

In a Class of Our Own

Weidemann's compassionate comment on my report for progress in Afrikaans was to wish me all of the best for my future.

When I look back across the decades of subsequent experience, I believe those good wishes stood me in good stead! Up to the age of 16 I'd been sure I was going to be a naval architect, a conviction that evaporated as the future of shipping changed. I left school uncertain whether to become a farmer, a doctor, an advocate or an architect. I was sure I didn't want to become a teacher, and, much as I respected him, to follow in my father's footsteps.

After training as an officer during my national service in the Navy, I felt myself drawn to study English as my major with a view to teaching after all. After four years at UCT and a postgraduate year at Stellenbosch University, I spent 10 years of fulfilling teaching at Paul Roos Gymnasium before being awarded the Rondebosch Overseas Scholarship, which gave me the opportunity to proceed to Balliol College, Oxford for an MSc degree in Educational Governance. In 1981 I had married Margaret Lewis, at that time Head of Music at Rustenburg Girls' High so we were able to embark on the Oxford experience together. A very happy chapter of our lives followed: after considerable travel in Britain, Europe and North America, our first three children were born while my research progressed to doctoral level, including field trips to South Africa, grappling with the rapid changes in this country during the 1980s and the possibilities of educational transformation.

Our return to South Africa was on the eve of major transformation, making the 1990s an exciting time to join Higher Education, lecturing at Stellenbosch University in Education Policy Studies. This field, especially as it relates to governance, management and leadership, has opened out into challenging projects and consulting work, including with the national government, about education system and school development in South Africa.

As a family we have had the privilege and great blessing of living in a town with the resources and opportunities of Stellenbosch, including a first class education for our four children at school and tertiary level. After all having received a fantastic grounding at Rhenish Primary School, the eldest Stephen chose to go to RBHS as a boarder, starting off under Prof Tinkie Heyns in Mason House, 'The Best House in the World'. Stephen went to Bishops for a post-Matric year and went on to obtain his PhD in Economics from Stellenbosch. Kathleen, an Old Rhenisher, is now a Candidate Attorney at ENS, having finished off an LLM while competing in the London Olympics in 2012. Ross chose to go to Paul Roos Gymnasium, then qualified as a Mechanical Engineer and is now married and working for Defy in Durban. The youngest, Helen, has also just qualified as a lawyer and is working temporarily for a law firm until she takes up a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford in September 2013.



I feel that I have learned more in the last three years than in the previous 60. I look forward to new challenges in my work over the next ten years, yet without all that went before and the Rondebosch foundation there would have been little on which to build.

Through our children we have enjoyed an enlargement and variety in life that keeps us on our toes and trying out new things: three of them have played hockey for South Africa, but they all enjoy music – we have a clarinet player, a concert pianist, a trumpeter and a violinist. In a curious way, it is true to say that the joys and benefits that I have reflected on in this remembrance of RBHS and its people, have flowed into the lives we share as a family. We believe that the value of this legacy will rest in no small way on their future lives and families too.



Waiters at Matric dance 1962

Hugh Hodge, Richard (Spring) Risby, M Sheppard, Peter Scholte, R. Schreiber,
B. Buyskes, Piet Schroeder, Barry Price, Peter Barrett, Miss Denning,
Cedric Gilmour, Bruce McLagan, Trevor Klette
(Photo courtesy of Hugh Hodge)

Mike Taylor



I joined the prep school in Standard 1 from Rosebank Junior School in, as I recall, Miss Cope's class and have fond memories of her, as well as Solly Robinson and Miss Duminy.

Mr Laidlaw was my favourite teacher and sports master while the glamorous Miss Hartman was the school beauty on whom most of us had a schoolboy crush.

I remember that the principal, Mr Enslin, who farmed in the Constantia valley, was invariably the first out of the school gates, the sound of his bakkie going down the driveway from Oakhurst, timed perfectly with the school bell.

Without a doubt, Arthur Jayes was my most admired master at the High School. His mere presence was enough to bring a rowdy class to complete stillness. I also held Messrs Ryan, Baartman, Viljoen and Goldie in high regard. Ronnie Wiggett was the sports coach who inspired me the most.

Of course, no memories of Rondebosch could exclude a few Charlie Hallack experiences. I recall the time when for about a week, Barry Lloyd was persona non grata in Charlie's E1b history class on account of an earlier misdemeanour. As Charlie entered the classroom he would cast his eyes around the room before issuing the command "Lloyd out", pointing to the door. He would then make his way down the aisle to collar an unresponsive Lloyd sheltering at the back of the class. Thereafter followed a robust struggle as Charlie grappled with Lloyd to physically evict him, spurred on by a chorus of "Lloyd out" from the rest of the class. The class would erupt into a round of applause as Charlie eventually managed to close the door on an evicted Lloyd. Invariably, as Charlie proudly made his way back to his desk, smoothing his clothing disturbed in the struggle, Lloyd would pop his head in the door and ask "Sir, can I come in now?"

How we, and especially Lloyd, managed to pass History with all the non-academic distractions is a testament to Charlie's innate grasp of history and his ability to focus the class on likely examination questions.



I have fond memories of all the friends I made at Rondebosch over the years, especially Sandy Marr and Derek van den Berg in the Prep and Kai Albrecht and Hugh Hodge in the High. Robbie Thomas and Andy Spengler I only really got to know following my school days when immersed in the sport of surfing. Andy and I became very close until our ways parted when he left to live in the US. I renewed my friendship with Johnny Kipps in the 1980s when both our families worshiped at Holy Trinity Church in Kalk Bay, before they left for the Isle of Man.

My Rondebosch education enabled me to qualify as a civil engineer at UCT. I specialised in dam engineering eventually becoming a partner at Hill Kaplan Scott in Cape Town.

In 1999, I accepted an offer from an Australian firm, GHD in Melbourne where I now live with my wife Philippa (nee Pittard who matriculated at Notre Dame Convent in Constantia) as do our children, Claire and James. I have recently 'transitioned to retirement', going onto a 4 day week that enables me to enjoy more golf.

We were all set to be in Cape Town for the E63 50th anniversary. However, the almost simultaneous expected arrival of our first grandchild has unfortunately frustrated those plans. I will be especially missing the golf day at Steenberg with the lads.

I have included a number of photographs in separate emails that may be interesting to some E63s.

One is of a group of us in the school grounds during a break circa 1960. Another is of the Under 11A Rugby team and a third was from a photo published in either the Argus or the Cape Times in about 1959, of a rugby test match crowd at Newlands featuring Derek van den Berg, myself, Christopher Mundy, John Le Roux and Hennie Mostert.

Derek van den Berg



Derek and Lyn

My Prep School memories are really vague.

Alan Musker was my deskmate on day one - swimming in the slimy green pool near Mason House...and 'Free Scrap Here' at the bottom of the playground. Also boxing with Mr Laidlaw.

High School: my whole focus here was sport...swimming, rugby and athletics. The academic side was an inescapably irritating part of life. My behaviour in the classroom reflected this. I must have been a challenge to most of the teachers!

Looking back now one realizes how privileged we were to have the calibre of men who taught us. Growing up in a single parent family, as I did, the teachers provided discipline as well as role model status.

Army call-up followed matric and then medical school at UCT. I qualified in 1970 and moved to Edenvale Hospital in Pietermaritzburg. I married Lyn Davis in 1972. The end of my rugby career came in 1976 and we moved to Matatiele in East Griqualand where I was in a 4-man general practice for 20 years. I returned in 1997 to the Western Cape with wife Lyn and our six children - good Catholics! - and I am still in practice in Somerset West.



Norman van Zyl

I have some wonderful Prep School memories - of the redoubtable Miss Ferguson, 'Sergeant,' who always wore striped shirts, ties, a severe bun in her hair and an imperceptible moustache. An interesting ensemble.

I came first in class on one occasion and was rewarded with a prize - a dinky toy motor-car! Worth a fortune these days.

Then, in Standard 1, the beautiful Miss Duminy - what a cleavage, even for eight year-olds. I'm still fascinated by cleavages! Miss McEwan was our soccer coach and Mr Laidlaw gave me cuts. Didn't he give cuts to everyone?

At High School Billy Trengove was a new master. I cried out, 'Bloody nose, sir, may I be excused?' When I returned to the classroom, Billy asked to see my hanky, needless to say there were no traces of blood anywhere on it. He remembered the incident years later at our 25th anniversary in the City Club in Cape Town. After how many pupils had he taught in the intervening years! What a man.

Sivvie Olivier took me for Afrikaans with snot balls being launched from the teacher's table at offending pupils. 'Mango' van Oordt (Bio and Latin) did not take kindly to being asked what the Latin word for a mango was. Thereafter in the Latin class his usual greeting was, "Morning class, sit. Van Zyl - OUT!" I came to know the passage well and having to avoid Nobby and Mr Jayes.

My mother made sandwiches for Geoff Duckitt. (So that's who Geoff's hitherto unknown donor was! Ed).

Charlie was just great - the war of the worlds - Nat v SAP was still being fought, intermingled with cries of "Rufus!!" "Swine!!" "Kill!!" Also of people hanging outside the classroom on the window ledges - Chris Haylett, Peter Goble and others with shouts of "Help, sir! I'm falling!"

Due to acute asthma I was not much of a participant in sport but I did try hockey until the day I tripped up Mr Reeler in the mud on the Upper Meadow field. He looked a lot worse than I did and I never played hockey again. In the cricket 'Cake League' we once played against the Old Boys' first team and I was bowled out first ball of the match. My Dad packed up and left, leaving me to walk home!

Although never an academic, I remember my Rondebosch days with huge affection - a GREAT school and a GREAT matric bunch of E'63 guys!

Neil Veitch



Helen and Neil

My grandfather bought a Victorian house in Bonair Road, Rondebosch in 1917 when the same architectural style which predominated in the area was fashionable. An elegant building, it's still there, almost a century later, though somewhat altered in appearance.

With Rondebosch thus established as our suburb of choice, we settled there for the next two generations, my parents selecting in 1951 as their residence another Victorian house, this time in Weltevreden Avenue. Our home was situated just behind the Park, exactly 4 minutes' walk from the Prep School, to which my 2 brothers and I were subsequently sent.

I detested the school. It was staffed, as I thought then, by people whose teaching careers had begun well before the War and, well-intentioned though they might have been, there were too many oddities amongst them, all doing their own thing under the more-or-less benign rule of Roche Enslin – 'Ensie,' as we were pleased to call him. 'Ensie,' he of the waving cane, either languidly conducting the school at morning assembly or hitting the daylight's out of some miscreant in his modest office.

The building itself struck me as gaunt and cheerless – especially in the Cape winters – only later did I come to appreciate its period features – the dressed stone ground floor and the Hall's Broseley tiled roof and fine period interior – by Baker. The roof has just been replaced by nondescript modern tiles.

How lucky I was, though, in my friends! David Taylor, my oldest friend. We met on his first day in Std 1, he having come from Simonstown. I lent him 2/6 for a haircut at Hurwitz Barbers on the Main Road and, 58 years later, we remain close friends. (He repaid the money the next day!) David's conversation, and writing style, was and remains, ambrosial and our friendship contributed more to my education and growth than any other single factor – certainly more than the RBHS teaching. Other friends were Gregory Coplans and Jack Garlick (both who, too soon, left for St Andrews),



Neil Tuchten (charming always and already flexing his intellect for the Bench) David 'Tubby' Price (who, to the regret of many, has been below our E'63 radar for so long), Peter Hodes, Alex Cohen and Leslie Lang and many others.

These friends were soon to be supplemented wonderfully by the Standard 6 High School intake, bringing to RBHS Richard Spring (now Lord Risby, recently and fittingly ennobled in the UK), Jeff Leeuwenberg (so well-read and entertaining, even as a youngster) Chris Steyn (always so upbeat and ready to be amused) Tony Kinlay (who, though not from our year, I met and befriended at Stellenbosch University) and Rob Schrire ('Little Red One' – on account of his neo-communist leanings – hilarious and professorial by turn). Robert's outrageous utterances, delighting and confusing his hearers, masked serious learning. What fun we had – 'I think there must be something wrong with his brain, sir' (this to Hallack, with the poor man already sorely tried.)

I enjoyed the High School as much as I had loathed the Prep. There was, somehow, in those stately, Parker-designed buildings off Canigou Ave, so much more on the go, more people to observe, extraordinary things being made to happen by extraordinary people. Much of it emanating from the boys themselves. Jayes, de Jager, 'Buck' Ryan and 'Doc' Watson doubtless taught well and, on good days, even inspirationally, but for me, from that whole galere of Rondebosch schoolmasters, there was no single special teacher. I missed a specific intellectual mentor – someone with the time and inclination to nurture students, such as I thought I already was, on my way to a literary or at any rate a bookish career. Thank goodness for UCT's Arts Faculty, for which I had tried to prepare myself by my own reading.

My forbears were teachers and clergymen predominantly and I probably inherited the notion of a 'calling' from them – such as to set me on a career in teaching for a lot of my working life. I left teaching twice, the first time to become a professional broadcaster for the SABC's former English Programme – "this is a proper Radio Service," Dewar McCormack said to me on arrival, "see that it remains so." I was taught to read the news by Christopher Bennet, who broadcast on the BBC World Service and had himself been taught by the first female broadcaster on the BBC. I enjoyed that sense of continuity and pedigree. As an Announcer-Producer, I had fun reading news, producing actuality programmes, contributing to a famous programme, "Radio Today" from Johannesburg and presenting "Talking of Books" transmitted from the Sea Point studios. This last was great because I was paid extra and got to keep my choice of the better books I reviewed.

The second break in my teaching was when I took the so-called package offered to teachers of a certain age and worked as an editor for my friend David Philip, an independent and very courageous publisher. As is well known, David Philip produced 'Books that Matter' throughout much of the

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apartheid period, and it was a privilege to be a part-time employee of his for some of that time, editing books that the mainline publishers wouldn't touch. David was an individual of the highest probity and principle and was sorely missed at his death three years ago and as he is now.

My first marriage ended with the new millennium, leaving me, however, with two wonderful and talented daughters, the elder, Rosy, who is completing her research Masters in preparation for a career as a clinical psychologist and Emily, recently married to a film-maker, is a strategist for a Cape Town ad agency. My own incredible good fortune was being introduced to Helen Ziegenhardt in 2003 at a lunch party given by our very own Lindsay and Tessa Kennedy. Now my wife of five years, Helen had 3 fine sons from her marriage to Rob - Luke, Julian and Paul - all of whom went to RBHS after their return from Asia, bringing our family up to seven – not counting grandchildren!

Many years ago I was lucky enough to be invited to join the Owl Club of Cape Town. This is an old-fashioned dining-club founded in the city in the 1890s by the then Astronomer Royal, Sir David Gill. The Club's object is for its members to dine and converse and it offers, we think, the most critical but also kindly audience before which after-dinner speakers may perform. Having served on the Committee for some years, I'm looking forward to assuming the Presidency next year in the Club's 120th year.

Always keen to have a writing project under way, I have published five books – 2 on local historical topics and 3 school histories – RBHS, Queen's College and SACS. I'm hoping to find a sponsor for a book I'm planning on Edwardian Architecture at the Cape. You know what they say, 'Man creates buildings and then the buildings shape Man.'



Test match at Newlands circa 1959

From left: Derek Van Den Berg, Christopher Mundy, Mike Taylor, John Le Roux and Hennie Mostert (standing). (Photo courtesy of Michael Taylor)



George Voigt



George and Christine

I joined the Rondebosch family at the High School stage. I enjoyed playing rugby and cricket and my favourite hobby, also a sport, was playing chess. On occasions, I played chess in class with Jeff Leeuwenburg and John Le Roux when we were supposed to be concentrating on school work!

Outside school, I enjoyed, inter alia, doing mountain walks and climbs with Stephen Buchner and Jeff Leeuwenburg.

Teachers whom I remember with fondness include Mnr Goldie, Buck Ryan, Tickey de Jager, Herbie Helm, Ron Wiggett and Charlie Hallack. Also, I recall the imposing figure of Arthur Jayes in Assembly.

After leaving school I did a B.Com. degree at Stellenbosch University and then qualified as a Chartered Accountant. After gaining a few years of business experience, I joined "W Voigt Painters Renovators and Builders", as the financial director.

I am married to Christine and we have four children, Jonathan, Sarah, Paul and Stephen.

My favourite hobby at present is playing bowls, which I have been doing for more than twenty years. My bowling club is Western Province Cricket Club (WPCC). The WPCC grounds adjoin the RBHS grounds!

I have been residing in Rondebosch for over twenty-five years and regularly take my dogs for a walk in the RBHS grounds.

Johan Walters



School, what was the sense of it?

After I had started at the Prep School in Sub A, we moved to Durban for a few years and then I re-appeared half-way through Standard 4 in Mr Solomons' class. Despite a dose of 'four-of-the best' from Mr Enslin, I would have loved to have been able to visit his home in Constantia. The vegetables he produced for the Saturday 'market day' were memorable and made me wonder how he spent his weekdays. We stayed in Rondebosch two doors down from the McLagans and sometime later John Hill moved into the same street. Meeting the McLagans meant great holidays at their Hermanus holiday house and an introduction to photography which was put to good use later in Standard 8.

My introduction to the High School was a bit intimidating. On the first day as a new boy I was physically accosted by Ken Andrew who set about reading me the riot act, addressing me as 'Wolters' and impressing upon me that I was in for trouble if I followed the same path as my brother. Some might remember the lad of that name who was a year or so ahead of us. Despite that 'blink' misjudgment, the incident did carry a message about toeing the line.



Charlie (Photograph courtesy of Steve Buchner)



There will not be many, or even any, who passed through the School's portals without an indelible memory of Charlie. His reputation seemed to precede him, reaching out to the Prep School like the enticing fresh aromas from your favorite bakery, but garnished with a generous layer of trepidation. So it was that, one Thursday afternoon of Standard 6, I arrived home late from school because I had missed the train to Bellville, (we stayed on a farm in the Durbanville area for a time), and with difficulty had to explain the claw marks tattooed around the front of my neck. How do you explain to your outraged parents the exhilarating experience of manipulating yourself into detention when you know Charlie was in charge of it on a particular afternoon? In classic fashion whilst enjoying the antics of my fellow scholastic sinners that afternoon, for no particular reason I found myself being wrestled to the side of the classroom, an iron fist clasped to my throat and the window sill digging into the back of my neck. It would have been fun had Charlie taken better care of his fingernails... they were like chisels. And a grip a little less fierce to allow me to breathe would have been nice, and of course there was Rufus, working overtime around the knee area. He got the better of me that time but taught me how to deflect the attention for many future encounters.

One of these was to take a photograph two years later in C3, of Charlie having a full go at Bruce McLagan, with Peter Baker, Roy McCallum and Donald Andrew and all those behind him goading and cheering him on hysterically. I remember taking that pic to school one day, never to see it again but being proud that I had got away with not having had the camera smashed. How we got away with the goings on, especially in C3 with its wooden floor above the Staff Room, deserves an explanation.

I believe the most elegant tribute we could pay to Charlie Hallack would be to compile a compendium of anecdotes around the activities in and around his classroom through the ages. Perhaps someone has done this already which John Hill can convert to our version of Mr Chips.

And what would RBHS have been without Tinkie Heys? The quiet maestro. That cream buns from the Tuck Shop for success, or the cuts from that leather strop for failure, could do so much to shape my future work ethic and life philosophy is true psychological genius. Perhaps we were part of an experiment. This of course raises a taboo of modern day schooling. Punishment and Reward. I reckon I achieved more by knowing where I stood in the class, or by knowing what the consequence of success or failure would be, as was the case on the rugby field.

Speaking of learning, many years later and with my tongue deep in my cheek, I came to realize *that I was taught nothing* at school. My failing memory aside, I just cannot remember what all those years of teaching effort did to

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prepare me for what was necessary to succeed in later years. Despite the toil for self-induced recall, what helped me most of all is that I actually attended RBHS. This fact alone carried significant weight with the universities and launched a career in spite of pathetic matric grades. However it would have been useful if someone had taught us *how to learn*.

For me there were two stand-out teachers who made a difference to my scholastic indifference. Buck Ryan who injected some enthusiasm and meaning into what seemed like an unnecessary exercise and Arthur Jayes, who through sheer intimidation made making sense of things a non-negotiable option. Good preparation for the army that was to follow.

Who remembers the great boomerang week? I recall it was somewhere around Standard 8. Someone a couple of standards above us, (perhaps from Jack Love's workshop), brought a boomerang to school which was flung around on the Meadows or the Range evoking general interest. The following day there were more, and by the end of the week the 1st team rugby field was chock-a-block with whatever flew, but predominantly paint tin-lids. Whoever brought the first lid should have been credited with the invention of the Frisbee. This insanely irresponsible spectacle persisted for the week until Nobby announced the ban at Friday assembly.

Who remembers Jeff Leeuwenburg breaking a front tooth when playing against Bishops on a Wednesday afternoon, or going to the Rembrandt cigarette factory as a class outing, and the end of Standard 9 overnight on Table Mountain with Doc Watson? Who remembers never really learning to dance with Nancy Watson-Morris, gym with Ronnie Wiggett or sharing sandwiches with those starving boarders...Roy Mac and Co, and enjoying rugby, even in the B and C and D teams, with the likes of Jack Garlick, Bruce Fergie, Blikkies, Kiewiet, and Nicky Krone, or going to Killarney with Ronnie Jones and Ian Newall... all good stuff!

Clearly, the friendships developed at school and cemented in later years, as well as the lessons learnt from our peers were the essence of our school experience. That we had a good schooling there is no doubt. Thank goodness for that. But thank goodness too for the calibre of peers with whom we battled on the sports fields and competed in the classrooms.



Eric Wells



Gill and Eric

Gill and I were married on 15 April 1972 and Shelley arrived late in January 1973. Jackie was born in August 1975. They both went to Wynberg Girls' Junior and Senior Schools. Maxine, Jackie's daughter, was born in March 2006 and is certainly the apple of all our eyes!

I did my military training in the Navy from January to September 1964 and then started my Accountancy Articles in October that year. I was a lazy student and only finished varsity after Shelley was born, after which I wrote and passed my Board exams in May 1974. I had already left the profession and begun working for Sweet-Orr and Lybro in June 1972. I left them for a short period after 5 years and was invited back to become Financial Director. In the worst career move of my life, I finally left in May 1984 and joined another clothing manufacturer and then subsequently the furniture company, Bakker & Steyger in November 1990.

While at varsity I had started sailing with UCT Yacht Club and then moved to keelboats in 1979 at RCYC. I became involved with administration and was Commodore of Hout Bay Yacht Club in 1985 & 1986. So, when the opportunity came to manage the Cruising Association, I grabbed it and had eight happy years administering my sport from June 1992 to December 2000. During this time we unified the whole sport of sailing under the auspices of South African Sailing. Sport is, however, fraught with politics and I engineered my way to becoming the Principal Officer of a small medical aid society from January 2001. This business closed in December 2010 and from that time on I have working from home, building up a small accounting and tax business. This may become profitable at some stage - but Rome wasn't built in a day!

We have lived very happily in Hout Bay since 1979 and, being close to the beach, walk the dog and try to keep reasonably fit by cycling. Starting in 1985, I have completed the Argus 12 times and hope, with any luck, to do so again in March 2013.

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I have also pandered to my passion for motorcars by buying a 1967 Hillman Imp - which is a work-in-progress but is fun to drive and goes better than when it first came out of the factory!

All in all, a very happy life, thanks to a loving wife, daughters and granddaughter.



Mr Billy Trengove's 90th Birthday

L to R: Neil Veitch, Lindsay Kennedy, Mr Billy Trengove, David Taylor.
(Photograph courtesy of Eric Wells)



Sam Wiggett



Sam and Christine

Apart from the great schooling I received, there are many fond memories I have of life at Rondebosch which certainly established a set of values that has stood me in good stead over the years.

I was a boarder at all three houses – Mason House, The Lilacs and Canigou - so the reminiscences are boarding-school dominated but the school and surroundings were the centre of my world for 5½ years at the school.

After 50 years it is difficult to remember the names of those kind day boys (and their mothers) who took pity on a starving boarder and packed an extra sandwich in their lunches to share with me every day – thank you all, kind brethren!

I also remember vividly the smell and atmosphere under the oak trees near the main rugby ground very early in the morning as I studied and crammed for a coming test or exam – awesome!

Then of course there were the more painful memories – while at Mason House getting involved in a silly ambush on the Joubert brothers, 'Prof' and Andrew, during their evening walk – the result was a caning from Ron Wiggett (my brother, house master and physical education teacher). The five or six lads involved took the six cuts with strong resolve but I was a bit put out when I straightened up after my six with the customary "Thank You Sir", only to be told to bend again for one more "because you are my brother"!

At The Lilacs we spent hours on the fantastic trapeze set up in a massive oak tree in the grounds – we used to swing from a branch some three or four metres above the ground. One afternoon one of our group (I think it was Freddy Versveld) took a dive rather than a swing and the backlash put him flat on his back, knocked out cold on the pathway below! We called Mrs de Jager to attend to him and fortunately he recovered without any broken bones or serious concussion!

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Of course our stint at Lilacs would not have been complete without a good caning from Tickey de Jager for having a sneak smoke in the garden shed nearby!

At Canigou we behaved like a normal group of hooligans – I can relate very well to the “crazy eight” characters in John van de Ruit’s “Spud” series of books – we were not very different!

In our matric year the members occupying the seniors study consisted of myself, “Pooch” Murcott, Geoff Duckitt, “Dog” Krige, Freddy Versveld, Jake Niehaus, Peter de Villiers and Metcalf Fick.

Near exams we decided to celebrate our time together so we all requested “late study” and, dressed in our civvies under our gowns, proceeded to consume the snacks and wine which we had bought for the occasion. Needless to say, we lit up the odd smoke and started to become increasingly talkative and loud. It wasn’t too long before there was a knock at the door (which we had locked) and Mr “Nobby” Clarke, the Headmaster, demanded entry. There was no way we could be caught in the act so we explained that we had lost the key! Of course he was not fooled and we had to report to him in the morning for the regulation “six of the best.” Thank You Sir!

There are of course many more memories involving teachers and housemasters (Charlie Hallack, Tinkie Heyns and Dudley Baartman come to mind), an incident with the Rondebosch police (ask Metcalf Fick about that), midnight swims in the pool and evading the house prefects (including Ian McCallum) after bunking out. Very good times were had!

So as we celebrate the Class of ‘63 in 2013 we can also express our gratitude for attending an institution which gave us the grounding and learning opportunities to prepare us for the future. “Altius et Latius”!

Footnote: Since leaving Rondebosch I completed a BSc (Hons) degree in geology at UCT, married Christine and now have a family of a daughter, two sons and six grandchildren. Straight after graduating, we moved to Barberton in the Eastern Transvaal (now called Mpumalanga) where I worked on a gold mine for some 15 years. I was then transferred to Head Office in Johannesburg, working initially on African exploration, then in base metal mines and exploration internationally. I took early retirement in 2002, continued working as a geological consultant for the next 8 years. I am now fully retired and try to visit my children and grandchildren regularly, located as they are in Australia, New Zealand and the UK, as well as working hard on my golf handicap!



Class of E63

Brian Abrahams	Alan Evason	Ian Little	Will Rohm
Kai Albrecht	Bruce Ferguson	Barry Lloyd	Sandy Rossiter
Mike Allen	Tim ffoulikes-Morris	Peter Loveland	Jan Rozwadowski
Donald Andrew	Metcalf Fick	Richard Loveland	Kenny Schloss
Owen Ashley	Ferdi Fischer	Adrian Low	Peter Scholte
Clive Badenhorst	Owen Fletcher	Roderick Lumb	Roy Schreiber
Alf Baguley	Peter Flint	Sandy Marr	Robert Schrire
Peter Baker	Charles Foord	Chris Matchett	Chris Schrooder
Peter Barrett	Richard Frantz	Roy McCallum	Piet Schrooder
John Barry	Brian Fraser	Malcolm McCrosty	Peter Seidel
Whitey Basson	Billy Fullard	Jim McDermott	Peter Seymour
Rory Beamish	Martin Furman	David McGahey	John Simon
Leslie Beck	David Geffen	Bruce McLagan	Gordon Slabbert
Gavin Birch	Peter Gibb	Athol McLean	Eric Smith
Trevor Blewett	John Gibson	Pieter Meinert	Andrew Spengler
John Boonzaier	Zane Gibson	Robbie Meyer	Gavin Stanton
Leon Boonzaier	Cedric Gilmour	Gus Mitchell	Chris Starke
Victor Bout	Peter Goble	Charles Moir	Chris Steyn
Pat Bromilow-Downing	Roy Gordon	Tony Monk	Douw Steyn
Brian Brown	Chris Haylett	Richard Morris	Mark Swift
Steve Buchner	Chris Hibberd	Johan Mostert	David Taylor
Chris Buyskes	John Hill	Chris Munday	Mike Taylor
Alec Cassarichis	Tony Hillier	David Munro	Robbie Thomas
Barrie Clarkson	Peter Hodes	Guy Murcott	Ronald Thomas
David Cohen	Hugh Hodge	Hugh Murray	Mike Tonkin
Alex Cohen	Tony Hoenson	Alan Musker	Neil Tuchten
John Coleman	Robert Hoets	Ian Newall	Derek van den Berg
Martin Coomer	Lindsay Holliman	Chris Newell	Johan van Schoor
Ian Crawford	Rolf Hollman	Jake Niehaus	Norman van Zyl
Jeremy Day	Leon Hurwitz	Chris Ormrod	Phil van der Merwe
Johan de Jong	Ronald Jones	Peter Parkin	Neil Veitch
Louis de Kock	Andrew Joubert	Keith Payne	Fred Versveld
Theo de Rijk	Lindsay Kennedy	Jack Penfold	George Voigt
Peter de Villiers	Johnny Kipps	Nick Penstone	Bruce Walker

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Mike Denoon-Stevens	Trevor Klette	Keith Perry	Johan Walters
Nick Diemont	Peter Korck	Bobby Piepers	Eric Wells
Clive Downton	Chris Krige	Geoff Pocock	Sam Wiggett
Richard Dryden	Neil Kritzinger	Barry Price	Graham Wittridge
Geoff Duckitt	Leslie Lang	David Price	Roydon Wood
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(Courtesy of Peter Barrett)



If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!



Rudyard Kipling (30 December 1865 – 18 January 1936)