

# - Ode to the Class of 72 -



By **Robert Monteath** – Vice Captain in 1972

To the class of 72

Yes it is true

This is your night

So sit tight

There is a reason

you are stuck with me

The health of our **School Captain**

Is not what it used to be

**Ian McPhee** sends his best wishes

To be true

He would love to be with us

But the trip from Queensland he could not do

He hopes we have had

A good life per se

As he bluntly pointed out

We are well over halfway

It's been half a century

Since we left our alma mater

And between 1967 & 72

We became a lot smarter

We now live in Newcastle  
Or around Australia with mates  
And Professor **Wayne Fitzgibbon**  
Has travelled from the United States

As we sit here  
Now that 50 years have gone  
We try to remember  
During our school days what went on

As 1st years we arrived  
All bug eyed  
And soon lost the tag  
On the back of our ties  
Some of the teachers  
We regarded as a prophet  
Like **Slops Mudford, Bill Maiden, Keg McRae**

And of course **Charlie Goffet**

**Charlie** would wave his hanky

Just for fun

Then tell us about a horse

That should have won

There was **Molly Hindmarsh**

Who tried to teach us how to sing

But for most of us

It wasn't our thing

We remember a history teacher

Called **Brian Deller**

Even though he was pom

He wasn't a bad feller

As an English teacher

**Vic Rooney** was always entertaining

But sometimes

He could be very frustrating

During one lesson

He was a bit of an arse

As he had all of us

Standing at the back of the class

He was continuing to teach

And if we committed a breach

He would

With all the strength he could muster

Throw at us

The blackboard duster

As an actor

He wasn't a berk

As he had the lead role

In **John O'Donohue's** – Essington Lewis I am work

Back then

Discipline was different for a student

Such measures today

Would not be called prudent

For those of us who stepped out of line

And had to accept the blame

We tried to work out

Who could hit hardest with the cane

A list of big hitters

Comes to mind

**Carter, Robson, Mudford, Clarke** and **Maiden** were unkind

But whatever they did

To attract our attention

It was far better

Than Friday afternoon detention

One incident

I will always remember

It was in 1st year

Sometime in November

There we were in class

On a Wednesday being taught

It was the last period of the day

Just before sport

On such days

We would have our sports gear with us

Ready to travel

To a game by bus

**Keg McCrae**

Was the teacher out the front

And said something to a student

Which was quite blunt

The kid took offence

And started to back chat

For his efforts

**Keg** clipped over the head with his cricket bat

At recess and lunch time

We looked forward to eat

Something that **Ben Timmins**

Would call a treat

Back then

Pies coke and cream buns were all there

To serve them today

Would be too much of a dare

After lunch

The prefects helped **Ben** close the tuck shop

This meant

Making sure the metal shutters did drop

When the shutters started descending

Greedy hands started extending

To grab whatever food

That was worth taking

But **Mrs Ben** was always there

With a knife she was shaking

As well as living

In the Boys High bubble

And trying

To stay out of trouble

What was 1972's

Headline news

In the Pacific

The French were being pests

By carrying out

Several nuclear tests

**Shane Gould**

Was our best swimmer

At the Munich Olympics

She was a winner  
For the federal election  
**Gough Whitlam** had the winning prescription

And immediately stopped  
Military conscription

It was decided to change

The shopping time

So on a Thursday night

You could shop until nine

In 1967

Nearly all the teachers were male

But by 72

About 10 were female

They all seemed

To fit in well

But for them

Change of period was hell

Along the corridors

A thousand boys would rumble

And the female teachers

Would nearly take a tumble

There are many stories

That are part of the Class of 72 tradition

Here are a couple

Which are well worth a listen

Water bomb season

Was always fun

Most students were hit

By at least one

**John Herron & Neil Harris**

Were in a water bomb fight

**Neil** lined up **John**

Ready to strike

**John** thought the throw was good

And for the impact he braced

But **Neil's** aim was off

And instead he hit teacher **Norm Barnwell** smack in the face

Unhappy **Norm**

Gave them both a dressing down

But to the rest of us

They were the toast of the town

**Rex Gardner**

Was head of the cadets

And after this tale

He had some regrets

**Rex** organised for the cadets

To attend Stockton Rifle range

Where they could partake in combat

If they were game

They were told there would be war games

Over the land

And their rifles would fire blanks

So the day wouldn't be bland

**Ray Buscombe, John Bint**

And a mate or two

Thought this would be

A great thing to do  
But on arrival at Stockton  
They were told blanks were banned  
The boys said what's the point  
The war games should be canned  
**Ray** said No I've got an idea

And went to his backpack  
And from it  
He pulled out a bulging sack  
Out of the sack came tuppenny bangers  
Which counted fifty  
And **Ray** said let's use these bangers  
They will be so nifty  
So without **Rex** knowing  
The banger wargames started  
And into the bush two groups entered

Then parted  
Soon the bangers were lit  
For all to hurl

But no one knew  
What was to unfurl  
Bangers were flying about  
A fact no one could doubt  
But who was really to blame  
When exploded bangers  
Started a bush flame  
At first the fire was small  
With hardly any smoke at all

But the bush was dry  
And the flames grew  
Especially when  
A big southerly blew  
Five hours later  
When the fires receded

To rebuild Stockton Rifle range  
6 months were needed

Needless to say Ray & his mates

Attracted a lot of attention

Since the Boss was cross

They all got 4 weeks of detention

Nearing the end of 1971

The job to announce next year's prefects

Had to done

An assembly

Just after lunch was called

And was to be attended

By all

As each prefect name was called out

The response was a shout

The last name read

Was **Stephen Wright**

But where was he

He wasn't in sight

Where could he be

As the time was not yet three

Finally he arrived

With a smile of glee  
He had been at a house  
Around the corner & up 2 streets  
Spending time with his girlfriend  
Between the sheets  
One of us

Was an innocent boy named **Gavin Green**

Who contrary to popular opinion

Wasn't that mean

It came to be known

That **Gavin** had a twin brother

And **Brian** was his name

And he looked identical to the other

It wasn't **Brian's** fault

But he went to a school

Where not much was taught

Tech High was its name

And of course

It didn't have much fame

Nearing the end

Of 6th year

**Gavin** thought

For a bit of cheer

That **Brian** and he

Should swap schools for a bit

Just to see

If they could get away with it

So **Brian** fronted up

One day to Boys High  
To see if all the teachers  
Would just pass him by  
But **Gavin** had not told him  
About the day before's failed test  
So when **Brian** entered the first classroom

He got 6 of the best  
Break up night  
Was in late September  
And it was  
Quite a night to remember  
I recall  
A blonde Girls High prefect  
Who from every angle  
Was quite perfect  
There we were

In Nobbys Beach sandhills  
Ready to share some thrills  
But I can't tell you any more  
Because in this room

Is my father-in-law  
Just after dawn, some of us  
For a bit a thrill  
Turned up at **Vic Rooney's** house

In Cooks Hill  
Vic opened the door with a snarl  
But became the perfect host  
When he invited us in

For bacon & eggs on toast

Also that night

A few boys used a broom

To break into

The science staff room

Epsom salts

Went into the coffee urn

By noon the next day

A few teachers had a strange yearn

Our 6th year break up

Was a great day

In front of the school

We held a mock speech day

One of the official guests

Arrived in a coffin

Who could it be

Was it some boffin

Not at all

It was **Peter Grivas**

And he was looking

Very mischievous

Another guest arrived

As a matter of course

But this one turned up

On the back of a horse

Looking like Lady Godiva

Who do you think

It was the one and only

**Kim Pink**

Our school days as pimply teenagers

Are well & truly done

But to reflect on them

Has been a bit of fun

It's a time

To reminisce & look back

And for most of us school was great

But for some, it was black

Not everyone fitted in

And for some, school was not enjoyable

And they would say

It was just tolerable

And there are those

To be here they would adore

But their health is such

It would be too much of a chore

Of the 210 in our year

Most started in 1967

But now over 30

Are up in heaven

We don't know how

They met their ends

But we shed a tear

For all our absent friends

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