



The Bagpipe



ST ANDREW'S COLLEGE

2017

No. 38

Mac: pride of place in this edition goes to three young men who started at College at the same time, 76 years ago!

Anthony Tugman (A41/43) writes:

I am sorry that this is so late. I thought there was bags of time when I got your notice.....I wanted to say thank you to the headmaster for the card that was sent on his behalf for my ninetieth birthday. It is a gesture that is very much appreciated.

For those of our vintage (1941-1943) I suppose the task lessens each year, I know that my old friend David Morrell died fairly recently. I shared a study with him and Dennis Williams and Meintjes in Armstrong in 1943, but the latter two have apparently not got email addresses (if they have please may I have them?) I saw David a number of times in Hermanus when we holidayed there and he used to travel to the UK with Norma from time to time, and we used to exchange lengthy emails to keep each other up to date, but as the years passed the emails got shorter until they tailed off altogether a couple of years ago.

I am living in rather remarkable village in Sussex which calls itself a town because of a monarch in the thirteenth century (Edward I) who relied on it with other such places on the South East coast to provide ships to beat off French invaders. This made it one of the cinque ports with its own Mayor and Corporation. So we are a "town" with four hundred inhabitants, having had 14000 in the year 1400. All rather quaint.

From **Roger Jeanty** (X41/44):

Thanks to you I became a Bagpiper and an Anglophile graduate in 1943...yes. I then studied 5 years at M.I.T. Boston USA , and followed a long happy career. Again please accept my thanks.

Bill Collins (X41/43) writes:

As a life member of the OA Club, I have so enjoyed receiving The Bagpipe every year. Reading the history of OAs, particularly of those known to me, I find very nostalgic and extremely interesting. Furthermore, your amusing comments are certainly out of the top drawer. (*Mac: along with the dirty laundry?*)



I love your sense of humour and would love to meet you some day.

I started my three years at College in Upper House and Merriman. My last year as a "Cop" I was spoilt rotten and enjoyed my sport and evening smoke in our common study with my fellow "Cops". In those days smoking was strictly forbidden if you were not a "Cop" and if caught smoking three times you got expelled.

A fond memory of mine is smoking a "Bok" stompie which tasted so much better than a fresh one. Incidentally I gave up smoking sixty years ago.

As a "newboy" I remember walking up the Cradock Road for a smoke in the bush. The seniors regarded this as an intrusion of their domain and accordingly caned us before permitting us to go ahead and smoke near them. After being caned by seniors so many times, it was par for the course and I took it with a smile. Little did anyone know I always had a Chamois leather in my pants!

After College I joined the navy and served on the R.N. Flagship HMS Queen Elizabeth in the Far East. I am enclosing a photo taken in Cape Town in February 1944, of five OAs Chris Bell (E41/43), Graham Boustred (Headboy U40/43), myself, Peter Pauling (E39/43) and Fransie Murray (U39/43), with our respective partners. Chris and Graham on left side.



Shortly before the end of the war my ship returned to the UK and the dozen or so South Africans were left behind. I joined Squadron 722 Fleet air arm in Trincomalee and spent a few weeks in sheer bliss compared to my eighteen months on a battleship. I had learnt the ropes as a rum bosun and it didn't take me long in managing to draw 72 tots of rum a day. Perhaps it was just as well the war



ended as I was beginning to like my job.

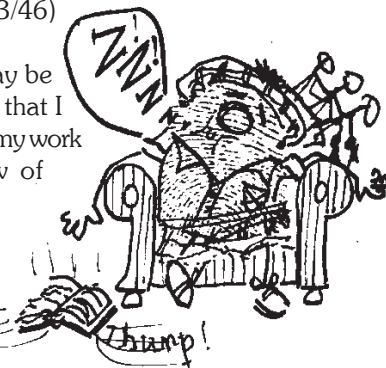
I spent forty-one years in the pump business after the war. (Mac: all those years pumping out tots of rum must have looked good on your CV!) I was very fortunate in joining a company in its infancy and fortunately grew with it. I retired at the age of 61 and have spent 28 years enjoying bowls, tennis,

hiking, fishing, cycling for all those years with my wife of nearly 60 years standing. Our children and grandchildren are all within a few hours' drive from here and we are blessed in seeing them quite often.

I used to see quite a few OAs here but I have managed to survive longer than the likes of the Thesens & Frasers, and Barry du Plessis, and I hope to enjoy receiving many more Bagpipe issues and birthday cards from the Headmaster which I really treasure and for which I am most thankful.

Antony de Wet (A43/46) writes:

I thought that you may be interested in learning that I have had 400 reads of my work in an Algebraic view of Quantum Mechanics.



Peter van Breda (A46/50) writes about Rugby in Canada:

In November 1956 on a bitterly cold day (about 0 °F) I was working for The Dominion Bridge Company on a building in downtown Calgary. Work was terminated as the iron was frosty and climbing it dangerous. The two engineers, Ken Barrass (Wales) and Wally Ward (SA) who were good friends of mine and I went into the Wales Hotel Beer Hall for relief from the cold.

As was often the case the conversation moved to rugby, which was not a recognised sport in Canada though there was a private club in Toronto. We, as enthusiasts, made a firm decision that we would put rugby on the road. There was no money for a marketing programme so we agreed to use the 'tell 5 - tell 5' method of communication to contact

everyone in Calgary who had played rugby and tell them all to meet on the South Calgary Football Field on 23 May – the first Public Holiday of summer – at 2.00 pm for a run about and discussion to start a club.

As enough enthusiasts for two teams arrived, the Calgary Rugby Club was kick-started.



Immediate formalities were dealt with and in due course everything else fell into place.

Games were arranged between our two teams and later on with the NATO air force stations in Alberta. To crown everything we were assisted by Art Smith, a stamper commentator, to play a demonstration game in the intermission of the Calgary Stampeder/Winnipeg Blue Bomber Canadian football game. Our game was perfectly rehearsed – no fouls or fumbles, successful penalty kicks due to tries being scored in kickable positions. A great success and a standing ovation from the crowd, though a disdainful reaction from the professional footballers.

I believe that there are two other clubs in Calgary now who together field 16 teams. We know where Canadian rugby is internationally. Did we have a hand in this? (Mac: I'd say it sounds more like 30 pairs of boots ...)

John Powell (E46/50) Goodday – as an Old Preppie of the 1944 vintage I am delighted to receive your memo.

My two sons were both at Prep and my granddaughter is at DSG. My grandson was at College but had to finish in Cape Town. As a matter of interest my granddad and father attended College so we have a long association with Grahamstown.

Dave Edwards (M50/54) writes: Recently I celebrated my 80th birthday at Haycroft Farm, Curry's Post, KZN. The guests included six other Old Andreans and much time was spent reminiscing. I'm attaching photographs of the OAs at the celebration.

They were: Sandy Stretton (E50/55), Myself, Denham Edwards (M53/57) (brother, at the back) Dave Longmore (centre front) (U59/62) Peter Woodburn (stepson at back) (M93/95? Mac) Peter Seymour (E65/69) and Julian Dottridge (E59/63) (far right).

Unfortunately William Pitchford was unable to join us.



I highly appreciated the card from the Headmaster and College community.

Wishing you a peaceful School year end and blessings for the Christmas season.

Colin (Tompie) Whittle (M51/55) tells the story of his arrival at Prep:

Tonight, I think it was exactly 71 years ago, on 15 January 1946, having travelled by car (Registration BC 6) all the

way from Leribe, Basutoland, to Grahamstown in one day – a very long journey in those days, most of the way on dirt roads – Pop and Ma dropped Tink and me off at Prep at about 6.00 pm on a typically miserable cold, misty and drizzling Grahamstown evening (which I remember so clearly), before going on to the Grand Hotel to spend the night there before returning to Basutoland, early the next morning.

Mr Griff and Mrs Mullins put us straight to bed in Cubs Dormitory. There were no other boys there, not one! They would only start arriving the next day. Just the two of us 'colonial boys' in total isolation and in unfamiliar territory, sleeping on our own in the whole Prep complex. Lions, Tigers and Cubs dormitories, all dark, cold, foreboding and empty.

We had never been away from home before. We were only 8 and 10 years old! I have never been so homesick in all my life.



But in retrospect, it was the start of 10 of the most fantastic years of boarding school life, formative independence, fun and positive personal development, which I will treasure forever! Thank you Ma, thank you Pop!

Nec Aspera Terrent!

Dave McIntosh (M56/60) writes:

To the School and the 1st XV Rugby side and coach congratulations on a super successful season. For a school with approx. a maximum of 180 boys in Grades 11 & 12 of whom probably one third play hockey, to end up unbeaten in the Eastern Cape is a wonderful achievement. When one compares boys' numbers to most of the (previous) Model C Schools against whom College played, the results are outstanding.

Unfortunately I was only able to watch the Grey game – However what a classic that epitomised the College boys' fighting spirit.

What a pleasure it has been for me to bask in their glory when one lives in Port Elizabeth where under every stone one will find an Old Grey.

To all at College, I remain a proud Old Andrean.

Best wishes and happy holidays,

Anthony Bateman (X56/59) sent us this long but fascinating account:

I was most interested in the analysis by Jon Inggis (Bagpipe 2016) of the OAs who died at Delville Wood. I attended the centenary commemoration at the SA National War Memorial in Delville Wood in July last year to lay a wreath on behalf of South African Military Veterans Organisation International. Your readers might be interested in the following write-up I did for SAMVOINT. The invitation was opportune as I had missed the centenary commemoration visit by the London Irish Rifles to the Loos Memorial in 2015. My father had survived the disastrous battle of Loos as an 18 year old lieutenant in the

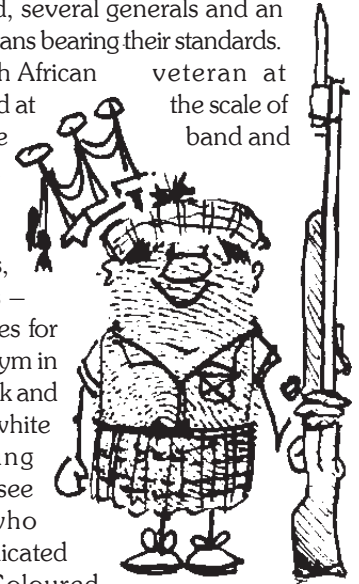
LIR. A fellow ex-Capetonian and I decided to combine the cross-Channel trip to France with visits to Loos and Ypres in Belgium where his grandfather had served in the ranks of the Civil Service Rifles in the same 42nd (2nd London) Division as my father. After Loos, both of our forebears had seen plenty of action on the Somme and elsewhere.

We booked into the Hotel de la Paix in Bapaume, a small town close to Longueval where Delville Wood is situated. The rehearsal the day before the actual ceremony involved scores of SANDF personnel including a large guard of honour, the SA Army band, several generals and an array of very smart French veterans bearing their standards.

I spotted only one other South African veteran at the rehearsal but was impressed at the scale of the ceremony, the skill of the band and the smartness of the guard. I was proud to see them performing well with their WW II vintage Lee- Enfield .303s, complete with short bayonets – I'd lived with one of these rifles for most of my year in the Navy Gym in 1960. All the generals were black and the guard included 4 or 5 white privates, including a young woman. It was interesting to see that the two key figures who coordinated the entire complicated proceedings were senior Coloured servicemen – a SAAF colonel and an Army sergeant major.

After the rehearsal we gained entry to the museum within the monument buildings. The displays have been totally re-designed and now give proper recognition also to the heroism displayed by the SA Native Labour Corps on the Western Front and during the sinking of the troopship SS Mendi as well as to the outstanding gallantry of the SA Cape Corps at Square Hill in Palestine. I was pleased to have seen the new monument to the SS Mendi victims when I visited Jubilee Square in Simon's Town earlier this year. However I was disappointed to discover that I had lived and worked in Ramallah recently close to the scene of the epic battle of Square Hill without knowing of its proximity.

I discovered that although SAMVOINT was listed as laying a wreath I was not registered as an attendee, so would have no security pass to enter the memorial grounds for the actual ceremony. However, on the day the combination of my beret, blazer badge and medals and my friend's fluent French, supplemented by poppies in our lapels, got us through the several checkpoints. Security was tight, comprising the local police, the national gendarmerie, plain clothes officers, and snipers atop the memorial. President Hollande didn't attend but President Zuma laid a wreath at the war memorial in Longueval before arriving at Delville Wood precisely at the appointed time. The lengthy ceremony went like clockwork, watched by a large number of French dignitaries and other local guests. The wreath layers were veterans with impressive groups of South African medals. Some wore on the right breast also the WWI and WWII medals of a close relative, as did I. The French veterans' standards were not matched by a similar array of



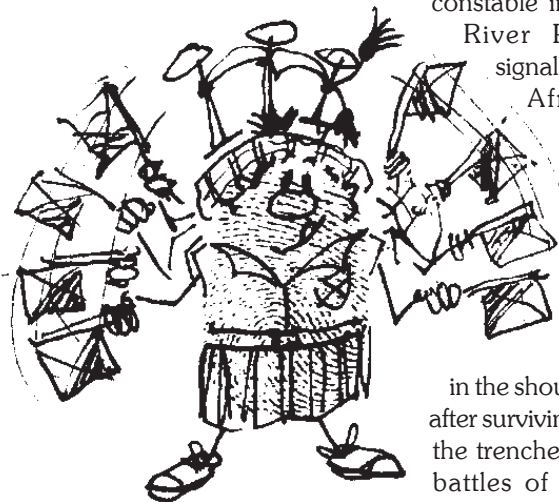
South African standards or banners though. I was told that this was because of the appearance at an earlier ceremony of some standards that were more political than military. This lack of SA banners and standards was compensated for, to a degree, by a large contingent of senior pupils from several South African schools representing the post-1994 generation. The 42 boys from Maritzburg College honoured their 11 College boys killed at Dellville Wood and paid tribute to the 100 old boys and masters who had died in all theatres of the Great War. I was unaware until I read Jon Inggs's piece that 9 OAs were killed in the Wood, representing 7% of the 128 OAs who died during and just after the Great War. Overall, about three-quarters of the over 3,000 South Africans in the brigade became casualties which included a quarter who were killed.

The speakers included South African generals and a minister from each of the South African and French governments. Several of the speeches highlighted the importance of the rectification of the long standing omission of proper tributes to the African and Coloured servicemen who had suffered and died alongside their white comrades. It was particularly poignant to be reminded that the Union government had declined to award any campaign medals to the SANLC. It was explained that the body of the first SANLC member to die on the Western Front had now been reinterred in a new tomb within the Dellville Wood monument. After the main ceremony President Zuma unveiled the Wall of Remembrance and then proceeded to open the transformed museum. The parade concluded and guests withdrew to enjoy a tasty buffet lunch enhanced with Cape wines.

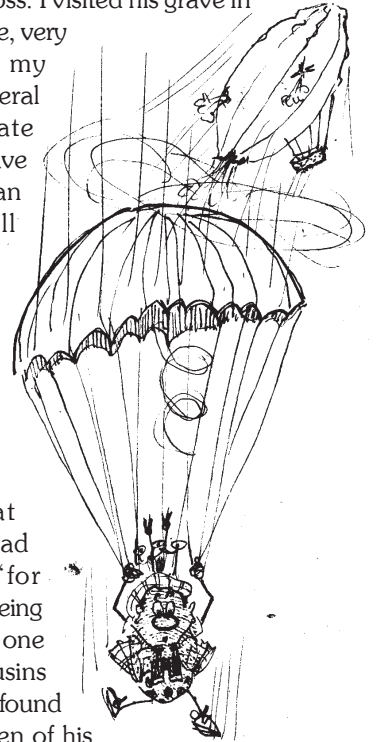
Having served full time for 20 years in three navies (Royal Navy, SAN, and the Sultan of Oman's Navy) I could have felt an outsider at such an army-focused ceremony. However, I discovered that the very helpful CMVO (council of military veterans' organisations) representative was an ex-submariner, and an SAN WO and several senior ratings were much in evidence. As I am both an OA and an OD I was pleased to meet an OD who had been colonel of the Duke's. Following the ceremony I explored my father's connections with the Somme and Flanders battles. After six years as a British soldier and airman during and after the Great War he went on to serve in WWII as a special

constable in the Rangoon River Police and a signaller in the South African Army (both part time roles) before being commissioned in the newly formed SA Naval Forces.

He was shot in the shoulder by a sniper after surviving ten months in the trenches, including the battles of Festubert and Loos. He volunteered for the Royal Flying Corps and returned to the Western Front as a kite balloon observer.



This involved being suspended in a small wicker basket from a huge hydrogen-filled sausage balloon flying up to a mile high whilst tethered to a winch on the ground. He located targets and spotted the fall of the divisional and corps artillery. At one stage he conducted firing for his uncle's heavy guns in defence of the Ypres salient. He flew above the Somme battlefields also, and observed the massive detonations of the great mines underneath Messines Ridge. Kite balloon observers were the only aviators to be equipped with parachutes, so he survived being shot down in flames four times. I discovered that his final jump was when his balloon was downed by one of Manfred von Richthofen's Flying Circus pilots. Lt Erich Reiher died just four days later in his red Albatross. I visited his grave in the Belgian village of Vlamertinge, very close to the chateau where my father's uncle, Brigadier General Bernard Bateman CMG (late RGA), had his HQ. Reiher's grave was one of only three German burials in the small Commonwealth cemetery. I recalled that General Bateman's only child, Lieutenant Bernard Bateman MC RFA, had died of wounds in England and was buried in London. I visited instead the fascinating private museum and well preserved trenches at Sanctuary Wood, where he had won the Military Cross "for conspicuous gallantry" despite being dangerously wounded. He was one of three of my father's first cousins who didn't survive the war. I've found Great War service records of ten of his first cousins, all but three of whom were army officers, the others being two ANZAC privates and a lieutenant commander RN. One was an OA – Charles Cecil Bateman, Survey Class 1897.



The final grave visit was to that of Lieutenant John Kipling, Irish Guards - Rudyard Kipling's son 'Jack'. Much has been written in recent years about the identification of



A meaningful moment for Anthony Bateman

this re-interred body. My interest was personal, in that the soldier now buried as Kipling was thought by some experts to be Lieutenant Arthur 'Jack' Jacob, London Irish Rifles. He was one of my father's two best friends in the 1st Battalion LIR and was killed when leading his platoon over the top at Loos. The third member of this trio of subalterns, Lieutenant Laurence 'Laurie' Dircks, survived Loos despite his wounds and married my father's sister. Kipling had died shortly after being shot in the face during the same battle but neither his nor Jacob's bodies was found. In recent years the unidentified body of an officer in a Commonwealth cemetery near Loos was concluded to be either Jacobs or Kipling on account of the similarity of the harp design of the LIR and Irish Guards buttons. The CWGC has finally determined, after much public debate, that it is John Kipling.

My friend and I drove back to the Calais ferry port feeling much closer ties to our forebears who had endured and survived so much in defence of freedom, and of Belgium and France in particular, more than 100 years ago. (Mac: it all adds to the importance of the continuation of our annual Remembrance Day parade.)

Stanton D'Arcy (A54/57) writes:

My brother Gavin D'Arcy died earlier this year and at the time of his Memorial Service you flew the flag at half-mast, a gesture much appreciated by family and friends alike. I also sent a few words at the time.

(Mac: obituaries and orations are not normally included in the Bagpipe. Stanton's tribute appears in the OA section of the school website. One paragraph, however, caught Mac's eye in particular, and is reproduced here.)

Gavin always loved animals and he had a way with them - from Magic, his first dog in South Africa, to Putsey his cat, and all of ours! We have memories of him taking our pet rabbit for a walk on a lead.

And of course his dogs in Jo'burg - they were his everything, and he would tell us every detail about where they came from and every funny little habit they had. He was always able to make even the most anxious animal relax in his presence.

Willem Kempen (U57/60) comments:

After the age of 70 all we seem to talk about is either our travels or our doctors. So now I am going to give you a dose of both.

Back in 2009 I was diagnosed with spinal stenosis which in short words means that the vertebrae in my lower back are crumbling, pinching nerves along the way and that my mobility will be compromised as specialists are loath to

tackle anything to do with the nervous system in our old bodies. Project forward to 2016 and my mobility as promised was getting worse and by now I was getting around with the aid of a walker.

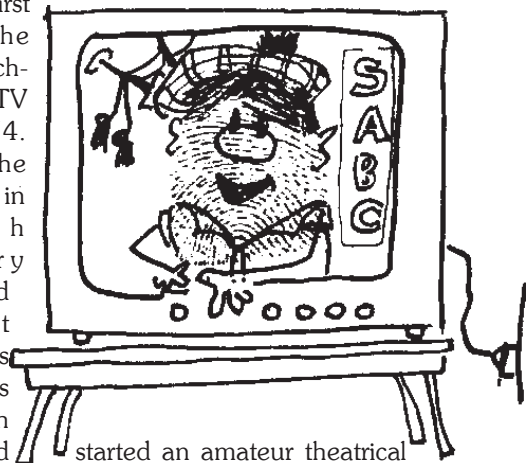
Nevertheless, 2016 was one of our bigger travel years visiting Tasmania and areas on the east coast of Australia with our 4x4 and caravan. Upon returning home I was diagnosed with an aggressive form of bladder cancer and the visits to specialists and the hospital began. In April 2017 I underwent 36 days of chemotherapy and radiation treatment and with a positive attitude and the help and prayers and good thoughts of my friends on Facebook I was able to win this race and am happy to announce that I



am now cancer free. At the end of this week, now August 2017, I am going on a 4x4 trip out into the Simpson Desert with friends. My wife, Judith, has declined the invitation, opting rather to spend quality time in her studio in the garden. Her black Kelpie fur child will be there to keep her company. And so until next time :-D

David Hall-Green (M52/55) and his wife Marsja retired to Plettenberg Bay in 2011, where they lead busy lives, involved in many aspects of Plett life. David retired after many years as a familiar face on SABC Television, where he was the first face at the official "switch-on" of SA TV in 1974. Previously he was an actor in British Repertory theatre and also spent several years as a ship's officer with P&O. David

started an amateur theatrical society in Plett, and has just produced the BATS' fifth play, Noel Coward's famous Blithe Spirit. All profits from the run were donated to PAWS, the local animal welfare organisation, on whose committee Marsja serves. They are both involved in a large variety of fundraising events - such as open garden days and classical concerts. They are members of St Peter's Anglican church, where Alan Drimie (M51/55) is a lay minister in a strong Anglican family in the Diocese of Formosa. David is regularly invited to lecture





on various subjects, acts as MC for local events and serves on a number of committees. Marsja retired from her career as Publications Manager for SASOL and she enjoys being able to contribute to the Plett community as a whole, when it comes to organisation and promotion. They both feel privileged to enjoy life in such a beautiful environment and to be part of such a vibrant local community.

Tom Batten (U58/62) writes:

On leaving College and completing my military training I went into the family business (Courlanders Agencies) as the “lucky” third generation. Married Ilse, and had two children, Nicholas (U85/88) and Claire.

Both kids emigrated, Nic to Berlin and Claire and husband Andrew to London. Ilse and I wept.

I then changed the company profile, slightly, and started representing UK, European and USA companies, along with our SA principals, so that I could visit the kids.

Claire is back after 6 years, and Nic back after 13 years, most of his time spent with the Autostad, Wolfsburg. He is now an Internal Communications Manager at VW Uitenhage, and has developed systems now used in other VW plants internationally.

While I have handed Courlanders over to Claire, I am in the office most days communicating with overseas principals and doing what I like best, which is preparing for the next trip to our holiday home on the Kowie River, which is next to Peter Sulter, and one plot up river from Richard Laing.

I have swapped my yachting gear for a small cabin boat, often moored to my jetty.

Other OA’s seen regularly round the dinner table are Martin Goldswain (E56/60), Robin Ross-Thompson (X58/62) and Brian Potgieter (A57/61), all still happily married and in good health.

We still live in too large a house in East London with Claire, Andrew and two beautiful granddaughters dwelling in the “Granny Palace” behind us.

I am very grateful to my late father, Ashley (U28/33) for finding the funds to send me to his old school. Interestingly, when I took my son Nicholas into the Junior dorm in Upper (1985), there were five of us (out of, I think, 20 newboys in 1958) who were bringing their sons back on the same day to the same Upper dorm! They were Julian Bennett, Charles Bird, Ward Hobson, Jeremy White and yours truly. It could be a bit of a record. (A 25% return on investment!) (Mac: it is likely to have been a higher return on investment than that, as not all your contemporaries will have had children the same year!)

Hugh Clarke (Day 55/58) writes: I was a Day student from 1955 to mid-1957 when I left, not because I was expelled, but of my own choice. (My twin brother Arthur became

head of ‘Day’.) (Mac: the school register records Hugh as leaving in 1958. I have heard of ghost teachers - the first ghost pupil perhaps...!) My schoolboy interests were psychology, philosophy and astronomy so I did not enjoy normal school subjects! As a result my poor marks put me out of the stream. (Mac: I think this is



result Matric swimming against the tide!) So I left. I joined an accounting firm: they discovered I did not have a matric but gave me a chance to get one, while working. After failing at my first attempt, I succeeded the second time.

After this modest start, I managed to get three degrees — BA (Wits.), Dip. IMM, MBL (Unisa) — and became a General Manager in charge of human resources for a large firm.

I have a wonderful wife, Fenja, and four grown-up children with grandchildren galore. While working, I authored a number of business books. On retiring, noticing the wonderful flowers on Table Mountain I decided to have a crack at writing a flower book! I’m particularly proud of the most recently published ‘The Illustrated Dictionary of Southern African Plant names’ (480 pages) [ISBN 978-1-4314-2443-6] which took my American co-author, Michael Charters and me some six years of really hard graft. Eugene Moll, our editor, was enormously helpful. I love living in Cape Town as a healthy 76-year-old, and of our various travels I have perhaps enjoyed Antarctica the most.

Michael Cordes (X56/60) writes: Thank you for the latest Prep newsletter which I thoroughly enjoyed. Congratulations and all good wishes to Brendon Brady. I can tell from his enthusiastic letter he’s going to make Prep an even greater school.

I was most impressed with all the new developments and the way the school caters for its students. Great stuff.

I read in the newsletter of an old Preppie at Somerset Place who was at Prep in the 1950s. Well, he has good company because I was there from 1952 to 1956, in Lions House. I shamefully concede that I can’t remember the school song anymore.

At the age of 74 I remain active as a freelance agricultural journalist writing for various local and international publications. My column — On the can be found in every week. I still produce



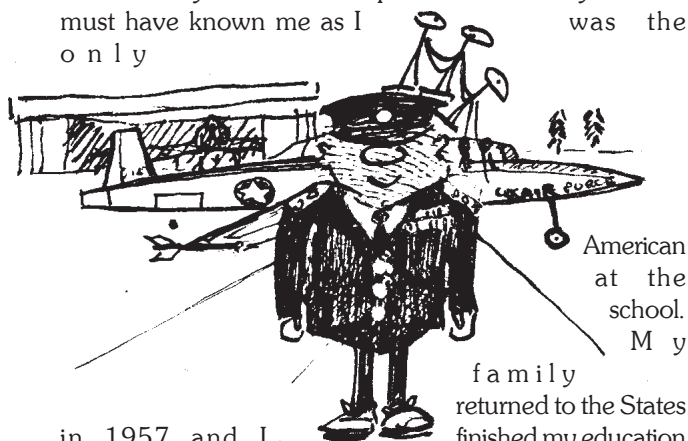
Market Floor — Farmer’s Weekly do training in fresh marketing for

marketers and small-scale farmers all over the country. I remain active as a consultant on fresh produce markets in this country and within the SADEC region.

I'm also currently writing my autobiography which includes a nostalgic but happy section on my days at Prep.

Thomas W. Waugh (E55/57), a retired Colonel of the USAF, also gave us feedback from the Old Prep Newsletter:

I was interested in the boys' visit to the retirement home (Somerset Place) and the resident who attended Prep in the 50s. I was at Prep at the same time – through 1954, after which I went to College. Rook Currey was the Head at that time and was then succeeded by Spencer Chapman. I took a course from Spencer Chapman and remember it to this day as he was an inspiration to us. Probably knew the Prep old boys and he must have known me as I was the only



American at the school. My family returned to the States in 1957 and I finished my education there – BA and MPA. Then 28 years in the USAF and then 20 years at a University in Macon, Georgia, where I still work part-time for the Provost. My father worked for Firestone – came to SA in 1936 – we lived in PE. Dad loved SA so much that when he died he was cremated and sent to friends in PE. His ashes were sprinkled on the Humewood golf course. Nice to get updates from Prep.

Stephen Meintjes (E53/57), is still enjoying life as head of research of a Johannesburg stockbroker as well as following up on the publication of *Our Land, Our Rent, Our Jobs* which he co-authored with the late Michael Jacques which has entailed media exposure as well as presentations to political, business and government entities including the Davis Tax Committee. He will be attending the November '57 Reunion.

From **Mark Patterson** (U66/69): Burdened by 4 years of Upper House academic superiority, I continue to race cars at age 65, including this 320 kph Le Mans Prototype 2 at the Le Mans 24 Hour race this past June. Given 2 unscheduled stops in the garage for repairs, we fell back to finish 13th in class out of 25 cars, but still a thrill few race drivers get to enjoy. I've competed in 5 Le Mans races in GT and LMP2 cars. For full season racing in the European Le Mans Series (Monza, Silverstone, Red Bull Ring, Spa etc), I race in the slower LMP3 car that tops out around 290 kph. Few sports match car racing for physical demands, tension, excitement and very high competition around the world. (Mac: *That's taking living the school motto to*



extremes! There must be safer ways to make up for Upper House's academic superiority...)

James Bond (M63/67) writes: Dear Mac, For many years I've been meaning to update College on my life post-Grahamstown. As it's been half a century since my matric, I suppose there is no better occasion than now.

My wife and I currently spend our time between the US and France, with residences in both places. After leaving College in 1967 (50 years ago!) and a year's military service in Potchefstroom and Namibia, I studied for a degree in Chemical Engineering at Wits. Two years working on the mines with Goldfields convinced me that there was more to life than mining and South Africa, so I went off to Paris to do a Masters in Economics/Finance (specializing in oil) at a French engineering school, and at the same time a PhD in Economics at the Sorbonne.

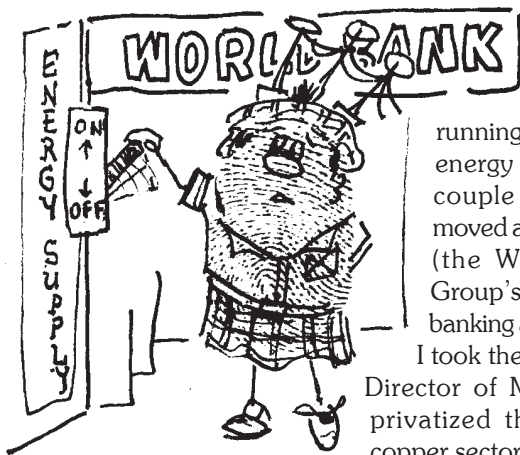
PARIS

France in the early 1970s was the place to be. What a time! After the stifling environment of South Africa's apartheid, Paris was intoxicating. Following the 1968 events France was boiling with revolutionary spirit. The boulevards were full of gauchists and pretty girls. I first shared an apartment with a Chilean communist who had fled his country after the overthrow of Allende by Pinochet. Together we rebuilt the world over bottles of cheap red wine. Then I married a French girl from Lyon (Christine, still my wife after 42 years), got a job at the oil company Total in Paris (great company), bought an apartment in Paris, and had two children. (Our third child was born later, in Washington.)

WORLD BANK GROUP

Then in 1986, the World Bank made me an offer to work in their headquarters in Washington DC. I took the job, and shortly found myself in the first major restructuring – but not the last – of this august institution. But after the

shakeup I still had a job, and after eight years of funding power projects in Africa, and advising on petroleum sector reform in Kazakhstan and Russia, I became the Bank's



overall director of Energy.

After running the Bank's energy shop for a couple of years I moved across to IFC (the World Bank Group's investment banking arm), where I took the position of

Director of Mining. We privatized the Zambia copper sector, structured

and funded the Mozal aluminium smelter in Mozambique, and got heavily involved in minimizing the social impacts of mining in Africa and Latin America.

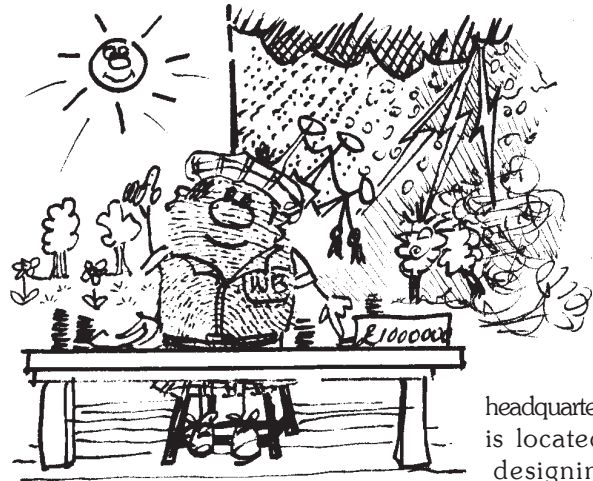
After my stint in mining, I returned to the World Bank as director to cover agriculture and the environment for Africa. After a couple of years I moved to a resident post based in Antananarivo, Madagascar, as World Bank regional country director, advising the President (who called me every day, generally at 6:30 am – he was an early riser) as well as covering the countries in the sub-region: Mauritius, Comoros, Seychelles. We rolled out many projects that still make me proud, including funding a major multimodal port at Fort Dauphin in the south, tackling chronic malnutrition among children, and assisting Mauritius with its economic restructuring.

In the mid-2000s I was asked to return to Washington to take the position of World Bank director for West Africa, to work with Cote d'Ivoire as an election monitor and to manage the arrears clearance and debt restructuring. This was the most difficult task in my career, but I'm proud that amongst other things we funded the disarming of the rebel combatants and their reintegration into the regular army, and got Cote d'Ivoire back on track financially, leading eventually to full democracy under the current President Alassane Ouattara. I also covered the other countries of the Sahel, notably Mali, Mauritania, Benin, Togo, Niger.

After Cote d'Ivoire the World Bank President, Bob Zoellick, asked me to manage one of the three World Bank Group institutions, Multilateral Investment Guarantee Agency (MIGA), as Chief Operating Officer. I ran MIGA until retirement from the Bank in 2011. Over my tenure we updated the product line and more than tripled annual volume to around \$3.5 billion per year. MIGA is a great institution with very significant impact on development, by promoting private investment in developing countries.

GREEN CLIMATE FUND

After leaving the World Bank I joined the newly founded Green Climate Fund, an emanation of the UN Framework Convention on Climate Change (UNFCCC), as Senior Advisor to the Executive Director to help design and launch the Fund. I spent two years in Korea (where the Fund's



headquarters is located) designing financial

instruments, (Mac: sounds like the scalpels and forceps of the banking world!) raising funds, and hiring personnel. By the time of the COP21 climate conference in November/December 2015 we had set up a fully functional fund with a total start-up capital of \$10.3 billion. The Fund is an important piece of the climate finance architecture, and will have a significant role to play in helping developing countries address their climate change challenges.

WHAT NOW?

So what now? Well, having “flunked” retirement in 2011 I'm still working, mostly with investors with good infrastructure projects in risky countries, and advising governments wanting to promote infrastructure investment. I lecture at Sciences Po, an economics school based in Paris. I spend time on company boards, and a lot of time in Africa, as close as ever to my heart and soul.

My wife Christine and I split our time between Washington DC and Lyon, her home town. We have three adult children: Dorothee, with the US State Department and currently stationed in Pretoria (small world!); William, in banking in New York, financing renewable energy projects; and Victoria, an emergency doctor in Sydney. I paint, write, climb the Alps. My professional contributions have received recognition from France through the award of the Légion d'Honneur; and from Madagascar, which conferred on me the country's Ordre de Mérit.

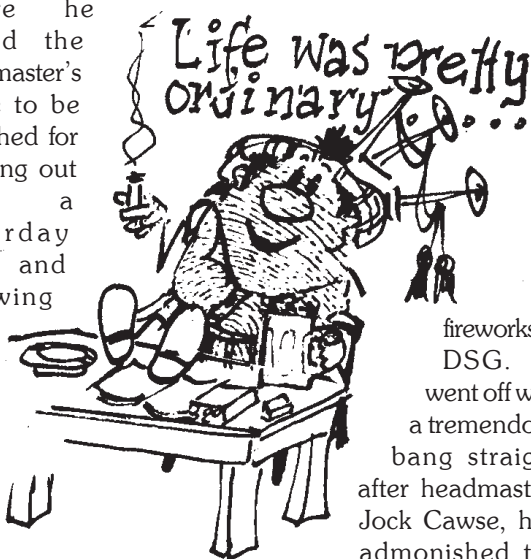
What of my time at St Andrew's? It seems so long ago, now. It was only in my 40s that I realized I had not in fact been very happy at College. In my day, the school promoted excellence in sport over intellectual capacity. As a habitual “eleventh man” in cricket and unable to execute a decent pass in rugby, I was relegated to the nerds. (Mac: there have been plenty of other nerds who have gone on to make huge contributions to the world, but sadly they are not often appreciated by their peers while at school.) Fortunately for me I discovered other nerds at College, some of whom have remained friends to this day; even more fortunately, I had a few outstanding masters at College who encouraged my somewhat suspect intellectual activities, and provided me with the “safe space” to think differently from my peers. That – and the ability to put up with rather harsh and daunting conditions, which is (or used to be) the essence of boarding school life both in the UK and its colonies – have remained with me to this day, and no doubt informed my subsequent actions.

I wish College well. I hope it continues to allow the outliers – the unconventional, the weirdos, those who do not conform – to find themselves and realize their full potential. And South Africa is not the world; OAs must go on to disseminate the school's values of honesty, hard work, and intellectual excellence across the globe. That is the best contribution the school can make to society.

Rob McWilliams (M62/65) writes:

Life was pretty ordinary at Mullins House in the early to mid 60's. However up the road at Espin you had characters such as John Mowbray (E60/63), Achim von Arnim (E59/63), Tim "Arse" Clapham (E61/65) and Johnny Wells (E61/65) to liven things up!!

Arse's single greatest achievement was to set off a big bang firecracker in assembly. It was on a fuse lit shortly before he visited the headmaster's office to be punished for bunking out on a Saturday night and throwing



fireworks at DSG. It went off with a tremendous bang straight after headmaster, Jock Cawse, had admonished the

whole school about letting off fireworks ending with "and I am sure this disgraceful behaviour will not be repeated" GABOOOOM.

Then came Mullins's turn for a bit of excitement. A young lad who shall remain nameless decided to pay a nocturnal visit to a young lass who lived across the road at what is now the site of the OA Club House (Highlander). It was believed that he was caught in flagrante delicto by housemaster Graham Dods. No one is quite sure but it must have been pretty bad because when the rest of us returned to Mullins for lunch the gentleman concerned was lying on the front lawn having a smoke and waiting for the train to take him home. .

David Southey (G64/68) submitted this open letter to the Headmistress of Diocesan School for Girls, the Headmaster of St Andrew's College, the Teachers and Coaches written by John Varty:

Dear Friends

I feel extremely privileged that I was able to experience through my daughter, Savannah Varty, the DSG experience. As Savannah's journey drew to a close, another door opened for me. Sean and Tao Varty were

accepted into St Andrew's Prep School and later St Andrew's College. Here two more journeys awaited me, for Sean chose rugby and Tao chose hockey.

My first inspiration was the bronze statue of two girls embracing which stands in the courtyard at DSG. I learnt that DSG was a place where you didn't shake hands, you hugged and embraced. A place of love!

I began to hug not only my own children but other people's children as well. I even got to hug the beautiful mothers, which was an experience in itself.

My second inspiration was a speech by Shelley Frayne, where Shelley said "At DSG, we strive to create an environment where the girls can become the best versions of themselves as possible".

I took Shelley's words to heart and moved my own life into music, poetry and writing books.

Apart from Londolozi Game Reserve, I know of no institution in South Africa which has been able to pour the colours and cultures of the Rainbow Nation together as successfully as DSG and St Andrew's College.

However, if there is one criticism I would make, it is that Xhosa should be elevated to the level of English and Afrikaans. A student emerging into the Rainbow Nation without an African language is at a distinct disadvantage.

During the days of Apartheid, my ability to talk Swahili was the key to making over 20 documentaries in Kenya (I was put in jail in Kenya for having a South African Passport). Being able to speak Shangaan allowed me to negotiate with the notorious poachers and turn them into brilliant trackers when I started Londolozi Game Reserve. Today these same trackers are living legends and walking encyclopaedias.

If all of us could speak Zulu we may better understand some of the strange decisions our current president is making. (*Mac: Hmmm! I am not sure that the language is the key factor in the strange decisions!*) At Londolozi, one of our Senior Managers is Duncan MacLarty, a St Andrew's College graduate. Through Duncan we employ many ex DSG girls and College boys. The quality that shines through DSG and College graduates is confidence. They are self-assured, confident people

Another great quality you impart to your pupils is simply good manners. I remember vividly standing and watching Sean Varty and his friends play an informal game of touch rugby. During the game, every single boy took time out from the game to come and greet me. I know of no other place in the world where that would happen.

Like all parents, I wanted the best for my children. I dreamt of Savannah playing at Wimbledon (My mother



had played at Wimbledon) and that Sean and Tao would play cricket at Lords or rugby at Twickenham.

However, in a conversation with my children they said, "Dad this is your journey, it is not our journey. Thank you for sending us to DSG and to College, it is they who have given us the confidence to travel our own journeys". After this conversation, I wrote the saying:

"Much I have learnt from my Teachers,
More from my Parents,
But the Most from my Children".

As the world's human population pushes past 10 billion people and beyond and as the basic resources of life begin to dwindle, I believe that for their very survival, human beings will once again be forced into communities. For want of a better word, let's call these communities "technological hunter gatherers".

These communities grow their own food and drive around in solar powered vehicles and they live by the laws of nature. In order for these communities to be successful they will have to be based on respect, harmony, honesty, team work and adaptability. I believe that "an all for one, one for all" mentality will replace a winner takes all scenario.

It is interesting that the values of respect, harmony, honesty, team work and adaptability are the very same values that DSG and College impart to their pupils that are fortunate enough to travel through their corridors and across their sports fields.

After the 2017 rugby and hockey seasons I wrote this song for the boys, their parents and the coaches of these two great teams:

"You score one
We score two
You play for me
I play for you
One for all
All for one
We arrived as boys
We left as men
College forever my friend
College forever my friend".

Through my children I have lived the incredible DSG and College journeys. I have gained love, friendship, knowledge and understanding. The journey has been profound and life changing!

I thank you all!

I normally end my letters with "Tread Lightly on the Earth".

This one I will end "Love, Light and Peace"

Roy Hulton (E60/64) had a good lunch with Eric Dane (A62/65) and Ian MacLarty (A62/65) in Hout Bay on 3 August 2017.

Roy & Ian are both well, but Eric not great due to his cancer. We wish him all the best in the near future.

Martin Oosthuizen (E62/66) muses that If the record is carefully researched it will show that when a certain OA makes a statement of intent, things are going to happen.

His statement relates to the convening of the 50th reunion for the 1966 leavers during November 2016 and the special crowd who would be attending in force. And thus it came

to pass as the good man had so convincingly predicted.

Fellow – travellers included Peter Oliver of Toronto(G62/66) , JV Bryant of Adelaide, Australia (G62/66), Theo Taylor of London (E63/66) ,Bruce Bryant of Tarkastad (E62/66), Patrick Good (E62/65) ,formerly a citizen of Klein Brak Rivier, and Nick Neil-Boss (A62/66) of Colchester, Sunday's River an impressive spread of personalities from all those popular industrialized cities .

During proceedings at the more or less formal dinner on Friday night (here it should be noted that one gentleman smiling happily with an unaccustomed tie around his neck and in the front row of a group photograph, shamelessly revealed a lack of socks), a number of controversial decisions were taken in respect of the fiercely contested competitions

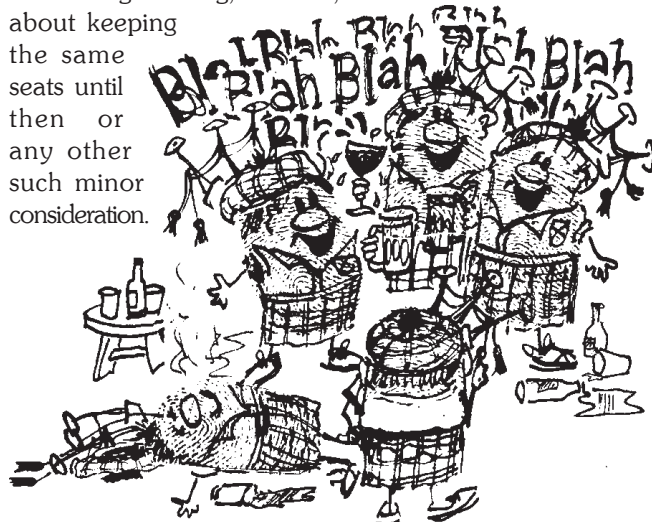
For instance, this writer felt there was a sad lack of worthy opposition to prevent a win by him in the "mooi lyfie 2016" parade . Yet, somehow and miraculously ,the man from Colchester took the prime spot on the podium. Shouts for an inspection of the papers and recount were drowned out during the ensuing unrest.

Moreover, an urbane hotelier from Western Cape with a commanding bouffant walked away with the " Best Head of Hair 2016 "stakes. Those with cannon ball heads and one or two strands claimed they had suffered unfair discrimination by the failure of voters to even recognize their presence.

Delegates attending the functions answered to a variety of names carrying severe gravitas: Among those were Bag, Bakgat, Bosom, Boep, Bulb, Donks, Dorkis, Dog, Pog, Flobbergob and Horace.

Finally, after they and the others had been softened up the next day by a moving address by Marguerite Poland in the Chapel, together with other activities, the Saturday luncheon commenced at the Highlander. On taking his leave after his pudding and custard, it was agreed with this writer that discussions would continue at the same table in the evening. Nothing, however, was said

about keeping the same seats until then or any other such minor consideration.



Those returning four hours later would have discovered that nothing much had changed since the departure after the pudding. The same delegates were sitting in the same seats. The only thing that had changed noticeably was the expressions on the faces of those delegates and the sheer ferocity, velocity and volume of their voices.

Indeed, any innocent by-stander would have been justified in concluding that the chances of an intellectual exchange during the course of the evening among those delegates and any others courageous enough to address them, were remote.

Otherwise, to use a youthful expression party time in Grahamstown was a blast from the start of proceedings to the announcement of Finished and Klaar.

From **Charles Gardner** (U63/67)

GOLDEN REUNIONS

In a year of golden jubilees, among the most significant of which is the reunification of Jerusalem which I so well recall reading about in the Upper Common Room, I was so sorry to have to miss the OA reunion of the 1967 class in Grahamstown. I would love to have been there, but would have just returned from Israel.

To compensate somewhat, I have been trying to organise a get-together of UK-based school mates including Upper friends Andrew Judge (U64/68) and Roger Key (U63/67), both Revs!

But I did manage a precious reunion with both my brothers when Rob (a Sydney doctor – U61/64) joined me and David (U68/71) in the latter’s favourite London pub, the Elephant & Castle in Kensington, with some of his Daily Mail journalist colleagues – David is a management accountant with the Evening Standard/Daily Mail group.



Gardner brothers (from left) Charles, David and Rob pictured outside the Elephant & Castle.

Comrades gold-medallist Rob, who was on his way back from watching the U.S. Masters, struggles to switch off from work. Also with a heart of gold, he chased all over London to help a patient (currently living there) suffering

an infection – and just happened to have antibiotics up his sleeve!

Meanwhile I continue to write prolifically on Christian and Jewish issues for various publications, volunteer for the Church’s Ministry among the Jewish people and hope soon to see the publication of my latest book – A NATION RE-BORN: Britain’s role in Israel’s restoration.

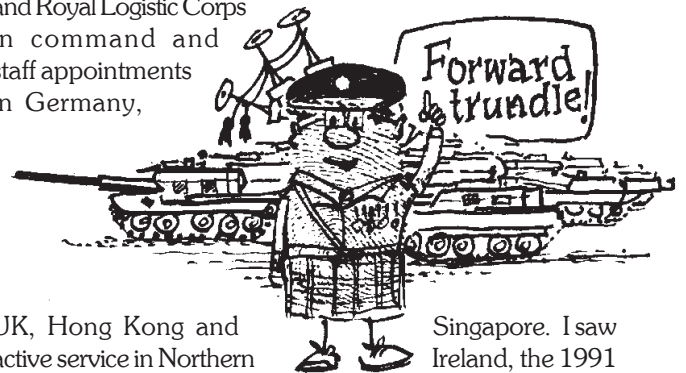
Neil Hodgson (G78/82) writes:

This is rather belated but Dave Berger (G78/81) who was in Graham House with me is now Professor of the Faculty of Natural and Agricultural Sciences at Pretoria University. Last year he received one of the very prestigious National Science and Technology Forum (NSTF) awards The NSTF awards are referred to as the ‘Science Oscars’ of South Africa.

I retired from the British Army in March 2017, writes **Richard Dixon-Warren** (G71/76), after just over 40 years’ service as a soldier of The Queen. I am getting used to my new life as a civilian.

I enlisted into the Royal Tank Regiment in 1977 and was commissioned into that Regiment from the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst in 1978, to command a troop of Chieftain main battle tanks in UK, Germany and Canada.

From 1982, I served in the Royal Corps of Transport and Royal Logistic Corps in command and staff appointments in Germany,



UK, Hong Kong and Singapore. I saw active service in Northern Ireland, the 1991 Gulf War, and Bosnia-Herzegovina, and loan service in Kuwait.

In 2003, I became a Joint Regional Liaison Officer, a post created after ‘9/11’ to liaise between military and civil authorities, and to co-ordinate Armed Forces’ engagement with civil responders for training and assistance in crises. I deployed to support the civil response to the Buncefield oil depot fire, the 2012 Olympics, a Bilderberg Group meeting, three East Coast storm / tidal surges, and a host of smaller incidents and operations.

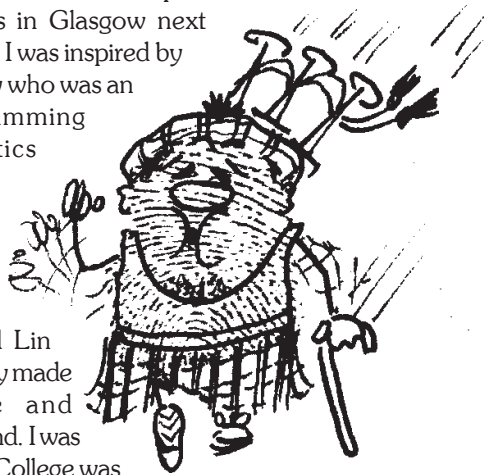
In the margins, I led an expedition in the mountains of Sardinia, planned and compéred a Regimental Revue, crewed



yachts in the Baltic and IJsselmeer, played regimental hockey, rode the trail in Wyoming, and parachuted and bungee jumped (once each!). But mostly, I soldiered.

I am settled in Lincolnshire with my wife, Philippa. Our daughter, Katie, lives in Scotland. Whilst seeking a second career, I am kept busy with Service charities, my Parish Council, Police Independent Advisory Group, Rotary Club and Philippa's horses. I am developing post-military interests as an independent resilience advisor, freelance writer and amateur historian, and in doing anything useful. A new and different world beckons... *(Mac is struck by the number of OAs who have entered the armed forces as a career. Perhaps their cadet training had some merit after all...!)*

Duncan Thomas (X71/76) writes: I have worked for The Commonwealth War Graves Commission for over thirty years and have been lucky enough to travel extensively for work as well as living in France, Italy, United Kingdom, Kenya and South Africa. I am now based back in the UK and live in Shakespeare's town, Stratford on Avon. I am Head of Health and Safety for the CWGC which would bring some merriment to the people I was at school with as I was not the safest of people to be around! As many are aware Old Andeans are buried around the world and I have visited many of their graves. One to 2nd Lt St John Bell buried in Corbie cemetery, France, bears the College motto "Nec Aspera Terrent". Sgt Hugh Leonard Coxford whose name is on a plaque of the front gate leading to Upper is buried in Etaples in France and I always visit his grave. I was mad keen on sport at College and found some small success at running and have trained and raced ever since. I have made the squad for team GB triathlon age group 55-59 for the World Age Group Championships in Rotterdam next week and for The European Championships in Glasgow next year. At College I was inspired by J.R.F Penberthy who was an incredible swimming and gymnastics coach. I visited College in 2014 when I was based in SA for a short time and Lin Andrew so kindly made me welcome and showed me round. I was glad to see that College was more or less the same!



From **Donald Graham** (G70/74): A quick update from me.

After 30 years working at the Private Bank, Adam & Company, in Edinburgh, I am retiring at the end of November and hoping to travel more, including a visit to St Andrew's which I have not seen since 1980. *(Mac: the Pipe Band would be very glad to see you!)*

Adrian Stuart Lush (M78/81) writes: Apologies for belatedly sending these photos and reminiscences from previous and current postings as well as of recent hobbies.



A photo from my time in Kabul working for UNHCR.



From Papua where some of my current work as Country Director for Indonesia takes me, dealing with HIV/TB/STI burden of disease.



*from the Lower Zambezi where I own a lodge
(www.lowerzambezilodge.com)*

Last photo on the following page



From the recent ultramarathon held in the Gobi Desert, a multi-stage 7 day race (240kms in seven days. www.4desertschallenge.com)

Old Preppie and OA, **Craig Hammond** (X88/90) sent us this photo of himself (right) std 1 through 5 then College std 6 till std 8, pictured with Ryan Froman, College std 6 through matric (X84/88).



Both are now in Perth Australia. Craig saw Ryan's name in the email list at work – both working for the same mining company, as is Craig's brother too! (Paul Hammond (X85/

89), Old Preppie and College.) All same company in Western Australian iron ore mines.

They were having a boerie roll in the pic at Ryan's place.

Pete Goodyer (G88/92) informs us: I have just commenced my second year as the Headmaster of Bede's School, East Sussex in the UK, an independent school of just over 1100 pupils. We (my wife Laura and 5 year old son, Seb) relocated to East Sussex last year having spent 6 years living just outside of Bristol. I am thoroughly enjoying my new role; it is extremely fulfilling, and I now have a bit of an understanding of the trials and tribulations Mr Arthur Cotton dealt with when my contemporaries and I were at College. My Brother, Tim Goodyer (G89/92), is living in Zurich with his wife Ellen and daughter Abi; he has done a number of triathlons over the past couple of years and this year completed his first (and he assures me his last) full ironman. I continue to remain in touch with Old Andreans, I am sure people will be interested to know that **James Christie** (X87/ 91) is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army and as I write he is stationed in Afghanistan until the end of this year.

Tim Stones (X93/96) writes: Ten years ago I spent a month in hospital with an illness that weakened my muscles. After I was discharged, I had to learn to walk again, over several months, using a stick. I had been told I would never run again. I recovered, and have had some fun times on the road since then. Late last



year I discovered long ultra distance circuit races, and decided to give one a go. Last December I ran my first 48 Hour circuit race – a challenging run, on a rough grass course filled with awkward crevices. I happened to win it, and the circuit bug had bitten.

I then learnt of a 10-day circuit race being run around the parking lot of a golf course in Pretoria. On hearing of this I instinctively thought that, as this year marks 10 years since that illness, this particular race would be a suitable way to celebrate and give thanks to God for His healing of me, and giving me back the gift of running.

As I had done for the 48 Hour race, I decided to use this race first and foremost as a charity run – to raise awareness of, and funds to support multiply deaf children to receive the gift of sound through acquiring a cochlear implant, and for their amazing teachers, to keep their school open, as what they do for these courageous children is nothing less than miraculous. This cause is also deeply close

to my heart, being a deaf person myself, and with a firstborn son who has survived five major strokes, and several TIAs, the result of a rare and terminal brain disease. Their courage inspires me to dream my dreams, and I wanted to show them that what seems impossible can be overcome.

In short, it was an extraordinary journey, pushing me beyond anything I have ever previously experienced physically, but also a deeply spiritual journey. I happened to win the race, running 886.748km in those 10 days – which, I later discovered, was a new SA/ Africa age group record, the second best distance by a South African all time, and the second best for my age in the world for this year. Best of all, we managed to raise a good bit of funds for the kids, who will live forever in my heart.

I am now the top ranked South African for 2017 over 48 Hours, 6-days, and the 10-day events. In late October I will take part in my first 24 Hour race, hoping to better the current SA 2017 best.

I have so much to be grateful for, and take none of this for granted. And I will forever cherish the memories made and the friends I shared those memories with while discovering a passion for running at St Andrew's College, under the quality mentorship of Mike Crampton, that has only grown over the years.



Tim at the prize-giving

Chris Goldswain (E98/01) writes: My update: I am currently a Pastor at a church in Berlin, Germany. (*Mac: I hope his sermons are as brief as his update!*)

Justus Luttig (U05/09) writes: I hope all is well. I'm still based in New York and graduated with my MBA in



A Stern Investment Banker

finance and management from NYU Stern School of Business in May.

Currently working as an Investment Banker at J.P. Morgan.

PTO

Grenville Wilson (M67/72) sent us the following:

2018 is the “Diamond Jubilee” for the SAC Rowing Club and we are putting together a really classy Coffee Table book which will include photos, anecdotes, and anything else that OA’S can provide us with. The primary purpose is to raise money for the Club. The book will be leather-bound and the layout will be presented per annum to enable all previous rowers to find their years with ease. We have discovered wonderful stories and anecdotes and are excited to share this, but we are very short on information of the early years with the iconic Axel Ohlsson as coach.

Please send any info to pollos@houseplanner.co.za, who is coordinating the production of the book.

