



The Bagpipe



ST ANDREW'S COLLEGE

2018

No. 39

Dick Hannington (M4348) opens the batting this year:

Thank you so much for your timely birthday card, yes eighty-nine it is, and 70 years since I left College.

I still have such happy memories of the staff who did their best to instil various subjects such as Latin into my thick head - poor Ernie Murrell!

Jock Cawse of Armstrong, Drac Lucas of Espin, Ash Brooker of Mullins, Fox Knowing, as deputy Head and Ronald Currey as Headmaster, Dup Murrell for cricket scores and maths (his classroom had a view of Lower field) plus of course a stack of others all of whom had an influence in my education and formation as an honest, caring citizen.

I won't say that St Andrew's was the happiest days of my life because those came later when I got married and stayed that way for 57 years. College comes a close second!

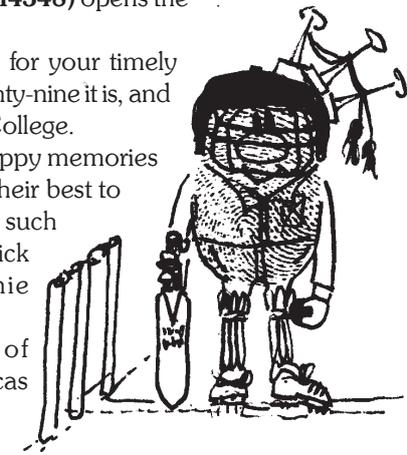
College was definitely part of growing up and the formation of what I am today, 89 and still able to have happy memories and live a decent respectful life.

As it was when I was at College, the chapel played a great part in my life, so today the little church which I attend does the same.

Peter van Breda (A4650) writes about a former master:

Ronald Graham was a retired master who taught at College in a temporary capacity in my matriculation year in 1950. His subjects were English and Latin. We became friends and I corresponded with him for about 10 years after I had left school, until he died.

In the mid-50's I was in Canada. I decided to enrol at Land Survey School in Calgary as a full-time self-supporting student. When I graduated I was cash-strapped and needed a good job. My friends at the Dominion Bridge Company where I had worked for



some time came to my rescue and offered me a six-month contract in the Arctic on the Mackenzie River Estuary on a new site called Inuvik. It was a gravy-train job with union rates of pay and an abundance of overtime in the land of the mid-night sun.

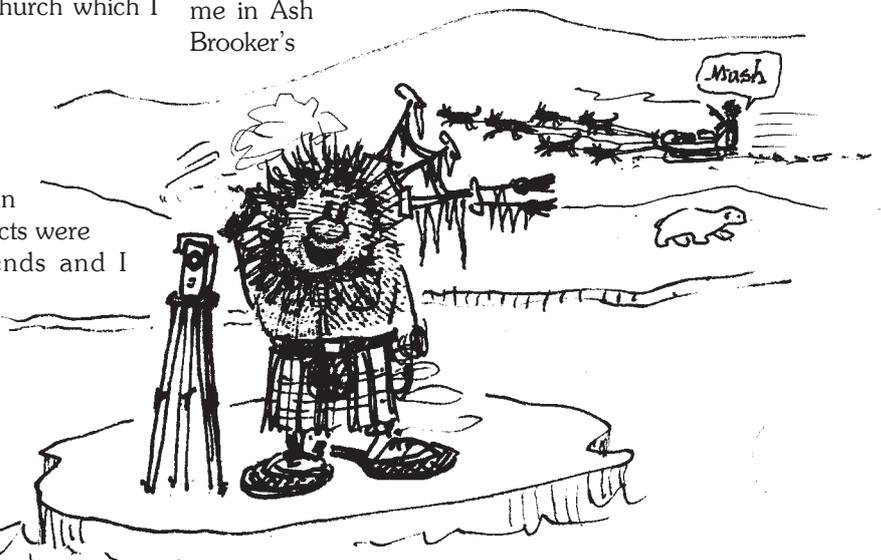
The project was a new technique to build on permafrost. It was well documented in the Encyclopaedia Britannica Science and the Future 1976 Year Book under "Permafrost: Challenge of the Arctic".

When I was there I received a letter from Ron in which he told me that he had been asked by his friend, Wally Mears, to help start a school outside Johannesburg. The school was to be called ST STITHIAN'S COLLEGE. I wrote back to Ron wishing him well and I knew that he would cement good Andrean traditions in this school. A very good friend of mine who was a foundation member remembers Ron and speaks well of him.

I frequently go to St Stithian's over Easter weekends to watch the boys play in the Festival rugby and especially St Andrew's playing whomever. I am impressed with the men I have met who went to the school and they are a credit to the founders and I always think of Ron.

Also from Peter:

Noel Timberlake was with me in my matric year, 1950. I did not know him all that well as we were in different houses. I was in A and he was in M. In those days fraternisation between houses was not encouraged. Noel sat in front of me in Ash Brooker's



history class in Kettlewell 1. If I can remember correctly Noel came from Vryburg. (Mac: he probably kept quiet about that!)

A very strange incident occurred when I was in the Canadian Arctic at Inuvik. I was in the Hudson Bay Company store when the Eskimo squaw who worked behind the counter who I knew called me over. She told me that Noel Timberlake sent his regards to me. I was totally flabbergasted as I had not heard anything of him since we left school. I asked her where he was and she replied without any hesitation "Cambridge Bay". Cambridge Bay is about, I guess, 1000 miles to the east of Inuvik on Victoria Island. I then asked her what he was doing in Cambridge Bay and she replied again without hesitation "driving dogs". (Mac: probably about the only thing to do there...!)

You can imagine I was now totally confounded and realised that further questions would serve no purpose. I concluded the discussion by asking her to please send my regards back. To this day I have heard nothing.

I blame myself for not following up on this as it was so unbelievable that I thought I could be dreaming. I had attempted to drive dogs with an Eskimo friend, Rufus, and was not good at it as the dogs had only one boss and were vicious towards me. However, after many years I was on the line to Bev McCarthy at College who told me Noel had passed away. I was sad to hear this news and so was unable to solve the mystery.

I wonder whether anybody knows if Noel was indeed in Cambridge Bay. If the answer is positive I am confident that the bush telegraph and cleft stick are reliable sources of communication.

Brian Lovemore (E5053) writes: I was at Prep in 1948/1949 (first year at Prep with Griff Mullins and second year at Fairlawn with Rivett Carnac). 1949 was the year that their son was born.

I was then at College from 1950 to 1953. My older brothers Fred 1944 – 1947, David 1946 – 1949, Geoff 1947 – 1950 and myself 1950 to 1953. The teachers that taught me most were Griff Mullins and Jock Cawse, who were real Peace Makers during the Korean War and Angola War. Emphatic on freedom from fighting (See Matthew Ch 5).

I was very privileged to play the bagpipes in the College Cadet Band, to be free of fighting. I have not played bagpipes since 1953.

I started my farming life in 1954 on the family farm that has been in our family since 1824. In 1955/56 I was at Cedara Agricultural College in Natal and I was very pleased to be allowed to come to the 1955 St Andrew's Centenary.

In 1957 my father sent me to work on his irrigation farm at Mortimer in the Cradock District located in the Fish River Valley. After five years there my father bought a farm for me near Seven Fountains in the Grahamstown District.



My wife and I lived there in a beautiful home and we were dairy farming. Later on we started beef farming as well, by cross-breeding our herd of Friesland cows with an Aberdeen Angus Bull. Meanwhile we had built a new cowshed and dairy.

The old dairy was turned into a registered abattoir to provide for our newly built butchery. So now our livestock did not have to travel 40km to the nearest abattoir. This made an enormous progress. Many customers remarked on how tender our meat was. This was because the livestock did not have to travel under stress to the former abattoir. Instead they were slaughtered on the farm where they were born and grew up.

Two of our customers were Griff Mullins and Jock Cawse. These two customers were very much appreciated, as they were very special to me. In 1952 Jock Cawse, who taught us chemistry, called me aside one day after I had written an exam and scored as low as 26%. He put his arm around me and said "My boy, what I am about to say is not a punishment; but if you do what I say I can guarantee that I will get you through Matric. Write each question down and then the answer by the student who scored the most marks."

I followed his instructions and when I wrote Matric I was amazed to get 80% - good advice!

In 1981 we decided to move to Australia (2 years after both my parents had passed away). We got advice from many people and were able to move out with a good amount of cash plus our tools of trade (workshop equipment plus farming equipment, but only one of each i.e. 1 tractor and all its implements and 1 combine harvester although we had three of each).

We moved out in 1982 with our four children and my Mother-in-law who came out a few months later. We settled down where God provided for us.

So we have now been here for 35 years. Thank God most Australians only live on their farms for 15 years and retire at the age of 55. (Mac: what do they do before they turn 40?!) But I would rather follow the example of my grandfather who never retired, and farmed to the age of 93. I have only reached the age of 80 and have not retired.

Still farming with Dorper sheep which were evolved in South Africa at Grootfontein Agricultural College by crossing Dorset sheep with Persian sheep. Hence the name Dor-Per. We did well with our exhibits at Port Elizabeth shows and also here in Australia.

Greetings to all OAs

Glen Carpendale (M5356) says: I know how much I enjoy reading the Bagpipe, so have decided to have a spurt of energy and give you a bit of news, but nothing exciting other than until very recently all were alive and well, which at my age is quite an achievement.



I was born in 1939. My Dad was killed at the battle of El Alamein (WWII). My mother then got a job as matron at Fairlawn Prep soon after his death. When I was 7, I started at Prep (Fairlawn) and my Mom moved to the Sanatorium at College as "Little Sister", not wanting to be at the same school as me. I went to College in 1952 (Mullins), and fagged for Hilton Hervey (now at Kenton on Sea). My Mom then moved to Kingswood. My chief claim to fame at College was in the pool, but unfortunately swam my last race in 1956, left College a year early to work for an OA in Louis Trichardt, Willy Greaves (U2327). So ended my 12 or 13 years of boarding at St Andrew's.

I then farm managed all over SA & Rhodesia till 1972 when I opened a stamp shop in Pretoria. 46 years later I am still running one of the biggest (and best) stamp shops



in SA. My hips and knees are busy

losing their mobility now, otherwise fine. I am in contact with the following OA's. My son in law, Mark Long (G7982), now Priest at St Andrew's Anglican Church in Newlands C.T. and doing extremely well. Charles Hunting (A7680) (Stellenbosch), Peter Gutsche (E6266) (Polokwane), David Tanton (X5053) (JHB), from Pretoria, Ken Gough (X4851), John Bird (U5458), Dudley Gradwell (M6064), with whom I recently went on an organised Birding Safari from C.T. to the Kunene River Lodge and we shared a room for the trip, & Jacot Guillard (U5660).

Tompie (Colin) Whittle (M5155) writes: Great reunion. It was a very special day today when Alan Drimie and I met up for the first time in 62 years. We were both at Mullins from 1951 to 1955, matriculating in the centenary year. Alan was up from Plettenberg Bay visiting his daughter Donna. The meeting was made possible by Alan's son Clive (M7477).

We met after our Sunday Eucharist which made it especially meaningful to me. Alan and I are both Parish Ministers, he at St Peter's in Plett and I at St Michael's, Bryanston.



This from **Peter Tisdall (E5256)**: Early in February four Old Andreans gathered at the Knysna Yacht Club for lunch. This because the local "old bulls" were all turning eighty during the course of the year. Present were Eric Brotherton (E5357), George de Jager (U5256), Brian Rippon (A5256) and Peter Tisdall (E5256). Eric suggested that we call the group the "320 Club". Somebody said that Drac Lucas would have been proud of his ability to use mental arithmetic (4x80: Wow!). (*Mac: or the Seventy Eleventy club?*)

And so it was that we reminisced and drank to our old school, the school that had had so much influence on our lives, created so many friendships and had shaped us for whatever the future held. We were senior boys at College's centenary; we were there to say farewell to Ronald Currey and hello to Freddie Spencer-Chapman. We were senior OAs and also there in Grahamstown to celebrate College's 150th birthday.

At lunch that day in February we drank to those of our fellows who hadn't made it this far; and also to those who had only lately moved on to new pastures; especially those we had so recently seen and talked to at our College 60th anniversary. We drank to our fellows whose health in recent years has become more of a challenge and wished them well. I say we drank, but sadly our age did not allow us to do real justice to the alcoholic beverages on hand! What a pity!! Our respective wives too, while allowing us some leeway, get a bit "iffy" if we try to overdo it!

The rest of the year will be spent in celebration; a riot of lunches, dinners, parties and visits to other places, both local and foreign, with family and friends as our birthdays come one by one. We celebrate with all Old Andreans of the class of '56; we congratulate you all on your 80th birthdays and wish you the very best of everything in the years to come.

Lorraine Mullins (A4953) writes: Dear Mac, Having served on the OA General Committee for far too long I have announced my retirement as from the end of this year, 2018. It has been a privilege to have been part of this team of OAs, and to have been for a long period the Amathole Branch, acted as Vice-President, taken over from Dr Ron Wylde as representative of the OA Centenary Fund, and been the Chairman of the Andean Association.

Throughout that time I served with David Hodgson, who, as Hon. Treasurer of the OA Club and Founder of the 300 Club, set an example of dedication to St Andrew's that cannot be matched. His name is well kept at Hodgson Field and in the foyer of the refurbished Cawse Library.

Prep, where I taught for 36 years, is beholden to the extraordinary generosity of Old Boys and their parents. The School went through four stages: its foundation by Canon Espin as a small day-school run by two Mullins sisters; as a family-owned boarding school under their brother, the Rev, Robert George Mullins followed by Major Alec Mullins; the formation of the St Andrew's Prep Association of Old Boys, a non-profit-earning company; and finally its re-absorption by College.

This last stage has been of enormous benefit to Prep, with the College Council recognising its value to College

itself, and new developments being made possible. My family is recognised in the naming of the original school-house as Robert House, and my father's name, Griffin,

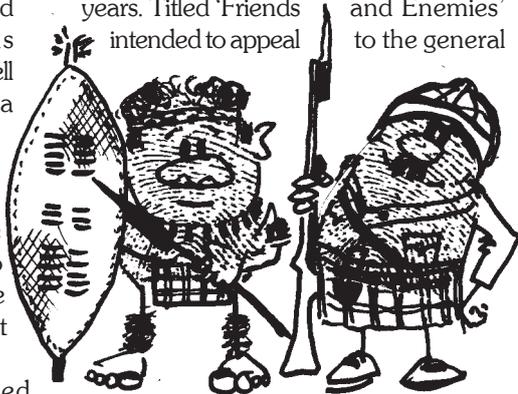


being attached to a large classroom-cum-boardroom block, and now the new Centre for Creative Learning, much to my surprise and delight, having my own name attached to it. (Mac: and richly deserved!)

Anyone interested in its history can contact Prep for a copy of "I'll Sing you One, Oh!" book.

From **Hugh Rethman (A5255)**: After graduating I practised as a barrister in England before returning to South Africa in 1970 and practised for many years as an attorney in Richmond, Natal.

Returning to England in 2004, I spent twelve years researching and writing a book about the effect of the Boer War on all the peoples of Natal, unearthing information which has been hidden from the public for more than a hundred years. Titled 'Friends and Enemies' it was intended to appeal to the general reader as well as being a reliable source of information for those wanting to know more about that conflict.



Published in England, it received rave reviews. I donated my earnings to the Royal British Legion. Arrangements are being made for publication in South Africa towards the end of this year.

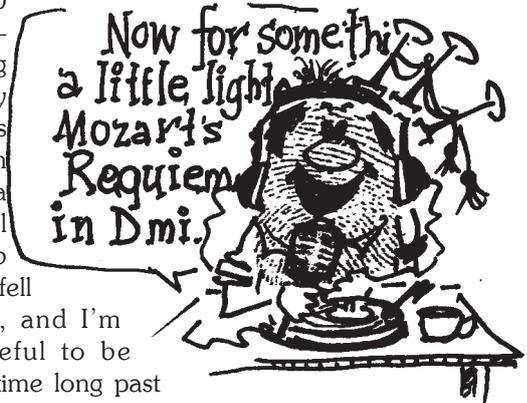
Much of my leisure time has been devoted to sport both as a participant and administrator. As a keen horseman I rode in steeplechases and hurdle races. For many years I served as Deputy Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Comrades Marathon. Canoeing and cycling provided age category wins in provincial championships. Many broken bones and age now limit my sport to swimming and I intend to swim the Midmar Mile next February. (Mac: you can swim with many broken bones?) I have been fortunate to have had the unstinting loyalty and support of my wife Ann for more 50 years. (Mac: and the support of crutches for some of that too!)

A few years ago a former employee, Valerie Poore, published in the Netherlands a book 'African Ways Again' in which she states: 'Then lastly there was my enigmatic boss, Hugh Rethman, to whom I am more grateful than

he might ever have known. His principles set the standard of integrity for much of my life since then.'

Thank you College.

Peter Terry (M6467) is now enjoying a whole new career as a DJ. Yup, you read that right. More correctly, I'm a presenter, on Classic 1027, the classical music station that broadcasts to greater Gauteng, but is also available on DStv Channel 857, and live streams on www.classicfm.co.za so you have no excuse if you don't listen. Oh, wait – I'm on air from 06:00 to 10:00 – probably long before you lazy old pensioners wake up. I'm having a wonderful time. It's a job that literally fell into my lap, and I'm hugely grateful to be working full-time long past retiring age. Perish the thought!



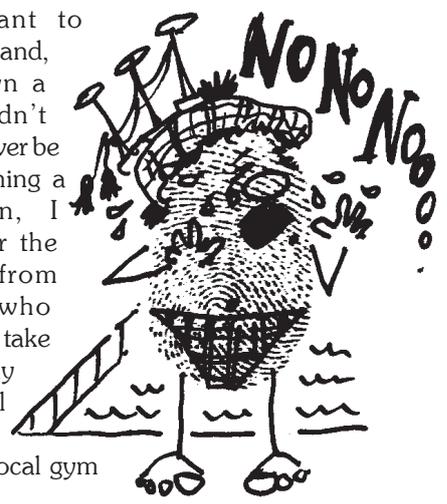
I was recently on the Somme, where my wife's great-uncle fell in battle on 3 September 1916. We were there to mark the centenary of his death at the place and the hour. A very emotional experience. I was also very near where old Dup Murrell was wounded on 10 July 1916. We (or certainly I) just thought him a grumpy old man back in 1964. He was more than that. He was a war hero. Lest we forget.

Giles Hobson (M6871) sent Mac his take on his particular form of insanity:

I thought that it might be interesting to write about my experience competing in the 2009 Ironman in Nelson Mandela Bay and some other events leading up to it. This might give you an idea of what can go wrong when an extremely absent-minded person takes part in something like this.

It all started in about October 2007 when the gentlemen who run our East London and Port Elizabeth offices, namely Phums and Dave, telephoned me with the bright idea of entering some relay teams in the 2008 Ironman 70.3 event in Buffalo City.

I didn't want to disappoint them and, as I didn't own a bicycle and didn't believe I would ever be capable of running a half marathon, I volunteered for the swim. This from somebody who refused to even take part in the relay events at school swimming galas.



I joined the local gym

at Bluewater Bay where they have an eighteen metre long heated pool. Zsports runs an ocean racing series in Port Elizabeth. I left it too late and eventually there was only one remaining ocean racing date available to me before the 70.3. By this stage I had completed a 2 km swim in the pool but this would be my first attempt at sea.

As it turned out I picked a rough day for it. The wind was blowing east, the waves were big and I was swimming without a wet-suit. Since that occasion I have completed another 11 ocean swims varying in length from 1 to 3 km but let me tell you that first one was just horrible. I think my time was about 1 hour and 18 minutes.

So when I reported in East London a few weeks later to swim for the relay team I had done the distance before so I felt confident of completing but I was still a little worried that I wouldn't make the cut-off time.

Close to the end of my swim one of the lifesavers pointed out to me that I was swimming parallel to the beach. He politely suggested that I should make a ninety degree turn to the right so as to avoid swimming into the harbour wall. Once I had done that I soon had my feet on the sand. Somebody was shouting, "Run, run."

The problem was that I couldn't. My legs kept collapsing underneath me. I had to sit down about five times during my journey up the hill to the handover point.

And I suppose that is where the Ironman mystique started to take hold of me. (*Mac: Ironman mystique - n (1) : the peculiar belief that repetitive torture results in improvement!*)

I think that subconsciously I made the decision there and then that if I could afford the equipment I would be back for the 70.3 in East London in 2009 but I would certainly never attempt the full distance Ironman. (*Mac: Ironman mystique - n (2): the equally peculiar belief that excessive spending will also result in improvement!*)

I decided to buy a second-hand bicycle: a very nice yellow Trek bicycle complete with racing pedals and a set of shoes a few sizes too large for me (*Mac: Ironman mystique - n (3): the peculiar belief that with time one will grow bigger feet. In reality they just become painful!*) and I also bought a sleeveless wetsuit from Cash Converters for about R 200. It is definitely not a swimming wetsuit and I have to wear a "rashie" underneath it to protect me from chafing but it takes ten minutes off my time and stops me from drowning so I don't care.

The 70.3 in Buffalo City was very exciting, especially the cycle leg (*Mac: cycle legs - n: the result of converting bone, sinew, muscle, and blood to jelly!*) where I was passed repeatedly by the same group of girls always on the up-hill, where a nasty headwind came up when I was about 20 km from the end and where I made the cut-off time with only 2 ½ minutes to spare.

So how much training had I done?

Well most week-days one hour and then two to three hours on Saturdays and Sundays.

I managed to complete the Herald Cycle Tour and then the Friendly City Marathon. Both were tough as I probably went too fast but especially the marathon which I tried unsuccessfully to complete within 5 hours based on an approach of walking 5 minutes and then running 10 minutes at a time.

At the end I was barely hobbling and I was surprised when I was handed a medal upon finishing with a time of 5 hours 18 minutes. This was my first marathon and, for me, the toughest event of the year.

I damaged my left knee on that attempt and so for the next few months I was unable to run. I therefore specifically trained walking and I was prepared to walk the entire marathon portion of Ironman if necessary. Any running was going to be a bonus.

So the cycle bag and the run bag are packed and in the boot. I take off the front wheel and load the bicycle on the roof of the car.

I arrive at Walmer 6th Avenue shopping centre and look for a parking place. There is a spot under the shade cloth. In I go. The loud noise behind me is the bicycle, still attached to the front roof rack, sliding down my back window and landing on the tar behind me....

My son John comes out of the shopping complex and helps me to re-load the bicycle. He is quite used to this kind of predicament where his father is concerned.

I drop off the bike at John's flat and go down to the pre-race briefing.

John 'phones. "Dad your back wheel is very buckled. What can we do?"

"I don't know. Action Cycles be open." I get back to the flat I take the wheel off and we rush off to Action Cycles with it.



"Please Sir can you straighten this wheel for me?"

The proprietor looks at me in a fairly disdainful sort of way. He cannot understand how somebody can discover only on race day minus one that he has a radically warped back wheel. He asks: "Did you not have your bike serviced?"

I say: "It fell off the car"

Anyway within ten minutes they have the wheel beautifully straightened and they are shutting up the shop for the day.

Sunday morning I'm dropped off with my swim bag at about 6:00 a.m. The sun is just coming up. It is quite beautiful.

Somebody offers to pump my tyres for me and I gratefully accept. In the past I have merely pumped them as hard as

I can with a bicycle pump but now they feel like concrete.

I put on my rashie and wetsuit. I shove my goggles and swimming cap into the wetsuit and go and drop off my swim bag at the truck.

The place is crowded with both athletes and spectators. You battle to get anywhere. Time to make my way to the beach. Oh no, where is my swimming cap? I must have left it in my swim bag. I battle my way back to the truck and I want to ask them for my swim bag back but first I strip off my wetsuit and out falls the swimming cap, which was lodged somewhere near my right knee.

The gun. Time to swim. I start on the left and near the back as I do not believe I am capable of completing the swim in less than 1 ½ hours.

Really the swim is quite uneventful. The sea is very flat and I have done this so many times. I manage to swim in somebody's slipstream for a while and it does seem to work because after a while I decide that she is swimming too slowly and I pass her with some effort.

I complete the swim in 1 hour 41 minutes and 18 seconds. How come I have been taking 1 hour 36 minutes to do the 3km swims? Did I swim faster today? Surely not.

I get changed and make my way to the bicycle.

Are the harder tyres making me go faster? It doesn't seem like it but they certainly make the bike rattle on these rough roads. I worry that something else might be wrong with the bike but it just keeps on going. The leading athletes pass me just before the turn-around point. Of course they are now on their second laps.

And then the beautiful ride down past Schoenmaker's Kop and along the beach and back to the start point. My average speed for the first lap is 25 km/hr. Will I maintain it?

Back up the hill towards the Seaview Road. This time it seems a bit steeper and longer. I notice

that I am

drinking huge amounts of water. The water I collected at the Cash Store aid station is the Aquelle water in the pump bottle. It is absolutely delicious.

At the end of the second lap my average speed has dropped to 24 km/hr and the climb up Walmer Boulevard and Buffelsfontein Road seems even longer and steeper.

At the 15 km aid station I stop and take off my helmet. They give me a jug of water and I wash the sweat off my head and out of my eyes. One of the volunteers is drinking a Windhoek Lager and he gives me a few sips. This should really pump up my performance.

Anyway we won't be running in the heat. We will be running in the dark.

As I pass places like Willows I start looking to see if I can pick out good fishing spots. My concentration lapses

and suddenly I ride off the road and onto the stony ground on the side.

My bum is getting sore and I have to make a conscious effort to get a gel out of my pocket and down my throat but it is worth it because in due course I get a fresh burst of energy. (*Mac: I thought the gel was meant to soothe the bum!*)

I complete the cycle leg at about quarter to five. My average speed is about 23 km/hr which is much worse than what I had hoped for. At this stage I don't particularly like bicycles.

I come into the tent and remember some of the advice given to me by Ivor and Melanie Smith (from the Bluewater Bay gym) so I tell the ladies in the transition tent that I am not in a rush.

Nevertheless I am quite surprised to take almost twenty minutes. Maybe I am not too keen to commence the 42.2 km run which lies ahead. Or maybe it is the pleasure of a massage of my legs and neck carried out simultaneously by two ladies who appear to be experts.

Anyway now there is merely the matter of a marathon lying between me and the completion of this event.

My knees feel great at this stage. How much will I be able to run? I set out at a not very fast walk to warm up and I eat a banana at the first aid station. It is rather disheartening to see that most of the other athletes running back and forth have one, two or even three bands on their wrists whereas I have none.

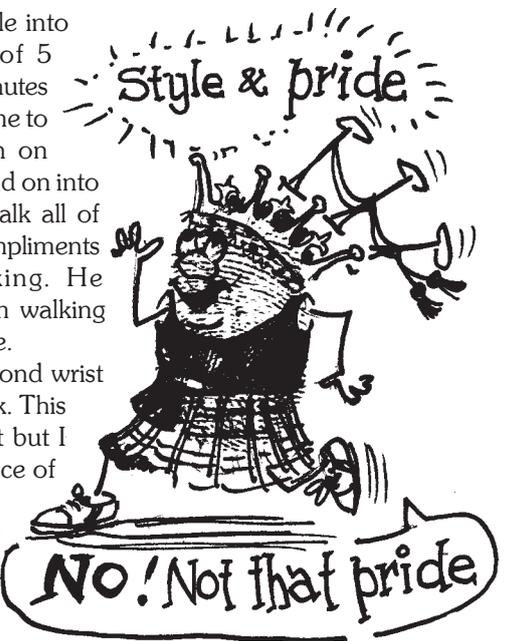
I walk almost all the way to the turn-around point where I collect my first wrist band. 2 km down 40.2 to go. I try some running. My knees feel good and so I settle into my old pattern of 5 minute walk 10 minutes run but when I come to the up-hill section on Admiralty Drive and on into the University I walk all of this. An athlete compliments me on my walking. He observes that I am walking with style and pride.

I collect my second wrist band and turn back. This is not half way yet but I reflect that any piece of ground I cover now I will need to cover only once more. This makes it feel like half way.

A crazy storm gets up. The wind is swirling in all directions and pieces of cardboard are flying about. So I get wet, and I run-walk on into the night.

Towards the end of that lap somebody gives me a space blanket. I am feeling a bit cold so I run with it for a while but it really is too awkward so I hand it back.

It feels good to collect my third wrist band and head back on my last lap. I have still not felt the slightest twinge of pain in my knee so I decide to put in a good long session of running.



I receive several complimentary remarks about my running.

“Good pace,” they say. I think that what they really mean is that it is not really possible to go any slower yet still appear to be running.

With about 2 km to go I realize that I still have a fair bit of energy left and so I put in a good strong run to the finish, enabling me to pass about 7 other competitors.

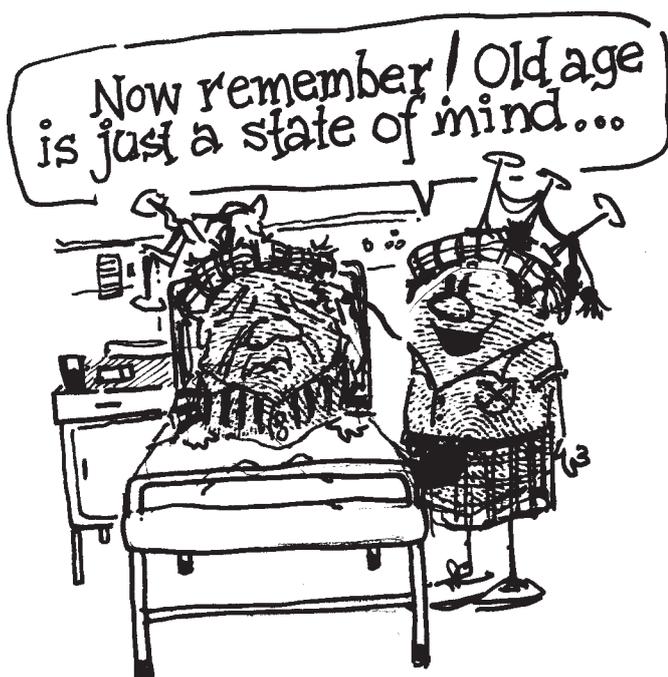
Once my



family locate me at the finish I tell them that the event is too long, I preferred the 70.3 and that I won't be doing the full Ironman again.

And today as I type this I am wondering whether I will be able to improve my cycle time to 6 hours and my run to 5. (*Mac: Ironman mystique - n (1) : the peculiar belief that repetitive torture results in improvement!*)

Roger Brooke (E6771) was awarded the Public Service Award by the Pennsylvania Psychological Association for 2018 for his volunteer services to veterans.



James Whyte (X6973) writes: Sometime in the 1980s, my friend and cousin, Ian Roberts (U6670), actor and front man of the Radio Kalahari Orkes) visited my half-brother, Lochart James Whyte, in Botswana. Ian borrowed a 4 by 4 from Lochart and travelled into the desert.

He met a group of San bushmen and shared some adventures with them. On his return to Johannesburg, Ian wrote for seven days and seven nights and then he brought me what he had written. It was called Dig and was aimed at the screen, but it looked to me like a book. Dig was the story of the end of the world, a tale so strange and shocking that it has been whispering to me, as it has to Ian, ever since. Over the years we have written it, separately and together, in various forms. In 2013, with Ian's permission, I began to write it as a novel, *The Excavations*.

The Excavations is now available on Amazon Kindle and consistently appearing at number one, along with classics such as 1984 and Lord of the Flies, in

Amazon's literary dystopian category.

*A biblical comedy, a millennial carnival,
a strange dispatch from beyond the rapture*

JAMES WHYLE



The Excavations

A history of the
end of the world

Andrew La Trobe (G7984) says: I'm attaching a photograph of myself and Mike Francombe (G7275), taken together

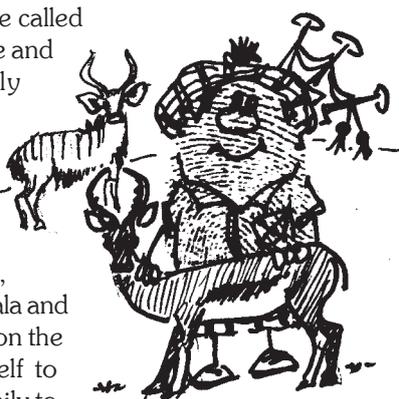
with our sons at the last game of the 2017/18 English rugby season for the Sevenoaks Rugby Club U12 age group, where our boys have played in the same team for most of the



season. Great to have shared this experience with a fellow Graham House Andrean, but as a Kiwi, Mike normally had the upper hand if we talked international rugby while watching the boys play on Sunday mornings.

Rob Nevin (X6872) writes: A quick note to update those not on FB, Linked In, Twitter, What's up, instagram..... I try to do all of them to annoy my Grandaughter and any young person as they try to avoid us old farts by coming up with new social media. Last year my wife and I moved out to Harties in a move toward retirement; however I am finding myself busier than ever.

We live in an Estate called Leloko Lifestyle Estate and as it is not fully developed it is like living in the bush away from the hustle and bustle of the city. We have Kudu, Impala, Springbok, Zebra, Nyala and a few smaller species on the estate so it lends itself to chilling. I commute daily to Joburg to see clients. I have no boat as yet (we are 800m from the dam) but it is on the bucket list. *(Mac: Is that the list of really old rust buckets for sale?!)*



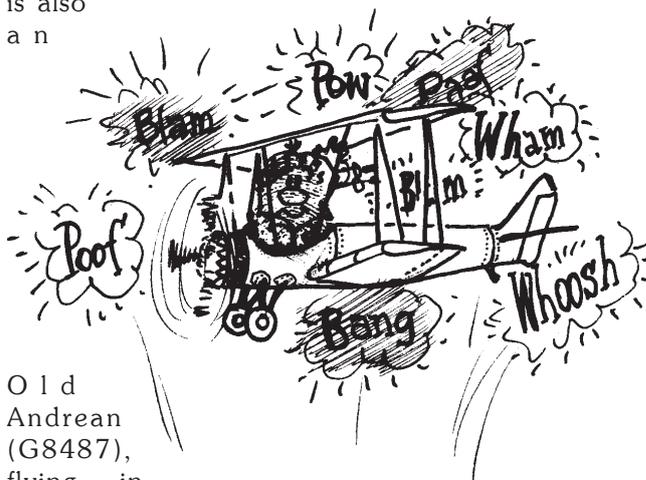
I still am a Financial Advisor representing Liberty and Stanlib and have been blessed to help many people going into retirement with investing their funds for the future. Sad though to see how many people were ill advised as youngsters and now do not have enough to retire on, and live in poverty.

John Lawson (G8083) writes:

It's been a very long time! I was at Prep and College (1977-1983) and was in Graham House. I captained the school swimming team and was a piper in the band! After leaving College I went to do A levels in London and joined the Royal Air Force in 1986. I flew Tornado GR1/4 fighter bombers for 15 years, was promoted to Squadron Leader and flew with the 'Dambusters' during the 2003 Gulf war.

I retired from the RAF in 2005 and joined NetJets Europe, flying private jets all over the world. I am now Chief Pilot of both the Hawker800 and Challenger 350 fleets, living in Sintra, Portugal with my Argentine wife and two sons.

Still have all my family living in SA. My brother, Duncan, is also a n



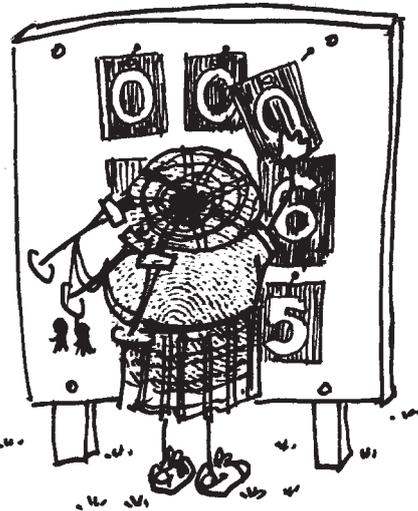
O l d
Andrean
(G8487),
flying in
Afghanistan, of all places!

I wish you all the best and happy memories

PS: Oh, my sister, Shelley, turns 50 this year, as do many of her DSG girlfriends! She is married to Ian and they have a macadamia nut farm and lintel factory in Port Shepstone. Her eldest, Dean, and my eldest, Matt, were born within a couple of hours of each other, and 6000 miles apart. What a coincidence that is!

Grant Bassingthwaighte (E8387) commented on the Facebook picture of the new Electronic Scoreboard on Lower:

Very nicely done. Old McVicar who used to operate the old manual scoreboard in the 80's, would have been impressed. Back in 1983 when I was a new boy, he taught me how to operate the old scoreboard. It was a great joy to skip Saturday morning lessons so that I could keep score for the 1st XI on Lower. Always under the watchful eye of McVicar and the official scorer, Hugh Callaghan. (M8186).



Filippo Faralla (X8386) writes about running the Scottish Highlands

Hiking the many trails in the Scottish Highlands is a popular activity. A group of trail runners have taken this pastime to its extreme. In May 2018, 177 runners lined up on the banks of Loch Linnhe outside the town of Fort William with the intention of traversing the entire Western Highlands to reach mainland Britain's most north-westerly point – Cape Wrath. The journey would take 8 days, cover 400km and climb a total of 11,200m through remote Scottish mountains and wilderness, passing through areas and villages with delightful names such as Morar, Glenfinnan, Glomach, Knoydart, Kinloch Hourm, Assynt, Kintail, Torridon, Achnashellach, Kinlochewe, Inverbroom



Looking back down the course over Loch Glencoul on Day 7. Spot the runner in the foreground.

and Inchnadamph. (Mac: Sigh! Many familiar names and places!) Only 110 runners made it all the way to Cape Wrath. One of those was Merriman old boy Filippo Faralla (X8386) celebrating his 50th year and sharing the experience with his partner Karoline Hanks.

The event takes its name from its final destination – the Cape Wrath Ultra – and is as much an adventure as an endurance race. The route is unmarked, requiring self-navigation, including over 80km of trackless terrain with nothing more than rocks, tussocks, bogs and mud. At the end of each day's

running, participants were



accommodated in a runners' camp, where hot food was provided (you had to bring your own whisky). Dirty bodies and mud-caked shoes were cleaned in a nearby river, full of recent snow melt from the surrounding mountains. Notwithstanding the deprivations, the most remarkable feature of the entire race was being blessed with glorious sunshine for 6 of the 8 days without a single midge to be found – now that's Old Andrean luck. (Mac: for those not familiar with the Scottish midge, these Satanic

beasts are about the size of a fruitfly, but with the bite of a crocodile. They hunt in large packs, and are evidently attracted to carbon dioxide, so an unsuspecting piper playing on the hillside becomes a much sought-after target. The air darkens ...)



Karoline was 3rd lady and myself 6th overall. We flew the South African flag proudly in front of the lighthouse at Cape Wrath.

John Muir, the Scottish-American naturalist who lived during the 19th century, wrote these words more than a century ago. They are still relevant today. "Thousands of tired, nerve-shaken, over-civilised people are beginning to find out that going to the mountains is going home; that wilderness is a necessity".

Graeme Holmes (G8387) sent us this:

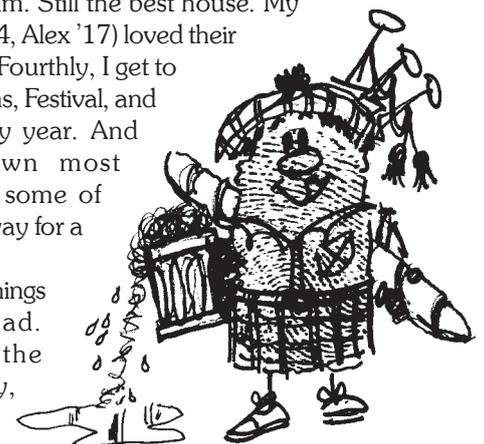
After a (successful) Jo'burg career in banking (specifically, the Payments Industry) I moved to Grahamstown in October 2017. That tele-marketing agent flogging credit cards just as you are settling into a soothing scotch. Sound familiar? Well, that was me. Amongst other things.

Many reasons for the move to Grahamstown. Firstly, I met a beautiful woman living in Grahamstown. Former DSG girl and current DSG Marketing Manager, Vanessa Bowes (nee Pringle). We both finished in '87 but barely knew each other. Way out of my league. And she did Art.

Secondly, Grahamstown is a fascinating place to live. A microcosm of South Africa and the epicentre of the seeds of colonialism. Can't think of a better place to be as our country grapples with our painful past and stutters, coughs and spurts to a place where we all prosper. Or perishes, if we cock it up. (Mac: the Municipality seems bent on destroying the colonial past one road at a time...!)

Thirdly, my youngest son (Cameron, keen cricketer) is in Grade 9 in Graham. Still the best house. My older boys (James '14, Alex '17) loved their time at College too. Fourthly, I get to enjoy K-day, reunions, Festival, and Balloon Week every year. And mates are in town most weekends. In fact, some of them should stay away for a bit.

I do a number of things for beer and bread. Consulting to the Payments Industry,



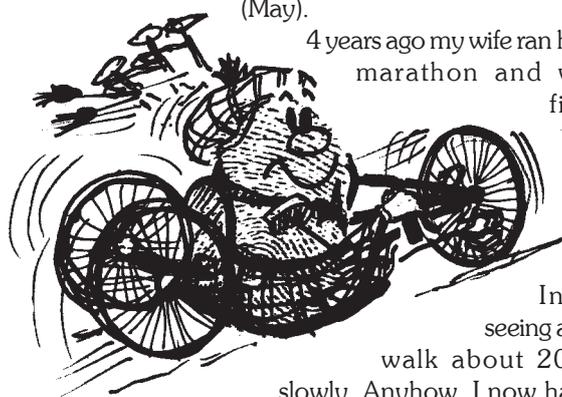
stimulating guest-lecturing at Rhodes Business School, and The Grahamstown Project. On the latter, the vision is for Grahamstown to be a high-functioning small city where all members of the community prosper. The mission is to grow the tourism industry, draw money to the city and create employment.

Follow us on Facebook and check out www.thegrahamstownproject.com. We work within the community (both sides of the Amatyana) and tell stories about Grahamstown and the Eastern Cape using the medium of blogging and vlogging.

Got to finish this off. Dashing off on my bicycle to meet Old Kingswoodian Kelly Hilton-Green for a chin-wag. He's out from the US for his 30-year reunion. Why don't you do the same? Come and visit our precious little city.

Oliver Sinclair (G8892) writes:

In February 2018 I had a fall which broke my back. Due to my Multiple Sclerosis the healing process is taken longer than I had hoped but I am now back up and walking again (May).



4 years ago my wife ran her first half-marathon and when she finished I promised her I would run a half-marathon with her.

Interesting seeing as I can only walk about 200m, very slowly. Anyhow, I now have a hand cycle (Mac: more power to both your elbows!) and on 1st July 2018 I will live up to my promise and we will be running the Victoria Falls Half Marathon together.

Below is a picture of my wife and me riding in the Amashova 35km together in 2017.



Regular correspondent **Tim Stones (X9396)** sent us this: 2018 has been a most special year in many ways for me, and especially so with some exciting adventures in my running journey. Towards the end of last year I competed in my first 10-day circuit race, at the end of which I was fortunate to break the South African 35-39 age group record and win the race, with a distance of 886.748km. As I hold dual citizenship, I would later learn that this was also a new British overall record, improving the previous mark by some

20-odd kilometres.

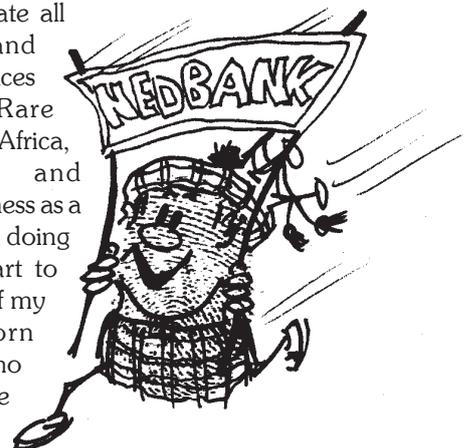
I was subsequently invited by Johan van der Merwe, multiple Washie champion, to compete at the PRR 24



Tim celebrating 24 hour track race records 2018

Hour and 100 Mile Track race, that was held at the Old Peter Mokaba Stadium, in Polokwane, on 14 and 15 April this year. There were 38 in the field, 30 of whom were invited athletes, having met stringent qualification criteria. I had the honour of representing Great Britain in this prestigious, IAU Bronze Label race. During the course of the 24 hours I happened to set seven Deaf World Records – 6 hours, 12 hours, 50km, 50 Miles, 100km, 150km and 24 Hours (all Track). I finished the 24 hours on a shade over 157km, a frustrating 10 laps short of 100 miles. I am hoping the organisers will host this event again next year. If they do I'll be back, and hopefully will get over that milestone mark.

I have since changed clubs, and will be running for Nedbank, as one of the East London club's "Elite" athletes. It is a massive honour, of course, and I hope our association will bring with it many reasons to keep smiling. I have also chosen to dedicate all my marathon and ultra-marathon races to supporting Rare Diseases South Africa, raising funds and spreading awareness as a Rare Activist. In doing so I hope in part to honour the life of my beloved firstborn son, Brendan, who lives with a rare and potentially



terminal illness called Moyamoya Disease, which triggers strokes and seizures. He and my younger son, Rory, are my pride and joy, and my greatest inspiration.

I will look back at this year as a pivotal year in my running journey. But most especially I feel enormous gratitude at the blessing of being able to run per se. It is a privilege and a gift I do not take for granted, and when I run I hope to honour Him who makes it all possible in the first place

Olwethu Mafanya (E9397) is pleased to announce that on the 27th April 2018 he married Keneilwe Sibanyoni at the Cavalli Wine & Stud Farm in Stellenbosch, with several Old Andreans in attendance.

On the 5th May 2018, he graduated from the Harris Manchester College, University of Oxford with a Master of Business Administration. Further to this, Olwethu has successfully raised an R500m private equity fund (aptly called Espin Capital) that will invest in unlisted businesses in South Africa with an EBITDA of at least R40m. Espin Capital will partner with Rand Merchant Bank to provide strategic advice, financial support and impart black economic empowerment credentials to its investee companies. Olwethu can be contacted at olwethu.mafanya@espincapital.co.za with regard to investment opportunities. (Mac: *I have this little idea...*)

From **Andrew de Blocq (A0509)**:

In July last year I graduated my MSc from UCT, specializing in ornithology and conservation. My thesis focused on the impacts of boat-based tourism on water birds, especially at De Hoop Nature Reserve.

Counterintuitively, my findings were that kayakers were more disruptive than motorized boats, probably because they appear a more natural, stealthy threat. During this time

I worked as a professional bird guide in the Western Cape (*Mac fancies giuding the birds around the Western Cape too!*) as well as greater South Africa, and had the privilege of taking out Angie Marriner (Director Foundation Office at SAC) and her husband, Ross, while they were in Cape Town. For the last few months of the year I took up a teaching post on a US semester-abroad ecology course based in Skukuza, Kruger National Park.

In 2017 I also had the opportunity to compete in the Champions of the Flyway bird race in Eilat, Israel (Google it!). This annual event raises funds for the conservation of migratory birds; some 25 million birds are killed illegally in

the Mediterranean every year. Teams of birders from all over the world gather to compete in a “big day” - recording as many species as possible in 24 hours. Though we didn’t win the race, we did raise the most money for the cause (R180 000), and won the trophy for the team which best

raised awareness for the plight of migratory birds.

I rue not being a birder while at College – there is some excellent

birding to be had in the

area... This year I finally settled down into

a full-time job, joining a wonderful NGO called

BirdLife South Africa. My job, broadly, is to conserve

the African Penguin – a species that, unbeknownst to many, is doing much worse than even the rhinos. I will

be applying my research skills to gather data

on penguin

foraging to lobby

for the spatial

management

of our

fisheries –

watch this

space! And if you

are a birder and coming to Cape Town, I would love to take you out!

