

Rock Runner

The magazine of the Rathkeale Old Boys' Association

Volume 21

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TRINITY SCHOOL

Editorial

GRANT HARPER (1967-71)

It is remarkable just how far the tentacles of the Old Boys' Association reach. On a regular basis, emails, stories and photographs arrive at the ROBA from all corners of the globe. It seems that as travellers and as tourists, as adventurers and as workers, as students and educators, as soldiers, sailors and aviators, Rathkeale Old Boys have left very few stones unturned.

For me personally, this has been a year of new beginnings and one that has also involved significant overseas travel in Australasia and in Europe. Wherever we have gone, we have not been far from a Rathkeale connection, an old friend, a past Principal, a long-lost acquaintance, a past tutor or an Old Boy or two.

Certainly, it is obvious that Old Boys have travelled widely and are making significant contributions to many countries and economies. Whilst this is both exciting and heartening, it also poses a challenge for the Association. No longer are we able to rely on a stable database of postal addresses. Instead, a network of Facebook, email and other social media sites links one with another. One does not cater for all and as people's employment and locations change, many slip off the radar.

In an attempt to stay in touch, the Rock Runner has been augmented by Gravel, the occasional newsletter of the association. The positive reaction to this has been welcome and heartening. The Old Boys' Facebook sites have been more closely monitored to advantage and the Executive this year has purchased a new database programme which will enable Old Boys to update their details more easily.

Hopefully all of this will help us to keep in touch, informed and involved at a time when much is happening within the Association and the life of the College.

Having said that, the Rock Runner remains as something of a flag ship for the Association. It formally celebrates the diverse achievements of a widespread community. It, too, travels widely, telling the world about us and our achievements year by year.

Grant Harper
Editor

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ROCKRUNNER

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Cover Image: (courtesy Ilya McLellan, Fairfax Media) features Thomas and Benjamin Renton (2012-16) on the boardwalk of the eco-trail.



Rathkeale Old Boys' Association

GRANT HARPER (1967-71) - President

It is an unexpected honour to find myself President of the Old Boys and a pleasure to be in increased contact with names and faces from past decades.

I believe 2016 will prove to be something of a watershed year for ROBA. Thanks to the hard work of the executive and also to the legal prowess of Secretary Edward Cox, much has been put in place which should stand the Association in good stead.

We now have a comprehensive strategic plan which will effectively shape our endeavours going forward. Clear goals and objectives are now in place which will guide the committee meeting deliberation so central to our vitality in our ability to communicate with each other. To assist with this, we have purchased a new data base programme which is now located at the College where the Executive has ready access to it and where updates can be easily made.

The publication of 'Gravel', subtitled the "Occasional Newsletter of the Association" has been welcomed. It is already proving a quick and easy communication of snippets of news and information as the months pass by.

Increasing use of Facebook is an important feature of the Association. Younger Old Boys in particular are benefitting from the good work being done by Blair Ewington (1984-1988).

A significant effort has gone into reaching out to Old Boys via regional committees. These have been established in Auckland (Terry Brailsford), Hawke's Bay (Don Tosswill), Manawatu (David Crowley), Wairarapa (Scott Andrew), Wellington (Ed Cox), Canterbury (Craig Galloway), Melbourne (Simon Osborne) and England (Philip Harcourt). I am excited about this development and certainly have enjoyed several gatherings recently. One in London earlier in the year drew a mixture of Old Boys and past tutors of various ages and was an auspicious first. Another one in Wellington at the Wellington Club was both refined and enjoyable. We are grateful to those who have agreed to operate in the regions and also those who have stepped up beside them to offer assistance.

Another big decision is the formalisation of a system of annual recurring reunions. These will bring together year groups every ten years, will all take place at Queens' Birthday weekend annually and will harness people 10 years, 20 years, 30 years, 40 years and 50 years on from the year they left school. Beginning in 2017 there will be reunions for those who left in 1967, 1977, 1987, 1997 and 2007. A year group Reunion "facilitator" will be sought and will drive the workers.

The format will be:

Friday

Cocktail party at Rathkeale for all year groups

Saturday

Tours of the College, photographs and a chance to watch College sport.
Reunion Dinner at a venue tbc.

Sunday Chapel

Additional details and contacts will be found on the upgraded Old Boys' page on the College website in the New Year.

Another exciting development, spear headed by Shay O'Gorman (1988-1992) is the establishment of an Old Boys' Social Cricket Club. There has been an initial pleasing response to the idea and other new comers will be most welcome. The first match, another notable ROBA event, will be a game against Old Boys of Wanganui Collegiate School early next year at Wanganui. All supporters will be most welcome. A second match is scheduled against the College 1st XI at Rathkeale in mid-January.

As 2016 draws to a close, it is with some satisfaction that I reflect upon the achievements of the past year and it was good to speak positively about the association to this year's batch of fine new Old Boys.

As an association I believe we are moving in very positive directions and I thank you all for the part you have played in that momentum.

M. Grant Harper
President



Rathkeale BoT

(1979-2015) Old Boy and outgoing Chairman of the Rathkeale College Board of Trustees Andy Pottinger reflects on a decade of board service.

It seems a long time since I joined the Rathkeale Board of Trustees in a bi-election in early 2006, and looking back, a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since then.

It would be fair to say that around this time, there was a perception in the community that Rathkeale College was not the “preferred option” when prospective parents were looking for a school to educate their sons, and the same could probably be said by teachers looking at a preferred employment opportunity. Perception is a very powerful word, and can have very damaging consequences should the perception be negative. Looking back, I believe this was certainly the case for Rathkeale at the time. While it’s not for me to judge the hows and whys, it was apparent to me that changes had to be made in a number of areas if Rathkeale was to survive and once again become the school of “first choice” for parents looking for a holistic education for their sons.

History will show that Willy Kersten was appointed as Principal in November 2007 and, along with wife Ali and daughter Jane, joined the school community in Term 1, 2008. And, using the words from that wonderful Eagles song, “that’s where it all began”!!

Willy and I very quickly established an exceptional working relationship, which over the ensuing 8 years developed into a strong friendship. This has been a relationship of mutual respect and, in my case, admiration for Willy’s capacity for work, his unwavering commitment to standards where there were no exceptions, and his strong

leadership skills. A huge part of where Rathkeale is today must be attributed to these qualities Willy brought with him in his role as Principal.

Since 2007, money has been invested in infrastructure and maintenance, and programmes are in place for this to continue on an ongoing basis. Amongst a myriad of projects, here are a few highlights:

- The majority of the classrooms have been fully refurbished to a very high standard
- The whole school has been repainted in one colour scheme which is now fixed and ongoing
- Auditorium acoustic issues have been addressed
- Cranleigh Boarding House underwent a complete strip and refurbish, including 100% earthquake compliance.
- Repton Boarding House is now 100% earthquake compliant and continues to be refurbished as funds permit.
- The Dining Hall and Central Kitchen have had a complete refurbishment
- The Rathkeale sewerage scheme is now completely future-proofed and is no longer reliant on GW Regional Council consents
- Fast fibre broadband and school-wide wireless network are up and running
- Central quad area was developed as a Jubilee project

The list could go on and on. It is unfortunate that the February 2011 Christchurch earthquake set in motion a vast array of rules and regulations which, for the buildings and facilities across the Trinity system to become compliant, has sucked up in excess of \$5 million! This has severely hindered a number of further developments planned at Rathkeale. However, with the majority of standards now reached, new projects are being planned and should start soon.



Reflecting on my involvement at Rathkeale, a few key things jump out. Firstly the students. It still gives me goose bumps when I remember Senior College prize-giving and see the calibre of young men and women who exit the Senior College each year. They are all exceptional young people, well-prepared to face the world!

Then there are the staff, who do an amazing job of educating these young people, not just in the classroom, but across all areas of life at Rathkeale. This is what creates the atmosphere to provide an holistic approach to education.

The strength of leadership and the functional relationship between governance and management is another key area of which I have been privileged to be part.

Rathkeale is a special place; it is a way of life. It becomes all-encompassing. It has a very special ethos and I feel so proud and honoured to have been an integral part of it for the last ten years.

Cheers

Andy Pottinger
Outgoing Chairman
Rathkeale College Board of Trustees

Principal's Report

WILLY KERSTEN

As I reflect on the past year it is pleasing to note what has been achieved and I feel confident that we can look to the future with considerable optimism.

The Rathkeale Old Boys' Association, through the initiatives of Ed Cox (1983–1987) and Grant Harper (1967–1971), is making great strides with the development of a strategic plan intended to bring Old Boys together to connect with their alma mater and each other. The Decade Reunions planned to commence on Queen's Birthday Weekend 2017 present a wonderful opportunity for fellowship and reminiscing.

After 12 years of sterling service, for most of this time as Chairman, Andy Pottinger (1968–1972) has retired from the Board of Trustees. Through his inspirational leadership, successive Boards have been instrumental in providing the guidance necessary for the College to move forward. His personal efforts have been immeasurable and something I am very grateful for. A substantially new board led by George Murdoch has a solid foundation on which to continue the vital work of the board and under his leadership we can look forward to further growth.

Andy continues his association with the school through his involvement in a campaign to raise funds for a new gymnasium. Chris Klassen, who successfully spear-headed the Auditorium appeal has re-connected with the school in an ambitious project to raise the \$2 million a feasibility study recommended possible. Assisted by Grant Harper and with the generous support of Hamish Whyte (1973–1977) the committee will be very active in 2017.

A 25% increase in roll in the last eight years has seen the school almost reach its cap of 310. Interest from Day Boy families no longer results in an automatic enrolment and this year, some families who met the "Preference Criteria" were still not able to be offered a place. Many of these families have accepted the offer of a boarding place so their son's education at Rathkeale can be assured. It is most heartening to hear that the talk on the street is positive and the interest in what the College offers appealing to so many.

So, what is so appealing about Rathkeale? The stunning campus creates a magnificent first impression and we are indebted to those who had the vision to create the environment that the boys enjoy so much. Academic achievement is our core



business and to maintain averages in excess of 90% (95% in 2015) of boys gaining their NCEA at all three levels over the last five years is pleasing. The wider life of the school presents a plethora of options for boys and their achievements, some in association with the St Matthew's girls in Senior College activities, and cause us to claim that we can "punch above our weight". A passionate Haka competition, a superb major production and a spirited House Music festival ensure the cultural life of the school is alive and well. Sports teams and individual athletes have enjoyed successful seasons with the first teams in the individual codes recognized in Wellington, Central North Island and national competitions. Success breeds success and we look forward to the further development of sport through the coaching expertise that is at our disposal.

The pillars of a Good Rathkeale Man are now well-embedded and as we continue to build on the values they propound. Increasingly, we find ourselves talking about character. As an integrated school, we are expected to be distinguished by our special character. Within this, the spiritual dimension is hugely significant, but the manner by which it is portrayed is becoming less traditional. In the second half of the year the boys have given over 800 hours of service to the local community to assist in conservation, enhancing the environment and providing for those in need. We are seeking to expand this voluntary programme next year and include it as part of a Duke of Edinburgh initiative we have planned. Furthermore, what character means will be



something we delve into more next year. We have been accepted as one of 30 schools in an international two-year Character Education programme being run by the International Boys' Schools Coalition. The prospects of what it might provide for Rathkeale are exciting.

I look forward to ROBA continuing its good work in the interests of those who are members and, in turn, the College.

William Kersten
Principal



Travels in Pakistan

Former teacher, Housemaster, Deputy Principal and Principal Bruce Levick (1975-1996) reflects on experiences on the Indian sub-continent.

When is the right time for a principal to seek a new challenge? After twenty-one and a half years at Rathkeale College—eleven as a Housemaster in Innisfree and Winchester House, four as Deputy Principal and five and a half as Principal, and with the college securely integrated into the state system—I was ready for something different. Luckily my wife, Gwen, who at that time was one of the managers at NZQA, was also getting restless. So began the first of a series of further rich chapters in our lives. It started with a response to an advertisement for school principals in Pakistan, where we ultimately spent four enriching and exciting years, which included running schools and writing a series of mathematics textbooks for Oxford University Press in Pakistan. This was followed by three rewarding years as principal of Ruapehu College in Ohakune, a challenging year teaching mathematics in South Carolina, a fulfilling year with Volunteer Service Abroad training principals in the Solomon Islands, and writing a school history Wellesley – 100 Years On for the centennial of Wellesley College in Days Bay in 2014. For the past five years I have been working at the Ministry of Education as a Senior Advisor.

I shall here confine my comments to Pakistan, one of the best kept secrets in the world. We were employed by an organisation called The City School which was a chain of over 100 independent

Muslim schools owned and managed by a Pakistani woman. They catered for some 30,000 students from kindergarten to Year 13. During the years that we were in Pakistan, I was the principal of two different schools – Capital Campus in Islamabad (1,600 students) and the PAF Chapter in Karachi (2,300 students). My role included helping to equip the teachers to deliver the University of Cambridge O and A-level prescriptions, and changing the teaching and learning style from rote learning to an approach that better fulfilled the requirements of the Cambridge examination system.

In Pakistan, principals are supported by a so-called 'peon', a jack-of-all-trades who does the cleaning, the filing, makes the tea, delivers messages and does any other work that is required. It was rather difficult coming to terms with having a 'lackey' as it went totally against the kiwi way of doing things. However, I recognised that it did afford employment to a young man who, on his meagre salary, supported his father, mother, aunt and three siblings. Khalid and I got on very well and by the time I left he could speak English fluently, use a computer and ride a motorcycle. He was later instrumental in setting up a school in his village.

We visited Khalid in his village, about 80km from Islamabad. This was a humbling and heart-warming experience. His aunt presented me with a business shirt that she had made that morning on her sewing machine - a warm and generous gesture. Amongst other things, Khalid showed us his old classroom. It was designed to seat 84 students, in twelve rows of seven seats and with no equipment. Who are we to be critical of teaching techniques when the teacher had to cope with such numbers and lack of resources!

The country was cricket-mad. I once counted about a dozen games of cricket going on at break in an area of two acres. The players always shout, argue and gesticulate. On one occasion the school had to be closed during the day because of political unrest. Some students stayed on as their parents were working. One small lad came and asked me if I could telephone his mother with a request for their driver to deliver his cricket bat, but not to mention that the school was closed! On another occasion, building operations were taking place at the school. I was presented with two invoices to sign, both written in Urdu. The first was for 20 labourers. When I enquired about the purpose of the second invoice, I was told it was for the 15 donkeys carrying the building materials back and forth in panniers.



Our corporate vehicle was an 800 cc Suzuki Alto. Initially our nerves were not attuned to local driving practices. Put quite simply, donkeys gave way to Suzukis, Suzukis gave way to 4 X 4s, and 4 X 4s gave way to buses and trucks. In traffic jams, the side of the road on which vehicles drove appeared to be optional and leaving more than a metre on any of the four sides of your vehicle, even when moving, seemed to be regarded as wasting valuable road space. During the four years that we were in Pakistan, we covered about 75,000km, including driving up the Karakoram Highway (the old Silk Route) to the border post with China which was 16,000 feet above sea level where the river was frozen over.

One particularly poignant memory remains with me. While staying with friends in Lahore soon after our arrival in the country, the monsoon came. An SOS was received from some friends of our hosts that their house was being flooded and could we assist. Three of us drove till the water was round our ankles in the car, which we then abandoned and walked the rest of the way. It was a walk of about five kilometres that I shall never forget. Most of the way we were up to our chests in thick brown water, a dead fowl or dog would float by from time to time. What was most frightening was that the power lines were down and from time to time one would get an electric shock from a live wire. Finally we found the house – the fence and gate were submerged, the van in the basement was up to its windscreen in water, the piano on the ground floor was floating on its side. The old people had taken refuge on the second floor. We carried them out along with a few valued possessions. Till this time, we had only read of this sort of catastrophe – they happened in other countries and, we felt, were

always exaggerated. Not so! This was disaster in the raw. It was a privilege to be able to help and to be shoulder to shoulder with the desperate to save what could be salvaged. So ended a day that you would not wish on anyone, but one you would not have missed for anything.

We lived in Pakistan in exciting times. Pakistan conducted its first nuclear test. This was not a very powerful device, but on TV we could see the mountain where the test was conducted turn white from heat. We were alarmed at the level of rejoicing and national pride engendered by this event. Long may New Zealand remain free. Another sobering experience was the attack on the Twin Towers in New York on 11 September 2001 while we were living in Karachi. It was interesting to observe the change of attitude from sympathy for America to growing animosity as the bombing of Afghanistan was accelerated.

During the four years that we lived in Pakistan, our lives were enriched fully as much as we hope that we enriched the lives of the people with whom we worked. It is the day to day living that makes the difference. One staff member made a telling comment. She said: "It is not so much what you taught us, and that has been interesting and useful, but the way you have dealt with people and motivated them that we shall remember".

Bruce Levick
Principal 1991-1996



BRL: Back row, right



Jason McCracken

Old Boy Jason McCracken (1980-84) has just returned from his fourth Olympic Games. Rock Runner caught up with him to find out what he was doing in Rio, and what lies ahead.



So your fourth Olympics – what were you doing in Rio?

I was very fortunate to be the first Kiwi to be the Tournament Director (TD) for the Men's Hockey tournament. What that entailed was running and being responsible for all aspect of the men's hockey tournament. The role was appointed by the International Hockey Federation (FIH) working closely with the IOC. In essence it was to ensure that the right team won in accordance within the rules and tournament regulations.

Where did it all start?

Although I never reached any great lofty heights as a hockey player at school (Captained the mighty 2XI, with Rev Pinner as Coach), I actually started umpiring hockey at school. I went to Hatch Cup as an umpire in my 6th and 7th form and continued umpiring when I went to Uni at Vic in Wellington. I kept playing for University but my umpiring career took off and I went to Nationals. In 1992, I went to my first international tournament in Prague. From there many years of international tournaments and

travel followed and umpiring took me all over the world many times. In 2000 I umpired my first Olympics in Sydney and went on to umpire at the World Cup and Champions Trophy in Malaysia, India, Australia and Holland and also the 2004 Athens Olympics.

So how did you go from an umpire to running events?

After the Champions Trophy in 2006 I retired from active umpiring as I had a young family and a busy role as Head of State Insurance. We then also went to Aussie for work so I could not keep up the travel and time commitments as a top active international umpire. So I packed up my umpiring kit and retired. However, after a few years I did miss it and NZ Hockey asked me to attend a tournament as a Judge in Malaysia. From there I got into the world of technical officials and was appointed as the TD of the Champions Trophy in Melbourne in 2010. In 2012 the FIH appointed me as the Assistant Tournament Director for the London Olympics, TD for the 2014 World Cup in The Hague and then finally bloke in charge of Hockey in Rio

So how was it? There was a lot of negative press about Rio but it looked great from here.

It was a very successful event. There was a good deal of work that went into the build-up including running a Test Event at the newly completed venue in November last year. Brazil, as we know, is struggling economically so there was not the budget that we had in London but in true kiwi fashion we made do and worked around things to ensure that the athletes had the very best platform to perform.





So what happened to our Black Sticks?

We should be very proud of both teams. The men's team only qualified through a late withdrawal from South Africa and played some excellent hockey especially beating the eventual silver medalist Belgium in pool play. Of course there was the unforgettable heartbreak of losing to the Germans in the last second of their ¼ final after being two nil up! I do feel for the women's Blacksticks team as two 4ths in a row from two Olympic campaigns is very tough. They were a world class team comprehensively beating arch rivals Australia in their ¼ final but just did not fire against GB in their semi, who went on to win Gold.

So what do you do after you have run an Olympics?

Well, actually, I have just been appointed as the new CEO of the International Hockey Federation based in Lausanne, Switzerland. I take up the role in February next year and I am super excited

about this unique opportunity to combine my commercial experience in Banking and Insurance with my 20 year sporting passion for the game.

Well that's big news – what will be the challenges in the role?

The sport feels a little like cricket and rugby did 10 – 15 years ago with the move from amateur to professional status. There are now professional leagues in Europe and India and growing media thirst for high quality content. Hockey is a clean, gender-neutral, fast and exciting game. It ticks many boxes and I am looking forward to working hard to grow the game globally. However I am needing to draw on my 4th form French lessons at school as French is the language spoken in Lausanne. I have tried looking for my old exercise books but fear they are long gone so now I wish I paid more attention in class all those years ago!



Guardians of the Land

Two generations of Old Boys are acknowledged for their environmental awareness and the management of land that has been farmed by their family for almost 140 years.
Hugh Akers (1964-67) & William Akers (1999-2003)

Broadlands Station has 250 hectares in trees, many of them in gullies or on banks, saving the land from slipping.

The farm goes from the banks of the Pohangina River to the foothills of the Ruahine Range in Manawatu. There are 1650 hectares in all, 1400 of them are effective – running sheep and beef.

Broadlands stood out at the Ballance Farm Environment Awards because of its tree programme but also for other reasons. The other finalists for the supreme award were all dairy farms.

The winners were William Akers and then fiancée Laura Oughton, and his parents, Judy and Hugh Akers.

Broadlands won partly because the judges liked the multi-generational farming for environmental sustainability and economic success.

It has been in the Akers family since 1880 and has been passed down the generations.

The first of the current family to live there were Hugh and Judy Akers. They moved and started running the farm in 1974. Before that, Broadlands had had managers on the property. There is land on both sides of Ashhurst.

“200 acres on the Pohangina Village side of the river, and that

is where Judy and I live, and Willie and Laura,” Hugh Akers says.

In the early days, shepherds crossed the river by horse to work. The other quick way to the station is from No.4 Line, but Hugh put in a long driveway from the Saddle Road in the 1990s.

His son William is the fifth generation of Akers on the farm. William is quick to say he relies on his stock manager, Wayne Romley, to talk about any decision.

“He and I work together and he is a trusted member of the team.”

Romley, like the Akers, is an inter-generational – his father and grandfather worked on the station as well.

Hugh puts the Balance Farm Environment Supreme Award win down to the tree programme.

“A lot of gullies have been left in natives. We have a preserved wetland that has very good examples of maire, and mudfish are believed to be there. And there is dryland bush, with totara and maire nearby,” he says.

The trees cover the banks that could slump, and most gullies which stretch up towards the Ruahine foothills have native bush. Pruned trees for timber stretch up the long driveway. There are other areas of

production forestry on the farm. Most bush is either fenced off, or soon to be. Hugh says he has planted thousands of trees over the years. The judges liked that, saying that a lot of it was erosion control.

He and William talk about damage from the 2004 floods.

“Floodwaters covered some paddocks with silt and there were just the fencepost tops sticking out. It did about \$250,000 of damage. We’re still fixing some things,” Hugh says.

“We were still recovering, so we didn’t put fertiliser on that year and some fences have most wires showing above ground, the other wires are still buried,” William agrees.

Heritage is important to the family. There is a museum on the property. Much of the old machinery that was used on the farm has been sand-blasted, painted and displayed.

“It creates a lot of interest. People come and look at it all the time,” Hugh says.

He and Judy are building a self-sustaining energy house, off-grid. It is a long way to get power to the site, so they are creating their own.

Judy farms and has her own dogs, though she says some are getting a bit old. But she has always been a hands-on farmer.



Laura Oughton says she'll follow in Judy Akers' footsteps. She is an agronomist with Agriseeds. She is based at home but covers the southern North Island and travels quite a bit.

"But I take time off to help with the docking and other work on the farm. I try to help out whenever I am needed and I like being on the farm."

The station finishes lambs for the British supermarket chain Waitrose. They must meet strict carcass specifications and are finished on plantain crops which William introduced on the sandy river flats. The farming family don't vaccinate, drench or do a lambing beat. As a result, William says, the ewes manage everything themselves and they are resistant to internal parasites. The family overwinter 6000 perendale ewes and though un-shepherded, the lambing

percentage is around 120 each year. They run Herefords and finish all their own lambs, and cattle. Half are steers and half are kept as bulls.

The contour is 15 per cent flat, 15 per cent medium rolling hills and the rest hard hill country. Hugh says there are many soil types, but they are largely sandy-type soils mixed with Kiwitea silt loam on the flats and mudstone on the hills but they do have a reasonable level of topsoil covering them.

William says that when he was at school he was interested in farming but wasn't sure how to get there. He completed a farm-management diploma at Lincoln University.

"Two and a half years ago I came back."

Judy and Hugh are thrilled to have another Akers taking over. They see themselves as guardians of the land and are keen for "Willie to get stuck in" as Judy puts it.

*This abridged article by Jill Galloway appeared in the Manawatu Standard.
Image: Fairfax Media NZ Ltd/Manawatu Standard*



Philip Bradbury

(1966 – 71)

In the decades since leaving school, Philip Bradbury's career has spanned accounting, teaching and writing, amongst other things. Here, he muses on some of the insights he has gained.

If we don't stand for something, we'll fall for anything. This is a mantra that served me badly for twenty years. After five successful years at Rathkeale College—always in the top ten academically, possibly held the record for representing the school at more sports than anyone else, in the orchestra and choir and had a great old time—I had no idea what to do with my remaining seventy or so years.

Looking back with the sagacity of rear vision, I suspect my subconscious chose accounting to please my father. It was a simple, paint-by-numbers kind of occupation but it bored me and I hated it. So why stay for twenty years? Waiting for father's approval? Well, that never came. It fed and housed the family and I had no idea of what else to do.

During my mid-life opportunity (not crisis!) I chose to banish my chronic shyness forever and felt total immersion would be the solution. Standing in front of people, prattling on all day, seemed like good therapy so I fronted up to the Bay of Plenty Polytechnic and asked if they needed an accounting teacher. They laughed in my face and then explained that their previous accounting teacher had been sacked the day before and, yes, they definitely wanted another one. Soon! I was given an A4 piece of paper with a scribbled outline and asked if I could create a 17-week course from that. As is my life-long habit, I said Yes and panicked later. I spent the first six months in terror of my new job and the students, but each day's sinking dread was always mixed with equal parts of excitement and fulfilment.

After 23 years as a polytechnic tutor, university lecturer, corporate trainer, RTO2 trainer and workshop facilitator – in four countries and in subjects including accounting, business management, AIDS management, writing and personal development – I still love the buzz in any learning environment.

About the same time, I scared the shyness from my soul, I started writing, just for the fun of it. Then, perchance, I came upon a brilliant manuscript and offered to publish it for the writer, David Gaughan, because, of course, having no experience in something is the best reason for doing it.



I published his book and the books of other authors and was told I should publish my own. That simple idea had never occurred and so I did that too.

Around this time the polytechnic had a dip in numbers and my teaching became part-time, giving me the perfect opportunity to get on my steel horse and ride around, visiting every book store in New Zealand, giving my shyness another boot into the corner.

With my confidence at an all-time high, I started badgering the publisher of a national magazine to take my irresistible articles. I phoned, emailed and visited every month for a year and she eventually caved in and reluctantly took an article. That one article received more Letters to the Editor than any previous article had, so I became a regular columnist for several years. I then wrote for several other magazines in New Zealand, Australia, England, Czech Republic and South Africa.





I later became the editor of this magazine and, a year later, my wife and I purchased a single-colour, provincial newsletter and turned it into a full-colour, national magazine. It was a stupendous flop, financially, but we loved the experience and met so many amazing people through it. Many are still good friends. Meanwhile, I was running a men's group and personal development workshops and then, in South Africa, co-facilitated AIDS workshops, and wrote about all these topics.

We lived in England for a little over four years and the claustrophobic, mind-numbing experience of commuting by train and tube to run the corporate training for a London bank inspired a novel, which I published. And that novel inspired two more novels, neither of which are quite finished, yet.

To date, I've self-published fifteen of my own books and have another ten in the pipeline. Yes, I find it difficult to do one thing at a time! They're on my website at

www.philipjbradbury.com and there you'll see the generalist at work. There's a novel, novelettes, short stories, poems, songs, humour, seriousness, fiction, non-fiction—everything! The most recently published book is fifty-three 53-word stories and the next one is ninety-seven 97-word stories—just because I can!

And back to accounting. Though I hated doing it, I loved teaching it. Taking the most boring subject on earth and making it interesting is always a juicy challenge. Accounting provided well for my family and me. It levered me into teaching and allowed me to work in England (and to experience some of Europe, the Mediterranean and Egypt) and Australia. Everything serves and limits. For the first 20 years I allowed accounting to limit me. From then on, I allowed it to serve me.

Nothing is for nothing and everything counts. My contention is that it matters not what we choose but, rather, what we choose to do with what we've chosen. Had I but known that when I left Rathkeale, a huge weight would be lifted. And had that weight not been there, I would not have learned I can lift it myself.

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Jonathan Hooker

(1969-73)

Old Boy and Masterton District Councillor catches up with Rock Runner to share school memories and some insights into his life of faith.

I first began writing this on my return from speaking at the Local body Meet the Candidate evening. This is the 6th time I have done this having first been elected to the Masterton District Council in 2001. I have continued the writing process while riding the train to Wellington for a Civil Defence Regional Welfare meeting. These are two of my current roles in my faith based passion to help people.

I grew up just out of Masterton in a Christian family with a sense of social justice from both parents and grandparents. Mum on her big OE had found Dad in England just after the war, married and returned to New Zealand. Because of family circumstances Dad had started work at a very young age "in service" and rising to spending some time as Valet to George VI and watching Elizabeth and Margaret grow at Balmoral Castle. While having no formal education he could add numbers faster than a calculator and had a writing style akin to calligraphy. He had a methodical tidiness that my brother totally inherited but to my wife's frustration I inherited but a portion of this trait. With this background both Mum and Dad were keen on us getting the best education possible and with an Uncle who had started his teaching career at Kings with the financial means, my brother Robert and I had the privilege of going to Rathkeale. This male focused education and sport environment suited both of us and as a typical boy I needed a structured and disciplined place to succeed which I did.

My academic focus, i.e., Maths and Physics, had been with a career in the Airforce in mind. Because of timing issues, I was able to find that the chance of getting in on a short service commission and with a job at the other end was remote. I had found maths and physics hard work so the thought of a degree in the same to get a longer Airforce career left me cold. Brother Robert's godfather was a serving Police Officer and him having three daughters we became to some extent surrogate sons! He had always been careful not to glamorise the Police or encouraged us to join but he was pretty chuffed that after a quick visit to him and the recruiting Sergeant in Masterton I joined the New Zealand Police as a very naive and innocent just turned 19-year-old.

After three months at Trentham Police College I was sent to Wellington Central. At that time being single I wasn't allowed to return home. As I mentioned I certainly wasn't street wise but



fortunately folk looked at the uniform and the not at times scared individual inside. This began eighteen months of old school, methodical and at times strict especially in relation to the paper work Police training which held me in good stead when I was allowed to return to Masterton. No-one wanted to go there because of the criminal climate at the time, but out of frustration the department relented and sent me back.



I had already, with my Rathkeale tramping and some mountaineering skills, become part of the Police Search and Rescue Team. Police were held, and rightly so, with suspicion by the SAR community having been known to turn up in trench coats and helmets in response to a search and or rescue. Most of my fellow team members were runners and it soon became apparent that being a runner didn't translate into being able to move through the bush. It also became apparent that knowledge of things Wairarapa at times was abysmal. Thus began my interest in Emergency Management which I am still involved with today. This was a real period of change with local civilians being instrumental in the early adoption of new technologies and for myself seeing the logic and the need to push back against the establishment. Lightweight radios, pagers and then cell phones, helicopters, the golden hour and the scraps over who was to pay prior to the helicopter being dispatched led to a change in thinking by those in Wellington. At times we adopted an attitude of it being easier to ask for forgiveness than permission. I was also using helicopters in unofficial cannabis plant recovery well before they became part of the national plan.

My early Police career was front line but involved stints in the South Wairarapa to relieve staff there. In those days rural Police used their private vehicles and as I had a Landrover I became a regular choice. This was the very early days of Community Policing and I soon got that role. Because of my SAR involvement I was soon visiting schools to help the students to prepare before going on camp. This was also the very early days of outdoor education and it being used as a tool to work with young offenders and those struggling in the academic environment in which I also became involved. Nothing like being taken for a walk in the bush, rafting or canoeing with a "Pig." After seventeen and a half years it was time to move on. I loved the community aspect but had grown tired of fighting the old school cop bosses who didn't see the value in the new community policing model.

A new career path – I became a credentialed minister. My first church being a small group of retirees in Auckland, but then soon returning to what had been our home church in Masterton. This saw the rapid development of the complex that became known as Oasis and now as Equippers Church. We were creative and innovative here to with the building of the then third only indoor climbing wall in the north island and fourth in New Zealand. We were involved in our community in ways churches traditionally

weren't. For the next 16 years with the family we led the Church Team. With an empty nest, the hair getting thinner and greyer and the congregation getting younger we decided in 2007 to step aside and bring in a younger couple to take over.

Thus began my third career this time self-employment: from lawn mowing and light engineering to travelling around the country consulting to my two current regulars, overseeing the Wairarapa Resource Centre and Wairarapa Welfare Manager for Civil Defence.

I'm still married to the love of my life Margaret with three granddaughters and one grandson and with Michael and Hody in New York, Nathan and Rachel in Auckland, Aaron and Hannah and Jody in Masterton. On Sunday with my 92-year-old Mum there can be four generations in Church. My life is blessed. I have been to the remotest parts of the Philippines, eaten the best sushi in Japan and received amazing hospitality by the Chinese Government to mention but a few highlights. The foundations laid by Rathkeale College, including the cane from BGH and Fred Lee were fundamental to where I am now and what I have achieved. What's my life been about? He tangata, he tangata, the people, the people the people.



PIFA

2016 saw a new relationship forged between Rathkeale College and the Paul Ifill Football Academy. Here, Rathkeale Sports Coordinator and Head of Sport Steve Coleman describes the results of the first year of collaboration.

It is clear that there has been something in the air around campus over the last two or three winters that has helped develop our footballing pedigree from country boys with big hearts to Wellington contenders and national tournament entrants in waiting.

The football programme has been put in place by Steve Coleman whose hard work has led him and the 1st XI to success in Wellington Division One this year. He has forged a strong relationship with Wellington Phoenix legend Paul Ifill over the last 18 months during other footballing projects. From this, the seeds have been planted for the Paul Ifill Football Academy (PIFA) to be run out of Rathkeale. Paul came to these shores seven years ago after an English career that included stints with Sheffield United, Crystal Palace and Millwall in the Championship and Premier League. He featured for Millwall in the 2004 FA Cup Final, losing out to Cristiano Ronaldo's Manchester United side. After representing Barbados, he took up a contract with the Phoenix and now stands as the franchise's all-time top scorer. A serious achilles injury brought on retirement and he is now settled into Wairarapa life not far from Willow Park Drive and Rathkeale.

Paul is certain he has fallen on his feet with the partnership with Rathkeale, and with two age groups currently training each day during the week it has been a fast start to the programme.

"The Academy is open to the best players," says Ifill. "It just so happens that off the back of the good work done by Steve over

the recent past, the majority of the older group have come from the school."

The youngest age group is almost exclusively Rathkeale boys and shows not only the depth of talent the school is beginning to produce on the football field but also the interest the sport is beginning to bring to school choices now.

"I think interest in the game is at an all-time high, not just within the school but also in the local community," says Coleman. "The introduction of the Academy has certainly enabled the boys who want to, to put everything into their football development and we are really beginning to see the fruits now from a school perspective."

The academy has attracted players from Wellington, Whangarei and the Nelson region in its first year and not only has it added to the playing stocks, it has also helped boost boarding numbers around campus.

All in all, it has been a good learning experience for all concerned. Ifill, who splits his time between both groups each week as well as weekly Wednesday visits to his satellite academy in Nelson, believes the programme can go from strength to strength in the coming years.

"It has been a busy beginning, and despite the teething problems always associated with new projects especially around logistics and fitting in with the school's traditional ethos, I am more than happy with the way things have begun. The improvement in each player is down to their hard work and the quality of the coaching staff."

The end goal is to produce All Whites and also gives boys the base to pursue College Scholarships in the US and pro contracts around the world through Ifill's own network of contacts. Be sure to watch with interest as this talented group of footballers progress. With three boys already earmarked for the next Under-17 World Cup in India, things are already beginning to happen.



Shane Cave

(1968-72) Journalist, UN Official, international anti-corruption consultant, poet, spear-fisherman and rock carrier Shane Cave is a member of an unusual and distinguished group: Rathkeale Old Boys. Here he talks about his experience at and since leaving Rathkeale.



Starting as a boarder in School House in 1968 meant that Shane, or Cave as he was of course referred to, surnames-only was de rigueur then, was in the last year to have links with the foundation pupils of 1964.

The school was still very new, with seemingly vast opportunities for founding Headmaster John Norman to direct the construction of concrete paths to connect boarding houses and classrooms. With a casual wave of the arm and an authoritative, "... from this point here to that point there" Norman set 13 to 16 year olds to work digging up grass, constructing boxing for paths, and then the Greek Theatre, out of river boulders and concrete. The boulders were free, and carried for free by offending students working off punishments, and reduced the need for cement, which had to be paid for. The concrete was made by students to widely varying standards which would undoubtedly horrify any modern day engineer, and the ratio of boulders to concrete mightn't get too many engineering ticks today either. Those older than 16 were mostly immune from such menial drudgery.

Shane's later career, presenting Checkpoint on Radio New Zealand, was fostered by his extensive debating and drama activities at school – which

included getting his drama colours for his performance in Waiting For Godot. He was also the inaugural Head of House for the short lived Innesfree boarding house in Masterton in 1972. The former Rest Home was used by Rathkeale as a boarding house for senior students when boarding numbers at the main campus exceeded available beds.

Nineteen seventy two also saw all of Masterton's private schools combine at seventh form level. Rathkeale joined forces with St Matthew's, Solway and the two Catholic schools, St Joseph's and St Bride's (now combined to form Chanel). Bussing to classes, all of which were double-periods, and self-directed free periods, was intended to prepare students for the greater freedom of university life. Certainly an experimental poke at a fire alarm by a colourful St Joseph's pupil after a geography class at Solway seemed excellent preparation for university life as the assorted seventh formers watched all the Solway girls and staff rush outside as the fire brigade arrived!

After Rathkeale Shane headed to the University of Canterbury to study History and Political Science. He also followed in the footsteps of the redoubtable Bruce Hamilton as the President of College House, the long established university hall of residence where gown-clad students dished out their own sophisticated and ritualised undergraduate punishment of rule breakers by hurling them into the river running alongside the College grounds.

Shane's final year at university included two Maori papers, after which he was invited to go and experience Maori life on the East Coast, living for several months in the household of the eminent Ngati Porou kuia Ngoi Pewhairangi who would later become famous beyond Maoridom as the composer of Poi E. A smattering of te reo would prove useful in his later life as a journalist.



After Tokomaru Bay and a couple of very brief public service jobs in Wellington, Shane joined Radio New Zealand's Checkpoint, which bore little resemblance to the programme of the same name today. Programmes of 20 minutes would provide background on a single national or international issue of the day or investigate an issue news journalists never had time to explore. Shane received a national award for his investigative programme on the Abbotsford disaster which saw a whole Dunedin suburb destroyed as it slid down a hill.

Shane's career in Radio, and then as a writer on The Listener, coincided with the turbulence of Rob Muldoon's administration, the upheavals of Roger Douglas' economic reforms and the colour of David Lange's leadership - a period of unprecedented excitement for Wellington journalists.

Shane crossed swords with all of the leading politicians of that era, and is pleased to have ruffled a few feathers, including Muldoon's. Muldoon was furious at a story about his intervening to issue a paua licence to a controversial Southland fisherman, broadcast a few hours before Muldoon drunkenly called a snap election in 1984 - which National lost. Checkpoint also saw Shane exposing rorts of the National Party's employment schemes and crossing swords with the then Minister of Labour Jim Bolger.

At the Listener Shane's stories have been waved around in Parliament during Question Time, revealed the media profession's reluctance to discipline its own members and put controversial '80s corporate

property developer Chase Corporation under the spotlight. A major cover story on Winston Peters, then a rising star in the National Party, also saw Shane slip in some quotes in Maori about Peters from Kaumatua in Peter's Tauranga electorate. As Shane was the only person on The Listener's staff with any Maori language his reassurances ensured the quotes went in as was, much to Peters' annoyance.

After The Listener Shane, his wife Liffet and their three very young children, moved to the HQ of United Nations Environment Programme, which is in Nairobi, Kenya, as Editor of all the Programme's magazines from 1989 to 1994. This coincided with the first ever visit to Kenya by a New Zealand Prime Minister, Jim Bolger. With few kiwis in the UN in Kenya Shane was part of the greeting party on the grand front steps of the compound, leading to a brief jocular verbal stoush with Bolger which horrified the UN grandees present, although Shane and Bolger saw it only as humorous.

Shane and his wife returned to New Zealand in 1994 so their children could spend their teenage years at home. Initially he freelanced, reporting from Parliament on Radio New Zealand and writing for the National Business Review, the Listener and Sunday Star Times among many publications.

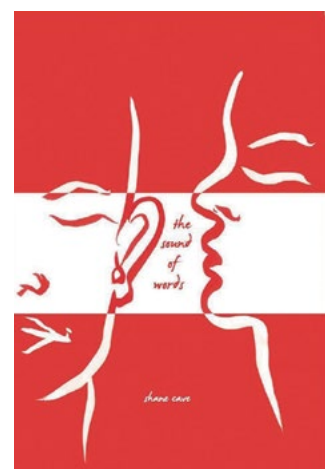
However throughout the '90s Shane began to move away from journalism to his new career as an anti corruption advisor. He was one of three co-founders of the New Zealand Chapter of Transparency International, the world-wide network of anti-corruption organisations. This

was the springboard for a career building on his political science degree, working across the Pacific, East Africa, South East Asia, the Caribbean, Bhutan and Timor Leste. Leaving journalism completely in 2002, Shane has established anti-corruption agencies, helped countries develop anti corruption plans and made budget processes more transparent.

This career continues but now only for short term contracts. Shane's no longer willing to live away from his home as he and his wife want more time with family and friends on the Kapiti Coast, 45 minutes north of Wellington.

He now interweaves a rather odd mixture of international consulting, spear fishing, tramping and developing and running a volunteer run pest trapping programme on a nearby Department of Conservation Reserve - killing over 3,200 rats, mice, stoats, weasels, possums, hedgehogs and cats since 2013.

He also published a book of poetry in 2013, The Sound of Words, which has seen him perform in many venues around the country including on Kim Hill's Saturday morning national radio programme.



Boys and Awards



▲ Matthew Furkert receives his Duke of Edinburgh Gold Hillary Award from Governor General Dame Patsy Reddy



▲ Rathkeale is Secondary School of the Year in the Wairarapa Sports Awards



◀ Robert Spite, Dux of Rathkeale College, Proxime Accessit of the Senior College and a National Outstanding Scholar, 2016

Troy Etherington is the inaugural recipient of the Te Rangitumau Trophy ▶



⚠ Rathkeale/St Matthew's Senior College students won 31 Scholarships in the NZQA Scholarship Exams. Three boys gained Outstanding Scholarships. Robert Spite and Jack Hopman gained five each.



◀ Callum & Archie Woodhouse win the NZ Young Farmer Teen Ag Competition

Dale Walterhouse

A native of Indiana, USA, Dale joined the Rathkeale staff as the new Chaplain in 2016. Here he shares a little of his background, his journey which ended in New Zealand, and his hopes for the chaplaincy at Rathkeale.

Dale Walterhouse is 31 years old and has worked diligently to establish a good reputation as a teacher, mentor and coach in the local community. He moved to New Zealand from the United States in 2009 and has decided to make the Wairarapa his home.

Dale was raised in La Porte Indiana, a small town about 100 km east of Chicago. His father was the minister in La Porte Missionary Church and the entire family took a hands on approach to ministry. Dale attended La Porte High School from 1999 to 2003 where he pursued interests in music, athletics, and cross country.

After secondary school, Dale pursued his tertiary education at Bethel College in Mishawaka, Indiana where he was the third generation from his family to get a degree. He began a degree in mechanical engineering but after two years decided to focus on Mathematics as opposed to Science. "The monotony of lab work was not for me, I had caught the philosophy bug and the purer form of knowledge that mathematics provided me with gave me a more holistic foundation for understanding life, the universe, and everything."

As Dale worked through his degree he worked as a part time supervisor at United Parcel Service. "My work at UPS gave me a comprehensive view of the human condition, it took me out of every bubble into which my family and community had, involuntarily, placed me. It made me confront my faith, and by doing this, I had to ask myself what I was going to do with my life." This work provided the stepping stones for Dale to move into teaching and education.

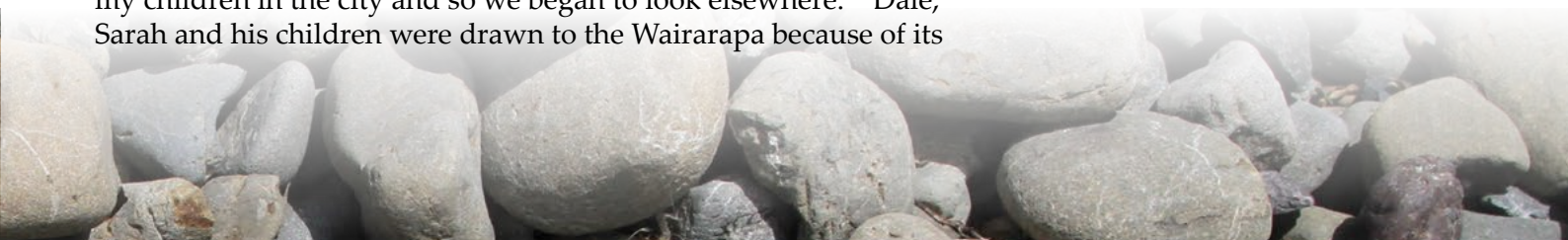
In 2006 Dale married his wife Sarah. The passing of Sarah's mother in the beginning of 2007 took them to Arkansas to be close to her family. Dale started his teaching career at the then newly established Arkansas Arts Academy. Teaching mathematics to art students helped him to realize that teaching cannot be compartmentalised and that students come with their own unique sets of strengths and weaknesses.

After two years in Arkansas, Dale and his now young family decided that they needed to see the world. After looking at teaching positions and possibilities around the world they decided on New Zealand and he landed at Aorere College in Papatoetoe. "The lateral thinking and outside of the box teaching style that I had picked up while working with art students worked very well in the South Auckland environment, however I didn't want to raise my children in the city and so we began to look elsewhere." Dale, Sarah and his children were drawn to the Wairarapa because of its



rural outlook and its proximity to Wellington. He began teaching at Wairarapa College in 2010. Several years later he took up the position of Dean of Year 11 students and continued on in that position for 4 years. While at Wairarapa College, Dale was involved with coaching and managing U15 Colts rugby teams, a 2nd XV team and several 1st XV teams. While he has no experience to draw from, he believes that coaching is about relationships and passion. He is looking forward to seeing Rathkeale Rugby make further developments.

Dale, his wife Sarah and their children Lorri (8), Corin (7) and Edmond (4) have settled into a lifestyle block on Jacksons Line north of Kopuaranga. They enjoy the rural lifestyle and community, however, they are looking forward to pouring their energy into the life Rathkeale's campus while they make Titoki Cottage their home. Dale is looking forward to developing a real sense of community around school in his role as chaplain, all while teaching the young men to have their hearts set on finding service opportunities in the wider community.



David Hutchinson

(Tutor, 1974-75)

David Hutchinson was educated at Scotland's Loretto School and spent a highly enjoyable and successful year at Rathkeale in 1974-75. His extensive memoir of the year is full of delightful observations and experiences some of which have been extracted for Rock Runner.

When the train finally stopped at Masterton Railway Station, I stepped out onto a shadowy, dimly lit platform with not a soul in sight. It was late evening and almost dark when, with a suitcase in each hand, I walked through the station exit and out onto the carpark where a smartly dressed man got out and walked quickly towards me, hand held straight out in greeting and with a jolly "hello" and a smile. This was my introduction to Bruce Hamilton, Acting Headmaster.

Mrs Norman had laid the dining room table which was just next door to where I had been sleeping. Within a very few minutes of meeting her, I knew I was going to be happy here. Tina, the golden Labrador, lay at my feet under the table and decided that I was acceptable. The morning bird song was in full cry.

My fellow "new boys", Mike Moberly (from Repton School) and Tim Hurn (from Marlborough) had arrived at Rathkeale a few days before me and they led me over to the Teachers' Common Room where Bruce Hamilton was then able to introduce me to the teaching staff. The warmth of reception I received as I shook hands with each member of staff further convinced me that I was in a good place.

The following day, the Headmaster arrived home from the UK. John Norman (or "Jack" as the boys referred to him when safe to do so), struck an impressive presence as he addressed the school. He was tall, well built with a powerful resonant voice which demanded respect. The other members of the Common Room were wary of him with good reason, but this is not to say that he was anything other than a man on a mission who would lead from the front and expect others to keep up with his values.

With my inductions completed, I got down to the job of teaching my first groups of fourteen to fifteen-year-old



students which covered Commerce, Physical Education and small groups for Remedial Reading. In addition, I coached cricket, rugby and football on the sports field which was right up my street and which allowed me to play senior sport for recreation, School matches and for coaching the junior teams throughout the week.

I was then invited to take charge of a new small boarding house with eight boys aged sixteen to seventeen. The house (now the Rugby Housemaster's residence) sat several hundred yards away from the main school premises which would offer me and the boys a stunning outlook from the large windows. The Tararua Mountains stretched out in front of us for as far as the eye could see with towering green forest rising hundreds of metres high. In the winter months, the snow-line covered the highest peaks and sparkled in the crystal clear air when the sun shone. I was enraptured; a lucky man!

Making friends with members of staff was a gradual but very pleasant process. The age group varied enormously and all were clearly masters of their particular subjects. The Common Room



was comfortable but somewhat tainted with pipe tobacco and cigarette smoke. The most senior teachers sat on their own favourite sofas and armchairs so I was careful about where I sat, preferring to find a wooden chair in the corner until someone approached me for a chat. Through habit, the School Chaplain sat in the far right hand corner of the room from where he would lead a jaunty conversation before setting off on the day's business. At break time, on the opposite side of the room, "Peter the Pipe" as I thought of him, would sink into his well-worn sofa, light his pipe and close his eyes for "forty winks". Remarkably, twenty minutes later, he would then suddenly open one eye, check the clock seconds before it chimed, and then set off for his next assignment without a word being spoken!

By comparison, the Headmaster always chose to stand throughout break time and he would quietly cruise around the room offering a word here and a word there, most often with a smile and a nod.

Within a few short weeks I felt settled and very much at home with my work and colleagues. The early summer months were warm and mostly dry which allowed me to join Mike Fisher at the cricket nets in the evenings. He was a fine all-round sportsman and I sought his company with relish whenever the opportunity beckoned. Equally, Liam O'Gorman, one of the House Masters, was a golfer, soccer and tennis player who was always up for any of these activities. Both Mike and Liam enjoyed life to the full and I was delighted when I was invited to join them, along with other members of staff, for the traditional Friday evening "swill" in Masterton.

The school term would close on the 5th of December and Tim, Mike and I were making plans for the holidays. We had bought a car between us – a Vauxhall Victor, 1962 edition – soon after arriving at Rathkeale. The bench front seat and the steering wheel controls took us a while to get used to, but, once we got the hang of it, we became fond of the "old lady" who carried us around in relative comfort with the occasional back fire and splutter. Our plan was to head to the South Island on 15th December and then meander slowly down to Christchurch in time for Christmas.

However, before then, I was looking forward to playing my first two-day District Cricket match for Wairarapa against Hawke's Bay and Mike Fisher would be joining me. I had already played a few matches for the School against local opposition where I had my first experience of eight ball overs and getting used to bowling with the Kookaburra or Platypus cricket ball. As things turned out, Wairarapa won the match without much input from me but I met lots of kind and amusing people over the two days who I would meet again.

The Christmas Eve Midnight Mass service in Christchurch Cathedral was the most beautiful experience and one which I cherish and will never forget. Tim, Mike and I got there in plenty of time so that we could find a good vantage point which we could marvel both at the beauty of the setting and the warmth of feeling of a very special place. Christmas lights twinkled amidst the heavy, sweet scent of Singapore Lilies.

Over two or three weeks, we had covered a lot of ground and met many kind people along the way. The dear old Vauxhall Victor had behaved and it took us all the way back to school, Tim and Mike set up their temporary base in my house. We bought and cooked most of our food from short trips to and from Masterton. However, most of those trips entailed a visit to Liz and David Smith (School Bursar) en-route and if we were lucky, (and appeared sufficiently malnourished), there was a good chance that supper with Liz and the children might be on the cards.

Back at Rathkeale, the sleepy warmth of summer continued. The grass had turned the colour of straw and lying in the shade beneath the fruit trees, reading a book, became a favourite pastime. The ripe peaches hung in profusion outside Liam's house and we would sit out on his veranda with a cool beer and gorge on the fruit. As the heat subsided, we might then walk across to the tennis court to play singles or put together a foursome with Mike Moberly and Mike Fisher.

On clear nights, I would walk after dark to the Greek Theatre and lie on the steps to stare in wonder at the Heavenly Host which seemed to cover almost every inch of the sky. I had heard about the beauty of the Southern Hemisphere stars but never did I imagine just how wonderful they are.



Working from my base in the New House I spend an increasing amount of time with my new group of boys in the evenings. John Hardie-Boys was the new senior lower sixth former and he impressed me immediately. I noticed how he spoke to the younger ones in a calm, quiet way and they responded to him accordingly. (I would meet John, and his Mother and Father (later to become Governor General of New Zealand) many times in the days which followed and then again, when we met in London a year or so later.

When it became the turn for the rugby and footballers to become centre-stage in the autumn, I was given, much to my delight, the junior boys to train and coach. Their enthusiasm was infectious and I liked to think that one day, maybe one or two of these boys would be pulling on the All Blacks jersey!

At half term I joined Michael Bruce-Smith and a party of boys on a five-day tramp around the Marlborough Sounds which was quite an adventure. We camped by the waterside and explored the bush; everyone joined in the chores of cooking meals and finding dry wood for the evening fireside sing-a-longs. The weather was unseasonably warm and we slept comfortably in our tents. We spent a day at the Outward Bound School nearby where we swung through the trees on ropes as part of a confidence course which we all enjoyed. We also fished from the nearby rocks and caught our own supper which was very satisfying and all part of the experience of team building.

It was all over too quickly and we arrived back at School tired, grubby but very happy having had so much fun. Michael Bruce-Smith had given us something special during our time in the Sounds. We had got to know each other and as the days shortened, I would often call in for a chat in the dark evenings over a coffee or something stronger; he was always great company.

With an introduction from Liz Smith, Tim, Mike and I were invited to a Maori hangi which we had been looking forward to for a while. Watching how food was put together in a large sack and then buried underground seemed quite bizarre. The food, we understood would be heating away throughout the past day and

by the time we were settled amongst our Maori hosts, it was ready to be eaten. Meanwhile, we were invited into the colourful hut where the Maori girls sang beautiful traditional songs with their robes swinging in time to the music.

When we sat down on the grass to eat, the girls formed a circle around us in a very endearing hustle, laughing away as we chatted and occasionally breaking into song. I was intrigued to know if I should shake the Maori girls' hands or rub noses? As it transpired, we got both!

There was, however, another more important farewell celebration which took place in the School House Dining Room with the Headmaster, Faye, Philip, Bruce, David, Liz and Katherine and the three Tutors. Each of us stood up in turn to make a speech of our experiences at Rathkeale which I think were honest and sincere. I am not ashamed to admit that I was emotional and wet eyed and that was before the big, unexpected surprise!

As dinner ended, we could hear distant singing from outside which gradually became louder. With all eyes turned to the open glass doors, Maori girls and their husbands appeared from the garden in full Maori dress, singing as they slowly walked in to form a semi-circle around the table.

I had just about managed to hold back my emotions when I had made my speech, but this time, there was no holding back. The music filled the room as they sang sweetly and in perfect harmony. Pokarekare Ana, a love song with many translations, one of which is "the waves are breaking against the shores, my heart is aching for your return...." As this haunting melody began, the Maori team moved slowly closer to Tim and Mike and me, still singing, and each in turn, the girls embraced us with nose rubbing and their traditional songs of farewell.



Hamish Whyte

Old Boy Hamish Whyte (1973-76) chairs it on the international stage.



I'll be the first to admit I was no academic at school. I was more interested in what was for lunch than trying to decode algebra. Sport was an obvious priority over exams and I learned more on the school bus coming back from exeat than I did in the classroom. Well, that's how I saw it at 17.

The reality of course is we all learned far more than we realised. Who knew a six-inch nail was the perfect tool for digging out stones from an old riverbed so a cricket oval could emerge? Thank you E.J. Norman. Seriously, the big lessons I took with me from Rathkeale were all about friendship, loyalty and broad horizons – and they continue to serve me well personally and in business.

Every day I acknowledge the amusing irony that I've gone from the back of the class itching to get out, to heading up a company that prides itself on living in the classroom. In 1993 my family and I became the sole owners of Furnware, a company based in Hawke's Bay that works with schools around the world to create exceptional learning spaces.

We started out as a good, solid New Zealand manufacturer for the domestic market and now employ 130 people exporting to 30 countries around the world. In the last few years we've opened offices in Australia and Singapore. It's a thriving business

growing rapidly but we would never have got there unless we'd stopped and taken an honest assessment of who the most important people in all of this were – the kids, our kids, who lean on the desks and sit on the chairs we create. With their teachers, they became our focus to create innovative, exciting furniture that gave them the best shot at inspired learning.

We went to great lengths to make that happen. Back in 2004 we were convinced there was a better way to help students learn, so we hit the road and measured 20,000 kids all over New Zealand because we couldn't find any meaningful data that could tell us how the size and makeup of students had changed. The results were jaw dropping and as a result we completely changed the way we designed and built furniture. We created an award winning range called Bodyfurn with chairs that actually moved with the kids as they leaned forwards or backwards. Comfort and concentration went through the roof – might've helped me back in the day.

We go into schools with an open mind to learn all we can. We listen and we observe and in the process form serious partnerships with schools we hope will stay with us for life. Schools are ambitious, so it propels us all forward.

I give about 20 talks a year to schools and universities at all year levels. If the kids I've met are anything to go by, this country's

in good shape. We talk about all sorts of things – from product design and blue sky thinking, to owning your life and learning from adversity. I reckon I'm the one who learns most from these talks; their questions and comments always send me off on another learning path.

Education's evolving at a rapid speed and we need to keep ahead of it, so I surround myself with smart, energetic, fun, forward thinkers – exactly what I did at Rathkeale, though 'fun' might've outweighed 'smart' at times. Meaningful connections make all the difference, no matter what you're doing – and that lesson started at Rathkeale.

I've enjoyed being able to continue my connection with the school over all these years. While I may not have been the most focused boy at school, considering it a badge of honour to battle it out for last place with a mate, I'm grateful to the friends and teachers I met there and the future they inspired me towards. Rathkeale's in great heart. It's a place where good men go and good men come from.

I'm lucky enough to visit international schools in a number of countries. They have campuses that look like universities with every gadget and facility you could dream of, but in terms of culture and student focus they've either got it or they haven't. Rathkeale most definitely does.



School Achievements

Rathkeale College continues to go from strength to strength. Here is a selection of some of the year's achievements.

Wairarapa Times Age Sports Awards

Secondary School of the Year
Youth Sports Personality - Vincent Capes
Coach of the Year - John Quinn (parent)

Wairarapa Sports Education Trust Scholarships

Gerard Hickey & Vincent Capes

Wellington Big Sing

Viva Camerata received an adjudicators' award (classical item) and the Festival Cup (best embodiment of the intent of the Big Sing) in the Wellington Big Sing Regional Competition.

Vincent Capes

NZ Age Group Power Lifting Championship (83 kg class) and 2nd in NZ Secondary Schools' Weight Lifting Champs.

2nd in the NZSS Weight Lifting Championships and 2nd in the 83 kg class (he is only 76 kg) in the Asia/Oceania Power Lifting Championships.

Harrison Pollard

NZ Age Group Power Lifting Champion (73 kg class)

Ben Renton

Wairarapa Schools' Player of the Year by the WRFU.

Max Spencer

Represented NZ at the Australian Athletics Champs - 2nd 2 km steeple chase

Archie & Callum Woodhouse

Won the NZ Young Farmer Teen Ag Competition.

Daniel Chong

Distinction in the NZ Economics Competition.

Dylan Drysdale

NZSS Karting Champion and selected into the NZ team to compete in the World karting championships in Italy.

Wairarapa Secondary Schools' Sports Awards

Dylan Drysdale, Max Spencer and Rathkeale College all winners. Supreme Award - Max Spencer.

Shooting

Ryan Nelson (South Island Clay Target Shooting Down the Line (DTL) Champion) selected into the North Island DTL and Skeet Shooting teams. He also gained selection into the NZ Junior Clay Target Skeet Shooting Team.

Ben McCook-Weir

Gained a place at the National Shakespeare Schools Production week (NSSP) and from there was selected to join the Young Shakespeare Company which travels to London in 2017 for a study tour at the Globe.

Cricket

Eight boys selected for the Wairarapa U15 Cricket team and nine for the U17 team.

Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme

Matthew Furkert received his Gold Duke of Edinburgh award from the Governor General, Dame Patsy Reddy.

Boys' Schools Research

Ms Liz Evans (HOD Science) successfully applied to be part of the International Boys' Schools Coalition Action Research project in 2017 which will enhance the college's international connections.

University Scholarships

Ten students won university scholarships (announced at Senior College Prize Giving).



Obituaries

Bruce Hannon

Rathkeale Registrar 1981-86

Bruce Hannon, who died in May of this year, was the College's second registrar from 1981-86. As such he was many things to many people and always the gentleman. Over the years he retained a keen interest in the affairs of the College and will be sadly missed at Founders' Day functions. We extend our sympathy to Margaret, Pip, Jonathon (1978-82) and Belinda.

Paul Dearden

1979-83

Paul was in both School House and Rugby House during his time at Rathkeale. After College he studied accountancy at Canterbury before eventually returning to the family farm in Central Hawke's Bay. He maintained strong interests in horses, polo, rugby and fitness up until his untimely death and leaves his wife Kate, and two young children to whom we extend our sympathy.

Craig Clouston

TSTB

Craig died suddenly in July of this year after a distinguished association with both Rathkeale and the Trinity Schools. He was a member of the Rathkeale Board for two and a half years from 2012 and a member of the Trinity Schools' Trust Board for six years. For the last eighteen months he served as Chairman. We extend our sympathy to Mandy, his stepson Andrew (2008-2012) and daughter Rachael.

Neville Duckmanton

Principal 2002-2007

Neville took up his position as Rathkeale's sixth Principal in 2002, having served in various roles at two of New Zealand's great boys' colleges, Christchurch Boys' High School and New Plymouth Boys' High School. It was a position he was to occupy for six years.

He is well remembered for a significant number of innovations that took place during his time at Rathkeale. These included increased academic rigour, the Cricket Academy, the inter-house haka competition and the Managing Student Behaviour system. He was also a driving force in the upgrade of music facilities in School House, the creation of the Indoor Cricket Centre, the upgrade of boarding facilities, the building of the Visual Arts block and the relocation of Mangaweka's St Martin's church to Rathkeale. He is warmly remembered for his caring approach to all boys, no matter their reputation or their ability.

After leaving Rathkeale, Neville travelled and taught overseas before settling down in Havelock North, Hawke's Bay, with his wife Antoinette. He became unwell earlier this year and died in early December. The College was represented at his funeral in Christchurch and a small memorial service has been held in St Martin's.

Peter William Simm

1971-74

Peter was in Cranleigh House, was the recipient of Academic Colours and a member of the 1st XI soccer team.

After a short battle with cancer Pete died suddenly at home in Days Bay, Wellington. His career spanned 24 years with Air New Zealand and he spent the last 10 years as the Wellington Regional Manager of Waste Management. His interests included all sports and in recent times he played a lot of golf and coached a local college basketball team. He was an avid reader. His family were his life and he is survived by his wife Petra and two children Zach and Pippa.

Brent Christoffersen

1998-1999

Brent attended Rathkeale briefly between 1998 and 1999. He unfortunately drowned whilst with a group of friends swimming in the Waikato River above the Huka Falls in November.





Old Boys in Christchurch enjoy lunch with Mrs Faye Norman
From left: Philip Norman 1967-71, George Pottinger 1967-71, Richard Norris 1971-75
Hugh Eaton 1968-72, Mrs Faye Norman 1964-78, Gerald Ovenden 1967-71
Craig Galloway 1969-73, David Ovenden 1972-75

