



The Bagpipe



ST ANDREW'S COLLEGE

2023

No. 44

Peter C van Breda (A46/50) reminisces: Shortly after the war Major General Everard Poole (U15/18) was invited by our Headmaster, Ronald Currey, to award the prizes at the annual prizegiving. During most of the war years I had been old enough to realise what was going on and had followed the events to the best of my ability at that age.

The Headmaster introduced the General to the dignitaries and the General duly acknowledged the greeting and after adjusting his cap and swagger stick he picked up a prize and held it in his hand and said to us boys, "When I was at this school I never came within the length of this hall of ever getting a prize and now the Headmaster has given me the privilege of handing these prizes out to you boys." There was a moment of silence and then the whole hall burst out in wild cheers.

After the ceremony had been completed Mrs Poole was given a big bouquet of flowers which she and the General in turn gave to Harco Iwema who was at his home near City Lord's Football Ground on his deathbed. He died a few days later having been at College since the turn of the century.

Murray John Biggs (X48/52) writes: My happiest memories of College include "Gassy" Gascoigne-Smith's production of Hamlet (the first of three?) in which I played the royal villain Claudius against Jim Shorrock's commanding Prince; the Music Society, where we could listen to classical music galore on 78s; and

singing in the Chapel choir, especially standing next to the Headmaster, Ronald Currey, who I remember declined to sing "Abide with me" because, he said, it was meant for people about to die, which he had no intention of doing any time soon! He was a truly great headmaster, though not everyone appreciated at the time how farseeing he was: and his sixth-form teaching of Virgil's Aeneid is something I remember to this day, even more than the classroom example of Gassy himself, Chris Browning, Rex Woods, Drac(ula) Lucas, Ernie Murrell, Charles Fortune, Peter Harvey, and others. St. Andrew's had a lot to be proud of educationally; and of course, the Rev. Hugh Harker was an inspiration of another kind.

After that and three years at Rhodes, then three at Oxford reading English, I was asked to found an English Department at Eton (till then dependent on classicists). In 1971 I moved to the United States, where I've spent the rest of my working life, mainly at MIT and since 1986 at Yale, where I'm now a professor of English, Theatre, and Film, semi-retired since 2014. My wife is a fourth-generation Californian (not all that easy to be at her age), and our three children are unabashedly American. My only sibling, a sister still based in SA, and I typically reconnect in the UK for a few days every year. So far so good with our health.



From **Ray (Raymond John) Wenlock (X47/50)**: Greetings to any of my era still thieving oxygen on our overpopulated planet. I was reminiscing recently about my early days at College, and I recalled being summoned to Charles Fortune's house one breakfast time. It was the day after a new boy's concert in the Merriman common room, at which I had recited Cyril Fletcher's "Sonia Snell" odd ode. (Mac: if you don't know it, here is a link: https://monologues.co.uk/Cyril_Fletcher/Sonia-Snell.htm)

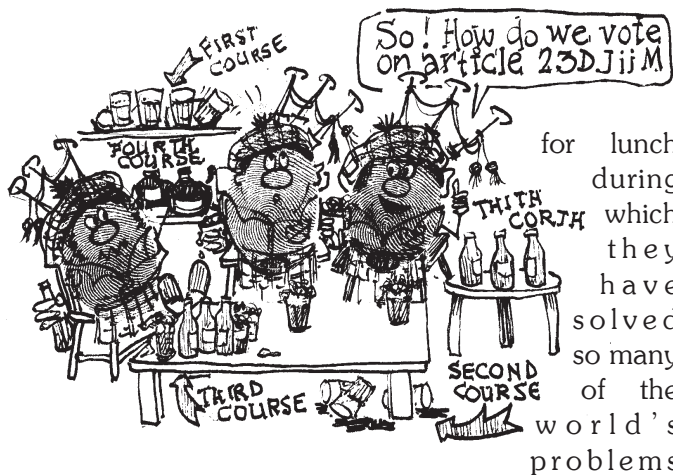
I arrived at the Fortune home to find the British sports commentator, John Arlott, was their house guest. I then had to perform my recitation piece all over again, to their amusement.

Soon after this, Charles Fortune became a full-time (and famous) commentator himself.

I am now 90 and somewhat immobilised, having had the misfortune of being the victim of a stroke four years ago.

Andrew Robertson Bean (A50/53) writes:

1. Terry Garrard (X49/53), Mike Streeter (M50/53) and Andrew Bean (A50/53) have all been living in Sydney, Australia for many years and meet regularly



that it is surprising there are any left.

2. I was going through a pile of old books and found one I did not recall seeing before. On opening, I found, on the inside front cover, "Hoc praemium in Ling Lat A.R.Bean optime bene merenti adjudicatum est (signed) MCML11 Ronald Currey Magister". I take this opportunity a) to claim the holder of the record for the longest period any prize has remained unread and b) invite those fluent in Ling Lat to submit translations of the foregoing for my professional adjudication.

Colin (Tompie) Whittle (M51/55) sent these marvellous memories. Those of us who went to Prep will relate to many of these!

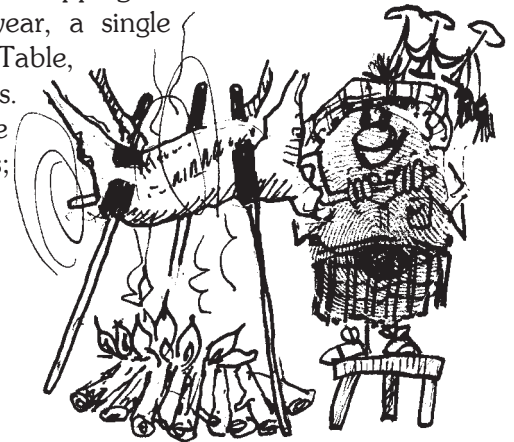
Some random Prep memories, immediately post war. My elder brother and I had arrived at Prep as boarders from Basutoland (Lesotho), and subsequently from Swaziland (Eswatini) in 1946.

That's nearly 80 years ago!!!

- Austere times in some ways. Cold showers every morning. Winter and Summer. But we did get one hot bath a week in the single bathroom next to Sick Room. Bath had to be filled, bucket by bucket, with hot water from the kitchen downstairs. During evening prep, after supper, a staff member would call out 'Whittle. Bath!'

- No butter, just dripping for our bread. Toast only once a year, a single slice from Top Table, on our birthdays.

But there were compensations; being in the Karoo sheep country we were treated to lamb roasts for lunch at least once a week!



- Tons of freedom. After classes and sport week-days, as well as during the week-ends, we were free to roam widely in the surrounding veld. If we were going to spend the whole Sunday out, we would be given an orange to quench our thirst. Hardly any development north of the railway line in my years.

- Some of my contemporaries will remember Hill 60, Droggies, Prickly pears, West Hill Station, Cradock Dam, Wattle Grove. (Pole vault sticks). Foofie Slides, Gowie's Valley, the old aerodrome with unlocked hangers and access to large numbers of SAAF aircraft. The Pottery, Brickfields, stinking Bonemeal factory at Highlands

- SAR Tunnel (Rat's Hole). Changing trains at Alicedale Junction, Egg collecting, October and November.

- Half term. Not announced till assembly (Standing Order) on the day. Shopping at Iversons with half-crown (2/6) allowance. Joey's cart. Tinned fish 'saamies'. Toffie and Fudge.

- Scouts. Lord Rowallan's visit.

- Cathedral every Sunday. "Hands" when leaving Prep to show the staff member on duty that they were clean. DSG girls going to Cathedral in Crocodiles. Tickey (3d) for the collection tray.

- Royal visit 1947.

- Droughts. (Mac: *What's changed?!*) No swimming pool water for 3 years.

- Wednesday's Sixpence pocket money. Rendezvous (café). Pie and Gravy. Radomsky's. Beehives and Chocolate logs.

- Stirks, Grocott & Sherry, Birch's.

- Drill Hall, Hassie, Fives Courts, Top Field.

Brewing pineapple cider on the scorching hot Drill Hall roof.

- Feast Day. School Plays. The Borrowed Clothes of Princess Rose; and many other of Mr Griff's productions.
- Punch. Mr Griff, Mr Rivett-Carnac. Mr Osborne. Miss Sampson, my Standard One teacher.
- Miss Every. Cubs, Tigers, Lions.
- Crystal sets.
- Crawling, baskets under our beds, dormitory races. Monkey, Forwards. Backwards. Broken toes!
- BOOTS! Penalty for being last to get dressed and out of the dormitory. Culprit was required to go to the end of the Cubs passage and shout out to Mr Griff at the top of one's voice "Whittle last!" The next 20 minutes were then spent putting all the boys' shoes back into their respective boot lockers. We were very spoiled; our shoes were polished for us every morning by a member of the support staff.
- Standing order. Morning prayers, Benji (*Mac: for the benefit of younger old Preppies, the name of the cane, though of course it appears in the Prep Song.*). Corporal punishment, unashamedly in front of all staff and boys. Only done and dusted once we had to thank Mr Griff formally: "Thank you Sir!"
- School drawing. Star achievers as far as my memory serves me: Rippon, Chalmers, Hall-Green, Stanton.
- Strong Welsh (Mullins) influence. School singing for an hour every week. Mrs Cory.
- Lights out at 9 pm; but once in bed at 8 pm the dormitory radio was permitted. Scary serials!
- Mrs Griff. Lorraine, Ginny and Beth Mullins
- Latin declensions. Big challenge for Preppies. If one could recite 8 of them, non-stop without a single mistake, one earned a full day off school with permission to go into town. I nailed it!

Paul Denis Hebblethwaite (D/E 58/61) writes: I attended Prep from 1950 to 1953, then St Andrew's Bloemfontein 1953-1958 before attending College from 1958-1961.

Chairman photographic society, Trumpet Major Naval Band (played the last Post and Reveille on



Remembrance Sunday from the top of the clock Tower with Graham Whitford (G59/63)), (*Mac: my fagging duty for Paul involved polishing his trumpet. Compared to my contemporaries, I got off lightly!*) built canoes with Whitford and Weighell (D55/59) in school workshop. Canoeed over 400 miles down



the Caledon and Orange Rivers in 1960, directed and acted in one act play, sang in HMS Pinafore, and school choir. Played squash and 2nd team



HMS Pinafore, 1960. Paul 3rd right

hockey and cricket. Failed Matriculation due to failing Afrikaans. Possibly too many extra-curricular activities did not help. However, did pass sciences with reasonable grades.

After my father's retirement as District Commissioner in Colonial Service in Basutoland (Lesotho), I emigrated to the UK in 1963 with my parents. Married Joy Hall in 1965, and we had 2 children. Joy died of cancer in 1997, aged 55.

Further studies in agriculture culminated in a PhD from the University of Nottingham 1976

I followed this with a Post Graduate Diploma in Christian Counselling from St John's College Nottingham 1996, and a MSc in Cognitive Behavioural Psychotherapy from the University of Derby in 2004.

I was a Lecturer, Senior Lecturer and Reader in Agronomy at the University of Nottingham 1970 to 1992, during which I undertook major research programmes on various crops. Research Sabbaticals took me to New Zealand, USA, Malasia. I undertook a consultancy in Sudan, Egypt and Syria assessing research on Faba Beans. (*Mac resorted to Google on this! For your benefit and enlightenment, dear reader, Faba bean (Vicia faba L.) is a legume crop grown primarily for its edible seeds (beans). Faba bean is a major legume seed consumed by humans worldwide. The seeds of some varieties are an important livestock feed. Faba bean is also grown for fodder.*) I also undertook a consultancy, reviewing Faba Bean Research in Europe. I became Chairman for the Faba Bean Research Group in Europe and founder and first President of the International Grass Seed Research Group.

I was a voluntary Christian Cognitive Behavioural Psychotherapist 1994 to 2005., and helped over 300 individuals suffering from many different problem situations.

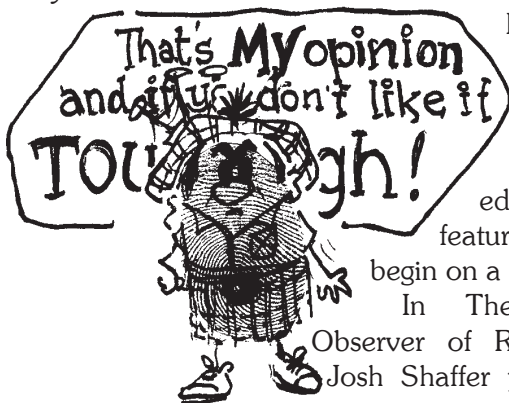
I met Ruth Jameson on a walking holiday in Majorca and we married in Cumberland in 2000. I project managed the building of a new low energy home in Sutton Bonington in 2001. After Ruth's retirement we moved to Anglesey in North Wales and we project-managed a Barn Conversion which was completed in 2007. We now have 6 grandchildren in various parts of the country and consequently moved to Nantwich Cheshire.

During retirement we have enjoyed walking holidays visiting over 40 countries – recently on cruises. I am thankful for the good education and enjoyable time spent at St Andrew's College and other institutions.

Robert Bowen (A57/60) thought this extract from the New York Times of 2nd February, sent to Frank Bruni (one of his favourite contributors) might raise a wry smile.

For the Love of Sentences by Frank Bruni

Mr. Bruni is a contributing Opinion writer who was on the staff of The Times for more than 25 years.



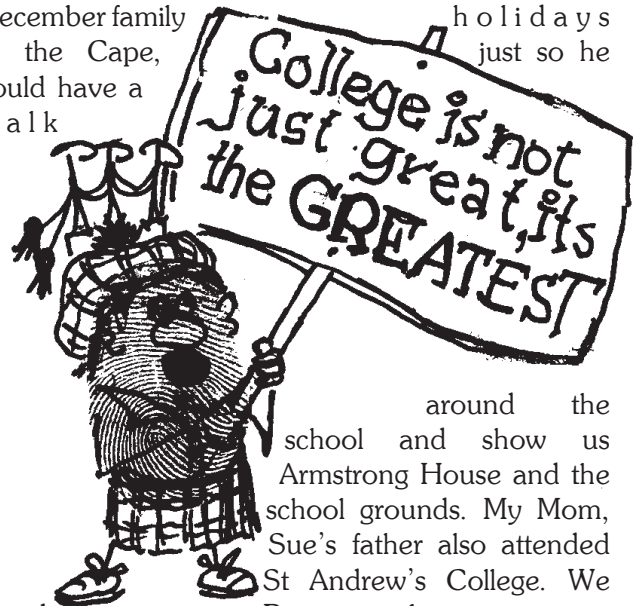
For just this week, as a gift to ourselves, let's have a politics-free edition of this feature. And let's begin on a musical note.

In The News & Observer of Raleigh, N.C., Josh Shaffer pondered the

peculiarity of the bagpipe, “shaped like an octopus in plaid pants, sounding to some like a goose with its foot caught in an escalator and played during history’s most lopsided battles — by the losing side.” (Thanks to Mardy Grothe of Southern Pines, N.C., and Pam James of Durham, N.C., among others, for nominating this.) (*Mac: as a keen bagpipe player, I have to refute this – it has been played by the winning side at least as often!*)

It is not the policy of The Bagpipe to publish obituaries, which appear on the school website, but the following was sent by **Carl Williamson (A91/91)** as a tribute to his father, **André Wallace Williamson (A64/67)**, and will no doubt be enjoyed by all who knew him.

My Dad, being the 3rd generation at St Andrew's College, was a very passionate old boy (understatement). We would have to pop into St Andrew's College, on the way back from our December family holidays in the Cape, just so he could have a walk



around the school and show us Armstrong House and the school grounds. My Mom, Sue's father also attended St Andrew's College. We lived in Pietermaritzburg so my brother, Anthony and I both went to Maritzburg College, one of the best schools in KZN, and my sister Nikki, attended Pietermaritzburg Girls' High School. Dad was happy that we were at very good schools, but he always wished we had gone to St Andrew's and Nikki to DSG. In my matric year, my Dad offered me the opportunity to attend St Andrew's College, as a post matric, which I accepted. It was one of the best years of my school career, and have such amazing memories being in Armstrong, sitting watching rugby on Lower, playing hockey on Upper and being at such a beautiful school. My Dad, was a very proud father AND so happy that he was then able to come and visit me and his beloved school and that he was able to send me to College as the 4th generation from the Williamson family to attend. I say College, as in our household, it was always a contentious issue, as

my Dad referred to St Andrew's as "College", with Ant and me being at Maritzburg College, which is also referred to as "College". Ant would say, "There is only one College, Dad." After finishing my post matric year, I came back to the school for Kdays, 150th and Armstrong celebrations with my Dad, and my sister, Nikki and now, wife, Clare. Over the years my Dad and I were able to reminisce about his time at College and certain teachers, like the Late Mr "Guppy" Hodgson, who my Dad had told me, was a good boxer in his day, and taught me Economics. He got to share many sporting results with me, as he was an avid supporter and loved watching every College (St Andrew's College) game that was live streamed if he could, "liked" every post on Facebook, attended as many OA functions and OA drinks evenings in Durban or in KZN as he could. If there was a tour to KZN, rugby or cricket, or anything he would let me know, and he would be there. I will always be very grateful to my Dad, and will always remember his unwavering loyalty to "College". Miss and love you, Dad, from Carl, Ant and Nikki.

Rodney Geoffrey Upton (M55/59) writes that **Chris Jeffery (X56/59)** went on from UCT to London University to acquire a PhD in English. While working at Edinburgh University as assistant editor of *A Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue* he married his colleague Beth Brown (PhD in Linguistics). Later on he took to lecturing in Mediaeval English at University College Dublin. Eventually finding that even after 4 years in London, 5 years in Edinburgh and 6 years in Dublin the sunlight remained undimmed on Algoa Bay, he set sail and anchored as professor of English at UPE, now NMU; while Beth moored at Vista University, now also NMU.

That was all long ago. However, now that two of their sons and a daughter-in-law have also taken the academic route, five of the eight adults in the family of this one OA hold doctorates.

Actually, there should be two OAs: because their third son at 12 was already a competent

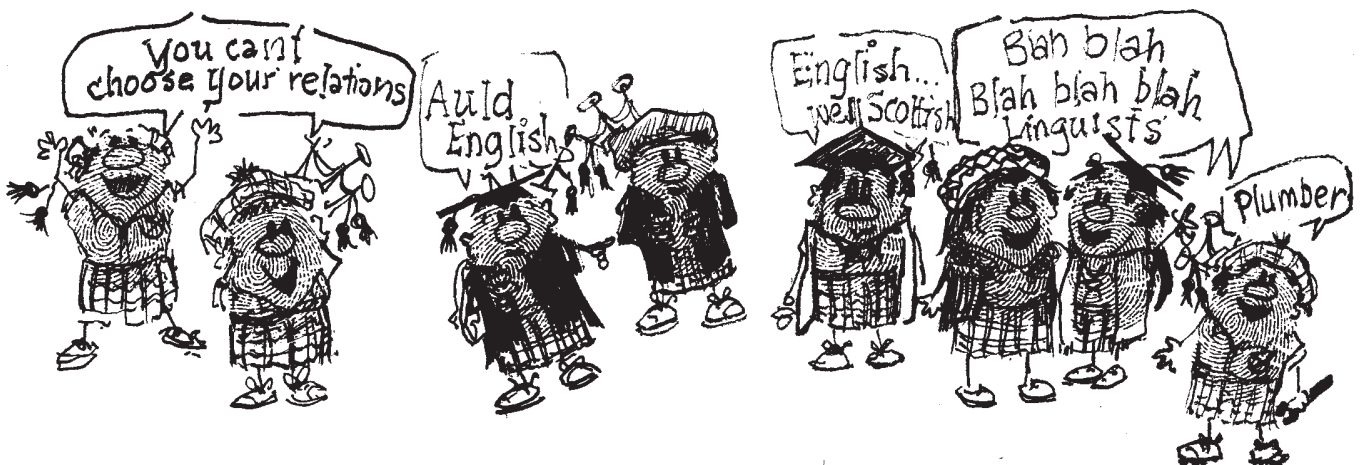
bagpiper and keen to go to College and join the band; but Chris sadly failed to rise to the occasion, to the lasting regret of both father and son (*Mac: and Mac's lasting regret!*). Even so, he grew up to graduate as Master of Music at UCT and flourish in Cape Town as both teacher and professional cellist/guitarist; playing for instance in Artscape productions and the celebrated band Flat Stanley. And often accompanying the cantor of the historic Gardens synagogue at wedding gigs which have taken them far and wide; once as far as Kenya, floating with the guests in balloons over a game reserve. Robert Jeffery might fairly count as a would-be OA.

Regular contributor **Gerald Buisman (E62/66)** writes: Liz and I had our first overseas trip [to Europe] since the cursed Covid. Wonderful time: Eight countries, 24 destinations and renewing bonds with 66 family members and friends. We needed about a week's holiday after our holiday on returning home.

Hugh (David Hugh) Anderson (A61/65) tells us that having made a career in Scotland as an architect, he has now retired but not stopped being busy. 2020 brought a return to SA and a 'sabbatical' holed up in a corner of the Karoo, painting. This opportunity to reinvent himself as a painter was reinforced by a timely return home just before 'lockdown'. An exhibition later and he is still painting but is busy otherwise, primarily with two projects, the first in SA helping rebuild (organizationally) a large school in Sekukuniland originally built up by his brother **Peter Anderson (A54/58)**; the second helping regenerate the heart of his adopted city Glasgow. Both projects call for a mixture of inspiration and subtle bullying, maybe learned from infant days in front of Griff Mullins!

Charles Geoffrey Gardner (U63/67) writes: Among the highlights of our year was attending the wedding in London's East End of Scottish friends and seeing a kilted piper in full regalia welcoming the bride and groom with a nostalgic sight and sound that took me back to College days.

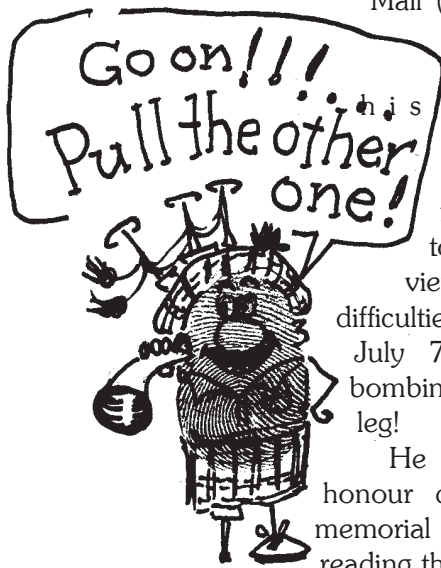
As I write, I am preparing autumn talks on how



God saves the best till last, specifically in respect of the Feast of Tabernacles celebrating God's presence with us both now and in the future millennial reign of Christ when attending the festival will be compulsory for the nations – or else no rain!

Having a God perspective on the chaotic times in which we are living is unfashionable but sorely needed, and I must have written some half-a-million words on the subject since retiring from the secular newspaper industry ten years ago.

My younger brother **David, (David Patrick U68/71)** meanwhile, who worked for the Daily Mail (as an accountant)



for many years, this week had leg pulled by a colleague and regular columnist for needing jokes to be repeated in view of his hearing difficulties sustained in the July 7, 2005, London bombings when he lost his leg!

He did have the honour during this year's memorial of the atrocity of reading the names of the 52 who died.

Older brother **Rob, (Robert Bruce U61/64)** now a retired doctor in Sydney, is battling health issues himself. But I remain proud of them both for their enduring fortitude.

John Henry Bailey (E68/72) sent us this: (see photo, top right)

Malcolm Rivett (X70/74) on the right, **Geoff Blackburn (E71/74)** on the left, and I (**E68/72**) hiked the Fish River Canyon in southern Namibia from 29 June to 3 July this year.

The hike, which had 13 in our party, was planned and organized by Malcolm. This is an adventure to a very barren and untamed environment but the starkness of it is simply beautiful. The most challenging part is the descent into the canyon from Hobas and then the first 2 days over very rocky and sandy terrain. It was reminiscent of the long walks at College with the difference that you have to carry all your provisions for the 5 days of the hike.

We had a bright full moon every night and sleeping under the canopy of a stellar blanket was an experience of a lifetime.

The challenge for us old men was carrying our packs for the five days. This hike is not a "walk in the park" and required quite a bit of training in

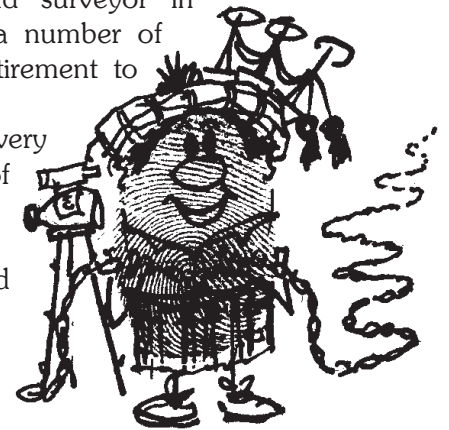
preparation for the journey that lay before us.



Geoff, John and Malcolm

John continues: **Dave Kirby (D/A64/67)** practised as a land surveyor in Margate, KZN for a number of years before his retirement to George in 2017.

He became a very good friend of mine with our common interest as professional land surveyors and him having been a well-respected and very meticulous member of our profession.



Sadly, Dave passed away two years after settling in George. An obituary for Dave was published in the Survey Journal and can be downloaded on the link attached to: <http://dx.doi.org/10.4314/sajg.v10i1.7>

A group of friends including his widow and son Davey climbed George Peak and placed a plaque, commemorating Dave, on the trigonometrical beacon that overlooks the town of George.

Malcolm Rivett joined us on the hike. Dave was a brother-in-law of **Pat Good (E62/65)**

John Gibson Lochhead (E66/70) writes: together with my bride of 40 years, Wendy, we have continued to cruise our home-built sailing ketch, Headway, through the Turks & Caicos and the Bahamas. We departed the Dominican Republic on 31 March (not wanting to be an April Fool) and after 4 months arrived in West palm, Florida, where we will haul out for the winter. Currently we are navigating the Intra Coastal Waterway, hoping that a hurricane will not spoil our fun.

Ockert Martin Oosthuizen (E62/66) writes of a visit to the Wall of Remembrance:

There are many areas of significance and interest at College that a keen OA and his family can visit, apart from the bar at The Highlander, when he calls at the old school to experience the atmosphere and smell of the place once again.

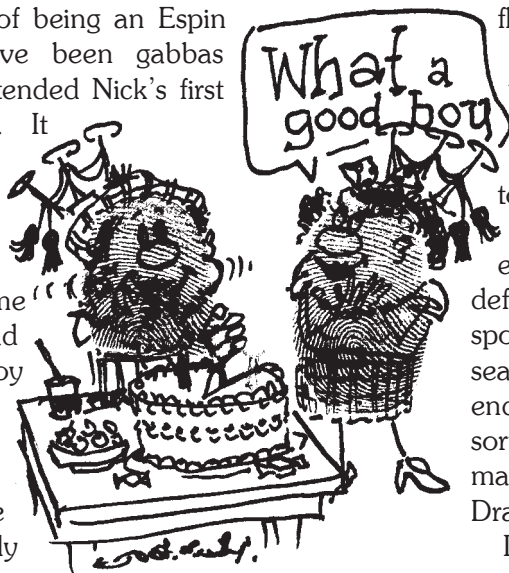
Indeed, the list is long – fresh newboys will confirm this emphatically.

One of those areas, in the shadow of the Clock Tower, is overlooked by the cheerful bust of Archbishop Desmond Tutu. It is the Wall of Remembrance, made of marble with marble plaques attached. These record the full names, House and dates of attendance at College of those who have moved on to better things in the bokveld. Among the plaques is a sequence displaying the names of Ockert Louis Oosthuizen (E22/27) Wallace Neil-Boss (A31/36) and Jeremy Henry David Roper (M 50/54).

It was a Saturday evening during March 2023 that Nick Neil Boss (A62/66) and Martin Oosthuizen (E62/66) stumbled bravely across Upper Field to the wall to pay their respects to their respective fathers and a brother. It had happened before, and it will happen again – always memorable.

Nick may be recalled as an exceptional achiever in College sport although he had no thoughts of cricket colours or a distinction in Maths. Martin had the distinction of being an Espin boy. They have been gabbas since Martin attended Nick's first birthday party. It was famously recorded in writing by Martin's mother at the time that Martin had been a good boy and ate his cake.

Should any OA feel it might be comfortable and entirely



satisfactory to join his mates on the wall when his time arrives, or feels his family and friends might think the same, contact the College Foundation Office. Bridget Rippon B.Rippon@sacschool.com

Roger Brooke (E67/71) writes that he retired from Duquesne University in 2022, but is still seeing patients. He can be found indulging his new pleasure, flying. He finally got his pilot's licence not long before his 70th birthday. Son Sebastian (Griffin: Prep 91/94) is now Head of the Department of Pediatric Plastic Surgery at the spanking (there must be a better word) new Children's Hospital in Morgantown, West Virginia. Big brother Robert (G93/93) is a research engineer for a Penn State University lab near Pittsburgh.

Hugh Anderson (A61/65) writes of Roger Freebairn 1936 – 2022, a Staff member from 1961 to 1965, as follows:

Those who were at College around the mid 1960's will be sad to hear of the death of Roger Freebairn, that once youthful, enthusiastic and brilliant young school master who was at College for a brief five or so years.

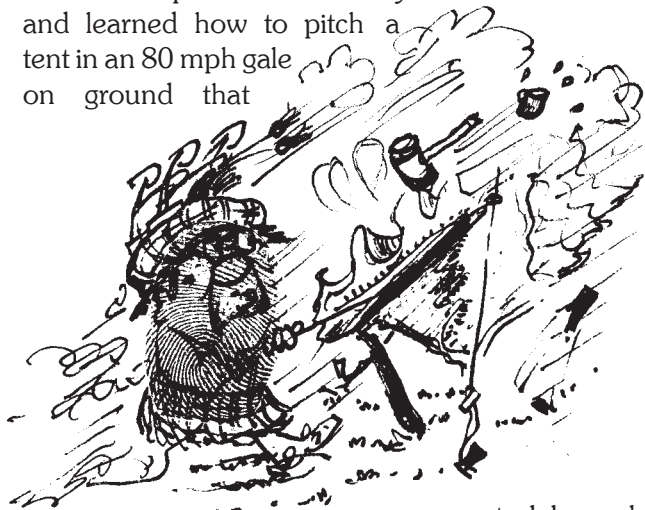
It is hard to think of Roger other than as that super energetic Englishman, who was up for anything South African while he was with us. He went on to make a significant contribution to Oundle School, his alma mater, but it was at College that he cut his teeth as a teacher, having just qualified from Oxford.

Roger came to teach English and it was as an English teacher that he opened up new worlds to those of us who thought that set books were merely a drudge to be got through at the tail end of a summer holiday. I remember him explaining things about DH Lawrence which made my schoolboy ears burn! More responsibly he introduced me and a class-full of dull sixteen year olds to the "war poets" in a way that genuinely affected my later career and, I suspect, the lives of others in that 1st floor Kettlewell classroom.

It was on the sports field and, in particular the Fives court, that Roger probably captured more people's imagination. He was tall and gangly and could stretch across the Fives court to slam home a corner shot to the terror of Eric Norton, not to mention a College boy. He was equally lethal on the squash court and was rarely defeated by either masters or boys. He coached all sports and had particularly successful Colts cricket seasons. His enthusiasm and encouragement endeared him to many and he had friends of all sorts. He was especially fond of the Mathematics master, Drac Lucas, and was cut up by the news of Drac's death in a car accident.

It was out of school however that several of us got

to know Roger well; he was after all only a few years older than those in post matric. With him Ron Forbes and I explored the Fish River Canyon and walked across what was then Basutoland. It was from him that I developed a taste for bully beef with raw onion and learned how to pitch a tent in an 80 mph gale on ground that



stubbornly refused to accept a tent peg. It was on these expeditions that we also learned to speak about things that schoolboys can find difficult to articulate, learning how to stand up for what you believed in, the importance of respecting others but challenging convention when need be, bravery in the face of ridicule and, above all a delight in beauty in literature as well as nature.

Roger returned to England where Ron and I were lucky enough to continue what had by then become an equal friendship, but Roger never lost his love for College and I can safely say that South Africa influenced him in as profound a way as he influenced us.

I dare say that there are others from College as well as generations of old Oundelians who can speak of him in similarly inspiring terms. He was quintessentially a school master, dedicated to what he was good at and what he believed in.

Ron Forbes (A61/65) continues: I can concur with everything that Hugh has said about Roger and would like to add one or two memories....

Being a young man on his own in South Africa, Roger was keen to see as much of the country as he could during the holidays. He regularly came to stay with my family in Vanderbijlpark where my sisters took advantage of his sense of humour and teased him mercilessly! My mother had a soft spot for him; she welcomed him into family life and enjoyed providing him with a home from home. He used to arrive in his ancient VW beetle car in which he bravely taught me to drive.

The highlights of our school holidays were expeditions facilitated by Roger, preferably to a wild and remote corner of the country. My first trip with

him, arranged with the help of the Isteds, was into Lesotho to the Maletsunyane Falls. Dick Isted, who spoke Sotho, came with us and negotiated the hire of three ponies.

Dick was an experienced rider, Roger and I less so, which resulted in some painful moments!

Hugh and Rob Anderson and I had a great interest in birds and I had heard of a Lammergeier (Bearded Vulture) eyrie deep in Lesotho. This was the focus of our next expedition as mentioned by Hugh. We trekked across wild mountainous country and were rewarded with a few sightings. This ignited in Roger a deep interest in tracking down Lammergeier in other parts of the world. In later life he travelled on motor bike from the UK to the Pyrenees and Spain in search of these majestic birds - this was also by way of a pilgrimage in the footsteps of the South African poet Roy Campbell for whom Roger had formed a great admiration.

Hugh has written about our trip to the Fish River Canyon. My abiding memory of camping on the way was that it was so cold overnight we had to sleep in every item of clothing we possessed. We spent several days in the Canyon with rigorous daily climbs in incredibly remote, wild and breathtaking surroundings.

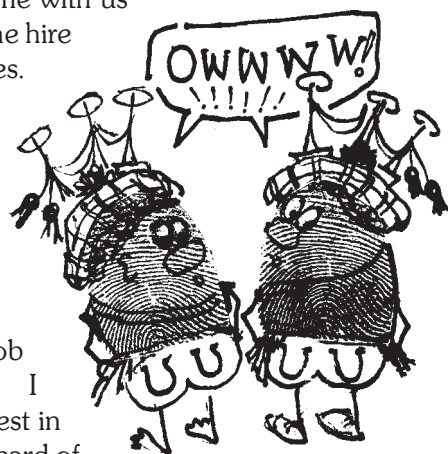
These trips inspired in me a deep love of the mountains and of wildlife which has stayed with me throughout life. Roger gave me far more than that. As an assistant housemaster and tutor he instilled in me a strong sense of morality and decency which were his abiding characteristics. We were fortunate boys indeed who had the benefit of his influence at such a formative age and who can also look back on such a lot of fun on extraordinary adventures and character-forming experiences. Thank you Roger.

Andrew Derick Emslie : (A85/89) writes:

STAGE 4 HAD ME SWEATING BOET!

Us 'tough as nails' men dread cancer screening tests so much that we procrastinate badly and put them off. Something to do with urologists having the thickest fingers of any profession apparently. Do I need to explain further? Not? OK!

Recent diagnoses of 3 friends reminds us of cancer lurking. A colonoscopy is the thing to do and my number was up this week. It involves a camera



and a tube and one's pipes need to be clean.

This is where the fun starts.

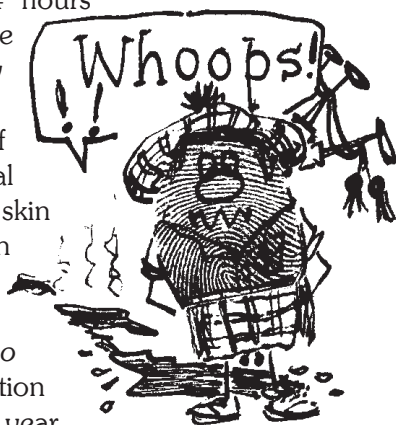
A strict regime has to be followed involving plenty of bland liquids (beer is not bland enough) and 3 doses of the Big Brother of Eno's. It's all calm before the storm for a couple of hours but that all changes swiftly. Brooklax has got nothing on BB Eno's! (Mac: my first experience was with a similar potion rather ironically called Golightly!)

I will spare you the details but it's going to take some time for me to trust a fart again. By the way, Vaseline is prescribed by the doc together with BB Eno's for good reason.

Fast forward 24 hours

and I'm on the doc's table squeaky clean and lubed.

I'm told to strip off including my special occasion leopard skin G-string. I'm then laid on my left side in the foetal (Mac: is that a typo for faecal?) position presenting my 51 year (hell that sounds old)



posterior for the camera. In this vulnerable state I'm somewhat alarmed when the anaesthetist rates my freckled bottom 12/10! Fortunately, the medicine kicks in and I drift off without further trauma and the investigation of my 9 metres of intestines gets underway.

A little while later in a haze I vaguely hear some anxious voices discussing Stage 4. This is a cancer test after all so Stage 4 talk makes one shit yourself; fortunately I'd done that for the past 24 hours, so it wasn't possible. Being somewhat drugged and confused, it took me some time to realize that it was Stage 4 loadshedding and a faulty generator that was causing the consternation. My relief was short-lived.

As I mentioned earlier there are 9m of tubes squashed into your stomach (no wonder my Sixpack has disappeared). The bladdy camera was 4m in and Eishkom was taking a breather. The 4x4 couldn't engage to get the buggie out.

I wasn't actively part of the solving of the problem cos the anaesthetist put me back into dreamland and when I woke up I was dressed and not in the least bit interested in finding out the details!

All's well that ends well - I have a pristine colon and a 10 year gap till the next episode!

Go for your check up - I promise it will be worth it!

Oliver (Guy Oliver) Sinclair (G88/92) reports: Diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis (MS) in 2004, this still hasn't stopped Oli. Once again, he has been selected to represent SA at the Para Surfing World Champs to be held at Huntington Beach, California in November 2023. This is his 3rd Proteas Surfing Cap.

Andrew Dirk De Blocq Van Scheltinga (A05/09) writes: I had the rare privilege of being asked by the school to return as this year's guest for the DB Wylde Leadership Indaba. This annual event invites an OA to share his views and experiences of leadership and his field of expertise through a public interview and to participate in other engagements with classes, staff, and student leadership. As an OA with the privilege of being under David Wylde's (A58/62) leadership at College, it was an immense personal distinction to be recognized by this institution set up in his honour, but even more so that he and his wife, Ingrid, made the time and effort to attend in person. I am also aware of the luminaries that have preceded me in these Indabas, which makes the honour all the more acute. I am perhaps different from previous guests as I have chosen a career that has drifted between environmental conservation, tourism, and community upliftment at BirdLife South Africa, a conservation NGO. One observer remarked that it was pleasing to see leadership highlighted in a new, thematic context away from business, management, politics, and other stereotypically associated spheres of leadership. I hope I delivered a useful message from my different experiences and perspective.

For me, it was an unforgettable visit, to say the least. On my first evening, I was expertly interviewed by Tom Clucas (SAC) and Lathitha Mayaba (DSG), two grade 11s with very bright futures and high aspirations as leaders themselves. I was honoured by the attendance of a full Highlander, with a mix of pupils, staff, and visitors. It was nostalgic to see many past teachers of mine in the audience, all of whom had a hand in shaping me as a f u t u r e

A full Highlander



leader. My two central messages were that every attendee of these schools has incredible opportunities that you cannot afford to waste and that they have a responsibility to use those opportunities to better themselves, their

communities, and their environment, and secondly, that leadership must be driven by values and integrity and not ego, else it is fruitless.

The rest of my time in Makhanda (it still feels odd to use the new name!) was spent delivering guest lectures to grades 8-11 about bird evolution, ecology, and conservation, engaging with the Environmental Club, and having lunch with the School Prefects.

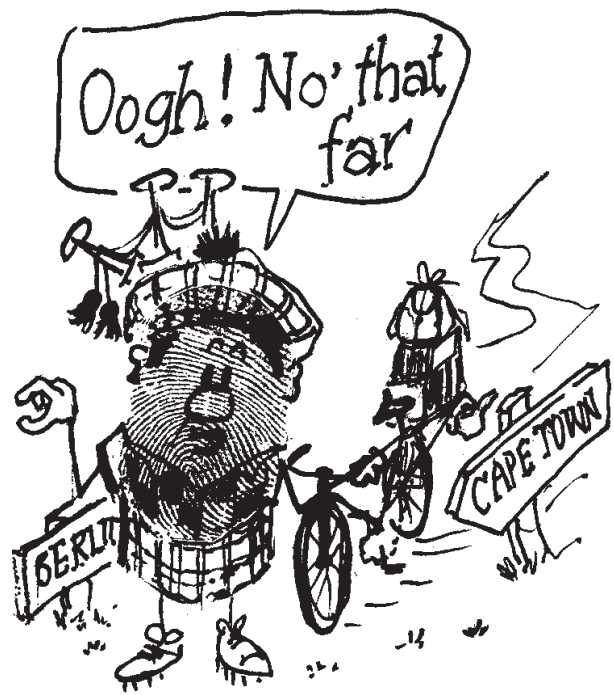
I am indebted to Mr Aidan Smith, staff member from 2001-2023, for facilitating the visit – it was just about the last contribution he made of his long service to St Andrew’s College before he moved on the SACS in Cape Town – and to Mr Graham Creese (M90/93; G94) for hosting me, and to Mr Wylde for his engagement.

This has been a breakthrough year for me in many senses, from being placed on a prestigious Democratic Alliance Young Leaders Program to signing two book deals (for a children’s storybook and a bird field guide) and other personal and professional milestones. I am so grateful for the platform St Andrew’s College provided me, and it was a distinct pleasure to give back in some small way.

Oscar Louis Maeyer (E13/15) reports on Cycling from Berlin to Cape Town.

For the past year, my sister and I have been pedalling our bicycles from Berlin to Cape Town. We set off from Germany (*Mac: Oh, not the Berlin near East London then?!*) in September 2022 down the Balkans, reached Athens by Christmas, flew across the Mediterranean and then cycled from Cairo through Sudan, Ethiopia, Kenya, Uganda, Rwanda, Tanzania, Zambia, Botswana and are currently in Central Namibia.

The main purpose of our trip is to educate ourselves about our continent, to provide those following our journey a raw account of the realities



on the ground (both positive and negative), and to raise money for 2 fantastic organisations through our crowdfunding campaign. To date we have raised 5 000 Euros for the Prince Albert Skills School, which teaches technical skills and provides psychological support to children from difficult socio-economic backgrounds; the 2nd organisation for which we have also raised 5 000 Euros, is The Humane League. They are ranked as one of the highest impact organisations in the world and aim to end the worst suffering in the animal agriculture industry. We support these 2 as they have a proven track record of effectiveness in helping those who have no voice of their own.

We feel incredibly privileged to experience such a unique and worldview-expanding trip. We have faced physical and emotional difficulties, as expected, but have overcome them all (not always with a smile but rather a sweaty groan). To date we have

travelled about 14 000 kms on a tight budget, a vegan diet, and an intentional sense of openness to experience. We hope to cover the last 2000 kms of our trip and reach Cape Town by November. My MSc (Governance of Sustainability) as well as this deep immersion into our continent has inspired me to pursue a position in the biodiversity conservation, climate, or ecosystem restoration field.

