

**THE
WOOLLAHRA
COLLEAGUES
RUGBY
UNION
FOOTBALL
CLUB**



**ANNUAL REPORT
1976**

**WOOLLAHRA COLLEAGUES RUGBY UNION
FOOTBALL CLUB**

PHONE 371 5356
P.O. Box 197, Double Bay 2028

1976 OFFICE BEARERS

PATRON:	His Worship the Mayor of Woollahra Alderman G. J. O'Neill.	
PRESIDENT:	Eddie Redford	
VICE-PRESIDENTS:	A. Ball, Esq. G. Berry, Esq. J. Corlis, Esq. D. Grosse, Esq. H. Lamens, Esq. C. Messenger, Esq. A. Murchison, Esq. M. Norburn, Esq. G. Osborne, Esq. C. Vandervord, Esq. R. Harriden, Esq.	J. Barraclough, Esq. J. Bunce, Esq. C. Diggle, Esq. W. Harvey Esq. K. McCathie, Esq. G. Moray, Esq. C. Noice, Esq. C. O'Dea ,Esq. F. Storch, Esq. C. Dorner, Esq.
CLUB CAPTAIN:	Gtoff Robbins	
SECRETARY:	Pady Lord	
TREASURER:	Chris White	
CLUB HOUSE MANAGER:	Mike Twemlowe	
REGISTRAR:	Bruce Diggle	
COMMITTEE:	B. Diggle, R. Caldwell, B. Gooch, M. Caspers, M. Pilcher, B. Wiederson.	
HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS:	A. Ball, J. Barraclough, M.L.A., J. Corlis, J. Herman, D. Higgins, K. McLean, C. Messenger, C. Noice, G. Osborne, E. Rcdford, C. Diggle, C. Vandervord.	
LIFE MEMBERS:	T. Jackson, R. McCuaig, C. Egan. G Fairfax,	

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

1976 — a memorable year for Colleagues.

Beginning with the tour to U.K. and U.S.A., we witnessed the culmination of a great deal of hard work and dedication by many members and supporters of Colleagues.

As the year progressed the club attracted many new members and it was a pleasure to see the competition for positions so well contested.

The innovation for Old Colleagues Day to be held on a home competition game was a great success, well attended by regulars and many faces we have not seen for years. It was noted on that day that the Briars Club and Colleagues are the only two clubs to have remained continuously in the senior grades of sub-district competitions for over 20 years.

You will notice several improvements in the clubhouse, particularly in the change rooms, and your committee has reserved places for the club coaches in the Rugby Union pre-season coaching seminars for 1977.

Plans are well in hand for a tour to the West Coast of U.S.A. in the next off-season.

The Cricket Club is continuing in the City and Suburban Association being fortunate in having most games at home.

However, club training attendances were not as well attended as they should be, and this, I believe, contributed to the number of injuries sustained throughout the season, and more importantly reflected in competition results. Colleagues have always welcomed the player who may not have the opportunity for formal training sessions and many times these members have proved themselves in competition and won selection in the top teams. This year it became evident that many mistook this for a lax attitude by club officials and consequently selectors and performances were seriously affected.

Rugby is a team game and as competitions get increasingly harder the teams that train together and understand each other will prevail. A selfish attitude affects the club from top to bottom.

At this time, I thank all committee members for their efforts during the year, also those members of various sub-committees responsible for social functions and fund raising activities, etc.

As this is my last year as President, I express my thanks to all those who have worked for and supported and played for Colleagues during my terms as President.

EDWARD RADFORD.

HONORARY SECRETARY'S REPORT

Pre-season administration was hampered by the majority of Committee members "playing" on their overseas tour. However, as usual, Ron Harriden came to the rescue, and gave substantial help in arranging pre-season trials.

Due to lack of membership, the club fielded only 4 sides, and it is hoped that the incoming Committee can revitalise the feeling within the club, in order to improve its membership levels. Whilst the results on the field were not as we would have liked, I would like to plead with our new members to return to Colleagues in 1977, so that we can continue to build, and return to those glories of past years. We can only do that by sheer hard work, and not by reliving memories.

Social functions this year comprised disco-nights, the Annual Ball, Trophy Night and Old Colleagues Day. The latter was a tremendous success, credit for the arrangements must go to Ron Harriden—again! The format this year was changed by incorporating the function during a Sub-District match against old friends, Briars. It was good to see a lot of old colleagues again, and it was also good to see our members getting stuck in and helping with arrangements.

The Annual Ball was a financial disaster, with the Turn-out being described as miserable. Without doubt the arrangements will be, and have been, criticised, and the criticism accepted.

In his report in 1973 the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Glenn Turner, recommended a post of Social Functions Organiser to be elected by the members as a formal post on the Committee. I fully concur, and re-submit that suggestion for the year 1977. Negotiations for the tour to the West Coast of the U.S.A. are virtually complete, and fund raising will be essential, hence, the election of a Social Functions Organiser will serve a dual purpose.

Administratively and financially this year was a successful one, and reflects the works of the Committee and some hard working members. I have no doubt that these people will be thanked for their efforts in other reports.

I cannot finish this report without offering sincere thanks to our outgoing President, Eddie Radford. He has been a loyal supporter and an untiring worker for the club.

The future of the club is in your hands, and if you feel you can run the club better than this Committee, then stand for election tonight. I believe the Committee needs new blood, and not totally depend on older members who have served as Committee Members several times.

PADDY LORD.

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT

Fourth in the Club Championship or was it fifth. Again no penants indicative of a team winning a Grand Final.

It would be foolish not to show disappointment at this year's results, or to ignore those of previous years and pretend that our predicament is only temporary. Many advocate that the lowering of individual playing standards has led to our decline over recent years. Others suggest the reason being an overall increase in playing strength of all clubs within the Sub-district competition. Nevertheless, two clubs, St. Patrick's Old Boys and Lindfield, have managed similar feats to Colleagues yesteryear. These two clubs practically drew the Club Championship and between them fielded seven of the eight sides contesting the Grand Finals.

Even these clubs, however, would concede that Colleagues have their equal in individual playing ability. Combine that with our better playing facilities and an after games comradeship unparalleled within the Sub-district competition; obviously we have the ingredients to succeed.

The question is how? Do we consider ourselves to be the Dragon or merely Sleeping Beauty? Are we awaiting a kiss of life from the Handsome Prince or are we prepared to be goaded into action by four whip wielding coaches?

The solution appears to be that of dedication and desire. The answer lies with you, the members.

While the club slumbers it is of the greatest importance that the officers be of the best available. This year's administration was only adequate in comparison to its predecessors, who set very high standards. Their efforts culminated in the highly successful world tour. The incoming office bearers must be of a similar calibre if the proposed 1978 tour of the U.S. is to be a success.

Life during the 1977 season should be made a little more tolerable by the improvements to the clubhouse. A new roof and renovated floor, although welcome news; according to the off-season drinkers at the Oak, shadows in significance to the newly built communal bath. Most of the comments received so far seem to have little to do with cleanliness.

I have been assured by both hardened veterans and many of this year's youthful influx, that 1977 will be the Colleagues year. With such confidence prevalent, who could not but eagerly anticipate success in next year's competition.

G. ROBBINS.

KENTWELL CUP REPORT

The 1976 season of Sub-District Rugby, comprising games played on a home and away basis provided an improved standard of play and certainly a keener contested competition. My congratulations go to St. Ives, the premiers for 1976.

For Colleagues, who missed out on the semi-finals, the season was dotted with successes and failures. It was, I believe, these inconsistent performances which deprived us of a semi-final berth.

To turn a 64-nil defeat by Hunters Hill in the first round to a 12-6 win to Colleagues in the second round was very memorable and illustrated that Colleagues are capable of producing a winning brand of football. However, the effort must be sustained.

My thanks to the many players who filled positions in the Kentwell team, and also to those who assisted me on the sideline each Saturday.

Congratulations must go to Peter Clark, a newcomer to the club in 1976, for winning the Best and Fairest award. I should like to compliment Mike Clarkson for his success with the boot. His goalkicking success was an asset to the side.

It was encouraging to see many newcomers to the Colleagues Club in 1976 and it is hoped that 1977 will again bring more to the club. The future of Colleagues, if it is to be one of success on the Rugby field, will depend on a further increase in numbers.

M. STYNES.

BURKE CUP REPORT

The past season in Burke Cup was an interesting one, well contested with most teams in the division having an excellent chance of making the semi-finals right up to the last few games. Colleagues team, unfortunately, just missed by a narrow margin, finishing in fifth position. However, we were always able to give a good account, recording some very fine wins.

Throughout the competition the team was consistently superior in scrummaging; I believe finishing in front on tight head counts in every game. Lineout was a problem due to the lack of experienced jumpers or any really tall men, but we did manage a reasonable share, and also to deny most opposition teams any clear cut supremacy in this phase. Mauling was always adequate and in the latter part of the season became much more efficient. Technique, or more properly the ability to apply it as a team, left something to be desired, but individual skills and strength compensated in this department, so we generally had a good share of possession.

Our ability to score or finish off movements often failed and I believe is the final analysis for the results of the season. It seemed every time we could put a backline together we were constantly losing players through injury or selection changes. Right through the year we had players in the team with sufficient attacking ability for our needs, but the constant chopping and changing severely limited the team's ability to capitalise on the ball running capacity.

The one facet of play which I believe could have been substantially improved was cover, both in attack and defence. Too often defending cover was left to the same few and far too often scores went begging for the lack of support at the crucial time. This can be partly attributed to team changes, but also to the many frustrating training sessions without a full team.

My thanks to all members who played in the team, fellow coaches and selectors, the two captains, firstly Andy Williams and then Ian McGregor, and congratulations to Mark Ross for Best and Fairest Award.

EDWARD RADFORD.

WHIDDON CUP 1976

Gentlemen,

1976 — the year Colleagues Whiddon Cup failed to qualify for the semi-finals for the first time in the past 20 years.

There were many reasons for our poor performances during the season. In my opinion the main singular problem was the constant changing of the side from week to week, highlighted by the number of captains used — 5 in all.

It is inevitable that a 3rd Grade side be subjected to alterations due to injuries, etc., in the higher grades. However, individuals who commit themselves to a season of Rugby to suddenly pull out of a game without good reason and without caring for their team mates is a sad reflection on their character and on their attitude to the club. If we as a club are to continue as a power in Sub-District Rugby, a more dedicated and professional attitude is required from all concerned.

The season wasn't a complete failure. We had some five young players in the team who should play in the higher grades in the following seasons. Players in this category were Ross LeQuesne, Peter Wansey, Steve Coogan and Mike Doolan.

Of the older brigade Bruce Diggle, Ian Edwards, Mike Pilcher, Geoff Robbins, Mike Casper and Mike Pelly all gave good service, when available!

Congratulations to Ian Edwards for his well deserved wins in both the Whiddon Cup and Club Best-and-Fairest awards.

My thanks go to the other coaches for their support during the season and look forward to 1977 when maybe, with a little effort, application and dedication, the Colleagues Rugby Union Club will once again be the side to beat when considering potential trophy winners.

Good Rugby,
RONALD A. HARRIDEN, Coach.

JUDD CUP REPORT

It is with some measure of satisfaction that I write this Judd Cup Report.

After a very shaky first round where we drew more games than we won, the team settled into a winning break of four games in a row at the start of the second round. Although these games were not won by a big margin, they were wins, and thus enabled us to be in a semi-final position at the end of the competition.

Our unfortunate loss to C.B.O.B.'s (15-6) in the first semi-final did not dampen the spirit of the team players as was evident in the dressing room after the match, where cries of "We'll win it next year," etc. and others ("We were robbed" and "Bloody Ref.") were heard.

My sincere thanks goes to all colleagues who played in the Judd Cup team this season, to name them all would take too long and too much space, however, special thanks must go to:

D. Gooch, D. Hill (always there first), K. Holt, G. Robbins, F. Mulhall, L. Yeats, M. Yeomans, J. Pitten, J. Pastore.

and, of course, the unassuming, shy, P. Ball, who must now have a cupboard full of cups, adding the Judd Best-and-Fairest to his collection, after a close struggle with F. Mulhall.

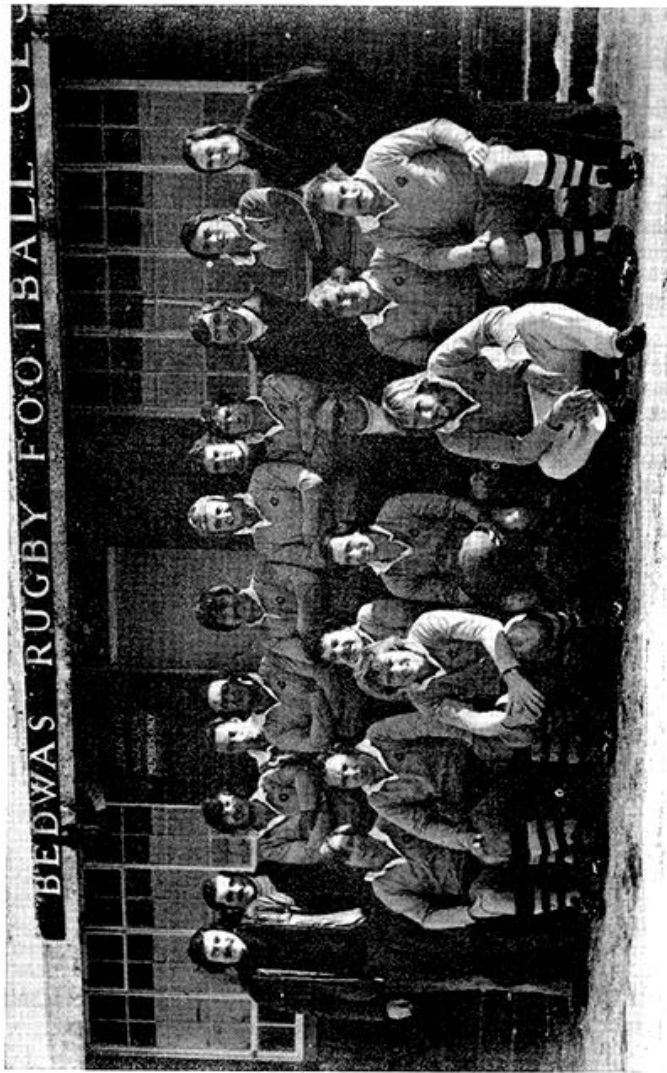
I would like to express my thanks to "Nipper" Williams, "The Weid" and "Slim Corlis" for arbitrating the Best-and-Fairest points throughout most of the season, a difficult task but one well done.

My report would not be complete without my sincere thanks to the Club's selectors, the Club Captain, and to the other team selectors, for the assistance they gave me throughout the season.

I look forward to seeing bigger and better things from Colleagues in the 1977 Season.

Thank you,
R. CAMERON, Judd Cup Coach.

THE COLLEAGUES R.F.C. 1976 WORLD TOUR



J. White (Christopher Columbus), J. Hitchen (Clicker), M. Caspers (Tin Legs),
B. Wiedersehn (The Weed), R. Cameron (Jock), R. Caldwell (Bones),
D. Gooch (Mr. Goo), S. Streeter (The Kid), J. North (Junior), G. Robbins (Robbo),
J. Anderson (Ando), D. Caspers (Caspo), D. Dexter (Desee), D. Kirkwood (Tubar),
S. Tolland (Toad), R. Allagna (Crack a Chat), E. Radford (Pres), B. Hindmarsh (Tub),
J. Bunce (Bundy), W. Mortlock (Mad Dog), J. Wade (Jimmy).

Photographer: D. James (Oldest and Boldest)



"Could someone give me an A".



The last supper or you're always picking
on me when you're pissed.

"One small step for mankind, one giant step for the Colleagues."

Friday, 2nd January, we are boarding the PAN AM 747 flight on the first leg of our world tour. Some still believe our destination is the moon. A pipedream of many years has become reality, thanks to the effort of the committee and the support of the club members.

The in-flight training session which is the truth were known, had started several days previously, appeared to have the effect of merely raising the fitness of the hostesses. Nevertheless, it is pleasing to note that at no stage throughout the tour did any of the players shirk from the rigors of training.

The arrival in San Francisco is not without difficulties, our scheduled accommodation has been altered to another hotel so we miss our rendezvous with the Santa Rosa welcoming party. San Francisco being what it is, by Saturday only threequarters of the squad negotiate the thirty miles trip to Santa Rosa. The game, not an inspiring one, results in a 3-3 draw; a pleasing result as we had previously experienced the strength of Santa Rosa on that 1974 tour of Australia.

Three days is too short and we soon find ourselves beginning the second leg of the tour. We leave San Francisco knowing that we will return one day for a more extensive tour of the West Coast. The flight to London is made shorter by frequent training sessions and few seemed too tired to listen to Junior's tale of the Massage Madame and her 10-foot python.

We all dream at some stage in our lives of making a grand entrance, surely few of use could hope to compare with that of Tuba's Heathrow Airport. To the delight of the milling throngs, triumphantly riding the conveyor belt at the head of a thousand suitcases. Those moments of apprehension as he disappeared through one set of swinging doors only to emerge seconds later from another direction.

Our hotel, the "Bayswater Post," overlooks Hyde Park and is easily recognisable by the constant queue of taxis at the front entrance, all eager to be of service to the Colleagues despite the meagre £5 tips being offered. A different form of training begins in the park the next morning. This has the strangest effect of making several people violently ill, discretely of course, behind the nearest tree. We hope the "Poms" don't blame it all on "Dutch Elm" disease.

Wednesday, the 7th. All aboard the tube, we're off to play the B.B. C. somewhere in London. The game has been arranged by Brian Keyser, an ex-Colleague and oldest and boldest trophy winner. Like many "Poms" a late maturing player who can still handle his drink. It was a good open game with our guest centre "The Kid" showing exactly why he is in representative contention. We run out easy winners with the final score 22-3.

The post match events are to give us our first taste of British hospitality and coarse Rugby. Steaming hot mugs of tea and pints of flat Pommie piss are waiting in the changing rooms, although some people just can't wait to try out the communal bath. A sit down meal is provided afterwards in the B.B.C. clubhouse, a hospitality which we find is extended to all visiting sides. A funny thing happens to "Robbo" whilst making the "boomerang" presentation; he finds himself doing an artistic strip to the chant of Zulu Warrior. Mixed company, as well—disgusting! The evening is spoilt later when Brian Keyser is breathalysed by the friendly British bobbies while driving some of the boys back to the hotel.



"I'm certain I told the rest of them to turn right at the 'Golden Gate' bridge.



Some of the boys already training hard for the demanding physical aspects of the tour to come.



Here's one 'Zulu Warrior' who'll remember to take his shoes and socks off next time.



A different kind of tube.

Our transport around Britain comes in the form of two 12-seater buses —one to be piloted by "The Pres," the other by "Robbo" and "The Weed." The boys quickly divide into the "Winners" and the "Leaders" buses. We leave the Bayswater in convoy enroute for Bristol, having added to our ranks the services of Mad Dog Mortlock, Jimmy Wade, Dave Allman and Andy Williams, all of whom just happened to be passing. Within 200 yards the "Drinks" special manages to lose itself leaving the "Leaders" to find our own way. We soon leave the motorway to work our way through the quaint English country towards Stonehenge. It's quite surprising to find that thatch cottages and village greens actually exist.

We are awestruck by Stonehenge, but disappointed by the lack of drinks and other amenities, so as quickly as we arrive, we depart again, to catch the pub at Castle Combe before it shuts. To think that Dr. Doolittle once wandered this village talking to the animals. What a field day he would have had today.

Saturday, 10th Jan. It's a cold, windy day and few of us appear keen for the game. A large crowd has collected for the match against Thornbury's second side and the game is kicked off by the mayor (in full regalia). We take an early lead with a magnificent try by "Crack-a-Chat," finishes off a length of the field passing movement. Disappointingly the game is lost 9-4, mainly due to our inability to kick penalties, even in front of the posts. The game, however, sounds out a warning, the strength and techniques of the opposition forwards is very evident. An enjoyable evening is to follow, the communal baths and a sit down meal are waiting and a disco has been arranged for later. By some coincidence it turns out that Thornbury is "Robbo's" old home town and during the presentation speeches he again finds himself stripping to that now familiar tune.

Sunday morning, we manage to rally the troops and bundle them into the buses. The idea is to take in some of the countryside and see if we can find ourselves a "heart starter." We stumble on and later out of, an isolated pub on the banks of the Severn River, "The Windbound." "Tin Legs," whose reputation needs little bolstering, is about to attain his greatest heights on the tour to date. He immediately befriends a group of local farmhands, who have all the appearance of escapees from the Benny Hill show. A quiet Sunday afternoon drink is turned into a massive piss-up with "Tin Legs" and the twenty stone landlord of the pub, leading the cabaret. Two health fanatics who've cycled about 12 miles just for a couple of halves, became caught up in the merriment. They've got themselves so drunk that we have to rescue them and their bikes from a rather flooded ditch and we are obliged to drive them home.

Monday, 12th January. "We're taking a trip up to Abergavenny." It's quite easy really, just cross the Severn bridge, take the first on the right past Tintern Abbey, left at Monmouth, avoid Methyr Tydful and follow the signs for Swansea. As we dice in the traffic of the motorway, a shameless brown eye competition takes place between the two buses. It's nice to see that the boys haven't lost any of their colour. The night in Swansea is spent at the Dragon hotel, the Prince of Wales and any other pub within walking distance.



The last of the worlds great navigators assures the boys he's been to Buckingham Palace before.



The 'Winners' bus. The flying Scotchman.



The President of Cork University R.F.C. I still blush when I think of what he said he was going to do.



Mad Dog has asked all the females in Castle Combe, but it appears none of them have a safety pin.

Tuesday, 13th January. Training and sightseeing is the order of the day before boarding the night ferry for Cork, Eire. We drink and sleep our way through an expectedly rough crossing, to arrive in the Emerald Isle early the following morning.

You know you're in Ireland when it takes three hours to book into the hotel. Not really their fault, we just happen to be arriving as the Wallabies are booking out. Jim Hindmarsh gets the shock of his life as he sees his older brother "Tubby" literally stagger from the Winners bus.

That afternoon the game is played against University College Cork at the "Mardyke," a ground not graced by an Australian team since the days of Mick Shehadie. From the outset of the game, we are struggling against a younger, fitter side, who run out easy winners (21-6). The students proved to be most hospitable, three barrels of beer supplement the meal. Guinness, Bass and Draught Lager.

Next day a visit is made to Blarney Castle before departing for the Hibernian Hotel, Dublin. It takes only two miles of the 200-mile trip for the buses to become separated. A quick reconnoitre of the local pubs and discos that night reveal that the town is absolutely jam packed full of crumpet.

Thanks to Mike Twemlow an official reception has been arranged for the Colleagues at the Guinness factory. A short promotional film is followed by an extensive tour of the staff bar combined with an excellent meal. A good time was had that night mixing with and being confused as Wallabies.

Saturday, 17th January. Australia are playing Ireland at Landsdowne Rd., and we are fortunate to obtain a block of grandstand tickets from the Wallaby party. The atmosphere at the ground and a fine victory by the Australian team set the scene for the evening's festivities. Disappointingly our hotel management prevent our entertaining a group of Wallabies and local supporters later in the evening. This, however, serves to increase our determination to exercise our residential rights —in other words an all night drinking marathon. One notable member of the party is Mike Nichols, an ex-Colleagues Kentwell Cup hooker, again resident in his home town of Dublin. It finally ends when Jock, Pres and Toad pour the last of the vodka into their fruit juice at breakfast the following morning.

Sunday, 18th January. The day of rest and also our departure by car ferry to Hollyhead, N. Wales



The Guinness Factory.



Blarney Castle.



When Irish eyes are smiling.



Clicker bragging again.

Our first experience of bad weather to date, spoils our complete enjoyment of the day we've set aside for visiting Caernarvon Castle and Snowdon.

Tuesday, 20th January. Our destination is Swansea on the south coast and we must negotiate 300 miles across the rugged Welsh terrain. We are fortunate in that an ex-patriot is navigating the "leaders" bus and assures us of a trouble free trip "sweeping statement." However, the flight crew did not reckon with a complete absence of English road signs thanks to the activities of the Welsh National Movement. We arrive at the Dragon a bit later than expected.

Wednesday brings our first taste of Welsh Rugby and yet another defeat. Our opponents, Swansea Uplands, narrowly win 11-6 and we unfortunate in sustaining our first serious injuries of the tour. "The Kid" and "Robbo" are severely hampered during the game and will not be fit for the final match. It is Uplands first win of the season and they prove to be enthusiastic hosts.

The Mecca of Rugby is only a leisurely drive away and after checking in, some of the group rendezvous with the Wallabies at the Angel hotel, Cardiff.

We have a game on Saturday morning prior to the Australia v Barbarians encounter and our opposition, Bedwas, have invited us to spend Friday evening with them at their clubhouse, to enjoy their own north of Cardiff—here Rugby is taken very seriously. Virtually the entire brand of Welsh hospitality. Bedwas is a small coal mining town to the club has turned to welcome the first ever Australian side and christen their newly built clubhouse. Throughout the evening we are treated to an unbelievable cabaret by the club members including such well known Welsh traditionals as "My boomerang won't come back." We responded in fine fashion, the "Ghost" performing his floor show followed by the Colleagues choir's version of "His bloody great kidney wiper. More surprises are to follow, as we bid our hosts goodnight we emerge into the cold night air to find that its snowing heavily.

Few of our side have any experience of snow and have never even contemplated playing in it, especially against a team considered to be one of the finest second class sides in Wales. We suffer a heavy defeat (40-0) which could have been worse had their goalkicker been on target. There was no disgrace in the loss, the boys fought for the whole game and were commended by the spectators for our spirited tackling. The big match starts in a few hours time, so we have to rush the meal and afternoon festivities to secure our seats in the south stand at Cardiff Arms Park. The Wallabies regain some lost Australian pride by putting on a commendable performance against a strong Barbarian team.

There remains only 5 days now for those who are returning straight way to Australia to recuperate and get down to some honest "rubber necking." We spend our last days back at the Bayswater Post House, London. The trip back from Wales is uneventful apart from losing Goochies case on the motorway and the "Winners" bus not only running out of petrol but allowing "Mad Dog" to rip their roof rack off.

On Wednesday we arrange a farewell dinner at a local "beerkeller." Wal Hagon, now working in London, has come along to guarantee us a bunfight and show us how to get high on a glass of coke and good company.

Amazingly only one of our ranks falls foul of the law. Our "oldest and boldest" demonstrates a bit of his fancy footwork on dustbins and car fenders, brazenly in front of the friendly London bobbies.

Sadly Thursday has arrived, the day we depart Britain for Singapore on the homeward leg. Some of the boys are staying behind to have a look at Europe before coming home, so we have someone to see us off.

A pleasant surprise awaits us in Singapore, Goochies employers. the Alfred boys are here for our arrival and have arranged to show us the town that night. This is made even more pleasant by the fact that they are going to chauffeur the party around in the Rolls and Mercedes. Without doubt the highlight of the evening was the midnight Chinese cracker party held in Boogie Street. We really put the wind up some of those dusky maidens.

We all have someone waiting for us at Sydney airport to welcome their little warriors back from strange lands. However, it doesn't take us long to stampe to the international bar to refresh our memories of the taste of real beer.

It's strange how we vainly attempted to describe the happenings of the past month, yet somehow we all know that only those who were there can ever trully appreciate the story of the Colleagues 1976 World Tour.

NEIL ARMSTRONG.