

**Andrew Joubert**



I “did time” as a boarder at Mason House, Canigou, and The Lilacs, and imagine that many other E63s will have written about events they experienced at school. I would therefore like, in this note, to pay tribute to the many classmates and their families for their kindnesses shown to me while in boarding school.

Arriving as a stranger in Standard 6 from Malmesbury was quite an experience, although I had the advantage of an elder brother (Christopher “Prof” Joubert E61) and many of his friends (Richard Hunter E61, particularly) who had gone ahead and pioneered the unknown before me. My first memory of RBHS had been the Diamond Jubilee Fete of 1957 at which I bought many packets of stamps for my collection.

Some of the first day-boy classmates to show kindness and hospitality in their homes were Peter Hodes, David Geffen and Richard Spring. Later at UCT in 1968, Richard and I shared a trip through South Africa, the Transkei, and Mozambique. Years later, my wife Jill and I visited Richard at the House of Commons where he was an MP, before his elevation to the Lords. His cousin Malcolm Farquharson E64 (son of Nancy Watson-Morris) joined us in London for Jill’s birthday lunch one year when my sister Penny and her husband Franc Bentley (E64) accompanied us on a holiday to London.

Richard Frantz’s family were also most kind, and had me as a guest to stay in their home. I remember Richard’s father, then Chief City Electrical engineer, taking our class to the new Athlone power station to show us how it worked. Richard’s mother took us to Hermanus for a day’s outing, and I remember having lunch at Grotto Beach.

At Mason House, friends included Richard Dryden and Edmund Lee. I spent a short holiday with Edmund at his home in Caledon, where we built a Webradial-powered aeroplane, which we subsequently flew on the Lower Desert.

At Canigou I met Chris Steyn whose parents were temporarily living in the UK. Chris and I became particularly good friends many years later in



Johannesburg. Jill and I moved to Johannesburg in 1979, and I almost immediately attended an Old Boys' dinner, hosted by Noel Stamper. Peter Terblanche (E61) and I joined the Jhb OBU committee that year, and Adrian Waters (E64) also took the helm later.

Robert Schrire also became a good friend, and he and his American wife, Christine, hosted us overnight at their home in Santa Barbara California in 1973. I visited him again in 1980 at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

I owe a particular debt of thanks to Chris Buyskes. He and I were house prefects at The Lilacs in our matric year. He was quite a ladies' man, with lovely girlfriends. One Sunday at St Thomas' Church he introduced me to his girlfriend Jill Birbeck. I immediately fell madly in love with her. We married in 1972 and have two daughters and four grandchildren.

Interestingly, many of our Rondebosch friends have also been married for 40 years and more – Peter and Lynn Terblanche, Chris and Belinda Steyn, Richard and Bonny Frantz, my sister Penny and Franc Bentley, Richard and Margaret Hunter, my brother Christopher and Verity, and many others. I guess we've been very fortunate.

On a brief biographical note, I went to the Army Gym with Paul Duminy in 1964, and joined him at UCT Medical School, with Derek van den Berg the following year. I unfortunately didn't make the grade, but graduated with a B.Bus.Sc. (Hons) at end '71. Tony Hoenson served with me in the Dukes Regiment, as did many other RBHS Old Boys.

I worked for Foschini in Cape Town, and Avis, Investec Bank, IBM and Liberty Life in Johannesburg. I graduated with an M.B.A. at Wits Business School in 1993. I currently work at Wits University as a PhD scholar, and run executive education courses for the Wits School of Economic and Business Sciences in conjunction with Wits Commercial Enterprise.

Lindsay Kennedy



Lindsay and Tessa

My first memory of Rondebosch goes back to Standard 1. I was in the 'pikkies' playground when a Standard 2 boy called me 'Carrots'. I took exception to this – surely my hair was more strawberry blonde than red! Then, to make my displeasure felt, I hit him. Needless to say my nickname after that was Ken and thankfully not Carrots.

I remember so many of the Prep School teachers with affection but must admit that Yvonne Hartman and Miss Wingate made more of an impression on me than the Misses Johnson, Baumann and Vickerstaff! I wonder why? I was immensely impressed when Solly Robinson put over a drop kick from the halfway line on Oakhurst when we were U11 or U12, only later to realise that the halfway line was only 30 odd metres from the poles and not 50!

I was destined to go to Paarl Boys' High from Standard 6 – my father, who came from Swellendam, was keen that I become bilingual. I implored him to allow me to attend Std 6 at the High School, as Tinkie Heyns was the rugby coach for U13 rugby teams. My Dad, also being rugby crazy, relented, saying that I would however go to Paarl from Standard 7. The rest is history...

The late Billy Trengove features twice in my reminiscences. Firstly, in Standard 7 I incorrectly answered an English test question as 'Every cloud has a golden edge', as did Charlie Foord, who was sitting next to me. Not to be fooled, Billy picked up this 'duplication'. On entering the class he said, 'Foord and Kennedy stand up!' Unfortunately Charlie, who was the culprit, was away ill but nonetheless Billy confronted me and asked which one of us had cribbed. Although I was genuinely innocent, I had to say that I was the guilty party as we Bosch boys do not 'split'. I was duly punished, much to Charlie's delight. Some years later Billy spoke to me and admitted his error in not confronting both of us as at the time he had known that I was innocent.

Secondly, while I was in Standard 9, Billy produced the play 'The Admirable Crichton' and some Rustenburg girls were invited to take the female roles. I



was on the admin side and gate-crashed the cast party on the final night. On entering the group of actors I saw Johnny Kipps talking to an attractive girl and I asked him 'Johnny, who's your friend?' He then introduced me to Tessa Anderson who became my wife in 1969! We are still happily married today.

Another incident concerning a teacher happened while I was in Matric. Roy Schreiber was on prefect duty after little break and I was in the headmaster's office discussing some issue with Mr Clarke. We were both due to attend a double period of geography. Our teacher, Attie Baard, was ill so Willem Diepeveen was standing in for him. Upon entering the class Diepeveen said, 'Schreiber - you are late - get out!!' 'But sir, I was on prefect duty,' Roy stammered. 'I don't care - get out' was Diepeveen's reply, upon which Roy went to the prefects' room. Five minutes later I entered the geography class and received the same treatment as Roy. Needless to say Roy and I had a wonderful free double period in the prefects' room!

One Friday evening after scouts, Peter Korck and I together with two Marist Brothers' pupils (John and Gavin Copeland) threw crackers onto Mango van Oordt's stoep. He opened the front door, upon which we ran off. Little did we know that Mango was a step ahead of us, as he had jumped into the canal and taken a short cut. A little while later the four of us were outside Jill Mabin's house chatting with her and some friends when up the road strode this very long-legged man - Mango. Peter and I ducked behind the Mabins' wall, rather anxious that we were going to be busted! Fortunately John and Gavin pleaded ignorance when Mango asked if they had seen two Rondebosch boys running past - it really was a close call indeed!

As you are all aware, I started losing my hair in Standard 9 - or was it eight? At the time we were doing European history and some guys started calling me Garibaldi. I guess I was thick-skinned or just brazened it out and showed no emotion but I must admit that those were very trying and hurtful times for me. Upon reflection I see that as a positive as it helped to develop my character and personality.

I have been blessed that my reminiscences of Rondebosch have been - and still are - ongoing these past 50 years. I have maintained contact with as many of our classmates as possible and have been privileged to share confidences, highs and lows with so many. It is this, plus the genuine camaraderie that we all share together which makes it all worthwhile. I will continue to do so for as long as possible - God willing.

During our Matric year I, together with so many others, was called up to the army for the compulsory nine months' training - it was the first year of a 100% call-up.

### In a Class of Our Own

I was all ready to do my duty in 1964 when I was advised that the army had over-balloted and that my services were no longer required. At that stage it was too late to enrol at UCT so I joined Barclays Bank for ostensibly one year (1964). As my scouting career had been noticed by the bank's South African Head Office, on their recommendation Barclays London picked me as the first foreigner to attend the Outward Bound Leadership School in Umtali, Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) in February 1965. As a closeted white South African, I experienced a truly wonderful multiracial world, one which changed my entire outlook on life and on so many aspects of South Africa.

At this stage I was sucked into the system and stayed with Barclays (First National Bank) for 25 years, rising to a managerial position at a fairly young age.

My big regret, however, is that, although I passed all the various stages of the banking exams (CAIB.SA), I never attended university as was my original plan.

In 1989 I joined Roy Schreiber in a glass agency business and we had 20 wonderful years together. In 2008 we cancelled our agency agreement and I joined Roy in another of his businesses. Sadly, in 2010, through no fault of Roy's company, the holding company went 'belly up' and the entire group was liquidated. This resulted in my going on retirement 18 months before I had planned to.

Fortunately I had started a relatively small glass import company in 2002, which I have now expanded and operate from home. I import glass from Europe, UK, China, Egypt and the UAE.

Tessa and I are having a wonderful retirement together living on this business and plan finally to retire in a few years' time – perhaps?

We have two children. Lauren is the elder and is married to Luke Hirst from England whom she met in Australia. Lauren is business director of Ogilvy Earth, Cape Town. They have two sons and a daughter and live in Hout Bay. Our son, Ian (E93), is married to Lindy Rosenthal (granddaughter of Eric Rosenthal of 'Three Wise Men' fame). Ian is Director of Golf at Steenberg Golf Club. They have a son and a daughter and live in Meadowridge. We are very blessed to have these two families in Cape Town as Lauren and Ian spent nine and seven years in England and America respectively.

I am the treasurer of our local neighbourhood watch, a deacon in our church and Tessa and I have belonged to a small service club for over 40 years. I try and attend gym when I can.

Altius et Latius



## Johnny Kipps



**Juliet and Johnny**

My first recollection of Rondebosch, probably like most others, was meeting 'Ensi' with my Mom, and having to do his white door handle, yellow door handle routine. I guess I passed that one. My next earliest school memory is of Brian Fraser who amazed us by announcing that he had read a book, 'When I was Six,' by AA Milne. For a Sub A pupil, that was pretty impressive!

Actually, Nick Diemont was the first classmate I met, as I have a hazy memory of going to his Malcolm Road house *before* we started school, our parents being friends, and hoping to ease their precious little chaps into the rigours of school early.

Sandy Marr's home in Kenilworth (and holiday house in Knysna) played a huge part in my RBPS life as I have fantastic memories of hours in the pool, playing in the big myrtle hedge abutting Harfield Road, (from where we once watched what must have been one of the last Snoek Town horse-drawn fishcarts go by – with fish-horn calling!), cucumber sandwiches in the lounge at 4pm and lots more; travelling to Knysna and checking off the mile posts as we lolled around in the back of the Rolls. Long before David Ogilvie of Ogilvie and Mather fame came up with his wonderful ad, we knew that – if we shut up - the only noise you could hear in that magnificent vehicle was the ticking of the clock! And the memories of Knysna include digging for bloodworms at low tide, then catching white stumpnose right off the front porch! And another time – perhaps when Donald Andrew and Dick Morris came down and joined us – at his sister's farm we watched a horse being castrated by a vet; an experience guaranteed to make an impression on an eight year-old!

Sandy and I also spent a week on a trawler. My Dad was in the fishing industry and we got our sea legs early – it was rough and tough, but we had a ball, helping to sort the fish, shooting sharks following the nets and catching seagulls on fishing lines (ugh – how could we do that??)

### In a Class of Our Own

Lindsay and I met in the ring at one of the annual boxing championships; Mrs Kipps' little boy certainly came off worst being totally mismatched against the pugilistic Kennedy. That's where we learnt the expression "technical knockout!"

In Prep School days I joined 2<sup>nd</sup> Rondebosch cubs and, later, scouts. My Mom and Dad were definitely keen on scouts, thinking that it would keep their boys away from drugs, drink and rock and roll – for a while longer. Camps at Beaufort West amongst the oranges on the vd Merwe farm, Gilcape, Bains Kloof, and Applethwaite (the home of Appletiser) in Elgin gloriously filled our summer holidays, and I've always appreciated the independence I learnt through the scouting movement. And learning to drive; unbelievably I remember driving the old Ford, owned by scoutmaster Graham Korck (Peter's brother) up du Toits Kloof Pass when I couldn't have been more than fourteen.

What I couldn't manage with my fists in the ring under Don Laidlaw's tutelage I did with a rope and a monkey's fist (the knotted end). Being teased by some of the older scouts, I took a swing at Neil Gold (elder brother of Richard) with the rope – not realising the knotted end was filled with lead – and laid him out cold!

One memory of junior school days was being amazed – bewitched - by the mercurial Keith Anderson on the tightrope over the old swimming pool in front of Mason House. How somebody could stay on that thin wire was beyond the ken of the small boys watching.

In Prep School days we used to go to Newlands to watch rugby sitting inside the schoolboys' enclosure, edging onto the grass. Those were the days of Tommy Gentles and Tom van Vollenhoven. Later, as we grew up, Bull Le Roux's Dad had two season tickets for the grandstand at Newlands, which regularly saw four or five of us in the stands. Into the schoolboys' enclosure we'd go, hop over the fence into the main standing area, then the first two up into the Grandstand and as soon as an exciting part of the game came by, two tickets would come fluttering down wrapped in a hankie, and so it would go.

Up in the stand one day, one of the neighbours, probably cheesed off that four or five boys were now squeezing him out as they crowded into a couple of seats, and tired by the endless backchat warned Bull not to join the SABC when he grew up. Why? "They'd be able to turn you off!"

Derek and I lived in Muir Road and would ride our bikes to school together, with me stopping by at his house to 'pick him up'. We'd go through the morning ritual of the lovely and tiny Mrs Van, looking up at her youngest son towering over her and asking whether he had a clean handkerchief in his



pocket. One morning she told me Derek had gone sleepwalking and she'd found him wandering down Muir Road. Or was she having me on?

The Derek and Bull escapades continued and one year we were camping in Hermanus when we heard that Nick Diemont's sister, Margaret, was getting married. We thought had they known we'd be in town, we would surely have been invited, so not wanting to deny the Diemont's our sparkling company, we went along anyway. But I guess we were apprehensive about running into Nick's dad, Judge Marius, who would have been a scary guy for wrongdoers - so we hung around the back - and lo, that's where the tubs of champagne were! Heaven; what more could a Rondebosch boy want!

Hermanus must have been a wild place, for I recall a story of some - surely not the clean living 'EG3 lot - running down the corridors of the Bay View Hotel late one night ripping out the flower decorations and playing darts with the arum lilies! The police were called and gave chase on foot - but the miscreants got clean away. One of the darts players was Paul Schipper who was a couple of years ahead of us. Recounting the story later, Paul's escape from the police came to the ears of Tickey de Jager. He swelled with pride - "I taught that boy to run!" he said.

Another recollection of Hermanus was going into a bar - didn't they ask for ID in those days? - where Jan Rozwadowski ordered a glass of brandy. Thinking he was being patronised with the shot offered, he insisted he wanted a "proper, full glass of brandy". History doesn't tell how he got home that night. But later, for some reason also lost in the mists, the manager stormed over the dance floor and started yelling and prodding Derek van den Berg in the chest. For all his size, Derek is a real gentleman, but it was the manager's mistake to think he could be shoved around the dance floor. All too soon we looked on in amazement as the manager lay spread-eagled in the middle of the floor. (Why didn't Don Laidlaw match Derek against Lindsay in the 1958 Boxing Champs?)

One of the masters we revered was Doc Watson, for he taught us how to climb! My Dad loved the mountains and from a very early age over the weekends we were frequently exploring Table Mountain with him. But it was Doc who taught us to "rock climb", and with Brian Fraser and Ferdi Fischer we steadily increased our skills. We journeyed afar with Doc, frequently to the Cedarberg, and in one memorable trip combined with a master and boys from SACS we went to the Annual Camp of the Mountain Club of South Africa in the Drakensberg for a two week trip, where we climbed Cathkin Peak, Champagne Castle and mounted the heights to M'ponjawane. And these days, our love of the mountains remains undiminished.

### In a Class of Our Own

As 'E63 drew to a close with matric study leave, we organised an overnight camp up the mountain at Firtree near MacLear's Beacon, descending via Ledges the next morning. John Hill reminded me that on the way down he fell and damaged his leg and I helped him off the mountain. What I remember from that day, however, was once we were down, having cycled like mad to Mowbray to watch the SA Golf Champs and sitting beside a bunker, we were ticked off by Gary Player for chatting as he was preparing his chipshot!

Mountaineering also cemented my friendship with the ever-enthusiastic John Klosser ('E62). Who can forget John striding up to the lectern for the morning bible reading and before halfway up the steps beginning "The reading this morning is taken....".

In the early 1950s John's father had the foresight to acquire, in partnership with two others, an unsurpassed property which surrounds the Infanta village at the mouth of the Breede River and stretches about 5 miles down the coast. The guest book records that Alan Clarke ('E62) and Chris "Skaap" Mundy went to Infanta in the early years, and that Jeff Leeuwenburg, Ferdi Fischer, Brian Fraser, Frank Einhorn ('E62), Robin Parker ('E62), Robin's elder brother, Graham Parker ('E58?), Gavin Birch, Dave Cornell ('E64), my brother Peter ('E60) and Leslie (Buz) Beck amongst others spent wonderful days swimming, fishing from the rocks at Infanta, hiking the coastal trails, birdwatching, gamewatching – and long nights singing and (to use Gavin Birch's euphemistic expression) "playing"! (Gavin was also good at alliteration, if not at spelling – his telegram when Juliet and I were married, presumably addressed to Juliet, was "Kwit kicking Kipps").

Jeff L, John Klosser and I shared a flat in Rosebank at sometime during varsity days. One Saturday when it was Jeff's turn to do the catering, we each gave him our five rands. And what did he bring back to sustain us over the next week – a demijohn of Tassies and an lp, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony! "You guys need some culture" explained Jeff. We went hungry that week – but at least we could drown our sorrows whilst enjoying the stirring music!

Another lifelong love imparted from my Dad is sailing. (Thanks for that, too, Dad!) We had a small dinghy which we sailed in the lagoon at Hermanus and Zeekoevlei. Then Jack Koper, father of Chris in brother Peter's class, designed the Dabchick. Soon we were building our own Dabchick on trestles in the garden in Muir Road. This gave us years of pleasure down at 'the vlei', and formed my friendship with Robbie 'Rat' Meyer, who used to cycle with me to the vlei for sailing over the weekends and during the summer holidays. We'd camp out in, or besides the old thatch-roof yacht club - and before anyone asks - no, we weren't the cause of the ZVYC clubhouse burning down!



From the small beginnings in the little dinghy near "Die Mond" at Hermanus, I've crossed the Atlantic three times, including the first Cape to Rio Race, competed in the Admirals Cup, Cowes week, Cork Week, the Fastnet, the BeachComber Race and the Sydney - Hobart Race. Nowadays, whilst still sailing with my mates - we won the Gentlemens' Class last year in Cork Week in Ireland in a classic Swan 46 - a lot of our "sea time" is spent on the Thames and the canal system of southern England on our wide-beamed canalboat, "Shosholozo". It's a lot more comfortable than a Dabchick!

Like many of us, 1964 was time spent (wasted?) courtesy of the Minister of Defence. My journey took me to Oudtshoorn, Pretoria, Walvis and Windhoek. There followed a few years climbing and skiing with the UCT Mountain and Ski Club and regattas with the UCT Sailing Club, interspersed with the odd lecture and much sitting on Jammie Steps. Then, more serious stuff at Deloittes. Thereafter, armed with a B Com and CA - I went sailing! The races of Australia and NZ then called, after which we circled Australia and sailed to the Seychelles on Cornelius Bruynzeel's boat, 'Stormy.' I spent two years in the Seychelles, the second on honeymoon, as Juliet and I married in her hometown of Blantyre, Malawi, halfway through that period.

After the Seychelles, it was back to South Africa, first to the Nedbank Group in Johannesburg, followed by a return to Cape Town to join John Le Roux at Personal Trust.

In the Cape we lived in Marina da Gama and our kids went to nearby Muizenberg Junior School. When it was time for our son Courtney to be interviewed for high school, it was a given in our house that he would go to Rondebosch. But we landed up with interviews, not only at Rondebosch, but two other lesser 'local institutions', as well. Mr Peake, headmaster at Bishops, looked a rather forbidding character, and, as my brother and I had been at Rondebosch, and my grandfather had been headmaster of SACS Junior school for so many years (33, I think) he asked why I wished to apply for my son to go to Bishops? "I don't", I replied. "I'm only here because my wife insisted. I want my son to go to Rondebosch!"

I'm not sure what I said to the then headmaster at Rondebosch (who will remain nameless) when we subsequently went through the RBHS interview, but to my horror he told me Marina da Gama was out of the "catchment area" and so Courtney landed up at Bishops. (When I told Lindsay about this a couple of years later, he was as cross as I had been at the time - but by then Courtney was loving his time at Bishops!)

Europe called and we landed in the Isle of Man where, courtesy of Ferdie's boutique investment bank, I had a stint in the shipping, oil and gas business. Then I started my own business supplying corporate investment and

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### In a Class of Our Own

insurance solutions to a client base largely comprising fellow South Africans. Along the way, one of my clients proposed we take over a gold-mining company listed on the Aim market of the London Stock Exchange, so for almost seven years I was a gold-miner in Eastern Europe, focussed on the former Soviet republic of Uzbekistan with lesser adventures in Kyrgyzstan, Romania and the Ukraine. Those classmates seeking a quiet life are definitely advised not to follow suit.

In the Isle of Man, Courtney went to the local public school, King William's College. One day I asked the headmaster why he didn't do something about the boys who walked around with their shirts hanging out, a sign of 'cool' I never quite got my head around! The headmaster explained about the problem of disciplining boys and when I suggested he just gave them cuts if they didn't listen, he was aghast. "I'd go to jail", he replied. When I told him about our U13 Pepsi - Cuts training regime ("Pepsi if you win, Cuts if you lose") under Tinkie Heyns, he clearly thought I'd come from the Wild West!

My daughters "chaff" me that I meet Rondebosch boys wherever I go; among those who come to mind were Brydon Malleon ('E70+~~-~~) running the London Marathon; Hal Hofmeyer ('E53+~~-~~) who was walking down the pontoon at Cowes Week wearing his OB tie!; Anthony Broadhurst ('E60) having coffee with my neighbour in the Isle of Man; Georges Le Quime ('E73+~~-~~) in a mining investment conference in London - and the latest, a fortnight ago, skiing in Austria, Hugh Davies, ('E87) who told me of the wonderful filmmaking experience he enjoyed whilst at RBHS, lectured by our own John Hill and how the film they made that year, "The Final Cut" about the Immorality Act - which would certainly have been a dangerous subject to choose at that time - won the Gold Award at the London Film Festival! (Well done, John!)

It's always a pleasure to meet OBs and generally leads to extolling the amazing privilege of being part of the RBH&PS family, how the Rondebosch experience crafted our lives, the masters who influenced us and the classmates who knocked us into shape. Thanks to one and all, it's been a wonderful journey.

Altius et Latius.

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Neil Kritzinger



On boarding school life: Even though I was a small eater, food was always an issue..... Budgeting one's R5 quarterly allowance to include tuck shop cream buns. After school tea and bread. Lazy walks to church on Sundays, sometimes rendezvousing at Evergreens on Main Road, Rosebank, for a toasted cheese sandwich. Gallons of Rum-and-Raisin ice cream for birthdays. Occasional visits to the Wimpy Bar at the downtown OK Bazaars (and also at the OK, Roy's legendary bra shopping escapade, using hand gestures to indicate cup size!). 'Cookie's' meatballs, and musical beans, and the competition for butter. Picking up tuck boxes at the Post Office. And wondering now how come I never found a regular day-boy sandwich sponsor? The race upstairs after study in Mason House to prevent others from 'volkswagening' one's new aluminium bed. After-supper piano honky-tonk in Canigou with David Geffen. Listening to the radio after 'light's out'; Springbok and LM radio the tenuous links to the 'outer' world. Sunday afternoon duck-diving on the Upper Desert, and touch ruggar on the main field. Ballroom duty. Early Saturday morning coffee in the 'huts' at Mason House getting ready for a rugby game. Saturday afternoon rugby at Newlands, and the nightmare of being expected to stop Kennedy and Mundy in junior inter-house rugby. After-dinner cricket in the nets. Three days and nights on the school train to Windhoek (bless those Rustenburg and St. Cyp's girls for their kindness, wherever they are), star-filled midnight stops to take on water, mad dashes to and from the movie theater in De Aar, and meeting up there with Piet Schroeder. Clay court tennis after supper on the old court at Mason House. Tinkie, of course - his pearls of wisdom that were passed on almost unnoticed, and the 'light cane'. Occasional Sundays watching surfers with Athol from the wall in Muizenburg. Tickey, of course, especially for his motivating assurance to my parents that I would never be a scholar - which was thankfully only partially accurate. Patting for earthworms on Sundays when there was simply nothing better to do. The wonderful sense of freedom running laps around the Rondebosch Common, and the agony of having to organize 'socials' with Rustenburg, and dance with Ms. Thompson (and thanks

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to Linda Kent and Shirley Douglas, wherever you are, for being 'blind dates' when I had no option but to attend a dance!!) And most of all, simply Mason House, where we learned the pleasure of the 'punishment' of having to write out 'If', and of reading the daily paper, and of doing a (little) bit of daily study. Mason House, for me the place of Kipling's '60 seconds worth of distance run', Tinkie's gentle chidings, lifelong memories and friendships, first glimmerings of personal independence and, of course, the 5-minute warning bell and cold showers to remind one of the consequences of inaction!

And in between that strange way of growing up, there was school - almost another world! There was Mr. Clarke, who agreed to my admission after a nervous Saturday morning meeting. And Arthur Jayes, who looked like a 'real' schoolmaster - not too many of those in Windhoek! Mike Welsh's Latin exhortation 'never to fall into the arms of a hairy female'. Marj Clarke's choir. Billy and Buck, English teachers extraordinaire. The disappointment of not being allowed to do Woodwork and Metalwork, and of having to do Physics and Chemistry instead! And wondering whether Ms. Chambers would ever volunteer to pose nude for life drawing (was I the only one thinking that?!). Friday afternoons in the Mess after it had been concluded that I was not cut out to be a model soldier - and providing free haircuts instead (or was it for cream-buns - I can't remember!). Writing the 1st XV rugby reports for Die Burger, Mossie's 7 tries against Marist Brothers, and the intense under 14 and 15 battles against SACS and Paul Roos. Happy afternoons spent on the Lower Desert training for track, and the spectacle of the field on 'Sports Day'. And with sport so dominant, learning from the always under-appreciated 'non-sporting-types', so many of whom have gone on to great things, and the discovery that many of those considered to be 'roff', or somehow lesser, had hearts of gold, and hidden talents, and their own stories to tell. And my first hike up Skeleton Gorge, and the quiet pleasure of sorting and tidying books in the Afrikaans Library. And oh, did I mention Lindsay Kennedy, background shit-stirrer supreme?! And Charlie Hallack, of course, but less for all the classroom nonsense than for teaching me to enjoy and respect history - and so here we are now, writing our own..... Wow, where have all the years gone, especially for those of us who left in body, but never in spirit? I have truly missed so much, but on one of my visits to Cape Town I did have the great pleasure of attending a 2007 Rondebosch vs. Herschel debate - where my daughter out-duelled the boyz!! (I was too scared to volunteer for debating, and my son, sad to say, attended Bishops as a post-Matric). But as much as I may have missed by having left, that wonderful feeling of being a 'Rondebosch Boy' never fades. What a privilege it was to attend RBHS, and to share it all with guys like you and with our many deceased brothers. And for those of us who can, what a wonderful thing to be able to get together again.



Truly, Altius et Latius, and a special personal thanks to those of you who have taken the time, and care, to keep the flame alive.

Jimmy McDermott and I started life at RBHS in Mason House which is, as you know, Tinkie's self-declared "Best House in the World." From there we moved to 'The Lilacs,' where, at that time, Tickey de Jager was housemaster. Jimmy was an avid reader, and on one occasion was surreptitiously reading under his desk during study-hour. Ticky unexpectedly swung by, in part to check that we were all 'studying', but primarily to ask, "has anyone seen the Cape Times?" Having not noticed Ticky's entrance, Jimmy was of course completely startled, panicked (which he will deny), and loudly blurted out, "8.15, Sir", whereupon the entire study dissolved into raucous laughter.

The second 'Jimmy event' took place on the morning of Saturday, the 23rd of November, 1963 - the day the news broke of Kennedy's assassination. Jimmy was playing for the 2nd XI on the Lower Desert, against one of the Afrikaans schools, at the time considered vastly inferior competition (before we discovered that not only RBHS Steyn's, de Villiers', Morkel's and Le Roux's could play the game). Peanut Thwaites was umpiring, but wanted to be on the side lines to listen to incoming news reports, and thus asked for a volunteer to replace him. I loved cricket (rather fancying my 'leggies' in the nets with 'real' cricketers) and volunteered. A wicket fell, and the incoming batsman was none other than Jimmy McDermott. Our tail was struggling to resurrect the innings against the uncouth marauders, and Jimmy was clearly intending to play an epic knock. But his failings were those we have come to expect of bowlers, which is to say he thought of himself as an unjustifiably misplaced No 4. Unfortunately for him, he played forward to a ball he clearly misjudged (and probably never saw), and one that in my 'Namibian Hawk-Eye' estimation was very obviously destined for his middle stump. Up went my finger, more or less at the same time that Jimmy started uttering all sorts of uncomplimentary epithets, closely followed by Peanuts throwing a complete hissy-fit on the boundary!! Like any good umpire, I stood my ground, and raised my finger a second time, just as Peanuts came storming onto the field mouthing his inevitable "bloody fool, bloody idiot man" diatribe!!!

Mark (Swift), I still owe you an apology for the part I played in the Standard 7 dorm giving you the silent treatment. I know you were hurt by it. Pooch Murcott remained a loyal friend to you, and I learned a valuable life's lesson.

John Bull, you very kindly invited me to play squash with you at WPCC over a long weekend during which I stayed in at the boarding house. The courts were dusty, and the game rather strange, but squash became a life-long love of mine, so thanks for that.

### In a Class of Our Own

In the category of 'bad prefect, good decision'; one fine evening towards the end of my stint as head of Canigou, Baartie asked me to check on the upper-study. It was well known that use of the 'late study' privilege was a flimsy pretext for having a smoke. I stuck my head in, almost choked, and the occupants miraculously disappeared from view behind a single (albeit sturdy) column. Having been taught by my father that any punishment should fit the crime, and with finals a week or two away, I blithely but falsely reported back that everything was A-Ok! Needless to say, I never received a word of thanks from the Niehauses, Wiggetts, Drydens, Fletchers, and Schroeders of the world!

Such were the commonplace events of our RBHS cricketing days!



**School Play** (Picture Courtesy of Hugh Hodge)



Leslie Lang



#### Cracks in the Granite

Born in the shadow of Table Mountain in Cape Town, South Africa, I was obviously destined to seek, find and repair cracks in granite.

I completed my primary education at Rondebosch Prep School – renowned for its prowess on the sports field. I always revelled in the claim that my only claim to fame would be that I completed my entire schooling at that august institution while managing to avoid totally contact with a football of any description. I was a little more enthusiastic on the cricket field as having such poor ball co-ordination, I was always placed as far from the action as possible which meant I was able to contemplate the meaning of life from the shade of the trees on the boundary of the cricket field. My *raison d'être* has recently been shattered when I was told by the current generation of Rondebosch students (it is a generational thing – people at school are students) that rugby and cricket are no longer compulsory.

After completing my schooling, I had the choice between studying medicine or dentistry. Accepted for both disciplines, my decision seems to have been influenced by the fact that next to football, the thing I hated most at school was carpentry. Being a bit of a masochist, I decided that micro-carpentry would be a wonderful way to suffer my way through life. I enrolled for dentistry at the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg and graduated in 1970 being awarded the Henry St John Randall gold medal for academic achievement and leadership. During my stint as a dental student, my love for community work was nurtured and has stayed with me till the present time. I was on the Student Dental Council as well as on the SRC and while on those committees instigated the establishment of the Riverlea Dental Clinic – a clinic to provide dentistry to indigents which still runs today.

Upon graduating, I had to decide between becoming rich in Johannesburg or being poor in Cape Town. Knowing that I would spend everything I earned, I

### In a Class of Our Own

felt that the less I earned, the less time I would have to worry about how to spend it. So Cape Town it was.

I established a practice which emphasized preventive dentistry at a time when that discipline was in its infancy. I also taught Preventive Dentistry at both Dental Schools in Cape Town. Those days, split between the schools and the ever-wailing call of my office staff, were very happy and fulfilling ones for me as I was able to satisfy both my love for teaching and caring, simultaneously.

I completed post graduate work over the years. I obtained a diploma in general dental practice from the Royal College of Surgeons and in special care dentistry as well as sedation and pain control from the University of Stellenbosch. I have also been very active in the affairs of the Dental community having served on the committees of the Dental Association of South Africa as well as Alpha Omega – an International service organization run by dentists. I have also devoted many years working for other service organizations which care for the many underprivileged communities around Cape Town.

The past 10 years has seen my interest in the field of alleviating the stress of the anxious patient blossom and I have become very involved in the teaching programmes for the post-graduate courses in sedation and pain control. In this regard I have been privileged to lecture extensively both locally and internationally.

I claim to have been most fortunate in that my work is my hobby and I love every moment spent crouching over the chair or behind a lecture podium. It has proved to have been a very happy choice of profession and one that I heartily endorse to anyone looking for fulfilment. I am married to my charming wife Jenny, an IT expert, who is a constant source of support and inspiration and we have 2 children Malcolm, who qualified as an accountant (the origin of those genes remain a mystery) and is a senior executive with a large Canadian Bank and Megan, who fulfilled her life's ambition and became a dedicated teacher. She too lives in Toronto. And of course there are 4 grandchildren who would require a separate chapter in this discourse.....

The course of my life has been guided by so many teachers from Miss Johnson in Sub A all the way through school and university where I was so privileged to have been taught and influenced by the most dedicated people imaginable. I hope that I have been able to pay some of that debt back to the community, the students I teach and, of course, my family.



**John Le Roux**

I loved my years at Rondebosch Prep and High and was very lucky to grow up in Canigou Avenue. So I could spend many happy hours after school on RBHS sports fields. Mostly cricket and rugby and a bit of tennis and athletics (even found myself in a 1963 Athletics photo), but didn't make it in the cadet student officer's photo – as Lindsay Kennedy frequently reminds me.

Our teachers were legendary characters and some very good. Who can forget the likes of Nobby, Charlie, Jayes, Peanut Thwaites, Doc Watson, Buck Ryan, Tickey, Tinkie and Bob Martin.

Our 1963 Rugby Team ended up as a very good side – 2 of whom became Springboks, Roy McCallum and Derek van den Berg.



**Derek and Lyn van den Berg, Mosa and John Le Roux**

Derek van den Berg, my best friend, and I met up in Sub A and recently celebrated 60 years of friendship at the Prep school (see the attached photo with our wives).

Thanks to all my school mates for the happy times. I enjoyed every day I went to school. I greatly look forward to celebrating with you RBHS 50 years after leaving school.

### Jeff Leeuwenburg

#### The Rugby legacy

Rugby for me was an unpleasant form of conscription, starting in 1959, and wasting 3 years of prime Saturday time. Being tall I was inescapably typecast as a lock, and condemned to the world of eye level mud and boots! 1960 was the worst year with a weather cycle of 15 Saturdays on which the North-Wester blew in and decanted many loads of icy rain. The route to our designated distant field of play lay past the self-importance of the A Rugby field with thick comfortable grass, drainage, change room, benches for onlookers, and moreover a supply of cheering onlookers, mostly female. The U19 team, well out of puberty, had all the benefits. We of the U14 C moved on past the cricket field, past the swimming pool, past the river, past the Hockey fields, past the Lower Desert fields, and up to the Upper Desert - rained, sandy composition, bleak home to 1,000s of moles and their tunnels to trip in, severe tufts of kikuyu grass, and loads of dog shit deposited by neighbouring dogs being taken for their evening walks. The conduct of the games included stumbling about in a loose maul, jumping, crawling, pausing for sliced oranges, and concluding in almost inevitable defeat. The low point of 1960 was defeat by 86-3 at the hands of Groote Schuur U15A. In 2 years of rugby I scored 3 points, a try which received little credit. But the event still has its place in unsung achievement. For once there was an over-supply of tall U14Cs, and I was assigned the unlikely job of winger. In due course the ball came via the classic route - line-out to scrum half to fly half to centre to centre - to me. I set off for the posts, the whole forward terrain quite deserted except for a small opposing full-back. I jiggled left, he blocked right, I jiggled right, he blocked left. I had no further ideas, and on the spot delivered what I now know is a Mauri Sidestep, later perfected by New Zealander, Jona Lomu, and went over the top.

Other positive rugby spin-offs were the rather nice togbags, and the rugby jerseys themselves, a strong cotton much better than the contemporary ones. And perhaps the macho clatter of boot studs in the swimming pool change rooms. I still watch the Tri-Nations games and some of the Super-16, and feel that true rugby is between South Africa and New Zealand, played in the rain.

#### Formal education

Reflecting on the strengths and weaknesses of our formal education at Rondebosch, for the record I did Latin, Afrikaans, Maths, Science, English (with emphasis on figures of speech in which...), and History (the Great Trek, causes of WW1). Little of core value in contemporary Australia. I suppose the science helped with the physics of lightbulb changing, and the maths helps with doing tax. The Latin and the Afrikaans have only occasionally been used.



With flaws in the curriculum, it is hard to wax lyrical, but formal classes, especially C2, D1B, E1B core teaching went past fairly peacefully.

#### The good things

I really enjoyed the supplementary activities, such as darkening the hall for a day or several days of movies. Who organised them I do not know, but I am grateful, especially for the old Ealing Studio classics such as the Lavender Hill Mob, St Trinians, Kind Hearts and Coronets, and Sir John Hunt's ascent of Everest. Development Week meant marching about in cadet regalia for some, for others, including myself, convening to give the library a make-over. Good grounding for my future role as a librarian.

#### Outings

Outings I enjoyed were the sporadic bus excursions to Kirstenbosch, and the annual turn-out for the Shakespeare of the year at Maynardville, including a 60-year old woman as Juliet in Romeo and Juliet.

#### Credits for specific teachers

Doc Watson provided extensive encouragement in exploring Table Mountain and the Western Cape Mountains, with trips to the Cedarberg, Du Toits Kloof, Piquetberg, and Koue Bokkeveld. This led to several people going on to join the Mountain Club of South Africa, and keep climbing as a life-long interest. He introduced several of us to rock-climbing, and it must be said his safety techniques were not what they should have been, and he died in a climbing accident.

Willem Diepeveen helped me at a personal level with sailing, in particular with advice restoring a vintage but very high speed International Racing Canoe, which went like a bullet when it wasn't upside-down or swamped.

Willy Rollo encouraged me in keeping the chess club organised and functioning, from the rough days in Standard 6, when the 6 – 10 tables were in a classroom, open temptation for board-tipping oiks to invade, to the halcyon days in Standard 9 and 10 when we obtained lunchtime use of the Reading Room, and could play undisturbed, and also read back copies of Punch.

#### Moving On

The army grabbed me in 1964, UCT from 1965, finishing with a degree in Social Anthropology. Work started with 3 years at the South African Museum and a project on Rock Paintings, which was totally wonderful, but not very well paid. Then followed projects in the Transkei, Namaqualand, and Namibia; marriage to Rina De Wet, and a year of teaching at South Peninsula High School.

## In a Class of Our Own

### Leaving South Africa

Although I had completed most military training in 1964, I had been avoiding my annual camps while finishing my degree, and by 1974 had become an annual 2 months, with no end-point. When South Africa invaded Angola via Namibia, I received notification that I had been made a sergeant, and I should make out a will, do the odd-jobs around the house, be on 6-hour stand-by. Instead I opted for Luxavia and London.

In London I did a library degree, Social Anthropology being in poor demand. Then 2 years working in London. Then moving to Australia, and job-hopping from Ballarat - and birth of son, to Canberra, to Melbourne. From about 1982 I switched to lone-wolf consulting in Information Services, specialising in CD-ROM publishing, document management, and big data bases. This extended to a general line in use of technology in courts, and evidence management in big cases.

### Travel

My wife and I have done loads of travel, to India, Spain, New Zealand, Vanuatu, and USA, as well as Australia. We have done about 10 trips to South Africa, but to an itinerary which typically is 3 weeks: 1 with my parents, 1 with Rina's sister, and 1 where we want to go, like the Cedarberg or Drakensberg.

<p><b>SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE AS FOLLOWS:</b></p> <p><b>ORDINARY MEMBERSHIP</b>, available only on application within 7 years of leaving school: R1 per annum.</p> <p><b>LIFE MEMBERSHIP</b></p> <p>(i) If applied for within twelve months of leaving school, a deposit of R4.00 with application and a balance of R8.00 within six years from the date of application. If the balance be not paid by due date, membership shall automatically cease and the deposit shall be forfeited.</p> <p>(ii) If applied for more than one year, but within seven years, after leaving school: R11.00.</p> <p>(iii) Subject to the provisions of self-organised (iv), if applied for more than seven years after leaving school: R20.00.</p> <p>(iv) If applied for by an ordinary member who has been in good standing for not less than fifteen years: R2.00.</p> <p>Annual subscriptions must be paid on or before the 31st May in each year. Any ordinary member whose current subscription is unpaid at the 31st August in any year shall cease to be a member, unless the Committee shall otherwise determine.</p> <p>Subscriptions for Life Membership shall be invested, only the interest earned thereon being available for the general purposes of the Union.</p> <p>Members of the Union are entitled to receive a free copy of the school Magazine as and when published.</p>	<p><i>This is to certify that</i></p> <p><u>A.H. Baguley</u>.....</p> <p>is a member of the Rondebosch Boys' High School Old Boys' Union and is entitled to all rights and privileges of Membership.</p> <p>for 1965</p> <p>Date... 13 . 8 . 65 .....</p> <p>R.B.H.S. OLD BOYS' UNION</p> <p><i>Alf Baguley</i> Secretary</p> <p>All Communications to: Hon. Secretary, P.O. Box 1897, Cape Town.</p>
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**Rondebosch Old Boys' Union Life Membership  
at R12.00 in the good old days.  
(Photo courtesy of Alf Baguley)**



Achim Lenssen



**Archim and Ursi**

My interests now are the same as when I was a boy – things practical, mechanics, the outdoors, nature and animals. All my spare time was spent away from confining walls. My most treasured possession was my bicycle which took me all over the Peninsula, often with my best friend Ferdi Fischer. Destinations such as Bains Kloof, Gordons Bay, Cape Point and Wellington were often visited in a day's outing. School holidays were often spent happily in a vehicle workshop, earning some pocket money.

My stepfather was an academic who could spend days on end behind some books of figures, working out budgets, schedules and probabilities. We were both blind, bless his soul, as he has already passed away. He could not see my talents and interests, while I did not see his intended career for me when he insisted on my taking Latin as "it is so useful in a career such as Law or Medicine." When he enrolled me at RBHS in 1961 it suited me fine as it was closer to our home in Kenilworth and I could cycle to school. You will already have guessed that school did not interest me at all. It was an unavoidable part of life which one had to endure to survive.

Career guidance was still in its infancy back then and my bottom-line for a job was that it had to be outdoors. Forestry, Land Surveying and Geology were the three offered alternatives. I chose the latter as it had the greatest adventure appeal. Walking around in nature looking for rich mineral deposits was just up my street; oh yes, and the 4 x4 at my disposal was also not to be overlooked!

I studied at UCT and went to do a three-month practical at the Tsumeb Copper Mine after the academic years. It started off well, with an excursion to locate iron ore for the smelter. Then came calamity. The economic downturn put an end to all exploration and the only job remaining for geologists was underground mapping and ore sampling. Needless to say more, I bailed out of that career and turned to nature conservation. After three years'

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practical training I was accepted in South West Africa where I learned to love the desert. Then followed eight exciting years of game capture during which time I managed to find a wife, Ursula, in the off-season. When my two daughters started asking me when I would come visiting again, it dawned on me that I had family responsibilities too. We moved back to the desert and stayed in nature with all its wildlife. In 1984 I lost my right hand while picking up refuse left in the Park by the SADF. The military was often negligent and several other people lost limbs due to the SADF's irresponsible management of explosive devices.

After Independence life became increasingly political and another move was unavoidable. We moved further south, still in the desert, to a private game reserve. There we lived for close on seven years till retirement age came near. On my bucket list there was still one item not done and that was to build my own house. We purchased seven hectares of desert, some 12 kilometres outside Swakopmund, and I designed and built my own house with three helpers from the street. In October 2005 we moved into our own home and have been very happy there ever since.

I keep myself active with some tour guiding, some consultancy work and a large garden. To break away I have upgraded from the bicycle to a motorcycle!



U11A (Photograph courtesy of Johnny Kipps)



## Ian Little

Memories a plenty.

Early morning prayers led by the imposing figure of Mr. Enslin, and on occasion Miss Cope leading the school to the hymn O Come All Ye Faithful on an ice cold winters day, the scholars in grey shorts and shivering while hoping that one's name would not be called out for misbehaving.

The school feeding scheme's milky cocoa steaming hot and with a thick skin floating on the surface (yug), the aroma of the tuck shop at break, the sweet smell of Bashew and Canada Dry cold drinks combined with that of clusters of Rowntrees Fruit Gums and scenties.

John Hill's banana sandwiches, multi coloured Crayola crayons and Robert Hoets airomatic farts.

The janitor (never did find out his name) with bucket and mop hurrying past the sport ball room as he rushed to clean-up a scholar's pink hurl in the assembly hall, more than likely having been caused by the vile feeding scheme milkshakes with just a touch of strawberry flavouring and a lot of skin in them.

Playing marbles in the playground, who can remember Ian Crawford's 20 Goon Shy? Great excitement on school athletics day, and not to be forgotten school outings in double-decker buses, or better still being driven to the venue in Don Andrew's mom's dark blue Ford V8 and returning with packets of labels to swap from Groote Constantia winery.

And finally, teacher Sivvie Olivier picking his nose and flicking the contents at the unfortunate Norman van Zyl for incessant jabbering, while Olivier was trying to peruse the sport page of his newspaper, what a cheek, what a gentleman.

And as for the Percussion Band led by Nancy Watson-Morris, I was so sure I would end up being the new Mantovani of the era, however ended-up not conducting the band or playing the cymbals, but being a Triangle player with three strokes of the instrument being included in the band's rendition of Lavender Blue.

Then there was also that place of mystery, the out of bounds Staff Room, here one could visualise Mr. Enslin as the Hugh Hefner of the era, with student teacher beauties such as the curvaceous Miss Yvonne Hartman, blonde Miss Anne Wingate and the saucy Miss Erica Chambers sipping tea together. By the way, who can remember Miss Chambers' cute little powder blue Austin-Healey Frog-Eyed Sprite parked in the Prep School drive.

Other female teachers of note were the two screamers complete with canes Miss Cope and Miss Vickerstaff, boy oh boy, bachelor teachers Solly Robinson,

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Don Laidlaw and Fuzzy Florence must have had quite a time fighting these tigresses off at social events!

Early swimming lessons, marching in file down to the High School and the old swimming pool keeping fingers crossed that your costume was still in the towel. The cold dark green water with the odd frog swimming around held many a fear for the weary aquanaut, none more so than the two sturdy Loch Ness Monster look-a-like female swimming instructors who encouraged the bather to dive in on a chilly spring day (sometimes nude if you had forgotten your costume).

Finally the school play, after expecting to be acknowledged as the Clarke Gable of the stage, I am cast by effeminate teacher Mr. Davis as one of the girls who lived in a shoe complete with grease paint and ghastly wig, to make matters worse my family insisted that I show my outfit off to uncles and aunts prior to the play.

Upon leaving school I went into the motor trade, worked my way up and became a Dealer Principal with both Toyota and Opel franchises, this opened doors for me within motorsport circles resulting in competing in production car racing both locally and overseas, highlight being runner-up in the WP Championship. I have business interest with auto manufacturers Fiat and Lancia. Later I was asked by the SABC to do commentary on motorsport, while also writing a weekly column in a number of tabloids and magazines. Currently I am semi-retired and run my own Motoring Media Logistics company.



**Barry Lloyd**



**Anne, Barry and baby lion**

Hi Neil,

OK. Here we go !!

My first memory of Rondebosch goes back to my very first day in Standard One when Christopher Newell and I both arrived from Pinelands. At little break we shot out of our classroom, fleeing from the substantial presence of Miss Cope and her best friends, Little Sam..... and even more scary, Big Sam. (For those of you who were not in her class, those were her pet names for her 15 inch ruler and her feared cane, which she would often use to get her class into line before assembly.) Anyway, both Chris and I unfortunately made the mistake of running across the quadrangle and were intercepted by the formidable figure of the headmaster, Mr Enslin. He made us both stick our heads between his legs and gave us a hiding! Not a great start to a career at a new school! At that stage I couldn't understand why my folks had made me leave my happy, little Pinelands Red School for this really nasty strict school!

A second memory was of Miss Baumann, our Standard 3 teacher. If she caught us talking in class, she would make us write our names 10 times on the blackboard. Well, being a talkative little chap, I was promptly told to write my name on the board. I did, but was told to write it again, this time bigger so that she could see it. I did as I was told, but this time made the letters enormous! She then told me to do it again and write it out 20 times instead of 10. By now I was 'justifiably' a little annoyed, so wrote my name in very, very tiny letters. Well, she had a sense of humour failure and sent me to see Mr Enslin, who promptly gave me four cuts for being cheeky to my teacher. He then asked how I'd feel if I was asked to leave Rondebosch and go back to Pinelands? Although at that moment it sounded like an excellent idea, I was a bit scared to say so in case he gave me an extra six cuts, and kept dead quiet instead. After those and other similar experiences I must admit I could never

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join in with the enthusiastic “Three cheers for Mr Enslin” at the end of each term!!

My first memory of High School was of some poor guy in our Standard 6 class asking one of our teachers, whose nickname was Mango, what exactly a mango was! Mango grabbed the offending pupil, yelled at full volume – “Open the door. Open the door!” and hurled the poor guy through the door. Nobody ever asked Mango that question again!

Then we will never forget Dudley Baartman who would nearly burst into tears before caning any of his Standard 6 pupils. He was a very gentle guy, wasn't he? Of course boys were boys and could be very cruel indeed. Midway through our Standard 6 year our Latin teacher was replaced by a very old Latin teacher, whom we called Snowy. During class, David MacGahey would hurl a tennis ball at the blackboard when Snowy wasn't looking. The ball would virtually explode against the board behind our dear old teacher, who would fall about from the noise. Shame, he ended up by saying to all of us, and I think he was correct, “You dirty dogs. You taunt an old man.” As expected, our Latin marks fell dramatically and I ended up switching to French the following year. If I knew how much homework Madame Alting-Mees was to give us, I might not have made the switch!!! She did tell me in Matric that my French accent was the worst she had ever heard!

One of the funniest incidents I ever saw concerned another Pinelands boy, Peter Loveland, and took place in the gymnasium, where the gym master was the notorious Mr Oberholzer, who we thought had to have been the founder the AWB and the SS. Well, he was a stickler for everyone having clean and ironed white gym shorts and beware any boy whose shorts were even the tiniest bit dirty. Peter's were un-ironed and dirty, but he had the bright idea of scrunching up white chalk and sprinkling the white chalk dust over his shorts. To his relief he passed Oberholzer's inspection. All went smoothly until he did something that irritated Oberholzer and got clouted. To Oberholzer's amazement and the entire class's amusement, he virtually got covered in a cloud of white dust. Peter's cover had literally been blown and boy oh boy did Oberholzer let him have it. Shame for Peter, but bloody funny for the rest of us!

Charlie Hallack and I became great friends after school, but at one stage in Standard 9 he decided that the best place for me to attend his class, was from the passage. As he walked into the classroom he would yell “Lloyd out!” Obviously I was in no hurry to leave and was usually in the back desk and all the other rows of desks were lined up horizontally to prevent Charlie from getting to me at the back of the class. Ten minutes later, after fighting his way through the suitcases and desks blocking his path, he would finally get to me and chuck me out of the class. The problem with being in the passage for any



length of time, was the worry of being spotted by Arthur Jayes, so I always had to keep an eye out for any person approaching. To amuse myself, I would put one of the school hats on a ruler and walk the hat up and down past the classroom window. Instantly everyone in the class would yell "Mr Hallack, Hat, Hat". Charlie would then come flying out and chase me down the corridor. The only way he could get me to stop was by threatening to scream, which I thought was cheating, because he knew Mr Jayes would hear and come and investigate. So we would agree to go off to the prefects' room, where he would end up on one side of the table and me on the other. After several minutes of negotiating, a truce would be declared and we'd both go back to the classroom, where Charlie would be met with a round of applause from everyone for sorting out "that swine".

Who will ever forget the silent jack-ups where no one was allowed to utter a word, or the chanting of "Lobengula", or the humming with our hands over our mouths so Charlie would not know from whom the sound was coming. And then Charlie plucking out Rufus, his faithful long ruler, stroking it, looking around the classroom deciding against whom he was going to launch his attack, to the banging of desk lids and shouts of "Kill, Kill" from the rest of the class. There are far too many stories of Charlie to tell and his exploits would fill a book that would put Spud to shame. To my mind, the best times were when he would tell us 'in absolute confidence' about his latest conversation with Sir De Villiers Graaff. It would go something like this: "Look. Don't tell a soul, but Div told me in confidence about this swine..." Normally he'd be referring to B J Vorster or some other member of the Nats. We loved every minute of his classes.

As for my own activities after school. In 1964 the Navy was very pleased to welcome Richard Spring, myself and many others into its ranks?? All in all it was a very pleasant year. We were delighted that we weren't one of those poor guys going off to the Army!

Thereafter I went off to UCT and ended up with a BSc in Math Stats. After a couple of years as a systems analyst/programmer I found myself at the Readers' Digest doing all the analysis in their Marketing Dept. Seven years later I left them to form my own direct marketing company called "South African Historical Mint". I'll never forget my last meeting with my MD – he told me that I was crazy to go on my own, and that if I stuck around I could be the MD when I turned 40. As I was still in my twenties, that felt like a life-time away, so that was that. I was off on my own to see what I could do!

In those days one could buy only very limited amounts of gold, and Krugerrands were also strictly limited, so the first step was to get a gold licence to enable us to buy and sell gold (no easy task). This accomplished, we designed our first commemorative medallion, "The Independence of the

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Tranскеi". This was limited to 5 000 units and we were fully subscribed within days. Amazingly, the selling price was R250 for an ounce of gold, which gave us a healthy margin. Today the basic cost of one ounce is over R15 000. Quite a change and not a bad investment for those first 5 000 buyers! The first promotion was followed by other successful ones. We then branched out into marketing jewellery through direct mail and among many of the pieces that were produced, was a replica of Princess Di's engagement ring. Our simple philosophy was to take a relatively ordinary product and turn it into an extraordinary product by linking it to an event, such as a Royal wedding or anniversary or similar. In those days it was safe to send any items, even very expensive products, through the mail without any theft issues. We took over a competitive direct mail company, The Heritage Collection, which had branches both in the UK and South Africa.

By 1998 our business had grown substantially and we then listed on the JSE. We also took over The Readers' Digest at that time and ended up with a staff complement of over 400 people. However in 2006, at the age of 60, and tired of the hassles of running a business, I decided it was time to venture into the unexplored territory of semi-retirement with the aim of lowering my golf handicap. This has proved to be a real handicap but, like Ernie, I am ever hopeful.

On the personal side, I married my beautiful wife, Anne some 36 years ago, and have two children. My daughter, Cindy, went to Stellenbosch University, obtaining her Masters in Applied Maths (Engineering). She then followed this with a CFA while working for an asset management company and is now happily married to a sheep and mohair farmer near Somerset East – I have 2 beautiful grandchildren. Graeme, my son, was awarded a basketball scholarship to a college in the USA, but returned after a year to pursue his music career. He is now finishing off his studies at a music college, creates and produces his own electronic music and still plays pretty good basketball.

All in all I have been a very lucky guy.



**Peter Loveland**



Hindsight is always such an exact science and with that thought, my greatest wish is that some 'magic elixir' be found and fed to new students to enhance their desire to willingly absorb the absolute maximum potential out of their school years. Sure I coped, but the ultimate value of that vast sea of knowledge to which one had such free access, on which to develop a meaningful life and career to the optimum, remains largely unknown.

As regards work life I started as a medical technician, but no sooner qualified than I had the opportunity to study civil engineering at UCT, the subject pure mathematics had other ideas and after two finals and two supplementary exams if I did not see the writing on the wall the institution certainly did.

The rest of my productive years were spent in Local Government as a survey technician, eventually getting the higher national diploma and registering with the Survey Council as a Surveyor. My field survey days consisted to a large degree in the establishment of infrastructure of Atlantis.

The latter years in local government were spent behind a computer controlling the land use section. This involved having a team of field workers updating business names across the Metropole along with other community detail. This database served Council well, but in hindsight it would have been an extremely useful data set for the general public to have access to.

That having been said, the most prominent recollection of my schooling years was during a rather dour mathematics class (no names, no pack drill). The teacher involved was in the left front corner and an offending student was in the right back corner. The solution to the problem was for the board duster to be hurled, at pace, at the said student. Luckily, or unluckily depending on whose side you might have been on, the said student deflected the missile by lifting his desk lid and the projectile hit the ceiling apace.

The thought that crosses my mind quite regularly is that Rondebosch might have lost the services of a very capable and competent Headmaster had that set of circumstances taken a slightly different course.

**Adrian Low**



**Adrian and Gail**

How quickly time has flown since leaving school! The reminiscences of my schooldays at RBPS & RBHS have brought a smile to my face because I loved the social side of the experience so much. I was so grateful to live close to the school in Syfret Road, Rondebosch and to embrace the freedom that my bicycle gave me in exploring my environment without any apparent danger.

I am fortunate to be a descendant of some prominent Capetonians with the surname "Low":

- My great-grandfather, James Barrie Low, MA was born in Forfarshire, Scotland in 1845 and became Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Edinburgh University before coming to Stellenbosch in 1893 where he was the first Professor of Mathematics at Victoria College (Later Stellenbosch University). From 1894-1915 he was the Principal of the Cape Town Training College and, in retirement, became President of Convocation of UCT. His twin sons, James David (my grandfather) and Wallace Barrie Low, were the first of a long line of Lows descended from both brothers to attend the school.
- My grandfather started a successful firm of Chartered Accountants & Auditors in Cape Town and was Mayor of Cape Town in 1947 when the Royal Family visited Cape Town.
- His wife launched the 'Cape Town Castle,' one of the many ships of the Union-Castle line that sailed from Britain to South Africa in the 1950s and 1960s. They lived in a large Victorian home named 'Belmont' in Sandown Road and they had a daughter, Marjorie and 4 sons who attended Rondebosch:
  - Douglas Barrie Low (b1910), my Dad, who became a Chartered Accountant and Auditor with his father after sailing around the world on a schooner, the 'Cap Pillar,' prior to the war.
  - James David Low (b 1912) who went on to become Managing Director of 'Markhams,' the men's clothing store chain.



- Arthur Low (b 1914) also a Chartered Accountant and Auditor, went into partnership with my Dad.
- Irvine Low (b 1916) who was a Civil Engineer, based in Vancouver, Canada from 1958 and was responsible for the construction of many dams in Canada.

I joined RBPS in 1951 in Sub A and completed my schooldays 12 years later in Standard 10 at RBHS.

Some enduring memories of junior school include:

- Being a member of the 'light blue badge,' Marchand House.
- Lining up in the quadrangle when the bell rang at the start of lessons and before entering the classroom.
- Being compelled to sing the school song at regular intervals so that I still know all the words by heart today.
- Taking part in the annual school plays presented in the Memorial Hall.
- The harsh consequences of talking or misbehaving in Miss Cope's class. A hard smack on the hands with a ruler would swiftly follow.
- The 'Bring and Buy Sales' held at little break which inevitably ended in chaos as one jostled to view and purchase the best cookies, cakes, sweets, etc. before the mob arrived.
- Participating in 'Red Rover' and the marble 'Shy' alley during little and big breaks.
- The fun of the annual sports day, swimming, tennis, rugby and other unofficial sports such as bicycle races on 'fairy-cycles'.
- Going to the senior school as "pikkies" to play touch rugby and duck-dive in puddles if the rainy weather left any puddles.
- Realising by the age of 8 that I had a good memory and could get away with doing very little school work and still get good grades. This mindset gave me lots of free time which would eventually catch up with me in High School.

Some enduring memories of high school include:

- My first week spent writing aptitude tests that would decide one's fate in respect of streaming to classes A1-A4. I ended up in A2. "Amo, amas, amat, amamus, amatis, amant".
- Woodwork, metalwork, and art as enjoyable fun subjects that don't usually lead to a professional career.
- Maths with Mousey Young, Tickey de Jager, and Chris Murison.
- Taking German in B2 and C2 with the polite but deadly boring Herbie Helm.
- Enjoying English lessons, winding up Billy Trengove who would try to stifle his giggles at the naughty boy's comments.

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- Mr Diepeveen giving me a great simple definition of why one studied geography, "to understand why people live where they do on earth."
- Enjoying 'playing' with the instruments in the physics lab with 'hawk-eye' Arthur Jayes keeping his eye on those of us who had previously visited his or Mr Clarke's office for cuts.
- The fun of utilising chemistry lessons for the creation of products to liven up the bang factor in slow history lessons with Charlie Hallack.
- Helping dig the drainage ditch on the sports-field.
- Cadets, a pointless exercise in my view as one would have to eventually do National Service anyway.
- The great times I had playing rugby, cricket, tennis, and swimming in the best school pool at that time.
- Prof Tinkie Heyns coaching the Under 13 rugby team, being 60 years ahead of his time by emphasising the important principles of teamwork, fitness, tackling ankles, catching with two hands, running straight at opponents to create an overlap, and looking for expected support, as passing was quicker than trying to run around an opponent.
- The weekend spent climbing Table Mountain and numerous other outings to see important, historical and unusual sights and places.
- Attending movies on a Saturday night in the Memorial Hall.
- The motivational speech from the 2nd World War RAF Spitfire pilot Douglas Bader who wrote the book "Reach for the Sky," which ties in perfectly with our motto, "Altius et Latius."
- Chatting up Rustenburg and other schoolgirls who lived in the suburb of Rondebosch.
- I can honestly say that my years at Rondebosch, together with my parents' influence laid the social and moral foundations for the success which I have subsequently had in my academic, work, and social life. What a privilege.

#### Post school education and work:

- On leaving RBHS I was drafted into the South African Infantry Battalion "1SAI", completing basic training at Oudtshoorn and specialised in Radio Communications. I was later posted to the Walvis Bay Battalion in the Namib Desert and thoroughly enjoyed the experience.
- Upon discharge, I dipped into the world of work, selling food products for Epping Oil Mills and then Janor Fibreglass; designed, built, and tested surf boards during a beach-bum year and then joined the Local Government Department of the Cape Provincial Administration (CPA). After about six months of routine clerical administrative work I decided to apply to read BCom at UCT in 1969 with the objective of eventually joining my Dad in his Accountancy Practice. After 2 months I changed to a BA, BSoc.Sci degree, majoring in sociology, psychology and economics.



- After graduating in 1972, I returned to the CPA in the Town Planning Department for 1 year before deciding to give up an ambition to do a Master of Urban & Regional Planning degree because I had noted that the best theoretical plans were corrupted politically prior to approval by the Provincial Council.
- I turned my frustration with Bureaucracy in the CPA to Management, Systems Analysis and Organisation, and Work Study under the leadership of RBHS Old Boy, Ronnie Delport. The O&W Division was responsible for creating an Efficient, Effective, Economic and Productive CPA. I embraced the Organisation Development movement during the 1970s and for the next two years I attended numerous courses and qualified as an Organisation, Process, Methods & Systems Analyst. I however still found that no matter how well one implemented new work practices, many failed because personnel were inadequately trained and managed.
- In 1982 I decided to study part-time toward an M Admin degree though UNISA, specialising in Personnel Psychology and Organisation Development. In the interim to obtaining my degree in 1986, I created a Management Training & Development Division for the CPA.
- In 1989 at the height of political tension in the RSA my wife and I decided to relocate to England.
- I joined the British National Health Service (NHS) Management Executive in London as Director of Management Development & Training with additional responsibility for Performance Management and Total Quality Management. The NHS employs over 120 000 people in the UK.
- In 1995 I retired having created a business based infrastructure for a public institution.
- My wife and I really enjoy our retirement in our home in Sandhurst, Gloucester, taking time out for sight-seeing travels in the UK, Europe and the rest of the world.

#### My family

I married Gail Collins, an interior design consultant, on 25/2/1977 and we spent 3 months honeymoon back-packing through the countries of Europe. Her family live in Gloucester, England.

Over the next 6 years we had 4 children, two of whom attended RBPS.

- Francois Telfer Low (b 3/1/1980) RBPS and B.Sc. from Gloucester University. He worked as a teacher at Deans Close School, Cheltenham before joining the Siemens Wind Turbine Division.
- James Douglas Low (b 2/11/1981) RBPS and BA (Hons) in Business from Durham University. He is a Detective Inspector with the London Metropolitan Police.

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- Andrew Michael Low (b 12/9/1983) admitted to but never attended RBPS. MA (Hons) in Theoretical Physics from Durham University and PhD in Theoretical Physics (String Theory) from London University (St. Mary's College). He is Head of Physics at Wimbledon High School, an independent grammar school in London where the fees per term are £4668.
- Amy Antoinette Low (b 3/12/1986) BSc. Hons. in Communication & Media from Loughborough University.

I look forward to the final copy of this historical family keepsake.



An autographed photo of a youthful **Mr Billy Trengove** (age 35) given to Alf Baguley after the production of Crichton in 1962.  
(Photo courtesy of Alfred Baguley)



## Roy McCallum



**Roy and Heather**

My journey to RBPS started out with a 5 day train journey from Ndola Northern Rhodesia to Cape Town. The school train was notorious with scholars from all parts of the Copper Belt going to schools in Southern Rhodesia and South Africa. Johann Coetzee was the first RBHS prefect I met on the train and along with other Rondebosch boarders were the Penstone brothers Patrick, Martin, Nicky and Simon also John Kilburn, Eric Thompson, and my brother Ian. After two and a half days we arrived in Bulawayo having passed over the Victoria Falls Bridge the day before and spending a few hours in Livingstone and the Vic Falls Hotel where we always had our traditional fried egg and bacon sandwich while we waited for our coal-driven steam engines to be changed. In Bulawayo we picked up the Southern Rhodesian boarders Russell and Angus McTavish as well as Neil, Owen and Mickey Fletcher, Zot, Nigel and Clive (Tex) and Bruce Myles and Richard Dryden. For a shilling and six pence you could have a hot bath at the station with a gigantic towel thrown in which was a great novelty that was used more frequently in my latter years. The Kingfisher Café was a regular haunt for a mixed grill and milk shake for only 7 shillings and 6 pence. Our journey then continued south reaching Francis Town in the late afternoon where we picked up Jimmy and Bryan McDermott. I remember them being bundled into their compartment by this burly policeman who turned out to be their father. Jockey Freeman was the last Rondebosch boy to pick up the train at Palape much later that same night so we did not get to see him till the next day. Jockey (Hilton) went on to marry Nobby's daughter Lynne Clarke. What happened on that train might need to stay on that train but the memories I have were spectacular. We arrived in Cape Town midday Tuesday having left Ndola on the Friday afternoon.

Once arriving at school I was lucky to have Ian familiarize me with Mason House and hand me over to Dr Tinkie Heyns our house master. Bob Martin and his wife were the so called House Parents at that time. I was ushered to

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dom 2 where I met my first room mates Geoff Duckitt, Fred Versveld and Sakkie De Villiers. Life as a boarder was starting to look good until after study that night Geoff, Sakkie, Fred and I were called to Tinkie's room where we each got 3 cuts with a strap because we all had brothers as boarders and this was the tradition at Mason House. After being introduced to the strap, the light cane and the heavy cane the mighty Dr I de V. Heyns was to become an integral part of our lives as boarders.

My first day at RBPS was quite overwhelming as Mr Enslin looked rather frightening with a big head and bushy eyebrows. Someone I did not want to see for any other reason other than a good one. Mrs Roper, Solly Robinson and Mr Laidlaw were three teachers that left an impression on me although Solly's one was on my butt! The first break we had I was accosted by this big guy Lindsay Kennedy who kept calling out "kitty's wee" because I came from Kitwe. Lindsay matured physically very young, but most of us caught up before leaving school. Fortunately I was in Fletcher House so there was some respect between us. Fred Versveld bummed a sandwich from Trevor Blewett for me which was my first offering from a day boy. As a boarder one became reliant on certain day boys for your food sauce. Thanks to all my sandwich vendors whose mothers might not have realised how happy they made me. The first day boys I befriended were Sandy Marr and Roydon Wood whom I spent a number of Sunday outings with in Kenilworth and Newlands. Roydon and his family had a cottage in Gordons Bay where we had much fun. His sister Ceile was my first heart throb although I did fancy Miss Hartman along with the rest of the Prep school boys. I remember Fuzzy Florence a Mason House Master giving me a letter to deliver to Miss Hartman by hand but when I saw the letters SWANK written on the back I dropped the letter in the letter box on Campground Road (without a stamp).

Boxing night was organised by Mr Laidlaw and the build-up to this fight was quite something. Sandy Marr and Lindsay Kennedy were the two local heavy weights to go head to head in the main bout of the evening to see who would be the schools boxing champ. It was an amazing slug out from two guys who refused to back down. I think Lindsay won in the end and I am sure it was the last boxing match they had at the Prep school. Although there was a lot of competitiveness in the sporting arena amongst our same age group friendships became sealed. Lindsay, Derek van den Berg, Geoff Duckitt, John Le Roux, Fred Versveld and Sakkie have been mates since 1958 and there is always a good bond when we get together.

Along came High School when we got sorted out from the bright boys in A1 to those a little slower or streetwise in A4. Mr Baartman was our arithmetic master and had us all introduce ourselves to the rest of the class. Whitey Basson was hilarious when it came to his turn and the whole class erupted.



Whitey had a heavy Malmesbury bryer and being a bit shy quietly answered “my name is Wellwood Basson”. No one had heard of this name before and Barty asked him to spell it. Then Whitey raised his voice and said “W, E, double L, W, double O, D, Wellwood.” You can imagine the raucous he caused. Whitey always had the highest marks in arithmetic that year (now you know why he does his sums right for Shoprite).

Sivvie Olivier was another character who would pick his dried nasal mucus and methodically roll it into a little pellet and flick it at one of his victims. Mr van Oordt was another teacher who I could not believe could be so badly abused. One day we set up the cord from the ventilation window above the door to drop over his head as he opened the door. The execution was so perfect we almost decapitated him thank goodness he was tall and happened to stay on his feet. Mango was his nickname as his head resembled a mango pip. We had been prepped by the previous classes to ask him what a taxidermist was? Some of you might remember his answer – all you want me to say is STUFF – F ---P---S kak you are all bleddy rude and now get out of my class whoever asked that question. We couldn’t wait to get into std 7 or the “B” classes so we could have Charlie to teach us History. Mr Hallack was an amazing legend of RBHS and although we were completely out of line in the classroom both John le Roux and Lindsay Kennedy were instrumental in inviting Charlie to a number of our dinner functions where we got to see a different person whom we enjoyed and respected. The Fluffy Furman camera episode and Peter Baker tie cutting incident remain the two classics of my time with Mr Hallack.

I think Nobby and Jayes were a good head and vice head and complemented each other well. Tickey de Jager was a maths boffin of note whose classes I enjoyed because he related to rugby stories, athletic champions, great tennis players, and their strategies of winning. Sadly I never learned much maths from Tickey, but he was a great athletic and rugby coach who could motivate anyone who wanted to succeed.

Mr Diepeveen got me through geography in matric as did Mr Viljoen in Chemistry and Physics. Mr Goldie was also a star in helping me through Afrikaans.

I remember Mr Trengrove standing in front of Trevor Klette’s desk reading something out of our set work book when Trevor dislodged a horrific silent fart. Mr Trengrove staggered back trying to avoid the odour not knowing where it came from when Trevor announced “Sir that was for the benefit of the deaf”.

Friendships that were made in the classroom were also bonded on the rugby fields, cricket games, swimming galas, and athletics field. Standard 9 and 10

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seemed to gain momentum as we started to focus on wanting to get out of school and before long suddenly matric exams were on us and it was time to see that everything you had prepared for was going to appear on that exam paper or not.

Being a boarder was a big plus for me as I had the best of both worlds, I had my special mates as day boys as well as my boarding house buddies. I remember Gavin Birch coming to pick me up on his tandem cycle at 2 am from Mason House and we would ride around Rondebosch for a couple of hours and then he would drop me off again. Gavin was staying with the late Dr Phillip Blaiberg family (second heart transplant patient) who lived just off Tullyallen Road.

Sakkie de Villers and I had a close shave when we bunked out of the boarding house one night only to miss the last train from Cape Town where we were meeting Charles Louw, Chris Starke, and Anthony Malherbe at The Navigators Den. We got back to the hostel unnoticed but some of our poor mates got caught and were sadly dismissed from Canigou. How lucky were we?

I feel very privileged to have had the opportunity to be schooled at Rondebosch, and how lucky we are to have Lindsay keeping us all in touch.

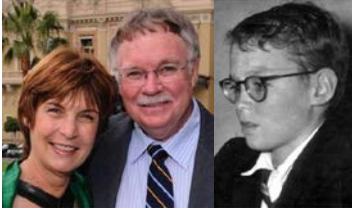


#### **The Admirable Crichton**

Alfred Baguley and Carol Martin (Evan's daughter) sharing an intimate moment.  
(Photo courtesy of Alf Baguley)



Jim McDermott



Linda and Jim

An incident I remember vividly, involved the J.J. Du Preez Afrikaans school we were playing against. They had a guy bowling huge in-swingers into the South-Easter, who, with Neil Kritzinger's assistance sent most of us back to the hut, as it were. What Hawk Eye of Namibia failed to point out is that the ball that dismissed me (or, better stated, the one off which he gave me out LBW) would have missed another set of stumps. Obviously his leg spinning, net bowling brain had no comprehension of the dynamics of where a big in-swinging, hitting one on the front foot playing forward, would actually end up in the 6 feet or so it still had to travel before reaching the level of the wickets. Another fact he has omitted is that he gave about 4 of us out in a similar manner before being unceremoniously hauled off by Peanuts. I might well have been the last of these. I also recall that he was referred to as a "bloody mampara" a favoured epithet of Peanuts, if I remember correctly.

This is not my worst cricketing memory from school however. That would be reserved for the day that John Le Roux hit me for 6 consecutive fours in one over during a house match between Canigou and Marchand.

As an aside, about 3 or 4 years after leaving school I played in a game for Stellenbosch University 4th's against a WPCC side that included the very same Steytler Thwaites in the old 2C league. In this match I got the best bowling figures of my life. Much to my delight this included the wicket of Peanuts. I came off the field rather pleased with myself, expecting some congratulations from my old teacher, only to be told that he thought I was a "chucker." In cricketing circles that is a lot worse than being called a "bloody mampara"!

I do not remember Neil's first recollection about Tickey de Jager catching me reading a book during prep one night at the Lilacs. I have no doubt that this is true however. I was known as a "dwalie" (does that word still exist?) at school and, if the truth be told, nothing much has changed over the years. This was the source of my nickname at school. Early on in our first year at Mason

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House, Anthony Hoenson remarked that I needed a "dwalie" pill to cure me. So, "dwalie pill" I became. This was duly shortened to "Pill" after a couple of weeks and I carried this unfortunate sobriquet with me right through school.

One of my clearest memories of The Lilacs is the Saturday that Tickey caught virtually the whole House smoking in the shed adjacent to the famous swing. He opened the door, said "Oh, so that's what you boys do here" and invited us up to his office to discuss the matter. There he gave us the option of being caned by him or having the matter handled by Nobby Clarke. We opted for the former with some alacrity and then as a group volunteered the information that "Fletcher (Owen) and Niehaus (Jake) weren't smoking Sir." This was accepted without question because he knew we were telling the truth and they escaped the punishment that followed. That was the way things were back then.



**Dr Heyns (U15C)**

Back: Richard Frantz, Chris Matchett, GC Botha, Alex Cohen, Clive Downton  
Center: C Latham, Owen Fletcher, Bruce Ferguson, Andrew Joubert, JAM Garisch, Fred Versveld  
Front: MJ Russell, John Barry, Dr Tinkie Heyns, Hugh Hodge, Neil Tuchten



## Anthony (Tony) Monk



**Tony and Pam**

Not considering myself much of a raconteur on classroom antics and personalities, my offering below is a potted history interspersed with recollections of school, its influences and times.

Born in Sea Point, I actually started school at Sea Point Boys' Junior. With the post war influx of immigrants to the suburb, many of them economic refugees from war torn Europe, the ever increasing demand for accommodation resulted in large scale re-development of once long established, ample, family homes along the beachfront and behind, even along the Main Road, where we lived at the time. This rapidly changing landscape of buildings and population prompted my parents into a decision, that it was no longer an ideal place to raise children.

Father was a Rondebosch Old Boy, having been sent from Knysna to the school as a boarder, accommodated at the time in Ivydene, a large family dwelling, off Glebe Road. In those early days, the High School was a short walk across the park, to where the Prep now stands. Dad had played first team rugby and been a prefect in matric and wanted his sons to complete their education at his old school.

So, in 1952 aged 5, just months after personally witnessing the arrival on the 6<sup>th</sup> April in Granger Bay, on a replica of the Drommedaris, the re-enactment of the landing of Jan van Riebeeck and his party in 1652, this marking the start of the Van Riebeeck Festival (I wonder how many readers remember these events?), the family made their new home in Rondebosch.

After completing Sub A and a little of Sub B in Sea Point, the late Mr Enslin took pity on this tiny mite who, with my Dad and big brother commuted daily, leaving in the pitch dark and often heavy rain during winter, on foot to the railway station, by train into town, by bus to Sea Point, then back again every school day. I still remember vividly my first meeting and interview in his office off the main entrance foyer, now the Headmaster's secretary's office, with

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rather intimidating but kindly Mr Enslin who, although we were informed the class was full, made a plan and accepted me into RBPS.

Growing up in the neighbourhood of Locarno and Tullyallen Roads, just off Oakhurst Avenue, where the family settled was idyllic. In virtually every surrounding home were children of a similar age. Immediate neighbours included surnames such as Crisp, Castle, McDonald, Walker, Steyn, Coleman, Theron, Lehr. A little further away were other familiar Rondebosch School names, Ashley, Klette, Mills, Roberts, Schrire, Clark, Douglas, Kipps, Honikman, Low, to name a few.

Memories abound of those times, growing up together, playing on the school grounds, kicking a rugby ball or playing pickup games on Oakhurst field, or in the cricket nets and on the tennis courts over weekends, or during school holidays in summer. Then there were the regular opportunities to swim during “freeo” as it was known, always under the supervision of a teacher or housemaster. I remember well the antiquated old swimming pool behind the Sick Bay, near Mason House with its corrugated iron fence and change rooms, situated on the natural earth platform above Oakhurst field and its flooding of the entire field that occurred whenever the pool was drained, those being the days, I suspect, before sophisticated filtration plant and equipment. That all changed with the construction of the magnificent new swimming pool, change rooms and plant room in the mid fifties, something we watched excitedly while being built.

With my change of school, instead of the tedious daily trek back and forth to school many miles away, the short walk up and down Oakhurst Avenue past the girls’ school, to and from the Prep, had become a pleasure. Often passing me on the way, I can still picture seeing the late Tinkie Heyns, dressed in his flannels and sports jacket, usually running, hurrying from or back to Varsity around lunchtime, to enjoy his daily meal at the boarding house. I suppose he found running uphill easier than peddling, because I never saw him on a bicycle, unlike the late Tickey de Jager.

Life at the Prep School was mostly happy under the instruction and guidance of fine, committed, teachers to whom we owe so much for our early education and ability to flourish in High School, Miss Castley, Miss Trow, Mr Holmes, Mr Laidlaw, to name a few. Lingered memories of this period are the informal games before school and during breaks, playing marbles, spinning tops, miniature cricket and pick-up games of soccer on the dusty playground behind the school hall, tennisette, the tennis court and the Lilacs, still being used as a boarding house then and the sportsfield below, with the footpath skirting it, providing short and easy access through the sturdy teak gate to and from the railway station. With ongoing development over the years, although



much remains the same, those of us who return to the Prep for assembly on the 15<sup>th</sup> March will see that much has also changed.

Other more entertaining memories of this period are the many class outings enjoyed with those mothers who didn't work and who owned cars, providing the transport (yes, not everyone owned a car in those days). Who remembers the outing that ended on a hot day at Jonkershoek, outside Stellenbosch, with most if not all stripping naked and frolicking in the river, unconcerned about amused onlooking mothers and lady teachers? Others memories are of breathtaking fireworks displays on the A rugby field at the high school and for me one of the more enduring, the wonderful celebratory diamond jubilee fete in 1957, with brilliant amusements and acts by senior boys Keith Anderson and Tommy Keyser on a tightrope they erected, suspended over the new swimming pool. Another in particular that captured my imagination, was the scary Tunnel of Horrors authentically created in the below stage storage area under the Memorial Hall.

I also remember that period as being a flowering of remarkable schoolboy artistic talent with names such as Roy Sargeant, Keith Anderson, who went on to make his mark internationally in the circus world, who with Frank Spiers produced wonderful stage sets and mural decorations for matric dances in the tuck shop under the hall.

For me, 1958 was a high point, yet sad ending to time spent at the Prep. I had been made a prefect and enjoyed being taught by class teacher and Vice Principal, Mr Sephton, remembering well our classroom (today the staff room....more about that later) with its impressive bay window, a prominent feature over the school's main entrance. Junior school life ended for us all with the last week spent replanting Oakhurst playing field, one that had become a sandy patch from overuse and probably too many episodes of flooding from the old pool. All will remember the enormous task, most successfully undertaken by our class, removing the remaining old grass, digging neat furrows and planting new runners, an effort completed easily within the week and gathering much praise from teachers.

The somewhat daunting prospect of suddenly being the junior boys in High School, after confidently being the "big fish" or seniors at the Prep, was soon overtaken by the increased schoolwork load and expectations of us, I recall. After two years of Latin as a subject, something I came to appreciate in later years but not at the time, impressed by the high standard of handwork produced there, I decided to switch to Woodwork. Under the instruction and guidance of the late Jack Love, I discovered an aptitude I hadn't realised before and flourished, catching up two years work in one and passing it well at the end of Std 8. In particular I enjoyed the technical drawing, something I didn't realise then, but would stand me in good stead later in life.

### In a Class of Our Own

I found Jack Love an inspirational teacher, very dedicated and extremely knowledgeable. His vocation was also his passion and hobby, something I discovered while keeping him company on many afternoons after school while he worked away on the prize model of his proud acquisitions for the school, his three Myford lathes, in the impressive Metalwork Room he was responsible for having built and equipping. Little wonder the School's Wood and Metalwork Departments were the envy of other schools during his time at Rondebosch. Also, little surprise he was rewarded by being appointed an Inspector of Schools, something that deprived his pupils and the school of this fine educator and man, during our year in Std 9.

The finely detailed scale model working steam railway engines Jack built from scratch were really something to see. I'm not sure of the exact year, or of all details, but recall him losing his life years later when he died tragically in a motor accident on the N1 near Laingsburg, while returning to Cape Town transporting model engines.

On the 2<sup>nd</sup> January 1964, hardly having had any holiday or time to celebrate passing matric, I found myself in the Navy, a CF conscript assigned to the then recently commissioned, brand new shore training establishment, SAS Simonsberg, in the West Dockyard at Simonstown. In quick succession, basic training, followed by leadership training, with variety added by representing the Ship in sailing and pulling regattas, also the Ship and Navy in athletics, then appointed a junior instructor for the next intake of conscripts in April. After completion of their basic training, off I went to the ships and to sea. Fortunate to be drafted to the latest addition to the fleet, SAS President Steyn, a brand new frigate that arrived from the UK in late 1963 I, together with other recruits from our intake, were the first to replace any of that ship's original commissioning complement. The ship's company was well trained and drilled, making the ship a formidable fighting unit, also Cock of the Fleet at the time. So it was that serving aboard was a privilege and wonderful proud experience, at the time when arguably the SA Navy was at its peak.

Pres. Steyn was commanded by Capt John Fairbairn, whose daughter Tessa, some classmates may know, became Headmistress of St Cyprians, a post she held for many years. Someone else, all will remember, someone with whom I served onboard was Bertie Reed, then still a relatively junior NCO, someone I recall whom at that point hadn't sailed much. As we know, subsequently Bertie excelled in that sport and became a legendary international yachtsman.

Active service aboard Pres. Steyn included plenty of sea time, in particular participating in the last of what were known as Capex exercises, until then an annual event exercising with and against ships from the British Royal Navy. These joint exercises in terms of the Simonstown Agreement of 1955 were



suspended unilaterally by Britain post 1964, because of mounting international pressure against the SA Government.

Sad as I was at the time, nine months later, to complete continuous training, as it was known, nevertheless I continued active participation in the Navy for altogether 18 years, on a non-continuous basis at SAS Unitie, as a member of the Naval Reserve. Today, the present Government with its systematic de-commissioning of all Reserve training bases and units has brought all that training and accumulated experience and proud tradition to an end.

Late 1964 saw me follow in my Dad's footsteps into the banking world. After experience in various aspects of banking, the last of which was in property, an interest in the design of buildings and the creative seeds that Jack Love had sown, began to germinate. However, had I not devoted as much time to drawing, athletics training, and other pursuits, I would probably have achieved a better matric maths pass mark. Now anxious to correct that, I approached the High School's ever-patient maths master Geoff Ilsley for personal tuition. So, something like 8 years after matriculating, I found myself rewriting another maths paper in the very same E classroom, where I had written it previously in 1963. The motivation for this was to improve my mark to qualify for admission to study architecture. This I did, beginning as a student, in residence, at what was then UPE in Port Elizabeth, eventually transferring to UCT, where I graduated.

Meanwhile, in my mid 20's while preparing to study further, I met Pam Hare. Pam was a beautiful mother of four children, recently widowed in tragic circumstances, with whom there was an immediate mutual attraction. Although the timing of our meeting was not ideal, 40 years later this year we are still together. Unfortunately, I was destined not to have children of my own.

At the time of my graduation, the economy was in recession and positions difficult to find so, for some years I operated on my own. At some point, the increase in computerisation made it clear I needed to follow suit. Where to begin was the question. Yet again, RBPS was to play a role in my education. Offered by computer teacher Warren Sparrow, adult computer literacy classes were being taught in his computer lab at the Prep. Without doubt, one could say my journey into computers started on a day to remember. We had just completed the first session and were taking a tea break. Sitting in my old Std 5 classroom, now the new staff room, Warren's cellphone rang. The caller was his wife to say she had just heard the news of an aircraft colliding with one of the towers at the World Trade Centre in NY. The date was the 11<sup>th</sup> September 2001...the day the world changed. We continued with the lesson, only to discover later the full impact and significance of the event.

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Having only just learnt the basics, further study was needed to understand, master and apply the available technology, so I followed up with a part-time course at CPUT (previously Cape Tech). Now suitably equipped, the question was whether to acquire, at huge cost, the hard and software needed to operate effectively or to join an office already equipped. Just then an opportunity arose and I joined the firm of R&L Architects whose senior partner, Douglas Roberts, started the practice, coincidentally, in 1964.

Ours is one of the larger practices in Cape Town. Past projects include several prominent buildings in the city, Metropolitan Life Centre opposite the CTICC, Woolworths Head Office, 35 Wale Street, to name a few. Lucky to have big corporate clients, we operate nationally, also internationally. Our current focus includes shopping centres, distribution centres, industrial and residential complexes, but occasionally also individual private residences.

Two recent large projects of note have been our 2010 World Cup soccer stadium in Mbombela (Nelspruit) and our association with KMH Architects on the new Cape Town International Airport. R&L Architects is well represented by RBHS Old Boys, two others being John During and Bruce Levin.

As for the present, four and a half months ago I suffered a slight stroke, but a stroke nevertheless, just six days before flying to the US to visit family. Fortunately, I received medical approval to make the journey, something that proved to be a good rehabilitation exercise, even though it curtailed some of our activities and full enjoyment of the trip. Today I am grateful and lucky to have recovered almost completely and hope to enjoy many more productive years.



## Richard Morris



**Richard and Nici**

Richard, Rich, Dick, Tuffrey... during my schooling years, which are better remembered for my sporting achievements than my academic ones, I was known by my peers as 'Dick'. Later, during my cricketing career, my teammates referred to me as 'Tuffrey', one of my middle names. This was discovered during a Currie Cup trip to Rhodesia when one of my team mates got hold of my passport and revealed that my middle name was 'Tuffrey'. My family and friends call me Richard, Rich or Rich-man.....I answer to them all!

I attended Rondebosch Boys' Prep and High Schools and should have completed my matric year in 1963 (I skipped sub B). However, I had to repeat Standard Nine, which meant I only finished school in 1964, thus having the benefit of being included in both year's celebrations. Had I not repeated that year, I would only have qualified to play U16 in my final year at school and would have been denied the opportunity and privilege of playing first team rugby for this amazing school.

You may find it amusing to know that the reason for my skipping Sub B, was because one of the kindergarten teachers, Miss Ferguson, thought I was a potential genius – due to the fact that I had played darts with older siblings from the tender age of four and as a result was able to do multiple adding and subtractions far beyond the ability of any of my peers!

Clearly, she had made a mistake and it was the end of my academic achievements – Sub A was the last standard that I passed with flying colours!! However my later sporting successes went some way to compensate for this 'minor' academic set-back. I was fortunate enough to play both 1<sup>st</sup> team cricket and rugby for our school and was privileged to captain them both.

### CRICKET

My cricketing career blossomed under the guidance of Steytler Thwaites, the master-in-charge of cricket who himself had represented WP. He believed

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strongly in discipline and doing things the right way i.e. “God dammit man, see that your boots and pads are clean and your laces correctly tied!”

Whilst the masters had a great influence on my game, perhaps my real passion was nurtured during the many, many hours, (days, weeks and months) spent playing cricket with John le Roux and Chris Mundy in the back yard of John’s parents’ house in Canigou Ave. John would often make sure that he arrived home before we got there in order to water the ‘wicket’ and make conditions more challenging for the batsman! Great to see that Chris is planning to attend the reunion!

Perhaps this early enthusiasm and dedicated practising led to my selection for WP Nuffield and SA Schools for 3 years. Thereafter, for the next 11 years I was fortunate enough to be selected to play cricket for WP during South Africa’s isolation period along with some of South Africa’s cricketing greats. What a fantastic era that was!

After retirement from 1<sup>st</sup> class cricket my interest and involvement in the game continued as a cricket selector for WP. Later I became Convenor of Selectors and was a member of the WP Cricket Executive Committee until 1994.

### RUGBY

Whilst cricket was the sport that I pursued after school, my happiest memories and proudest moments were achieved on the rugby field at Rondebosch. They started at U13 with the late Prof Tinkie Heyns and culminated with my captaincy of the unbeaten Rondebosch 1<sup>st</sup> XV in 1964 under the guidance of Tickey de Jager. The winning culture started with Tinkie Heyns offering the team a challenge – a choice between cream buns for winning or cuts for losing! Needless to say the challenge was accepted and we were fortunate enough to win virtually all our matches as cream buns were definitely the better option! My ‘slim-line’ figure of today is testimony to the amount of matches won and the high quality of the cream buns!

The winning culture had been born and continued its positive path right through to 1964. Part of that winning culture can be attributed to the time and effort spent with Tickey De Jager in coaching, teaching and practising the art of successful goal kicking and the mathematical angles associated with it. For instance, one of his disciplines was to make us practise conversions a metre from the corner of the try and touch lines - virtually a zero degree angle. He maintained that if you could get anywhere close to converting from this position, everything else would be relatively simple.

Apart from successes against our traditional rivals Bishops, SACS and Wynberg, there are 3 matches in particular which stand out in my memory. Firstly, comfortably defeating Grey Bloem who had long been considered one



of the best rugby playing schools in the country. Secondly, the victory towards the end of the season against DF Malan (also unbeaten at that point). The match attracted massive interest, both from within the school and amongst the local communities. This was the season-ending showdown and winning was everything! But perhaps the match I most vividly remember was against Paarl Boys' High in Paarl. With just a few minutes remaining and trailing 8-3, we managed to score a try (worth 3 points). I was the kicker and the conversion would've drawn the match – but I missed the reasonably easy kick. The score was now 8–6... with only 30 seconds remaining before the final whistle. They kicked off and after virtually our whole team had handled the ball, we managed to score a try in the far corner! If my memory serves me correctly, it was scored by Athol McLean, resulting in a famous victory snatched from the 'jaws of death'. The final score was 9-8 to Rondebosch!

This victory epitomises our team spirit and the winning Rondebosch culture that had developed over those years – what a privilege and honour it was to have been part of.

Our family has had strong ties with Rondebosch over the years, starting with my two older brothers Vine E54 and John E57 (both sadly now deceased), my two sons Robbie E98 and Matthew E04 and my two nephews Andrew and Bruce Lawley (Andrew sadly died in a car accident in 1992).

Both Robbie and Matt had a wonderful school experience at Rondebosch which has continued into their adult lives where long-lasting friendships are still intact. They both participated successfully in cricket, rugby and water-polo. Robbie now serves on the Rondebosch Old Boy's Union Committee and helps to arrange the sporting events for Old Boys' Day. Their love and support for Rondebosch continues from year to year.

Since leaving school I have been involved in printing, advertising and signage businesses. At the start of my working career I worked for Creda Press which was owned by the inspirational and unique Rondebosch Old Boy, Dennis Nick. He inspires one to be a better person and to follow your dreams – what a fabulous grounding he gave me!

I was then offered a position with an advertising agency as Account Director handling the Gilbey's account and ended up as Managing Director of Barker McCormac until the company was sold to O & M.

For the last 10 years I've been employed as Manager of Sign-A-Rama Claremont which is a franchise owned by Mike van Zyl, whose three sons all attended Rondebosch too.

I've been happily married to my wife Nici for the last 33 years and apart from our two sons Robbie and Matt who live in Cape Town, we have a gorgeous