

SOAKS Old Boys Newsletter Number 1 2021

Welcome to the **SOAKS Old Boys** Newsletters for 2021 and all the very best for the New Year. In this edition, **SOAKS** February drinks at Tom McHugo's Hotel salutes **SOAKS Old Boy, Greg Pullen**. The '**SOAKS in Time'** section includes an item that reflects on **SOAKS** contribution to the Tasmania vs France international match of 1972. Also in this edition is a report on the highly successful **SOAKS** 'day at the beach' in January. There are photos from the recent **SOAKS** special drinks with **Dave Standish** as well. Plus plenty more! I hope that you enjoy the news, humour and nostalgia.



This year marks the 50th anniversary of **SOAKS** 1971 Senior premiership winning side. I invite recollections of that year and team so appropriate tribute to their achievement can be made throughout the course of the year.

SOAKS 'day at the beach'

A healthy attendance of **SOAKS Old Boys** and partners thoroughly enjoyed the fine hospitality of Peter and Kerry Tucker at their Glenvar Beach (Opossum Bay) home. Set in an idyllic location and blessed by glorious weather, the day was a grand way to kick off **SOAKS** activities for 2021.



January 2021

What a view! The view over Glenvar Beach from Chalkie Tucker's deck is simply exquisite.

January 2021

The BBQ area was well populated with Liz Sealy, Ron Ward, Dave Morris, Fred Morey, Steve Colles, Leigh Sealy, Sandy and Andrew Herbert.





January 2021

Peter Tucker was maître d'extraordinaire and expert chaperon of the Singer wine bar.

January 2021

SOAKS assembled: Mark Dwyer, Dave Morris, Peter Doe, Peter Tucker, Fred Morey, Steve Harris, Harry Cox and Steve Colles (Ron Ward and Barry Hamilton on the far right)



January 2021

On the deck with Sandy, Seta Doe, Trish O'Keefe, Sue Cox, Steve Colles and Liz Sealy

January 2021

Herbie offers thanks to Kerry and Peter Tucker for the wonderful day. (Kerry Tucker, Seta Doe, Janet Hamilton and Leigh Sealy)



SOAKS Special Drinks with Dave Standish

January 2021

The Customs House Hotel was the venue for the special drinks with Dave. Down from Melbourne for the birthday of his father, Dave is seen with long-time friend John Furness and partner Mikako along with Herbie.





January 2021Ann Standish and Julie Gathercole enjoyed the opportunity to catch up with each other.

January 2021
Team mates from across the 1970-80s:
John Gillon, Steve Colles, Dave Morris,
Mark Dwyer, Barry Gathercole, Steve
Harris and Barry Hamilton







January 2021-Then and Now

As Dave Duggan of Taroona RFC was unable to attend **SOAKS** drinks, Dave Standish, Greg O'Keefe and Barry Gathercole (left) could not exactly recreate the tackle and photo from the 1984 Grand Final. As a result, they did the best they could; five-eight and centres (numbers 10, 12 and 13) combined once again!

SOAKS Monthly Drinks

SOAKS Monthly Drinks for February drew a bumper crowd of Old Boys and guests. Some 28 in fact!









February 2021

Barry Woods (making his first appearance at **SOAKS** drinks), Fred Morey and Viv Chopping, Damian Kerin, John Donald and Dave Dyer









February 2021

Chief Hawker's Townsville buddies and honorary **SOAKS Blokes** Russell Laird, Col Chellingworth and Greg Adamson, Mike Keating with Chris Jaeger and Mike Bushell, Alan Fong, Steve Harris, Fred and Merv Simmons









February 2021

Fongy and Keats, the Eddington father and son team: Geoff and Dean, Ben Cox (also making his first **SOAKS** drinks appearance), Herbie, Steve Colles, Mal Riley, Mark Dwyer and Nigel Shepherd

Heard and Noted

At **SOAKS** drinks in February I ran into Noel Harrod (Taroona RFC 1983-4). Noel was five eight in the 1984 Grand Final and after recalling the match he graciously conceded that the better team won on the day. Noel can be seen in some 1984 GF action (far right) 'paying quite a bit of attention' to our scrumhalf Greg Schmidt!





Vale Kitty Gee

In sad news received just before Christmas, Kitty Gee passed away. Kitty was the wife of Dennis Gee, **SOAKS** inaugural Club Secretary and Captain of **SOAKS** premiership winning 1965 Reserve Grade team. **SOAKS Old Boys** extend sincere condolences to Dennis and family on the loss of Kitty.





Vale Greg Pullen



Greg spent his early years in Hobart and played Junior Rugby and represented Tasmania. Below is a photo of several members of the Tasmanian Schoolboys Rugby Team including Greg and his close friend Mark Dwyer. Both Greg and his brother John played in the 1974 **SOAKS** team when Greg was 19 where he usually played five-eight.



Greg relocated to Melbourne and he eventually

found his true career path in the wine industry. He joined Samuel Smith and Son in 1986 in Victoria and advanced to National Sales Manager located in Sydney. He developed close rugby relationships in

his role and was a life member of the Eastern Suburbs Rugby Club (Sydney) and became a fanatical Wallabies and Waratah supporter.



Greg's company also sponsored our 2009 Associates Rugby Club Reunion Dinner held at Wrest Point. Greg and his wife Sam can be seen with Nick Farr-Jones (key note speaker at the function). The embrace that Greg has around Nick and Sam is symbolic of his nature as one who embraced all in friendship and goodwill. Greg was also honorary Vice President of the Bondi Icebergs.

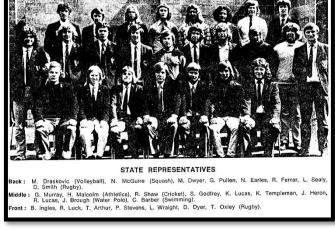
Greg passed away peacefully on Sunday 17th January 2021, aged 65, in the presence of his family after a protracted battle with cancer.



"Terrible and most distressing news. He was absolutely...a great guy and all round top friend. He will be missed, but I'm glad we were able to meet last time I visited Oz. He's in a better place and may God rest his soul." Nick Earles (Dubai UAE)



Elizabeth Matric College Rugby 1972

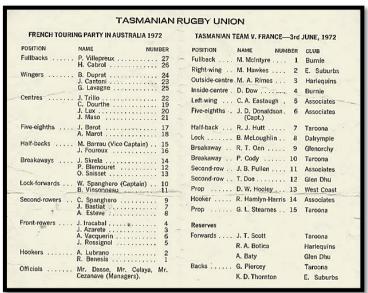


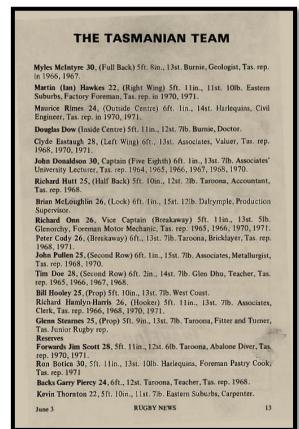
SOAKS in Time

I asked Clyde Eastaugh to provide a photo of his souvenired French jersey and socks from the Tasmania vs France international match of 1972. That prompted me to pull all the items about that match that I have used on other occasions and place them altogether just for the record!

"I vividly recall the international match between Tasmania and France in 1972. Behind the ABC microphone for the live telecast, I was perched high in the scaffold alongside prominent dentist and TRU President George Debnam. If memory serves me correctly, George accidentally spat out his false teeth in the opening minutes when Tassie scored a shock length of the field intercept try. The said dental appendage finished up in the long grass below. I found myself without an expert for the next ten minutes!" (Gordon Bray)











The numbers on jerseys in those days started at the full back #1 wingers 2 & 5. From the game I remember that the sides were evenly matched in height (not sure of the pack weights) but they were a lot fitter and match more Rugby savvy than us. Their backline danced around us, were fast and played ball-in-hand rugby. And they knew how to tackle effectively. Tasmania held up well and scored one try. For them it was probably 'village green' stuff, but at least they were very friendly and happy to swap jumpers, not like the All Backs who held on to their kit. (**Clyde Eastaugh**)

Just as French Rugby is infamous for on field skulduggery, **SOAKS** hooker **Richard Hamlyn**—**Harris** added another chapter to that reputation when he recalled an incident from the match against the Touring French team played at Bellerive: After winning his scrum about 30 metres from the Tasmanian try line and in the ensuing collapse of players a French forward decided to attempt a field goal using Richard's head as the ball. Dick was alert enough to evade the French boot by literally only a whisker. Keeping his eyes firmly on the offending boot and socks of the Frenchman, Dick came roaring out of the scrum and challenged the fellow in his best French (Dick

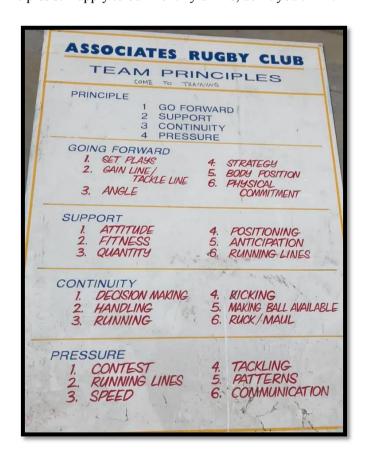


had spent many formative years with his family in the New Hebrides /Vanuatu). To his horror Dick discovered that the said offender was one Claude Spanghero, (above) all 6ft 5 inches and

104 kg of him. Despite his imposing frame, old Claude did not want anything to do with a fired up and indignant Dick Hamlyn-Harris. Spanghero quickly learnt not to tangle with a Tasmanian, let alone an aggrieved **SOAKS bloke**.

Lost and Found

Back in December during a clean-up of Rugby Park, Nic Robertson from the TRU rediscovered a long hidden **SOAKS** treasure. Many of the team principles still apply to our monthly drinks, don't you think?



From the **SOAKS Vault**

Leigh Sealy recently handed me a bundle of precious **SOAKS** memorabilia items. As you would remember, Leigh compiled and performed a seasonal Ballad at annual Club Presentation nights and on other occasions. From 1974 onwards he would entertain us with his poetic mastery. Over the coming editions of the newsletter I will present more of his Ballads, but I start with his first; his tribute to the 1974 season.

Laissez Personne Altéré Associates

(by SealOx Superlatives 1974)

From days of yore a tale comes
To warm the hearts of all
So listen now, and listen well
Its splendours I recall

T'was on a day now long since gone When men were men they say That Rugby football had its birth Webb-Ellis saved the day

With blistered feet he could not kick
It was no use to pine
So bravely he put his hand to ball
And dashed across the line

For this outburst the critics rose
And mocked him unto scorn
But he stood firm upon his ground
And thus our code was born

As time did pass the news arrived And Rugby gained much fame And even those in Hobart Town Began to play the game

In time the more courageous ones Made plans to form a club With training every second night Conducted in the pub

They called themselves **Associates**This band of fine young men
And pledged that drinking was their aim
With Rugby now and then

T'was a fateful winter's day
These lads lined up to play
Against the "Bastards from the Bush"
A rugged lot they say

The hands were shook, the ball was placed
The kick went into touch
The kicker's foot was well off line
From drinking over-much

A scrum was set in centre-field The forwards gathered 'round And packed the mongrel mob As ball was put to ground The thrusts were fierce, the groans were long
The ball was not in sight
And still the packs remained entwined
All through that winter's night

At five o'clock next morning The half-backs woke and found That both packs lay exhausted And prostrate on the ground

Out came brave young Orrie
With his bucket at his side
And woke the dead with water
As all Med'cine he defied

This healer of the Hooker This Physician of the Prop This Surgeon of the Second Row And Doctor of the Lock

And now the scrum was set again A fiercer one this time Our Hooker won a tighthead As our Backs sped for the line

A dummy from Steve Harris Saw Cummins in the clear But he could only raise a trot His gut was full of beer

Bob Luck tried a scissor But fumbled once again And Donaldson got sold a dump And writhed and cursed with pain

Big John Pullen led the Pack
To start a forward rush
But Sealy late as usual
Kicked the ball back into touch

With play now on the Twenty-five Both Lines stood in wait But Dwyer's throw was disallowed It wasn't put in straight

Possession lost and spirits low
The Backs had had no play
Then Lawler tried to run the Blind
But Ward got in the way

Beamish took a smuggled pass And fed it out to Schmidt Who didn't get a yard or more Before he got "King-Hit"

Young Greg Pullen gathered in And dummied left and right Then flashed a pass to Foulston Who ran with speed and might He passed the ball to Burrell Now dominating play But no-one thought to tell him To run the PROPER WAY!!!

So for all their brave endeavour Associates still lost The only course left open Was to go and hit the "slops"

They say defeat is hard to take A bitter pill though small But Coxy's half-time orange Is the bitterest of all

So raise a glass high my boys
High into the air
As long as there's a barrel
Associates will be there

As long as Debnam wears his cap While Donaldson still moans As long as Oakham takes our cash And tries to take our home

As long as there's a drink in store
To us it's all the same
In the words of big John Pullen
"...it's the name of the game..."

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/

