

Callo,

A man of many talents, with many friends – well respected by all who met him.

I first met Ian in Jan 1969 along with about 120 others joining RMC Duntroon. 4 years at RMC taught us many things but none more important than the value of “mates”. A bond was created during those years that many cannot understand and it will last us throughout our lives.

At Graduation we went in many different directions often not maintaining contact but the bond was always there.

Some 20 years later Callo took it on himself to build a Class Contact List, he even sought out and included those that had started with us in 69 but did not make the 60 odd Graduating Class.

He then extended this communication to gathering “Snippets” and distributing these. He did this while still working and raising the boys with Barb.

His RMC classmates will forever be grateful to Callo for this extra bit of glue that today makes our bond stronger and has kept us all in touch. Today we have here guys from Melbourne, Canberra and Northern NSW, while groups are gathering elsewhere to celebrate Callos life and legacy.

Jacqui and I and kids re-gathered with Callan’s in mid 80’s. Since then and along with Peter and Helen Teys, we have been lunching in early April to celebrate our wives Birthdays.

Later we joined them in taking up Caravanning but mostly went our own ways on different adventures.

Callo and I played Golf together twice a week, most weeks for about 10 years. We also sat together at the Suns football also for about 10 years.

We had many a luncheon and sessions where drinking at “ the Callan rate” was the norm. On one occasion he was my Guardian Angel – keeping me safe after a notable heavy lunch in the city with classmates, I will not elaborate (no lies no Pack drill!!).

He gave us all plenty of laughs and always had a comment and knowledge regardless of the subject.

I sometimes called him “crayfish” – a head full of

His booming voice at the footy was of interest to all that sat around us. He liked to have a go at the umpires – took me a while to convince him that AFL umpires were not called Sir. At one game he took a dislike to one umpire and after one bad call in his booming voice “

why did you not see that umpire 25 – you should have gone to Specsavers” – umpires sponsored by Specsavers.

Whereupon all round him turned and said “ his number is 23 – maybe you should go to Specsavers” – great laugh.

There are too Many stories for me to recount - from Golf, caravanning and I am sure his friends from Rotary will have a few as well.

Let me finish

**Callo you will be surely missed by many. I know I will be one of them.
Rest in Peace**

Mates Forever.