



# The Bagpipe



ST ANDREW'S COLLEGE

No. 43

2022

**Ken Hodgson (A44/47)** opens the batting for this year's Bagpipe: I was at Armstrong 1944/47. One had to endure the first term's newboy initiation and fag for the year which was a good introduction to College life. In my last year, I chose Axel Ohlsson as my fag and we became good friends. Jock Cawse was our housemaster, and my teachers included Drak Lucas, Ernie Murrell and Jock Cawse. Charles Fortune later left on Currey's advice to become a world-renowned cricket commentator. Younger teachers like Hugh Harker and Roy Gaythorn joined after the war.

I remember the Italian prisoners of war wandering up Somerset Street led by one of their officers but no guards. They were building a dam up the Cradock road and obviously pleased to be out of the war. Very few shortages due to the war but brown bread was short for a time and we were given one roll of toilet paper to last the term. We used to use the sheets as stakes to play pontoon.

I was put in the wrong year so wrote a matric a week after my sixteenth birthday. Managed a good second class and distinction in history but was too young to be articled to Deloitte's so came back for a postmatric year. This was great as I could choose the subjects I wanted and did not have to write any exams. Was fortunate in having a lesson each week alone with Ronald Currey, the Headmaster, on Constitutional Law and History. I really enjoyed and am grateful for my time at College and left feeling confident to face the real world.



Did articles for five years in PE. No university then so we had to study via correspondence course and were paid a pittance. Was fortunate to qualify in the minimum time of four years. I later took a Chartered Institute of Company Secretaries Degree. As there were few CA's then it ensured a good job and prestige.

I then went to England in June 1953 and worked for Deloitte's in London and Oxford where David was at Trinity and Harry Birrell and several other OA's were also there.

Returned to PE. Married in Nairobi in 1957 and was transferred from PE to England in 1963. Had a number of senior jobs, during which I was a director or Chairman in fourteen different countries. Retired at 55 and was put in as Non EX Chairman by mainly Venture Capital Funds to a number of small to medium companies to look after their money and/or sell the company. Finally retired at 71.

Kept in touch with St Andrew's as I visited SA most years and always stayed a few days with David in Grahamstown.

We live at Gerrards Cross, twenty-one miles from central London, and are fortunate as our four children and eleven grandchildren all live near or fairly near us. We are both fit and about to celebrate our 65<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. Received a



letter, photo and frame from the Queen on our 60<sup>th</sup> and should get one from King Charles on the 12<sup>th</sup> October.

I forgot to mention this, and it is quite current:

When the Royal Family came to Grahamstown, and there was a short service in the Cathedral, Kingswood in their red jackets and we in our kilts lined the High Street next to the Cathedral. The Queen, seeing our kilts, gave a special wave when they arrived and again when they left.

I have been fortunate in having a happy, interesting and successful life, and though in good health, it must come to an end fairly soon.

**Peter van Breda (A46/50)** writes: In the mid-1950's I was a self-supporting Land Surveying student in Calgary, Canada. During the summer vac. I secured a job in Northern Manitoba to coordinate mineral claims for registration.

We arrived in camp by float plane with our gear and two 17 foot canoes, taken one at a time strapped to the floats – a hazardous task I thought.

As we could not locate any survey beacons locally we had to take star shots to establish a coordinate. One night when we were busy doing this the whole world suddenly came alight as if someone had turned on the Aurora Borealis. We abandoned our instruments and lay on our backs in amazement for about half an hour until the lights went out again. The lights made a sort of swishing sound and extended into the heavens for an infinite distance.



They were like huge transparent stage curtains in beautiful rainbow colours. Once our eyes had got accustomed to the dark and the brilliance of the heavenly bodies we were able to resume our work.

We know that the Aurora lights are caused by magnetic storms between the North and South Poles

and were particularly strong that year. Hilary and Fuchs were on an expedition to the South Pole, we assume for this reason. I have not had a scientific explanation for this strange phenomenon.

My friend Francis Gace (M51/55) who travelled many times on the polar route between America and England said he saw something similar on one of his trips and tried unsuccessfully to wake his fellow passengers to share it. I suppose this is a case of "if you snooze you lose"!

(The pics show the country in which we worked. I am in the middle holding the Canada goose.)



**Tim Leavey (E54/59)** reports: David Blaine (M41/44) died peacefully at his home in Norfolk Place Kenilworth in August. David left College in 1944 and although of farming stock he became a lawyer concentrating on conveyancing.

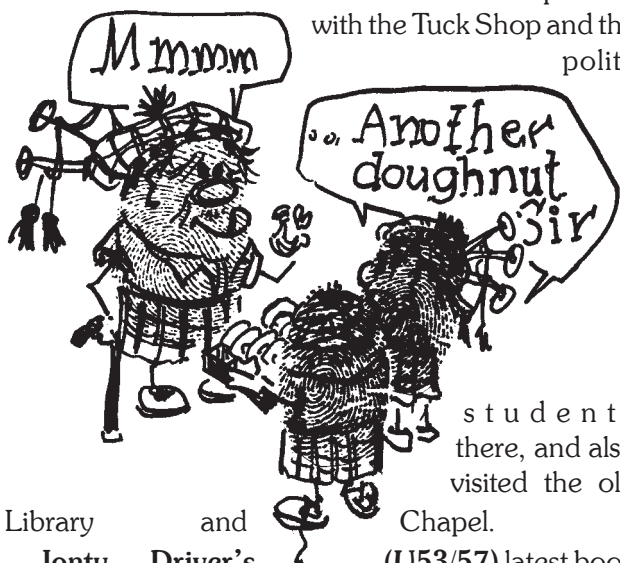
Tim lives with his wife Christine at Norfolk Place Kenilworth. They play Bowls at WPCC twice a week weather permitting.

**Ray Wenlock (X47/50)** writes: I have just been chatting to Sandy Campbell (Merriman 1950) who is retired and living in Rideau Ferry, which is South of Ottawa. We were both in the Sea Cadets when we did the one and only voyage from PE to Durban in 1949.

I am still living alone in my retirement cottage, and I have adjusted my life to depend on the Internet for on-line shopping, etc. I have learned to live completely cashless. I had a stroke almost 3 years

ago, so I no longer drive. I have been left with a balance and mobility problem. I still play croquet once a week with my mallet doubling up as a walking stick.

I did a trip to Grahamstown shortly before my stroke and was impressed with the Tuck Shop and the polite



students there, and also visited the old

Library and Chapel. Jonty Driver's (U53/57) latest book of poems, STILL FURTHER, New Poems, 2000-2020, was published by the uHlanga Press in 2021 and his memorial essay, "Robert Birley, mainly in South Africa" was published by Artwrite earlier this year. STILL FURTHER was described thus: "Affirmative, immersive and generously conceived, this is a must for any serious reader of English poetry." Copies are available from Clarke's Bookshop in Cape Town and no doubt from other bookshops – and of course from Amazon Books too.

At the end of 2021, Jonty retired as a Trustee of the Beit Trust.

He adds: We had a recent visit from David & Ingrid Wylde, which was much appreciated.

From John Tanton (X50/53) Early in February 1946, a month short of my tenth birthday, I arrived as a boarder at Prep and entered a strange new world under management of Griff and Lou Mullins. As a "New Pot" I soon learned that the "Bogs" was a room with cubicles but without any doors, where you sat chatting to a friend facing you from across the room before pulling the chain and moving on. If you had something to give away, or barter for a "Saturday bun" or a "Sunday cake", you would yell "Quis?" while the response of an enthusiastic buyer would have been "Ego!". Our parents were always referred to as *Mater* and *Pater*. Every Sunday morning, after a compulsory letter home, we would walk informally to "Cath" to attend Sunday service with a thruppence (tickey) for the collection bag. Every Wednesday we would each receive a sixpence with which we would often walk across

town to Radomski's to buy a Rowntree chocolate log or beehive. Prep, which at the time was the last developed property on Cradock Road northwest of Grahamstown, set only one boundary for us: you were not allowed to cross Worcester Street (and DSG), but any movement northwest (into the veld) was allowed – when not on the playing field, we would spend our afternoons exploring the veld. Stealing another's property simply did not happen; to tell a lie was regarded as dishonourable – when Griff, at assembly, asked who had let air out of the wheels of an ice cream vendor, my friend and I raised our hands without hesitation; our punishment was to be gated while the rest of the school went to see the first ever Afrikaans movie (*Kom Saam Vanaand*) – we were not unhappy with the outcome.



Roy Hulton (E60/64): I went to the Bishops-College rugby match on 5 Aug. College played well (seeing they are ranked 26 vs Bishops 10) in the school rugby ratings and lost by a small margin.

Reminded me of the game I played on the same Bishops main field in 1964 where College were 15-3 up at half time. 5 minutes into the second half Johnny Harris (Upper 1964) our flyhalf & son of Springbok Tony Harris got tackled, crocked his knee and was carried off. Dudley Gradwell (Mullins 1964) (later a Springbok) at centre had to play flyhalf and College with 14 boys (no replacements in those days) lost 18-15!

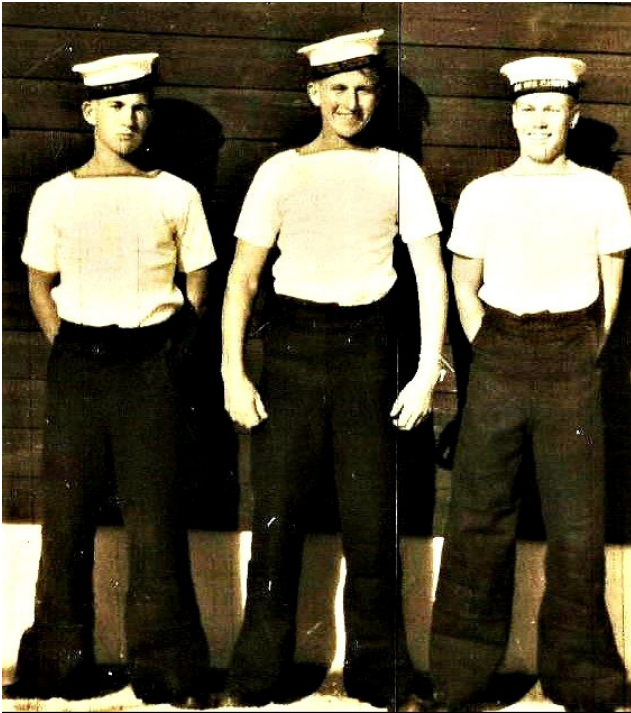
Spoke to a Bishops teacher named Philip Court, who said he met his College namesake a few years ago. I remember him as a wing playing for College in 1960. Hope he is well and best wishes to all OA's from 1960-64. Hope to see some at the 60th reunion.

Colin Whittle (M51/55) writes nostalgically about the College Sea Cadets 1951 to 1955.

We paraded every Tuesday afternoon, term time, but the real highlight was always the end of year 'camp' usually at SAS Donkin in Port Elizabeth, but in 1954 we were lucky to board the frigate SAS Transvaal in PE and sail to Durban to spend the two weeks camp based at the SAN establishment on Salisbury Island in the harbour.

I have to make mention of the following at this sad time of the Queen's passing. Our CPO, (Chief Petty Officer) at the time was William Clough who was selected to join the SA Navy's contingent to celebrate the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in London in 1953, where they manned the streets during the royal procession.

Pictured (below, left) are Colin Whittle, Geoff Grocott and Peter Timm.



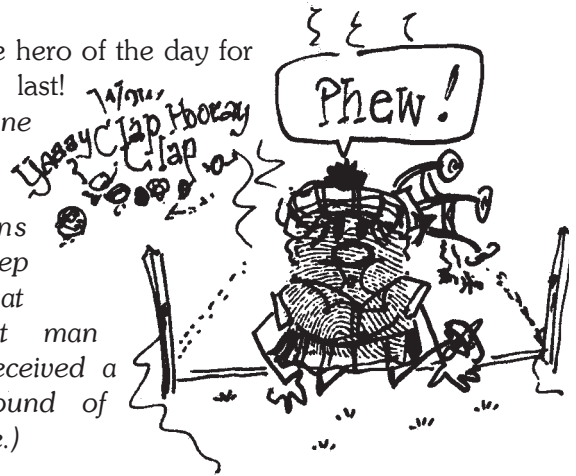
**John D Currie (X67/71)** writes: During the Covid Lockdown, I have had some fun writing anecdotes from my youth for my grandchildren. Here is an example that you may find interesting:

**Prep Sports day 1962**

Prep's annual Sports Day was traditionally held on Easter Saturday. In April 1962, I was a lightweight eight-year-old at my first Sports Day. I was the youngest competitor in the Junior Cross Country race. It was the last race of the day, and the benches along Bedford Road at the start-finish line were packed with parents ready for the prize-giving.

The Cross-Country course was a winding trail of about 2 miles through the Fairlawn grounds, which ended on the 220-yard track around the field to the finish. After a jostling start, the field spread out, and I could no longer see the leaders, and while several boys passed me, I did not believe that I was coming last. I kept chugging away and eventually came to the final 220-yards in front of the spectators. I could see no one ahead of me, so it appeared that I was alone on the track. As I made a final push to complete the race, I realised that the spectators were all applauding. I was indeed the last to finish, and

I was the hero of the day for coming last!  
*(Mac: one of the great traditions at Prep was that the last man home received a huge round of applause.)*



**Roger Brooke (E67/71)** has retired from Duquesne University, and is now Professor Emeritus. He did Geography at school so hopes one of his Latin friends can tell him what it means. He is still seeing patients and writing, and was sorry to miss the reunion last July.

Son Robert Brooke (G94) is a research engineer working for a Penn State University laboratory near Pittsburgh; son Sebastian Brooke (Prep 94) is a plastic surgeon and Head of the Division of Pediatric Craniofacial Reconstruction at the University of West Virginia's Ruby Memorial Hospital in Morgantown. Roger confesses: apparently my own face is a lost cause.

**Peter Terry (M64/67)** writes: I found myself without work when the radio station I was working at, Classic1027, closed its doors in June 2021. (Radio is not really restricted by age, so, even at age 70, I was working a seven-day week on the station.) I've kept myself busy over the past 12 months or so by writing, rehearsing, and performing a one-man play called *At All Costs*, about the Battle of Delville Wood (I didn't really have the budget for a cast of thousands!) as seen through the eyes of an old soldier who returns to the Wood in 1970 to face his nightmares head-on, more than half a century after the Battle. It's been very well received by audiences in the venues I've performed in, around the country, and I hope to continue performing it here, there, and everywhere until just before Christmas. Having spent 50 years in the theatre and entertainment industry, and having been somewhat obsessed with the Great War for even longer than that, this feels rather like what my whole life has been leading up to. *(Mac: he performed this play for all the grade 8 College and DSG pupils recently, and the measure of his acting ability came when afterwards one of the boys said to him, "You were so brave Sir!" Obviously he has worn better than most – still fresh as a daisy at age 125 or so!)*

On a sadder note, a number of us – Lee Hall, James Bond, Jake Jacot-Guillarmod, Ernie Turpin, Bob Cloete and I, all 1967 vintage – spent the last

three months keeping our much-loved friend Martin Braae virtual company via WhatsApp, while he was in the Cape Town Hospice. We're all reaching that stage of our journeys, I guess, but I have never encountered a finer example of courage and acceptance through a terminal illness. He died on 31 August. May he be at peace. I daresay many of you will remember him as Pipe Major of the band in 1966 and 1967.

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

### **Gospel truth amidst fake news**

Hearing the bagpipes bidding farewell to our beloved Queen following her death in Scotland took me back to my College days when it was such a regular sound. Though I have been living in Yorkshire for the past 43 years, South Africa remains close to my heart.

I am now part of a WhatsApp group composed of athlete friends from my days at Natal University over half-a-century ago. And when a link was shared citing the dangers of Holocaust denial, I thought it looked familiar, only to discover it was an excerpt from my book, *Israel the Chosen*, published in 2013. In view of my passion to spread the message of Israel's vital end-time role, and of the need for Christians to stand with them, it was a heart-warming experience.

My latest publication, *To the Jew First* (Christian Publications International), expands on this theme at a time of increasing anti-Semitism and when nations (including South Africa) risk God's judgment for the persecution of his people (Isaiah 60:12, Joel 3:2).

I was, however, proud to share in a TV interview the significant role played by Jews in the downfall of apartheid in view of the widespread fake news accusing Israel of practising this form of discrimination. With so much propaganda about, it's such a privilege to focus on the gospel of Jesus – "the way, the truth and the life".

**Malcolm Chalmers aka Prof (A76/79)** expounds:

Swami (means "prof") Rahasya (means "secret") for the last 20 years.

I am currently still enjoying (yet) another project which I successfully suckered myself into.

An easy seeming plan: An AfrikaBurn style camp in the Karoo for the intensive meditation retreats I and friends teach. Should take around 3 months ...

So, several years later, we have around 200m<sup>2</sup> of solid "dop en dak" accommodation, a kitchen, hot showers, 3.5kw of electricity, steelwork for a 90m<sup>2</sup> hall ...

On a mountain. Because temperatures are less extreme and we are above the baboons' comfort zone. Also, far fewer insects, scorpions, snakes, ticks

etc than the valleys – not that there's much of that on Karoo land which has never been farmed.

Up the road we made. Same ascent as Oukaapseweg, for those of you who know the Cape, but not a gently sloped 5km of tar. Up 200m in 1km of rocky 4x4 challenge.

We have made good use of refrigerated shipping containers. Better insulation than anything one could build. Like a space ship, or a huge stainless-steel covered and lined cooler box. over 4 tons, 12m long. (Mac: Wow! That's a lot of beer storage!)



Epic 4x4 towing adventures getting them up here, and the challenge of seriously upgrading my practical skills and learning new ones to create totally off-grid infrastructure ... considerably more reliable than SA's currently, which admittedly isn't that hard. (Mac: and the rocky 4x4 challenge should be easy if you have driven through Grahamstown recently!)

Many windows, doors, paints, paving and finishes still to go, we have already hosted some meditators, artists and others who enjoy occasional distance from the race of rats.

(Mac: That's some view!)



And I'm loving hiking around picking sweet spots for the next stage of construction – individual hermitages, for those who want really private deep solitude for their meditation.

And ... looking at what materials I will have to carry, how far, off path never mind off road ... maybe it is time to go look for a good pre-owned mule ;)

**Andrew La Trobe (G79/84)** writes: In respect of events here in the UK this year – two stand out as particularly worthy of mention:

**Ordination of David Cherry** — my wife Ingrid and I attended the ordination of David Cherry (Graham, 1980) to the priesthood in the Roman Catholic Diocese of Westminster in London on 25<sup>th</sup> June. David was ordained alongside three brother priests by Cardinal Vincent Nichols in Westminster Cathedral. It was such a privilege and pleasure to witness and participate in this wonderful event and join the celebratory party afterwards for David, a fellow Oos-Kaap, College and Graham House man!



*David, left, with Cardinal Vincent Nichols*

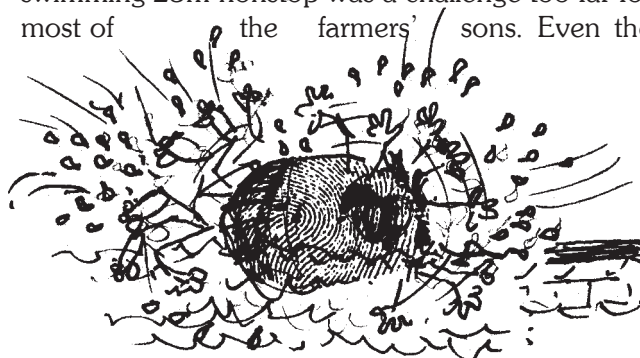
**Paying Respects to the Queen** – Ingrid and I, together with one of our sons, David, were able to pay our respects to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, by travelling up to London on Wednesday 14<sup>th</sup> September to line the route of the ceremonial procession transferring the Queen's coffin from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Hall. We reached our chosen spot overlooking Horse Guards Parade around 11:15 am and spent the next three hours participating in those particularly British "queue" micro communities, by sharing reflections, experiences, and food with those around us as we

waited for the procession to start. Initially, as the procession made its way down the Mall, all we could hear were the gun salutes fired at one minute intervals from Hyde Park, and then as they slowly approached, the sound of the solemn music played by the bands of the Scots & Grenadier Guards began to reach us. The respectful silence and anticipation of so many people crammed together waiting to pay our respects and bid farewell to the Queen was extremely moving. Equally so, on the arrival of the magnificent procession in front of our viewing point, was the majestic and sombre sight of the Imperial State Crown sitting on top of the coffin, sparkling in the sunshine of a late summer London afternoon and reflecting Her Majesty's extraordinary life of grace and service.



**David Hall (U80/84)** reports: Having grown up on an Eastern Cape farm and having gone to Upper House, one can understand that swimming was never one of my strong points. Upper used to lose all the swimming galas and I struggled to make the last race of the day which was the 21 x 1 interhouse relay for the "Non-Swimmers."

The joke was always that they needed to put Upper House in the lane next to the wall so that the farm boys could rest and hold onto the side, as swimming 25m nonstop was a challenge too far for most of the farmers' sons. Even the



lanes in the pool couldn't prevent the Upper boys from swimming diagonally across the pool causing havoc and mass hysteria amongst the spectators.

It was with this in mind that I completed my first Robben Island swim "WITHOUT" a wetsuit in March this year. The water was an icy 10.5 degrees and I was hypothermic at the end but I had a good crew and even some company whilst swimming.

I would be interested to know if any other Eastern Cape farmer's sons have done it?

**Julian Goldswain (X88/92)** writes: My life has taken some interesting twists and turns since College days. I can't honestly say I've achieved any earth-shattering world records in the business or sports worlds.

I've run a successful professional photography business since 1999, working for multiple blue-chip clients ranging from Grindrod to Google. I sailed competitively at Provincial and National level; winning regattas post Matric too.

I've built friendships with several OAs like Paul Ingpen (Graham 1986), Robert (Merriman 1985) and William Scott (Merriman 1982) through work and church life.

What I have experienced, is perhaps more precious: full recovery from a debilitating mental illness, a marriage of 20 years, a happy home at the beach in Muizenberg, successfully educating and navigating two teenage sons through the challenges of life. What will last longer than this present life is all the friends and disciples to the Lord we have made along the journey.

A major, if somewhat unusual milestone, has been our family's involvement in starting a small community (home group) which grew rapidly over 3 years to become a thriving new church starting in Cape Town's City Bowl in 2008. This congregation has now sent people out to start new churches in Wynberg, Green Point (x2), Milnerton and Brooklyn. We serve as part of the Joshua Generation Muizenberg congregation which started out from Wynberg, so there has been a multiplication in growth.

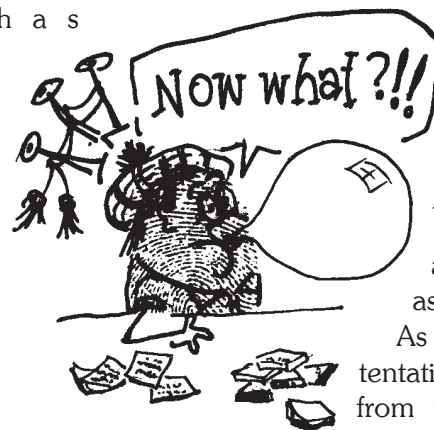
A huge part of my spiritual inheritance has been due to the preaching of God's word I heard at the College Chapel from Father Ted Goodyer and Michael Arnold. I was led to a relationship with Jesus Christ and mentored by fellow Christians, Chris Tinley and Kenny Kilkenny in Merriman. Thank you to men like this who stood on the shoulders of giants like our founder, John Armstrong, daring to live out the truth of the Word and transform a far wider world for the good.

**Bruce Whitfield (X81/85)** has just published his second book and writes: Do you remember reading

the newspaper in the common room? I recall all houses had old fashioned standing desks on which the daily copy of the Herald was displayed, kept in place by a wire



stretched vertically and threaded through the centre pages to discourage us from removing it to a comfortable chair which would have seen pages scattered everywhere. That, and the numbered Did you know? questions printed on the inside of Chappies papers, formed the basis of a lifelong insatiable curiosity about the world and what makes it work. That curiosity about the world has



made it an imperative for me to learn more and as a journalist, to share that with as many people as possible.

As the world tentatively emerges from the first global pandemic in a century, we now need to deal with the consequences of how governments sought to limit the spread of disease during a particularly unsettling period in human history. The economic dislocation is accelerating the pace of change we see play out in the world daily.

There is nothing like being confined to barracks to get the synapses firing and it led to a period of deep introspection about the state of the world and the disproportionate, positive role, many South Africans, including many OA's, play in it. Earlier this year I published a second book entitled *Genius:*

*How to take Smart Ideas Global.* It explores what it takes for SA companies, often boxing with one hand tied behind their backs, to thrive internationally.

What has been particularly gratifying is how the messaging of the book has resonated with readers globally. It has developed into a keynote talk reflecting on the significant number of great businesses that emerge from a country which makes up less than half a percent of global GDP.

I am having a blast, teaching audiences around the world the lessons gleaned from SA firms toughened by years of operating in one of the planet's more hostile anti-business environments. It's astounding what we can teach the world about sheer grit, resilience and determination and how those stories resonate everywhere. As the world moves from a period of abundance and we go toward greater scarcity and mounting uncertainty, the skills needed to cope have been learned here over generations.

That simple act of making the daily newspaper accessible bred a curiosity about the world beyond the confines of the school environment for which I will always be grateful.

**Oliver Sinclair (G88/92)** writes: This is the second year in a row that I won both the KZN and SA Parasurfing Championships (Prone2 Division). Once again I have been selected to represent South Africa at the World Parasurfing Championships to be held at Pismo Beach – California in December 2022. Last year Covid restrictions prevented us from attending the champs so hope this year we can attend the competition.

Another ex-Graham House member, **Gregory Were (G05/09)** tells an amazing tale of his exploits:

#### **Alive – Sailing a 6m 10000 Nautical Miles**

The idea spawned last year: attempt a voyage from South Africa to Europe. My father sent me an ad for a vessel in Port Alfred. I jumped at it and before I knew it, I owned a 6 metre boat sitting on a grass patch opposite The Halyards Hotel. After a month of near non-stop work, the vessel touched the water. Not long after that, the mast was stepped,



with 8 people manhandling it in an unorthodox manner.

She (the vessel) hopped, skipped and jumped along the South African coast until we reached Cape Town. Here she was fitted with additional equipment to make it easier to handle the longer distances ahead. I departed Cape Town on 10 March with one crew member. Our first stop was St Helena, after an 18 day journey, which is not bad for a 6m boat. However, this speed did not carry going forward as doldrums and headwinds were ahead.

From St Helena we departed to Cape Verde. Had a piracy scare along the way and a non-functional sat phone, got stuck in the doldrums with no wind and a lot of phosphorescence and dolphins – beautiful and scary.



#### *Mindelo - Cape Verde*

In the end it took 44 days (instead of the planned 24) to reach Cape Verde due to the headwinds and swell. Spent some time island hopping and recovering from the treacherous journey.

Departed as a solo sailor to Azores with a broken windvane; sail trimming was therefore a necessity. Some more lovely island hopping before heading for France. The Bay of Biscay is not for the faint of heart and a massive low pressure system found me. The swell often broke over the vessel.

Reached France on 22 August after almost 6 months of sailing. *Nec Aspera Terrent.*