



## SOAKS Old Boys Newsletter Number 6 2021

Welcome to the sixth **SOAKS Old Boys** Newsletter for 2021. In this edition, **SOAKS** drinks for August at Tom McHugo's Hotel are highlighted. The '**SOAKS Old Boys profile**' reflects on Life Member Greg Hill; there are items that look back on a very young Clyde Eastaugh in 1959; unique perspectives on University Rugby in the early 1960's plus some reflections on **SOAKS** in 1990. There are some interesting '**Heard and Noted**' items; and as well, '**From the Vault**' recalls season 1981 through the lens of **SOAKS** balladeer Leigh Sealy. I hope that you enjoy the news, humour nostalgia.



and

**PS. Don't forget Sunday 12 September is SOAKS get together and anniversary celebrations at Buckingham Bowls Club. Details can be found on page eight.**

### SOAKS Monthly Drinks

SOAKS Drinks for August attracted another match hardened team of **Old Boys**!



#### July 2021

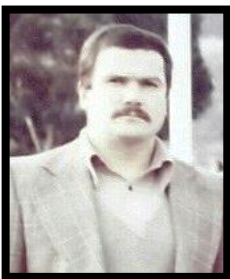
'**SOAKS Corner**' at Tom McHugo's Hotel was where **SOAKS** champion Steve Colles was saluted and farewelled before his move to Brisbane. A number of Old Boys spoke on Steve's outstanding service to the club and his enduring friendship. We wish him well and although he will be sorely missed, we look forward to catching up with him again in the near future.

On hand were: Greg O'Keefe, Harry Cox, Mark Dwyer, Dave Morris, Barry Woods, John Donald, Andrew Herbert, Blair Jepson, John Gillon, Peter Tucker, Barry Hamilton, Nigel Shepherd, Richard Boulton, Steve Harris, Dave Kilpatrick, and Mal Riley.

## Heard and Noted:

In late July 2021 I had the great pleasure of catching up with Greg and Roma Hill in Darwin. Greg has not been that well of late, but fortunately a recent operation and the great love and support of Roma have him on the mend. He was touched by the messages of support that I conveyed to him by video from those at the July **SOAKS** drinks. He was also really chuffed to be presented with the limited-edition **SOAKS** polo top.

As many would know Greg was a great stalwart of **SOAKS**. He is a life member and is one of the handful of people who were there at the start and was still involved with the club in its last year in 1995. (**Andrew 'Herbie' Herbert**)



### SOAKS Old Boys Profiles

**Name:** Greg 'Hilly' Hill

**When did you play for SOAKS?** 1965 - 1983

**Why did you decide to play for SOAKS?**

John Donaldson was coach of Hobart Matric College at the time and he got me across to **SOAKS**.

**Did you play for any other clubs?**

Easts, Hills District and Parramatta (NSW).  
I also coached Harlequins.

**What position/s did you play?**

Flanker, hooker, half-back, five eighth and centre.

**What are your 3 fondest memories of your time with SOAKS?**

The fellowship and singalongs, the hangis, and beating Glenorchy.

**Who was your most respected local rival?**

Former **SOAKS** hard man Fred Galloway when he played for Taroona.

**In your time with SOAKS who had the most influence on you?**

John Donaldson and John Harry.

**What other non-playing roles did you take on with SOAKS?**

Coach of Seniors, Reserves and Colts as well as Club President in 1982-1983 and Club Secretary. (Greg was also State Coach and the President of the Tasmanian Rugby Union along with being the voice of Tasmanian Rugby on radio 7TAB)

**What was the funniest thing you remember from your time with SOAKS?**

So many great memories. The ones that stand out are the hangis at my place, the West Coast trips including the fire breathing dragon, the King Island tours, and packing a scrum on the door of the Red Lion Tavern which pushed the whole door down on top of the bouncer.

(Greg was instrumental in bringing organised Rugby to King Island)





## SOAKS in 1990



### Back row L-R

Steve Colles, Mark 'Handles' Hancock, Greg Schmidt, Nigel Shepherd, Dave Morris, Sean 'Otis' Martyn, Peter 'Crusher' Quinlan, Lynton Foster, Ben Cox and Ian Scutt

### Front row L-R

Michael 'Bear' Bidwell, Garth Barnbaum, Peter 'Bubbles' Dynan



Clockwise above: **SOAKS** Peter Tucker, Steve Colles and Ian Scutt clear the team's line; Greg Schmidt urges forwards Steve Colles, Peter Tucker and Sean Martyn in a maul contest; Dave Morris hopes for clean lineout ball from Peter Tucker, Steve Colles, Lynton Foster and Nigel Shepherd as they tangle with Devonport's Bill Theodore (jumping) and Pud Bessel (supporting); Referee Donde Aiphene keeps a close eye on **SOAKS** scrum feed while Devonport's Peter Markham at half, George Harris #8, Graeme Simmons at centre and Salty closest on the wing together keep a close eye on proceedings. (Devonport players names courtesy of Blair Jepson)

### Memories of SOAKS Day out in Devonport 1990

In a game we weren't expecting to win we elected to run uphill in the first half despite the near revolt from the troops (Surely you remember the slope on the Don ground, particular from about 10m out and well past the posts). Given we were surprisingly holding our own at half time, it then allowed us to come home with the easier run in the second

half. Kicks 'to the corner' could be relied on to run away and delay play long enough for a well-earned break for our side. That and the final penalty goal ensured the win.

That penalty goal was kicked from half way by Ian Scutt. Scutt calmly lined up the kick from the centre dot (Can you remember that rule, for an infringement even though a try is scored?) and casually slotted it over as if it were the easiest thing on the planet, and gave us a win.

Both being fellow Hydro workers, 'Bubbles' Dynan dragged me in to **SOAKS** rugby and we both later dragged 'Crusher' Quinlan in. Peter Quinlan was also drummer in the famed **SOAKS** rock band from the period 'the Jock Vomits' who along with Pete included Drew Loring, Dave Kilpatrick, myself and Nigel Shepherd.

Crusher Quinlan was very mild-mannered, but the name came from an exchange he had with a huge Islander (from either Glen Du or Riverview I think) at a Telegraph Hotel post-match celebration. A routine tackle by Pete playing fullback, resulted in an unfortunate broken arm for this guy, more so it got trapped awkwardly in the tackle than anything. But when this guy turned up at the Telegraph a few hours later via A&E, with arm in cast, Peter, with a huge well-lubricated grin on face, looked up at him and accused him of being 'soft', saying if he knew he was that easy to hurt he would've gone easy on him. **(Garth Barnbaum)**

Peter Quinlan was also known as 'Serge' as in Serge Blanco, the French fullback. Pete played soccer and this was his first hit out at rugby. If I recall our advice to him was to catch the ball and kick it out. Pete Dynan was affectionally known as Mr Bubbles. He had a combie van and I recall this trip was the only trip away that the combie carried us to the games. **(Michael Bidwell)**

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### Young Clyde Eastaugh in the thick of it in 1959

Clyde can be seen standing 3<sup>rd</sup> from the left...he hasn't changed a bit!





## Stories behind the Jersey by Harry Cox

Dennis Gee's recent tribute to Bob Newman brought a few names out of the memory fog of past Uni team mates.

I last saw Bob at the URFC 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration. I was unaware he had died.

When I joined Uni in 1959 Bob was the captain. He was a tough, give no quarter player and leader. It was my first year out of school and I was playing first grade. I think playing against Harlequins brought the best and worst out in Bob.

We had a lineout and in those good old days it was shoulder to shoulder. I was standing waiting to receive the ball. Before it was thrown in, one of the Quins forwards head butted Bob's elbow and complained to him about how hard it was. Bob just smiled and said: "So what are you going to do about it?" As it turned out, nothing. A few similar incidents occurred that year and I wondered what I was getting myself into playing first grade rugby.

The week before the final, Bob did not turn up for training and we were told by George Wilson he had gone to Canberra to work. It was a bit of a shock. Well, we received a telegram from him which read: 'Boldness be thy friend'. The team went on to defeat the minor premiers Gordon in the preliminary final and grand final.

John Cotteral was a hooker and made it easy for me to join Uni as he lived a few streets away, had a car, took me to training and games.

Bernie Mack played in the second row. He was tall, rangy and could drop kick the ball accurately and a long way. Dick Buttfeld arranged a visit by his former rugby club Mosman. We beat Mosman 11-10, thanks to two long distance drop goals by Bernie. They were not happy having scored two converted tries to our one.



me what was in the pill and I did not need another one because I never had another night like that.

Mike Bateman was a hard-working breakaway, a man of few words and was never seen off the field without a pipe in his mouth puffing away on Amphora tobacco. I have two things to thank him for. He gave me a try of his pipe one boozy night at intervarsity in Melbourne; my first and last experience with tobacco! The second having spent a long night with Brian Lowe, Peter Rizzolo and Peter Hicks drinking beer, red wine, then gin and tonic at a party. At some point in time, I blissfully forgot that I was playing for the South against the North the next day. The next morning, I just wanted to roll over and die. I managed to walk the 500 meters to the Pharmacy where Mike was working and asked if he had anything that could help in my recovery. He disappeared into the back of the pharmacy and returned with a large pink pill and told me to take it immediately. By the time the game started I was jumping out of my skin and was named best on ground. He never told

Brian Lowe has been a friend since 1959. Brian lives in Melbourne and with wife Lenore and spends time at their small property outside Hobart as often as life permits. Brian, with the assistance of Peter Rizzolo and another friend Peter Hicks,

introduced me to Italian food and we spent many a Friday night at the Italian Club dining on Minestrone Soup, Spaghetti Bolognese followed by Wiener Schnitzels, all washed down with beer and Italian wine. Brian kept us amused with his humour and his ability to pick up a book on accountancy, gardening or mechanics and read it to us as though it was a treatise on sex education.

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## Memories of the University Rugby Ground by John Alker-Jones



Thanks for the opportunity to travel down memory lane; the “lane” is rather narrow, and it must be years since I’ve seen the old rugby ground, let alone playing on it!

However, I do have one memory. It was probably before I joined **SOAKS** in 1965. It had been raining for some time, and as a consequence subsurface drainage was overloaded, plus the surface water made the ground a smelly, stinky quagmire. Added to this was the persistent fog and mist. I was playing for Uni at that time (as many future **SOAKS** players did), and don’t remember who the opposition was. But I do remember Andy Kugler, an American student and a contemporary of Dennis Gee’s was playing that day. Andy had the gridiron throwing technique, either overhead, or a very classy underarm flick.

So, as I remember it, the game was rather slow, being weighed down with mud, and the visibility poor. From either a lineout, or a set scrum, Andy received the ball, and instead of a slow forward charge, he executed his underarm flick, sending the ball flying across the field literally out of sight of both forward packs! It must have been received by a Uni player because the crowd gave some sort of wild cheer, and as the forwards moved to what was the expected location of play, all we could see was

the tail end of someone disappearing into the fog towards the try line!

I honestly can’t remember if a try was scored, or who even won (or how many players are still buried there!) but I still do remember the putrid smell and Andy’s incredible underarm pass (and no, I haven’t been smoking, or been left infected by a Sandy Bay sewage bug!).

And, of course, I still remember the **SOAKS** reunion game there in 2009, with Nick Farr-Jones in attendance.

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## When did it happen?

Below are two classic action images from a **SOAKS** vs Uni match from 1970-1? (But I stand to be corrected). Below left is **SOAKS** half Mark Lawler pursuing Uni half (Wongy?) who, in turn, is passing to Bob Glade-Wright. In the second photo (right) the **SOAKS** player on the right is Ewen Cummins, but who is on the left and who is the Uni ball carrier?





In a salute to toe poking of yesteryear, this photo captures the form of Uni goalkicking artistry against **SOAKS** later in the 1970's. Who can identify the players involved. The **SOAKS** player on the right looks conspicuously familiar!



## Heard and Noted

### Memories of the 1981 reserves



I played most games in the back row in 1981, but tore the ligaments off my ankle in a Rugby Park sprinkler hole at the final Thursday night training. I was devastated, but celebrated hard in plaster on crutches before and after the Grand Final victory. Luckily, we were able to jag the Double in 1982 (and against Glenorchy again - nothing better!) so I got my playing premiership there and Best Clubman Tankard 1982 was much appreciated (although must have been a Participation Award I think!).



Can I say that the most courageous player pound for pound I ever saw was Dirty Dave Morris - never took a backward step - especially against the Black Stags

Anyhow have a great Reunion on 12 September and I'll have a few tinnies up here in Orange. Might see my fellow **SOAKS Blokes** next year?

**Daryll W Timms**

**Did Gordon Bray play in the SOAKS premiership winning reserves team of 1981?** Yes, he most certainly did. Here is one *Mercury* rugby report from 1981 well worth reading:

In the reserve grade, a strong Associates line-up accounted for Tarooma for the first time in six or seven years. The strength and experience of Leigh Sealy, Robin Kerstan, Ian Irvine, Pete Collins and Paul Oxley up front set the pattern for Soaks spectacular backline of Gordon Bray, Mike Logan, Ian Robinson and Allan Fong to dominate.

Associates boomed to a 10 point lead with tries to the zestful Sealy and young Robinson at inside centre. At this stage Soaks seemed to tire badly and the remaining fifty minutes of play saw Associates polishing up on their defence.

Tarooma scored a try soon after half time to make the score 10-6 and it seemed only a matter of time before the obviously fitter Tarooma took over the lead.

However, the experienced Soaks backs guarded jealously their 4 point lead and a nasty tackle which brought down Birchall Keating at fullback seemed to inspire their tiring legs.

Soaks fought the game out to the end and had their fans ecstatic with the 10-6 result.

It would be an insult to the team spirit of Soaks reserve grade to name best players in this, another great team effort.

Calling on **ALL SOAKS** Old Boys: Let's together celebrate moments of our club's history.



Invite you and your partner to attend a celebration of the 40<sup>th</sup> and 50<sup>th</sup> anniversaries of the premierships winning 1981 Reserves and the 1971 Seniors and Colts.

**Date: Sunday 12 September 2021**

**Venue:** Buckingham Bowls Club, 4 St Johns Avenue, New Town

**Time:** 12.30-3.30 pm

**Cost:** \$25 per head for a fully catered BBQ luncheon

**Dress:** Smart casual (club tie optional)

**RSVP:** (For BBQ catering purposes) **30 August 2021** via return email to [gokeef59@gmail.com](mailto:gokeef59@gmail.com)



**Notes:**

The fully catered BBQ luncheon includes tea and coffee. However, all other drinks on the day are at your own expense from the fully equipped Buckingham Bowls Club bar.

The Buckingham Bowls Club is conveniently located in New Town, very close to Ogilvie High School and has ample parking available.

Please bring along any **SOAKS** memorabilia that you may have, particularly from the 1971 and 1981 seasons.

Commemorative team photos will be taken on the day.

There will be an opportunity to participate in some social bowls overseen by Dave Dyer.

And a lucky door prize will be won.

Entry is free if you cannot make the BBQ luncheon, but wish to drop in for drinks, bowls and a catch up with the **SOAKS** community.

**Payment advice:** Full and final payment for the BBQ luncheon is to be made by **Friday 3 September 2021**.

The **\$25 per head** is payable in online payment to:

**Account name:** SOAKS Old Boys

**BSB:** 067028

**Account number:** 10332230

Please write your full name/s as the description so you can be added to the list of luncheon guests.



### **The President's Report 1981**

Players, social members, lovers of the sport

The time is here

Again this year

For the President's Report.

In Mr Hawker's absence

I stand upon this stage

Because as we all know by now

He's otherwise engaged.

First he stuck his neck out

And retired from the scrum

Now another wily warrior

Falls victim to the thumb.

Generally this season

The Club has fared quite well

Though it seems that Mr Jenkins

Has joined the TFL.

First Grade made the finals

And almost got it right

But clearly got too tired

From training every night.

Reserve Grade on the other hand

Relied on natural fitness

Their rotund waists and simple tastes

Bears sufficient witness.

And as a coach young Mr Fong

Was found to be most suitable

When tempers flared he was prepared

To be quite un-inscrutable.

And Mr Stephen Harris

With now familiar flair

Twice shot through to Gundaroo

To further his foreign affairs.

And Mr Ward he also scored

But decided not to keep her

It seems he finally realised

That drinking Bundy's cheaper.

And David Morris recently

Turned 21 years old

But spent most of his birthday

Wrapped around a toilet bowl.

And Mike McCarthy sautes eggs  
And always loves to share them  
But for a joke he cooked some yolks  
And showed us how to wear them.

And Frank Dwyer the Treasurer  
Stripped us to the bones  
When at last he found the process  
For extracting blood from stones.

The Galloways were there again  
Off and on I see  
It seems the Ref and Fred and Geoff  
Can't always quite agree.

And Frank, the cut lunch soldier  
Impossible to rattle  
The only man I ever saw  
Treat training like a battle.

And also Nigel Shepherd  
The strongest man I've seen  
I never guessed his sunken chest  
Was a cigarette vending machine.

And the younger Mr Dwyer  
Dashed often for the line  
But regrettably he often seemed  
To leave the ball behind.

And Robbo's Māori sidestep  
Is the fiercest thing around  
Perhaps that's why his tea tree fence  
Is always falling down.

And Logan's dreadful kicking  
Never gave us cause to clap  
But since he's got two children  
He must sometimes find the gap.

And mild-mannered Mr Keating  
No doubt surprised us all  
When discovered doing drainage tests  
On Mr Chopping's wall.

And Irvine never missed a game  
Though he told us that he might  
"I'm getting older," he said  
"I'd rather fish than fight."

And Hammer came along each week  
Young and fit and keen  
With the biggest pair of budgies  
In the whole Reserve Grade team.



And old Jim Oakham soldiered on  
And never stopped complaining  
They made him play in First Grade  
But then that's what you get for training.

And Mr Oxley also played  
And no one paid attention  
But he threatens to assault me  
If he didn't get a mention.

And Peter Tucker too was there  
Though we have our suspicions  
He really thought he played the sport  
In a mid-week competition.

And so there we have it  
The year in retrospect  
If you didn't get a mention  
Then you can't have sent a cheque.

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Watch out for the monthly drinks email reminders and the periodic **SOAKS Old Boys** email newsletters in future. You can also keep in touch by viewing or joining **Hobart Convicts Rugby and SOAKS** Facebook site at <https://www.facebook.com/groups/68764449606/>

