THE LATE KEVIN STARK

Kevin Stark was appointed to the staff of the University College as a Lecturer in Engineering on 23 January 1961. He rose through the ranks to Senior Lecturer and Associate Professor. He was appointed Foundation Professor of Systems Engineering in 1972, became Head of the Department of Civil & Systems Engineering in April 1977 and, on 1 January 1988, was appointed Pro-Vice-Chancellor (Science & Engineering).

Kevin was a foundation member of Convocation. He was a member of the University Council from 13 April 1974 and, at the time of his death, was about to commence his sixth consecutive three-year term of office as a member elected by the permanent academic staff. He was Chairman of the Academic Board from 1977 to 1979.

In April, Kevin passed away after a sudden illness. As his friend and colleague Baden Best said in his tribute to Kevin at the funeral — "In his all too short time on this earth he has made a mark. On Friday, 28th April, 1989, the world may have become a poorer place but Kevin’s friends will be proud and happy to recall his achievements."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editorial committee wishes to thank those people who submitted material for reproduction in this booklet. Of particular note this year is Ron Maskell who evidently triumphed after a fairly inauspicious start at the University College in 1968. He went on to become a first-year at the Teachers College next door in 1969 and has offered to submit material for the "Year of 1969" in his capacity as a fresher at that institution. It is a pity that he is not a little closer to Townsville so that we could use his apparent organising ability on the committee preparing that publication.

This year, for the first time, we tried to encourage some graduates of the year of the publication, to contribute. It is fairly clear that, as the numbers of freshers increase, particularly as there will be two institutions to include next year, the committee will have to become somewhat selective if the book is to be kept to a manageable size. It was felt, therefore, that we might begin to concentrate on graduates of the year rather than freshers, and perhaps to pick up some of those who had been missed in their fresher years.

As it happened we had only one response from the graduates we wrote to, and that was from Yvonne Thomas, who had in fact been a contributor to the "Year of 1961", our first publication in this series. Perhaps the committee will be more successful when it approaches 1969 graduates of the two institutions.

Our thanks go also to the staff members who commenced in 1968 and to our regular contributors, Patricia Back, John Penbrook and Nigel Pennington. John Mayo’s background article on University Hall was much appreciated.

No book of this period would have been possible without the excellent photographs taken by the then University Photographer, H.L.J. (Mick) Lamont.

Finally, our thanks to those who physically produced the booklet — Typesetting by Michelle Steele, Marilyn Robson, Annette Horwell and Lois Laivins and Printing by Donald Stewart and Ruben Collins.
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- Anthony Gordon Barker
- John Beumer
- Bob Cope
- Joan Gregor (nee Bennett)
- Gail Kennedy (nee Bussey)
- Susan Kirkby (nee Breinl)
- Ron Maskell
- Alex Milanovic
- Mavis Ruth Pearse
- Helen Penridge (nee Murray)
- Des Petersen
- Alison Schlub (nee Mitchell)
- Cecily Tucker

### The New Love — Des Petersen

### Two University Quest Entrants
- Miss Union Council — Helen Murray
- Miss Arts — Cecily Tucker

### Memorabilia
- Graduation — 1968
- Graduate, Yvonne Thomas
- Two Aerial Views of new Campus

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### Notes
- Page numbers indicate the page where each section begins.
MESSAGE FROM THE CHANCELLOR
Sir George Kneipp

During 1968 there was further progress in the transfer from Pimlico to the new Ross River Plains site which would soon come to be called “Douglas” after the late Mr Justice Robert Johnstone Douglas (retired). The first stages of the Library and the St Paul’s College buildings were completed during the year, adding to the settlement which already consisted of Humanities I, University Hall, The John Flynn College and St Mark’s College.

Planning for autonomy was well in hand following the announcement in May that the University College would become a University in its own right from the beginning of 1970. In fact this occurred on 20 April 1970, when the Act to establish and incorporate the James Cook University of North Queensland was assented to personally by Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, at a ceremony on the new campus.

At a site next door to the new campus, preparations were being made during 1968 for the commencement of teaching at the Townsville Teachers College. The Queensland Department of Education had approved this project in 1966. Although a number of other sites were considered, it is fortunate that the proximity of the University swung the choice in favour of its eventual location.

The wisdom of this choice was evident fifteen years later when the decision was taken to amalgamate the two institutions. The Teachers College enrolled students for the first time in 1969, being officially opened by the then Premier, the Hon. Joh Bjelke-Petersen on 12 February. The Teachers College became the Townsville College of Advanced Education in May 1975 and amalgamated with the University on 1 January 1982, a process which was made less difficult by the fact they were next door to one another.

MESSAGE FROM THE VICE-CHANCELLOR
Professor R.M. Golding

It has been another exciting year at James Cook with further milestones being reached. Student population stands at 4702, which represents an almost 11% gain over 1988. The general purpose building for the Department of Behavioural Sciences and Material Culture Unit which, I mentioned in last year’s booklet, was completed late last year and was officially opened by the Governor of Queensland, Sir Walter Campbell, on 21 June 1989. A new Research Building is under construction and should be occupied early in 1990.

Also under construction is a major building for Nursing, costing $4 million and funded by the State Government. It will be ready in time for the commencement of the 1990 academic year. It is already an impressive looking structure, straddling the stream close by the Biological Sciences Building.

Two Professorial appointments were made during the year: Professor Diana Davis, Head of the Department of Language and Arts Studies in Education, and Professor Phil Summers, Head of the Graduate School in Tropical Veterinary Science. In late April the University was saddened by the death of Professor Kevin Stark, Head of the Department of Civil & Systems Engineering and Pro-Vice-Chancellor (Science and Engineering). Kevin was a key figure from the time he joined the staff of the University College as a lecturer in Engineering on 23 January 1961. Kevin will have been known to all students who attended the College in 1968 irrespective of whether they were enrolled in engineering courses. His wise counsel is sadly missed.

Professor Ted Scott, who joined the staff of the University College in May 1961 as a lecturer in Education, retired from the University in September. He had been
promoted to Professor in 1969 and, at the time of retirement, was Assistant Vice-Chancellor. Ted has played a major role in bringing many of the new significant initiatives within the University to fruition. The successes of the University’s National Centre for Studies in Travel and Tourism is largely due to Ted, and it is pleasing to see him continuing his association with Tourism since his departure.

Finally I should mention developments at the Cairns campus of James Cook University. We now have a total of 250 staff and students in Cairns, and on Friday 20 October, a hand-over ceremony was held at the new Smithfield campus, at which the Governor-General His Excellency the Hon. Bill Hayden AC, and the Premier of Queensland the Hon. Russell Cooper MLA were present. The 53 hectare site is situated on the Captain Cook Highway a short distance north of the Kennedy Highway turnoff to Kuranda. Planning is already under way for the first building to be constructed on the new site.

This is the eighth in the “Year of” series of booklets produced by Convocation as a tribute to those early staff and students who established the traditions of James Cook University — at the original University College of Townsville and the Townsville Teachers College which ultimately became the Townsville College of Advanced Education before amalgamating, in 1982, with the, by then, autonomous University.

The series commenced as the brain-child of my predecessor as Chairman, Mrs Bronwyn Walker, who also served on the Editorial Committee of the first booklet, “Year of 1961”. That booklet was published in 1982, using 1961 photographs and recollections produced by staff and freshers for the Convocation Dinner in 1981 — looking back over twenty years.

Intentions were to commence publishing two booklets a year so that, in the course of time, the backlog would disappear. Unfortunately this has not proved possible. The Editorial Committee has found it difficult enough to produce one book a year, let alone two. In any event, there is some advantage in the present arrangement, as it gives students time to graduate, establish themselves in the outside world, to raise families, and to have interesting accounts of their own doings to submit for publication. This would be lost if the books were printed contemporaneously with, or soon after, the years about which they are written.

There would, however, be a distinct advantage in producing the booklet one year earlier than we are now doing. This would enable us to launch the book in the
year each dinner commemorates — rather than in the year following. Are there sufficient volunteers for two editorial committees to make up this one-year difference? As 1969 was the first year of operation of the Townsville Teachers College it would clearly be advantageous to have someone from that College on next year's committee.

I hope you enjoy this booklet. It continues in the mould of earlier versions, which is not surprising since it has been assembled by our long-standing committee to whom I am extremely grateful. My thanks also go to the staff and students of 1968 who contributed, and to our band of regular writers, without whom the booklet would not have been possible.

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THE YEAR OF 1968

1968 was the year
- Robert Helpmann received a knighthood in the New Year's Honours list
- John Gorton became Prime Minister of Australia
- The final "Great Train Robbery" fugitive was arrested
- Gold was valued at $35 (US) an ounce
- American Spacecraft Surveyor 7 soft landed on the moon
- The Appollo 8 spacecraft was successfully launched from Cape Kennedy, journeying to and round the moon and returning safely to earth six days later
- US Senator Robert Kennedy was assassinated after successfully winning the Democratic Party's nomination for President
- Colonel Yuri Gagarin, first man to brave the hazards of space travel, was killed in an aircraft crash in the Soviet Union
- Jack Pizzey, Premier of Queensland, died after only six months in office
- Two Soviet satellites were docked and uncoupled in space
- France exploded its first hydrogen bomb in the south Pacific
- Richard Nixon became 37th President of the United States replacing Lyndon Baines Johnson (LBJ) who declined to renominate
- Jackie Kennedy married Aristotle Onassis
- Rod Laver won the first ever open Wimbledon Men's Singles title
- Warsaw Pact troops invaded Czechoslovakia
- Cunard's Queen Elizabeth 2 was having teething troubles during her acceptance trials

And, on Townsville campuses, highlights were
- Commencement of construction of St Paul's College
- St Mark's College's move to the new campus
- The official opening of The John Flynn College, Australia's first co-educational church-sponsored residential college
- Commencement of construction of the Townsville Teachers College on land adjacent to the University
- Completion of the first stage of the University Library on the new campus
ESTABLISHMENT OF THE COLLEGE

In January 1957, the then Vice-Chancellor of the University of Queensland, Mr J.D. Story, drew attention to the need for establishing some form of regional university institutions outside the Brisbane metropolitan area. In Townsville, an organization of local citizens, the Townsville and District University Society, began to press for the establishment of a university centre in the north, and on 18 May 1959, at a Cabinet meeting in Cairns, it was announced that the Government would proceed with the establishment of a University College in Townsville.

The University College of Townsville was formally established on 19 May 1960, by proclamation of the Governor-in-Council as the first university institution in Queensland outside the City of Brisbane. The foundation stone was laid by the Minister for Education, the Honourable J.C.A. Pizzey, on 21 May 1960, and the College was officially opened by the then Premier of Queensland, the Honourable G.F.R. Nicklin, on 27 February 1961.

As an integral part of the University of Queensland, the University College of Townsville was governed by the Senate of the University under the Warden, who was responsible to the Senate for the College’s direction and control. The first Warden, Dr F.J. Olsen, was appointed on 1 January 1961. Dr K.J.C. Back succeeded Dr Olsen as Warden in January 1963. The Warden had an Advisory Council and a number of specialist committees, including an Academic Board, to assist him.

Students in the University College received most of the educational advantages of studying at the University in Brisbane together with certain others which an undergraduate at a large university could not hope to enjoy. Classes in Townsville were small and the rapport between lecturer and student close.

The original College was situated on a 14 hectare site at the corner of Hugh Street and Fulham Road, Pimlico, now occupied by the College of T.A.F.E. Through the generosity of the Townsville City Council, the University College had made available to it a new 260 hectare site on the Ross River plains at the base of Mt Stuart (now known as Douglas). A master plan for the new site’s development was prepared in consultation with Professor G. Stephenson of the University of Western Australia, a recognized world authority on university planning. The plan envisaged the development of the site to accommodate 3,000 to 3,500 students in the first stage and an ultimate student population of approximately 10,000. Enrolment currently stands at 4702.
The University Society, the brainchild of the late Dr Reeve Palmerston-Rundle, was started in 1958. Its constitution listed many objectives, the main one being the establishment of a university college and finally an autonomous university.

A second objective was the encouragement of association between Town and Gown, especially of graduates in the area. The lists of the names of members during those early years and the record of social functions arranged, lectures organised, scholarships and bursaries awarded, jobs found for needy students, the portrait of the 1st Warden Professor Olsen, presented to the University College, all these activities demonstrate the important part played by the Society for the newly established young University College which had no graduate organisation behind it.

The President in 1967-68 was Len Daniels Esq, Headmaster of the Grammar school and in 1968-70 it was Professor Hugh Trollope, Head of the Engineering Department.

At the Cocktail Party in February, at the Hotel Allen, bursaries of $30 were presented to three 2nd year students in recognition of their 1st year's work:

- Miss Y A Jerrold, Arts
- Mr K J Stocks, Science
- Mr J B Ness, Engineering

The mid year Annual Dinner was held at Panorama House and the official guest speaker was Mr Gough Whitlam and he and his wife were interesting and charming guests.

Mr Daniels reported that Queensland University authorities had agreed to invite members of the University Society to form part of Convocation of the Townsville university which was to be granted autonomy in 1970. This would enable members to participate in the election of the University Council.

At the AGM in September, plans were laid for the establishing of a Prize Fund now that the Taxation Department, after a long period of time, had permitted donations to be tax deductible. Also Mr Kneipp (now Sir George) suggested the establishment of some sort of memorial of the first-president, Dr R Palmerston-Rundle. Mr David Pearse suggested commissioning a portrait of the Warden, Mr Ken Back. These plans were all carried out in the following two years.

The end of year BarBQ was held successfully at the Douglas Campus.

Joan Hopkins
Excellencies were taken on a tour of the campus which mainly consisted of visiting University Hall, Humanities I and the uncompleted Library. The frail-looking Lady Casey was taken to the Library by a group of women, including the Mayoress Mrs Phillips, Anne Priestley and myself. We were in trepidation as the interior seemed rather unsafe, with unfinished concrete stairs, lacking any banisters of course. I remember Marie Casey as a very entertaining person with a lively mind, who also admired and appreciated the landscape in which the University was situated.

In August, the Association of Commonwealth Universities met in Sydney and Ken was a delegate. The Minister for Education, Malcolm Fraser was Guest of Honour at the Congress dinner; his speech referred to the central role that the Commonwealth Government, rather than the States, now played in tertiary education matters, particularly funding. At the same time he emphasised the commitment to university autonomy. Those were the halcyon days of growth in the Tertiary Education sector.

Following this Congress, there were several major Post-Congress tours to far flung parts of Australia including North Queensland. In order to return home, Ken and I joined the party which was travelling to Townsville but the journey started inauspiciously. The TAA flight was delayed for some reason, and the group was stranded at Sydney airport for many hours, finally departing at about midnight. The plans for the next day had to be drastically curtailed ruining the careful planning of Norm Goldsack and others which had obviously taken weeks. In addition the Warden succumbed to a devastating attack of influenza which first manifested itself at the airport; he was shaking all over, very feverish, while trying to console the overseas visitors, and making repeated phone calls to Townsville about the altered plans. Hopefully the tourists left the North without too many negative impressions.
In November the Australian Universities Commission visited Townsville yet again to receive submissions for the next triennium; the Chairman at the time was Sir Henry Basten, who was to become well known to many of us later as the Chairman of the Australian Institute of Marine Science.

Nearing the end of the year, we had the pleasure of entertaining Rod Campbell at a dinner to celebrate his appointment as Professor of Tropical Veterinary Science and the start of new friendships.

With an intake of 8 first-years in 1968 the College enrolment rose to 15!! There was a change of staff. Miss Philippa Green, who was a foundation member of the Catholic Teachers' College in Suva (Fiji), came back to Australia and joined the staff of The Grail's residential College at Purves Street, Hermit Park. She assisted the Principal, Moya Merrick.

Only one or two Council meetings were held that year and it seems that most of the energies went into preliminary discussion of the planning of the on-campus establishment. In fact, the transfer to the campus did not occur until 1971.

ST RAPHAEL'S COLLEGE

Coping with the stress of study

ST PAUL'S COLLEGE

The first stage in the building of the Catholic Colleges on the Ross River site provided for a central residential block and part of the amenities block of St Paul's College, with accommodation for 64 students, 2 tutors, the Rector and Vice-Rector, as well as some domestic staff.

Three years of planning and preparation had gone into this project when, on Sunday 26 May, the Bishop of Townsville, the Most Reverend Leonard Faulkner, blessed and laid the foundation stone. The first attempt in February had been washed out by rain. There were then many sighs of relief on Sunday 26 May, when the day dawned clear and bright after a threatening Saturday.

Representing the University of Queensland was Lieutenant-Colonel A S Gehrman, Deputy Chancellor. Fr Thomas Pearson, Vice-Provincial, represented the Franciscan Order, which would run the College. Among other distinguished guests were His Lordship Bishop Ryan and the Most Reverend Ian Shevill, Bishop of North Queensland, Mr T Priestley, Chairman of the Advisory Board of
the University College of Townsville and Dr K Back, the Warden. Also present were Mr Justice J A Douglas and Alderman C Arnold, representing the Mayor of Townsville.

After blessing and laying the foundation stone, Bishop Faulkner spoke of the occasion as one of the most important and one of the most satisfying functions that he had been asked to attend since becoming Bishop of Townsville. “I feel”, he said, “that this College will be a great service to the young men from all parts of the Diocese and beyond, who will live and study here. It will be a great service to the University community itself, and I am sure it will be a great service to all the people in the Diocese and in North Queensland”.

His Lordship spoke of his conviction that the Church must be concerned with the development of undergraduates and involved in the University community. “When first I came to Townsville I was doubtful whether a Catholic Residential College was the best means of achieving this. However, after meeting Fr Roger Pearson, after speaking to members of the College Council and finding such a splendid spirit of co-operation on the part of the University itself, I am reassured.

“It is my hope and wish that St Paul’s College will be involved in University life and contribute much to it, that St Paul’s College will be involved in the Diocese, that students, staff and Council of St Paul’s College will, by their practical work and by their leadership over many years, allay any misgivings that people might have about the College; that the staff and students will never lose contact with the campus.

“In placing and blessing this foundation stone, it is my hope and prayer that St Paul’s College will become a Christian and apostolic centre to benefit the University and the people of North Queensland. As Bishop, I pledge every support and help I can give to this ideal”.

The second stage of the program was due to commence in 1970, when work would start on St Raphael’s College (on campus) to provide residence and amenities for 42 students.
St. Raphael's College

Common Chapel in foreground.

St. Paul's College

St Paul's College, in the foreground, under construction. St Mark's centre, The John Flynn College and University Hall in the left background.
1968 was an important year in the history of both University Hall and in the development of Student Residential facilities on the Douglas campus. After a year as the only Residence on the new campus, 1968 saw the Hall joined by several of the church colleges which opened at the start of the new year. In 1967 University Hall had just one wing complete, plus the Facilities Building. B wing was being built that year, and was available for occupation from the beginning of 1968, though only the top two floors were needed. Once B wing was built the Hall had no further construction (apart from a warden’s lodge) until 1986 when the Townhouse complex was started.

In the 1960’s it had been intended to have four residential wings, the two which were built on the north of the site, and another two matching ones on the south of the Facilities Building. These were of course never developed (we would then have had 400 students!).

Virtually the whole of the University College Administration still fitted quite well into the Junior Common Room, Registrar (Dick Barnett) in one corner, Bursar (Robin Blyth) in the other, with Admissions, Exams, Accounts and Personnel etc. in the main room. The Warden Dr Ken Back was in the room next door (intended as the Hall’s Senior Common Room) where the Advisory Council and Academic Board also met. During 1968 one floor of the Hall’s B wing was fitted out to house Dr Back’s Commerce/Economics (then Business Studies) and some other University College activities, thus making some space available as a student common room.

Ian Moles, the first Principal of University Hall and formerly Principal of Stuart House, returned at the start of 1968 after a year away on ‘sabbatical’ in 1967. He was to resign later in 1968 and be succeeded by Professor Richards as 2nd Principal. Professor Richards occupied the position for the next 17 years. I became a resident of University Hall late in 1967, and was a Resident Tutor in 1968 — I was to return as 3rd Head (now Warden) after Professor Richards’ departure for the United States in 1985. The Acting Principal for 1967 and thereafter Deputy Principal was Al Richardson. He had been Principal of Olsen House until it closed in 1966 and remained at the Hall from 1967 to 1983. Yvonne Morley, the Assistant Principal Women and Hall Administrative Officer in 1967, left at the start of 1968 to take up a position at the newly opened John Flynn College; she was sadly missed by the residents and her friends at University Hall but the Hall’s loss was John Flynn’s gain and we are grateful that Miss Morley who wrote for the “Year of 1967” still retains an interest in the Hall.

Ken Goodall was appointed Hall Administrative Officer in 1968 and happily for the Hall, still occupies that position today. One of the 1968 students Brian Glover, is now Chairman of the University Hall Committee and a Convocation Representative on University Council. Another former resident, Kett Kennedy, is now Associate Professor of History. Peter Brownell was a Resident Tutor in 1968 and organised the start of the Senior Common Room in that year as first President. He has maintained an active interest ever since and is the Senior Common Room’s first Life Member and now also a member of the University Hall Committee.

The University College of Townsville had established three Halls of Residence in the early 1960’s, as the predecessors of University Hall: Stuart House and Olsen House for men, and Duncragan for women. Olsen House in the old Mater Hospital at West End had closed at the end of 1966 when University Hall’s A wing opened. Stuart House, a former Air Force facility in the second World War, was to close a year later when the B wing was complete. Although the University still
University Hall, right foreground

has the land, all that now remains of the buildings is the brick bunker which served as the radio command post for the battle of the Coral Sea. Ted Brown, the Principal of Stuart in 1967 became Senior Fellow at The John Flynn College in 1968 and is now Professor of Engineering at the University of Queensland; Stuart's Deputy Principal in 1967, Ray Volker, is still on the University staff at James Cook as Associate Professor of Engineering and Director of Australian Centre for Tropical Freshwater Research. Duncragan continued on as a women's residence for another few years; at the time of writing, some 20 years later. University Hall is investigating its reopening as an off-campus residential facility.

JOHN MAYO

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF TOWNSVILLE

ACADEMIC STAFF

This list sets out the membership of the academic staff as at 1st October, 1968, but includes the names of prospective members and other changes which are to become effective shortly thereafter.

Warden
Kenneth John Campbell Back, MSc Syd., PhD Qld.

Biological Sciences

Professor of Marine Biology
Cyril Burdon-Jones, BSc PhD Wales

Botany
Reader
Vacancy
Lecturers
William Robert Birch, MA BSc Oxon., DipAGSc Cantab.
Peter Ferguson Brownell, BAgSc PhD Adel., RDA.
Ian Russell Price, BSc PhD Melb.
Vacancy
Senior Demonstrator
Raymond Leaty Correll, MSc Adel.
Demonstrators
Christopher John Crossland, BSc Auck.
Vacancy

Marine Science
Senior lecturer
Vacancy
Lecturer
Christopher George Alexander, BSc Wales, MSc S'hampton, PhD Wales
Senior Demonstrators
Margaret Jones, BSc MSc Wales
Richard Ambrose Keshington, BSc Lond., MSc Wales

Zoology
Senior Lecturer
Ronald Patrick Kenny, BSc W.Aust., MSc Qld.
Lecturers
Norman Edward Milward, BSc, MSc W.Aust.
John Stewart Lucas, BSc W.Aust.
George Edward Heinsohn, BA Santa Barb., MA PhD Berkeley
Senior Demonstrators
Helen Grigg, BSc DipEd NE.

Chemistry

Nevitt professor
Geoffrey Norman Richards, PhD DSc Birm., FRIC, FRACI
Senior Lecturers
Joseph Thomas Baker, MSc PhD Qld., ARACI, FCS, MACS
Ernest Sengles, BSc PhD Birm., ARACI
Leslie Frederick Power, BCom BSc PhD AAUQ Qld., AASA, ARACI, FCS

Lecturers
Francis George Thomas, MSc PhD Melb., ARACI, MSc
Robert John Wells, BSc PhD Exeter
Kenneth Russell Adam, BSc Qld., PhD Monash
Mervyn Roy Litzow, BSc PhD Qld.

Lecturer (Biochemistry)
Robert Logan, BSc PhD Glas.

Senior Demonstrator
Robert Sydney Smythe, BSc Qld., ARACI

Demonstrators
Ian Clark Howard, BSc DipEd Tas.
Gary Edward Scott, BSc Qld.
Christopher Pang Way, BSc Qld.

Commerce and Economics

Professor
Vacancy

Lecturers
John Layton Mayo, BA Qld., MA N.S.W. (Economics)
Barrie O’Keeffe, BCom DipEd Melb., AASA(prov) (Accountancy)
George Johnstone Ryland, BAgEc NE., DAH QAC (Economics)
3 Vacancies

Senior Tutor
Ian Wadsworth Fleming, BEcon Qld. (Temporary) (Economics)

Tutor
Vacancy

Education

Professor
Vacancy

Senior Lecturer
Edward Scott, BA PhD Syd., MAPsS, MACE

Lecturers
Kenneth Royce Orr, BA MEd Melb., MACE
John Edward Anwyl, BA BEd Melb., MACE
Thomas Albert Birken, BA Auck., MA Well.

Lecturer (Psychology)
Jonathon Roger Britten, BPsych W.Aust.

French

Professor
Vacancy

Senior lecturer
Rex Keith Moss, BA DipEd Melb., DHELF Grenoble, MACE

Lecturers
Simone Birch, LenD Bordeaux, LétL DES Paris

Tutor
Tatiana Joukovsky, MA W.Aust., CPF Grenoble

Engineering

Professor (Civil Engineering)
David Hugh Trollope, MSc Wales, PhD Melb. & Qld., DEng Qld., MIEAust, MAus SocCE

Professor (Systems Engineering)
Vacancy

Senior lecturers
Kevin Percy Stark, BE BEcon Qld., AMIEAust
George Redvers Walker, ME PhD Auck.

Lecturers
Baden Sattor Best, BE Qld., AMIEAust
David Matthew Fleming Orr, MA MAI PhD Dub., AMICE, AMIE Aust.
Edwin Thomas Brown, BE MEngSc Melb., AMIEAust., AMASCE, AIM
Navin Chandra Kothehi, BSc Bombay, PhD Qld., AIM, ARACI
Swen Eric Molin, MEng(Mech) Stockholm, DipEng(Elec) Vasteras
2 Vacancies

Senior demonstrators
Noel Richard Baker, DipMEE, GradIEAust.
William Eric Bodley, BE MEngSc Syd.

Dennis Sydney Ford, BE Qld.
Geography

Professor
Vacancy
Senior lecturer
Percy Philip Courtenay, BA PhD Lond., CertEd Cantab., FRGS

Lecturers
David Hopley, MA Manc.
Geoffrey Alan Willis, BA Dub., MA Alb.

Demonstrator
John Stewart, BA DipEd Syd.

Geology and Mineralogy

Professor
Vacancy
Senior lecturer
Philip Jon Stephenson, PhD DIC Lond., BSc Qld.

Lecturers
Walter Sugden, BSc ARSM Lond.
Roger Grahame Taylor, BSc Leic., PhD DIC Lond.
Paul Frederick Williams, BSc Durh., MSc NSW.
Robert Arthur Henderson, BSc PhD Well.

Senior demonstrator
Brian Geoffrey Steveson, BSc PhD Liv.

Demonstrator
Vacancy

History

Professor
Brian James Dalton, MA N.Z., DPhil Oxon.

Senior lecturer
Ian Newton Moles, MA Qld.

Lecturers
Henry Reynolds, MA Tas.
Luke Trainor, BA Syd BA PhD Lond.
Howard Tyrrell Fry, MA DipEd PhD Cantab.
Dorothy Jean Farnfield, MA Oxon.

Tutor
Vacancy

Mathematics

Professor
Basil Cameron Rennie, MA PhD Cantab.

Reader
Vacancy

Senior lecturers
Bill Bateup Newman, BEd MSc Qld.

Vacancy

Physics

Professor
James Frederick Ward, BA BSc Melb., DIC PhD Lond., FIEE, FAIP, AMIEAust

Senior lecturer
Raymond Booth Taylor, BSc Tas., PhD A.N.U.

Lecturers
Bruce Cater Gibson-Wilde, MSc Qld., AInstP
Michael Bowthorpe, BSc Aberd., FRMetSc
John Leslie Nicoll, BSc Qld.

Vacancy

Senior demonstrators
William Morton Coleman, BSc Qld.
James Ross Glenfield, MSc Syd.

Demonstrators
John Charlwood Campbell, BSc Syd.
Bruce Raymond Bacon, FRMIT (App Phys) ARMIT (Maths)
Vacancy

Tropical Veterinary Science

Professor
Vacancy

University college librarian
Milton George Simms, BA BEd W.Aust., ALAA

Principal librarian
Patricia Marie White, BA Melb., ALAA

Librarian
John Frederick Penbrook

Graduate library assistants
Carol Elizabeth Smollen, BA Qld.
Ronald Edward Store, BEd Qld.
Joan Virtue, BA DipEd NE
Christobel Mary Stoker, BA Nott., FGA
Judith Pottinger, BSc W.Aust.
The Library and I

I arrived in Sydney via Hong Kong from Indonesia, my country of origin. In Hong Kong I had been employed as a librarian in a large shipping company (Java, China, Japan Line).

After I had settled in, I applied in 1957 for a job at the State Library of New South Wales in Sydney. Due to the non-recognition in the 1950's of my non-English qualifications by the NSW Public Service Board, I had to restart as a library assistant. I completed, as a part-time student, the L.A.A. Preliminary Certificate in 1959, followed by the completion of the requirements for the postgraduate diploma of librarianship at the University of NSW. This was followed in 1963 by my appointment as a departmental librarian.

During my annual holiday in August 1967, my family and I made a camping trip along Australia's east coast from Sydney to Port Douglas and back. In Townsville I paid a visit to the University College at Pimlico, where I met Milton Simms and his staff. During my conversations with Milton he persuaded me to join his staff. In October 1967 I received a letter from Ken Back, appointing me as a librarian. I started work early in January and I was appointed Pimlico librarian on April 8th, 1968. At the time I was the only qualified full time librarian on the staff besides Milton Simms.

Most of the library's collections and services were still located at Pimlico except for the Humanities and Social Sciences collection. These had been transferred in 1967 to the new Ross River Campus to share the ground floor of the new Humanities building with the History and Education departments. At Pimlico the library collections and reference service were located on part of the first floor of one of the academic buildings. Technical Services had to make do with part of one of the non-cyclone proof demountables.
The library's condition as described in my contribution to the "Year of 1966" had not altered very much by 1968. Again, no reference was made to the library in the College Handbook of that year. In his first Report to the library committee in 1968, Milton refers to the problem of the rapidly rising cost of essential library staff, which made the efficient running of the library extremely difficult. However, during the year, two new appointments were made which somewhat alleviated the lingering problem of the lack of experienced staff. In May, Ron Store entered on the library scene with his appointment as a graduate assistant, followed by Trish White who became principal librarian in charge of Technical Services. Also during the year Richard Anderson was promoted from Library attendant to Library clerk and at a later stage he became Acquisitions librarian.

At Pimlico my main tasks consisted of providing a more effective library service to students and staff in the faculties of Science and Engineering and improving the collections. Conscious of keeping staff morale as high as possible under trying circumstances Milton and his wife Lois did everything in their power to stimulate good personnel relations. Staff were at all times made welcome in their home. Regularly successful parties were held, sometimes lasting until sunrise and beyond.

In spite of the hectic pace set for all staff several of us participated in library activities "after hours". We had become aware of the poor quality or the non-existence of libraries in primary and secondary schools in our area. Furthermore, we thought it essential to improve the standard of libraries and librarianship in North Queensland. To achieve this we started to give assistance in book selection, cataloguing and classification, library organisation and use. The training by us of volunteer library assistants contributed to the relief of the often over-extended teachers in helping them with library routines, such as shelving, basic repairs, preparing new books for use, etc. The result of our activities culminated in the forming of the School Library Association of North Queensland in Townsville. Its aim was the promotion of the development and use of school libraries through seminars, workshops, visits to schools and the publication of a journal. The efforts of S.L.A.Q. stimulated interest in education in general and higher education in particular. It was hoped that it would enthuse North Queensland school leavers to study at the College.

Good relations existed also internally between library staff and academics which was facilitated by the use of the same common room. It allowed us to discuss problems when they occurred. Conversely, library staff were much more aware of the activities and problems existing in the academic departments. We discovered that the lack of funds was not only a library problem!

For instance, I became aware of the Marine Biology department's main problem, namely the lack of a proper sea-going research vessel. Funds for a vessel had been promised but they were insufficient to provide for its scientific equipment. On one of my holiday trips, I met on Hayman Island, the secretary of the "James Kirby Foundation". A keen fisherman himself, he showed more than superficial interest in the tropical marine environment. During our fishing trips, I explained to him the activities of the department of Marine Biology at the College with which I had become acquainted through my reference work. I also explained to him how the lack of an appropriate research vessel handicapped the full potential of department research. Of course, the financial plight of the Library was put forward by me with even greater zeal. However, the lack of a research vessel really made him concerned and he promised to look into the matter. As we all know, the outcome of this initial contact culminated in a large donation for those years of $25,000 towards the provision of essential scientific instruments for the new vessel. It was launched by Mrs Kirby and to honour the founder of this charity foundation, named the "James Kirby".

My close involvement with overseas students, particularly the Indonesians of Tropical Veterinary Science, continued for many years. They needed personal "coaching" in the effective use of English reference material. Whilst library facilities in those years at the College might have been poor by Australian standards, such facilities at many Indonesian Universities were alarming indeed. For instance, at Udayana University in Denpasar, Bali, I found that the Veterinary Science students had only access to ten books per student, and most of these were outdated, whilst subscriptions to journals were unaffordable. Fortunately, this situation has now improved.
to request him to seek immediate and substantial supplementation to the library's budget. The amount allocated for 1968 was only $142,000 made up as follows: Books $33,000; Serials $27,500; maintenance, equipment and binding $10,200; library staff salaries $71,500. These small amounts greatly disappointed and dismayed everyone concerned.

Despite the inadequate financial state of the library, some worthwhile achievements were made in 1968. One of these was the completion of the first edition of the Pimlico library Subject Catalogue in book form. This project owed much to the efforts of Carol Smollen (Kenchington) who was employed as a graduate assistant in Technical Services. This contribution to the use of E.D.P. in an Australian library was the first of its kind. It consisted of 10,000 entries under 3000 subject headings alphabetically arranged.

The other achievement was the completion of the first half of the new library building at a cost of half a million dollars. Milton referred to the new building as an outstanding achievement in its design and layout. Any "weaknesses" still extant, he said, will be rectified in time. Nevertheless, from the beginning of its occupation the building suffered from a noise problem, mainly due to its open design. Whilst architecturally this building might have been innovative and pleasing to the eye as a functional library building, it has never been the success that Milton had envisaged.

To supplement its meagre financial resources the library solicited gifts from business houses and the community. Whilst at times the results of these approaches were most successful, they could be also most disappointing. For instance, when a number of Townsville business houses were asked to contribute towards the purchase of literature for Business Studies the response was negligible. On the other hand, many people in Townsville continued to donate their books, journals and other material to the library.

The P & O liner Arcadia looked magnificent at its berth in Southampton as my wife and I embarked on 16th July, 1968; the experience of a lifetime was about to begin. Here we were newly married, setting off for Australia for a year or two; neither of us had set foot outside our native land before. The long sea voyage wasn't as good as it was cracked up to be. For instance, the ship started to creak as soon as it moved from its berth, and it continued to do so for 5 weeks, all the way to Sydney. The Arcadia was broken up years ago, presumably before it fell to bits somewhere in the middle of the ocean.

We knew quite a lot about Townsville before we arrived because Dorothy and Bruce Gibson-Wilde were fellow travellers returning from leave; they gave us a blow by blow account. My first view of the city from an old TAA Electra was of a large pink hill which seemed to be a very active volcano, but it was all right, just a common old bush-fire. Good grief, where had we come to? We were met by the Prof's wife, Glen Burdon-Jones, and Helen and John Lucas. They spared no effort to help us to find our feet.

I remember that first day very vividly. For instance I was told to ring Norm Goldsack. I duly did this, not having a clue who he was or what he wanted. It turned out the College had a house for us but we had to go to TREB (who?) to pay a bond (a what?) before 5pm. The next day I presented myself in my department where Averil Traill, Prof's secretary, solemnly handed me a pad of paper, a pencil, a ball point pen with Queensland Government stamped on it, some envelopes and note paper and a curious piece of oval shaped glass. I had no idea what this was; perhaps a quaint antipodean crystal ball to help me write things on this sort of literary wayfarer's dole I had been given. I soon grew to love this glass paperweight (why didn't I guess?) as it stopped the said bits of paper blowing all over the place as I crouched under the fan, no air conditioners then, trying to keep cool (this was August). Averil kept telling me it was going to get hotter; she was right. We still laugh about it 21 years later.
It was a small amiable close-knit community then and I guess we all felt a bit like pioneers; we were too. There wasn’t much equipment and a lot of the furniture looked as though it had come out of the ark. Everyone was very kind and helpful and they still are. I remember Geoff Duce helping me to understand the mysteries of administration and amongst many practical suggestions directing me towards Ron Moss who sold me my first car, a VW (didn’t most of us start with a beetle in those days?); it lasted nearly a decade. My old friend Ron Kenny was a tower of strength, advising on lab. class running, lecturing, lending us cutlery and a typical piece of Ron, when asked where my artist wife Ann could get paint: “You’re not going to believe this, but try the dry cleaners in Sturt Street”. Sure enough, at the back, there was Cyril Beale lurking in a shed surrounded by tubes of paint.

At the Pimlico Campus most of the staff of Science and Engineering at least could easily take tea together in the common room. It was good because I got to know a lot of people; for instance, I often chatted to Hugh Trollope, but in later years never even saw him from one year's end to the next. This sort of change was one of the casualties of growth. I wonder how many people recall lunching at the refectory presided over by Mrs Davies? No nonsense there. I remember Lachie Marsh wondering whether she would charge him the 2 cents for the sachet of tomato sauce if he asked for a tomato sauce milk shake. I don’t believe he ever dared.

My office was next to the library with John Penbrook in command; no computers then. John had this big pack of cards he would shuffle. It worked; he always knew when you had a book overdue. There was a steam driven computer, an IBM 1620, under the capable control of Ian Hunter. Over Christmas 1971, a number of us carried out the grisly remains of the Computer Centre after Cyclone Althea more or less permanently re-programmed the 1620.

Doing photography could be quite entertaining as it involved working with Mick Lamont. He would appear festooned with camera and keep up a rapid continuous commentary on what he was doing, or what you thought he said he was doing, for the entire session. The results were invariably good but it did leave one a little drained.

Well, I’m still here 21 years later, having come, like so many of us, just for a year or two. I am still trying to find out something about Marine Biology and I guess I’ll be here for a while longer, or that tempting providence? Things have changed a great deal at work and at home. I have another wife now, but my daughter Denise has returned to her home town and is now studying English at JCU (two Marine Biologist parents, seems like carelessness). Many people I met in those early days are still here plying their trade and many are close friends of long standing.

If I had my time over again, yes, I would come here and do it all again.

HAZEL FRANCIS (NEE MELLICK)

I well remember Townsville University College in 1968, the year of my appointment. I remember University Hall with its balcony-pocked exterior and its interior so totally unsuited to the intense natural heat and light of Townsville. I remember Resident-Tutor duty and Al Richardson and the meals which I supplemented with nourishing food. I remember immature students floundering in “co-ed” corridors and the amazing beauty of the hills in the changing light of the day.

I remember the rawness of the site and, above all else, the space — a College or two and one academic building only across the road and the great emptiness within and without the “Ring Road” and the enormous sky above it all. I felt I could breathe on that young campus and it seemed to me that what I had come there to do was important.

My appointment followed a mid-year interview with Professor Roderick in 1967 and the announcement of my final Honours year results, and my role within the Department of English was to introduce Old and Middle English and History of the English Language to the English Honours students. Two small groups were established, Year 1 and Year 2, and I was eager to pour into them all my own recently acquired knowledge in these areas. I remember Professor Roderick’s enthusiasm and the independence he allowed me in my own field — the greatest gifts any Professor could have given to this newly-acquired, just-graduated, academic staff member. Those were the days of rigorous end-of-year examinations and I remember my ire at being mistaken, by a Senior Academic, for an Invigilator. Although I was known on the new site, I was, of course, totally unknown at Pimlico. A bus carried students from one campus to the other but I never did feel, during my one year at Townsville University College that I was part of Pimlico, and, in fact, the tiny settlement at Douglas always represented the University to me. Having come directly there from the University of Queensland with its established campus and hordes of students, I felt, when I saw the
It was not so, of course. The English Department was vigorous and I was able to lay the basis for the Old and Middle English section of the Library. I remember looking up "Middle Ages" in the subject catalogue and finding only "Middle Age" which said "See Old Age". I started from there.

After one year only at the Townsville University College I returned to the Department of English at the University of Queensland and the Women's College, then on to study overseas and to further lecturing posts at Tertiary Institutions. But Townsville University College gave me my start as an Academic staff member and I thus fulfilled a dream I had long had. I have continued in the field of Early English and have periodically returned to the James Cook University of North Queensland to marvel yet again at the colour of the surrounding hills. There is no longer the impression of "playing at Universities".

In January 1968 I set sail in the P & O liner Oriana to join the History Department as a Lecturer with the responsibility of laying the foundations for a new course in South-East Asian history, a field of study which was then booming as a result of Australia's involvement in the war in Vietnam.

Before leaving the UK I was able to obtain from the Queensland Government's Office in the Strand in London a most useful illustrated brochure on Townsville. This provided me with much valuable information which was soon augmented by what I learnt from the many Australians on board, and the voyage also proved to be an excellent way of acclimatising myself to the difference between an English winter and a February in the sub-tropics. I had been advised that this would be the best way to travel out, and I was grateful for that advice, as it most certainly was.

After our arrival in Sydney I spent a day or two in finding my way around and in familiarizing myself with the Mitchell and Dixson Libraries. And I remember being surprised, on a visit to the Natural Science Museum, to read on the label of a large stuffed crocodile that it had been killed in Townsville at the turn of the century. The brochure had been silent on that! Then I continued my journey to Townsville by rail, so that I could see as much as possible of the Australian landscape. When I finally reached Townsville, Professor Brian Dalton was there on the platform to greet me. He first drove me up to the top of Castle Hill where, on that bright sunny morning, I gained an encouraging first impression of the beauty of the local scene, and then we drove out to the Douglas campus.

For that first year I lived in St Mark's College, which had recently been moved from its original location in the shadow of the Anglican cathedral to its new buildings on the campus. It was to be a few days before the Warden, Fr Milton McGregor BSB, returned from his annual leave, but when he did so he extended to me a warm welcome. In those days the college had not yet been extended to take in women students, and life in the college was slightly more formal than in later years, with gowns being worn for the evening meal.

I soon found that I shared common interests with Jean and Terry Farnfield who had a flat in neighbouring University Hall. Terry and I had a common interest in the RAF, while Jean, a colleague in the History Department, had just published her biography of George Elphinstone Dalrymple, entitled Frontiersman; by a curious coincidence my own book on that pioneer's kinsman of an earlier generation, Alexander Dalrymple, was also about to be published.

I soon realized that the creation of a decent South-East Asian Library would need to be a first priority, for at that stage we had nothing available on the subject at all, and if my memory serves me aright, the entire University College library was then housed in what later became a single lecture room in the Humanities building. Several years were to pass before the funds were made available for the construction and stocking with books and periodicals of the present University Library.

In 1968 my main task was to design and prepare the way for the new South-East Asian History course which was to start in 1969, and after a survey of the courses being offered by the other Australian universities I came to the conclusion that it would be best for us to make the Philippines our special field of interest, while still covering the other countries of the region in a more general way. Several considerations led to this conclusion. In the first place, though this was a country of major strategic and political significance, it was then being largely ignored in Australian academic circles. Furthermore, despite the fact that several years were likely to pass before facilities became available for the study of foreign languages other than French, nevertheless much useful work (including original research) could still be carried out in Townsville in the study of modern Philippine history using English language resources alone, because of the American connection.

In that first year I was lucky enough to have the opportunity to undertake a South-East Asian tour with a party organised under the auspices of the A.U.S., which included a visit to Angkor, so soon to be closed to foreign visitors as a result of Cambodia becoming embargoed in the war in Vietnam.
Thereafter I remained with the University until I reached retirement age at the end of 1984. I have always realized how exceedingly fortunate I have been to have had the opportunity to serve in such a happy environment, and at such a very interesting time as the foundation of a new university. The History Department under the able and very supportive leadership of Brian Dalton has been a first-rate place to work in, and though family considerations were to lead to our return to the UK after my retirement, I am very glad to have been able to retain a link with the University through my being made an Honorary Research Associate in the Department of History and Politics. At such a distance this is, of course, of greater sentimental than practical significance, but it is nevertheless a contact which I much value.

JOHN LUCAS

My first contact with the University and with Townsville came when George Heinsohn and I were flown from Perth for job interviews in November 1967. We stayed overnight in the Coolabah Motel, Bowen Road, and experienced the first massive thunderstorm and rain of summer. Sitting by the motel pool that hot humid night, with flying foxes sweeping in and out of a nearby mango tree and appearing as silhouettes against the lightning flashes, I decided that Townsville was a most exotic place.

Unfortunately, I have never had that sense of exotic Townsville since.

I was subsequently offered a lectureship in Zoology at the University College. My PhD thesis at University of Western Australia was completed and, in February 1968, Helen and I drove across Australia and north to Townsville in my VW Beetle. The University rented houses to accommodate new staff members and we were amazed to be sent to a house in Stanton Terrace, high up on Castle Hill, with magnificent views of Cleveland Bay and the island.

My first office in the University College in 1968 was a room in a demountable at the edge of the Pimlico campus. The room had no screens and lawn clippings would spray in through the louvres as the gardener mowed past. I can remember wetting pages with sweat running off my hands and the ink smudging in the wet patches as I tried to write my first lectures. Fortunately, I had moved to more substantial accommodation by the time Cyclone Althea destroyed that demountable in 1971.

My appointment was at the time of Cyril Burdon-Jones' appointment as Professor of Marine Biology, following the University College's decision to have a specialisation in marine science. Working on the Great Barrier Reef seemed the obvious area for a marine biologist; however, I soon discovered that this was much easier said than done. The only way to get out to the Reef in 1968 was on a Hayles ferry which was chartered for the day by a local shell club. The shell club chartered it on days of extra low tides during winter, because the shell collectors walked on the reef, and there seemed to be a strong correlation between periods of rough weather and low tides. Month after month passed and the trips were cancelled. Finally, there was a trip on a marginal day. The little old ladies of the shell club enjoyed themselves while I hung over the side of the ferry, watched the sea rise and fall, and wished to die.

It was clear that doing research on the Reef off Townsville would result in a severe lack of observations, so I looked at more inshore environments. Mangrove forests are another distinctly tropical marine environment and there are a lot of mangroves around Townsville. However, they looked unpleasant and forbidding, and there had been a recent visiting biologist who had worked in the Townsville mangroves and who was regarded by the local biologists as somewhat eccentric. I also decided against mangroves and settled for working on the crabs under the rocks in Rowes Bay - not exactly the "Wonders of the Great Barrier Reef".

The new undergraduate courses in marine biology achieved immediate acceptance and we had students coming to Townsville from all over Australia. Some students in those early years had quite unreasonable expectations of the courses and would come along in Orientation Week practically in their diving gear and expect to be taken out to the Reef to begin classes. They were disillusioned to find that they would have to study chemistry, mathematics, etc.

It was participation in the Second International Coral Reef Symposium on board the cruise ship "Marco Polo", which cruised the length of the GBR during the Symposium, that finally "turned me on" to coral reef studies in 1973. This Symposium, plus the commissioning of the "James Kirby" research vessel which gave reliable access to the Reef and the advent of the first GBR outbreak of Crown-of-thorns starfish which produced generous research funding for anyone who would tackle the prickly problem, were important steps in getting me offshore into coral reef studies.
It is history that the University's decision to specialise in tropical marine studies has been comprehensively justified and that, with the addition of the Australian Institute of Marine Science and the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Authority, Townsville has become an international mecca for marine scientists. It is very satisfying to have been in there at the ground level and to have been part of the development process over several decades. Today, I have a group of graduate students who are involved in research projects on coral reef animals and I am involved in research programs that include various south Pacific islands and the Philippines. To complete my metamorphosis into a thoroughly tropical marine ecologist, I even take the mangrove ecology exercise for the second year field camp at Magnetic Island.

IAN PRICE

When I accepted the lectureship in botany at the University College of Townsville I really had very little idea where Townsville was or what it would be like. At the time I was carrying out post-doctoral research in Marburg, a delightful mediaeval town in Germany. I had spent most of my life in Melbourne, but had ventured as far north as Brisbane. None of this adequately prepared me for life in Townsville in 1968. I doubt that comparative newcomers could truly comprehend the relatively primitive conditions in those earlier days, but my recollections might indicate some of the changes that have taken place in 20 years.

I still recall my first day in Townsville quite clearly. Having survived the single-lane bitumen 'horror-stretch' between Rockhampton and Sarina, I drove into Townsville on a Saturday morning in late January 1968. Following lunch at the Garden of Roses Cafe I was able (through the Townsville Daily Bulletin) to find a fully-furnished 2-bedroom flat on The Strand for the princely sum of $20 per week. During the first two weeks of my stay there was a heat-wave, and then it rained non-stop for the next two weeks. The cushions in the flat turned blue with mould and the floor tiles began to lift. Despite these disturbing omens I stayed on.

Some months later I was able to find a comfortable 1-bedroom flat for the more reasonable rental of $13 per week. Neither flat was screened or provided with ceiling fans. In those days ceiling fans and insect screens were unusual, and air-conditioning virtually unknown. In any case the power supply usually failed at the first sign of rain, so fans and air-conditioning would often have been inoperable when most needed.

On the Monday following my arrival in Townsville I duly turned up at the University College, only to find that most staff of the Botany Department (and in fact most of the College staff) were 'down south' on holidays. Eventually a tutor arrived, although he didn't know if any space had been set aside for me. I must have tracked down someone from Administration because salary payments began to arrive soon afterwards.

At the College classes were small but lecture loads high. Arriving in Townsville only about a month before term was due to start, I was promptly allocated a daunting load teaching completely new courses. 1968 was the first year in which a major in botany was offered, at a time when the Botany Department consisted of only 3 Lecturers and 2 tutorial staff. The scientific facilities available for teaching and research were extremely limited to say the least, and improvisation was the order of the day. However, considerable satisfaction was gained in helping to get the Department up and running.

Soon after my arrival I decided to work back at night in the Pimlico Library of the College. However, in the absence of screens or air-conditioning it was impossible to read because the pages absolutely crawled with insects attracted by the bright lights through the open windows.

In 1968 the College students held an annual parade along Flinders Street to celebrate Commemoration Day. This was well before the pedestrian mall was constructed, and even before Joh became Premier. Some of the parade floats gave special attention to certain local politicians.

I almost led a group of students astray on the way back from an excursion early in the year, by suggesting a stop for liquid refreshments at the Rollingstone 'Pub'. Just in time I realized that most of the students were under the legal drinking age (then 21), so we rolled through to the neighbouring general store. In later years, once the legal drinking age was lowered to 18, many of the Botany staff and students could be found on Friday evenings in scientific discussions at the 'Vale'.

Some of the benefits of the small College have been lost as the University has grown. As the number of students has increased, the opportunities for individual attention have diminished. At the Pimlico campus there was a single common room, so there was regular contact between staff from the different departments. Moreover, students and staff alike took lunch at the Refectory. In those early years there was a very strong feeling of camaraderie in the small departments, and firm friendships were established. With the considerable physical separa-
tion of many departments on the Douglas campus, contact between University staff is now generally much reduced.

Townsville City (including Thuringowa) has also changed dramatically in the last 20 years. Along with many improvements the city has perhaps also become more impersonal. But I think few would want a return to the conditions of 1968.

STUDENT UNION

1968 saw the Eighth Union Council. The President was Mr M Scott and Vice-Presidents were Mr P Gopal and Mr P Frazer.

It was the second year of operating on two campuses, and there were cries for a more unified student spirit. P J Frazer called for more uniformity: "We are only a small University, so how about us exercising a little trust and tolerance of other students, all working together for a bigger and better student body."

In contrast to previous years, the term "campi" notably did not appear in the reports of 1968, rather campus was used in its place.

The Commem Week procession was claimed to be a great improvement on the previous year's event, with a good deal of thought being put into the event well in advance. There was also a notable absence of flour and water throwing in the course of the parade.

The boat races that year were also an outstanding success, with the introduction of the Ale Yard competition in which there were a number of "sterling" performances.

There were only two editions of 'Magnus Taurus', the Student Union newspaper, printed. This was due to a general lack of interest in the publication and was reflected in the quality of the magazine. The newspaper had been consistently rated over an eight year period as the worst student publication by other student newspaper editors.

A number of new clubs had started operating, they consisted of the Judo Club, Comparative Education, IT and the Economics and Commerce Faculty Association. IT was one of the most active clubs, having a guest speaker at least once a week. Some of those that actually spoke were: Tom Aitkens vs T Wigney 'Universities & Intellectual Liberty'; Gough Whitlam MHR 'Australian Politics'; Sn Sgt Furlong vs B Glover 'Demonstrations'; Prof K Inglis, University of Papua New Guinea 'Politics of Inequality; Mr Gifford, President of Queensland Communist Party 'Czechoslovakia'; Mick Ringiari Gerundhi 'Landrights for Aboriginals'.

Overall sporting activities for the year were successful. A number of individuals were selected for intervarsity. In the Rugby Union competition, the Union fielded two teams, 'Blue' and 'Gold' with mixed fortune. Uni Blue had lost its unbeaten record, however it still remained at the top of the competition ladder. Uni Gold had fluctuating performances, due to some difficulty in fielding a consistent team.

The Miss University Quest was again held, with Miss E Mackenzie Miss University for 1968. Miss Jill Pearce was named Miss WUS.

Nigel Pennington
ANTHONY GORDON BARKER

My reason for going to University came about through a desire to study economics. I found this attainable through the University College which accepted me as a part-time student.

Married with a family, I can thank my wife for her love and support, and Dr John Mayo for his understanding of my difficulties. Without these two requisites I never would have got started.

My memories of the Douglas Campus comprised a Humanities building and Library. My home was and still is in Townsville, and all the time I had was given to work which was necessary to support my family, attending lectures and completing assignments.

I had missed the first few weeks of the year through illness. This only added to my confusion which lasted almost all year. As I became friendly with full-time day students I began to realize the life of students and feel the freedom to make your own decisions as to study.

Although my classes had many part-time students they seemed to be coming and going as they transferred with job requirements and changed lecture times as some subjects were offered during the day and again at night.

JOHN BEUMER

1968 — that year of transition from secondary to tertiary education! Arriving in Townsville in late January by plane, all the roads having been cut by floods, I found my way to the new, incomplete John Flynn College to start Year I of a B.Sc. I was the first enrolment at the College which was about halfway through construction, e.g. all meals being taken in rooms still to become bed/study rooms in later years. The population of cockroaches was rivalled only by the number of cane toads taking advantage of the extra aquatic environment, courtesy of the extended wet season.
Science was studied at Pimlico campus and those of us residing at Douglas made the long daily bus trip past the Army, over the Ross River, near the “meatworks” bridge — the upstream bridge wasn’t completed at the time, making returns from the “Vale” pub all the more hazardous.

The Thursday afternoon tutorials (5.00-6.00pm) for Physics 1b brought together the colourful mix of science/medicine/veterinary/pharmacy students whose combined efforts on various ditties helped to pass the time before returning to Douglas.

College life was full of challenges — least of all the food (other descriptions were also given to the colourful and variably-textured organic materials served with regular monotony). Flynn was a mix of first years, second years (mostly ex-Stuart and Duncragan) and Graduate Tutors. The second years, e.g. John (Pat) Craven, Doug Galletly et al., introduced each “Freshman” to the college initiation rites (rights) and in turn were rewarded with a mixture of subservience, revenge and latent aggression.

I graduated in 1971 with a BSc (Hons) which had awakened my interest in things environmental and in the fish side of life. A PhD on the biology of freshwater fishes of the Black-Alice Rivers System to the north of Townsville followed. I then did 8.5 years of penance in Melbourne working with Fisheries and Wildlife on eels and other fishes. In mid-1983, I moved north again to Brisbane to join Queensland Fisheries as a fisheries biologist looking after fisheries-habitat issues in coastal and inland waters.

Kay (nee Sheehan, also a JCUNQ graduate) and I are the proud parents of two “beaut” kids, Julian (6) and Lucy (3). We have travelled to various places within Australia and overseas (Fiji, Europe, Hong Kong) for work-related (I’m fortunate eels have such a wide-spread distribution!) and the basic tourist trips.

BOB COPE

I completed my B.Ed. Hons in 1974, studying part-time whilst teaching at Pimlico High School. At Uni, I founded both Rugby Union and Water Polo Clubs. In 1975 I moved to Brisbane to the then Kelvin Grove Teachers College (which is now Brisbane CAE and who knows what in 1990). I have enjoyed two stints overseas, studying at the University of Michigan, and lecturing at the University of Oregon. I still coach both Rugby and Water Polo and managed the Australian water polo team to Universiade in 1987, despite having a wife and three teenage daughters.

JOAN GREGOR (NEE BENNETT)

1968 was a year of happy memories of the Townsville University College for me. I was a first year student, one of a small group of twelve enrolled in Medicine. I was one of four females in the year. The University of Queensland, our “parent” university, allowed us to study for one year only at the TUC then we had to complete our Medical Degree at the St Lucia Campus in Brisbane. The same applied to Dentistry, Pharmacy and Vet Science students at that time.
In 1968 the Pimlico Campus was still a busy campus for science and engineering students. It was still the hub of University activity in Townsville. Most of my first year was therefore spent at Pimlico. However the Douglas Campus of the future James Cook University was established as the site for the Humanities' Degree courses, and we Medical students attended history lectures there once weekly. The Residential Colleges were well and truly established at Douglas.

Orientation Week in late February 1968 was exciting. There were numerous social functions including a Hay Ride from Pimlico up to the top of Castle Hill and back, and a dance where we were computer-matched with our "perfect" partner. I was quite excited to find that John Rigano, from my year, was my perfect match!

Our Matriculation Ceremony — our first “academic” occasion — was held at the end of Orientation Week in a brand-new building at the Douglas campus. It was a great honour to be individually presented to the Governor, Sir Alan Mansfield.

Even the serious side of University life — namely lectures and prac — was enjoyable at the TUC. We shared facilities at the Pimlico campus with engineering, science, dentistry, vet science and pharmacy — all of which had small numbers in each Faculty — so we were able to fraternise with a great variety of friends. Two lecturers whose names I can remember were Dr Joe Baker (Chemistry) and Dr Lucas (Zoology). There are many others whose names I have forgotten but whose personalities I could never forget.

GAIL KENNEDY (NEE BUSSEY)

1968 — What a year — what a change! I started with the “backing” of both Commonwealth and Cunningham scholarships and a lot of bad advice — namely “do what you’re good at”. So this student, with marine biologist’s aspirations, ended up heading for an Arts degree the hard way. With a leg in the two campuses, Pimlico and Douglas with Zoology and History respectively, English had to be done at night with the part-timers and German, externally from Queensland Uni. The status of part-time, full-time and external student all at once meant life was lonely. Being a “townie” and commuting increased the sense of isolation. I joined up for Hockey and played intervarsity; was somehow roped into being Papua New Guinea Officer for NUAUS and later NUAUS Secretary (thanks Libby Gregson!) and became a founding member of the Goethe Society. The year’s results were not marvellous — surprise!

In 1968 Cheryl Frost was new to the English Department and her girliness captivated the older men in the night class; John Heuzenroeder was the Byronic figure and Henry Reynolds, the epitome of the urbane man. (Does anyone know what he was smirking about?) Luke Trainor was serious but helpful and Don Gallagher warm but preoccupied. The “refectory” at Douglas — the chairs and tables in the breezeway under Humanities I — created a situation where you could find yourself having lunch with tutors or lecturers — very egalitarian, almost daunting for a 17 year old fresh from high school. Mrs Fewin cast a maternal eye on the group.
These were the days when the irascible Brian Glover handled all enrolments without a computer; Dick Barnett as (deputy) registrar welcomed each student with an interview; Joe Baker coached the Under 19 rugby league side to victory in the TRL Competition; and standard equipment to attend a ball was an esky! Mrs Cavill provided the continuity for a Student Union that was conservative and generally unsophisticated, while Geoff Nott kept a watchful eye on the proceedings. There wasn’t really anything to get heated about — except the issue of conscription and the Vietnam War! Kim Beasley and David Hill were figures in national student union politics then — definitely “heavies” and continue to play their parts on the national stage today.

Bob Hawke, then ACTU leader addressed us at a conference in Melbourne University — then a “confrontationalist” as now. The major domestic issue on campus was allowing bands in the Student Union Building — no that was the issue 2 years later! As Acting President, I organised for John Manifold, poet, bush balladist, Communist and human being extraordinaire, to speak to the freshers of 1971. I hope they enjoyed him as I missed the opportunity, having to start a DipEd at Queensland University.

Five years later, I completed a Graduate Diploma of Librarianship. I have since taught 1,000s of children, owned a boutique, been NSW State Manager for a cosmetic company and lately, I have turned my hand to organizing conferences and speakers for large companies all over Australia and overseas from my base in Sydney.

SUSAN KIRKBY (NEE BREINL)

Having been asked to record my thoughts about life at university in 1968 I immediately set about thinking back to those times. Much to my horror I realized that it was over twenty years since that first day and despite this lengthy time, memories of those halcyon days still give me great pleasure and enjoyment. It is hard for anyone who did not experience life at the University College to imagine just how exciting those days were for all the new undergraduates. We all felt so grown up at seventeen as if we knew all there was to know, about life and its mysteries. Looking back on these times I wish that I knew what I know now!

Life seemed so carefree: full of the pleasures of meeting friends at Mrs Fenwin’s coffee shop; the odd party and social outing. In a way we were cocooned from the reality of what was happening in the world outside our campus. Little did we think about the consequences of the Vietnam War, the Civil Rights Movements in the United States and the many other political and social issues that were predominant in the 1960’s and early 1970’s. Nothing could dampen the optimism we felt except for the thought of examinations and, in those days, they occurred at the end of each academic year.

The freedom that was engendered was an integral part of student life. For almost the first time we were in control of our own destiny and as such had to accept the consequences of any of our actions.

1968 was my first year at James Cook and we were lucky in that all lectures for Arts students were held at Douglas Campus at the base of Mt Stuart. It was a beautiful setting with the new Arts and Engineering Faculty buildings and the library nestled in the untouched bushland of the area. Wildlife was in abundance (no pun intended) and, coupled with the tranquility of the surroundings, created an environment unique to our university.

Another feature of James Cook University — which was apparent was the feeling of ‘belonging’ that most students felt whilst studying there. This was probably
promoted by the fact that university numbers were small in comparison with other Australian universities of that time. Students could not avoid belonging to the numerous clubs and societies and many in fact belonged to several at the one time. There were many sporting clubs such as football, rugby league, rugby union, judo, water skiing, fencing, just to mention a few. Students could also participate in discussion groups, poetry readings, folk singing and ethnic evenings. The choice was varied and extensive.

Memories also arise of Orientation and Commem weeks and dare I suggest the irresponsibility of some of our actions over these periods. Of course we were always promoting our university with the 'saint' appearing in the most unlikely places.

I look back on these times with a certain amount of affection and I value especially the opportunity the university provided to study in a close and friendly environment. The friends made are people I value highly even though contact in many cases has been lost. I guess I could sum up this period by saying that it was a time of youthful innocence and enjoyment; a time when money was almost non-existent and where friends were all-important.

After my graduation, 1971 was spent in Sydney completing a Diploma of Education. My entry into city life was shared by Anne Sherriff, Marilyn Lowe and Lekkie Evans, other JCUNQ graduates. It was an interesting year in which I learnt about the enormity and anonymity of a large university and the naivety of students from North Queensland in terms of political/social activism. At the end of 1971 I married Bob Kirkby, an Engineering graduate of James Cook, who was employed by MIM and living in Mount Isa. Eight years and two children later we left Western Queensland to live in the coal mining town of Dysart centered in the Bowen Basin. That was the start of numerous moves to such towns as Blackwater, Mackay and Moura. We are now resident in Newman, Western Australia!

With all these moves I have been lucky in that working for the Queensland Education Department I have always managed a transfer to a new school within the area. This year I have managed to gain part-time employment teaching ESL and Business Communications at Hedland College, Newman.

Looking back to our university days I realize just how lucky we were to have gained our degrees in the environment provided by JCUNQ. Even though as a student body we were politically inactive in comparison with southern universities I feel that we gained something extra as a result. We retained an air of optimism for the future and an individuality of our own, something which I feel has provided some basis for our subsequent years.

Early in the year, second and third year students pre-programmed by an innate inability to entertain original concepts, reverted to their Cro-magnon English public school and university progenitors, attempted to enforce the fag system ("Fresher!"), roamed the corridors in packs initiating first-years, and even attempted a hair-cutting spree or two. Some freshers were taken for rides and left to walk back from somewhere in their underpants, and outspoken small blokes like Hammond were in real danger of serious attack from a squarehead with shears. Fortunately the reactionary forces were seriously outnumbered and didn't get too out of hand. It was depressing to note that most of these were Engineering students. Almost to a man they were pretty cretinous, and extremely immature.

Even more depressing was the fact that these urbane devils took off with most of the first-year women. One even used to bellow "You ready yet?" at his conquest from the car park. To her credit she yelled back "If you can't come up here and get me, then I'm not going", but I think it happened more than once. Women in those days liked to be dominated or at least that's what they told me: "My father's the boss at our place ... etc. etc."

The similarity of this behaviour to boarding school and the general shortage of female students engendered in me a strong sense of deja vu. Both these elements were reinforced by a limited social life due to lack of money and by what Townsville had to offer in 1968 by way of night life: pub, movies or street cruising in my 1950 Ford V8.
One highlight of 1968 was Commem. Week. I got my hands on an old Bedford truck and we entered a ramshackle float which loosely pilloried the education system. We hoped to win the Chancellor’s/Registrar’s (?) prize for the best float with, among other things, a goat that voided its bladder and bowels almost on demand, a bathtub containing Dennis Lonergan and George Skiba towed on roller skates behind the truck, and as many flour and water bombs that were necessary to repel boarders. The bathtub ended up running amok at the top of Wickham Street (outside the ABC) and caved in the quarter panel of someone’s HR Holden ute (only one year old in 1968). After Hammond placated the owner, we made our getaway before the police decided to check my licence for truck endorsement, or the truck’s registration. During this we beat off a surprisingly strong challenge from some engineers in the Unit’s 50-year-old Dennis fire engine in a little drag race down the Strand. The prize for the best float went to one that ridiculed Tom Aitkens, the MLA from South Townsville, who detested the University and was the would-be nemesis of its academics. We suspected a partisan decision. At night we skulked around in my Ford painting saints on whitewash and chased him up the Strand with the sweeper. Another group of heroes (Terry Dwyer et al. I think) scaled Townsville’s then most imposing building in the world: the Townsville Teachers College which opened that year. I went down in its annals as the only secondary teacher to fail that year, but passed supplementary courses and began teaching in Barcaldine in 1970. 1969 was a better year at University Hall because of the droves of women who lived there while attending the T.T.C. to train as primary school teachers. I also got back French IA which I failed in 1968.

1971 saw me as part owner of 20 acres at Mt Louisa building up a fleet of old cars and out of teaching. During the year I got sacked twice, had a blissful period as a poultry farm labourer (duties included driving a bulldozer), and after cleaning up my place at Mt Louisa after Cyclone Althea, joined the P.M.G. as a Class One clerk in 1972.

I spent the period 1972-79 expanding, then disposing of my car collection which, at about 1977, numbered a dizzy 30 or so with five or six on the road and the remainder wrecks, parts cars or future projects. In 1979, encouraged by my friend, Gay Deacon who was undertaking a Bachelor of Engineering at J.C.U.N.Q. after defecting from Q.I.T. (engineers had changed a lot since 1968), and John Gray in the English Department, I re-entered academia with almost instant success (I had been taking an English subject a year until 1974 until Arts faculty rules forced me to change to South-East Asian Studies which was not a good idea. It was not until Professor Heseltine took over that I could return to English). I won the Douglas Suthers Memorial Prize in 1979, then enrolled in English Honours for 1980, taking out the Kern Corporation Prize that year.

By 1981 I was sick of the public service where I was now a Class Four clerk and sick of Townsville where I’d lived for 20 years. When Gay couldn’t get a job as an engineer in Townsville we cleared out to Darwin where she could. I took a pass degree from James Cook with some regret as I really wanted to complete Honours. 1982 found us married and in Sydney with Gay working for the N.S.W. Department of Public Works and me working as a courier driver before commencing a graduate diploma in librarianship at the University of N.S.W. The contrast of this concrete and steel abomination to J.C.U.N.Q. was almost obscene, but the staff at the School of Librarianship were pretty good. I successfully obtained the graduate diploma and after three or four months in a wrecking yard dismantling Valiants, began my present career as a librarian by working for the N.S.W. Department of Education in North Sydney.

The University of N.S.W. is Sydney in microcosm and when opportunities presented themselves to move to the Hunter Valley we did so. Gay works as a Class 2 engineer in flood mitigation and coastal engineering with N.S.W. Public
I'd be remiss if I didn't give a big plug to the English Department for my "second chance" in 1979. I had been convinced in 1974 that my tertiary education was over so I felt a bit like Lazarus (with or without the triple by-pass) when I came back in 1979. Everybody was beaut from the typist up, but standouts would have to be John (Mr Enthusiasm) Gray, Ross ("There's nothing new under the sun") Smith, Prof. Hesseltine, Doc. Gallagher, Noel MacaInsh, Elizabeth Perkins, Kay Ferres, Cheryl Frost, a terrific Dutch lady tutor, a real life Hoosier and others whose names have been erased from my memorybank by the sunspot activity of premature senescence. Speaking of senility: I'd better stop drooling and dribbling and leave some room in Year of 1968 for a few other people, even if I've always been surprised at how little some educated people have to say.

Speaking of friends: Palmer and Boyland went into the Australian Public Service and Palmer for one has reached stratospheric levels. Hammond returned to Uni as a part-timer in 1969 and in and out of organizing the Uni's social conscience as probably one of its most active anti-Vietnam demonstrators, and becoming one of the most controversial editors Magnus Taurussen ever had, got a first class honours degree in marine science, a doctorate from the University of the West Indies, and is now Director of the Victorian Institute of Marine Science. Janis Palodis became a successful primary school teacher, returned to J.C.U.N.Q. to study law part-time in the mid 70's, then went to Brisbane to become an actor. He is now an Associate Director of the Melbourne Theatre Company and is an established playwright with seven plays and five hours of television to his credit. His latest play is commencing its season shortly. My cousin Margaret Maskell, now Margaret Scott, was at Uni Hall in 1968 and has been a high-school teacher since 1970. Unlike most of us, Margaret passed first year first go (I think) but then she always was pretty smart, and must have settled down better than most.

I find it difficult to remember 1968/69 with much affection. Academic life was tough. I was always broke. The government was trying to send me to Vietnam to get shot at for an American fiasco that I couldn't believe in. The Labor government that was to abolish conscription and introduce social justice and educational equality was light years away. What I do remember as worthwhile are the incidentals of University life: friends I made then I still count as friends; the music I listened to then (Beatles, Doors, Stones, Dylan, Cream etc. etc.) imparted an abiding interest in rock, rock 'n' roll, Irish music, country rock, and even some Australian music; the literature courses I undertook shaped the literary tastes I possess today; as a latter day disciple of Jack Kerouac and Dean Moriarty, pointing the bonnet of an old car towards a new skyline became not drudgery but an adventure and it still is. All of these things prove to me that there's a positive side to growing older but not up.
ALEX MILANOVIC

Getting to University was a major expedition in 1968. I stayed at my parent's farm at Abergowrie, near Ingham, which happened to be on the wrong side of the Herbert River in flood. For the second successive year, the road bridge serving Abergowrie was washed away by record flooding of the river. Consequently, we had to be ferried across the railway bridge which normally transported cane trains on a special shuttle service. From there, we transferred to the back of a utility and made our way to Townsville. Four of us made this trip — Walter Cantatore, Robert Blanco, Mario Leonardi and myself.

We all stayed at University Hall which at that time was incomplete. Memories of my stay include watermelon fights in the corridors and frequent attacks on each others' rooms with home-made cracker-powered flour bombs! The usual tactic was to put a call over the intercom that student 'X' was needed at the office. Of course, a few seconds after leaving one's room, one realised that one should have locked one's door. A desperate return to secure the room was always a few seconds too late resulting in a clean-up operation lasting half a day or so.

The University Hall boasted a full-size billiard table in the student common room. During the course of the year, many a late night was spent developing expertise in this area.

Most classes were held at the old Pimlico Campus. Prior to the construction of the Nathan St. Bridge, a bus service operated from the Douglas Campus to Pimlico via Stuart. This was endured for both first and second years. Pimlico students received a lunch voucher which invariably was spent on a pie and a sausage roll. In those days, a pie cost 20c and a sausage roll 5c.

Other colourful memories include being misled by repeating first years in the ways of wine, women and song — something I must warn my four children about! Engineers' smokos were notorious and no doubt still are.

Since graduation as an Engineer, I worked for several years in Townsville, Mt Isa and Lucinda before transferring to Brisbane where I have lived since 1981.

LEAVING UNE WAS A WRENCH FOR HER WHEN I WAS APPOINTED PRINCIPAL OF THE ALICE SPRINGS COMMUNITY COLLEGE CAMPUS OF THE DARWIN COMMUNITY COLLEGE (NOW THE NT UNIVERSITY). SHE THEN RECOMMENDED HIGH SCHOOL TEACHING AND PART-TIME LECTURING IN POLITICS AND ECONOMICS FOR THE COLLEGE AND FINALLY HER MA HONOURS IN ECONOMICS FROM UNE WITH A THESIS ON AN INPUT-OUTPUT ANALYSIS OF THE TOURIST INDUSTRY OF CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

AFTER 4 YEARS WE MOVED TO DARWIN WHERE SHE JOINED THE OFFICE OF POLICY AND PLANNING OF THE DEPT. OF THE CHIEF MINISTER THEN LATER MOVED TO THE TREASURY DEPT. THERE SHE WAS A SENIOR RESEARCH OFFICER AND LATER ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF THE ECONOMIC AFFAIRS DIVISION.

SHE AND I HAVE LEFT 3 SONS IN DARWIN, HAVE ONE DAUGHTER ROSEMARY TAKING HER DEGREE IN MUSIC AT THE LISMORE CAMPUS OF UNE AND THE OTHER, ELIZABETH, STUDYING DRAMA FOR HER DEGREE AT KELVIN GROVE. ALL THE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN LATE STARTERS IN ACADEMIC AFFAIRS: TWO SONS HAVE FOLLOWED MAVIS INTO ECONOMICS, THE OTHER'S INTERESTS ARE HISTORY AND POLITICAL.

WE HAVE NOW RETIRED FOR THE MOMENT TO BRISBANE, WHERE MAVIS DOES PART-TIME RESEARCH FOR A FIRM OF FINANCIAL ADVISERS. OUR EYES OFTEN TURN TO THE NORTH, BOTH TO BOWEN WHERE MAVIS WAS BORN AND TO TOWNSVILLE WHERE WE SPENT MANY YEARS AND WHERE JAMES COOK UNIVERSITY PROVED A HAPPY ALMA MATER FOR HER INTERESTS IN HISTORY AND ECONOMICS AND LONG-TERM FRIENDSHIPS.

HELEN PENRIDGE (NEE MURRAY)

I lived at home in first year, so I missed the excitement of the first weeks at John Flynn walking around in the mud before the buildings and paths were completed. By the time I got there in second year it was almost civilised.
Living in town meant I also missed the daily trip from Douglas to Pimlico and back again that was part of life for all the science students living at the Colleges. Nathan Street bridge was yet to be built. Most went the long way past the feldgling army barracks and down Charters Towers Road to Ross River Road.

Depending on the state of the weather, the more intrepid braved the river route. There was a bund wall in the river upstream from Nathan Street while the bridge was being built and the bed downstream was dry. John Beumer drove a ridiculous little Prefect that would appear, engine racing, from the depths of the river bed, arms and heads waving from all windows.

By comparison my trips to Uni were fairly sedate although they did have some excitement of their own. I travelled in a handsome blue Triumph with a sticking accelerator and no bolts attaching the front seats to the chassis. Flying around the Pimlico car park with accelerator stuck full on and the seat rolled back with the speed of takeoff was enough to lay down indelible memories. The Triumph cost $250. But it soldiered on for three years with no more than a weekly refueling.

I don’t remember if I thought the Triumph was funny. I suspect I was a fairly morose student who was too careworn to chuckle too often. Everyone else remembers with blinding clarity the orientation parties, the Miss Uni balls, the interCollege sporting events and so on. I remember most clearly the concern about passing tests and exams, the rush to the library to snatch the one copy of whatever was recommended, and the endless round of chemistry prac that never turned out the way they were expected to.

Practical science was never my strong point. While others had crystals falling out of their solution like boulders, my solutions remained resolutely clear, not a crystal in sight. And my scalpel led a life of its own carving through delicate tissues, tearing apart whatever it was I was supposed to be observing.

I wonder if the ibis skeleton is still extant with its wings back to front and minus that little pile of bones I slipped into the rubbish bin. Gone for sure is the possum skin stuffed without preservative. Before it had even been submitted its tail had fallen off and the ears were feeding a tribe of maggots.

Despite the ineptitude, I recall good times in prac. Not so exams. I can’t remember a single exam I enjoyed. I am sure I was not alone. Was it a second year zoology exam when, ten minutes after we started, a poor dazed youth stood up and said “I don’t think this is engineering; is it?”

That exam, like many others, was in the refectory and they had us writing on trestle tables, one victim at each end of each trestle. A vital exam technique was to avoid Les Penridge as a partner. He wrote very firmly. Particularly fullstop. Every time he hit the end of a sentence, the other end of the trestle vibrated like a high tower diving board, destroying finely drawn diagrams of cranial nerves and similar masterpieces.

Of all the exams the second year Zool prac spot exam in the Chemistry lab takes the cake. All the third year students were there — Les, John Beumer, John Ray, John Saint Smith, Moira Finch, Bill Dowd, and an assortment of second year students. (In those days the classes were so small that second and third year were combined. Ours was a strange Zool education where we completed third year before attacking second year, vertebrates before invertebrates.) We were deep in concentration puzzling over our spots. An oven blew up. There were we staggering about in the smoke while John Knight rushed around in an oxygen mask looking like something out of Dr Who. We milled outside for a while nobly not asking each other what the strange gut labelled 25 was. Then we all filed in again, and were awarded an extra ten minutes to compensate for the shock. Not that it helped me. If you don’t know a squid intestine when you see it, then an explosion and all the extra time in the world won’t help you.

One of the best things about growing up is NO MORE EXAMS.

Miraculously one day all the exams were passed and past. I wandered off to Canberra to become a librarian which sounds a bit like becoming a nun. I hope the nuns find their calling as satisfying as I have found mine. No-one ever asks me to identify a Sipunculid or to dissect a toad or to stuff a possum or to wash crystals that have failed to materialize. But I still use much of what I learned at university. So all that agony was worth it.

That seems a good point to stop but what about the moments I haven’t mentioned?

What about Ries’s Vespa that he bought, stripped of everything of value, and then sold at a profit? What about the Rising Sun theatre with its canvas seats? What about eating Moreton Bay bugs between bouts of sea sickness on the fisheries excursion?

What about the final months at Pimlico when all the other departments had moved to Douglas and we were left with empty rooms all around us feeling like Doris Lessing survivors? What about the Douglas campus students — Lekkie, Anne, Susan, the Peters, Marilyn, Graeme, Alan — they always seemed to have so much more time to think than we did.

And what about Arnold Gaunt’s pythons embracing Lindy Ward? What about arguments over which station to watch in the Flynn tv room? What about John Saint Smith’s cigarette smoking toad? And Crossman introducing me to Marx? What about the snake that made friends with John “The Athlete” Ray under the tank stand at Kirrama? From asleep to vertical and running in an instant.

What about Khin Khin’s Burmese rice? And the exquisite Vietnamese girl with no English and gold bracelets — where is she now?

What about eating chocolate on the Pallarenda Beach at one in the morning, waiting for the ghost crabs to fall into their traps?

Now I stop to think, 1968-1971 wasn’t all hard work. But I should finish. I’ll leave the good times for my contribution in 2009.
From my present vantage point I find it difficult to write about my own student days. Looking back, they seem to have been unremarkable, yet they doubtless put me onto the course my life is now taking.

As students in 1968 we were still pioneers on the Douglas campus. There was no bridge over Ross River, so it was necessary to take the long way each day past lavarack Barracks. The 'refectory' was some basic patio furniture in the breezeway under the Humanities I building. What is today the gardeners' store room was our servery. The Library was under the Humanities I building. Our regular watering hole was the Vale.

Like James Cook students of today we were only mildly involved in the issues of the times. In 1968 the issue was Vietnam: today it is the environment. We weren't apathetic (indeed we were well read and up-to-date on events); rather we just weren't as passionately expressive as our southern counterparts.

Twenty years down the track, there are only impressions, some vivid, others hazy. What did those years of study at James Cook University do for me? That is a question that can never be answered completely. In late 1971, armed with a BA (Hons) in English and a contract to teach, I boarded a British Airways flight to Fiji, a country that has held my attention ever since.

My degree has kept me respectably employed in a variety of capacities — as an English teacher, curriculum adviser, speech-writer and administrator. But what one ultimately benefits from is the new relationships that develop in various career ventures, and the few but strong relationships that began in 1968 and have survived the intervening years.

It is these friendships, which have their origins one way or another in those undergraduate years, that have helped to map the road I’ve taken. Whether it has been a road less travelled by others, I don’t know, but it seems worthwhile all the same.
needed it. I have since completed some Social Work subjects, Librarian qualifications, Herbal Medicine and Nutrition diplomas by formal study, and informally have exhausted Navigation, Theatre, Childbirth and Breastfeeding, Organic Gardening, and Philosophies too numerous to mention.

I am married to a painter, Theo Schlub, and have 4 children, Robert (11), Cathy (8), Annette (6) and Timmy (4), plus an assortment of plants and animals and all the other paraphernalia that families bring. I am now working on my 'paper children', as Richard Bach so aptly calls them, and studying long and seriously for another BA, Better Adult this time. I find these studies as challenging and rewarding as those of 1968, always wonderful, still a touch bitter-sweet, but oh, so much fun to be a part of the University of Life.

CECILY TUCKER

When I did DipEd at Queensland University in 1973 one of my lecturers complimented me on some of my work and in doing so paid JCUNQ (the old TUC) an even greater compliment. When he found that I had taken my BA (double major in English) from James Cook he commented that, over the years, the graduates from "up north" were outstanding in terms of their well presented material and confidence.

Upon consideration, I guess we had little choice but to become thus at JCUNQ. Classes were small and we were closely supervised by some very fine tutors and lecturers. I remember for example, being gently chided by a member of staff for being late with an assignment one day in the library. There was no anonymity and so it was difficult to shirk! What a shock DipEd was with its three hundred plus enrolment.

I embarked on the great adventure of University life in 1968 in the company of a neighbour and best friend, Ursula-Jane O'Shea. We shared our family cars occasionally for the long drive out to the Douglas campus. We thought that our campus life was the ultimate in sophistication despite the isolation of our bushland setting. There were those of us who cheerfully spent lunch hours plotting the fate of Society when "the Revolution" came. We argued about Vietnam, the new Morality and wrote some very pretentious poetry....

I suspect that most of us have long since become solid middle class citizens with kids and mortgages heading for our mid-life crises! Despite this we kids of the late sixties had one thing that the current generation seem to lack — time. We

had time to write poetry and to participate in those wonderful play readings under the English Department building. TE scores and "quotas" hadn't been invented yet!! Getting a job was something we'd worry about when the time came to graduate. Meanwhile there was Harold Pinter and e. e. cummings and "rough red" to drink.

I am back at Queensland University finishing a Law degree at the moment. In my more desperate moments I wonder why I abandoned English teaching. Who knows? Maybe sheer perversity. However I do understand why Rumpole quotes poetry to himself — it helps keep you sane in this last outpost of 'tradition'. It also keeps creeping omnipotence at bay; a danger to all who study "the law".

Few JCUNQ folks have crossed my path over the years and I often wonder where they have all gone. David Foot and I divorced in 1976 and I remarried a little later. My husband is a child psychiatrist, Dr William Bor, and I have two children, Michael (from my first marriage) and Rachael. Both children are keen musicians and one of the highlights of their week is their music lesson with another 1968-er, John Colwill. I still paint and sing but life is so full at present that there is little time for these pleasant activities.

To all those 1968-ers I knew way back then, all the best of health and happiness and I hope that you, like me, are still just a little bit crazy after all these years. (apologies to Paul Simon).

THE NEW LOVE

Figments of afternoon retreat
and draw dark silence out of the hills
leaving the day so small yet strangely complete,
now dispersed with silent shapes, fulfilled.

Like love a day declines,
It's finished already many times
before it's realized or begun:
by it's ending is love defined, yet won.

The distance between us defiantly burns
as our loving shadows part and fade;
the hills now merge and fade into the earth.
With our bodies we loved in a strangeness
until our parting minds loved loss into gain.

Des Petersen

(from an undated issue of LINQ printed in 1968.)

(See page 68)
Two Miss University Quest entrants who have contributed their recollections as Freshers.

MISS UNION COUNCIL

HELEN MURRAY

(See page 65)

MISS ARTS

CECILY TUCKER

(See page 70)
Following are some items of memorabilia and some additional photographs supplied by students of the University College.

The Principal and Vice-Principals of University Hall in conjunction with The University Hall Students' Association request the pleasure of the Company of

AT THEIR ANNUAL
AT HOME

to be held at UNIVERSITY HALL, on FRIDAY, 12th JULY, 1968.

Dancing 8.30—2 a.m.
DRESS FORMAL

R.S.V.P. by 3rd July to THE PRINCIPAL, University Hall, Box 999, Townsville.

This ticket and the Bonnie & Clyde Cabaret ticket opposite were provided by Anne (Sherriff) Britt who was very helpful in assembling material of the "Year of 1967" booklet.

W.U.S. Presents

Bonnie & Clyde CABARET
to be held at the University Refectory, Pimlico on Friday, 7th June, 1968, at 8.30 p.m.

$2-00 Double
Music by the SQUARES

Joan (Bennett) Gregor after the Matriculation Ceremony 1968.

Float, before the 1968 Commemoration Procession.
Numerous students in both this and earlier “Year of —” books made mention of the need to travel long distances to and from the new campus. This photograph, taken by Mick Lamont in late 1968 shows the progress on the construction of the bridge which would finally overcome this problem in late 1969, not long before the Queen visited the campus to grant the institution autonomy.
GRADUATION — 1968

The following is extracted from the official program of the Graduation/Matriculation Ceremonies held on 26 February 1968.

Graduation Ceremony
for conferring of Degrees in Arts, Science and Engineering (Civil)

by

THE CHANCELLOR, HIS EXCELLENCY, THE HONOURABLE
SIR ALAN MANSFIELD, K.C.M.G., LL.B.(Syd.)
GOVERNOR OF QUEENSLAND

Doctor of Philosophy
Baker, Joseph Thomas, MSc ARACI FCS MACS
(Admitted 6.7.67)
Power, Leslie Frederick, BCom BSc AAUQ AASA ARACI
(Admitted 10.11.67)

Bachelor of Arts, Pass Degree
Brown, Lindsay Bruckner
Buckley, Joan
Gehrke, Douglas Henry
Juffs, Nancy Gwenyth
Lamb, Barbara June
Maconachie, Helen Margaret
Pehrson, Douglas William
Thomas, Yvonne Carna Laura Ives
Wharton, Margaret Joan

Bachelor of Science, Pass Degree
Allen, Robin David
Blackman, Jeffrey Gavin
Blyth, William Finlay
Boto, Kevin George
Cordiner, Brian Greig
Davidson, James Thomas
Darveniza, Edna Marie
Dever, Kenneth John
Freyne, Marie Frances
Hopkins, Michael Strother
Jefferies, Marilyn Kaye
McCool, Brian Joseph
McKeon, Brian James
McNeil, Dennis Gerard
Redhead, Trevor David
Sherrington, Geoffrey Harold
Young, Donald

Bachelor of Science who since Graduation have qualified for Honours Degree

With Second Class Honours — Division B
Pang Way, Christopher (Chemistry)
Scott, Gary Edward (Chemistry)
Sim, Robin Graves (Chemistry)

With First Class Honours
Vegar, Max Raymond (Chemistry)

Master of Science
Gibson-Wilde, Bruce Cater, BSc AInstP
(admitted 2.11.67)

Bachelor of Engineering, Pass Degree
Doran, David George (Civil)
Feeney, Brian James (Civil)
Kidd, Noel James (Civil)
Rankine, John Campbell (Civil)

Bachelor of Engineering, Honours Degree
With Second Class Honours — Division B
Hopkins, Thomas Hollis

With Second Class Honours — Division A
Ford, Dennis Sydney
Tapiolas, Wilfred Anthony

Bachelor of Education, Pass Degree
Caldwell, Rita Alice
Cassin, Edward William
Putt, Ian John
Wilcox, Noreen Elizabeth
Williams, Marie Margaret
1961 onwards. Part-time student at University College of Townsville

1967 Father died in Adelaide, South Australia. Yvonne Thomas passed final exams for BA degree.

1967 Yvonne Thomas returned to Adelaide to care for elderly mother.

1968 Graduated BA from University of Queensland, St Lucia in absentia.

1968 On academic staff of Wattle Park Teachers' College in Education.

1968 Accepted full-time permanent position with Commonwealth Dept of Education & Science as Education Officer administering Secondary & Technical Commonwealth Scholarships.

1973 Awarded post-graduate Diploma in Education from the University of Adelaide.

1974 Admitted Bachelor of Arts ad eundem gradum at The University of Adelaide.

1975 Withdrew from Univad Master of Education course due to very serious illness. After Commonwealth Scholarships abolished, counselled tertiary students for Department re living allowances.

1980 Retired early due to mother's age and condition, and cared for her until her death in 1985, aged 96.