

**THE
WOOLLAHRA
COLLEAGUES
RUGBY
UNION
FOOTBALL
CLUB**



**ANNUAL REPORT
1967**

THE WOOLLAHRA COLLEAGUES RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL CLUB

OFFICE BEARERS 1967

PATRON: His Worship, The Mayor of Woollahra, Alderman M. E. Lawrence

PRESIDENT: L. J. F. Barraclough, Esq.

VICE-PRESIDENTS: A. Ball, Esq., J. T. Bennett, Esq., G. Berry, Esq.,
C. Diggle, Esq., D. J. F. Grose, Esq., R. Hogan, Esq., W. F. Harvey, Esq.,
N. Isherwood, Esq., H. Lamens, Esq., J. Lamens, Esq., K. McCathie, Esq.,
D. Z. Mathews, Esq., C. Messenger, Esq., G. Moray, Esq., A. Murchison,
Esq., C. Noice, Esq., M. Norburn, Esq., C. O'Dea, Esq., J. Rowe, Esq.,
F. Storch, Esq., Dr. D. Warden, D. V. Wiltshire, Esq., C. Wörner, Esq.

CLUB CAPTAIN: J. Corlis

HON. Secretary: C. Morgan

HON. TREASURER: M. Jex

HON. AUDITOR: L. T. F. Seow, A. A. S. A.

REGISTRAR: M. Howe

CLUB HOUSE MANAGER: G. Pidcock

ASSISTANT CLUB HOUSE MANAGER: B. Chanter

COMMITTEE: H. H. Barraclough, H. Bennett, D. James, J. Orrell, G. Osborne,
N. Palmer, E. Radford.

HON. LIFE MEMBERS: H. H. Barraclough, Esq., L. J. F. Barraclough, Esq.,
J. Herman, Esq., D. Higgins, Esq., K. McLean, Esq.,

DELEGATES TO SUB-DISTRICT: B. Gross, G. Berry

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

1967 was a year of further achievement for this Club and we again had a very successful rugby season. The standard of play in all grades was excellent and it was particularly pleasing to see the improvement in our fifth team, the Judd "B".

There is no doubt that the standard of Sub-District rugby football is increasing every year and the Colleagues Club has the proud record of being one of the strongest Clubs in the Union and it is up to all of us to see that we maintain our high rugby standard in this Club.

Last year I wrote in my Report that we should use our best endeavours in 1967 to restore the Bruce Graham Club Championship Shield to its rightful place in our Clubhouse and this we did in a thrilling victory over the Lane Cove Club. Let us all make sure it stays with us in 1968.

Four teams, Kentwell, Burke, Whiddon and Judd in the Semi Finals and two teams in the Grand Finals was a strong indication of our playing strength this year in Sub-District Football where no less than 80 teams, equal to the combined strength of 1st and 2nd Division, entered the four competitions.

After a tough, thrilling Kentwell Cup Grand Final we went down 16-12 to Lane Cove but all Colleagues were proud of the way our blokes played that day.

Heartiest congratulations to the Whiddon Cup players and coach on their excellent victory against Lindfield. After watching Sub-District football for fifteen years I believe this to be one of the best Whiddon Cup teams in our Union over that period.

Training attendance this year was very good but it can always be better and it should be every player's determination to get himself 100 per cent fit.

The coaches are to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which they prepared their teams and I do hope they offer themselves for selection again this year.

The cricket, squash and tennis teams within the Club are to be congratulated on their performances in 1967 and these activities assist greatly in keeping Colleagues together in the "off" season.

1967 is past so, we Colleagues look to 1968 to achieve even greater rugby heights and to remain the STRONGEST Club in Sub-District Rugby Union.

Good luck to Colleagues in 1968.

JOHN BARRACLOUGH

HON. SECRETARY'S REPORT

As you will know the Secretary for most of the season including the playing part was Ken Watson who has left us for post-graduate studies overseas. You will remember that he was presented with a tankard which we trust he will put to good use.

1967 was another successful season for the Colleagues both on and off the field, we ran five sides and made many more friends. The name Colleague has become synonymous with a good player both on and off the field.

In the international field our game of rugby continues both to flourish and to progress. The Wallabies arrived on these shores after being voted one of the most attractive sides ever to play the game; their efforts have really revitalised the game. The 'All Blacks' have seen the light and are making every effort to make the game more attractive - they are still acknowledged as the best in the world and we look forward to seeing them later on.

The game continues to advance in Sydney and particularly in the union to which we belong. At the moment the Metropolitan Sub-District Rugby Union has some 40 clubs and 80 teams.

By the time you receive this report the union will be strengthened by the addition of the following teams :-

Articled Clerks
Corinthians
Lidcombe - Berala
Junior Catholic Men
South Carlton
Merrylands
Barker Old Boys
Blue Mountains

Good luck for 1968

CHRIS. MORGAN
Hon. Secretary.

KENTWELL CUP

Once again we come to the difficult task of trying to put on paper the story of six months of sweat and endeavour. Starting at the end, the season culminated in a Grand - Final appearance against our opponents of last year, Lane Cove in which the team just failed to win against that club in the semi - final going down 12 - 15.

The season began with a rather slow start with a loss to the C.B.C. club 11 - 14. This I think was due to a minimal pre - season preparation caused by the summer commitments of many members. However the team then started to move quite well, recording some good wins, even though we were having some difficulty in settling a few positions. Particular reference should be made at this point to Angus Walker who capably fulfilled the role of half-back although not having played in the position before, and also to Harvey Wellman and David Saywell, who of necessity had to change positions later in the season. The end of the first round saw the team in third position on the competition table, having lost to Lane Cove and surprisingly to Bank of N.S.W. who scored their first win at our expense.

The second half of the season began in rather a different manner with a 31 - 0 win over C.B.C. and going on to win every game except one.

The team was very capably led by David Saywell, who was well supported by Charles O'Hanlon in the forwards. These players and myself received great support from all members of the team and it was this cooperation that was a major factor in creating the happy and enjoyable atmosphere within the team throughout the season.

Congratulations to the six players whose names are listed elsewhere in this magazine, who were selected to play in the successful M.S.D.R.U. Team against Queensland Sub - District. Also to Harvey Wellman who was awarded the Kentwell Best and Fairest Trophy, and on behalf of the Kentwell Team, congratulations to all premierships winners, especially our own Whiddon Cup Team and to the various trophy winners within our club.

In conclusion I express my sincerest appreciation for a happy season to all players who appeared in the Kentwell Team, to men who played the game well, fairly and to win.

EDDIE RADFORD
COACH

Kentwell Team

D. James, P. Rundle, D. Hogan, Chris White, J. Noice, A. Walker, I. Edwards, P. Mirrabelli, T. Radford, B. Blakemore, T. Massey, K. Jones, R. Cheatham, B. Donald, M. Nicholls, H. Blue, D. Saywell, H. Wellman, J. Lamb, C. O'Hanlon, T. Slade, R. Smith, M. Flynn, A. Springhall, J. Messenger

1967 SEASON - BOURKE CUP

The season started very well for the Bourke Team. There was a lot of new and developing talent in the club and we had a good side which, with a variety of opponents, was undefeated through the trials and till the end of the first round, when we were soundly thrashed by Bank of New South Wales.

In this round we registered some great wins, over Lane Cove and Briars, the latter was particularly pleasing for the crowd as it provided some of the best copy book back line movements, by Tim Slade, Chris White and the others, seen in the club for some time.

The Second Round started well and we were again undefeated until late in the round. We beat Newington O.B. and had our revenge on the Bank of New South Wales, but were narrowly beaten by the very strong and experienced Briars team in the last round.

We were Minor Premiers in our competition, but Briars had shown they would be hard to beat. They again narrowly beat us the next Saturday in the Semi-Final - a hard fought and exciting game.

Our only chance then was to beat the Bank of New South Wales, which we failed to do as they reproduced the enthusiastic and intelligent game they had played in the first round and proved too good on the day - so the season was over for us.

A great many players passed through the team, but it would be only fair to mention the team stalwarts K. Wilkie-Smith and Ken Jones, Tim Slade, Chris White, Vance Lowry, Doc Watson and our full backs John Messenger and Don James.

We had a good pack, with Mike Jepson (Best and Fairest), Max Connery, Bob Snelling, Bruce Chanter and Bob Caldwell and Phil Mirrabelli to name a few.

It is a pity we could not have gone further into the Grand Final, but Petersham would have been very difficult to defeat. Nevertheless, we had an enjoyable and reasonably successful season for the Club.

KEN TURNER

Bourke Team

J. Messenger, K. Watson, H. Blue, D. Saywell, P. Daley, B. O'Malley-Jones, D. Moses, R. Smith, J. Cooper, M. Flynn, T. Ries, S. Atkinson, B. Chanter, B. Wiedersehay, G. Osborne, P. Rundle, C. White, J. Lamb, W. Hunter, M. Jepson, R. McCuaig, V. Lowry, T. Slade, P. Mirrabelli, K. Jones, R. Cheatham, A. Springhall, R. Caldwell, J. Nelson, R. Wilkie-Smith, R. Snelling, M. Connery, A. Horsell, D. James

WHIDDON A

For the second time in the history of this Club the Whiddon Cup has been won and on this occasion by what is regarded as the strongest team the Club has entered in this competition. There were four divisions comprising in excess of thirty teams and it was no mean feat to win all but two games throughout the season. An indication of the teams merit is apparent from the points scored for and against.

Full credit for this success goes to Bob Lygo the Captain, whose leadership was an all important ingredient, but final success is only the result of fifteen men playing as a team. Of the forwards, who became so pre-occupied with "the wedge", such names as McCuaig, Taylor, Hirst and Atkinson come to mind. It was the forwards who "steam rolled" the opposition regularly, whilst Max Connery and later George Osborne ensured maximum balls from the scrums; David Clement did the same from the line-outs.

In the backs Dick Chauvel and later Peter Ball showed determination and an ability to get the back line moving and penetrating. In the grand final they were lead by the vice-captain Roger Smith, but no-one present on that day will forget the play of Peter Kinsella, Mike Pelly, Arthur Springall and Chris Blundell. Allan Horsell as full back got the team out of trouble on more than one occasion and many points came from Mike Pelly's boot.

The season ended on a happy note with a week-end at Scotland Island hosted by Peter Ball.

Team for Grand Final:-

Bob Lygo (Captain), Roger Smith (Vice Captain), Bob McCuaig, George Osborne, Tom Taylor, Tony Hirst, Simon Atkinson, David Clement, Mike Flynn, Peter Ball, Peter Kinsella, Mike Pelly, Arthur Springall, Chris Blundell and Allan Horsell.

Other regular members:-

Max Connery, John Sutton, Ian Moray, Dick Chauvel, Tony Clifford, Peter Daly, John White, Pat Rundle and Ken Watson.

CHARLES VANDERVORD

Whiddon Cup Team Points for the 1967 Season:

	Played	Won	Points
	14	12	24
	206	Against	45

The 1967 Judd Cup side was set a big task by the all conquering 66 side and went within a hair's breadth of emulating its predecessor. Under the leadership and inspiration of Norm Palmer, the 1967 Judd side played bright enterprising football and looked to have the trophy 'home and hosed' for another year, until they were pipped in extra time in the final (after suffering losses through injury and promotions) by that bogey team from Lane Cove.

The season started promisingly enough with only one draw in the first round and an enviable for and against average. Although disaster struck at the beginning of the second round with the loss of Norm, the team still did well to finish with only one loss (in a not to be forgotten free for all at Tunks Park) for the first two rounds.

The forwards were moulded into a strong and formidable combination making up for some lack of size with knowhow, enthusiasm and tons of determination. They were ably led by Jack 'follow-me-fellows' Nelson and Vic Kelly, who together with Roger Corbin, Mike Green, Monty Howe, Brad Wiedersen, Bob Cameron and Geoff Pidcock formed a strong hard rucking pack. On varying occasions they were ably supported by such players as Tom Taylor, Nick Pailthorpe, John Sutton, Ian Moray, Tony Hurst, Henry Bennett, Tony Reece, Ray Hickey, Bill Blackmore, Dave Clements and others, when they were available from other sides.

Ever ready to capitalize on the good work of the forwards were the always (?) alert (sorry I can't say 'fleet footed' backs), composed of Dave Moses, Rick 'the Marshall' Chauvel, Norm Palmer, Bernie Cross, Peter Daly, Tony Clifford, Geoff Swanson, Doug Sully, Ken Watson, Ron Harriden, Bill Rowlings, John White, John Butcher, Peter Ball, Peter Kinsella, Jim Fiddes, Mike Pelly and Chris Blundell. These players at all times endeavoured to throw the ball about and the rewards of these tactics were shown by the good try scoring of 'Hands' Sully, Bernie Cross and Ken Watson.

Special mention should be made of two outstanding features of the team's back play. Firstly, to coach, captain and driving force Norm Palmer (to whom we wish all the best in his jaunt overseas) who, both on and off the field, was an inspiration to his team and who was ever ready to capitalise on the mistakes of our opponents with his golden boot. Secondly, to our find and convert of the season, fullback John Butcher, whose spectacular catching and kicking (especially in the semi against E. S. & A. Bank) continually had the large crowds which throng to the early game on their toes.

Thanks must go to our coaches (in Norm's absence) John Barraclough, Charlie Vandervord (doubling up), Wal Corlis, Gordon McGrath and Tony Clifford for making Thursday night the most 'miserable bloody night of the week'. Thanks also to our loyal band of spectators (?).

JUDD B

1967 was a remarkable season. At the outset Judd 'B' was just a collection of ungraded players and were considered just a drawing force for the higher graded teams who earned points for the Club Championship.

The close of the season saw a team which had developed good combination, a real sense of purpose and a fierce team spirit.

Ably led throughout the season by their Captain, David Hickie, Judd 'B' recorded three wins, two draws and many moral victories to their credit.

Some of the memorable games that I recall where battles for superiority took place were against Peakhurst-Lugarno and Smithfield. While the victories over Commonwealth Bank were glorious to see. The final game which shall go down in Judd 'B' history when a valiant fifteen held the then leaders, Lindfield, to a Nil all draw, was a triumph of combination and sheer determination, especially as the team dinner had been held the previous evening with much merriment and many a sore head the following day.

The team comprised of:

- Forwards: David Hickie, Bruce Diggie, John Quan, Chris Fay, Chris Egan, John Rixon, Nick Palethorpe, Charlie Alma, Peter Howe, Tony Reis, Ken Hall, Mike Lacy, Mike Faulkner, John Williamson, Mike Green, Bill Frew, Phil Riddle, Rodger Jenkins, Wayne Routledge, Mike Jepson, Ray Hickey.
- Backs: Colin Clouse, David Moses, Peter Backhouse, Bain Kelly, Gil Whelan, John Evans, Peter McWiggin, Chris Morgan, Phil Miersen, Peter Kinsella, Brian Wackett, Mike Dale, Harry Donald, Jeff Swanson, Mike Pelly.
- Utility Players: Adrian Thurlow, Ron Harriden, Claude Gauchat, Geoff Pidcock, Dennis Wall, Malcolm Mulwhinney, Bob Berry, John Boyce.

Judging by the promise shown by the players in the latter half of the season we look forward with confidence to greater success in 1968.

ANTHONY FARRELL

TROPHY WINNERS 1967

Honour Cap George Osborne

Best and Fairest

- | | | | |
|-------------|------------------|----------------------------|--------------|
| Kentwell | Harvey Wellman | Most Improved Player: | Rod Smith |
| Bourke | Mick Jepson | Leading Point Scorer : | Dave Saywell |
| Whiddon 'A' | Mike Pelly | Challenge Trophy - | |
| Judd 'A' | Brad Wiedersehay | (Team scoring most Tries): | Whiddon |
| Judd 'B' | Chris Fay | Oldest and Boldest : | Norm Palmer |

COMPETITION POINTS FOR 1967 SEASON

	Won	Lost	Drew	Points For	Points Against	Competition Points
<u>KENTWELL CUP</u>						
Lane Cove	14	-	-	223	58	28
Colleagues	10	4	-	226	102	20
Newington O.B.	8	6	-	165	133	16
B.N.S.W.	6	6	2	119	159	14
Briars	6	7	1	188	139	13
Knox O.B.	5	9	-	153	174	10
Trinity O.B.	4	10	-	143	229	8
C.B.C.	1	12	1	84	307	3
<u>BOURKE 'A'</u>						
Colleagues	12	2	-	180	87	24
Briars	11	3	-	129	71	22
Newington O.B.	9	4	1	155	78	19
B.N.S.W.	6	6	2	150	84	14
Lane Cove	6	7	1	84	97	13
Trinity O.B.	3	10	1	86	157	7
C.B.C.	3	10	1	57	198	7
Knox O.B.	3	11	-	92	151	6
<u>WHIDDON 'A'</u>						
Colleagues	12	2	-	206	45	24
Lane Cove	11	3	-	142	84	22
Briars	10	4	-	122	59	20
Knox O.B.	9	5	-	136	95	18
B.N.S.W.	8	6	-	140	98	16
Newington O.B.	4	10	-	79	104	8
C.B.C.	2	12	-	55	218	4
Trinity O.B.	-	14	-	51	228	-
<u>JUDD 'A'</u>						
Lane Cove	13	1	-	144	36	26
Colleagues	11	2	1	168	22	23
E.S. & A.	9	3	2	114	53	20
Briars	6	7	1	122	87	13
B.N.S.W.	6	7	1	65	93	13
Newington O.B.	4	9	1	66	158	9
St. Leo's O.B.	4	10	1	80	135	8
Trinity O.B.	-	14	-	53	228	-

COMPETITION POINTS FOR 1967 SEASON (continued)

<u>JUDD 'B'</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Lost</u>	<u>Drew</u>	<u>Points For</u>	<u>Points Against</u>	<u>Competition Points</u>
Lindfield	9	2	3	105	37	21
Parramatta	9	3	2	119	69	20
Peakhurst-Lugarno	7	3	4	140	65	18
Petersham	8	4	2	83	60	18
Smithfield	6	6	2	79	50	14
S. H. O. B.	6	6	1	110	89	13
Colleagues	3	9	2	60	115	8
Commonwealth	-	14	-	23	234	-

QUALIFIERS FOR SEMI-FINALS 1967 SEASON

KENTWELL CUP

Lane Cove	28
Colleagues	20
Newington O. B.	16
Bank of N. S. W.	14

BOURKE CUP 'A'

Colleagues	24
Briars	22
Newington O. B.	19
Bank of N. S. W.	14

WHIDDON CUP 'A'

Colleagues	24
Lane Cove	22
Briars	20
Knox O. B.	18

WHIDDON CUP 'D'

Gordon	24
Reserve Bank	23
Normanhurst O. B.	20
Enterprise	18

JUDD CUP 'A'

Lane Cove	26
Colleagues	23
E. S. & A. Bank	20
Briars	13

BOURKE CUP 'B'

Kings O. B.	22
Chatswood	20
S. H. O. B.	19
Petersham	19

WHIDDON CUP 'B'

S. H. O. B.	26
Lindfield	22
Petersham	20
Kings O. B.	16

WHIDDON CUP 'C'

Dundas	23
Long Reef	18
Haberfield	16
Bondi S. L. S. C.	12

JUDD CUP 'C'

Macquarie University	22
Hunters Hill	22
Eastwood	18
Cammeray-N'bridge	15

RESULTS OF SEMI-FINALS 1967 SEASON

First Semi-Final 5th August, 1967

JUDD 'A'

Colleagues	13	E. S. & A.	6
------------	----	------------	---

WHIDDON 'A'

Colleagues	17	Knox O. B.	-
------------	----	------------	---

BOURKE 'A'

Briars	11	Colleagues	8
--------	----	------------	---

Second Semi-Final 12th August, 1967

KENTWELL CUP

Colleagues	15	Lane Cove	11
------------	----	-----------	----

BOURKE

B. N. S. W.	12	Colleagues	9
-------------	----	------------	---

WHIDDON 'A'

Colleagues	9	Briars	-
------------	---	--------	---

JUDD 'A'

Lane Cove	12	Colleagues	6
-----------	----	------------	---

Finals 19th August, 1967

KENTWELL CUP

Colleagues	Bye
------------	-----

WHIDDON 'A'

Colleagues	15	Long Reef	9
------------	----	-----------	---

Grand Final 26th August, 1967

KENTWELL CUP

Lane Cove	16	Colleagues	12
-----------	----	------------	----

WHIDDON 'A'

Colleagues	14	Lindfield	3
------------	----	-----------	---

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

1.	COLLEAGUES	228
2.	LANE COVE	221
3.	BRIARS	171
4.	NEWINGTON	146
5.	B. N. S. W.	143
6.	LINDFIELD	129
7.	S. H. O. B.	124
8.	PETERSHAM	115
9.	KINGS	98
10.	KNOX	94
11.	CHATSWOOD	70
12.	TRINITY	53
13.	R. A. A. F.	52
14.	GORDON	48
15.	NORMANHURST	48
16.	DUNDAS	46

MOREE TRIP, 1967

From the moment that Wal Corlis called for a "show of hands" at training one frigid night in July, it was evident that Moree '67 would make Expo of the same date look like a country fair. In that instant, when the chilly air of Woollahra was filled with upstretched arms (slightly bent at the elbow - a legacy of debauched living) in response to Wal's proposal, it was evident that the trip would go down in Colleagues annals as a "Blinder". I use the word only after careful premeditation; my own vision was impaired to such an extent that even four days after our return I was still seeing double.

For the first time ever, all the troops had gathered at Mascot a good twenty minutes early. It was a bad sign. We were all mentally alert before we'd even boarded the plane. A couple of familiar die-hards couldn't make it, unfortunately Eddie Radford was sorely missed when it came to shambolizing the pub and criticising the barmaids; Dave Saywell was absent because he'd had the misfortune to dislocate the wrong shoulder, and wouldn't have been able to perform very well with only one hand; and others who, no doubt, will be grateful for their anonymity, were prevented from joining us for a variety of reasons. (Harry Donald "went off" that day, and therefore couldn't make it. Somebody told me he also got married! Fringe benefits I suppose!).

Forty-one carefully dehydrated Colleagues boarded their Ansett-A. N. A. flight on the morning of Saturday, 7th October. Fortunately, they all realised that

Reg Ansett was no philanthropist when it came to dispensing the nectar of the Gods, and so the men were adequately prepared, boarding the Fokker (rather significant, I thought) with anonymous little airway bags that contained anything but football gear. That, a couple of guitars, and a well thumbed songbook of dubious origin made up the luggage. (Our farewell committee, Keryn Stevenson Noice, was asked by a little old lady if it was a rock group she was observing through her pince nez. When told it was a football team, the old dear's reply was evidently not too flattering. Keryn was too much of a lady to elaborate).

The plane trip to Moree could be described in one word. At least that's what I'm told. For myself, I can't think of one which would adequately cover the events of that 1½ hours. "Shambolic" is a little too vague; "Chaotic" is somewhat misleading; there was definitely method in our madness; "Orgiastic" isn't accurate either. An "orgy" has overtones of female excess, as well as male, and hell, our hostesses weren't all that co-operative. Anyhow, the trip was "eventful" (note the understatement). We drank, sang, hostess-baited, and drank, not necessarily in that order. The hostesses were, loosely speaking, sweet. (Compared with the ones we had (?) on the way back, they were veritable angels). It was only when they discovered a considerable amount of Scotch missing (for which they were reimbursed) that their indelible smiles took on a rather strained appearance. By that time we had arrived in Moree, and when we were poured out of our plane - disembarked I'm told - it must have resembled something like Armageddon - the only difference being the Greeks didn't have beer cans to leave on their battlefield.

The Moree R. U. F. C. turned out in strength to welcome us. Copious numbers of cans were then consumed - and we needed them like a hole in the head - and we were then transported to Gurley, 17 miles away, where the local rodeo was about to eventuate. There the carefully pre-meditated plan of the Moree R. U. F. C. swung into action. The casualty list after the bullock ride included Pete Daley (injured cerebral area - damage permanent), John Noice (damage a little bit lower down) and Bruce Diggle (too embarrassing to talk about). The rest of the blokes pursued the two legged (female) beasts with notable lack of success, while Fred Storch recorded their attempts for Cinesound and posterity.

We then meandered back to Moree, relieving the shire of a few surplus sign posts en route, and after some quick beers we found ourselves at the showground, where our hosts had arranged a barbecue-cum-drinks. After some magnificent steaks, we set about the more serious part of the evening, in typical Moree style there was enough beer to supply a battalion, but in typical Colleagues form, we consumed a battalions worth of beer. The night provided a number of entertaining sidelights. (One of Moree's less capable drinkers (probably the only one) declared himself fit to take on the whole room whilst balancing precariously from a beam high overhead. He was somewhat discouraged when hit in the head by a 6ft x 4ft piece of pineboard. Had it hit him anywhere else it may have done some harm.) The inevitable songs were sung, and a few of the indigenous female population had their minds broadened as a result.

A move to some club or other seemed in order, and an ever-thirsty contingent of locals and visitors took over the Moree Club. Bruce Donald came in shrieking a demand to know "where the action was". The look on his face when he turned around and found himself face to face with the manager will go down in history.

It was on for young (Mal) and old (Harvey) when we finally returned to the pub. Harvey Wellman and I had some trouble with a middle-aged lady who claimed we were making too much noise. (Rumour has it that she was the publican's wife.) After I had replied, she thought it more diplomatic to retire to her cot. Meanwhile a further unscheduled party was in progress on the footpath outside the hotel. Usually reliable sources claim that Bruce Chanter (on foot) lost a race to the local constabular (on wheels), though I cannot confirm this report for at this time I was fighting for my life in a little tiled room upstairs.....

The attendance at breakfast on the Sunday was poor. Those who were billeted made the most of the opportunities available to them. One of our number even bagged a 'roo. The pub-dwellers were treated to a guided tour of a hereford stud during the morning. Particular attention, of course, was paid to the bulls.

Eventually, we faced up to the reason - excuse? - for our mission. The football games were scheduled for 1.00 pm on the Sunday. At about 1.30 there were some very pale and anaemic looking troops arriving at the ground. Eventually the Bourke took to the field. The temperature, meanwhile, was about 400 degrees - Centigrade or Fahrenheit - it was still very hot. There was a distinct lack of enthusiasm on the field. Reflexes were slow, brains numb, eyeballs painful and tongues like parchment. It would therefore be difficult to rate the game as a masterpiece of football technique. It was entertaining though, if for no other than sadistic reasons. Even the Maritime Services Board's public enemy number one - John Messenger - (that thorn in the side of Sydney-Hobart yacht crews) - failed to last the distance. He consequently retired to the sideline - a decision which was roundly applauded by the near-capacity crowd of 147½ people. (The result? - I nearly forgot, - won.)

The Kentwell took to the field with about 10 men. The numbers swelled to 17 after ten minutes, and finally settled down to about 14, give or take a couple. One of the problems was Noise. Keryn wasn't there to take him to the ground, so he broke down and cried. It took a fire brigade, a 'phone call to Life Line and the entire Moree Police Force to straighten him out, (and even when he finally made it he was as good as two men short!) (Sorry John!)

I can't really report on the match. I don't remember much about it. It took the rival captains about 10 minutes to persuade the ref. that 15 minutes each way was a bit over the odds. We were about to flip a coin to decide the winner when our consciences started to worry us, and, as we felt sorry for the crowd, we decided to give them a bit of "Champagne Rugby". The "champers" was probably a bit flat, but as I stated above, I was in no condition to do much about it. Even the thought of

Champagne Rugby made me ill. I do remember thinking, early in the first half, that someone may have eaten a bad oyster the night before. That was the only way I could explain the.....no, forget it. I was told later that we'd won. Not that we'd played better football, mind you, just that we didn't like the idea of walking back from Moree to Sydney.

The games were followed by you know what - then we had a few more beers and another magnificent barbeque. Con Romalis - the Elsa Maxwell of Moree - officially welcomed us, and Wal Corliss and John Barraclough told the assembled crowd (148½ - one of the birds couldn't wait) how lucky they were to have us there - no doubt a statement to be later hotly disputed. After the traditional boat-races (both sides claiming a victory - that's also traditional) we had a stockwhip exhibition which, incidentally proved to be a hazardous pastime for the uninitiated. With darkness falling and Reg Ansett pulling his hair out by the roots, we very reluctantly made our way to the airport - leaving behind, of course, a trail of broken hearts.

Biggles, the skipper of our Spitfire, wasn't too keen on the 'roo that was thrust into the cargo hold.....nor the guide post for that matter. He was positively disgruntled about the hostess - and anyway, she wasn't wearing a baggage label. Meanwhile, "Ginger" Hebblethwaite, the co-pilot, was standing at the top of the gangway, trembling. He was heard to mutter something like "Give me the Luftwaffe any day".

We finally made it onto the plane, an operation that required considerable skill on the part of some Moree men. The icy countenance of the hostess who greeted (?) us would have chilled the hearts of the most hardened campaigners. The drought set in for about 15 minutes and rumblings were coming from stomachs and mouths of the 41 bottomless pits on board. Our fame (a dubious compliment) had certainly spread. The nervous Ansett versions of the now-famous Susan Joneses were huddling - cowering - at the rear of the plane. This was unfortunate, for they were blocking the door to the you-know-what, and our kidneys were beginning to complain somewhat. After some deft PR work, we finally managed to get some beer, using Colleagues' stewards, who, though not as attractive perhaps, were just as functional, and equally as co-operative.

The overseas terminal was next to have the honour of our company. We sang "Waltzing Matilda" to a departing American woman, and consequently won her heart. The same could not be said of the terminal's management, for he didn't have one (heart, that is), and it was decided that we should deny them of our business.

Funnily enough, we all made it back to our respective abodes - as far as I know, without incident. In the brief thirty-six hour bout, we had managed to chalk up some amazing statistics. I dare say that they'll never make the "Guinness Book of Records", but I know a few Colleagues who will, in seasons to come, have plenty of good material which, when suitably exaggerated, will make for some interesting listening.

Finally, (almost), may I pay tribute to some of the heavies. Con Romalis first and foremost, is to be thanked and congratulated. He would be the one man who could run the Moree Club into debt and get away with it, which is exactly what happened as a result of our trip. Not once were we short of a beer, an escort, or some hilarious, if unscheduled entertainment. Granted, he did arrange to maim a few of our number, but as I emerged unscratched, I'm not complaining. My fervent desire is that we reciprocate when Moree return the trip during the coming season. We will have a very high standard to maintain. From our end, Wal Corlis, Tony Hurst and John Barraclough are to be lauded for their efforts. After the trail of havoc we left behind, and the mental and physical anguish which we inflicted on the unsuspecting, I can only hope, and (less frequently) pray, that their consciences are at ease and that they can sleep soundly in their beds at night.

CHARLES O'HANLON.

Cont'd from Page 11.

(Footnote; One of our number, Rod Smith in fact, made such a hit in Moree that he was invited back for their Rugby Union Ball. No accounting for tastes, is there?)

JUDD A (Cont'd from Page 11.)

Congratulations to our Whiddon Cup side, including many invaluable pilfered Judd players, on winning the Whiddon Cup for the first time in the Club's history.

Finally I would like to congratulate Macquarie University for their well deserved first up win and thank them even at this early date for looking after the trophy for the Colleagues 1968 Judd Cup side.

TONY CLIFFORD.

Captain.

JUDD A TEAM

G. Swanson, J. Fiddes, D. Sully, R. Harriden, B. Grose, A. Springhall, N. Palmer, C. Morgan, M. Holloway, M. Howe, I. Moray, B. Frew, D. Hickey, J. Nelson, M. Green, B. Cameron, B. Diggle, M. Pelly, C. Gauchet, T. Ries, V. Kelly, R. Corbin, G. Gulliver, D. Moses, J. Sutton, D. Clement, D. Earl, M. Flynn, B. Wiederschay, H. Donald, J. Butcher, P. Ball, K. Hall, R. Snelling, S. Clark, R. Hickey, J. White, G. Pidcock, T. Clifford, H. Bennett, B. Blakemore.

CRICKET REPORT

Through the wisdom of our elders and the success of last year, Colleagues entered two teams in the Woollahra District Cricket Association competition. This gave more members the opportunity of participating in sport during the off season. Some members picking up a bat for the first time in many years, or for the first time ever, due to their keenness and lack of knowledge of the game, at times, threw their whole body into it. Bruce Donald was outstanding at this type of cricket, closely followed by John Noice.

The two teams missed out on what is generally known as competition success. The word 'success' in our cricket is synonymous with our oldest and boldest footballer, Norman Palmer. Without Norm, the cricket administrators have realised the need for a Cricket Annual Meeting and a selection body.

The best and most consistent performer has been the A Reserve speedster, Harvey Wellman. Against Paddington Colts he provided the highlight of the season by securing a 'hat-trick'. His bowling has always been of a high standard, and to date he has captured 40 wickets.

The fifth innings i.e. the Rose Bay Hotel, provided the supporters and players with ample time to discuss 'which dropped catch lost the match'.

DON JAMES.

TENNIS

During last year Colleagues entered two teams in the Winter Competition of the Eastern Suburbs Tennis Association, one in A Grade Division 2, and the other in the A3 Grade. Both teams did not fare too well, only having the occasional win. Tony Howe did best of all our players and won all of his matches. The other players due to the difficulty of getting up to arrive at the courts at 9 o'clock Sunday Mornings, played somewhat spasmodically.

It is our intention once again to enter teams next year.

PHIL MIRABELLI

SQUASH

Colleagues again entered a team in the Rugby Union Summer Squash Competition. This competition has now grown to fourteen teams with the inclusion of the Second Division teams, South Sydney, Hornsby and Warringah. Colleagues retain the distinction of being the only sub-district team to participate in this competition.

In last season's competition, Colleagues were defeated in the Semi-final by Eastern Suburbs. This season Colleagues have fielded an even stronger team. After 8 rounds, the team has recorded 6 wins and 2 losses, both losses being by the narrowest of margins. It is anticipated that the team will complete the round without further loss.

Individual results are:-

1. Chris Donnan	(3 wins, 2 losses)
2. John Butcher	(7 " 1 ")
3. Dave Hickie (Capt.)	(7 " 1 ")
4. Rod Smith	(3 " 0 ")
5. Don James	(5 " 2 ")
6. Chris White	(1 " 0 ")

Although 5 matches are yet to be played, Colleagues are virtually guaranteed a position in the semi-finals with an excellent chance of winning through to the final.

The support of club members at the semi-final and (final?) would be welcomed. Supper and good cheer are liberally dispensed after each match.

DAVE HICKIE.