Kentian Society Newsletter

Supporting Kent Street Senior High School

February 2024

Follow Your Dreams

In the hot summer of 1957, three 17-year-old boys named Michael, John and Trevor enrolled in the newly-established Medical School at the University of Western Australia (UWA). They were all pleased to see each other again, as they had all been students at Kent Street Senior High School together the previous year. Like all medical students at that time, they were starting with a conventional first year studying Zoology, Botany, Physics and Chemistry. But if they completed that successfully, the rest of their six-year training course would be different.

Previously, aspiring young medicos in this State had to travel to the Eastern States or train overseas after completing their first year at UWA. Many stayed where they had qualified, leaving WA's booming population after World War II with a doctor shortage.

When the UWA Medical School started in 1957, WA had only one doctor per 1100 people. The ratio today (at the time of the 2022 census) has improved to about 1: 240, in large part because for the last 65 years doctors have been trained locally.

In their second year at the new Medical School, the medical students moved to the south end of the Crawley campus to the weatherboard huts left over from the WWII Catalina days, when the US Navy had a fleet of flying boats based at Matilda Bay.

Michael, John and Trevor dissected cadavers, did physiological experiments and took lectures in these wooden huts. Their courses were located there for two years, until the fourth year of study when they transferred to Royal Perth Hospital for clinical training.

In those days most students did not have cars. It was quite difficult to get from south of the river (where they lived) to the south end of the UWA campus by bus, particularly when burdened with books and sometimes sports gear as well. It made their days very long, and prevented significant participation in many of the other campus activities.

Trevor now thinks it might have been better to reside in one of the University residential colleges, although he admits that was probably not within the means of any of their families.

WELCOME to your **Kentian Society e-Newsletter,** offering two-way communication with all interested members, families and friends.
We hope you find it both interesting and informative.

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In many respects, the three ex-Kent Street boys were very lucky to all be training as doctors. Their former high school was already developing a reputation for high academic standards and being responsive to the expectations of its broad community south of the Swan River in metropolitan Perth.

For instance, **Michael Cohen, student 1952-56** and **John Milne, student 1955-56** were the first members of their respective families to have even been admitted to a university, while **Trevor Redgrave, student 1952-56** and his two siblings had all been supported throughout their schooling by a hard-working mother who was a sole parent.

Michael's father worked as a saw doctor in Newcastle Street in Perth, sharpening and servicing saw blades. He had moved with his young growing family to the rapidly-growing suburb of Como in the early 1940s. Michael's grandparents had migrated to WA from eastern Europe about fifty years earlier, and his grandfather was still working in Perth as a marine dealer (a licensed broker buying and selling second-hand goods).



UWA Medical School Building (now defunct) at RPH
Photo: WA State Library

John's family were more recent migrants from Lancashire in the UK. They were now living in Kenwick, a mixed residential, light industrial and semi-rural suburb in the south-east of Perth, where his father and older brother were both working as plasterers (the same trade undertaken by John's grandfather back in England). Initially, young John travelled all the way into Perth to attend Perth Boys' School, but after completing his Junior Certificate had transferred to Kent Street school to study for his Leaving Certificate exams.

Trevor lived close to Kent Street in Victoria Park. He first went to East Victoria Park Primary School (which he regrets has since been demolished to make way for the Park Shopping Centre). While at Kent Street for his high school years, he was one of the school hockey players and gained selection for the State Schoolboys team while in Fourth Year.

His Leaving Certificate result in 1956 was the best in Western Australia with distinctions in seven subjects (English, German, Geography, Maths A & B, Physics and Chemistry). He was awarded a University General Exhibition, and then in 1957 received the Elsie Louise Simpson Prize for the highest results in First Year Medicine. And he also found time that year to earn selection in the State Colts hockey team.

However, even with all these high achievements, Trevor wasn't really sure he actually wanted to be a doctor.

With the benefit of hindsight, Trevor now thinks mentoring is very important for students who may be the first in their families to go onto tertiary education (especially as bright students at the age of 16 or 17 often do not realise the options beyond the professions).

As he said recently, "I recall my own situation. It was assumed by my family that I would enter the Medical School, but I had doubts. I spoke to a couple of 'Student Guidance Counsellors' who gave me the unhelpful advice that I could do anything I chose." Trevor says he considered switching to Science/Mathematics (his strengths) but in the end remained in Medicine.

However, after graduating and undertaking hospital residencies, he realised he was more drawn to the science underpinning medicine than to medical practice, so he proceeded to undertake a PhD in Science, "which is probably where I should have been from the start."

Unlike Trevor, Michael and John continued to practice as doctors for the rest of their careers, eventually specialising in pathology and psychiatry respectively.

After completing his PhD at UWA, Trevor's research career continued at Cornell University in Ithaca (New York), then at the John Curtin School of Medical Research in Canberra. This was followed by academic positions at the University of Melbourne and then Boston University. In 1985 he returned to Perth as Professor of Physiology at UWA, and he is now Professor Emeritus there since his retirement in 2007.

Trevor says he never regretted his medical studies as they provided a very broad general university education, and equipped him with many life-skills. And he added, "I still practised medicine a little bit, but only what interested me!" He says he likes to think that his schooling at Kent Street was formative in his career, though he added, "it is clear the school is now much more interesting, with a wider array of opportunities. I would have loved to learn to fly when I was a student!"

[***Editor**: the Kentian Society is building a network of volunteer mentors who can support alumni going through significant changes (such as people entering an industry, people who aren't sure about their path, who are leaving school, or starting or changing careers). Mentors' contact details will not be provided to anyone unless the mentor agrees first.]*

Please send an email to society@kentians.org.au if you're interested in becoming a mentor, or want to get in contact with one.

***[STOP PRESS:** as this eNewsletter was being finalised, we became aware that another Kentian (**Barrie Slinger**, **student 1954-56**) may also have been in the initial cohort of students who enrolled in the new UWA Medical School in 1957. We hope to have more about his story in our next edition.]*

Society Looks At Charitable Status Bid

Some people, when they consider the respective roles of the Kentian Society and the Kentian Scholarship Foundation, seem to think that it is simply one organisation comprising:

- The Society, which is mostly involved with managing the school records/archives and managing membership; and
- The Foundation, which holds the bulk of funds so it can provide scholarships.

However, this view doesn't fully reflect the history of the Society since it began in the early 1990s, or the creation of the separate Scholarship Foundation in more recent years.

The Strategic and Operational Plans endorsed by the Management Committee late last year lay out a very wide range of activities that any alumni group like the Society might be involved in (and has been over the last 30 years). For instance, the Strategic Plan focuses on four key pillars of the Society's operations that enable connections through:

- **networking**, as part of its educational role supporting the current activities of the school, by facilitating more active mentoring and exchanges of information or services among current and former students and staff;

- **experiences**, by giving members the opportunity to volunteer in the archives or at school events, or to offer their expertise to the many services the Society provides, as another way to strengthen the Kent Street values we all share;

- **giving back**, through volunteer experiences, or by supporting the Foundation's scholarship program for students who may not otherwise have an opportunity for a KSSHS education, or by giving back to the broader community through social justice initiatives that align with our Kent Street values; and

- **sharing stories**, to promote through all our communications greater knowledge of the history of the school and to inspire current and former staff and students by giving them examples of Kentians out in the world, making a difference, and thereby advancing education, heritage and culture.

For more information, go to our website www.kentians.org.au where you can find the complete Strategic Plan 2023-25 and its associated Operational Plan.

So, the Kentian Society does a little more than "manage the records/archives" (important as that may be). Or at least people expect it to.

The Scholarship Foundation was established within the Society as a charitable body, with Deductible Gift Recipient (DGR) status, fifteen years ago. In more recent years, it has also become an incorporated association in its own right and is now legally separate from the Society. As its sole purpose is as a charity, none of its funds can be paid to the Society.

Over time, in order to build up reserves to generate income for scholarships, the bulk of the Society's funds were transferred to the Foundation and it has also received almost all of the donations. It may have been assumed that the Society could simply replace those funds with new membership payments, but sadly that hasn't proved to be the case.

At its most recent meeting earlier this year, the Management Committee concluded that the Society can't continue to operate effectively, let alone grow, without a significant increase in revenue.

As a result, the Committee decided in principle to consider further the merits of seeking charitable status for the Society, and then its endorsement by the Australian Taxation Office as a DGR, in order to achieve two potential revenue advantages:

1. People who made certain gifts or donations to the Society could "deduct" those gifts for their own income tax purposes - this might encourage more people to donate; and

2. The Society would also become eligible to receive funds from certain grant makers and philanthropic bodies that only give money to organisations that have DGR status.

To that end, a select sub-committee has been established to prepare a detailed report on this matter (and any necessary constitutional amendments) for consideration at a meeting of the entire Committee by no later than the end of April 2024.

To raise better awareness and understanding about this matter, comprehensive information about it will be distributed to the general membership via the Society website, eNewsletters, email, and social media over the next few months.

"The Society can't continue to operate effectively, let alone grow, without a significant increase in revenue."

If any constitutional amendments are then needed, the Committee agreed they should be put to a vote by special resolution at the **next Annual General Meeting (AGM) of the Society to be held by no later than the last Sunday in May 2024**.

The Committee noted that an opportunity presents itself because of the calendar in 2024. Until recently, the Society's AGM has normally been held on the last Sunday in March, except when that date is Easter Sunday (which this year it is).

While that has previously prompted the AGM to be moved to the Sunday before, it's open to the Management Committee to choose another date instead (in accordance with Rule 50 (1) of the Constitution).

Due to special circumstances last year, the current Office Holders and ordinary members of the Management Committee were not finally confirmed in their positions until September last year. Postponing the next AGM until May 2024 would only extend their terms of office to about nine months rather than a short six-month period if the AGM were to be held in mid-March this year.

Equally, if the subsequent AGM were to be held in March 2025 (as normal), that would then also mean a period of approximately nine months between AGMs. After that, there is no foreseeable reason why future AGMs couldn't go back to being held every twelve months as previously happened.

More Recollections from Mollie Holst

[**Editor**: In the November 2023 Newsletter, we published some extracts from the recollections of Mollie Holst, a 96-year-old Kentian who started at the school in 1940, who now lives in Norway. Below are some further extracts about her early school years.]

My Three Years at Kent Street Senior High School 1940-1942

To begin at the beginning, after spending the necessary years at Forrest Street State School [now South Perth Primary], in 1940 I went to the newly built South Suburban Central School in Kent Street, Victoria Park. This was the first co-educational school in WA, except for Perth Modern School, but the classes were separated into boys classes and girls classes, with separate sports grounds as well.

The lawns were barely laid, and in the process of being planted when we began there. The gardener saw to it that we didn't wander off the paths on to his newly sown grass. The school was built of brick and tile, with bitumen grounds encompassing the "U" shaped building. The imposing front looked out over the Pine Plantation (and sewage plant).

There were lots of palm trees planted around the grounds, and a double row of pine trees surrounding most of the school perimeter. A path between the two sports grounds led to Kent Street where there was a little shop run by an elderly couple who sold sandwiches for school lunches ~ although most of us brought our lunch from home.

The path was not to be strayed from on to the new lawns of course.



Kent Street Central School under construction 1939
(**Photo: State Library of WA**)

Another path led to Rathay Street, and on the corner of this street and Berwick Street was a Tuck Shop. I remember the frozen oranges one bought there - lovely on a boiling hot day, waiting for the bus down Berwick Street to Canning Highway, where we continued the ride home by tram (lugging our heavy school cases - no backpacks in those days).

Under the double row of pine trees around the school were zig-zag trenches (dug in case of air raids). Occasionally during these first years of the war, there were air raid alarms, and we were hurried from the class rooms to the trenches to wait for the "all clear". Whether the alarms were real or false, we didn't know, but these times were a welcome respite from lessons.

I remember that a rumour went around that the Japs had bombed Geraldton. As my grandparents lived there, I didn't care much for that rumour. Being wartime, lots of children were evacuated to Australia. We had two girls from England: Brenda and Laura. We envied their lovely fresh skin and rosy cheeks.

The school was divided into three categories: Professional, Commercial, and Technical courses. We had to decide which one we chose to follow - I took the Professional course. We were a full class of girls to start with but, for various reasons, they diminished in numbers until there were only about 9 or 10 left by Third Year. So the class was filled up with boys (whom we were not supposed to mix with).

On one of the first days at the new school, as many as possible of the pupils were crammed into one class room for the purpose of choosing uniform colours, school colours, school crest, and motto.
The person who directed the proceeding was a lady teacher (in fact, the senior teacher). She was quite authoritative and little did we know that she was to be our teacher (in the Professional class) for most subjects for the next three years.

Most of us were afraid of her, as her sarcastic remarks were legendary.

Anyway, the school colours were chosen: red and navy blue, with gold in the badge. For the girls: navy tunics, red belt, white blouse, red tie and red band on the hats, black stockings and shoes. The boys were to have grey shorts and shirts with red ties.

When I think of those serge tunics in the summer heat - it was torture. Nowadays, school uniforms are much more practical and comfortable.

It was announced that the crest design was to be a competition (later won by a boy named Peter Perica). And the motto for the school was actually chosen by that lady teacher - "Courage" (well, we needed plenty of that in her classes).

I will call our teacher Miss H. (rather than using her full name), and she had a sister who was also a teacher and taught in the adjoining class room to ours. Who shouted the loudest was a debatable point.

I think Miss H. was a brilliant woman and expected we girls to be just as clever as her. She walked with a limp, and always had a pince-nez attached to her dress. We had to learn almost everything "off by heart".

We were always told that the Junior Certificate MUST be passed at the end of Third Year, as it was the gateway to higher education. When she got exasperated with us she'd tell us that if we didn't study hard and get the Junior, all we'd be good for was to end up as a housewife gossiping over the back fences.

Well, I did eventually become a housewife, although later in life while living in Norway.

As mentioned before, our girls' class had to be filled with boys in the Third Year. We were all treated with the same hurtful remarks. Some examples: To one girl: "Your head is a jarrah bowl filled with porridge."

To one boy: "Your writing (essay) was terrible, and it looks as though an intoxicated rooster has been staggering across the pages" with the added flinging of his exercise book from one end of the room to the other. He had to write it all over again.

Thinking back, it's a wonder we didn't get inferiority complexes. But we all survived, and became normal human beings.



Mollie Holst (Andersen), top row right, with the other 3rd Year Professional girls in 1942
Photo: Mollie Holst

On P.T. [Physical Training] days, which Miss H. took with us on the bitumen in front of the fine school entrance, we girls had to wear black bloomers [baggy knickers worn under skirts, with the legs gathered at the hem with elastic]. Horrors! I didn't like P.T. or sport. One day, I tried to get out of P.T. by saying that I had forgotten my black bloomers, but Miss H. said that was no excuse so I had to do P.T. in my ordinary uniform instead!

We had a very nice Headmaster, and he would visit our classroom regularly (usually on a Monday) asking us who had been to Sunday School or Church the day before. Anyone silly enough to put up their hand had to stand and recite the Lord's Prayer, or the Apostles' Creed, or something similar in front of all the class. So embarrassing.

Miss H. did not like interruptions by visitors to her classes, and was so impatient about them that she just stood and tapped her foot until the person had gone, then muttering something like "wasting my time".

We had an open fireplace in the corner of the room, and there was a three-legged stool there which Miss H. would lean against sometimes. One day it gave way, and she fell on the floor. We all jumped up to help her, but she yelled at us to get back to our places. She was very shaken I'm sure.

In Drawing classes, she was not averse to rapping our knuckles with a ruler if the work was not good enough. More often, if we made a mistake in whatever the subject, we were made to write the corrected mistake in 200 "lines" for homework.

Some of the other teachers I remember were:

1. Mr. TLW, Headmaster, gentle kindly man. His entry in my Autograph book was "Love only lives forever".

2, Miss S, French teacher, lively and well dressed - hats and clothes always matched. I remember she had a green dress with a spiralling pattern all around, and a hat, green, like a volcano, to match. Must have made an impression on me after so many years.

3. Miss W, relieving teacher in Maths, very nice lady - I could relax in her class.

4, Mr E, always with a cigarette in the corner of his mouth [like many teachers then]. He lived in South Perth but didn't take the bus and tram home like we did. He took the bus into Perth, then the ferry over to Mends Street in South Perth. One day he fell into the water.

5. Miss C, Singing and Music teacher - lovely lady, and fun, and very relaxing in her classes.

6. Another lady teacher whom I didn't know. A girl in her class told me that they noticed that when she wore a red dress, she was always in a bad mood.

7. Our Miss H. wrote in my Autograph book (at the end of the three years) "Maths A passed away, Mollie's smile can have full play".

8. The C/E local Minister came about once a week for Religion lessons. We looked forward to this hour, as he never noticed that some of us did our homework for the next day, under the desk during the lessons.

Maths was a problem for me, and I never did well with exams. My sister began at Kent Street school the year after I left. Miss H. greeted her with "Well, I hope you are a good sight better than your sister was at Maths."

I worried about school and all the homework a lot and, unknown to me, Mum visited the school and met Miss H. whom she had heard all about. My mother told her that she was considering taking me out of Kent Street, and sending me to Perth College.

To which Miss H. replied in no uncertain terms that "all Mollie would acquire at Perth College was an accent, <u>not</u> the Junior Certificate."

Needless to say, I stayed at Kent Street, and passed the Junior with 7 out of 8 subjects - failed in Domestic Science which I hated (and still do!)

Some years later, I met Miss H. and, on being asked what I had been doing since I left school, I told her that I was a trained nurse and midwife, held 3 post-graduate diplomas in specialised nursing, as well as being an officer in the Army Reserve.

She just sniffed. Obviously, not good enough!

By Mollie Holst (Andersen), student 1940-42

[**Editor**: Mollie has chosen, out of courtesy to the staff and students mentioned, not to reveal the full names of the people referred to in these extracts (especially Miss H. who made such a strong impression on her).

However, readers may be interested to know a little more about Miss H, who was foundation Principal-Mistress at the Kent Street school for its first five years.]

In 1946, Miss H. was promoted to a very senior position as Principal of Girdlestone Girls' High School (located next to Perth Boys' School in James Street near Perth Railway Station) where she served until her retirement in 1954 after 47 years of service with the Education Department.

The West Australian newspaper interviewed her at that time, and she said "human nature among children is much the same as it was when I first began teaching.

"They still enjoy their school concerts, play the same games and the same jokes - and I think they are as unsophisticated as they ever were."

She added that Girdlestone filled a definite need in the community for girls who were bright and intelligent, and it gave them an opportunity to become good citizens.

Miss H. said she actually believed in co-educational schools and that the leaving age should be raised to 15 years. "A child cannot know her own mind about her career at 14," she said.

"47 years of service with the Education Department"

Co-educational schooling, she believed, was "a better preparation for life" because the two sexes learnt to accept one another, to compete with another and to understand one another.

Her place as Principal of Girdlestone was taken by Miss May Knowles, then Principal-Mistress at Kent Street Senior High School and formerly in the same position at Perth Modern School.

Miss Knowles previously taught girls' sport for sixteen years at Northam High School, where she was Olympic champion Shirley Strickland de la Hunty's first coach.]

Your Say

Readers appreciate the news brought to us by members, and often are important for inclusion in Archives records and displays, allowing us to honour the history and share the heritage of Kent Street Senior High School. Your contributions should be sent directly to society@kentians.org.au

From: Ross Easton, student 1963-67
Subject: Alumni Updates

I was at lunch today with two friends from Kent Street and of course the school and old school friends were a significant topic of conversation. We were discussing who the prefects were in 1967 - we could remember head boy, head girl and four others.

Came home and decided to search records: no joy. However I found this link [to the Society email] and for your records I was a student 1963 to 1967 (prefect in '67).

My name then and now is Ross Easton (ex Kensington PS). My friends John and Stan [Editor: *surnames withheld for privacy*] and I all started in class 31 together and finished in V V. It was a great school. Thank you for keeping the memory alive

Editor: *Ross is one of many Alumni Members who have recently updated their details with us, and who will now be receiving our quarterly eNewsletter. We'd like John and Stan, and anyone else who went to school with them, to reconnect with us too.*

From: Genette Keating (Bowden), student 1970-74.

Wow. Mollie Holst*, [whose story was in the November 2023 eNewsletter*] and later Gunnar [*her husband*] was a lifelong friend of my Auntie Edith. I've enclosed a photo of them all.

I think they both worked at the T&G on the corner of St Georges Terrace and Barrack Street. I inherited and cherish photos, piles of letters and, I think, even the bridesmaid's dress Edith wore at [Mollie's] wedding.

I'm beyond amazed (and delighted) that any of Auntie's friends are still with us, especially given the frequent lament of "they're all gone now" before she died at 86 in 2008.

Of course, Mollie was a few years younger and far, far away in Norway. I had no idea she was a Kentian. Edith was a Perth Modern School scholarship girl and later secretary to the Mayor of South Perth, J.G. Burnett, for nearly 20 years.

I would be most grateful if you could let me have her email address. As I often do these days, I dragged out the boxes of ancient ephemera and found some photos of 1940s picnics at the beach, Serpentine Falls etc. to share, so thank you in advance for sharing her email address.

Editor: *Mollie was delighted to hear that Genette had contacted the Society, and readily agreed for us to provide her with the requested email address.*

She subsequently wrote to say that Genette and she had been having a great correspondence together about such matters as the old days and her Aunt.

Genette also updated her details with us, and will now be receiving our quarterly eNewsletter on a regular basis.



Edith (front), with Mollie and Gunnar Holst, in Drammen, Norway in 1992
Photo: Genette Keating

From: Carol Ann Johnston (McCormack), student 1972-74
Subject: Enquiry About Membership

I follow various Facebook pages and enjoy the many updates from fellow ex-students.

I now live in the United Kingdom (Dundee, Scotland). I'm happily retired after a long and successful corporate career working in Australia, India and the U.K.

Is it possible to join the Kentian Society? Please let me know what documentation I need to complete.

Editor: *Carol is also one of many Alumni Members who have recently updated their details with us, and who will now be receiving our quarterly eNewsletter.*

From: Murray Pearse
Subject: Class Photos 1940s

In a recent discussion with my elderly mother **Jean McAndrew,** she informed me that she attended Kent Street High School from 1943-45. I'm wondering if there are any class photos from that era?

Editor: *Murray's enquiry has been referred to our Archives volunteers, who will contact him further after they've hunted down any relevant photos.*

Society Membership

New Society Members and renewals since 1 ***February*** *2023*

Bob Adams, student 1962-64
Helen Barns (McGuiness), student 1979-83
Carsten Bauer, student 1992-96
Jacob Bayross, student 2018-23
Aiden Beamish, student 2016-23
Nicholas Bozich, student 2018-23
Jackie Carter (Hampton), student 1961-65
Deanne Charman (Worth), student 1995-2000
Mark Charman, student 1994-99
Doug Corker, student 1944-46
Peter Gerrard, student 1967-71
Jane Good, student 1981-81
Anjela Gray, student 2017-23
John Hammond, student 1973-77
Bob Jarvis, student 1959-60
Pip Jarvis (Burbridge), student 1957-60
Luke Lipscombe, student 1962-64
Byron McLachlan, student 2018-23
Billy Morgan, student 2020-23
Margaret Munro (Locke), student 1960-63
Tatiana Ramadhani, student 2018-23
Tim Rattenbury, student 2019-23
Trevor Redgrave, student 1952-56
Lynne Rockliff, student 1970-74
Jade Ross, student 2018-23
Mary Scroop, student 2018-23
Jim Thorne, student 1970-74

Have YOU completed your **MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION / UPDATE?**

Forms are available on our website www.kentians.org.au

Your membership contributions help us to keep you connected, build new connections, promote reunions, and preserve your memories in our archives.

Don't risk YOUR membership falling into arrears. A review of our membership register is currently underway, so if you want to remain a financial Society Member please make sure to update your details (including your email address) on our new Update Form and pay your membership contribution into the bank account specified on the form.

Don't delay - do it today.

We Need You To Help Find “Lost” Members



As noted in our last couple of newsletters, we’re planning to celebrate Kent Street Senior High School’s 85th Birthday in 2025, and we want to find as many “lost” alumni as possible before then.

To do that, we need people who (like the Native American scouts in the wild west movies we watched as kids) can help find some of our people who’ve gone missing.

Some of them have moved since they were at school (many more than once). They’ve relocated to new cities (or even countries), and it’s not uncommon for them to forget to update their contact details and lose touch with their former classmates as they have explored different paths after leaving school.

But that doesn’t mean they’re lost forever. If you know the whereabouts of fellow alumni who may not be receiving information from us, or who have recently moved address, please let us know or encourage them to update their details (especially their email address).

Better still, become one of our **Alumni Scouts** (financial members of the Kentian Society with full access to information from our historical Archives). These are people who are looking after say the finishing year for a group of students (like 1975 or 1995, for instance).

We can help with the names of all the students in that group, plus whatever other public information is available, and then each Scout puts their thinking cap on and starts searching. It’s like a treasure hunt.

Some Scouts ask their friends if they’re still in touch with anyone else from their years at school. Perhaps they’ve stayed in touch on Facebook or other social media platforms? As each “missing” person is located, they often know of the whereabouts of other people, and so the network grows.

Please contact us by email at society@kentians.org.au if you want to know more about becoming one of our Alumni Scouts.