpatrick (1952-1957)	John Wakeman (1949-1950)
Patrick Gibson (1944-1947)	Malcolm Waller (1936-1937)
Brian Goodwin (1951-1955)	Stephen White (1959-1960)
Rev Canon Ian Graham (Teacher 1952-1955)	Alastair Whitelaw (1944-1945)
Michael Horton (1947-1951)	Grey Whitney (1936-1938)
Peter Jones (1953-1957)	Owen Woolley (1943-1945)
Ian Lackey (1947-1950)	Jack Yates (1938-1943)
Don MacCulloch (1945-1946)	Nigel Yockney (1950-1955)
Stuart MacDonald (1946-1949)	

I would like to thank all of the donors and remind you that these donations qualify for a tax rebate as a Charitable Donation under NZ tax law. If anyone makes a donation and does not receive a receipt please contact me and I will follow it up.

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



Sandy (Alan Barry) Mill (1940–1945)

Hi Neil,

Yes we had a marvellous call in on Bruce (Moss 1936–1939) on our way home via Taranaki following my brother Simon Mill's 1938–1943) 89th birthday in Masterton.

We still own our old home at 46 Bush Road pending sale in the Spring (after nearly 60yrs in the bush!)

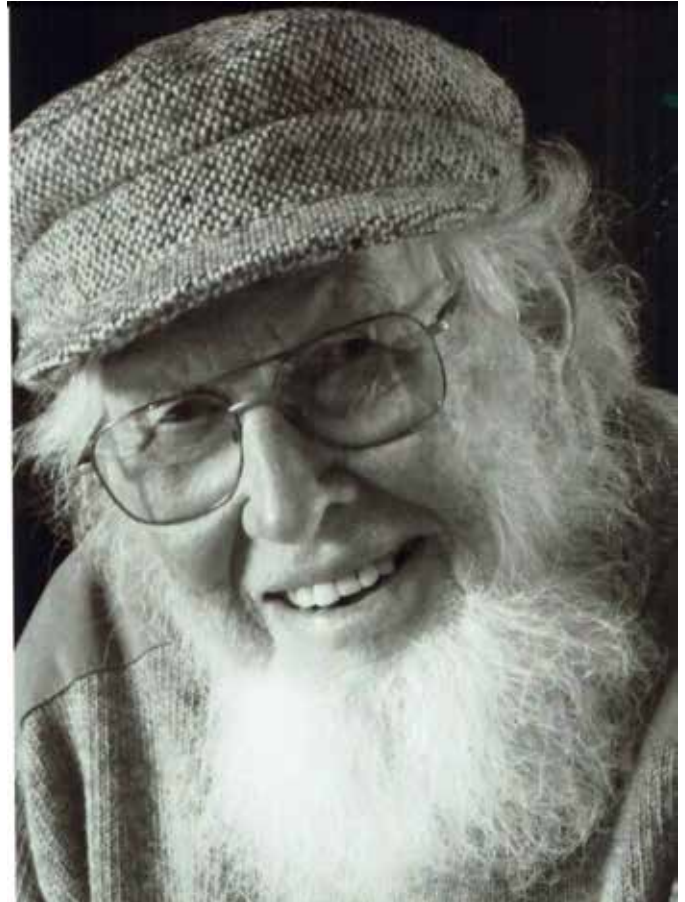
My time at St Peter's was all during WWII, so it was probably rather unique, with the strong influence of the daily newspaper, pinned up in the Library, leaving an indelible impression of the horrors of war.

Although St Peter's was well recognised for its emphasis on music and the arts, my lasting impressions are the pleasures of the splendid architectural environment, sitting as it does in its rural setting on the terraced banks of the Waikato River, to which we had a welcome freedom of access. I think this had as formative an influence as the more formal learning of the three "R's". In addition to an extraordinarily wide syllabus the school was a powerhouse of technology to which I must acknowledge my choice of career in architecture.

Although I would not go so far as to say my schooldays were the "best days of my life" they were happy times at boarding school and I think they did produce a survival instinct which developed into a quest for innovation and adventure.

Before St Peter's, I spent my early childhood at the Hobsonville home of my aviator father, where we had access to mangrove fringed upper harbour waterfront. I quickly developed an attachment to dinghy sailing and exploring the shoreline.

This has followed me throughout life, and soon after marrying Joan we purchased a share in a very old keel yacht. Our three children were all raised at our very small cottage in the Waitakere bush with every summer weekend sailing in the Hauraki Gulf. After ten years working in Auckland City more distant cruising waters beckoned. In mid-1971 we flew en-famille to UK to find a suitable sailing vessel to make the return to NZ. Transferring the necessary funds was at that time severely constrained so we joined forces with my Best Man's family to pool our resources. A 34 year old 43 ft. Irish-built ketch fitted our budget but was a tight fit for our complement of four adults and six children aged from 9yrs to 9months. After an extensive re-fit, completed by us in the south of England, we embarked on our return journey via the Atlantic/Caribbean/Panama canal and across the Pacific via the islands of Polynesia. It was a life changing/forming experience for us all, both environmentally and socially. We remain firmly bonded.



Back at home we added skiing to our leisure activities and finding office life too constrictive after our freedom at sea, we branched into house building and renovation, including an experiment in alternative timber construction for a new home to replace our small cottage.

Several yachts later the old dream of life on the ocean led me to train in design of small craft and complete an innovative design for our "ultimate" ocean cruiser. The hull and decks of this new boat were professionally built and delivered to our bush property for completion. My (now boat-builder) son had considerable input into this project, which we launched on my 62nd birthday 1994.

The following summer we embarked on a circumnavigation of New Zealand to prove the seaworthiness of both ourselves and our somewhat unconventional craft. We were well satisfied with the result, and extended our horizons to the South Pacific Islands. After several voyages in the South Pacific we set off on our much anticipated return to Europe, 26yrs since our earlier cruise out from UK. We continued our passage westwards via Queensland/Torres Strait/ to Malaysia/Thailand then via Maldiv Islands/Oman/Sth Yemen to the Red Sea. All this was



1945 Chapel Choir, (Sandy back row, far left)

legs of up to a fortnight at sea without any serious problems. While crossing the equator a violent night -time electrical storm with lightning bolts striking the sea all around us gave cause for some alarm but strangely we were never struck. The Red Sea passage is customarily hard sailing against strong winds, however this ancient other world was fascinating cruising. Sadly it is now a politically inadvisable route.

We reached the Eastern Med in May 2000 to begin our prime objective of exploring the Old World, re-living all the history we had first learned at St Peter's and closely following the voyages of St Paul himself. The spectacular ruins of Ephesus being a highlight. We spent the next few years discovering the roots of our civilisation, including all the countries surrounding the Black Sea, Aegean, Adriatic and then around Italy to the South of France. Leaving the Med we travelled up the Rhone river and via the French Canals to Paris and eventually arriving in The Netherlands at the town (Gouda) where Joan (Maasland) and I married in 1960!

Our Yacht ZEFERIN has a lifting centreboard and, needing only 85cm to float in, it was ideal for the inland waterways and coastal shoals of Europe so we continued around northern Netherlands and Germany (location of Classic W/II thriller novel "The Riddle of the Sands") then through the Kiel Canal to the Baltic. Our most northern latitude, 63 deg N , was reached here at Turku in Finland. Compare with 47deg S for the extreme south of NZ!

We started our return to NZ in 2005 after spending the summer season crossing the North Sea to cruise the west coasts of Scotland and Ireland where our son Daniel and his family now lived. Following the birth of his son we set off for Spain Portugal and thence to Madeira and the Canary Islands before departing the Cape Verde Islands for the Atlantic crossing. We had strong winds and a fast crossing of 13 1/2 days to Barbados before reaching Trinidad/Tobago for the annual Lenten Calypso Carnival. This was a riot of Steel Band and 'Soca' music and dance and had us joining a 100 strong group dancing (Limin' and Jiggin') our way through the pre-dawn streets of Port of Spain. We must have been the oldest there!



After making the transit of the Panama Canal for the fifth time (including acting as line-handlers for fellow cruisers) we set off for the Pacific crossing again via a much developed Galapagos Islands, French Polynesia for their Heiva Festival (Bastille Day in France) then to Samoa for their Teuila Festival with unique longboat racing, dance and song to rival that of Tahiti. We now revisited the northern islands of Tonga before taking our leave for the last leg, via the mid-ocean Minerva Reef, to make another smart eight day passage to arrive at Auckland to a barrage of fireworks for November 5th and a tumultuous welcome home.

Although Joan and I were the principal crew of ZEFERIN we were frequently joined by family and friends for many parts of the voyage and while we always enjoyed their company we do find we have developed a tightly knit team that has absolute confidence in each other.

Since our return in 2006 we have continued coastal cruising with great satisfaction, but I have now at 86 just about given up in favour of exploring New Zealand behind glass in our campervan . And one trip has been to visit my old friend Bruce Moss in Stratford in our Campervan. This trip resulted in this life story.

Sandy Mill (Mill minor)

Email: nirefez@gmail.com



Sandy and Joan Mill at the 2015 Broadhurst Reunion.

Editor's comment: Sandy was at St Peter's from 1940–1945. In 1945 he was Head Prefect, he was in the 1st X1 Cricket Team in 1944 and 1945 and the 1st XV Rugby Team in 1944 and 1945 being awarded Colours for Rugby in 1944.



Farming "in the day."

A LIFE WELL LED

(HENRY) KAYE IBBERTSON (1938– 1940)

Born 26 November 1926

Died 12 July 2018

Kaye attended St Peter's from 1938 till 1940. He entered in Middle School and finished in Upper School 1. From here he went on to Kings College, Auckland. While at St Peter's Kaye was a prefect, played in the 1st X1 Cricket Team, 1st X1 Hockey team and 1st XV Rugby team gaining "colours" in Rugby and won the Science Prize in 1940.



Kaye, 2015 Broadhurst Reunion



Kaye and Wife Ann, 2011 Jubilee Reunion

Kaye attended Auckland University in 1945 to complete his Medical Intermediary then went on to Otago Medical School from 1946 to 1950, graduating with his degree from Otago University with a M.B.Ch.B in 1951.

Kaye spent some time in the UK and was a Medical Registrar and Tutor at Hammersmith Hospital, London, a Lecturer in Medicine at the Royal Free Hospital, London. He also contributed to the *British Medical Journal* and the *Quarterly Journal of Medicine*.

He had a distinguished career in medicine (amongst which featured) being a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians (London) and a Fellow of the Royal College Australasian College of Physicians (NZ), Professor of Endocrinology at Auckland University, Visiting Professor All India Institute of Medical Services, Sims Travelling Professor of Royal College of Australasian Physicians in Zimbabwe (then Rhodesia), UK and Canada.

He was on the Australian Senate Review Team for the University of South Pacific, Visiting Professor at Sir Charles Gairdner Hospital Perth. A Member of the Medical Research Council, Chairman Scientific Commission; Child Health Research Foundation President, Archivist for Auckland Medical Historic Society.

Perhaps his career can be summed up in part in the award that bears his name.



The ANZBMS

Kaye Ibbertson Award for Bone and Mineral Medicine

This Award is named in honour of the outstanding career and major investigations into skeletal disorders made by Professor Kaye Ibbertson, and his contributions to the ANZBMS.

Emeritus Professor Kaye Ibbertson was the Foundation Professor of Endocrinology at the University of Auckland and established the Department of Endocrinology at Auckland Hospital. He has personally trained most of New Zealand's endocrinologists, as well as practitioners working further afield.

His clinical and research interests during the last 40 years encompass many aspects of endocrinology. He contributed substantially in the area of metabolic bone disease, in particular in Paget's disease. He was involved in the early trials demonstrating the efficacy of calcitonin and etidronate. Subsequently he worked in collaboration with Professor Russell Fraser and Professor Olaf Bijvoet to demonstrate the enormous therapeutic potential of pamidronate in this condition. He also made important contributions to the literature in osteoporosis, acromegaly and thyroid disease (particularly with respect to iodine deficiency). Kaye is a thoughtful and gentle man whose legacy to endocrine practice and research has been substantial.

But above all Kaye was a family man and leaves behind his wife Ann, and three children and four grandchildren. The St Peter's School and Alumni would like to express their sincere condolences to the family.



ST PETER'S, CAMBRIDGE INAUGURAL

Distinguished Alumni Awards



BROADHURST OLD BOY HONOURED

St Peter's School has introduced annual awards for distinguished alumni. It will involve recognising some of our many distinguished alumni who have made a significant contribution to society and been successful in their chosen field. The awards will be presented this year at a black tie dinner on Saturday, 8th September in Cambridge. The inaugural recipients for the St Peter's School Distinguished Alumni Awards are **Emeritus Professor Sir Noel Robinson** and **Distinguished Professor Sir Vaughan Jones**. The Distinguished Young Alumni Award (for under 35 years old) will be presented to **Nicholas Mowbray**.

SIR NOEL ROBINSON (1953–1957)

Noel Robinson attended St Peter's School from 1953–1957 (Broadhurst Era Alumni). He started in 1953 in Lower School 11 and left at the end of 1957 from Upper School 11. In 1957 he received the Reeves Cup for Hockey and general prizes for craft and art, as well as mentions in mathematics, science and art. From St Peter's he went on to complete his schooling at St Kentigen's College from 1958–1961.



Noel is known for his love of visionary projects. He has been developing manufacturing and commercial properties since 1970 when he founded Robinson Industries. After his retirement in 1999, Sir Noel became actively in large scale philanthropy mainly centred in the Counties Manukau region. He was awarded a knighthood (KNZM) in 2006 for services to business and the community. He is heavily involved in a number of trusts including Sir Woolf Fisher Charitable Trust, John Walker Find Your Field of Dreams Foundation, Highbrook Developments, Auckland Airport Community Trust and the Lions Club of Nelson North Charitable Trust and the Second Nature Charitable Trust. He's a vocally passionate advocate about causes close to his heart.

NICHOLAS MOWBRAY (1998–2002)

Nick Mowbray is known as one of the three Mowbray business partner siblings (all St Peter's Alumni) who founded the toy production company, Zuru (one of the world's largest toy companies.)



Nick is the entrepreneurial mind behind numerous toys and is the marketing and media front-man of the three. He's described himself as having a huge inner confidence, coupled with naivety and has learned some hard lessons but in learning, has developed both his own abilities and those of the company. Nick has the drive and determination and well understands the paradox between financial cost and sustainability; most of the toys are made from plastics and it is an ongoing task to make the products more environmentally friendly. Plant-based plastics and electronic apps may both feature in continuing innovation. He cites the story of the development of Lego and the business model ethos of 'less is more'. He is quoted as saying that 'simplicity is really powerful in building a profitable business'.

DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR SIR VAUGHAN JONES (1961–1965)

Vaughan Frederick Randal Jones was a boy fascinated with mathematical discovery, who has become a man of high academic of achievement. Born in Gisborne in 1952, he attended St Peter's from 1961 till 1965. In his final year at St Peter's he was a prefect, Vice-captain of 1st X1 cricket team and played in the 1st XV rugby team (winning "Colours" in both sports). He also won the Founders Medal for English speaking, the Alan Cox Science prize and the Brewster French Essay Prize. Alan also won school prizes in English, Social Studies, Science, Mathematics, Latin, French, Music and Special Music.



From St Peter's Vaughan went on to Auckland Grammar then studied at the University of Auckland (B.Sc, 1972, M.Sc (Hon) 1973) and the Ecole de Physique and Ecole de Mathematique in Geneva for his PhD (Docteur es Sciences (Maths) in 1979. In 1979 he married his wife Martha in New Jersey, USA and they went on to have three children (two girls and a boy) and so far two grandchildren.

He moved to the United States of America in 1980 where he took a job at UCLA in California. His career path led to positions at the University of Pennsylvania and California, Berkeley before becoming the "Stevenson Professor of Mathematics" at Vanderbilt University in 2011.

He has received numerous awards including both the Fields Medal (said to be the top award in Mathematics worldwide and said by some to be the "Nobel Prize of Mathematics), and the NZ Science and Technology Gold Medal (now known as the Rutherford Medal). He is a "Fellow of the Royal Society". He has honorary Doctorates from Auckland University (1991), University of Wales (1993) and University of the Littoral Opél Coast, Dunkirk, France (2002)

He was again honoured in New Zealand by receiving the DCNZM in 2002 and the KNZM in 2009

For enquires and/or tickets regarding the Distinguished Alumni Awards please contact:

Sharon Roux, Director of Advancement

Email: sharonr@stpeters.school.nz Ph: +64 (7) 827 9842 or

**Sara Young
Alumni Relationship Coordinator**

Email: sara.young@stpeters.school.nz Ph: +64 (7) 827 9899 Ext 793