

Rock Runner

The magazine of the Rathkeale Old Boys' Association

Volume 25

December 2020



**BRUCE
HAMILTON**
22 OCTOBER 1932 - 8 MAY 2020
Founding First Assistant/Deputy Headmaster
of Rathkeale College



**MEMORIAL
SERVICE
30 JULY 2020**



Editorial

GRANT HARPER (1967-71)

'Change is in the Air'

So often over the years, change has shaped our thoughts, our experiences, the paths we take and the destinations we arrive at. Occasionally, we struggle with change but at other times it is a welcome relief from the mundane, the over-familiar and the downright tedious. The rate of change over the past one hundred years has, at times, been cataclysmic and disorientating. It has reshaped both family life and society, questioned and undermined time-honoured institutions and often shattered our dreams.

2020 has thrown up unprecedented challenges for the international community. Drought, famine, climate change, fire, political turmoil and the global pandemic with its monumental impact, have all conspired to create a year most of us would prefer to forget. In the Queen's words from November 1992, 2020 has been an annus horribilis.

ROCK RUNNER 2020

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CONTRIBUTIONS

The Editor thanks all those who contributed articles and images to the Rock Runner. We are always glad to receive relevant material for future magazines. This could include articles, names of likely contributors and obituaries. These should be sent to:

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New Zealanders, living at the farthest corner of the world, have benefitted from being a small, isolated island state. However, the year's challenges have been real, and adaptability, resilience, selflessness and fortitude have often been needed to be to the fore. We have repeatedly been referred to as a team of five million this year and as a team, irrespective of our political persuasion, most of us have been proud of the manner in which we have lived alongside Covid and the challenges and changes it has wrought. In many ways, it has brought out the best in people and the relative peace and quiet of lockdown provided an opportunity to reassess the way in which we choose to live our lives.

Those of us who have spent formative time inside the gates of Rathkeale, have learnt a raft of important lessons in the Chapel, in the classroom, on the sports field, in the Boarding Houses and in the outdoors. We are familiar with the importance of team dynamics and of friendship, of resilience and of courage, of faith and of compassion, of support and of kindness. The Pillars of a Good Rathkeale Man remind us to be at ease with our inner selves and also to step forward and to have an awareness of those around us. Our school motto *Nil mortalibus ardui est* tells us that Nothing is Impossible for Mortal Man.

This tapestry of Rathkeale life surely represents a reassuring platform from which to tackle the vagaries of life and to cope with the changes and challenges that 2020 has so unceremoniously served up.

Grant Harper
Editor

ROBA Executive & Regional Committee Representatives

John Taylor	Patron
Grant Harper	President
Edward Cox	Vice President/ Secretary Wellington
Scott Andrew	Treasurer Wairarapa
Blair Ewington	Executive/ Facebook/Database Wairarapa
Richard Donworth	Executive Wairarapa
Stuart McKenzie	Executive Wairarapa
Tim Falloon	Executive Wairarapa
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Richard White	Executive Wairarapa
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George Pottinger	Canterbury
Sam Johnson	Canterbury
Philip Harcourt	United Kingdom

Rathkeale Old Boys' Association

GRANT HARPER (1967-71) - President

The best laid plans of mice and men can oft go astray.
Robbie Burns.

It is with pleasure that I submit this report of the Association's activity over the past twelve months.

2020 began confidently for the Old Boys' Association, with an Executive keen to maintain the momentum generated during 2019. Unfortunately, the advent of the Covid pandemic took its toll on our daily lives and on the plans in place for the 2020 year. As a consequence, there is less to reflect upon than would normally be the case.

The Executive has continued to work purposefully to enhance outcomes for members. The continuation of Officers in key roles is advantageous. We are very fortunate that Vice President/ Secretary, Ed Cox, is prepared to share his time and legal expertise on our behalf. Treasurer, Scott Andrew, works conscientiously to guard Association funds, whilst Blair Ewington does valuable work with the database and Facebook. Other members of the Executive have kept in touch via monthly meetings, much online activity and Zoom meetings. All are thanked for their valuable input.

2020 began with the annual encounter between the Old Boys' Cricket Club and the College XI. Once again, Shay O'Gorman was central to the organization of the match which was won by the College team for the third time in ten years. The Association appreciates the commitment that Old Boy players make to this important and growing tradition.

Although Queen's Birthday weekend is now firmly established as Reunion weekend for decade gatherings, the pandemic resulted in all gatherings being postponed until 2021. This will mean that the gathering of ten year groups, along with twenty years of past members of the Rathkeale singers and Viva Camerata, will make for a vibrant weekend to look forward to. In the meantime, we thank those Old Boys who accepted the role of year group Facilitator and wish them well as they marshal their cohorts.

Regional gatherings planned for the year have been thwarted by social distancing and lockdown restrictions. However, the Memorial Service held for Bruce Hamilton in July and addressed by past Headmaster, John Taylor, Old Boy Simon Werthmuller & ROBA President, Grant Harper, attracted a large number of past staff, Old Boys and members of the College Community.

The same was true of Founders' Day in September, which focused on long service staff and particularly Grant Harper's 40 years on the staff. The assembly addressed by ROBA Vice President, Edward Cox and past Principal, Bruce Levick also attracted a good muster of Old Boys, family and Friends of the School.

A lot of deliberation has taken place regarding the Association's support of the Trinity Schools Trust Board's purchase of further land for the College. The work done in preparation for the Special General Meeting held on 7 November was significant and, in part, resulted in thirty-two Old Boys attending. The unanimous support of all motions gave the Executive a clear mandate to utilise existing funds and to

fundraise in support of the purchase of the residual acres of the Maunsell Estate comprising farm and bush land on the College boundary. This represents an exciting, challenging and historic opportunity for the Association, in association with the Trinity Schools Trust Board and the Friends of Rathkeale, to enhance the College and the educational and recreational opportunities it offers. The association acknowledges the valued support of the Rathkeale Foundation in underwriting ROBA's commitment.

2020 witnessed the establishment of the Old Boys' Association Scholarship awarded to sons of Old Boys. This has been well-received and will again be awarded for the 2021 year.

Once again, the Association's 2020 Leavers' event and enrolment took the form of a formal dinner in early November. Richard Donworth and Blair Ewington spoke on the theme of "Unexpected turns life can take". Again, virtually all boys opted for Association membership and were presented with their Old Boys ties.

The establishment of a new ROBA website last year has grown in significance this year and there is growing evidence of its use as a significant reference point for members. A training session on the management and the site was found valuable by members of the Executive.

Although the Association no longer utilises Notice Match, we have been saddened by the passing of a number of our community including Honorary Old Boy and Patron of the Old Boys' Cricket Club, Bruce Hamilton, Richard Smyth (1981-84) and Steven Briggs (1965-68).



Financially, the Association remains in a strong position. This reflects the high number of leavers who annually elect to become life members. The decision to support the purchase of the Maunsell block to the tune of \$200,000 will necessitate active fundraising. This will be both challenging and also potentially invigorating for the Executive, who is keen to access a range of income options for the future.

As a Covid-dominated 2020 draws to a close, it is possible to reassure Old Boys that, despite a range of challenges beyond our control, the Association has continued to operate and to plan for the future in a manner that, once again, will enhance the well-being of Old Boys and of the College.

Grant Harper
President



Any school gathering offers the opportunity to catch up with old friends. Bruce Hamilton's Memorial Service was just one of several occasions that saw the reunion of former staff and friends of the school.

Left: Former Principal Bruce Levick and former Headmaster John Taylor stride once more across the grounds of Rathkeale.

Below left: BoT Chair George Murdoch catches up with former Principal Willy Kersten.



Rathkeale Board of Trustees

Chairman of the Rathkeale College Board of Trustees George Murdoch reports on the Board's work in 2020.

Greetings from the Rathkeale Board of Trustees. Last year I wrote that 2019 had been a year of challenges at Rathkeale College. Little did I know what lay in wait for us in 2020. Soon after the start of the first term, the spectre of the Covid 19 pandemic loomed on the horizon and by the middle of March we were preparing for what might lie ahead at the various Alert levels. As it was, we had two days before the end of a shortened Term One to experiment with distance teaching, then a two-week holiday period to refine and plan for teaching and learning in a totally new and challenging environment. As a Microsoft Showcase School, our digital platform was well equipped to cope with distance teaching. Even so, it wasn't without its challenges and we are very grateful for the way our students and teaching staff responded and adapted, supported by our school community. Covid containment measures caused many disruptions to 'life as normal' at Rathkeale and I feel for those students who were robbed of opportunity to participate in long-anticipated school trips or traditional sporting and cultural events. I have nothing but admiration for the way they have adapted and taken on the challenges of the 'new normal' we now find ourselves in.

Despite these uncertain economic times, interest in attending Rathkeale remains strong and towards the end of last year we were very pleased to receive confirmation from the MOE of a temporary increase in our boarding roll. The approval of an additional 25 places lifted total available boarding spaces to 180 and our total allowable domestic roll to 335, a number we will be challenging in 2021.

On the property front, the earthquake strengthening of the Auditorium is well underway and despite the hold ups of the Level 4 Lockdown, this substantial project is on target for completion by the end of the year. The contractors have done a great

job under difficult circumstances and we are delighted that it was completed in time for our end of year prizegiving in the first week of December. This is a huge boost to both staff and students; the facility's closure has impacted many of the school traditions such as House Music, House Haka and our annual Production.

Over 2019 and the early part of 2020 School House, temporarily housing our Principal and the administration team, has had significant renovation work completed.

Fully reroofed, the ground floor living quarters have been brought up to more modern standards. Our next major property project is the long overdue refurbishment of Repton House. Planned for some time and acknowledging that we are in uncertain times, borrowing costs have never been lower and the outlook for our roll has never been stronger. This provides a compelling case to begin the essential upgrade now rather than delay and risk further cost escalation.

A recent highlight at Rathkeale was the Memorial Service held for longstanding former Deputy Principal Bruce Hamilton who passed away during the Level 4 lockdown. It was a very special occasion attended by a number of Old Boys. The service acknowledged an outstanding contribution to the evolution of Rathkeale College over a long career. The day culminated in the naming of the B G Hamilton Cricket Pavilion; a fitting tribute to Bruce on a building he was influential in creating.

Over the last two months the Board has begun the process of refreshing the Rathkeale College Strategic Plan for the next five years. This has been a very enlightening experience as we challenge ourselves to look forward and envisage what we should planning for now to create an environment that empowers our students to become contributing members of society in whatever career they choose in the future. It is an iterative process which, when complete, will give guidance to why and where we invest our energy, time and money in the future.

As we look forward in uncertain times, the challenges facing our young citizens are becoming greater and more complex. To support them, Rathkeale must evolve to reflect the diversity of our society and the different needs of our students. To do this we need to be agile and culturally responsive, but we also need to hold true to the values that have guided us in the past. This is a challenge we are all prepared for and we welcome the ongoing support of the Rathkeale Old Boys Association in meeting it. As always, if any of you wish to visit Rathkeale to see what has changed and what hasn't, you are very welcome to do so.

George Murdoch
Chairman, Rathkeale Board of Trustees



Principal's Report

Principal MARTIN O'GRADY shares his thoughts on the past year at Rathkeale College.

Virtually any report of any organisation this year is going to start with specific reference to COVID-19.

While its impact on the nation is without parallel, it is with particular reference to ROBA activities that I focus my comments.

The most immediate effect was the impact felt on the range of ROBA activities that have been skilfully built up over the past few years. Regional ROBA functions and Decades Reunions quickly became casualties of the Alert Level 4 Lockdown and beyond.

Then there was the sad news that foundation Deputy Headmaster Mr Bruce Hamilton passed away during the Lockdown period. It was a privilege for our school to be able to host a fitting memorial service for Bruce at the end of July. The attendance of many members from Bruce's family, plus a large number of old boys and former staff members, was particularly fitting. The fact that we gathered in the Gym, with boys sitting on the floor, brought back many memories for the more mature members of the audience on that day. The naming of our cricket pavilion after Bruce seemed a fitting and popular decision and a nice way to complete our tributes to him. A special moment for my wife Sara and me on this day was to welcome former residents of the Principal's residence back to their old home for lunch prior to the memorial service. It was delightful to listen to the Taylors, Levicks and Kerstens reminisce of their time living at Rathkeale over the last few decades.

We continue to experience an increase in demand for places at

Rathkeale College and this will see us start next year with the largest roll at the school since integration. A pleasing aspect of this growth is the number of old boys who have enrolled their sons for 2021. We appreciate the faith and trust they place in their old school to educate the next generation.

While students were robbed of many opportunities across a wide range of competitions and tournaments, there was still time for the odd event to proceed and they continued to represent the College with spirit and pride. I know at a local level the 1st XV rugby's first win over Wairarapa College 1st XV in 13 years was well received by many Old Boys. Added to this, are recent successes by Old Boys which are well reported in Gravel, the ROBA Facebook page and this publication. We continue to enjoy hearing of Old Boy successes in all aspects of life all around the world.

I would like to pay tribute to ROBA members for their ongoing support



of the College, in particular the ROBA committee led by President Grant Harper and Secretary Edward Cox. Often, at the end of a long and busy day, ROBA members put aside many hours in the evening to meet from all around New Zealand. Certainly, attending these meetings virtually did happen before COVID-19 but I suspect this practice will certainly become even



more common going forward as it is much more normalised now.

Founders Day assembly took on a special focus for our College this year. After some uncertainty due to going back to Alert Level 2, we were finally able to host this function at the slightly later time of the last day of Term 3. To be able to celebrate the outstanding contributions of Mr Grant Harper over the past 40 years was certainly a unique experience for everyone involved. The many guests who attended from all around New Zealand were testament to the impact that Grant has had over this period of time. The fact that many

of his family were present made the day all the more special. The rousing school haka that erupted when the MG Harper Library sign was revealed spoke volumes for the respect that the College holds for Grant and finished off a very moving Founders Day Assembly.

At the time of writing, we continue to respond to the many challenges that 2020 has delivered. On a positive note, we aim to have our prizegiving on the last day of the school year in our Auditorium. The structural strengthening work will be completed by this time and we are set to move back into this vital

area of our College over the summer break. We have been out of this complex for two years. Everybody associated with the College has shown amazing tolerance, adaptability and patience but we are so looking forward to moving back into the Auditorium complex.

The support of the purchase of the School House Bush Block by ROBA members has been invaluable and the advancement of this area of the school for learning in the areas of primary industries and environmental studies is exciting for the future.

In conclusion, I am excited by the drive and enthusiasm of the ROBA committee. You are genuinely committed to the connection and wellbeing of old boys primarily. Secondary to this is your support of the advancement of our College so that it remains a place that old boys can be proud of. It is because of this that I thank you all on behalf of everyone associated with the College at the present time.

Martin O'Grady
Principal



Old Boy Profiles

We caught up with more of our members and asked them for an update on life since leaving Rathkeale.

Tim Falloon (1964-1968)

Born in Masterton and raised at Bideford, Tim attended the small Bideford country school until 1963, when he was a day boy at Hadlow. His father was an old boy of Scots College from a very early age and Tim was enrolled there but on visiting the school, his father regaled his experiences as a 'turd' with being hung out of the 3rd floor windows and other experiences including nuggeting, he decided that maybe it wasn't for him. With half the class at Hadlow in 1963 going to Rathkeale, due to open the following year, it was an easy decision to attend the new college as a boarder.

The early days were amazing and Tim feels it was very special to be a foundation pupil, helping to develop and be part of a great group of boys and foundation staff. Living in the old Homestead with just 40 boarders was a lot of fun, with 20 cents pocket money when they had town leave once a week — enough for a milk shake and fish and chips.

John Norman, seemed such an old man at the time — he was, in fact, only in his 40s — but his enthusiasm was infectious, and his love of gardening and trees has stayed with Tim ever since, though his passion for concreting didn't linger. Faye Norman was a very special person in the early days, and Tim had some talent for singing in the choir, which is something he still enjoys today as part of the Wairarapa Singers — a Masterton-based choir. Faye was another mother for them, as well as looking after her four children.

Days were spent rock picking, which involved being on your knees picking up stones from the just-laid playing fields that were covered in stones and very abrasive to play on. This was also used as punishment as were the boulders on the Burma Road, and plenty of stripes of the cane for talking after lights out. The fact that there were no prefects in the first couple of years meant there was no fagging as in the established colleges. As the school grew, Tim moved from School House in the first year to Cranleigh, Repton and back to School House as a prefect.

On leaving school, Tim had two years studying at Victoria University but the call of the land brought



him home and, being 4th generation, he returned to Bideford to farm with his father at "Berwyn", the family farm. In 1973, he headed to the UK and did his OE, meeting his cousins in Wales and working on farms and in pubs. Here he caught up with Sue, also doing her OE and they became engaged in England before embarking on a 3 month trip around Europe, then heading home for lambing. Marrying in 1975, they settled down to farm at Bideford. Sue and Tim had three children: Gretchen is a physiotherapist in Auckland; Nick, an Old Boy of Rathkeale, is currently a helicopter pilot on the Yukon, North West Canada where Sue and Tim had a very white Christmas in 2019; youngest Simon, also an Old Boy, farms at Alfredton just 30 minutes north of Masterton, where Tim is still keen to lend a hand at busy times such as docking and scanning.

Tim continued farming at Bideford but 1998 brought a new career selling rural real estate. In 2007, after studying at Massey, he achieved in AREINZ in real estate, was a Rural Manager at Bayleys for 12 years and set up and managed the first real estate branch for Farmlands in the North Island, in Masterton in 2015. In 2019, he and business partner Ondy Herrick set up their own One Agency Office, carrying on selling some great Wairarapa property. Over the last 22 years of selling real estate, he has sold hundreds of properties from first home buyers to movie moguls buying large rural properties. He has loved meeting and helping some wonderful people and has made some great friends in the process.





Tim has five grandsons, two in Auckland and three in the Wairarapa. He'd love them to be 3rd generation pupils of Rathkeale but they are still some years away from that. In the last couple of years, Tim has taken up painting with acrylics tutored by Jane Sinclair, a well-known local artists. Jim Welch, his art teacher at Rathkeale, was a prisoner of war veteran and a great role model and inspiration in the early days. Tim has completed quite a number of works for his family and friends and enjoys the camaraderie of the art classes, with

the Wairarapa and New Zealand landscape currently his main focus.

Having spent a couple of times on the Old Boys committee in the last 56 years, it is great to be involved again. He was Chairman of the Rathkeale Friends for several years when his boys were pupils and finds it interesting to be the "Old Boy of the Old Boys" but also great to see it so active and with excellent leadership. He is really pleased to be a part of it.

Mike Caulton (1973-1977)

My memories of Rathkeale are very vivid, especially the mates I met on day one who have become life-long friends. During the recent Covid lockdown, six of us, including Paul Duncan from Portland, Oregon, all got together via Zoom every 10 days or so to swap notes and also to reminisce on our school days, often with photos appearing put up by different members of the group of us during school days on WhatsApp!

Rathkeale was nine years old when I started at the end of January 1973 and being a relatively new College there were many firsts, of which I was involved with two. The first was helping to start Rugby House in 1977. The then Housemaster Marcus Wright asked every boy at the beginning of the second term to bring back a shrub that would be planted around the house grounds. I can only assume some are still there!

The second was Wanganui Collegiate. WCS only ever let our 1st XV play their 2nd XV, until the invitation went out for Rathkeale

to play WCS as the Curtain Raiser for the first Lions Game of their 1977 Tour against Wairarapa Bush. Obviously, for WCS this was too good an opportunity to turn down and of course they put up their 1st XV! The game was during the latter part of the first term holidays midweek and three days prior to the game we held a Training Camp at school. This provided to be excellent and we beat WCS in terrible weather conditions 14 – 10. One notable player that day was the Halfback for WCS, David Kirk, who, among other achievements, went on to lift the Rugby World Cup for the first time in 1987.

Apart from rugby, I participated in many other activities including Life Saving, Tramping in the Tararua's—Lochie MacGillivray (1971-75) was the Tramping Club Leader—Duke of Edinburgh and Kayaking. Grant Harper, who also taught me, took a group of us to Castlepoint one weekend with Kayaks strapped to and sticking out of EJA's Ford Falcon Wagon!

I started my working life in

Wellington with New Zealand Insurance—they sent me to Outward Bound in 1980—and after roles with them and broking firms in Hawkes Bay, Wellington, I landed in Auckland where I now work for the international insurance broker Aon as an Executive Director attached to Head Office. I did get transferred briefly to Masterton Office of NZI in 1982 and it was a great experience to reconnect with many ROB's in the region, assist the College 1st XV of the day, Mike Fisher—best coach I ever played under, being the Coach who also coached the 1977 team. The College had an extremely good team that year with notable players being Paul Goodwin and Malcom Holmes. I also played Premier Rugby myself for the Masterton Club.

I would like to say that I 'cut my teeth' in insurance working initially in the rural sector, and the farmers then and now taught me the rights and wrongs when dealing with clients but also being supportive of a young chap trying to make his way in life. Since those early days I have looked after insurance programmes for multi-national and international





Great mates from the 73-77 era. Left to Right: Paul Harper, Pete Bamford, Mike Caulton

clients and have had a number of trips to Lloyds of London placing larger complex insurance risks.

I have been extremely lucky during my insurance career that a number of ROBs have asked for me to act for them in respect of their insurance & risk management requirements. Two in particular own extensive companies and they should be extremely proud of how well they have done.

I have been tremendously supported by my wife Bridget and three sons Sam, Henry & Tommy. Unfortunately, none could go to Rathkeale, however, the last enrolment John Taylor did at King's College before he retired was to accept Henry.

Funnily enough, during the boys' time at King's a number of ROBs had their sons and daughters there including Gary Wilton, Greg

Boyden, Terry Brailsford and Malcolm Tweed.

I enjoy helping David Aitken and his team arranging ROBs events in Auckland. The most notable was last year at the Parnell Lawn Tennis Club where over 100 attended, including St Matthew's Old Girls. There were excellent speeches from all concerned including past Headmasters, John Taylor and Bruce Levick. I suggest to all Old Boys to support and attend your local functions, the fun and camaraderie are second to none.

Away from work I have always enjoyed being with the family, fishing, boating and Lake Taupo where we now have a holiday home and a family boat, plus recently we have invested in a 38' Launch as a 10th Shareholder. Hopefully, this will see me out!

Walking the Great Walks in NZ

has been a passion we have both followed up on recently and we have completed the Routeburn and Milford Tracks in the last 2 years. The passion for these walks was instilled in me by one MGH when he was a young Tutor in Cranleigh House in 1974.

Overseas travel has been another enjoyment and we have had family trips to Europe linking up with our older sons and their wives who now have CFO roles in London. The next generation of Caultons have arrived, being our grandsons Max and Benjamin. You never know—they could one day go to our great school.

Whilst not tremendously studious at Rathkeale, if I could look back and say what I got from my five years there would be many things but I think the overarching values were keeping one's integrity, thinking of others, putting family first and never giving up.



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QUIET PARK

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Proprietors: JA

CURTAIN RAISER — 1.15 p.m.

Referee: W. Walker

Rathkeale College v. Wanganui Collegiate

RATHKEALE COLLEGE

(Dark Green)

- | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
| 14. P. Smith | 15. R. Williams | |
| | 13. J. Ramsden | 11. G. Hawea |
| 12. P. Duncan | | |
| | 10. P. Bamford | |
| | 9. J. Luxton | |
| | 8. T. Jones | |
| 7. C. George | 5. M. King | 4. A. Gifford (Capt.) |
| 3. C. Pearce | 2. P. Newbold | 6. D. Stiver |
| | | 1. M. Caulton |

RESERVES.—16. B. Aitkenhead, 17. P. Sinton, 18. R. Hutchen,
19. I. Harvey, 20. G. Boyden

Coach: Mike Fisher
versus

HALFTIME - 0-6 FULLTIME - 14-10

WANGANUI COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

(White)

- | | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| | 15. R. G. Lawrence | |
| 14. D. E. Poulton | 13. T. A. Hobson | 11. H. I. Melville |
| 12. T. Ugapo | | |
| | 10. R. K. Donald | |
| | 9. D. E. Kirk | |
| | 8. P. A. Cryer | |
| 7. S. R. Abbott | 5. M. H. Verhaeven | 4. M. J. Norman |
| 3. H. G. Bowie (Capt.) | 2. D. P. Sherriff | 6. P. M. Kirk |
| | | 1. S. R. Franklin |

RESERVES.—16. P. E. Belchambers, 17. R. G. Powdrell, 18. L. T.
Takarangi, 19. J. L. Bull, 20. G. S. Timbs

Coach: Jim Wallace

Touch Judges: D. Paris and M. O'Leary (St. Joseph's)

Thanks to Peter Newbold (via Mike Caulton) who sent in this programme from the first time we played WCS 1st XV in 1977 as a Curtain Raiser to the Lions V Wairarapa Bush Game. Peter's dad, Jack, wrote the half time & full time score in.

A Tradition of Service

College Matrons and Assistant Matrons have always been, and continue to be, an integral part of life at Rathkeale

Matron

noun

1. A woman in charge of medical and living arrangement at the boarding school.
2. A dignified or sedate married woman.

When Bruce Hamilton wrote the history of Rathkeale's first 25 years, he listed the names of thirty-three women who had served as matrons in the College's boarding houses: School, Cranleigh, Repton, the Annex, Innisfree and Rugby. Many others have taken on the role in subsequent years.

He noted that the boarding houses are the heart of the school and that residential staff have the most demanding (of) tasks. In the midst of residential staff, the Matrons and Assistant Matrons are crucial in determining the mood and happiness of a House and generations of boarding boys will retain soft spots in their hearts for the special women who lived in their midst.

In the early days of the school, a matron's role was almost a twenty-four seven one. The College was their home and often the boys were their family. In this situation, they were not only surrogate mother—nurse—seamstress—cleaner. They were also the provider of food, flowers and wisdom. They heard the grumbles and cooked the trout brought up from the river. They often led gardeners during Sunday jobs and accompanied the picnic lunch to the bottom of Rangitumau. Matrons were expected to be present at Sunday Chapel or on the Saturday side-line. They poured tea at sport functions, danced with the students at Ballroom Dancing and arguably



Left to Right: Bruce Hamilton in January 1990, catching up with former matrons Sue Hamilton (School House 1975-77) and Phyllis Sadlier (Cranleigh 1965-70).

were, in effect, the forerunners to today's counsellors.

Over the years, work conditions for all residential staff improved. Effective and reasonable work hours were negotiated. Assistant Matrons grew in importance and after legal wrangling at national level, the current system was instigated, whereby a day matron and a night matron care for the boys over a 24-hour period. A matron may be asleep, but she is very much at work and on call—something every parent will identify with.

The advent of weekly boarders has also changed much within the boarding houses. Instead of escaping once every 3 to 4 weeks on an exeat, many boys now may only be in the House for two, three or four nights a week. Those who are in over a weekend, are often from further afield or overseas. For them, there is late brunch followed by organised activities. Gone are Sunday jobs and Chapel. The river

is a much quieter place and the matrons have at least some time to relax at the end of a busy week, whilst the boarders head off to organised activities which often take them off campus.

In recent times, a cluster of matrons have clocked up remarkable records of service.

Central to this group:

Maureen Vaughan (Cranleigh) 1989-

Lenora White (Cranleigh/Rugby)
1989-2004 & 2012-2019

Anita Gough (Repton) 1990-2020

Liz Eaton (Repton) 1992-2018

Such service and continuity have been instrumental in creating stability and House loyalty—qualities highly valued in today's changing world. Undeniably the College is a better place thanks to the contribution of the Matrons and Assistant Matrons.



Staff Profile: Returning Home

Anna Rutherford has a long history with Rathkeale College, as an Old Girl of St Matthew's and Senior College (1991-1995), daughter of Rathkeale art teacher Simon Payton, granddaughter of Joe Payton (Trustee 1957-81) and sister to Old Boys Joseph and Toby.

After finishing school, Anna travelled overseas for 6 months before moving to Christchurch to study Film and Television at the NZ School of Film and Television. Grand plans of working in the film industry didn't eventuate and after moving to Wellington, Anna worked in hospitality for a couple of years before beginning a Design Degree, majoring in photography, at Massey.

The travel call was loud though and after 2 years she flew to the US where she lived and worked in Vail, Colorado for 6 months, spending time exploring the country. After returning to New Zealand, she transferred her studies to Unitec in Auckland, where she completed her 4-year degree.

After graduating Anna again travelled to the UK where she spent the next 11 years. Working initially as a nanny, then in tv production, she met and married a fellow Kiwi from Southland, Don. They married in St Martin's Church at Rathkeale in 2010 and had their reception beside the cricket pitch. They eventually returned to New Zealand in 2014 with their three sons Alby, Charlie and Rupert, and settled in Te Atatu Peninsula in Auckland.

The big smoke wasn't for them though and after a bit of convincing, they decided to relocate to Masterton in 2016, a year after their daughter Daphne was born. Anna and her family moved 'home', to family land, where they relocated a house to extend and renovate, a project which took longer than anticipated. Their four children now explore and play on the land their ancestors grew up on.



Once settled in Masterton, Anna worked as a freelance photographer, specialising in family portraiture and began a photography project called Masterton and Me, about and for the people of Masterton. The project included images of Masterton locals and included a statement about what it is that they love about living in Masterton. This was exhibited at Aratoi at the end of 2018.

In 2019, Anna completed her Graduate Diploma in Secondary Teaching – in Visual Arts and Art History. She began 2020 as the Design and Photography teacher at

Makoura College but when the opportunity arose to teach at Rathkeale she couldn't turn it down. She joined the staff in Term Three, and is now enjoying her experience of the Rathkeale campus as a teacher, in comparison to her schooldays.



We remember Bruce Hamilton

Although Bruce Granville Hamilton was somewhat diminutive in physical stature, there was nothing diminutive about Bruce Hamilton the man, who, for over eight decades, literally and figuratively strutted his stuff upon life's stage in a manner that earned him wide and enduring respect.

Bruce Granville Hamilton MA (Hons) NZ
22nd October 1932 - 8th May 2020

Founding First Assistant/Deputy
Headmaster of Rathkeale College 1964-69,
1971-86 Teacher 1987-1991

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances. And one man in his time plays many parts."

Shakespeare, As You Like It II/vii

Bruce Hamilton certainly made the best possible use of the stage of life and at the end of his impressive eighty eight years, it is possible to reflect on his remarkable achievements as an educator and school master, sportsman and coach, historian and author and as one of Rathkeale's staunchest architects and allies.

Born in October 1932 as an identical twin, Bruce's record at The Collegiate School Whanganui readily reveals his blossoming academic and sporting prowess and notes his membership of the 1st XV for 3 years and Cricket XI (Capt) for 4 years. He was also a prefect. His significant talent was further enhanced during his time at Christchurch's College House and the University of New Zealand (Canterbury) where an MA(Hons) in English was secured. Teaching at the Sydney Church of England Grammar School and at St John's Leatherhead in Surrey preceded him joining brother Don on the staff of Christ's College. The brothers were a remarkable and dynamic combination who were quickly recognised as talented, conscientious and dedicated all-round teachers.

By 1963, Bruce had sampled life at four impressive independent schools in three different countries. It is therefore interesting and fortunate that he chose to apply for one of the two vacancies advertised by the recently-founded Rathkeale College and joined Headmaster EJ Norman, D Weavers, Mrs F Norman and Mrs D Blathwayt as the coterie who, in association with the St Matthew's Schools Trust Board, planned and launched a new College at the start of the 1964 academic year. A photograph of Opening Day shows a youthful Bruce (BGH) in full academic regalia, striding confidently and purposefully across the School House lawn. Thus began a Rathkeale legend that was to span a quarter of a century and beyond.

One can only begin to imagine the challenges associated with establishing a new boarding school in rural Wairarapa. However, in a letter to brother Don at Christ's College, Bruce mentions sleepless nights, crisis after domestic crisis, the arid wasteland that was the sports field (BGH named it the EJ Norman Memorial Desert after the man who planted and tended it so lovingly), wide-ranging ability amongst the boys, the unpaved spiritual road of school life and the exhausting absence of school leaders (prefects). It was obviously not easy being present at the creation but after a further two weeks he again wrote from the School House verandah, looking at the splendid sight of Rangitumau with the last rays of the setting sun on it and declared 'pity for those at Christ's College entombed in those great piles of grey stone'. He was obviously feeling more at home at Rathkeale, a place

at which he was to go on to spend most of his working life.

For those colleagues and Old Boys whose years at Rathkeale coincided with Bruce's (The Admiral, Badger, Scratch et al) memories of the man are often potent and usually consistent. There was BGH the First Assistant (Deputy Principal), the efficient presence behind the throne. As John Norman observed, "Bruce provided the essential levity and unfailing common sense to get through those difficult (early) years. His experience in boarding, in sporting and coaching activities, his love of literature and drama, his administrative skills and attendance to detail, his loyalty and discretion as well as his natural flair for discipline, were absolutely essential."

In essence, he was the archetypal all-rounder who, as Deputy Head, became a model for hundreds of Rathkeale students to follow. Widely known by generations of boys as The Badger, Bruce's razor-sharp mind and equally sharp tongue set him above the most challenging of boys. He was described by John Taylor as a fearless upholder of standards amongst staff and students alike. His efficiency and punctuality were flawless, something that others should aspire to. Upon his retirement, John Taylor also observed that no school has been better served by its Deputy Headmaster. Of course, part of Bruce's role was academic and History and English were subjects undoubtably close to his heart. He was absolutely at home within the academic tradition, relished the challenge and rapport of the classroom and enjoyed particularly high regard as a teacher.



Senior classes were often enthralled by his repertoire of captivating historical morsels whilst few will forget him teaching Alexander Pope's Rape of the Lock to a Senior College co-ed class. He was in his element! Not surprisingly, his teaching techniques, notes and resources ensured that over the years his proteges secured consistently high marks in external examinations, Bursary and Scholarship. It is undeniable that his academic standards and expectations for both colleagues and students contributed significantly to the academic success and status of the College.

Bruce firmly believed that a good education was a holistic one. His own sporting prowess was evident from his own school days and flourished in later years when he played cricket for Central Districts in the Plunket Shield team and for the Nomad Cricket Club. His international collection of cricketing ties is on display in the College Cricket Pavilion and underlines his extensive connection with the game. Not surprisingly, his input to cricket at Rathkeale was huge and enduring. As a coach, umpire, manager, enthusiast and patron of the Old Boys Cricket Club, BGH has played a truly significant role in establishing the mana of Rathkeale cricket. The wonderful College Oval and its two pavilions reveal his influence from the beginning. Rugby was another passion and he has been described as a superb coach of the code at all levels. He coached the XV in 1978 and was a perceptive and knowledgeable supporter for many years.



Bruce Hamilton was legendary on many fronts but not least for his formidable ability with the spoken and written word. He revelled in the use of English and this was never more evident than when he was at the lectern, in front of a class or on the end of a pen. His speeches were invariably meticulously prepared, lively, humorous and endowed with the most engaging of anecdotes. In true Hamilton style, they were also carefully catalogued and now are safely interred in the College Archives. The writing of school reports was never a mundane task for BGH. Nor was it for the recipient!

Early in the College's history he enjoyed acclaim as the author and producer of several revues. In 1988 he wrote the History of Rathkeale's first twenty-five years. This was the forerunner to the creation of a formidable body of work that included the histories of King's College Auckland, St Paul's Collegiate Hamilton, Palmerston North Boys' High School and Whanganui Collegiate School (co-author with brother Don). Bruce's passion for literature was further evidenced by his commitment to the

College library. From the outset it was Bruce's baby and the growing collection was to reflect its creator: literature, history, sport and general knowledge. Many of his purchases now constitute the College's significant archival stack and have recently been joined by books from Bruce's personal collection donated by his family.

A relative late comer to the institution of marriage, Bruce was truly blessed by Sue, and later Frederika who shared his journey in later years. As a family man, a colleague, a teacher, a team member, a leader and an author Bruce touched many thousands of lives around the world and will be widely remembered and eulogised. He was in all things the epitome of a Good Rathkeale Man and the College and its community has been greatly enriched by the decision he made in 1963 to share so much of his life in our midst.

*Kua hinga te totara i te wao nui a Tane
The totara has fallen in the forest of Tane*

M G Harper



BGH In Memoriam

Former Headmaster John Taylor shares his memories of the inimitable Bruce Hamilton at his memorial service, held at Rathkeale after lockdown.

Thank you, Martin
It is a great privilege to speak about the inimitable Bruce

Hamilton, outstanding all-round schoolmaster, colleague and friend, on behalf of the Headmasters and Staff who worked with him over his 22 years at Rathkeale.

It is especially good to be back in this multi-purpose hall, where I first experienced the school's unique turnip-crushing marching style into Assembly, which so many in this room will remember so well.

We all felt bereft when Bruce died during lockdown, but it is wonderful at last to have this opportunity to give him the statesmanlike send-off which his service to, and achievement at, Rathkeale so richly deserved.

One such major achievement was Bruce's superbly written History of the Rathkeale. For example, his letter to his twin brother Don, after the new school's first week, entitled "Present at the Creation", is a masterpiece of richly ironic humour, worthy of Evelyn Waugh and well worth a re-read.

After much cajoling, I was going to say badgering, John Norman and I were eventually allowed to write a section on the author himself.

John concluded his section by saying that BGH was like a mighty Ruamahunga boulder who remained constantly in place to support the School's breathtaking progress over the first 25 years.

While I might not have compared Bruce's elegant figure to a boulder,

the analogy rightfully characterizes Bruce's abiding commitment, service and achievement on so many fronts, as he was indeed the rock behind the scenes of Rathkeale's successful establishment.

Following his own secondary education at Wanganui Collegiate, Bruce gained his MA (Hons) in English at Canterbury University.

Throughout his teaching career at Christ's, after his OE's at Shore, St John's Leatherhead, and Rugby, BGH was a superb example of the great tradition of the all-round schoolmaster.

How fortunate Rathkeale was that Reggie Hornsby, doyen HM of Christ's, allowed John Norman to take the one member of his staff who was going to make such a difference!

How does one measure the huge impact BGH had on so many lives, both staff and students – including so many here today?

From "King Lear"

Kent:

You have in your countenance that I would fain call Master

Lear:

What is that?

Kent:

Authority"

Many who have experienced that "authority", especially that withering stare, will have wondered why Bruce, the complete schoolmaster, did not offer himself for Headmastership years ago.

In fact, I asked him exactly that question myself before I applied

for Rathkeale, as I would not have applied if he had wanted it, especially as he had the ideal companion for such a task in Sue.

His answer? "God no! Go for it!!"

I think the answer was two-fold.

The most important one was his sheer enjoyment of teaching, firstly of English and latterly of History, in both of which he excelled.

Nor would Head-mastering have allowed Bruce the time to write the histories of Rathkeale, King's and Wanganui Collegiate, the latter in conjunction with Don. They all required much careful research and wise judgement, and all now are justifiably the bench mark for school histories in NZ.

Another lesser reason may have also been that, with the best will in the world, HMs are occasionally wrong and have to put up with a good deal of flak.

As a very able teacher who liked to be right, and wherever possible to see things in black and white, BGH might have found it hard to accept the necessary compromises that HMs have to endure – not to mention the continual round of public relations. There were always far more important things to do than that!

No school has ever been better served as its Deputy HM for 22 years – his only rival might have been his twin Don, who also did similar mighty things at Christ's College.

Characteristically, Bruce stood aside in 1986 to make way for Bruce Levick, who maintained similar high standards, with his special qualities





of thoughtfulness, attention to detail and a wickedly dry sense of humour.

As John Norman did, I enjoyed totally loyal and trustworthy support from BGH, even when he disagreed with the occasional decision or innovation.

He was a fearless upholder of standards among Staff and Students alike. Colleagues who were late with estimates and final orders seldom erred twice. His "Time Gentlemen Please" was always immaculately delivered at the end of morning-break.

His punctiliousness and sense of duty never faltered, whether it be about the school, turning up for dreaded school dances, much loved Sunday Jobs, boring strategic planning seminars, hilarious Staff Sewage Lake Ballet rehearsals, or compulsory Sunday Chapel in this very hall.

It was well known that you could set your watch to the Rathkeale Athletics Day programme, an abiding legacy of Chief Track Marshall Hamilton.

Oddly enough, for a person with a military sense of discipline, Bruce's hatred of Compulsory Military Training and School Cadets was legendary, and the subject of many satirical comments!

A key BGH legacy though was the quest for academic excellence. To that end, he was i/c the timetable, but always zealous to ensure that staff workloads, always heavy, were fair.

The school had some redoubtable characters, who will bring back many a wry smile today.

In days when one had to teach in state schools to gain one's teacher registration, independent schools found it difficult to attract certificated teachers and, as a result, a good number of the Rathkeale Common Room in those early days were not teacher trained.

However, Bruce always got the best out of them all - people like Peter Quinn, Jim Welch, Bernie Greenlees, all of them right at the centre of the rich tapestry of Rathkeale.

He was able to deal with even the delightful Keith West Watson's occasionally monumental wobbles, so skilfully engendered by his students..

As the debate continues to rage about whether teaching should be teacher or student centred, BGH demonstrated that the best teachers achieve both – both the stimulating imparting of content, and the insistence that students should think, learn and speak for themselves.

As a result, BGH's proteges achieved highly in Bursary and Scholarship History, as well as winning 2 Lizzie Rathbone awards.

He loved telling historical anecdotes about English Kings, (especially George the 3rd), the Russian Revolution and the Third Reich. He well deserved what was widely rumoured to be the first carpeted classroom in NZ!!

Though he kept staff up to the mark in his liaison role between HM and Common Room, he was always a great friend on numerous





Top Left: the new memorial plaque at the Cricket Pavilion



Top Right: Some of the crowd gathered for the unveiling of the new memorial plaque.

Right: the Cricket Pavilion Weather Vane, brought over from Lords by Bruce Hamilton.



Below: Some of those in attendance at the memorial included from left to right: Vicky Harper, former Headmaster John Taylor, Sarah Taylor, Simon Werthmuller, Digby Werthmuller, Head Boy Isaac Noble, former Principal Willy Kersten



unsung occasions. His masterly and fearsome wit at staff meetings and especially farewells was much looked forward to by all, complemented by many nameless and unremembered acts of generosity and hospitality, greatly supported by Sue.

Bruce always cut an immaculate figure at staff functions, well deserving the nickname of “the Admiral” in his double-breasted reefer jacket. He cut a dashing figure on the dance floor, though it could fairly be said that he favoured the quickstep and the fox trot over rock and roll and the twist and shout!

Versatility is the hallmark of the complete teacher, and Bruce had that in spades. He taught even French when the timetable demanded it, bringing that subject alive with anecdotes about his brother’s pronunciation difficulties in France.

It was well known that there was huge collaboration between the Hamilton twins as they used the same teaching notes and swapped exam papers, very sensibly halving their respective History workloads.

That same heaven-sent versatility occurred outside the classroom

BGH was variously master i/c Cricket, 1st XI Player/Coach, 1st XV Coach, Squash Player/ Coach, and little known but true, the coach of the 1st Hockey XI, 1964-65!

His insistence on the proper technique was legendary. That included the classic swing pass, perfected in his UK OE, all demonstrated in his own distinctive very high stepping style.

However, few ever tried to emulate his distinctive trench mortar bowling style on the cricket pitch!

Many will remember the black, then grey, then green tracksuits BGH wore – and his insistence on smart turn out at all times, an abiding tradition Rathkeale has much to thank BGH for.

It is marvellous to see Bruce’s name



BGH at Wanganui Collegiate in 1949, middle row, second from right.

about to be forever associated with what was possibly his favourite arena of the School, the Oval Cricket Pavilion. It could also have been associated with the Library and the Squash Court, in the establishment of both of which Bruce was a prime mover.

He could easily have become very set in his ways, but he never shirked the responsibility in moving with the times – for example, in the successful establishment of the coeducational Trinity Senior College.

For all that he achieved, on so many fronts, Bruce could have been overtly very proud. But he could not abide humbug of any sort, and did not much enjoy personal praise, as was superbly caught by WH Auden,

“Praise? Unimportant, but jolly to remember when falling asleep”

Rathkeale has arguably one of the most beautiful natural school environments in the world, and is deservedly famous for it.

That environment has been a very formative part of the College’s distinctive ethos, but that special character has been created mainly by the teachers and the students who

have lived, learned and worked here over the past 56 years.

In my view, no one has contributed more to that very tangible Rathkeale ethos than Bruce Hamilton.

What a wonderful legacy BGH has left behind!

From Wordsworth’s “Prelude”

We were brothers all

In honour, as in one community

Scholars and gentlemen, where furthermore

Distinction open lay to all that came,

And wealth and titles were in less esteem

Than talents, worth and prosperous industry

Bruce Hamilton was that hugely talented, very modest and totally committed gentleman and scholar by which, and for which, Rathkeale was founded.

Vale, BGH – Great Schoolmaster, Colleague and Friend par excellence.

John Taylor



A Blast from the Past

In honour of the late Bruce Hamilton, we reproduce John Ansell's (1973-1975) speech to the Rathkeale Reunion held 8 April, 2000.

Thank you, Bruce. Of course, we wouldn't be here today in such numbers if this place and the staff who ran it hadn't made such a deep and lasting impression on us. But I'm pleased to report that most of those impressions have now healed and, as you can see, sitting on hard furniture is once again an option. Actually, it has taken me a quarter of a century of shame to be able to confess that, unlike the rest of you, I never consummated a physical relationship with any member of staff. This had partly to do with not arriving until the fifth form, partly to do with a deep sense of natural cowardice and partly because, unlike certain other John As, I did not enjoy cravings for either nicotine or sweetcorn. I never had the pleasure of being invited into Bruce's study, so I'm not quite sure what went on there, but I don't think they were reading Keats. Beating Keats is probably closer to the truth. But there's general agreement among those who did accept your invitation that your initials should really have been transposed from BGH to GBH (for grievous bodily harm).

Mind you my lack of experience on the receiving end did not cause me to shirk from my chief responsibility as a house prefect, which was to procure victims to satisfy the staff's insatiable appetite for fourth form caning-fodder. There's a particular chap called Lowes who has apparently grown into quite a big person, whom I take great care to avoid at functions like this.

I must add that my record would have been somewhat different if Bernie Greenlees' dormitory patrols had extended into certain prefects'

studies during Sunday night church. I'm sure the other absentees join with me in apologising unreservedly to the Reverend Robertshawe for our absences, and I for one assure him that I'll be there tomorrow morning—I'll be the one in the blue dressing gown and moccasins.

Bruce, I remember you once paid me what I thought at the time was a huge compliment, and that was that it was only a matter of time before I found myself working for the 'yellow press'. I didn't quite understand what that meant, but I thought perhaps you were envisaging me in some sort of editorial position with the South China Morning Post. I actually ended up in what you probably would have called it the Karitane gold press or advertising, where unfortunately the rules of English that you so painstakingly taught us are widely ignored. Advertising sentences all too often begin with And and But. And contain too many dashes. But, anyway, at least I knew the rules I was breaking. And I didn't really get away with it, because I could always hear the ghost of Bruce Hamilton thundering his objections in the back of my head.

I very much admired your sense of humour. This caused some confusion when I was publicly censured by the headmaster for having the temerity to impersonate the Queen in front of the parents at a drama concert. This was very confusing for a young man because the person who authorised and encouraged the performance was none other than his deputy.

Everybody remembers you as an inspiring teacher. I particularly



remember the inspirational effect you had on Larry Thompson after you gave him 6 out of 20 for a history test and said that if he didn't get at least 16 for the next one he'd be joining him in his study. The official term for this warning was general satisfecit, which is Latin for generally satisfying for me, but you won't be able to sit down till Christmas. Well, this was enough for Larry to discover his long-suppressed oriental academic instinct, and for the next test he got 18 and topped the class.

You were a teacher in the classic sense that you saw it as your job to inspire and improve rather than simply inform your students. You would take great pains not simply to mark our work, but also whenever possible to offer some pearl of constructive comment. I remember once writing what I thought was a fairly worthy opinion about some topic or other, and in the margin in that beautiful flowing script of yours, you took the trouble to give me your brief opinion. There wasn't



very much space to write in and, given your flair for verbal precision, I can imagine you wrestling with yourself for some time before finding just the right word. And I've never forgotten it—in fact I've had it specially enlarged and digitally enhanced for this occasion.

But seriously, Bruce, you were a teacher who knew instinctively that for teaching to result in understanding in must be done in three dimensions and engage all the senses—though I wonder if it was really necessary to include pain.

I'm always borrowing your impersonation of Fieldmarshall Montgomery talking about Chairman Mao: "Don't like Chairman Mao—makes noises when he eats." Where is that written in the 5th form History syllabus? And that Jonathan Swift line from Gulliver's Travels about "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." I can't actually remember which race that was though, do you remember?

Little scraps of knowledge that I thought had vanished keep bubbling to the surface, a bit like methane gas in a landfill. And I realise that they must have crawled into little disused cubbyholes in my subconscious 25 years ago during English and History, and thanks to you they've been living there ever since.

I know others will be talking about other masters but I do want to briefly pay tribute to Bernie Greenlees, whom I had quite a lot to do with in all but the physical sense. You were my housemaster, tennis coach and hockey coach and I seem to recall you teaching us something about LSD as well. That's something that's probably been of more use to Warren.

I think your influence has a lot to do with the excellent house spirit we enjoyed in Repton and why so many of us have come back to see you. But

it is a shame that the ravages of time have caught up with you, and you finally look older than John Taylor.

I want to thank John Norman for his tolerance and for hiring such colourful staff members. This kaleidoscope of characters allowed us to experience a lifetime of eccentric behaviour in only three years, though admittedly the lion's share of amusing anecdotes seem to concern the habits of one particular maths master.

Perhaps we should drink a toast to absent minds.

And finally, we are fortunate to have among our band of stragglers and reprobates two people with a real flair for organisation, without whom we would all be in about 33 other places instead of here together tonight.

Warren Herrick. Somehow, in between organizing mountain-bike circumnavigations of New Zealand, and combining the very busy roles of drug dealer, author and occasional President of Antarctica, Warren has found the time and energy to get the rest of us to find the time and energy to get here.

And the other thing he found very early on, which was totally crucial to the success of the operation, was Richard Norriss, former hotel manager, choir conductor of the year 1975 and rental car magnate. Richard first rang me about this sometime in '97 so I'm not sure now who had the original idea, but I do know that over the last six months Richard and Warren have worked extremely hard to find people, some of whom it turns out don't even want to be found. I don't have the total figures but I do know that we will be reshooting the 1975 Repton prefects photo with 10 out of 11 present.

The attendance strike rate for this weekend is far higher than for any other reunion I've ever been to, and that's a tribute to Warren

and Richard, and of course to the institution itself and the great teachers who caused us to remember it so fondly.

My first impression of Rathkeale was that it compared rather unfavourably with similar institutions that I'd heard about, and especially in the areas of hard labour and hair inspections, which were not a feature of either Mt Crawford or Paremoremo.

If I'm 42, you must be at least 103 by now, though anyone guessing your score would probably put it somewhere around the half-century, if that. It's nice to see you looking so fit and married to a lovely lady, Frederica, but I have to say it did seem a little unjust that a tennis nut like me should visit a dyed-in-the-wool cricket umpire and find his home overlooking three beautifully-manicured grass courts.

Arriving in the fifth form after most of the action had subsided, I am one of the few to be able to say that Bruce Hamilton made a deep and lasting impression on me without hindering in any way my ability to sit down. But on behalf of those who suffered appallingly at the hands of this brutal regime, I have suggested that we convene a Rathkeale War Crimes Tribunal to allow the victims to recount the atrocities committed upon them and to bring the perpetrators to justice. But I think we'll skip that 'cos we know they're as guilty as sin and proceed straight to the sentencing.

Edmund John Norman: you are sentenced to spend the rest of your natural life in Christchurch.

Bruce middle-name-unknown Hamilton: you are sentenced to sit in front of the television and watch again and again the exploits of the New Zealand cricket team.

John Ansell



Sons of Old Boys, 2020



BACK ROW: G Speedy, C Sims, X White, A Jaspers, J Cottrill, T Fountaine, M Cox, W Smallwood, M Cox.

MIDDLE ROW: J James, J Didsbury, H Kendall, W Gooding, N Shaw, J McKay, C Doyle, N Percy, H Rutherford, G Donworth, B Cameron.

FRONT ROW: T Farman, T Luke, C Griffith, B Kinvig, S Draper, O Hewitt, H Wyeth, R McLeod, K Kendall, B Blundell.

ABSENT: S Blundell, J McLeod.

Old Boys Scholarship 2021

Max Andrew is the son of Scott Andrew (1989-1993) and the 2021 recipient of the Rathkeale Old Boys Association Scholarship.



Max currently attends Masterton Intermediate School where he is a Student Leader. Max was selected to go on the annual school exchange trip to Japan but due to Covid-19, the trip unfortunately had to be cancelled. While at MIS he has been a member of the Kapa Haka and Poly groups. Max has been part of the Scouts movement where, as an assistant patrol leader, he attended the Jamboree at Mystery Creek in Hamilton at the beginning of this year.

An active sportsman, Max played basketball and touch for his school, and rugby and cricket for a local club. This year he also joined the Wairarapa Multisport club Mountain Biking group.

At Rathkeale he is looking forward to continuing with the sports that are offered and participating in the wider school life.



The Call of the Wild

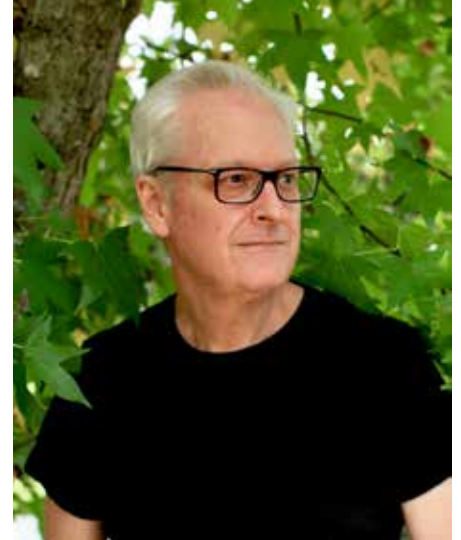
Campbell Mclean (1975-1978) divides his time between the Ruamahanga Restoration Trust and his work as a documentary filmmaker and media producer.

When my parents delivered me to School House in the summer of 1974, I was the only boy wearing shorts instead of long suit trousers. As I discovered, it was not an easy road ahead if you were different. Yet, on the whole we were in all in it together: we talked after lights out, trespassed, got into scraps, enjoyed a few misdemeanors and felt the wrath of the housemaster's cane on our backsides. We ran rocks and built paths together, we marched together, ate together and grew up together. Rathkeale was our coming of age and our anthem was 'Rock of Ages'. We listened to the Bee Gees, Eagles and David Bowie on cassette players, wore flared jeans and rounded shoes with thick heels: the Vietnam War was drawing to an end and a new era of music was on its way. We were taught then, as now, that "nothing is impossible for mortal man". The words have changed slightly but the spirit of our motto remains. Jack Norman claimed that line well before Adidas adopted it in 1974 simply as "nothing is impossible". Brands weren't that powerful back then but our founding headmaster EJ Norman was. Besides the friendships made and the experiences gained, Rathkeale gave me the confidence to stand before an audience. What I lacked on the sports field I made up for on the stage in drama and public speaking. I discovered a voice and confidence that I would carry with me in the years to come. But there was another voice—the call of the wild—that spoke through the trees and was carried on the evening air from Maori Hill, across the river and over the fields. The environment that embraced so many of us also had a special sway on me. It was an escape

for the mind, while for some it was a hiding place. The old growth trees and mysterious wetland streams possessed a spirit and an attraction that would one day draw me back.

After I left Rathkeale, like many, I hardly looked back. Yet in those first years I did maintain close contact with a number of friends from my class of '78. We stayed together until circumstances drew us apart and I left to live overseas. I was poorly prepared for the years ahead let alone the warp-speed journey and the trials and tribulations of young adulthood. I squandered much of my first year at Victoria University but then found a calling of sorts penning film and art reviews for the student paper Salient. I refocused away from Law and graduated with a BA in English Literature. I then found myself married at a young age and ventured forth to wider horizons in Hong Kong and beyond.

Since leaving Wellington, I have lived in Brisbane, Hong Kong, Macau and mainland China. I have travelled the world working on television commercials, feature films, documentaries, online media and various corporate projects. I have relished every moment of it — meeting people from all corners of the world and seizing on the diversity of cultures and businesses. But behind that joy and fascination with the wider world was a calling to return to New Zealand; to family, friends and an environment that I hold dear. In December 2018, I returned after a 30-year absence. I still maintain strong links with China and Macau, where I have a production company producing online media and television documentaries. My current project is a four-part television series



'Pearl River Delta: China's Greater Bay' scheduled for broadcast in 2021 by Discovery Asia. The China connection is still strong, and I have a number of opportunities in the pipeline connecting the two countries.

I have been blessed with family and friends, including many Old Boys with whom I have remained in close contact. In 2018 several of us formed the Ruamahanga Restoration Trust with the aim of raising educational awareness around restoring and protecting areas of natural wetland and native bush within the Wairarapa catchment as a habitat for birds and indigenous fish species. That mission starts at Rathkeale encouraging Old Boys (and St. Matthew's Old Girls) to get onboard with time and resources.

The surrounding landscape and beauty of the school campus always made an impression on me. Today that landscape draws me back with great pride along with a sense of wanting to give something back. Nothing is impossible for us to achieve — especially if we do it together.



The final block

Whatungarongaro te tangata, a toitu te whenua.
While people come and go, the land endures.

In 1962, the St. Matthew's Schools Trust Board approached Mrs Phoebe Maunsell with a proposal to buy the Rathkeale Homestead and the 500-acre farm that surrounded it. Agreement was reached and an option to purchase the property (for £70,000) was given.

Unfortunately, Mrs Maunsell later wrote to the Board to say that she would prefer it if they did not exercise their option and that there would be dire results if they did. With regret the Board ended up purchasing for £35,000 the homestead and a rather boney 35 acres as the headquarters for the College opened by Governor General Sir Bernard Fergusson in August 1963.

From the outset it was obvious that a growing school would need more land and over the years purchases added the Cricket Oval, the Upper Rugby Fields and the twenty two acres of the Golf Course/Land Lab block.

At times the School has had access to the residual acres of the Maunsell Estate, retained after subdivision and sale of the Rathkeale Farm in 1988. The School House bush, daffodil filled pony paddock beside the College gates and the land rolling back from Willow Park Drive towards the bush with its scattered trees and farm buildings, have long been in the "nice to have" category. Many Old Boys and members of staff have believed that the bush was actually College property and treated it accordingly with field studies, hut building and assorted other activities.

Once the current owners (Granddaughters of H.B.Maunsell) expressed an interest in selling the land on the southern and western boundary of the College, there was a flurry of activity to ensure a long-held dream could become a reality. In tandem with the Friends of Rathkeale and the Trinity Schools Trust Board, and with support from the Rathkeale Foundation, the Old Boys' Association have committed

to supporting the purchase of 6.2 hectares.

At the time of writing it has become clear that many Old Boys strongly identify with the project and as a consequence, we are moving confidently towards settlement date on 31st March and look forward to the celebrations that will take place once the land is secured. Although it may not be the original 500 acres, it will give the College's Agricultural Department approximately 33 acres for educational purposes and endow the College with an unsurpassed green belt.

As an Association we anticipate being able to feel justly proud of our commitment to the future of the School.



The challenge of the Tararuas

Derek Dunbar (1966-1970) remembers Constable Lester John Tweeddale, who died, aged 22 years, fifty years ago (1947-1969). Derek was part of the Rathkeale Duke of Edinburgh group tramping in the Tararuas who joined a search to locate his body.

On the 26th June 1969, Constable Tweeddale went for a tramp up Mount Holdsworth. Between Powell Hut and the summit, he got caught in a snowstorm and did not find his way back to Powell Hut. A brief search for him proved fruitless and impossible due to the substantial dumping of snow.

On the 17th-19th October 1969—Labour Weekend—a search and rescue party congregated at the Masterton Police Station on the Friday evening to tramp to Powell Hut that night. Amongst those in the party were a Rathkeale College Teacher and 2 or 3 students. Apologies to those persons whose names I am unable to remember. There were also members of the Police, the Palmerston North Tramping and Mountaineering Club and probably the local Tramping Clubs in the search party.

I was 16 years old at the time and very fit from the 1st X1 unbeaten hockey season and from cross country running. I remember turning up at the Police Station with my pack etc and a sergeant coming up to me and saying, “You look very fit. Here’s a radio you can put on top of your pack and carry up to Powell Hut.” In those days, radios were something like 500mm x 200mm x 200mm and were not light. I can tell you, I was absolutely spent when we got to Powell Hut late that night. That sergeant is etched in my memory!

On Saturday morning, we were split into two or three search parties and our party started searching from the top of Mt Holdsworth



north from the tops forwards and backwards across the eastern face of the Tararuas. Other parties searched similarly the south faces of Mt Holdsworth. We used two methods of search. The first was the Contact Search where we could touch the team member either side of us with outstretched arms. Then further down, we used Close Search where we were about 3 - 5 metres apart. After a full day of searching, all parties made it back to Powell Hut empty handed. I remember at the end of the day when I took my long pants off, my legs were covered in blood spots from the Spaniards *Aciphylla dissecta* which is unique to the Tararuas. Nearly all the 40 Spaniard species are in the South Island.

On Sunday morning, our zigzag searching had made it into the bush line where we found some clothing which was determined by radio not to belong to Lester. After lunch, we received a call on the radio that Lester had been found on the south side of Mt Holdsworth at the bottom of a waterfall in Isabelle Creek. We spent the night in Powell Hutt and some of the search party returned to

town, while 16 to 20 of us remained to recover Lester out of Isabelle Creek on Monday morning up significant ridge where a helicopter could land. In those days, helicopters were what

we would call antiquated, with no winch capabilities and limited performance capabilities.

I had a box brownie type camera and took the only photos (black and white) of the recovery of Lester and not long after returning from the expedition, the Police asked that I hand over the photos and negatives which I did.

As students, we were on a multi-day tramp for our Gold Duke of Edinburgh award, so after loading Lester into the helicopter we gathered our packs from Powell Hut and tramped down to Totara Flats hut for the night and out the Waiohine Gorge on Tuesday.

On the 13th March 1970, we received our Gold Duke of Edinburgh badges and certificates from HRH the Duke of Edinburgh himself at Government House.

Today you need to be 18 years of age to join LandSAR and then there are the training courses to be completed to be certified to do what we did. How times have changed in fifty years.

Derek Dunbar



Founders' Day 2020

In September, 2020, staff, students, Old Boys, friends and family gathered at Rathkeale to celebrate Founders' Day, and to officially acknowledge Grant Harper on his retirement from teaching after a long and successful career. Speakers included former Principal Bruce Levick, Head of English, Graeme Anderson and ROBA Vice President Edward Cox.

Former Principal Bruce Levick spoke compellingly to a packed gymnasium at the Founders' Day Assembly.

About two months ago, you sat in this hall and listened very attentively to the memorial service of Bruce Hamilton who played a major role in establishing Rathkeale College. You are to be commended on the quiet way in which you listened to three speeches. Today we are gathered to acknowledge the contribution of another pillar of Rathkeale College—Grant Harper.

About a year ago, a junior student was called over by Mr Harper while he walked around the school campus. The lad may have been about to do something wrong. The student said to Mr Harper "Who are you?" I would like, for two reasons, to thank him for asking that very pertinent question. Firstly, it reminded the school authorities that Grant Harper who was now only working part-time in the school was unknown to two generations of students and that that needed to be remedied. Secondly, the students needed to know more about this interesting man.

Who is Grant Harper? He is the son of a farming family from Hawkes Bay. His parents sent him to Rathkeale College in 1967 when the school was only three years old. Grant's number was 230. So even in the school's fourth year of existence it was still only 2/3 of the size of this school now.

What was Rathkeale like in the 1960s and 1970s? The year was divided into three terms, not four as now. There were a few day students and the rest were boarders. All boarders



Left to Right: Graeme Anderson, Grant Harper, Vicky Harper

were full-time boarders (no weekly or day boarders). They were allowed home for a night, called an exeat, every three weeks. The school was on this site surrounded by farmlands. Only the farm house and a farm cottage existed between here and the main road. The road was unsealed. There was a cattle-stop round the second bend. There was one classroom block, and a second added later. The gymnasium was two bays shorter than it is now. Boys built the Greek Theatre, the Burma Road, so called because the labour was not totally voluntary, the hobbies village, the canoe reach and endless paths and roads. At one stage the Headmaster enrolled 16 more students than for whom there were beds in Cranleigh and Repton, so they built bunks on top of the beds that were already there. Students built their own canoes out of wood and canvas and sealed them with a tarlike substance. They tested them in the canoe reach and then paddled them in the Ruamahanga River. At weekends after sport, they were allowed to tramp in the Tararua's. The kitchen

provided rations and the minibus dropped them off in the foothills. Expeditions of about six were led by a senior student who had passed a first aid certificate and mountain safety survival tests. Teachers would visit them only on odd occasions, for the rest the senior boy was in charge. Formal Health and Safety regulations were minimal in those days. The staff were very different to the staff of today. Some were not even trained teachers. The art teacher had been a sign writer, the accounting teacher an electrician, the technical drawing teacher had acted on the stages of theatres in London, mathematics was taught by the Chaplain, the Headmaster's wife taught music and the physical education teacher had been a pipe major in the Scottish fusiliers. The latter had fought in World War II and maintained that there were no atheists in the trenches. These unorthodox men of the world prepared boys for the real world. I hasten to add that there were some impressive academics in their number as well. Grant Harper thrived in that environment. That



was the Rathkeale College that got under his skin (and into his heart).

On qualifying as a teacher and after a spell teaching in England, he returned to Rathkeale College as a teacher. Later he became the Housemaster of Cranleigh House, Senior Master, Deputy Principal, Head of Senior College and, at one stage, Acting Principal.

He taught English and Social Studies. He was well-read and well-travelled, thus adding spice to his lessons. I would rather emphasise that he taught students. The welfare of students was always of paramount importance to him. He taught them English, but he also taught them what was right and what was wrong, he taught them etiquette, he taught them manners. He encouraged them to think, question and debate issues. He liked and respected the students and, in return, they liked and respected him.

He also introduced Te Reo and Māori Tanga to the college. Taha Māori was part of the curriculum long before it was mandated by the Ministry of Education and Education Review Office.

He went on to be a strong family man. The success of his three children is testimony to that. His wife, Vicki, is to be thanked for the support that she has given him in so many ways over many years.

The grounds have been his passion. He can name all of the trees and has planted many of them himself.

What is the measure of this man? Of the students that were at this school in the 20 plus years that I served here I know of three who have gone to prison. One was a quiet well-behaved student, one a likeable rogue, and one a highly cultured individual. In other words, they were just like you. Who they were and what they did is of course private, and not important. What is important, however, is how you would have reacted to this news. Would you have read about it in the newspaper and then just turned to the following pages, would you have condemned them, would you

have disowned them, would you have reasoned that they got what they deserved for what they had done? Or are you the nice sort of person who would have wondered what had gone wrong in their lives to drive them to make a series of ill-considered decisions. Noble thoughts are fine, but it is actions that count. Would you have written to the one you knew well while he was in prison and helped him to regain some self-respect and supported him, at a harrowing time in his life, to put the tattered remains of his life together again. That is what Grant Harper did and that, ladies and gentlemen, is a measure of this fine man.

The winds of time will buffet you. Some will hit you face on and stop you in your tracks. In time, you will pull your coat around you, lean forward and carry on under your own steam. Some winds will come from behind and life will be sweet. Some gusts will hit you from the side at 150 km per hour and knock you down. How long will you stay down and who will help you up again. You will not be able to direct the winds of life, they will blow where they will, but you can trim the sails of your yacht to make the most of whatever winds blow in your life.

The next time you see Grant Harper wandering around the campus you will not need to ask him who he is, but do go over and have a chat to him. I guarantee that you will come away well satisfied and richer for the discussion.

What will you be able to answer in 50 years' time, when you are in your 60s and a teenager comes up to you and asks "Who are you?" What will you answer when you look back on your life? What of Grant Harper will have rubbed off on you?

Will you and your wife have been a successful team?
Will your children have done you proud and made successes of their chosen careers?
How well read will you be?
How many trees will you have planted?
Will you be able to name all the trees on this campus?

How many calls of the birds which live in those trees will you be able to recognise?

Will you have travelled the world?
Will you be able to speak te reo?
Will you be culturally sensitive?
What will your attitude be to Māori, to Pasifika people, to Chinese, to Indians and to modern New Zealanders who come from all corners of the world who make up the rich tapestry of our country? Will you have coped with changed times, attitudes and norms?
Along how many of the ridges of the Tararua will you have tramped?
Will you have been a conservationist?
Will you be leaving the world a better place than you found it?

When Grant Harper left Rathkeale College in 1971 he was awarded colours for service to the college and the Cooper Cup for the boy who had worked most selflessly for the school. Now, half a century later, he would be an even more worthy recipient of those two accolades.

Please join me in saluting, congratulating and thanking this family man, this lover of nature, this conservationist, this educationist, this setter of standards, this maintainer of standards, this upholder of traditions, this gentleman.

Grant Harper has selflessly given of himself to this college for over 50 years and has in no small way contributed to its success as an educational institution.

On behalf of the 4,461 boys who over the past 57 years have walked through the gates of Rathkeale College, thank you for making it such an idyllic place to spend their teen age years.

Grant, you can be justly proud of your service and achievements. Well done!

Bruce Levick



Many would argue that Grant Harper's influence is most strongly felt in the beautiful grounds of the College. Head of English, Graeme Anderson, spoke eloquently of Grant's vision and passion for nature, particularly trees.

Someone once asked me in my first year here in 2004 what was so special about this school, compared to others in which I had taught. I didn't even have to hesitate about my answer: The quality of the grounds is what lifts my heart as I drive in each morning. And it is the quality of the grounds that forms the basis of my contribution about Grant Harper this afternoon.

We are indeed fortunate that Grant's parents were perceptive enough about his interests to choose a school that would suit his personality. They rejected Wanganui Collegiate and Lindisfarne in favour of Rathkeale because they felt that the land – approximately 120 acres of it with the bush and river – would suit him better than a school within a town. And they were quite right.

Grant remembers that his first term job as a Year 9 boarder was pulling out weeds behind Burma Road on what is now the Eco Trail, so he was blooded early on. John Norman told his parents that he was very like an English schoolboy as he tended to wander around looking at trees. And, it is that love of trees which has helped transform the Rathkeale campus into what it is today, some 50 years later.

The environment has always been crucial at Rathkeale, from the 1925 hiring of Alfred Buxton to landscape the grounds for the Maunsells, which he did with both natives and exotics. And the first students, who were only allowed home three times per term, worked hard. The bush might have been out of bounds but that didn't stop them from going in there and they lived at the river.

When Grant left school in '71 his parents gifted a number of trees to

the school, originally to be used to line the entrance road to the school. However, they were actually planted to make a line from Rugby House to the river – and from that we can start to see that lines of trees became an important part of Rathkeale.

Grant returned for a single year in 1975 and then came back in '82. He has been here ever since and has done a massive amount of planting in 40 years. One of the first things he did was to plant a row of trees between the playing fields, something which John Norman, the first Headmaster was not thrilled to see when he returned for a visit as he had envisaged an open space. He did, however, manage to get John Norman and John Taylor to back him up when the board wanted to put artificial turf on the common which would have spoiled the natural flow of that space.

From 1982 Grant was given carte blanche in terms of planting and the grounds and has been able to continue his love of trees. For about 15 years, he roped in the detention boys to help with the gardens in the afternoons, especially as the bush had become increasingly important over the years. With his son, James, he planted all the trees on what was the golf course. And for more than a decade, the NZ studies group has planted trees. Many of the trees on this campus, apart from the oaks and others planted by John Norman, owe their existence to Grant Harper.

And then we come to the Jubilee Quad. Grant explained that Willy Kersten had a nice feel for the grounds. He wanted the walls round the quad to reflect all the past students of the school and at the same time thought about tidying up the quad. Together, he and Grant hired Hamish Moorhead, an old boy, to come up with a plan and the resultant quad, with its careful lines and plantings, is a fitting central focus of the school.

One of the things which Grant dislikes intensely is chainsaws. He

did explain that he is not averse to cutting out a diseased tree but feels that too many people become trigger happy when they have a chainsaw in their hands and can, on a whim, destroy specimens which might only need some judicious pruning. There is an anecdote, which is possibly apocryphal, that has him taking off in the middle of a conversation with someone when he unexpectedly heard a chainsaw starting up.

Gardeners frequently have to demonstrate foresight that extends far beyond their own lifespan, given that trees will often not reach maturity till long after their planters have passed on. They are a gift to future generations who will enjoy their shade, their beauty, their changing colours signalling the progression from one season to another. Grant's gardening foresight has created a beautiful and spiritually satisfying environment that will be enjoyed by future generations and for this, generations of boys still to attend Rathkeale can be thankful to him.

Rathkeale has benefitted from Grant's superb knowledge for almost 40 years and so it was with trepidation that I tried to find a word which could best describe his legacy. I quickly rejected facilitator, pondered over custodian but I think that the most fitting way to honour Grant is by using the Maori word 'kaitiaki' – a carer, guardian, protector and conservator of the environment of Rathkeale College. Thank you, Grant, for your unstinting contribution.

Graeme Anderson



Rathkeale Old Boy and Vice President of ROBA, Edward Cox, shared memories of Grant from the perspective of Rathkeale Boys.

Today I am speaking on behalf of the Rathkeale Old Boys' Association. As an association, we want to record our thanks to you Grant for all you have done for Rathkeale over the last 40 years.

I am conscious that what I say today should be representative of the 5000 boys that have passed through these gates and I am pleased to see a good number of our company here today. The pressure is only increased by the fact that the President of the Old Boys is that great lover of the apostrophe himself, one Murray Grant Harper, 1967 to 1971. That is all the more so when we know Grant hates being singled out and is likely to brusquely brush off praise.

As old boys, we have a unique perspective on Grant and all he has done for the school. For every one of us from 1979 onwards Grant, you have been a senior staff member and even Acting Principal. For those whose tenure intersected with 1967 to 1971, Grant was that boarder from Hawkes Bay, noted as being quiet and studious, but with an air of dependability and reliability. He was, apparently, a solid citizen. Strangely then, from another contemporary, it has been suggested that Grant was connected to the heist on the tuckshop. That seems out of character, and "Harper's 11" just does not have the same ring about it, so I am sticking with the descriptor of dependable and reliable.

For boarders, especially in the mid 70s, Grant you were the bearded, pipe-wielding, superhero, equally capable of kayaking (apparently) and hosting discussion sessions in the Cranleigh library, called Korero. You are the subject of a three-page spread of the boys' satirical, and possibly subversive newspaper, "Hard Times". It was dedicated to you under the caption "a man for all

seasons - whatever he does it is with 100% effort and the right spirit".

When I arrived in 1983, Grant's beard was gone, replaced by the ubiquitous tweed sports coat or that icon of the 1980s, the blue double-breasted blazer. There is that classic photo of the first four Cranleigh House Masters, Robin Ball, Max Mabin, Liam O'Gorman and the now provincially sartorial successor, Grant Harper. With Vicki and family living at Cranleigh, the once active outdoorsman now had 90 boys to control.

As old boys, our perspective of Grant changes again when we leave this place and we stop relating to him as a staff member but instead as someone who is the ongoing embodiment of the place we came from; an idea I will return to later. So, for the old boys, we know Grant through several different phases of our lives. We have known him when we were boys here, a great many of us sitting exactly where you are sitting now (but without carpet), and he has been here when we returned to school in our younger adult days. Finally, for an increasing number of us, he has been here when we have brought our sons through the gates for the first time; that same warm smile and firm handshake, and a new sports coat, greeting us now man-to-man and welcoming us back into the Rathkeale community. There was a certain reassurance in that.

Finally, Grant has been a stalwart of our Rathkeale Old Boys' Association. An almost constant presence on the committee, Grant's contribution to our organisation is worthy of another tribute, but that is for another day. And in saying that I want to acknowledge the other old boys, who are on the staff who must surely also be approaching some type of long service milestone, including my contemporaries Mr O'Gorman and Mr Ewington and that might be the round and the short of that. But today is about celebrating Grant's role as a

teacher in school, rather than his contribution to the old boys.

It is no exaggeration to say that there is possibly no one who knows more about Rathkeale than Grant. This potential was recognised early on in the 1975 Rathkeale College record, reading suspiciously as if it was written by B.G. Hamilton:

Grant is an Old Boy and he knows what the school is all about; we very much value his loyalty and enthusiasm, and the great rapport he had with the boys. We need him back when he has completed his degree.

In 2000, when John Ansell's year group, 1973 to 1975, had their reunion, Badger described you as "the soul of Rathkeale". That description reflected not only that you understood what makes this place special; the importance of learning, of an education that is fully rounded, of understanding history but with a questioning lens, of community, of coming from a particular place, the importance of our families and of the physical environment in which we lived and learned.

Grant, your classroom lessons and my learning only crossed a few times but what you taught us about Te Ao Maori has stuck with me ever since. What is more, the perspectives and critical history you gave have withstood a history degree and 3 ½ decades. And there was no more tangible learning about the experience of tangata whenua than when you took us to the trees on the grounds that still bore the adze marks of our predecessors on this land who had carefully cut strips of bark for their whare, hundreds of years before us.

But it is in your role as a housemaster that I, of course, have the greatest memories from that time. It was a toss up today whether I wore my Cranleigh House tie or my Old Boys tie. To hedge my bets I brought both. Let me start by saying that I am eternally grateful that you have either forgotten, or



consigned to the secrecy of history, all the stupid things I did. I do not think you have changed in the last 35 years but I surely hope I have. In the following account some of the names have been changed to protect the innocent, but otherwise everything is hundred percent accurate, according to my memory.

At a time when the culture in the school could be robust, to put it kindly, Grant ensured that Cranleigh was a house where everyone could feel secure and free to be the wide range of individuals we were. It was from those efforts that Cranleigh became known as the Family House. And it was from that, that, Grant, you acquired your famous nickname, "Ma Harps". I do not think you were a mother to us, but you ensured that values of caring, or at least tolerance, pervaded and the terrors of bullying and over-the-top physical behaviour were largely sidelined. Grant you were no soft touch in those days. You ran a tight ship and the creaking of your leather brogues on the cork floor quickly brought everyone to attention. But equally, you were humane, approachable and interested in us. You were practical, and knew that boys would be boys. Your solution for two boys in our year who were both prone to sleepwalking out of the same window, was simply to clear the garden below.

But you had little tolerance for swearing and, with bat-like hearing, you could detect it even from your own house. Your tactics to eradicate colourful language were effective, although they might possibly not pass ERO muster now. What did all that teach us? Learning, to be tolerant, learning to live with others and, amongst all others, that "Manners maketh the man".

Vicki, I would like to acknowledge your contribution to Rathkeale as well, especially in those days when you lived in school. You had your arms full with your own children but you were a contrasting calm and feminine presence - the perfect

panacea to a boys boarding house. I may have told you this story before, but I only saw you really riled once. You stormed down B dorm demanding to know who had taught little Alice the F-word. We said it was Daniel Gentry and I think he copped it.

On the night of the Great Cranleigh House Raid, there had been no prior warning. All anyone could do was hope that the stripping of beds, the turning out of drawers and cupboards would not incriminate them. Prefects were dispatched to the dorms and we waited. Back to the common room you led the searchers. In a stern tone, Grant you exhibited the normal items of contraband that had been found and punishments were announced. But the best was kept for last. Holding up a pair of frilly black knickers, you simply asked one embarrassed senior if he would like to explain what he was doing with these. These lessons about the exercise of authority were taught by example and have come to be valued by many.

When questioned, many old boys will say that it is the physical environment of Rathkeale that they relate to most and Grant, as is so often said, you have had such an influence on that. For old boys, the physical sense of place here at Rathkeale, the beauty of the grounds, the memories we hold of those and the pride taken when we see it now, are such lasting intangible contributions to which we owe great gratitude to you. But it is another quality of yours Grant that I want to talk about now. It may sound trite to say it, but you have always known how to talk to boys. Your role in the school has always commanded respect, but most importantly, you have returned that respect to the boys you have taught. It showed in the little gestures, like the signal you used to give when entering another teacher's class, signalling to us not to stand. I am reliably informed that your recent practice is to insist on a handshake

from junior classes as they come into the room and that, sportingly, you offer a light but swift counterpunch to anyone whose hand does not grasp yours. From that respect many Old Boys have reflected that you are a great listener, and that you provided that empathy and understanding to them.

Your ability to name boys back through the ages, who their parents were and where they came from, and what those old boys are now doing in adult life, is a rare asset. It is also just one reason why we are unlikely to ever accept your resignation from the old boys committee. If anyone knows the whakapapa of Rathkeale, it is you, and it has been built up through the years by your interest in the boys and families who have become part of the Rathkeale community.

In te ao Maori there is the concept of ahi ka, burning fires of occupation to show possession of land. Hopefully, without corrupting the concept too much, I can make the connection to a similar phrase, that of keeping home fires burning, sometimes referring to preserving something that is precious but potentially imperilled. Many old boys are very grateful that you have always stayed and helped steady the ship through tougher times when we hear the school faced challenges. When we come back and see the school now, in such good shape, we are grateful that you had your hand near, or at times on, the helm in your senior leadership roles.

Grant, there is so much to celebrate about your 40 years teaching here, but I can sense it is time to stop. If I carry on, I suspect I will get told off by the President at our next committee meeting. So let me finish by saying, on behalf of the old boys, those who have gone before, and those that you are part of, thank you for everything you have done for Rathkeale, for all of yourself that you have given to this place and we celebrate you achieving this fantastic milestone. I hereby declare that you are a Good Rathkeale Man.

Ed Cox



Kim Redmond

Kim Redmond (1987-1991) has built a family business that combines travel and creative fulfilment. He looks back on his years at Rathkeale and the foundation they laid for his future success.

Having grown up on a small sheep farm just south of Wairoa, Kim Redmond couldn't wait to get to Rathkeale. Having an older brother already attending the school—Nick Redmond (1984-1987)—made that transition very easy.

Kim's first year at School House was under house management by Ed Cox and Rob Blackett. Early morning cold pool runs come to mind, as well as Rock Running in their attempt to mold boys into Rathkeale men, always assuring the group of boys that it was all part of good character building! Under Grant Harper's guidance and leadership, an incredibly strong year group developed that has continued to play a big part in Kim's life today. Looking back, he realizes how fortunate he was to be part of this group and to experience such a positive educational environment. The experience was not only enriching but also filled with fun.

The university years posed a challenge for Kim and by a miracle, a Bachelor of Commerce was finally attained at the University of Canterbury. Having no interest in pursuing a farming career and no professional training, he was unsure of what the future held. With a keen interest in landscaping, thanks to his time in Canterbury, Kim worked with a client who had travelled to Morocco and returned with an Antique Door that became a coffee table. The idea of travelling to remote places and sourcing artifacts was appealing and he wondered if that would be a fun business one day.



Kim Redmond and wife Amelia

Serendipitously, Kim met his future wife, Amelia on Christmas Eve, just before departing on his O.E. Having spent 6 months in the States on his way to the UK, Kim was in awe at the size of the country and couldn't help but think that success was possible in such a place. After almost 2 years of financial contract work in London, Kim won a "Green Card" in the USA Visa Lottery and emigrated in 2000.

Arriving in New York was an incredible experience for Kim; he was inspired by the energy of the city and its people. In 2001, with a challenging financial market, Kim found himself working as a "Debt Collector" for a Hip Hop Record company. While there were "crazy experiences" as he describes, the small, connected team instilled Kim with a passion for small business.

Amelia joined Kim in New York City, having recently graduated from the Auckland University in Fine Arts, just a few months post 9/11. The aftermath of New York

was tough and the duo wondered what their next move would be. That same year, they received a chance visit from a fellow Kiwi friend living in London who had been selling Decorative French style furniture in the UK. With Amelia's passion for interiors and Kim looking for a business opportunity, the two decided they would distribute the furniture in the USA. Without much thought or planning, they decided to fly to Los Angeles and give it a go!

With no experience or much information on where to begin, Kim and Amelia rented an old, small shop and house in Venice Beach, California. It was the kind of creaky establishment where the sink ran into a bucket and there was no hot water; while it wasn't pretty, it was a start. They participated in flea markets each weekend, drudging along their finds; whether people loved it or just felt sorry for the two, the furniture started selling. Flea markets eventually led to trade shows and their first space was a 3m x 3m booth. They found people were



truly passionate about the product and incredibly supportive. Once they started specializing on servicing the Home Furnishings and Interior Design Professionals, Eloquence® was born. Amelia eventually started designing furniture and the focus was shifted from solely buying and selling antiques, to re-creating classic European furniture styles in Vietnam. This was a whole new world for the two and they loved it.

Cutting their teeth at these shows gave Kim and Amelia the confidence to attend High Point, North Carolina's Home Furniture show; the largest in the world. They humbly showed their designs and one-of-a-kinds in the smallest booth, in the highest traffic location.

After eight years of learning the ins and outs of the Furniture and Interior Design industry, Kim and Amelia opened their own showroom building in High Point, NC in 2016. The building was completely renovated to showcase

their products and bring the allure of Europe into the heartland of America. The building was a game changer for the business and one of the most rewarding things they have achieved as partners and as a team.

Throughout the excitement of building a business, parenthood has brought both Kim and Amelia much joy and balance to their lives. As they navigate raising boys in Los Angeles, California—Casper (8) and Bastian (4)—they try to keep busy with sports, outdoor activities and travel. With the beach, mountains and desert in close proximity, California has allowed the family to experience a large variety of life.

In his spare time, Kim can be found hiking and paddle boarding. In 2019, Kim accepted an invitation to climb Mt Kilimanjaro. Along with some old University friends and a great team of people, they trekked the highest mountain in Africa for 7 days. The experience was nostalgic and rewarding for Kim,

feeling oddly similar to being back at boarding school, with a sense of teamwork, unity and constant laughs.

Exciting challenges ahead are the renovation of a flagship design gallery in Los Angeles, where Kim and Amelia hope to provide a California/Provence lifestyle to their clients and a wonderful working space for their amazing team. With the current travel restrictions, they plan to get out and see more of the amazing National Parks in the USA. Next year, they hope to travel home for the 1991 thirty year reunion.

Kim learned many life lessons from Rathkeale, but one of the main take-aways is that a combination of perseverance, grit and a positive outlook will serve you well in life. *Nil mortalibus ardui est.*

Built upon these rocks ...

Murray Jack (1969-1973) reflects on how his education at Rathkeale laid the foundation for a long, successful and varied career at Deloitte's.

Murray has reflected on many occasions over his last 40 or so years on just how important his time at Rathkeale has been.

From the disciplines of hard work to the importance of teamwork and the necessity to try new challenges and have fun at whatever you do. Rathkeale was a young school in 1969 and at times it felt like the students were unpaid construction workers as they worked off their black marks carrying rocks and mixing concrete. He would never be as fit again. No wonder relief was often surreptitiously sought in a quiet smoke or a drop of whisky.

Murray boarded at School House, then Cranleigh, before moving to the temporary premises at Innisfree in Masterton, where he was Head of House, while Rugby was built. Innisfree was a perfect location – close to the attractions of town, and far from the rigidities of the main campus.

After Rathkeale, Murray studied at Victoria University, graduating in 1976 with a Bachelor of Commerce and Administration. He joined the international accounting firm of Deloitte, after one of their partners had noticed a picture of him as Rathkeale Arts Dux in the Dominion and enticed him with lunch and a

tour of their office. Following a stint in London (1980-1982) he returned to Deloitte and became a partner in 1987. Over the next few years, he helped build the firm's consulting business and in 1994 moved to Singapore to lead the establishment of Deloitte's South East Asian consulting business.

Murray would spend almost six years in Singapore, travelling and working throughout Asia. He would go on to lead the Deloitte Public Sector business for Asia Pacific and take on the HR function leadership for the region. In 1999, having initially planned to be in Singapore for two to three years,





his wife, Linda, decided it was time to return to New Zealand so their three daughters would not grow up international waifs and strays.

From their base in Wellington, Murray continued to hold roles for Deloitte in Asia Pacific, ultimately becoming managing partner for the Asia Pacific consulting business—12,000 people in 14 countries. In 2006, he put a stop to 120 days a year out of the country and was appointed Chief Executive of Deloitte in New Zealand, and then Chairman from 2012 until his retirement from the firm in 2015. Spending nearly 40 years with the one organisation is something of an anachronism in this modern era of portfolio careers but looking back Murray says the variety of roles and locations never made it feel like it was with one organisation. The longest time he spent in one role was as Chief Executive.

As well as his leadership roles, Murray has had several challenging assignments. The most difficult was an independent review of the Ministry of Social Development's security systems following the Ashburton killings. One of the most interesting was the Ministerial Inquiry into Novopay, the struggling

teachers' payroll system. It was a particular pleasure for him to find that his fellow reviewer was none other than Sir Maarten Wevers, a Rathkeale alumnus—the two overlapped for a couple of years. They had a few hilarious—if they weren't so depressing—moments as they uncovered the extent of the Novopay failings. Murray continues to be an active advisor to Ministers and senior executives in the public sector, most recently completing an independent review into the problems with the 2018 Census.

Alongside his time at Deloitte, Murray has had, and continues to have, a keen interest in public policy. He has been a member of the New Zealand Business Roundtable, an inaugural director of the New Zealand Initiative, New Zealand's largest independent think-tank, and was a member of the policy group of the Australia New Zealand Foundation for several years.

Following his retirement from Deloitte, Murray was appointed to Chair the Financial Markets Authority, New Zealand's financial and securities markets regulator. There he oversaw a significant expansion of the FMA's mandate, ultimate resolution of the litigation

following the collapse of finance companies after the global financial crisis, and successful prosecutions for market manipulation. FMA is widely regarded as one of New Zealand's most effective regulators.

As a Chartered Accountant, Murray has also been actively involved in their professional body. He was a Board member from 2009 to 2019 and in that time played a leading role in the merger of the New Zealand and Australian professional bodies—the first such merger of its kind anywhere in the world. He became the inaugural Chair of Chartered Accountants Australia and New Zealand (in the survey of members to name the new body in 2013 the response was “anything you like as long as it has the words ‘Australia’, ‘New Zealand’, and ‘Chartered Accountants’ in it” —always a creative lot!). This year Murray was admitted as a Life Member, in recognition of his services to the profession.

At 64, Murray is starting to wind down his professional interests but continues as a director of Australian engineering group Aurecon, a member of the advisory board of the New Zealand Defence Force, Chair of advisory board of the public policy advisory firm Iron Duke Partners and a member of the governance group for Inland Revenue's \$1.5 billion business transformation programme.

Murray and Linda married in 1979 and continue to live in Wellington and spend time lazing in the Bay of Islands, whilst their three daughters live in London—Rosalin, a Chartered Accountant; Oho Beach—Eloise the copywriter, and with her husband, part-owner of a cinema; and Auckland—Stella, returned from London in March, tested COVID positive but recovered, and now marketer of liquor brands. With international travel somewhat curtailed, golf increasingly intrudes into the working week.



A one-stop-shop in Woodbourne

Rowan Ingpen (2000-2004) left Rathkeale College with the clear intention of life as an automotive mechanic in his hometown of Dannevirke. Life, however, has taken him in a somewhat different direction.

A few years passed and, with an avid love for bikes, he stopped getting his hand dirty and started selling bikes for Honda. Rowan was always good at talking and sales was a natural transition for him.

After a night with the family, it was decided they would like to buy a family business and hospitality was in their blood, after being raised at the Merryless Hotel in Dannevirke. They searched the country for something that would be big enough to employ his sister Stacey, mother Adrianna and stepfather Richard. The search brought them to Renwick, Marlborough, South Island, a small community situated in the heart of the New Zealand wine region of Renwick, ten kilometres south of Blenheim.

The Woodbourne Tavern has been the heart of the community for over 70 years, beginning as a small pub from two small army huts from Delta Base Camp. It was to serve the servicemen of Delta Camp and Base Woodbourne.

The Ingpen Family purchased the Tavern at the beginning of 2010. The Tavern is made up of a Family Restaurant, Large Function Room, Main Bar with TAB and Gaming Room, a Bottle Store and nine Motel Units.

In ten years, Rowan and his family have built the business up, working on providing a family-friendly environment. Being Finalist in the Hospitality New Zealand Awards for the 'Best Country Pub' in 2017.



The Woodbourne Tavern is a one stop shop, so much so, in fact, that it does "baby showers, weddings and funerals". The tavern employs 26 staff and throughout 2019 helped the community and organisations raise over \$100,000 through fundraisers at the tavern from quiz nights, to dinners and dancing.

It's never a dull moment at the Woody and you never know who is going to walk through the door. With all its busyness Rowan still has to time to spend with his wife and two girls, is an active member of the Renwick Volunteer Brigade, Freemasons and many more organisations including the local Motor Cross Club.

If you are driving by, call in for a pint and chat with Rowan.



Obituaries

It is with sadness that we acknowledge the passing of the following Old Boys.



Zak Patterson

2017-2018

Zak was a welcome addition to the Rathkeale community when he arrived from Stratford High School in 2017. With a raft of skills and an endearing personality that has been described as personality plus, he quickly integrated himself into the life of the College. Within a short time, his sporting prowess was to the fore and he was a valued member of the 2018 1st XV where he was positioned as prop.

Zak possessed remarkable IT skills, having started his own business, that were to lead him into an IT career beyond school. At the time of his death, this career had already made a very promising start.

Also a lover of the outdoors, he enjoyed time spent in the hills and was a keen hunter. He was actively involved with the Stratford Mountain Club on Mt Taranaki.

Zak was the beloved son of Jo and Ian, and much loved big brother to Hannah, Cooper and Keith. His many friends within the school community were stunned by his tragic death in September 2019, the year after he left school. A large contingent of Old Boys, parents and students travelled to Stratford for his funeral.

Rich Smyth

1981-1984

Richard John Morris Smyth died unexpectedly on 6th December 2019 at the young age of 52. From Wellington, Richard spent his secondary school years at Rathkeale, where he was a boarder in Cranleigh House. He then studied at Victoria University and went on to working in marketing and managing a number of businesses, including a pharmacy he and his wife Maryanne owned in Hawkes Bay.

A talented craftsman, he was also involved in building a couple of their own homes in Havelock North. Richard, Maryanne and their son Oscar had only just recently moved into their latest home, a beautiful house on Te Mata Peak that Richard was just finishing off.

Richard was an active man, a keen cyclist and loved working with wood. He and Maryanne had recently spent a month cycling around Sri Lanka before Richard passed away. A wonderful celebration of his life was held in Havelock North.

Stephen Briggs

1965-1968

Stephen joined Rathkeale in the second year of the College's existence and was in the Dayboys' Winchester House and a member of the 1st XV.

Stephen's widow, Judy, reports that he was immensely proud of his old school and of the attributes which his time at Rathkeale gave him. She credits his business success and his involvement in the wider community to the time spent at the school and to the life lessons learnt there.

In recent years Steve has operated Steve's Wholefoods in Palmerston North, a free range butchery and delicatessen business.

Stephen passed away on August 16 and is survived by his wife, four children and six grandchildren.



