The Sutton Times

Our family of many nations

Joseph Sutton
1788-1851

Patriarch of seven generations

Newest Sutton
Troy
2010 –

The Sutton Times

The story of a South African family with diverse roots abroad

OUR family history goes back seven centuries and many generations. Our forebears came from England, Ireland, Holland and elsewhere in Europe.

The English side came from Yorkshire, where a master cutler was followed by three generations of clergymen, the last two also school headmasters. The first of these came to South Africa.

The Cape Dutch (later Afrikaners) were South African pioneers, farmers and landowners owing allegiance in turn to Holland, Britain and the Boer Republics, who became involved in a civil war, and finally to the Union of South Africa.

The English name was Sutton, the Dutch Reitz. Another side was Marshall and Hazelton, with English and Irish origins named Kift and Lombard. In more recent times the bloodline has been enriched by strains from Scotland, South Africa and Germany.

My father's Reitz roots were in Utrecht, Holland, a family with a professional background. They rose to great heights in SA as pioneer landowners, warriors and politicians.

One side of my mother's family originated in Cork, second city of Ireland, including civic leaders dating back to the 14th century. Little is known of her English ancestors.

Remarkably, the Irish wing of the Marshall family might never have landed up in South Africa had one ancestor not been bitten by a vampire bat in the West Indies. He changed his mind about settling in the Caribbean and emigrated instead to this country.

The Sutton and Reitz wings might never have come to this country had both family *stamvaders* (progenitors) not left their homelands to recover from ill health. They survived for decades.

Legend has it that yet another ancestor, a Captain Hazelton, settled in SA after being shipwrecked. Unfortunately there is no documentary evidence to support this romantic tale.

**** The pages that follow tell how our foreign forebears came to settle in South Africa and laid the foundations of today's Sutton Family.***

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The Sutton Times

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Our family of many nations

They came to South Africa from England, Holland. Ireland, Scotland and other countries in Europe





Six brothers and a lone sister who left a rare footprint on SA life


The college the family has served over four generations



The Sutton Times

Many thanks to all for your contribution to this family history

THIS account has been compiled by and for members of the Sutton Family, close friends and associates. We hope you will find it more than a dry chronology of historical facts and dates, but a human document about people, their abilities, achievements and foibles, with amusing sidelights.

There is much about our family's contribution to the fields of education, the law, medicine and other professions, but also to the wonderful bond that exists between Suttons and the families they joined through marriage and close association.

- For all this we are indebted to many for help in compiling a story in words and pictures about a South African family who we believe have built on and enhanced the tradition. They include the author and publishers of Overberg Origins, which tells the stories and achievements of the Reitz and Sutton families, which became closely linked by marriage in the Western Cape.

Documents recall the history and achievements of our ancestors abroad spanning several nations and centuries.

Our thanks and acknowledgments go to family members, friends and associates, some of whom have passed on, and to records they have left behind. These include:

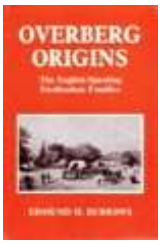
* Former teachers, pupils and educational associates and friends of the Rev JG (Bob Sutton), and my father, the Rev FJ (Frank) Sutton, both headmasters of Dale College, King William's Town.
* My sister Kitty Brown, of Cape Town, for her reminiscences of early life at Dale and beyond. My mother, Norah Sutton, for her diary of her childhood as one of six Marshall sisters in late 19th and early 20th century East London.
* Patricia Bransby of Port Elizabeth and her brother Rob Mellon of Bedfordview, Gauteng, for their memories of their parents Kay and Jack Mellon. To Patricia's friend, Tertius Coetzee, for his assistance with family pictures.
* Christopher (Kit) Sutton of Louis Trichardt, who died in December 2009, a year after he provided an intimate history of the Natal Sutton family.
* His older brother Joe's widow, Crista Sutton of Cape Town, and younger brother Deneys of Ballito, KwaZulu-Natal, and sisters Elizabeth Damant and Mary Higgins of Johannesburg.
* Members of the Cape Sutton family, principally Joan Sutton, who died on June 5, 2012, a granddaughter of Judge George Sutton, second son of Bob and Kitty Sutton.
* Ruth Fulton of Toronto, Canada, of the Fort Beaufort Sutton family, daughter of Dr Hubert and Gladys Sutton, my father's brother and mother's sister.
* Marjory McCarten of Cape Town and Prudence Cawood, daughters of my Uncle Freddie and Aunt Kathleen McCabe, formerly of the farm Wimbledon, Graaff-Reinet, and to members of Pru's family in Johannesburg. Pru died in 2011.
* Wendy Wilson, her daughter Candice and sisters Jill Etridge and Elizabeth Diering for their memories of their mother and grandmother, Audrey May.
* Joan Daubenton of Cape Town, daughter of Daisy Johnson, only daughter of Sutton *stamvader*, the Rev JG Sutton.
* The Reitz Family and the book, Overberg Origins, which includes the history of the family of which we became part through marriage.
* Cutlers' Arms, Sheffield, England, for supplying historical records of our ancestor, Joseph Sutton.
* The former King William's Town Mercury for its records of Dale College history and its headmasters.
* Contributors to the Dale College Magazine and TransDale, the TransDale parents and Old Dalian magazine and The Heron, the former Old Dalian Union magazine, the British magazine, Arthur Mee's Story Book, for its moving account of the drowning of our two older sisters and the heroic attempt to save them.
* An immense thank-you to my technical co-editor and assistant Viv Brown, of Sirius Electronic Systems, Johannesburg, for his advice, patience, encouragement and overall contribution to what has been an absorbing, and fascinating task.
* Last but not least: To our own close family in Bedfordview, Johannesburg and Mount Edgecombe, KZN, for their love, patience and advice to me in compiling these memoirs and especially my elder daughter Frances for her contribution as a proof reader and "final eye" and our assistant, Penny Jones.

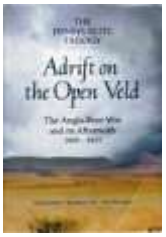
*** Volume One is incomplete as, despite appeals, some family members have not contributed in time.**

The story of our life since coming to Joburg is still to be told in Volume Two. So too is much about younger members of our extended family in SA. Please help us to fill these gaps.

- JOE SUTTON, compiler and editor of The Sutton Times

- To the author, Edmund H. Burrows, and publishers of "Overberg Origins," which includes the stories of the Reitz and Sutton families, which became closely linked by marriage in the Western Cape.





- To the Reitz Family, publishers and copyright holders of "Adrift on the Open Veld, including 'Commando,' 'Trekking On' and 'No Outspan' by Deneys Reitz, for the use of text and pictures.

OUR PRODUCTION TEAM

From left:

JOE SUTTON - Compiler and editor

VIV BROWN - Technical co-editor

FRANCES SUTTON - Proof-reader & adviser

PENNY JONES - Researcher & assistant

THE SUTTON FAMILY celebrated the 80th birthday at Cathedral Peak (above) of Joe Sutton and (below) his 85th at Granny Mouse in the KZN Midlands

From Sheffield steel and religious zeal to the classroom in S. Africa

THE FIRST Suttons of our family came from Yorkshire, in the north of England. Were they genteel folk - or like some down-to-earth Yorkshiremen of today, known for their forthright independent spirit, their cricketing prowess and a distinctive accent? Like Geoff Boycott or his fellow commentator David Lloyd?

Little is known of these 18th and 19th-century family pioneers and their characters other than that they were deeply religious folk, whose faith led them to produce three church ministers and to withstand early family losses. Their portraits with stern, unsmiling faces, imply that they were serious people.

But they lived in serious times amid the ups and downs of an England when the industrial revolution brought mixed blessings.

We know nothing about Joseph and Mary Sutton, our first-known English ancestors, except that they had two sons, Joseph and George, born in Hooton Roberts, Yorkshire, in 1757 and 1762.

George's son Joseph George was born there on March 3, 1788. At age 14 he became apprenticed in the cutlery trade in Sheffield, which became famous as the home of cutlery and steel.

Later he owned his own works in Fargate, now part of Sheffield's commercial centre. and became known as a "little master or mester" – is there a parallel with the Afrikaans mes (knife)? At best he was *a*, not *the*, master cutler, a term reserved for top men in the trade.

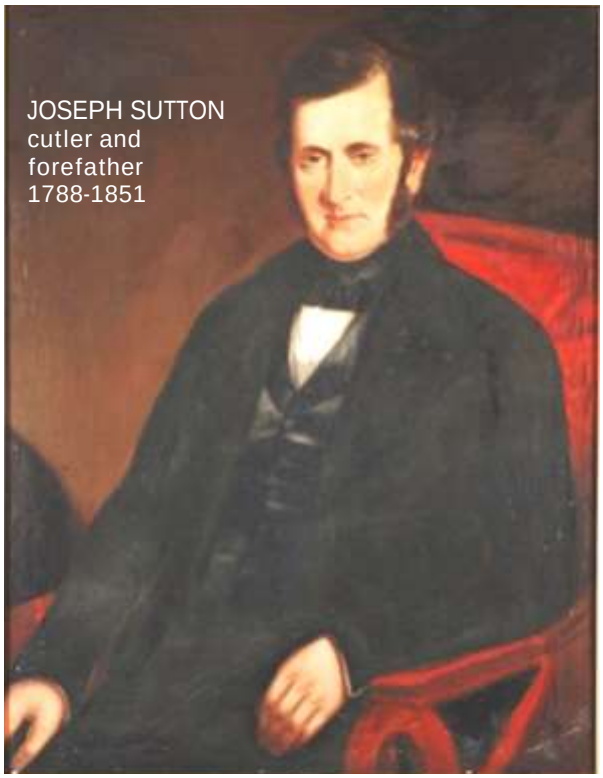
Joseph lost his wife Anne at age 33 in 1821, four years after their marriage and two months after the birth of a son, also Joseph, at the family home in Wheeldon Street, Sheffield. Earlier a daughter had died in infancy.

Widowed for the last 30 years of his life, Joseph died on August 28, 1851. His remains were interred with those of his wife and daughter in the grounds of the Methodist chapel at Carver Street, Sheffield, but their graves could not be found by Joe and Bunty Sutton on a visit in 1994.

The Sheffield Suttons were devout Methodists. Their son Joseph entered the ministry of this church in 1845, serving in circuits in several parts of England. He married a cousin, Sarah Sutton, from another branch of the family in 1851.

Joseph died suddenly at Oundle, Northants, in 1891, aged 70. Sarah died in 1905 at Whitchurch, Shropshire, where the Suttons had become linked through marriage with the Smith family who provided hospitality later to visiting South African Suttons.

Joseph and Sarah had six children. The eldest, Joseph George, became the *stamvader* of our Sutton family in South Africa. A second, William Godfrey, also came to SA and became the *stamvader* of another branch of the family of whom we know little. (See Page 23)



JOSEPH SUTTON
cutler and
forefather
1788-1851

This historic painting of the first-known Joseph Sutton was defaced by a small boy who, with uncanny but shameful accuracy, shot it in the eye with a catapult. *** See Page 27 for the story**

Born in Idle, near Bradford, Yorkshire, on May 8, 1852, Joseph Sutton withdrew from an undergraduate course at Emmanuel College, Cambridge University, because of ill health.

He came to the Cape in 1877 to *To Page 5*

A refined, gentle and unselfish man

JOSEPH SUTTON and his wife SARAH

GLOWING tributes to Joseph Sutton, a 19th century Methodist minister, were made in a church obituary, which described him as "refined, gentle, utterly unselfish and truly benevolent."

In an era when his church was passing through "troublous times," the tribute added: "The poor and needy found in him a ready helper and his memory is held in reverent and grateful love by all who knew him.

"He was devoted to every part of his work. In his dealings with others he displayed an unfailing manly courtesy, winning their respect and love.

"In all things he proved himself 'a good man,' a faithful and wise steward. His home life was full of happiness. He was a model husband and father."

From Swellendam to King, PE and and then Joburg

JOSEPH GEORGE SUTTON and wife KITTY (née REITZ) . . . he outstripped his rivals

From Page 4

recover and lived for another 45 years. He became principal of the Swellendam Academy and within a year outstripped local rivals to wed Catharina Benedicta (Kitty) Reitz, sister of Free State President FW Reitz

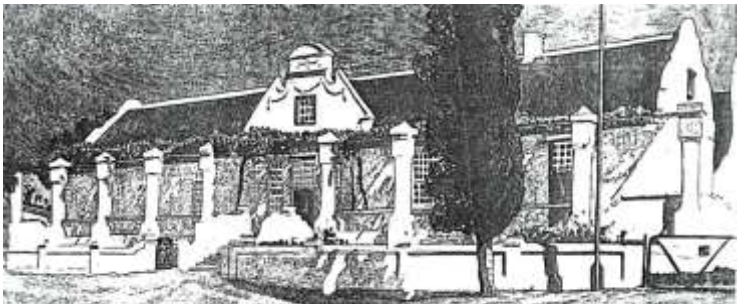
Five sons, Francis, George, Hubert, Charles and Joseph, and daughters May and Daisy were born in the Western Cape. Five years after his arrival, JG Sutton returned to Emmanuel College with his family, completed a degree and trained for the Anglican ministry.

He was ordained in Ely, Cambridgeshire, in 1883 and returned to the Cape. After teaching at several Cape Town schools he became principal of the Collegiate School, a private institution.

A month after the birth of their second daughter Daisy, the Suttons moved in July 1890 to King William's Town, where Joseph became principal of Dale College. This had been established as an un-denominational local school in 1861 and named Dale College in 1877 after the then superintendent of Cape Education, Sir Langham Dale.

Within weeks of their arrival in this remote frontier town the Suttons lost Joseph ("Little Joey"), aged two years and seven months, on August 29, and Catharine Mary (May), aged four years, two months, on September 11 from diphtheria, a great scourge of the time.

Two more sons, Bernard and Philip, were born in King William's Town in the 1890s. All Sutton brothers had professional careers. Francis (Frank) became a headmaster, George a judge, Hubert a medical doctor, Charles an advocate, Bernard a top agricultural



KLIP RIVER (or Klippe Rivier) ancestral home of Reitz family

THE CHILDREN THEY LOST . . . Joe, 2, and May, 4, victims of diphtheria

public servant and Philip an attorney.

The Reitz – Sutton families were divided during the South African (Anglo-Boer) War. The older Sutton sons might have been on opposite sides from their cousins had they not been at Cambridge University in England. Later they were united in their loyalty to the Union of South Africa. (***See story on the Reitz family on Pages 7 and 8)***

Joseph Sutton, nicknamed Bob (a shilling), laid the foundations of Dale College as a leading South African boys' boarding school. He was succeeded in January 1913 by his son Francis, better known as Frank and Tanner (sixpence.) Kitty Sutton died in 1920 and Joseph George in 1922.

Frank Sutton married Norah Marshall, daughter of a leading East London attorney and municipal politician, in 1913. Younger brother Hubert married Norah's younger sister Gladys in a double ceremony in East London.

Frank and Norah's elder daughters, Katherine May, and Frances Ann, were born in King William's Town during the First World War and two others, Kathleen Norah and Winifred Kitty, in 1920 and 1921.

Laatlammetjie Joseph (Joe) followed in 1927. At last a son! Dad was 47, Mum was 41 and they had lost their two eldest daughters four months earlier.

Following tradition, I was nicknamed "Tickey" at birth but this did not stick after the family left King William's Town in 1937 and when I returned to Dale as a boarder in 1941.

When my sons, Alan and Stuart, followed me to Dale in the 1970s they became known as "Tickey" and are called that by some Old Dalians and friends today.

While Frank Sutton was serving as an officer in the Royal Garrison Artillery in Belgium and France during the latter part of the First World War, his

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How double tragedy struck twice

VANDALS DESECRATED THIS GRAVE TWICE

The gravestone of Catharine May and Joseph (Little Joey) Sutton in the King **William's Town** Cemetery has been vandalised twice.

This picture shows how the cross was broken and restored.

It was broken off again at the base by vandals in 2008.

I have since had the gravestone reconstructed as seen in the picture on the extreme right.

I GREW up in the aftermath of a family tragedy - the loss of two sisters drowned at Kei Mouth, Transkei, on December 15, 1926, Katherine May, aged 12, and Frances Ann, 9 ***(writes Joe Sutton.)***

I was born four months later on April 16, 1927. May and Ann's poignant story is best told in "The Story Book" by Arthur Mee in a chapter called Little Brownie. (See Page 20.)

The sea returned May's body but kept Ann's. Their tombstone in the King William's Town Cemetery bears these words: *"'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided."*

*** This was not the first double tragedy to hit the Sutton Family.**

Similar words appear on another family gravestone in the cemetery (left), those of two Sutton infant children, taken tragically by diphtheria a generation before.

Joseph Benedictus (Joey), aged two years and seven months, and Catharine Mary (May), four years, two months, died on August 29 and September 11, 1890 - just months after the family had settled in King William's Town.

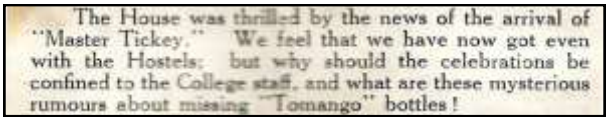
I was not conscious of my sisters' drowning until I was older, but clearly this was a traumatic time for my parents and my two other sisters.

It had been equally tragic for my grandparents and their family. Both these challenges were overcome through their strong Christian faith and the support of the community of Dale College and the town.

BOB, TANNER -AND THREE TICKEYS

From Page 5 father returned to act as headmaster of Dale. Frank Sutton was mustard-gassed in France and after a term as Chief Education Officer of the SA Forces in England he returned to Dale in 1919. ***(* See story of Frank's experiences on the Western Front on Pages 18–19)***

Frank Sutton enhanced the foundations of his father at Dale in the troubled post-war and depression years, until his retirement in



The House was thrilled by the news of the arrival of "Master Tickey." We feel that we have now got even with the Hostels: but why should the celebrations be confined to the College staff, and what are these mysterious rumours about missing "Tomango" bottles!

** How the news was received at College House*

1937. Our family moved to Port Elizabeth and Dad served as rector of Holy Trinity Church for five years before finally retiring after a serious illness.

The Suttons moved to Summerstrand where Dad died in 1956 – just 16 days short of his 77th birthday– after continuing to assist at church. Mum, who had born him five children and stood by him during his war service and his long career, died of cancer in Port Elizabeth in 1959, aged 72.

My surviving elder sisters, Kathleen (Kay) Norah and Winfred Kitty (passed away 2013), married and raised families in Port Elizabeth where Kay died after a long illness in 1999. Kitty lived in Pinelands, Cape Town until her death.

After marrying in Scotland, while gaining overseas experience in journalism, I brought my bride Bunty home in 1952 to settle in Port Elizabeth, where our first three children, Frances, Alison and Alan, were born.

We and our family moved in 1961 to Johannesburg, where Stuart was born five years later. Bunty died on May 2, 1997, aged 67.

THE THREE TICKEYS . . . Stuart, Alan and Joe Sutton at the 2008 Dale Reunion

The Reitz family: From farming to politics, guerrilla war and the law

A DUTCH naval officer, sent to the Cape for his health at the end of the 18th century, was the *stamvader* of the distinguished South African Reitz family. The Sutton Family are proud of their close links with the Reitzes. At least three of them living today bear the name of Reitz or that of their illustrious cousin, Deneys.

Born in Utrecht in January 1761, Jan Frederik Reitz lived to be 63 and died in Worcester, Western Cape, in April 1824, He belonged to a Dutch family well represented in the professions. His grandfather was vice-chancellor of Utrecht University.

Jan Frederik joined the navy as a youth and served for 16 years as an officer before being invalided to the Cape in 1794. Edmund H. Burrows, in his book "Overberg Origins," tells how - trapped by the British arrival the following year - he was prevented from returning to Holland. He settled in the Cape and swore allegiance to Britain.

Jan Frederik married Barbara Jacoba van Reenen, eldest daughter of a prominent landowner and by the turn of the century owned a farm near Swellendam. Soon afterwards he pioneered wool farming in the Cape.

His eldest son, Francis William (FW) Reitz, Senior, of Renosterfontein and Klip River, Swellendam, was born in Cape Town in 1810 and died there in 1881. Family legend has it that he was to have been christened Francois Willem after a friend of his father, but the British garrison chaplain performing the ceremony objected to "francophile" names and insisted on anglicising them.

At 19, FW was sent to Scotland to study agriculture and toured Europe. This overseas education laid the basis of the broad scientific outlook that made him the premier agricultural reformer of the Cape Colony.

He became the uncrowned king of the Cape agriculture, founded the Swellendam Agricultural Society in 1832 and wrote pamphlets on wool sheep and political issues. FW served on the colony's Parliament as Legislative Councillor for the Western Province, Legislative Assemblyman and finally Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

In 1832 he married in Swellendam Cornelia Magdalena Deneys (1813-93). They had 12 children.

Their eldest son, also FW, rose to high office in the land. Born in Swellendam in 1844, he entered the law profession and became Chief Justice and President of the Free State and State Secretary of the SA Republic.

After serving on commando in the Anglo-Boer War he was exiled as "bitter-einder" and lived for some years in the United States before being persuaded to return. He became President of the South African Senate. FW, who was married twice and had 15 children, died in Cape Town in 1934, aged 90.

FW REITZ (Snr) . . . farmer, politician and family patriarch

CORNELIA REITZ . . . the Deneys family connection

His sister, Catharina Benedicta (Kitty), married my grandfather, the Rev Joseph George Sutton, South African progenitor of the Sutton Family and headmaster of Dale College.

FW's three sons also served with the Boer forces. Deneys, who enlisted at age 17, later recalled his experiences as a guerrilla fighter under Generals Louis Botha and Jan Smuts in an epic book "Commando."

Also a post-war "bitter-einder," he chose exile, was deported and settled in Madagascar. Encouraged by Ouma Smuts, he returned to join her husband in building a united South Africa.

Denyes helped to crush the1914 Rebellion on the eve of the First World War, fought with Smuts in German East and South-West Africa and with the British Army in France.

He became SA's Minister of Lands, then Deputy Prime Minister in the Second World War. He died in harness in 1944 as SA High Commissioner in London.

In Swellendam and Riversdale, street names record the family's historical presence in the Overberg. A town in the northern Free State was named after the President. Cornelia,

another dorp, was presumably named after his mother. A Free State University residence was named Reitz. The hostel has closed after a group of irresponsible students humiliated black staff in a controversial campus film.

In 1977 nearly 100 members of the Reitz family and close relatives gathered at the traditional farm

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THE BITTER-EINDERS WHO CAME BACK

PRESIDENT FW REITZ . . . of the Free State and SA Senate

DENEYS REITZ, as an Anglo-Boer War guerrilla

DENEYS REITZ . . . Cabinet Minister and diplomat

** Much of this story and some of the pictures have been extracted from "Overberg Origins: The English-speaking Swellendam Families," by Edmund H. Burrows. We acknowledge with thanks this contribution to The Sutton Times. The picture of Deneys Reitz in guerrilla garb is taken from editions of "Commando," published by Faber and Faber, London.*

A woman of charm, wit and courage

WHEN Kitty (Reitz) Sutton died aged 66, letters of sympathy spoke of her "fascination, her vivacity, the radiance of her charm, her humour and wit, her high ideals, her optimistic courage and cheerfulness, despite pain and suffering, her great loving human heart, her indomitable will surmounting all disabilities."

The wife of Dale College headmaster the Rev JG (Old Bob) Sutton, was also described as "one of the most large-hearted women it would be possible to meet.

"A better helpmate no man or schoolmaster ever had."

Another tribute read: "Old Dalians everywhere feel they have lost in her their best friend. 'Per Ardua Ad Astra,' the Dale motto, is a true epitome of her life. She remains for all time a woman greatly beloved."

Catharina Benedicta Reitz was the daughter of the Hon FW Reitz, Usher of the Black Rod in the Cape Legislative Council and a sister of Free State President FW Reitz.

Kitty "mothered a thousand or more Dale boarders." She was, according to one of Bob Sutton's oldest friends, a "mother to those of tender years and those more mature; many confided in her and all loved her."

RW Rose Innes, a leading King William's Town personality, added: "She possessed an instinct for friendship. When with young people she was youngest of them all."

But, from an early stage in Cape Town, Kitty Sutton's life was plagued by serious ill-health and deafness which later developed into physical ills and mental anxiety. This she met with "rare strength and courage and a great sense of humour, particularly against herself."

"Given the opportunity, Kitty Reitz might have been the most notable member of a family whose men and women have in one sphere and another played no inconsiderable part in the history of South Africa," says a memoir written by JGC Carson, a former Dale teacher.

The memoir paid tribute to her:

KITTY (REITZ) SUTTON . . .
A woman greatly beloved

A YOUNGER KITTY and her eldest son, Francis (Frank) Sutton

*"Endearing and natural charm."

*"The fullness with which she lived her life; overcoming trials and difficulties, physical ills and mental anxieties."

*"The wit and intelligence which enhanced her physical beauty

* "Her wisdom and sound judgment (which was) of inestimable value in the advancement of Dale College."

* "She went about doing good and many a lame dog and suffering soul has owed much to her sympathy and encouragement. She was ever a profound thinker and deeply religious."

* "She was never the soul of punctuality or the slave of method. Our world would have lost much of its cheerfulness had she made a practice of catching a train by any but the barest margin, or of arriving at church at the regulated hour." But these "little idiosyncrasies" were not taken seriously or amiss. . . . It was just Mrs Sutton."

* "She dearly loved a jest, particularly, perhaps, against herself. Even her deafness could be turned to account. "

Her retirement in 1912 was hopefully expected to be "a peaceful and happy evening of her days. But this was not to be. The closing scenes were destined to be over-clouded by physical and mental suffering, far too heavy for her exhausted powers, sapped by the incessant strain of long and arduous days."

Eventually there came "an utter physical, nervous and mental collapse." Her death two years before Bob's, was described as a "shattering blow and heart wound from which he never recovered."

Old Bob was teaching in Port Elizabeth when Kitty died in Cape Town on October 26, 1920. She was buried in King William's Town next to her young children, May and Joey.

WITH JAN SMUTS IN WAR AND PEACE

From Page 7 home, at Klip River. They were photographed on the stoep commemorating the photograph which FW Reitz, Senior, had taken of himself surrounded by his family in 1877. The reunion was repeated in 1997. The historic residence had been converted into a luxury tourist lodge, Klipperivier, with suites named after families that graced its precincts over three centuries.

Generations of the Reitz family have been prominent in the professions, notably medicine and the law. For many years a number of South African legal firms have born the family name. The remaining firm, with headquarters in Johannesburg and branches in Cape Town and Durban, is now known as Norton Rose, an international group it joined in June 2011.

(Story and pictures on Page 9.)*

Klippe Rivier (or Klip River)

Historic homestead enters new phase

KLIPPE RIVIER (or Klip River as it is also known), historic home of generations of old Cape families and a luxury country lodge for 20 years, has been sold and faces a new future.
Ownership has passed from the Cape Town Westby-Nunn family to a well-known, wealthy Swellendam farming couple, Michael and Hanneke Dippenaar, who are converting it to a country family residence.
Tony and Liz Westby-Nunn bought the property in 1990 in a deserted and neglected condition and refurbished and converted it to a tourist attraction. The house did not have a single item of furniture in it in 1991.
The Westby-Nunns restored the original homestead to its "former splendour" and converted old stables into six luxury guest suites named after illustrious families, including the Steyns, Reitzes, Hopleys and Lourenses.
After moving from their large Buffeljags farm to the far smaller 24,5 hectare Klippe Rivier, the Dippenaars are converting the manor house into their own residence.
Swellendam is the third oldest town in South Africa and was once a keypoint on the old Cape wagon route, which at one stage passed by Klippe Rivier on its way into town.
The building, described as "the grand dame of the Overberg," was declared a national monument in 1978. This alone does not protect it entirely.
From personal experience it is known that while the exterior of the building is considered sacrosanct the interior may be refurbished. It is believed, however, that the new owners intend to retain the character and charm of the homestead including the family apartments as renovated by the Westby–Nunns.
Liz Westby-Nunn writes:
"Hanneke Dippenaar is one of the best gardeners in the Overberg. Her gardens at their Buffeljags farm have been featured in magazines and luckily she will put her green fingers to good use at Klippe Rivier and transform the gardens.
"They are very proud to be the new owners of Klippe Rivier and are keen to preserve its legacy.
"They are upgrading the buildings and hopefully will retain the charm and magic of that special spot."

In the footsteps of my ancestors

By PATRICIA BRANSBY

A BRIEF, impromptu visit to the ancestral home at Klip Rivier (or Klippe Rivier) was a historic occasion. It was my first visit to the birthplace of my grandfather, Francis Joseph (Frank), Sutton, eldest son of Catharina Benedicta Reitz) and Joseph George Sutton.
With me were my daughter, Catherine, her 11-month-old daughter Abigail and my friend Tertius Coetzee. An eighth-generation baby was experiencing the same beautiful wooden floorboards used 130 years earlier by her great-great-grandfather, whose christening robe she had also donned previously.
The visit to Klip River – in February 2012, then still a country guesthouse for visiting tourists - prompted some family research and reflection.
It amazed me how quickly Joseph George Sutton (an Englishman, just out from Yorkshire) had managed to find a partner from one of Swellendam's most prestigious Afrikaans (or as it was then Cape Dutch) families, he having come out in 1877 - and their marrying in September 1878! And he, headmaster of the Swellendam Academy, with I guess, his educated background being a greater drawcard than the money in his pocket! That Catharina's father, F.W. Reitz, who had purchased the homestead at Klip Rivier and had moved there from Bredasdorp in 1869, had insisted that all his 12 children speak English would have facilitated the alliance. It would seem that so much of life is determined by being in the right place at the right time - in 1877, Joseph George, 25, Catharina, 24 - both single, and in Swellendam.
Nine months later, my grandfather was born, to be followed by eight more children in the following 16 years. How women's lives have changed.
Two more sons, George and Hubert, were also born at Klip Rivier, before the family moved to England for two years for further studies and my great-grandfather's ordination as a

FAMILY VISIT . . . Patricia Bransby, daughter Catherine Waudsby and grand-daughter Abigail outside the historic Klippe Rivier homestead

** Pictures on these pages: TERTIUS COETZEE*

Why I'm proud of my Cape roots

minister in the Anglican Church. For Catharina, having the support of the Klip Rivier Reitz homestead when giving birth must have been a real blessing, since the home was spacious and well supplied with helping hands, in contrast to their situation at the school house.

It pays to marry into that kind of situation when you leave your homeland! (Well done, Joseph George!)

Of the homestead, Klip Rivier, claimed to be "the finest home in the Overberg" and "the most pretentious piece of Cape Dutch domestic architecture east of the Hottentots Holland Mountains"

Research showed this was my great-great grandfather's home only in the last 12 years of his life, following the sale of his Rhenosterfontein empire in 1869 after financial setbacks occurred. For him it was a downgrade, but still a haven from his political duties in Cape Town, and a gathering point for the wider Reitz clan.

Our impromptu visit, on a Sunday, gave us limited access to the main house. We confined ourselves to the Voorkamer, entered into immediately from the front door, one side room off the Voorkamer, and behind the Voorkamer, a passage that led on the left to a bathroom/toilet, and to the right to a kitchen. Of the interior, I was struck by the magnificent wooden beams and ceilings, the broad solid wooden floorboards, beautiful wooden door frames, doors, window frames and shutters and skirting boards all now in wonderfully restored condition. The rooms had high ceilings and

THE REITZ ROOM

NAMED after F W Reitz Senior, who owned Klippe Rivier from 1869 to 1899, this spacious bedroom is downstairs in what was the original stable and the large gap in the wall is a reminder of horses who made their mark.

Decorated in colonial style, the Reitz Room has a queen- size four-poster bed, and an open fireplace. The lovely airy bathroom has a large ball-and- claw bath, generous shower and double basin, separate toilet.

A private walled patio garden has a large umbrella, table and chairs to relax and spot the owls in the oaks.

Deneys Reitz, author of the Anglo-Boer War diary, Commando, carved his name in the wooden window frame when he was a young lad of 11 years. The window which has his name carved on it, is a feature of the room's history.

FAMILY VISIT . . .
Joe and Frances Sutton
at old slave bell

FAMILY ROOMS . . .
part of history

The splendours of Klippe Rivier, now a private home

** Pictures: TERTIUS COETZEE and FRANCES SUTTON*

solid walls. Apart from this, the rooms were simple and plain - no nooks and crannies, no ornamentation.

The magnificence architecturally is more on the outside - the unique front gable, the vine-covered stoep running the entire length of the building, with ten massive square-topped-and-bottomed round columns and the front retaining wall all giving the building an imposing presence, as did its elevated position.

It struck me how exteriors even then seemed to receive emphasis. The view out to the mountains was also spectacular. Food for contemplation.

Klip Rivier and its environs had been in the Reitz family for 30 years, before being sold, at the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War. In that time it hosted many a family gathering and received prominent personalities in South Africa's history.

One can feel proud of having one's roots in a past of real contributors to worthy undertakings in this country. No wonder one grew up with a sense of duty and a responsibility to give of one's best. No wonder one feels a deep South African identity. No wonder life in another land has little appeal.

One hopes that those floorboards, which eighth-generation Abigail felt, will have retained her imprint.

Being able to visit a home of my great - great- grandfather and the birthplace of Abigail's great- great- grandfather was a rare privilege.

GOODBYE TO THIS

Goodbye to this . . .

Patricia Bransby is librarian and a teacher at the Collegiate School for Girls in Port Elizabeth.

47 YEARS OF UNPRECEDENTED, UNBROKEN LEADERSHIP BY A FATHER AND SON

DALE COLLEGE in the late 1800s. This was the school, **the hostel and the headmaster's family home when** Bob and Kitty Sutton came to Dale in 1890. The bell tower was still intact.

OLD BOB AND KITTY SUTTON . . . education pioneer with wife and loving helpmate. They laid the foundations of Dale College. Younger Suttons (below) built on their achievements.

THE SUTTONS who 'built' Dale

FOR 47 YEARS Dale was Sutton and Sutton was Dale. So it was said of the reign of headmasters Joseph George Sutton and his son Francis Joseph Sutton over the college they loved.

Dale historical sources acknowledge that the College was at a low ebb when the Rev JG Sutton took over in June 1890 as its third headmaster.

Re-launched and renamed in 1877, Dale had prospered under its first headmaster, Bob Fuller. Its fortunes declined after he retired in 1886.

By 1890 the roll of pupils had dwindled to 31. Joseph Sutton brought 11 boarders from the Cape and the recovery began.

Even before coming to Dale he had a reputation as a teacher and headmaster. Teachers were not as qualified then as in later years but Sutton, as one tribute put it, "turned his hand to meet any and every demand with surprising effectiveness."

One of his early pupils, who became a leading Customs official, was quoted as saying: "I could swear the old man did not know much Latin or a word of Euclid but he made us learn the stuff till we could have completed it backwards. He was an extraordinary fellow."

Old Bob Sutton, as he became popularly known, was a pioneer of education in the Cape. Backed by his wife Kitty (see Page 8), he developed a local school into a nation-wide institution. The Suttons' 47-year unbroken leadership of the school was unprecedented. When Bob retired from Dale in 1912, the school had 250 pupils, three hostels overfilled with 100 boarders from all parts of South Africa and beyond.

Frank, who succeeded him, built on the solid foundations laid by his father. When he retired in 1937 the roll topped 300 and the boarding establishment was the backbone of the school.

Old Bob was noted for his "persistent enthusiasm . . . dogged determination, singularly devoid of egotism." He was "impulsive and overflowing with generosity." This tribute came from John Justin Godfrey (JJG) Carson, one of several outstanding teachers attracted by Joseph Sutton to Dale.

FRANK and NORAH SUTTON holidaying at the Cape in 1913, three months after their wedding

Others were WA Way, who went on to be headmaster of Graaff-Reinet College and the Grey Institute, forerunner of Grey High School, Port Elizabeth, and AHJ Bourne, who became headmaster of Mossel Bay High School and Kimberley Boys' High.

JJG, who went on to be headmaster of Aliwal North High School, added: "He was an extraordinary contradiction as a successful headmaster devoid of traditional standard virtues such as method, business principles and punctuality. Their absence was compensated, however, by his vividness, humanity, attractive personality and generosity.

"It is probable that no schoolboy memories of his generation in South Africa afford more happily entertaining reminiscences of sayings and doings of omission and commission, absent-mindedness . . . impulsive human kindness than those recorded of Old Bob."

To Page 13

Bob left a legacy of guiding values

From Page 12 Here are some of the highlights of Dale's development during Bob's tenure and due largely though his efforts.

* In 1893 the Old Dalian Union was formed with Sir Langham Dale, Cape education chief, after whom Dale College is named, as its first president.
* The Cadet Corps was formed.
* The first college prefects were elected in 1893 by Joseph Sutton, who also instituted the prefects' pledge.
* Rugby became a school sport in 1910 and red and black became the college colours. (See Page 16)
* A new, red-brick school, designed by Sir Herbert Baker, was built in 1907. Its assembly hall and classrooms are part of the present Dale Junior.

Old Bob's legacy to Dale, however, lay beyond bricks and mortar, but on Christian values and the impact he made on the thousands of boys he led and taught. They in turn feared, loved and respected him.

For more than 20 years Bob's birthday May 8 was celebrated as a school holiday. A picnic was held to which boarders of the college's sister school were invited in the afternoon.

In an unsigned press article in 1952 to mark Bob's 100th birthday, his son wrote: "Not only was he a great teacher, but he had a great personality and was a marvellous organiser and wielded a fine influence for good."

The traditions and guiding principles that Bob left behind, including honesty, courage, loyalty, fair play and integrity, were preserved over the years by Frank and later successors. Many remain today.

Out of school Bob took a keen interest in the teaching profession. He was president of the SA Teachers' Association in 1900-01 and also rendered valuable voluntary service to his church. In retirement he continued to assist his church and in 1917 he returned to Dale to act as headmaster while his son was serving abroad in the First World War. Later Bob filled temporary vacancies at Dale and other schools.

Two years after losing his beloved Kitty, he died in harness at Dale in August 1922 aged 70 while acting for another teacher.

* Bob's last public appearance was at the unveiling in May that year of the War Memorial in honour of 93 Old Dalians who died in the First World War. Boys sitting on the school roof watched the ceremony.

At a rehearsal the former headmaster, who led and addressed the service, was not happy with the arrangements. In a loud voice he asked his son Tanner to bring the boys down and reassemble them to his satisfaction. This was done. The boys were impressed that the son had to accede to his father's request.

Headmaster Bob Sutton, and his son Frank are seen in the centre of this **1906 picture of Diocesan Hostel boys and staff. On Frank's left is Mr JGC** Carson, a teacher quoted in this story. Second from left in the top row is Dalian AH Budler, who became a surgeon, the father of two Dalians, Peter and Harold, and the grandfather of Dale Junior head Roger Budler. Thirty-eight years later Mr Carson came out of retirement to teach at Dale during the Second World War. He died four years later in 1948.

* ***Bob's "most noble self-sacrifice": Page 14***

BRING THOSE BOYS DOWN! SAID THE EX-HEAD TO HIS SON.
HEADMASTER FRANK OBEYED.
THE BOYS WERE IMPRESSSED.

QUOTES

*** He (Bob Sutton) was not a genius but a man merely of strong purpose and abounding energy. Watch him in his most vigorous days as he crosses the school quadrangle. There he comes – this short, well-knit bustling figure in clerical garb with energy tingling from every nerve hurrying here, hurrying there, scrutinising this, correcting that, forever planning and contriving, never content with second best, or even with best when he gets it, if there is a further best . . .**

*** At least one South African VC (Victoria Cross), a man whose name is a symbol for intrepidity in two continents, had a schoolboy a more wholesome respect for Bob than as a man he had for half a battalion of Germans.**

— AHJ Bourne, former teacher at Dale College and later headmaster of Mossel Bay High School and Kimberley Boys' High School.

Bob's 'most noble self-sacrifice'

BOB SUTTON'S "self-denying labours, were the most noble and most self-sacrificing of his life."

So commented RW Ross-Innes, a close friend and a leading King William's Town personality, in a tribute after the Rev JG Sutton died in harness in 1922.

Rose- Innes, a veteran member of the Dale College Committee, was referring to the years when Old Bob returned to take over as headmaster of Dale after his son Frank felt the call to serve in France during the First World War.

Already, when war broke out a year after his retirement, Bob Sutton had "longed ardently to render help. "Had he been a younger man he would have gone overseas," he said. "But soon the call sounded out on the great field of patriotic service and again he met it gallantly

"The Rev Frank Sutton, his son, felt he had to go. His was an important post, not easily filled – impossible to fill, many said – during the stress of the war.

"In their perplexity he (Frank) and the (school) committee turned to the 'old man,'

He might have claimed exemption on the score of years, of advancing age, of Mrs Sutton's health – then fast-failing – but no, these were waved aside and he literally 'buckled on his armour' to do war service.

"He was living happily in Summer Pride (in Cambridge, East London) enjoying the first leisure of his life, when the call came.

"He packed up, let the place, and he and Mrs Sutton came to Dale College to resume duty. Mr Sutton threw himself into the task with ardour and enthusiasm.

"Time had brought changes, conditions were different, new rules and regulations had come into force. His natural hasty and impatient temperament chafed under these fetters, but he loyally conformed to them.

"He and Mrs Sutton made a great contribution to the cause of King and Empire during those trying, anxious years, for they piloted Dale College through (this stage of) the war and brought it successfully through a most troubled and difficult time.

" I have always maintained that this great response, these self-denying labours were the most noble and most self-sacrificing of Mr Sutton's life."

The Rev JG (Bob) Sutton with his staff in his earlier days as headmaster of Dale. They include WA Way, later rector of the Grey Institute, AHJ Bourne and JB Woodcock.

Close friend salutes his 'gallant' return to head Dale in the war

**** On Page 20 (My narrow escapes from the enemy), Lieutenant, later Captain, FJ Sutton describes his front-line experiences in France and Belgium during the First World War.***

He died working to the very last

Here are edited extracts from RW Rose-Innes' tribute to headmaster JG (Bob) Sutton:

* He left a vivid impression on us as a man full of vigour and energy, full of zeal and hopefulness. That the college had almost run itself into the ground did not deter him. The task was a big one but he did not flinch from it. – *commenting on Bob's inspection visit after accepting control of the college in 1890. Rose-Innes was then a member of the Dale Committee.*

*The Suttons rapidly won the confidence of parents, who continued to send more boys to Dale. They gathered around them a circle of warm friends. Their home was open and hospitable.

* Mr and Mrs Sutton retired with honour and distinction after 22 years of unremitting toil and faithful and unsparing service. I don't think any two persons were so missed as they were.

* Mr Sutton was too active, despite his years, to take rest in retirement and his vigour and energy sought new outlets.

* Wherever there was a call for help or service, he responded, often sacrificing the comforts of a home to do so. He filled one acting appointment after another, whether clerical or lay.

* For six months he took entire charge of the Parish of King.

After the war Bob Sutton accepted a subordinate position under his former vice-principal WA Way, rector of the Grey Institute in Port Elizabeth.

* Later he acted as rector of Komga for some months from a small room in a country hotel. He raised the little church from the dust and set it on its feet again.

* The death of Mrs Sutton (in 1920 in Cape Town) was a shattering blow, a heart wound from which he never recovered. He was teaching in PE and brought her body to King.

* At the beginning of 1922 there was shortage of masters at Dale, and Old Bob was called in to help. He died at his post – in harness - working to the very last.

* The crowning event of his life and proudest moment was when he took the service at the unveiling of the Dale College War Memorial. He spoke as one inspired This was Mr Sutton's last public appearance, his last act of conspicuous service to Dale College for soon after that the curtain fell.

Bob and Kitty's family: Six sons, one daughter

THE family of the Rev JG (Bob) and Kitty Sutton.

Seated (from left : Eldest son, the Rev Francis (Frank) Sutton, Old Bob, only daughter Daisy and Catharina (Kitty).

Standing (from left) : George, Hubert, Charles, Bernard and Philip.

George became Judge-President of the Cape, Hubert, a country doctor acclaimed **as the "Albert Schweitzer of Fort Beaufort," Charles, advocate and mayor of** Bloemfontein, Bernard, head of the Government dairy division, Philip, an attorney.

When he could not find his cane - or his false teeth

Stories about Old Bob abound. Here are some of them.

A FORMER pupil and teacher at Dale, who later became a headmaster, once described Bob Sutton as "the sternest disciplinarian and the kindliest man I have ever known" - a combination most Dalians of his time might regard as contradictory.

For Bob did not hesitate to use the cane when corporal punishment was legal and common practice in schools. One day he struck a snag – he could not fine his cane.

The story was told by another former pupil, FRB Thompson, at an Old Dalian dinner in Umtata. Proposing a toast to the guests, who included the then headmaster, the Rev Frank Sutton, Mr Thompson said he had never had a caning at Dale. He did not know why because he had deserved it.

He had, however, been sent to the head once and was prepared to take what was coming to him. But Old Bob could not find the cane. He was preparing to use an old riding whip when Thompson noticed a loose wire sticking out of it. "You're not going to use that," he told the headmaster, pointing out the wire.

'Sorry about the fuss - found them in my mouth!'

"Why not?" replied Old Bob. Thompson told the head he did not mind the whip but did not like the wire that was sticking out. "Perhaps you're right," replied Bob and let him go.

* ON another occasion a teacher told the headmaster he was sending two boys to him to be disciplined for "abominable" behaviour. Two boys arrived at the head's study and were promptly given "six of the best."

As was his custom, Bob invited them to sit down, allowing the punishment to sink in. "Now, my boys," he asked, "why are you here?" Came the reply: "Please sir, we've come to fetch some chalk."

* HE was an Englishman married to a Cape Dutch lady (or Afrikaner), but the only words of his wife's home language he claimed to know were "mooi meisie and "verdomde rooinek."

* OLD BOB was known to have occasional bouts of flatulence. When this happened in company he would turn on his fox terrier and command him: "Spot, get out of the room!" Sometimes this was not convincing. Spot was not there.

This tendency has allegedly been inherited by some of Bob's descendants after apparently skipping one or two generations.

* ONE DAY when Old Bob was due to catch a train he could not find his false teeth. This story sounds apocryphal but it's worth telling anyway.

DAD'S ARMY . . . Old Bob (centre) with fellow officers and teachers WA Way and AHJ Bourne. Both went on to become distinguished headmasters, Way in Port Elizabeth and Bourne in Mossel Bay and Kimberley.

How do you do, Colonel, How's your wife?

THOUGH he had no military background, Bob found himself officer commanding the Dale Cadet Corps. But he was not one for the stiff formality of a military parade.

When an officer arrived to inspect the detachment the headmaster strode briskly across the parade ground to greet him, not with the customary salute or clicked heels but with pleasantries more suited to the drawing room.

"How are you, Colonel Southey, and how is Mrs Southey?" he said. The colonel's response has not been recorded.

A frantic search failed and eventually the headmaster sped off to Blaney junction without his dentures. Or so he thought.

Later a message arrived from the station: "Sorry about the fuss – found them in my mouth!"

When Old Bob banned rugby at Dale

ON PATROL . . . Old Bob when Dale was a soccer school

** By Weyni Deysel published in TransDale*

RUGBY was banned by Old Bob Sutton in the early 1900s when Dale was a soccer school. There were only a few senior sides and bored juniors used to drift across to the Butts, a shooting range, for an illegal game.

Headmaster Sutton patrolled the boys' hangouts on his horse "Beauty." One day Old Bob caught about 40 boys playing rugby and herded them back to school from his horse like a shepherd.

The story was told at the 1985 Reunion dinner by then headmaster Malcom Andrew. Being true Dalians the juniors continued their rebel rugby and eventually formed a team, the Shamrocks. They wore black polo jerseys with a green shamrock leaf and green stripe.

In their first game in 1908 the Shamrocks beat a local team at the Butts by a disputed try. The Dale linesman disappeared at great speed.

In 1910 the Shamrocks became the Dale College rugby team, wearing the Shamrock jersey. In 1911 red and black became the college colours and the black jersey became the college colours.

The black jersey banded by narrow red hoops was adopted. This started a tradition that has lasted over 100 years. Dale won their first game in Dale jerseys against the local Pirates 57-0.

Many victories have since been recorded — and defeats.

'His voice made the school quake'

A TRIBUTE to the Rev JG (Old Bob) Sutton provided a revealing glimpse of the qualities and idiosyncrasies of the former headmaster of Dale College.

It was made by JW (Billy) Robertson, a past president of the Old Dalian Union, when he unveiled a memorial plaque in Bob's honour at Dale in 1922.

"An Englishman by birth but a South African by adoption, he married most happily a daughter of the sister race in this country, one who shared his sorrows and trials and helped in no small degree to make the success of his life's work.

"Small in stature, but great of heart and blessed with indomitable energy, he built up on sure foundations not only the fabric but also the morale and name of Dale College, and left behind him the proud record of work well and ably done."

Mr Robertson said that as principal Old Bob Sutton, was "a scholar of no mean and repute was also endowed with the gifts of organising and administrative ability.

Irate at times, he was always in a hurry . . . especially on horseback

"The well-known and familiar nickname of Old Bob to this day conjures up in memory the small alert figure with short-trimmed beard, shaggy eyebrows, piercing black eyes and a kind and generous heart, always clad out of school hours in clerical garb, including the long coat and soft, round black hat.

"In school hours an awe-inspiring presence in cap and gown, with a voice and manner to make classes and even the whole school when assembled quake and shake in their shoes.

"Faults he had in plenty, but they were human faults and made him even more lovable. Irascible and irate at times, always in a hurry, especially when on horseback, and very often late, with a habit of mislaying his papers.

"Forgetful maybe occasionally, also through sheer stress and overcrowded mind and brain, he was and generous to a fault, his only aim was the good of the school and of his pupils, in whom his interest did not cease with their school days and many owed to him their first start in life."

"He ranks as one of the great South African headmasters in the fitting company of his predecessors ."

Old Bob Sutton with four of his six sons. Top: Hubert and George. Below: Frank and Charles

**** A brass memorial plaque appears in the wall below the Roll of Honour in the Dale Junior Assembly Hall, once the focal point of Dale College.***

Tanner Sutton did it his way

Inspiring headmaster and a passionate Old Dalian

FRANK (Tanner) SUTTON . . . He left a legacy of fine men

NORAH SUTTON . . . a supportive wife

A hard act to follow. Big shoes to fill.

THESE well-worn clichés may aptly describe the task that faced Frank Sutton when he succeeded his father, Old Bob, as headmaster of Dale College. He was then 34, the school's youngest head to date and since.

Father and son had much in common: their faith and strict religious principles – both were clerical schoolmasters - their dedication to Dale, their solid family values.

They shared some of their foibles and idiosyncrasies. Their policy on discipline differed only in degree, though Frank was not nicknamed Tanner because of his proficiency with the cane.

The fact that Old Bob, after four years of retirement, could easily take up the headmaster's reins while his son served in the First World War shows that much at Dale remained in place.

But Frank Sutton was his own man, perhaps closer to his fellow man, as a Dalian, an Old Dalian, a sportsman and a soldier. He added the superstructure to his father's foundations and did it his way.

He developed the boarding establishment and added new traditions and facilities. These included the War Memorial in memory of those killed in the First World War. (Later this also included the fallen in the Second World War and other conflicts.)

There were also the Presbyterian Hostel (later named Paterson House), the primary school, sports fields and a new pavilion. But, as with his father and others who followed him, Frank's contribution to Dale went far beyond stone and cement. He inspired both teachers and boys and inculcated values which turned out men of principle.

A practical administrator in the days when headmasters still had time to teach, he loved teaching. His speciality was science and maths.

As a past-pupil, Frank was passionate about the Old Dalian Union, which he and his Dad had revived after the war. As headmaster and in retirement he would meet Old Boys and know them. He followed their careers at work and on the sports fields. He was national president of the ODU in 1928 and president of the Port Elizabeth branch after the family moved there.

To the end he was an avid sports fan and radio listener. On his deathbed he asked for the final score in a cricket Test between England and Australia.

As the product of an English-Cape Dutch marriage Frank was passionate about healing the breach between English and Afrikaans-speaking South Africans. Dutch was his weakest subject in matric and late in his life he was still taking lessons to improve his bilingualism. A man of his time, the quest for (white) SA peace was to him a priority.

Even before apartheid, black and white schools were separate by law. Annual educational conferences in the 1930s, however, were also attended by black teachers. Frank knew some as colleagues and friends, although most of those present were white. Frank served a term as president.

My sister Kitty recalls that Dad had a great friendship with a leading black educationist at Fort Hare, Professor Jabavu.

"One day there will be black Old Dalians," Dad told me late in his life. This, of course, implied black Dalians. Regrettably, that took another 40 years to happen.

**** In pages that follow we look at Frank Sutton's achievements in his 25 years as head of Dale, his service to the Church and other causes beyond those of his school.***

Finally, he is seen as a devoted family man with a warm and vibrant personality. In all these fields he relied on the tireless support of his wife Norah, our Mum.

BOB AND TANNER in the early 1900s . . Headmaster JG Sutton and (behind him) his son Frank and fellow teachers AHJ Bourne (left) and JGC Carson with the Dale First Cricket XI

QUOTE

HIS father was affectionately known as Bob (a shilling) and he was known as Tanner (a sixpence). Meaning he was half a bob. But he was not half a bob. He was as worthy a man as his father. To the two Suttons, who guided Dale for 47 years, the school owes much of its greatness. They rank with the great headmasters of South Africa.

- Col. John Geddes Page, chairman of the Dale College Committee and officer commanding the Kaffrarian Rifles in the Second World War.

Frank Sutton: The ubiquitous headmaster who never spared himself

1921

The Dale College staff. Among them: Back row (centre) woodwork master Mr Galloway and (right) Nipper Sheard. Middle row (left) NC Dugmore, later headmaster of Muir College, and (second from right) : Bernie Vercueil, acting headmaster during the Second World War. Front row (centre) headmaster Frank Sutton

1931

The Dale staff. Top row (from left) JA (Balletjie) Hall, EW (Drollie) Rowles, Herby Arnott (later headmaster of Union High School, HD (Worm) Jackson, GC (Taffy) Williams. Middle Row: Mr De Kock, EC (Shops) Workman, Mr Malan, Bruce Gordon, later rector of Grey High School, Walter Schnell, LJ (Monkie) Lazarus, woodwork master, Mr Galloway, another woodwork master, Front: Lady staff members, Bernie Vercueil, headmaster Frank Sutton, Neil (Bull) Paterson, lady staffers, including (right): Helen (Croquet) Mallet

Tanner: The iron hand with the silken glove

By BRUCE GORDON

IN the early years of Frank Sutton's teaching career, this talented and energetic man shaped himself for what was to come. Endowed with boundless enthusiasm and zeal, he lived very close to his pupils, both inside and outside the classroom

As a down-to-earth and practical clergyman, as a provincial cricketer and an up-to-date science teacher, he had many channels of access to the rising generation of his time – to their lifelong benefit.

We enjoyed our schooldays under this man's wise and tolerant regime. Although his discipline was as effective as his father's it was "the iron hand with the silken glove."

Having been convinced by him that teaching was to be my mission in life, I found myself within five years of matriculating, a member of his staff. And what a privilege that was.

Although he was a hard taskmaster, his relations with his staff were almost ideal. As considerate as he was demanding, he supported us through thick and thin and made us feel and believe that, as far as he was concerned we were second to none.

Never sparing himself he set an example of zeal and purposeful industry that we could not but follow; any regulations he made he observed punctiliously himself. His own classes were usually well under way before the bell sounded. Once I arrived two minutes late for 7am school to find him teaching arithmetic to my English class! Nothing was said, but it did not happen again. His method was to hand out responsible assignments to his men and expect them to be done perfectly.

* BRUCE GORDON came to Dale as a small boy in 1916. His headmaster, Frank Sutton, inspired him to become a teacher at the school.

Five years after leaving Dale he joined the staff of Grey High School, Port Elizabeth, and later served as its rector for 15 years.

In this tribute, extracted from the Cape Education Gazette, Mr Gordon reflected on the character and achievements of his mentor.

** Painting (left) by Dorothy Kay in "The Spirit of the Tower," Grey High history*

Although he would occasionally check up and offer frank criticism, we accepted this benign interference quite cheerfully, knowing that he would give all the credit to us when the task had been successfully accomplished.

The man was ubiquitous. During school hours he was easy to find – sometimes in his study, sometimes in the staff room, frequently passing one's classroom when the boys were enjoying a good joke.

He attended every school function, dropped in on debates or concert rehearsals and never missed a school sporting fixture.

It was his joy to wander round the sports fields while the boys were practising – and sometimes to give his views (sound ones, too) on the selection of teams.

Never did he cause us to feel that we were working for him; the welfare of the boys was our mission. In our private lives we were part of his family – he shared our joys and our

To Page 19

1923

Coach and president Frank Sutton **with his King William's Town hock**ey girls. Frank won his half-blue at hockey for Cambridge University.

1934

Border Cricket Union president Frank Sutton (centre) with team members. Second from right: Secretary CGK (Bob) Fuller

How Tanner went about doing good

From Page 18

sorrows and would go to any lengths to help us. From a contented and devoted staff it was the school that benefited.

Frank Sutton at no time made any pretence to being an intellectual giant. He was the educationist in practice rather than in theory.

His actions were directed by a real affection for his school and a burning desire to turn out well-mannered and loyal citizens – to fashion men of courage and character. And in this he certainly succeeded.

He spent two hours at work before breakfast

In school and out he preached and practised the doctrine of *mens sana in corpore sano* (a sound mind in a sound body.)

Realising the value to a school of a strong bond of fellowship among past pupils, he gave all possible support and encouragement to the Old Dalian Union until it became one of the most powerful and helpful of its kind in the country.

The college itself grew in reputation and in numbers during his regime, which saw extensions to the secondary block, the building of a separate primary department, the establishment of the Presbyterian Hostel and the laying out of spacious new playing fields.

In all this, to occupy his mind and his energy, Frank Sutton also found time to play a leading role as a citizen. Outside Dale College his first love was his Church, where his services were liberally and voluntarily given.

He was a key member of every charitable organisation in the town, and of the Sons of England, the BESL, the Public Library Committee and the Border Cricket and Hockey Unions.

In order that these interests (bound up with his ideal of service) should not affect the running of the school, this amazing man regularly put in at least two hours of work daily before breakfast.

When he retired to become rector of Holy Trinity Church in Port Elizabeth, it took King William's Town several months to say farewell to him.

The Mayor summed up the sentiments of the people in these words: "His catholicity of outlook, his broadmindedness, his generosity – these have won for him the abiding affection of the community. His fund of sympathy has been inexhaustible. In short – he went about doing good."

** Bruce Gordon, nicknamed Flash after an adventurous comic cartoon character, was one of Grey High School's outstanding rectors. He retired in 1957 to became a school inspector and finally to a Port Elizabeth retirement home. He died in 19... . Bruce was my godfather.* **- Joe S.**

QUOTE

*** The acid test of a school is not the famous men it has turned out but the average man who has gone through its doors. –** ***The Rev Frank Sutton, headmaster of Dale College 1913-37.***

QUOTE

*** Frank Sutton was a man of considerable moral and spiritual fibre. The college is forever indebted to the quality of the man and the unblemished service he gave, following his father's example. –** ***Roger Budler, headmaster of Dale Junior and president of the Old Dalian Union in 1990.***

My narrow escapes from the 'enemy Hun'

Lieut. Frank Sutton tells of a great battle in France and devastation in Flanders

* In 1917 Britain and Germany were still at war after three years. With his father, Old Bob, back as acting principal, Frank Sutton left Dale College and his wife and two small daughters to serve with the Allied forces in Europe. Rare published letters from the Western Front told of his experiences in battle.

LIEUTENANT FJ Sutton, of the 113th Siege Battery, Royal Garrison Artillery, twice narrowly escaped capture by the German forces in a "great northern battle" in France towards the end of the First World War.

"I scarcely had a wink of sleep during the first week of the battle," he wrote in a letter from the front published in a local newspaper in May 1918.

Returning to Belgium from a fortnight's leave in England in March that year Frank Sutton found that his battery had been moved south. "After three days wandering around the country I discovered it near Lens (in north-east France).

"On April 9 we received orders to go northwards immediately and since then we have been in the thick of the great northern battle. We had five different battery positions in the first four days, travelled two whole nights and fired continuously day and night when not on the move.

"On two occasions we had narrow escapes from being captured by the Hun, who was rapidly advancing. I scarcely had a wink of sleep during the first week of the battle but things have been more stable and we have made only one move in the last fortnight, and that nearer the enemy.

"We have him held in this sector but further north the military situation is still very critical."

Describing the "pathetic and pitiful" sight of peasants fleeing from their homes, Frank Sutton wrote: "Many of them have clung to their homes too long and have been killed by Hun shells. Many have lost their children in the fight.

"Two gunners found a child wandering disconsolately in the maze of war traffic. They took it to their billets in a barn. In the night hostile aeroplanes dropped bombs on the barn and killed the gunners but the child was discovered unhurt the next morning."

Later in his letter Frank wrote: "Fritz has brought up his heavy artillery in the last week and has made it fairly hot for us, but we are giving him more than we get. The other night a 4.2in exploded half way up the chimney of the little cottage which we use as our right section post and fairly 'put the wind up us' but fortunately no one was hit.

"The war has indeed reached a critical phase, but there is a calm confidence among the men at the front that we can 'stick it out' and defeat the enemy ultimately."

Earlier Frank described his experiences in Flanders. Since leaving England for France in November 1917, he said, "I seem to have lived a lifetime, so strange and varied have my experiences been."

He had been posted to a siege battery in the Ypres salient and this sector is generally regarded as the worst in the whole line."

"The push up there was practically over when I arrived but during December our artillery was busy night and day. During January and February, in addition to doing a good deal of firing we were busy preparing alternative battery positions in case a retirement became necessary.

LIEUT (later Captain) FJ SUTTON in World War 1

AFTER THE BATTLE . . . the ruins of Ypres

"Words fail to describe the desolation of the ruined city (Ypres). There is not a single house standing in what was once the fairest town of Flanders and the famous Cloth Hall is now practically razed to the ground.

"Our battery position was four miles in front of Ypres but our rear billets were in dug-outs in the ruined city itself and there when off duty we enjoyed comparative comfort."

Before the war ended in November 1918 Frank Sutton was severely mustard-gassed in France and sent back to England.

No details of how and where this occurred are available. Later he was appointed chief education officer of the South African Forces in England.

In a letter published back home in January 1919 Frank, by then promoted to captain, described starting classes in Wiltshire for soldiers in languages, agriculture, commercial subjects and maths.

He was having difficulty in getting the

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Not one house survived the brutal battle of Ypres

scheme going, feeling bored and impatient to get home.

Capt. Sutton returned in April and with other King soldiers was warmly welcomed by townspeople. Dale turned out in force to greet its soldier principal.

In an illuminated address, senior prefect PG Cockcroft congratulated him on his part in the war and his safe return.

WELCOME HOME, SIR . . .

a message from Dalians for headmaster Capt. Frank Sutton, back from the First World War

BROTHERS AT WAR

THREE Sutton brothers serving in the armed forces in France met in England during the First World War.

From left: Bernard, Frank, and youngest brother Philip. Bernard and Philip also served in the war In East Africa and Bernard also in South West Africa.

Frank served in the Royal Garrison Artillery and Philip with the elite British regiment, the Coldstream Guards.

A fourth brother, Hubert, a medical doctor, served in East Africa in the First World War.

During the Second World War Phil was Officer Commanding Supplies, in Ladysmith, Natal.

TRAINING FOR WAR . . . Lieut. Sutton (front centre) in England, before service in France

WELCOME TO DALE, YOUR HIGHNESS!

20 YEARS ON . . . Former First World War Captain Frank Sutton, now a school headmaster, maintains his military bearing. He stands erect with clenched fists to greet British Royalty - Prince George , visiting at Dale College in 1935.

Little Brownie

THE heroic story of 12-year-old May Sutton, who drowned with her little sister Ann on the Transkei coast in 1926, was told in **"The Story Book" by English author and publisher Arthur Mee.**

They were the eldest daughters of the Rev Frank and Norah **Sutton of Dale College, King William's Town. Headmaster Frank** rescued 14-year-old Jack Klette, who had tried to save the girls.

MAY SUTTON was twelve and Ann Sutton was nine, and they were the daughters of the principal of Dale College for boys in South Africa.

'When the Christmas holidays came Mr. and Mrs. Sutton took the family down to Kei Mouth, a quiet little seaside place where May and Ann could bathe.

Both were pretty good swimmers and as happy in the water as larks in the sky. May was a Brownie in the Girl Guides, and therefore clever in the water.

As soon as they arrived May and Ann clamoured for a swim and off they all went to the beach. Mr. Sutton left his two baby girls with their nurse high up on the sands and had a dip himself.

Leaving May and Ann singing and playing in the water with about a dozen more youngsters, he went back to the little ones.

A few minutes later he saw a boy in the water waving an arm and calling from the only dangerous place in the bay, where a current swirls round some rocks.

He swam out to the lad and found that he was in distress. When Mr. Sutton had hauled him into safe water he asked how he came to be in trouble.

He knew the boy, Jack Klette. Jack was 14, and strong for his age but, as he hurriedly explained to Mr. Sutton, he had nearly drowned trying to rescue two little girls.

Jack pointed to the spot, and the schoolmaster hurriedly swam out, not dreaming of the horror in store.

When he got into the outside pull of the current near the rocks he made a vain attempt to reach his daughters and saw, beyond his reach. the helpless bodies of his own May and Ann. Frantically he swam on, calling their names.

The current seized him too, twisted him about, and pulled him under. Gasping and choking, the father managed to free himself and swim into safer waters, but in the meantime the undertow of the current had dragged the two girls out to the far reaches of the bay.

No earthly power could save them. A number of people had gathered on the sunny beach, watching the terrible play of life and death out by the rock.

No one dared to speak as the stricken man came out of the sea, but later Jack Klette told his story, and the revelation he made cast a gleam of beautiful light on the misery of that day.

He had seen the two girls in difficulties on the outer-most edge of the current and had gone to their aid. May was trying to save her little sister, swimming with one arm, holding Ann's hand. Jack caught hold of May and the three struggled for a minute or two. But it was too hard. The boy knew he could save one of them,

but not both. He shouted to May to let her sister go, but he shouted in vain.

It was more than May could do. "No, no!" she cried, and tightened her hold on little Ann. Again the boy implored her, desperately.

The current was drawing on all three with irresistible force. "I can't save you both," he shouted. "Let her go!" May's last "No" was said as Jack himself went under, and he knew that his own life was in danger.

May and Ann drifted away together, leaving the boy fighting for safety. They went together hand-in-hand, those two little bodies, into the Great Silence.

At last the sea did what May would not do. When her spirit and her will had died with her last breath the waves gently unclasped the clinging hands, and in the dawn the turning tide washed up to the gleaming sands the body of May. The great sea could not bear to part with little Ann, and kept her. She went out into the Universe with the great waters.

There were few dry eyes in King William's Town when May was taken to her grave under a mountain of flowers, but they were tears of pride.

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LEND A HAND: How May would not let her sister go

MAY SUTTON in Brownie uniform . . . No earthly power could save her and little Ann

MAY and ANN . . . claimed by the cruel sea when they were just 12 and 9 years old

'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided'

ABOVE: Young Dad and first-born, May
RIGHT: Mum and May

HAND–IN-HAND . . . devoted sisters May and Ann

HOME FROM THE WAR . . . Dad with Mum and daughters May and Ann

ABOVE: Grandpa Bob, Frank, Granny Kitty, baby Ann, May and Mum, Norah
RIGHT: An older May and Ann with youngest sister Kitty

'I can't save you both,' shouted Jack, but . . .

From Page 22 May was one of the Brownies with whom the Prince of Wales shook hands on his first South African tour, and how can a Brownie die better than lending a hand ?

**** Where is Jack Klette now? Persistent efforts over years to trace him or his relatives have proved fruitless. If alive, Jack would be more than 100 years old.***

ABOUT A YEAR AFTER THE TRAGEDY
Mum with Kay (left), baby Joe and Kitty

The day Dad invited a tramp in for a bath

WHEN Tanner (Frank) Sutton was appointed principal, Old Bob was concerned that his son was not the strict disciplinarian he had been. It has always been maintained that Frank's nickname has nothing to do with "Tanning" the hides of unfortunate Dalians.

But I well remember the days when I occupied the room immediately above the housemaster's study in what was then College House.

As a small boy I lay with my ear to the floorboard listening to disciplinary action being meted out by my father. Six whacks at a time were followed by the loud closing of a door.

How's that for entertainment? But Tanner, whose discipline was once described as "the iron hand with a silken glove" was devoted to his boys and had a soft heart.

I well remember .. ..

* Watching jobless First World War veterans loitering and sometimes urinating in our front garden at College House during the grim years of the 1930s Depression. Some knocked on our front door. They included Old Dalians.

Tanner never turned them away without a few bob or some food and cigarettes. Dad had fought in the same war. He called them "Knights of the Road."

Once he invited a dishevelled tramp in for a bath. Mum was "shocked and taken aback" and protested when she could not get into her bathroom.

"Sorry dear," he replied, "I meant to tell you . . ."

* On seaside holidays Dad frequently met Old Dalians on the beach. He remembered them by name. Once he spotted an Old Dalian approaching smoking a cigarette.

When he stopped to talk to Dad, he held his fag behind his back. Dad kept him talking until the burning cigarette reached the young man's fingers! Ouch!

GROWING UP . . . at College House. The Sutton Three: Big sister Kathleen, later known as Kay (top), Kitty and Baby Joe

**** For more family memories see Pages 25-27***

The many sided Sutton clan

A SECOND branch of the Sutton Family settled in South Africa. They were relatives of my grandfather Bob Sutton and his family.

They were led by Bob's cousin William Sutton, whose descendants included:

* William (Willie) Godfrey Sutton, who became vice-chancellor of the University of the Witwatersrand, and whom I met in Johannesburg.

* His brother John (Jack) Sutton, an ex-pilot, known as "Flying Jack." He, his wife Esme and their family used to join other Sutton families on Eastern Cape holidays. (See picture right.)

Regrettably, we have drifted apart and have no contact with their descendants.

FAMILY HOLIDAY in Fort Beaufort in the 1930s. Back row (from left): Arthur Johnson, Hubert and Frank Sutton. Second: Daisy Johnson, Esme, Gladys and Norah Sutton, with Kay and Raeburn Sutton in front of them. Third: Joan and Kitty Johnson, Noel and Kitty Sutton and possibly a daughter of Jack and Esme. Front: Two unidentified girls, Ruth and Joe Sutton and an unidentified boy. Inset: Jack Sutton who presumably took the picture.

NORAH SUTTON: A lady of courage and grace

A young Norah Sutton with daughters Ann and May years before the tragedy

** BRUCE GORDON, family friend and former Dale College teacher, paid this tribute to Norah Sutton, devoted wife of Frank and mother of Kay, Kitty and Joe, in a letter to Joe, his godson, after her passing in 1959. Bruce was a former rector of Grey High School, Port Elizabeth.*

WHAT a wonderful person she was and what an exemplary life she led. We first came to know her well after the tragic loss she suffered in 1926; how courageously she bore that cross.

She and your dad were kindness personified when I returned to teach at Dale in 1927; they treated me as a son and helped me through more than one crisis in my life. And when I married in 1935 (your dad officiating at the wedding) your mother made it her business to befriend my extremely young wife (Kay).

Our friendship lasted through all these years, a friendship which I cherished. You will understand how we feel now that such a gracious person has gone to the rest and reunion for which she was so well prepared.

Your own sorrow will be tempered by a host of happy memories of a truly marvellous mother.

The Mum and Dad we knew

ADMIRED as a headmaster, teacher and preacher, Frank Sutton was also a devoted family man. He was an inspiring father with a vibrant personality and a great sense of humour. We loved and respected him.

Norah, our Mum, was a tower of strength behind him throughout his career and in their 43-year marriage. The Dale College Magazine described her as "his true helpmate and inspiration." He himself called her "the power behind the throne."

A charming, gracious hostess, Norah Lombard Sutton (née Marshall) was also a loving and caring mother, who insisted on good manners and behaviour from her children. She brought her four daughters up correctly, to be ladies - and a son, hopefully, to be a gentleman.

Mum and Dad were married in a double wedding shortly after Frank took over as headmaster of Dale College in 1913. Born in East London on April 22, 1887, Mum was the third of six daughters of William Francis and Amelia Marshall of East London. Her childhood days are described in a rare memoir recorded by her years later in August 1950 when she was 63 and living in Port Elizabeth. (See Pages 31-34.)

Thirteen years after their marriage, our parents lost their two elder daughters Katherine May and Frances Ann, drowned on holiday at Kei Mouth, in the Transkei. (See Page 22-23.) Mum, aged 40, was then five months' pregnant with me. The Suttons bore their loss with fortitude, strengthened by their strong Christian faith. My sister Kitty has told me, however, that Mum was severely traumatised.

Yet Mum and Dad never over-protected us or inhibited me with a fear of water after this tragic episode. I was given swimming lessons at an early age. Kathleen and Kitty grew up to be strong swimmers.

The Suttons lived at College House where Dad was housemaster as well as headmaster. Dad was busy by day and frequently by night with school duties and as a citizen of the town. Mum took an active part in public life in King William's Town, was a leading Guider and a keen tennis player. A keen pianist, she played both classical and popular tunes. In her later days at Dale she took lessons in "syncopation," a modern form then, with a teacher from East London.

Mum and Dad - later days in PE

Mum and Dad going abroad in 1929

But apart from occasional social and public engagements Mum was with us most of the time. As children we did not see much of our Dad during term time, but enjoyed his company during frequent seaside holidays at Gonubie Mouth, Bonza Bay and Chalumna Mouth.

Though known as a strict disciplinarian, Dad caned me only once - for kicking my sister Kitty in the rear. I remember receiving only four strokes.

After Dad's retirement from Dale College in 1937 the family moved to Port Elizabeth, where Mum was a supportive rector's wife and hostess.

Growing up at the coast, I developed a love for the sea and as a small boy cycled to swim at Humewood Beach at weekends. If Mum and Dad felt nervous about my love of swimming in the sea, they never showed it. When I

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Our Dad's naughty practical jokes

From Page 25

chose to join the Navy towards the end of the Second World War they insisted only that I wait till I had turned 18. (See Joe's "War" - Page 91)

The Hill in Port Elizabeth, where we lived in the Rectory opposite Holy Trinity Church, was not the poshiest part of town. Yet I and my choirboy mates could safely roam the streets in the early evenings.

My parents welcomed my mates and my sisters' men friends into our home, including "old boys" from Grey High School serving in the Army and Air Force.

Even as a rector Dad remained a great practical joker. In his lounge – a waiting room for parishioners - he would put a "poofy cushion" which produced an embarrassing sound when sat upon.

On the baby grand piano would be a book with a suggestive cover picture. If the visitor was tempted to open it, there was an explosion like a firecracker - a good start to a serious talk with the rector.

On his death bed Dad asked: What's the Test Cricket Score?

Dad and I shared a great love of sport. We played golf together on holiday at the Wilderness and watched club, provincial and international cricket and rugby in Port Elizabeth.

I still have an ill-preserved autograph book with signatures of pre-war England cricket tourists. Dad knew his way around cricket grounds. We were avid followers of radio broadcasts of international Test matches.

In one of his last conversations before his death he asked for the cricket score in a Test match between South Africa and Australia.

If Dad ever hoped I would follow him as a teacher and a clergyman this would have been dispelled. I was not cut out to be either.

As a small boy in King I wrote a family newspaper, with adverts for popular products like Kolynos toothpaste and Bovril. When I showed an interest in journalism, both Dad and Mum encouraged me. They supported me in my early years as a reporter.

When living with my folks in Summerstrand I swam daily in the sea. Until a late age Dad swam too, in a full-length swimsuit complete with skirt. We chatted on seafront benches, but did not spend enough time on this. I have since regretted missing these opportunities. I did not know my Dad in his prime – he was 47 when I was born.

SPORTS FANS . . **Mum shared Dad's** interest in sport. In this latter-day picture they are seen arriving at the Crusader Ground, Port Elizabeth, for a rugby match.

NORAH SUTTON in her younger days . . . she struggled with ill health later in life

When I decided to marry a Scots girl while working overseas, Dad wrote that he was not surprised – he had seen love blossoming in my weekly letters.

When I brought Bunty home Dad and Mum welcomed her into the family as one of our own. Dad would be found sitting on the steps of our first home in Braemar Court, Military Road, a bachelor's flat waiting with a bunch of flowers for Bunty to come home from work.

Sadly, Dad and Mum did not live to see our children growing up beyond their infant years.

Still active in church and Old Dalian affairs in his final years, Dad died at home on June 12. 1956. He would have been 77 on June 18.

Should I have let my mom, 72 and frail, fly alone to US?

Mum joined Bunty, me and the girls, aged four and two, on a trip to Britain in 1958.

She visited friends in England and joined us for some months in Edinburgh. Toward the end of our stay she wanted to fly to the United States to visit her dear and only brother Hewitt, then living in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

I persuaded her not to go, fearing she was too old and frail to make the trip to a strange country on her own. She was 72 and had struggled with rheumatism and ill health in the latter part of her life.

Since then I have wondered if I was right to deny Mum this last family visit. She went home to South Africa before us and died at Kay's Walmer home of cancer within a year - on July 2, 1959, aged 73.

A little boy's moment of madness

I'LL NEVER FORGET how I shot great-great-grandfather Joseph Sutton in the eye.

Well, not exactly. It was the eye of Old Joe's giant oil painting that hung in the living room of the headmaster's home at College House, Dale College, in the 1930s. From a few yards away, I landed a bull's eye with a lead slug from my catapult.

I must have been eight or nine years old. It was an accident, of course. Some, would call it "a moment of madness." When I realised the enormity of my "crime," I fled.

The shameful deed was unnoticed until my sister Kitty entered the room. She thought the eye had moved, ghostlike, and screamed.

I was in disgrace. Remarkably, I escaped a hiding, but was not congratulated on my marksmanship. The neat little hole was patched and touched up unprofessionally locally and the painting moved with the family to Port Elizabeth when Dad retired. There it hung for five years in the Rector's study. My sister Kay had it restored more professionally.

Joseph Sutton . . . Bullseye!

More than 30 years later, after Dad and Mum had passed on, I brought Great-great-grandpa Sutton's painting to Johannesburg. It fell off a wall and I had it professionally repaired again by an Austrian artist of repute. She removed the varnish and restored the entire portrait to its former glory. At high cost, I had repaid my debt to our heritage.

The painting was brought from England by my father on a visit in 1929. Now more than 150 years old, it hangs prominently in my bar/study at St George's Village, unique among portraits of other family ancestors. It is inscribed: Joseph Sutton, 1788-1851.

The slightly-scarred left eye is noticed only when I tell the story (with some pride) of my marksmanship as a small boy at Dale College many years ago. Bullseye! Joe!

The painting moved to Alan's home after Joe's death.

My shame — in Sub A at a girls' school

LIFE at College House, Dale, in the '30s was tranquil and uneventful for a little boy growing up. I was spoilt by two elder sisters and watched over by a white nanny, Eileen Norman, a young girl from a farm near King.

Years later we used to sing "She was a simple village maiden and she lived upon a farm. Folks said she was so pure she would never come to harm . . ." We never heard what became of her.

Eileen cared for me, particularly when I scalded a leg by pulling boiling water over it at age four. Painful blisters took a long time to heal as I was confined to an upper room.

Happy hours were spent there and in the garden with faithful retainer Philip Kama, who served four headmasters and at least 60 hostel masters.

My sister Kitty recalls that he used to drive me around the garden in a wheelbarrow.

Blind in one eye, he was a kind companion and friend. He looked after me and, like others, taught me some basic Xhosa.

Today I remember a few words, like hamba (go), baleka (run), toela (be quiet) and pambena wena (you are mad!). Also the more courteous, Sapielile wena? (Are you well?) I also remember . . .

GROWING UP . . . the Suttons at Dale, Dad and Mum, Kitty (left) , Joe and Kay

* SPEEDING down Queen's Road in a home-made go-cart, turning into the College House driveway to end up unhurt in a bush at the foot of the garden.

* BUILDING a little farm close to the high wall of the neighbouring Convent. The farm was well-stocked with clay oxen and miniature lead animals.

* HOW Kitty wiped out our entire box of fireworks on a November 5 Guy Fawkes Night when she lit a "lady cracker" which bounced into the box and set it alight.

* DALE had no Kindergarten (pre-primary) so I began my education in Sub A at KHS (the Kaffrarian High School for Girls (across the road from College House). Boys shared a classroom with girls. Horrors!

* MY ONLY memory of these 18 months was wetting my pants and watching the results drift down a sloping floor after pleas of "Miss, Miss . . ." to "Please may I leave the room" fell on deaf ears.

What an embarrassment for a boy of five sitting next to girls! Fortunately there was "Break" when I used to walk across the road to collect my lunch from my nanny. This time I asked for clean pants!

* DALE PRIMARY, which followed, was not challenging under Helen (Croquet) Mallett in Std 1 or Turkey Murdoch in Std 4 whom I met years later in a Port Elizabeth retirement home. I was a mediocre pupil.

* IN DECEMBER 1937, after Dad's retirement from Dale, the time came to leave my birthplace, small-town King, which to us was the "big city" - for P.E. New challenges lay ahead.

Kitty was left behind to complete her schooling as a boarder at KHS. I was to spend a few months at the McCabe Graaff-Reinet farm while our parents settled in at their new home. Kay had already spent a year at Rhodes.

1908
Their Silver Wedding

From left: Mildred (on floor), Gladys, only son Hewitt, Amelia (mother), Norah, William (father), Kathleen, Alice and May

1933
Their Golden Wedding

Top row: (from left): Lily Marshall, Frank Sutton, Evan and Mildred Bowen, Gladys Sutton, Kathleen and Freddie McCabe, Hubert and George Sutton. Middle: John and mother Alice Twinch, May Marshall, William Francis Marshall, Ruth Sutton, Amelia Marshall, Hewitt Marshall, Norah Sutton. Below: Joan and Audrey Twinch, Kathleen and Kitty Sutton, Ann Marshall, Joe Sutton and Teddy

Across the sea from Ireland

THE South African Marshall family's roots go back to 14th century Ireland, where their ancestors were named Lombard and Kift, and to 17th century England. Lombards (pronounced "Lumbud" by their South African descendants) held civic offices, like mayor, sheriff and chief magistrate of Cork, today the county city in the province of Munster.

In succeeding centuries, marriage linked the Lombards to the Kift family; a Kift came to South Africa where his daughter married a Marshall from England. Fragmentary family trees and an incomplete history tell how members of these families made South Africa their home.

The first known John Lombard was sheriff of Cork in 1356. Another John Lombard was mayor of the town in 1364. William Lombard was mayor of Waterford, a nearby coastal town, in 1373.

Lombards continued to hold civic offices in the 17th and 18th centuries and they were joined by William Kift, of English origins, who was admitted a Freeman at Large of Cork in 1787. He married Mehitabel Lombard in 1795.

One of their sons, Edmund Lombard Kift, born 1802, left Cork for South Africa in 1822 but changed course and went instead to the West Indies. There he was bitten by a vampire bat and returned home in poor health.

In 1832 he left Liverpool for the Cape, arriving in 1833. There, in his spare time, he arranged the library of the extraordinary Dr James Barry, then physician and surgeon to an English regiment in Cape Town. Dr Barry was later proved to be a woman.

Edmund Lombard Kift married Caroline Heckrath in Cape Town and died in Port Elizabeth in 1883. The Kifts became linked with the Marshall family in 1854 when their eldest daughter, Mary Elizabeth Lombard Kift, married British-born George Bell Marshall in Port Elizabeth.

George's younger son, William Francis Marshall, born in Port Elizabeth in 1858, became grandfather to members of the Sutton, Twinch, McCabe and Bowen families. The Marshall Family's origins go back to Benjamin Marshall, born 1650, of Doncaster, Yorkshire.

It is not known when and how George Bell Marshall, born in England in 1815, came to settle in South Africa. Many years later his granddaughter Gladys and her husband, Hubert Sutton, named their Fort Beaufort home Pittsford after George's birthplace.

William Marshall, who was educated at the Grey Institute (forerunner of the Grey High School) in PE, became a prominent attorney in East London, In 1883 he married Amelia Ann Hazelton, born 1859, daughter of Mr and Mrs HR Hazelton of Fort Beaufort.

They had six daughters and a son. All the daughters had Lombard as their second name. The Mar-

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From Irish Lombard to S.African Marshall

From Page 28 shalls lived in East London on the Quigney near the sea but later moved to suburban Cambridge.

Little is known of the Hazelton ancestors. The Marshalls named their Cambridge home Hazelton, after a forefather of Granny Marshall. We are told he was a sea captain who settled in South Africa after being shipwrecked on the dangerous Eastern Cape coast.

There is no documentary evidence confirming this. Another unconfirmed story says a Marshall or a Hazelton settler ran a post office and shop in a railway village between King William's Town and Fort Beaufort.

** This information came from a conversation heard by Marjorie McCarten (née McCabe) between her mother Kathleen (née Marshall) McCabe and her sister Gladys Sutton (wife of Dr Hubert Sutton). Gladys apparently said this ancestor was either her grandfather or great-grandfather.*

The sea captain wrecked off the dangerous Eastern Cape coast

William and Amelia Marshall's third daughter Norah (born 1887) married the Rev Frank Sutton, who was principal of Dale College, King William's Town from 1913 till 1937.

Her younger sister Gladys (born 1888) married Frank's brother Hubert, a medical doctor who first practised in East London and later in Fort Beaufort.

The other Marshall daughters were:

* May, the eldest, who never married, lived in East London and finally settled and died in a retirement home in Linden, Johannesburg.

* Alice, who married John Twinch, bore him three daughters, Molly, Audrey and Joan, and a son John..

* Kathleen, who married Freddie McCabe, a Graaff-Reinet farmer, and had three children, Marjorie, Allan and Prudence (see Pages 71-76.)

* Mildred, who married a widower, Evan Bowen of East London, and had a son Peter, who was schooled there at Selborne College. His first marriage ended in divorce and he settled in England where he remarried. Peter died in England in 2007.

The Marshalls had one son, Hewitt, who married Lily and they had one daughter, Ann. Hewitt and Lily belonged to the Quaker religious movement.

After Lily died of cancer Hewitt went on a cruise to Florida, in the United States and met Ann Diers, whom he later married.

He apparently adapted enthusiastically to a new life in Fort Lauderdale, where he died later.

We have no trace of his daughter Ann, who was described as " a rather shy and withdrawn girl" at family get-togethers at Bonza Bay, near East London.

As I mentioned many times before:-

** Should I have let my mother, Norah Lombard Sutton, frail and in poor health at 72, fly alone to the United States on a last visit to her only brother? A decision that has haunted me since. Mum died of cancer within a year.*

THE WAY THEY WERE: Amelia Ann Marshall and her husband, William Francis Marshall

MANY YEARS LATER: Our granny and grandpa, Amelia and William Marshall

MYSTERY CAMEO OF AN IRISH ANCESTOR

THIS enlarged image of a miniature cameo of a Marshall ancestor, a Kift or a Lombard , was given to Ruth Fulford (nèe Sutton) by her mother Gladys Sutton, about 1950.

Amelia Ann Marshall (Gladys's mother) gave it to her in the 1920s.

Ruth, now living in Toronto, Canada, **says: "The lady's hairstyle and dress** suggest that this might have taken in the Jane Austen period.

Perhaps this is Mehitabel? "

Grandpa William Marshall: A lovable character

A truly fine gentleman

GRANDPA William Francis Marshall was a prominent East London lawyer in the late 19th and early 20th century. He was the father of six daughters and one son who grew up mostly in Cambridge, East London, and became closely associated with the Sutton Family. Two of his daughters married Sutton sons.

An obituary in the Daily Dispatch headlined him as "a lovable character." He was, the newspaper added, "a man whose tact and natural grace of manner gave him an almost unique place in the affections of all who came in to contact with him during his half century of activity in East London." In his later days he remained "a very truly fine old gentleman."

As his differences with those in municipal authority showed, he was also a man of principle, outspoken and decisive when he felt he had been wronged.

William Marshall was born in Port Elizabeth in October 1858, the son of George Bell Marshall, originally of Pittsford, Northamptonshire, England.

George had settled in South Africa and married Cape Town-born Mary Elizabeth Lombard Kift, a descendant of the Irish Lombard and Kift families, in 1854. Her father, Edward Lombard Kift, had settled in the Cape in 1833.

William distinguished himself as a pupil of the Grey Institute, the forerunner of Grey High School, now a leading boys' school in Port Elizabeth. He won at scholarship and a silver medal at age 16 as the second best mathematician in what would be Grade 11 today. On matriculating in 1875, however, he decided to go into law.

A silver medallist at maths but he chose a law career

After serving his articles he was admitted to the side-bar and started a practice in Adelaide, but soon moved to East London to practise as an attorney, notary public and conveyancer. There he remained in harness until he was kept from his office by his final illness.

In 1883 William married Amelia Ann (Millie) Hazelton, daughter of Mr HR Hazelton of Fort Beaufort, where her fourth daughter Gladys was to settle many years later with her doctor husband Hubert Sutton.

The Fort Beaufort Suttons named their home Pittsford, former home town in England of William Marshall's ancestor, George Bell Marshall.

William's firm, Marshall and Drake, established about 1880, served as legal advisers to the Harbour Board and the Cambridge municipality. Today, after several partnerships and name changes, it exists in East London as Bax Kaplan.

'Snubbed' by the town council, he quit after 9 months

William became a justice of the peace and then deputy sheriff of East London. Showing a keen interest in education, he was a prime mover in founding Cambridge High School and became the first chairman of its school board. He was a member for many years of the lay council of St Saviour's Church.

Closely associated with many sports, he was president of the Leander Rowing Club for seven years and was elected an .honorary life member. But his chief hobbies lay in quieter pursuits like fishing and gardening.

William entered municipal politics in 1888 when he was elected as a councillor but left the council within a month. He became town solicitor in March 1887 but resigned within nine months.

According to an entry in the Internet by historian Dr Keith Tankard, he believed he had been snubbed by the council which had not asked him to deal with a case against a brickmaking company.

GRANDPA WILLIAM MARSHALL (right) and GRANNY AMELIA (left) with friends

Dad was great fun and playmate

NORAH SUTTON (my mother, née Marshall) gives an interesting glimpse of her father William Marshall's nature in her family memoir (see Pages 31 to 34):

***Dad was a great tease, but a great playmate. We often enjoyed a game of "Jacoby" on his return at 5pm. On afternoons at the Kloof we caught crabs, threw them into a pot of boiling water and then ate them.**

*** Dad was stern, he hated lies and disobedience. Our punishment was being sent to bed with dry bread and water, but we got the slipper often.**

When the family moved to Cambridge from The Quigney near the East London beachfront, Norah recorded:

*** Dad welcomed us. He was always so methodical. Everything was "in its place" and the fire burning in the kitchen stove. In other house moves the kettle was boiling and he'd offer us a cup of tea.**

Our house was well built. Dad put on a front wooden veranda, later a side-stoep and wooden buildings behind. The nursery must have been the original kitchen because there was a large open fireplace, turned into a cupboard.

This was a great place for hide-and-seek, but I was always terrified of it. Our nursemaid used to frighten us, saying there was a "bogey man" there.

The Marshall Scarlet Runners

A RARE insight into the lives of the young Marshall sisters and their brother was given in a remarkable memoir by my mother, Norah Sutton.

Recalling experiences from her childhood in East London, she said she and her sisters were quite naughty girls.

They were called **"The Scarlet Runners"** after their mother dressed them in red so she could find them.

Here are edited extracts from her story, dated August 3, 1950, when Norah was 64.

SIX SISTERS and one brother. Top, from left: May and Kathleen, Hewitt (on pony) and Alice. Below: Norah, Gladys and Mildred.

We were often naughty little girls . . .

MARSHALL SISTERS May, Norah and Alice in Bedford, England, in 1901. Norah was then 14.

QUOTE

IT IS strange that after all these years such small things can carry me back to the scenes of my childhood. The scent of a flower, the ticking of a clock, the sound of waves rippling over the stones and shingle at low tide. They conjure up such memories and almost a feeling of nostalgia steals over one. - *Norah*

THE MARSHALL family lived on The Quiney, a suburb near the East London beachfront.

THE birth of Hewitt (the only brother) was an exciting event for the Marshall sisters. Here is how Norah recalls it in her family memoir.

***Sleeping in the room next door** to Dad's and Mother's, I was carried to share a bed elsewhere. Early the next morning I was squeezed between Dad and Dr Paley (the family physician) in a 'dog cart' and arriving at the Humphreys' (friends') house.

***After a few days** we were told we had a little baby brother. "I'll put him in my drawer," I said. But he seemed too precious to be touched, After five daughters Hewitt was a joy to all, a lovely little baby. Very like "Bubbles" (in the Pears painting.)

***This was the first of many happy visits**. The grown-ups were very good to us. I remember only once being punished (shut up in my room) and we were often naughty.

Once we destroyed a number of arum lilies by removing the stamens but as we had eaten many and had sore mouths that was sufficient punishment.

***Breakfast prayers** seemed terribly long with the lovely smell of oatmeal porridge (in the background).

***One holiday to PE** was not very happy . . .

May and Hewitt stayed with Granny and Aunt Belle, but were rather frightened of Granny. We loved Aunt Belle, but not her husband, Mr Jones. Dad disliked him and said he had married Aunt Belle for her money!

He said he was greedy and one day he ate a whole chicken . . . there was nothing left for anyone else.

***Alice and I stayed** with Aunt Lucy. She was a terror, with a terrible temper. Her grown-up children were afraid of her. Mabel (her daughter) had a rough time. I saw Aunt Lucy give her a stinging slap in the face at the dinner table. Mabel once came to stay with us at Cambridge after (contracting) enteric fever. Mother nursed her through tick fever. She must have been glad to get

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Happy times (and some perils) in the UK

MY HAT! Waar kry jy daardie hoed, Norah? At age 18

SWEET SIXTEEN . . . blonde beauty Gladys

MILDRED THE YOUNGEST at age 13

THE Marshall sisters spent part of their childhood in England, being educated in Bedford.

Norah Sutton, in her memoir, does not mention her schooling there but tells of an incident (possibly on an earlier visit) in a London street, when she was almost abandoned on a bus stop. They enjoyed cycling in the country and picking blackberries. But once they were caught trespassing on a farm..

The younger sisters were looked after by a Mrs Franks when their mother returned to South Africa with May and Alice. "Mrs Franks was stern. During that time I was often very glad she had not been allowed to adopt me," writes Norah.

"We all got it. Poor Mildred (the youngest sister). I see her struggling to swallow apple rings with bits of core. It made me feel sick to see her doing her best to swallow large sago puddings.

"But we had some happy times cycling into the country and black-berrying. One day we were caught trespassing on a farm, having a glorious time in a hayrick. When the farmer threatened to send us to court, she (Mrs Franks) pleaded that we had come from South Africa where trespassing was unheard of. He let us go.

"Mary Tilney 'looked after us' for a week once when Mrs Franks went to London. We had the time of our lives."

Once, on a visit to London, Norah recalls how she was almost left behind in a street. "May, Alice and I and others were waiting for a bus. 'Come on', they called. I, frightened by the crowd, stood still until I saw them boarding the bus. I bolted and was hauled on to the moving bus by the conductor. The others had noticed nothing." Norah says she was "always like this, always behind. Dad called me The Cow's Tail."

* Sisters were caught trespassing on an English farm
* 'Cow's tail' Norah was nearly left behind in crowded London street

Lucy, the aunt with a terrible temper

From Page 31 away from Aunt Lucy.

***Hewitt was a very heavy baby.** Mother carried him in a sling hung around her neck. One day he was lost and nearly carried off in a train. Getting out at Cambridge we missed him. He was found under a seat in the carriage. He refused to budge, saying "he liked the train."

* **Hewitt was a wonderful shot**. At picnics he used to stand a little bottle on a stone in the river and we all tried to hit it Hewitt always won. Once trying to catch Hewitt as he ran through the back door into the road, I was blinded by sand. He had thrown a clod of earth.

* **Hewitt had a temper** and was very good with his fists. Despite his angelic looks he could hold his own. We were often disobedient.

We were told not to pick fruit from the garden (it was often green) but we could take fruit that had fallen to the ground. We thought nothing of shaking the apple tree and running up later to pick up the fruit.

***The coming of the locusts** was great excitement. Fires were lit, vegetables were covered with sheets, curtains, anything we could get hold of. We banged empty paraffin tins to our hearts' content and drove the locusts to someone else's garden! It wasn't easy to get rid of the hoppers which lay thick on the roads. We used to tear down the roads scattering them. They stung our bare legs and faces.

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MARSHALL SISTERS Gladys, Alice and Norah

We had 'a terror' of a music teacher

NORAH SUTTON became an accomplished pianist and in the mid 1930s took lessons in "syncopation" – a popular modern style of music. As a young girl she and her sisters learnt the piano the hard way – from strict teachers.

*** Mrs Robertson "was a terror . . . We had to take the 2 o'clock train every Wednesday and were there the whole afternoon, returning on the 5 o'clock train. We did theory sitting round a long table.**

Absolute silence was enforced. On arrival we used to cross our fingers to find out what sort of mood she was in. She certainly gave us a good grounding but she taught "with a ruler in her hand."

" May was the only one not afraid of her. How she got through I never knew as she never practised. In the train she would 'practise' on her lap with an open book in front of her. 'Sit yourself down there,' Mrs Robertson would say and then we were in for it. I hated the name of composer Karl Czerny.

"Mrs Robertson's method was queer. ' First place in the treble clef, third line in the bass clef' she would say and we placed little bone sticks where we thought they ought to go. Should it be wrong down came the ruler and all the sticks went flying. Sometimes she used her hand and I was glad when she struck the keys instead of my hand.

"Jessie Humphrey invariably had a sore finger. But I went better on more than one occasion. My nose used to bleed and sometimes started just before we were due to leave. She (Mrs R) caught Alice watching the clock one day and kept us an hour longer.

"Later when we learnt with Mrs Franks and had 'Nelly Bligh' and 'Beautiful Isle of the Sea' to play. I felt that was real music.

But learning with Mrs Franks also had its terrors. She had three bulldogs which always flew at us. It was no use saying 'they wouldn't bite', they always looked ready to do so. And Mrs Franks was stern too."

When Mother went to town on a rickshaw

From Page 32

***Our chief playground** was under a mimosa tree. We played "house" and picking up shingles kept us busy. We were forbidden to climb the tree. We tore our clothes and had many falls but could not resist it.

***One day Mother set off** to catch the 2 o'clock train to town and soon we were up and having a great time. Suddenly I noticed an ominous silence, everybody was quiet but myself. Mother had missed the train!

***On another occasion**, she missed the train again. She was picked up by a rickshaw. It was the first one we had seen. We were terrified by "the horse" and thought Mother was very brave and watched her careering down the road. Later she told us it was the most comfortable ride she had ever had but the "smell nearly killed her!"

***Sometimes Mother was driven to town** in the affluent Courtenays' trap. It had their crest painted one it. Gladys was very proud of this and said they were descended from the Duke of Devonshire. Daddy said: "We've also got a crest." Evidently he was not very proud of it because I saw it only two years ago.

***Gladys was such a dainty little girl** and wore lovely clothes. Mother was distressed that we were such tomboys and never tidy or clean. I took a dislike to Gladys but after mixing with us for a while she became quite a tomboy and spent a whole day picnicking at the Horseshoe. We went quite alone without fear (of vagrants.)

***Gladys and I played** on a syringa tree in the Courtenays' garden till I tore my best white petticoat. I could not bear to play with Gladys and wear the short little gala-tea petticoat we were given. Mother dressed us in red so she could see us and were called "The Scarlet Runners."

*** Gladys used to faint in church**. I wished I could do so. She got such a lot of attention. One of her prettiest frocks was a pale-green tunic, with a lovely cream-coloured blouse. (Mrs Courtney made all her clothes). Mother had some like them made for us.

*** Mr and Mrs Franks were great friends**. Mother often went driving with Mrs Franks in a high "dog cart" with two spanking horses. They had no children and wanted to adopt me.

*** Mother must have realised** that climbing was really good for us because (on our return from England when Mildred was about 12) she encouraged her to do so. Mildred was always rather quiet, buried in books and always cold. "Get a skipping rope my child, go and climb the tree and get warm," Mother would say.

***Playing happily** one Saturday morning in the trees in our "top garden" Gladys and I noticed silence . We looked every where and crept into the house, all were at dinner long after one o'clock and Dad was at home. "Dinner's over," he said, "You can go out again."

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How a false tooth popped out in church

From Page 32

That afternoon Gladys and I took Alice's bananas. She had been given a bunch. Having been refused one we helped ourselves.

We had hardly tasted them when we heard someone coming and bolted. Moral: Don't ever swallow a banana whole. It's a painful business.

*** Servants must have been a trial** for poor Mother. I remember two St Helena maids departing escorted by two policemen.

They had stolen toys out of our Christmas stockings. One maid exasperated Mother so much that she hit her over the head with the silver teapot.

The day we were late for dinner and were sent away hungry

*** Old John the Indian** was a splendid cook. Dad said he could make soup out of the leg of a table. He used to say, "You chillen, you could eat 40 hours a day."

One day he nearly poisoned us with curried kidneys he cooked in a saucepan with the enamel off. After that Mrs Courtney would never accept an invitation to dinner. John drank, got sick and had to go at last.

*** Someone wanted to adopt Mildred**. Two clergyman called once on bicycles. We longed for bicycles especially after the Jarvises each got one. They had come in for a fortune, so they said.

Dad got us a second-hand bicycle and it had rough usage. We rode it everywhere and there were constant punctures.

***The only reason** why we liked going to the Jarvises was for strawberries. Their house had a horrible smell. It had mud floors which were washed with cow dung. We thought it was awful.

*** We loved** Mr Wood (a visiting clergyman) who chased us round the house after we disturbed his rest in a chair by tickling his face with twigs.

*** Dad could not bear Emma** (details undisclosed) and said she was such a talker. "For heavens' sake Millie, don't put me next to Emma," he would say before an evening at the town hall.

I learnt to like and appreciate her

AMELIA MARSHALL . . . mother who favoured homeopathy

SOLE SON and BROTHER . . . Hewitt Marshall pictured later as a soldier in the First World War

years later when she was secretary to Frank at Dale College. She married (a clergyman) late in life and wrote to me regularly from England until her death a few months ago. (Norah's memoir was dated August 1950)

*** (Aunt) Lucy was the first one** we knew to have false teeth, but she lost them down a slope on the beach.

*** Claire Rushton,** a relative of Dad, used to sit in the front row at church. Once a false front tooth popped out and over a seat during the singing of "O Come Let Us Adore Him."

* She stepped out quickly, recovered the tooth, pushed it back and got back for the next "O Come Let Us Adore Him.

*** Dear old Dr Paley** brought us all into the world. It cost five pounds to bring him out on horseback.

Mother brought us up on homeopathy encouraged by him and we all came through measles etc. without much trouble.

*** Kathleen, however, became terribly ill** after a vaccination and there were many anxious weeks. She was rubbed with cod liver oil and I can still smell it!

*** We quarrelled a good deal** (with visiting children who came to play). We were happiest among ourselves. May and Alice, as they grew older, bossed us up a bit and we hated it.

When May ran away after a man peeped in Her window

One day, they must have been particularly exasperating. Kathleen was out of favour and Gladys remarked to me: "Wouldn't it be nice if there were just You and Me, Sonny (Hubert) and Baby (Mildred)"

*** May was always rather serious** and inclined to be nervy. We gave her a bad time. I remember one fright she had. When getting ready for a bath she ran screaming out of the room, a lighted candle in her hand, flung her arms round Mother's neck and nearly set her hair alight.

* She said a man had "peeped at her through the window."

Alice was "The Picture of Health," Gladys "Old Sobersides" – she used to sit quietly and sew with Mother and was so tidy.

The most brilliant of the six brothers

GEORGE GERARD SUTTON was considered the most brilliant of the six Sutton brothers. He became a Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and achieved a double first in the Law Tripos.

He shared this honour with only three other South Africans, his uncle WP Schreiner, General Jan Smuts and FR de Villiers.

George was born at Klip River, Swellendam, the Reitz family home, on June 17, 1880, and died in Wynberg, Cape Town, on December 27, 1955, the second son of the Rev JG Sutton and Kitty Sutton.

Educated with his brothers at Dale College, he followed his father and elder brother to the Manchester Grammar School and Emmanuel College, where he also played hockey and tennis.

He became one of a band of South African students at Cambridge who later achieved distinction in SA law, first as advocates and later as judges, including his brother-in-law, EP Watermeyer.

After graduating, he was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, London in 1902 and returned to South Africa to practise at the Cape Bar in the following year. He took silk in 1921 and was elevated to the Bench in 1928. From 1944 until he retired in 1948 he was Judge-President of the Cape.

He married Agnes Gertrude Watermeyer of Graaff-Reinet, a sister of retired Judge-President Watermeyer. They had five children. Judge Sutton died on December 27, 1955 and Agnes in 1974.

** My kindly Grandpa and caring Granny – Page* 36

'Georgie Boy'- revered barrister and judge

FROM his earliest years at the Cape Bar, Advocate George Sutton was known as "Georgie Boy" - because of his "extreme boyishness," a striking characteristic that endeared him to his colleagues.

The nickname "stuck to him throughout even after he became one of our most respected and reliable judges," remarked ex-colleague and retired Justice W Pitman in a tribute after retired Judge-President George Sutton died in December, 1955.

Judge Pitman recalled that characteristic "outbursts" by Judge Sutton might have embarrassed colleagues sitting with him - unnecessarily because "the outbursts ever proclaimed the truth."

George was the second son of the Rev Joseph George (Old Bob) Sutton, headmaster of Dale College from 1890 to 1912, and Catharina (Kitty) Sutton (née Reitz).

Judge Pitman recalled that when JG Sutton ran a "very popular school" in Cape Town before moving to King William's Town "we at SACS called the boys who attended it 'Suttonites,'"

The Sutton parents had sent four sons to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, "a praiseworthy achievement that brought the grand old couple all the reward they could have hoped for."

"I remember his (George's) call-night at the Middle Temple (London), and his early days at the Cape Bar - at South African Chambers in St George's Street, where all of us assembled for tea.

"Then the circuits - in Cape carts. One event stands out particularly. In 1904 at George (in the South-Western Districts) eight of us had dined together and after dinner - about 10pm a quarter-mile race was arranged between George Sutton and Charles Struben, who had quite recently obtained his blue at Oxford for the 440 yards.

"We marked out a course on the grassy sidewalk - two stretches there and back, 110 yards each.

"George was given a start, but not very much and Charles Struben, his formidable opponent, was a decided favourite, though I can't remember there being much betting.

"It was George who won. It helps to recall incidents like this of those glorious days. How happy we all were together- not only on that occasion.

"George has gone now, alas! Let us be grateful for the memories he has left behind." concluded Judge Pitman.

JUDGE GEORGE SUTTON . . .
truthful outbursts from the Bench

The 'life and soul' of Old Dalian Union in the Cape

JUDGE SUTTON was described as the "Father" of Old Dalians and the "life and soul of the union" in Cape Town. He was voted life president of the branch.

"His loss to Cape Town Old Dalians can never be recovered; there can never be another quite like him in his interest in our old school right up to the end," said a tribute by branch chairman Harry Hermans.

My kindly Grandpa and caring Granny

* JOAN SUTTON, daughter of Gerard and Eleanor Sutton and grand-daughter of Judge George and Agnes Sutton, recalls happy holidays at Woodside, home of her grandparents. She was seven years old when George died.

GRANDPA SUTTON was very kind to us as his grandchildren. He walked with a stick, but did not really need to use it. He would walk us down to the nearest café and buy us each (my brother Richard, my sister Agnes and me) an ice cream of our choice. We loved it!!

We accompanied him occasionally to the Wynberg Lawn Tennis Club, where he played. I still have a silver tray presented to him by the club on his retirement "after more than 50 years as player and president."

I also recall vividly that the Minstrels (then called the "Coons" from the "Coon Carnival") used to arrive at Woodside every "Tweede Nuwejaar" and perform in Granny's garden. This was a breathtaking experience for us as children. It was in honour, I think, of his position as a judge.

Granny Agnes Sutton was rather taller than Grandpa and I often saw him wearing a top hat. This, I was told, was to lessen the difference in their heights.

Granny was a most caring and socially-concerned woman. She had formerly employed a cook, Hannah, at Woodside, who had retired by that time. Every Christmas while we were there, Granny would pack a huge basket of presents and food for Hannah, her children and grandchildren.

We would then accompany her to the so-called "Malay Quarter" to visit Hannah and her children and grandchildren. The "Malay Quarter" must have then been the old District Six. Hannah provided a splendid tea for us.

The younger female members of the household wore splendid, brightly-coloured dresses or skirts, some spangled and they looked beautiful. A very good-looking family.

I do not recall other white people in those days being accorded such friendship and hospitality. As we left, Hannah would present us children with a packet of "tamaletjie" home-made by herself. It was a hard, crackly toffee containing "dennepits" or pine nuts. Absolutely scrumptious!

Granny told me she was the first woman in the Cape to qualify for a driver's licence.

Grandpa George and Granny Agnes . . .
friendship and hospitality

She also told us of the Great Flu epidemic which struck Cape Town in 1919 after the First World War, when she used to visit and minister to stricken families. On one day she could visit a sick family and return the next day to find all of them had died.

* On Page 37 Joan writes about her parents and on Page 38 about her years bringing up her two daughters alone and realising her childhood ambition to become a lawyer. She died suddenly in Johannesburg in 2012.

Eminent jurist pays tribute to George

PAYING tribute to Judge George Sutton, Judge-President J de Villiers described him as "an old, valued and indeed beloved friend (to many of us), one who inspired not only friendship but also affection."

He recalled that Judges Sutton and Hendrik van Zyl, who had died recently, had been friends for more than 50 years, fellow students at Cambridge, colleagues at the Bar for nearly 20 years and colleagues on the Bench for 18, each becoming Cape Judge-President:

"From perhaps different angles they were united in possessing a deep knowledge of human nature and were equally imbued with a keen sense of justice, attributes which made them sympathetic to and tolerant of the foibles and weaknesses of human nature but intolerant of anything which savoured of injustice, oppression or trickery in any shape or form."

As "an exceedingly busy junior" advocate, George had been "particularly successful in work connected with the interpretation of wills, due in some measure perhaps to an uncanny faculty of guessing correctly what answer a particular judge would be likely to give to a particular problem in an obscure and not entirely satisfactory branch of the law.

"With his phenomenal knowledge of the case law on the subject . . . he had no difficulty in summoning to his aid imposing precedents for whatever view he was briefed to propound."

Judge-President De Villiers said that after being elevated to the Bench, George had sat as "a wise, witty and intensely human judge for 20 years until be retired at the age of 68 in 1948, as Judge- President.

"At the Bar too George Sutton was immensely popular - it was here that his genuineness and instinctive friendliness were recognised at their true worth.

"His spontaneous acts of kindness and his generosity with his time on behalf of members of the Bar were remembered with affection after he had left the Bar.

"Essentially he was magnificent company, be it in the common room, on circuit or at a Bar dinner.

" He was a born raconteur-with an unending fund of stories suited to every occasion.

"He was a great believer in the esprit de corps of the Bar, and to the maintenance and furthering of its interests he devoted much of his time."

Members of the Bar had been his friends "to whom he gave of his best whenever the need arose, as indeed it

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First-meeting kiss sparked romance

MY DAD, Gerard Sutton, was a very good man, honest as the day is long and also with a social conscience (*writes Joan Sutton.)*

I have a lovely "share certificate" he received from the Natal Parks Board, to which he contributed during his lifetime.

He was a steadfast and, I believe, one of the earliest, environmentalists and conservationists. He also contributed throughout his adult life to, among others, Boys' Town and the Louis Botha Homes, an orphanage in Pretoria.

Dad's great ambition was to be a farmer. Grandpa bought him a sheep farm in the Karoo. However, he went to England to train and worked also on the farm of Colin Smith, a cousin, in Shropshire. When he returned, the country was in the grip of a terrible drought. As a result Dad went off to study to be a veterinary surgeon and Grandpa sold the farm.

After qualifying as a veterinarian, he worked for a while in Allerton Laboratories in Maritzburg, then became District Vet in Middelburg Cape.

Introduced there by friends, Mom and Dad fell in love on sight. He kissed her on their very first meeting and they were engaged within three days. (Grandpa had sent them a selection of rings from Cape Town.)

They were married in the Cathedral in Grahamstown (Mom's childhood home) six months later.

My Dad: Vet lecturer sportsman, passionate horseman

Dad was later transferred to Onderstepoort and lectured there in animal management (now called animal husbandry, I believe) for many years.

His great passion was the horse, and I recall wonderful family Sundays at Kaalplaas, the experimental farm attached to Onderstepoort, riding horses, braai-ing and collecting horse and cow manure for Mom's garden.

Mom was a very keen and, successful gardener, our garden in Pretoria having been very beautiful. Dad travelled a bit as veterinary adviser/consultant with the military and the police when they visited farms to buy horses. We attended many wonderful gymkhanas at the Voortrekkerhoogte Military Base when Dad was on duty as official vet.

An incident which I treasure occurred when he was out with the military. A horse was presented for sale to them by a farmer who had struck hard times and had to sell off his horses.

The horse, whose name was Champ, was unfortunately too small to qualify as a military horse, and would then have had to be put to sleep.

This greatly distressed the farmer's daughter, to whom the horse had belonged. My Dad then bought the horse from the farmer from his own funds, transported it to and stabled it at Onderstepoort at his own expense.

It became his personal horse, of which he was very fond, and which was very fond of him. Dad wrote every month to the farmer's little daughter to keep her up to date on Champ's good health and wellbeing.

Unfortunately, horses lost their economic value and Dad moved on to other animals and skills.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT: Gerard and Eleanor Sutton at their wedding and then top right in later years

My Mom: Teacher at rare SA multi-racial school

A keen sportsman, he captained both cricket and hockey teams there. He rode horses like a professional and later played bowls at the Pretoria East Bowling Club until he was too old to continue. He was a Freemason and honorary secretary of his lodge for some years.

Mom taught English, history and Latin at various schools around Pretoria, including Kilnerton College, one of the few and unpopular at the time, multi-racial schools in the country. A keen tennis player, she was occasionally commandeered by Grandpa to play at his club while staying at Woodside.

'A wise , witty and human judge'

From Page 36 often did. No call went unanswered and busy as he was, his time seemed always to be at the disposal of his friends.

"He will leave behind him the lasting memory of a man who loved his fellow men and was beloved of them. We are immeasurably the poorer for his passing,"

In an obituary in the Cape Times Judge Sutton was described as " kindly and extremely human. A man with a lively manner of expression and a keen sense of humour.

"Throughout his life a keen sportsman, he played hockey in his early days at the bar and was for many years vice-president of the Western Province Hockey Association."

The girl who longed to be a lawyer

How Joan's dream came true after 40 years

FROM early childhood, Joan Sutton dreamed of becoming a lawyer.

Her grandfather and great-uncle were Supreme Court judges, Sutton and Watermeyer. But in the 1950s and '60s girls were not encouraged to enter any profession - except teaching or nursing. An independent girl, Joan thought differently.

Born on April 17, 1947, the youngest child of Gerard and Eleanor Sutton's three children, she grew up in Pretoria.

Educated at the Eastern Suburbs Nursery School, she became the first head prefect of Brooklyn Primary School in 1959 and matriculated at Pretoria Girls' High School.

Joan registered for a BA degree at the University of Cape Town in 1965 but did not graduate after involvement in a serious road accident during 1966.

Discouraged from pursuing a legal career, she worked for the Cape Times advertising department, moved to Johannesburg and worked for the Rand Daily Mail again in advertising.

Later she joined the staff of the University the Witwatersrand as an administrative assistant in the Faculty of Commerce. Her promotion later to secretary of the Faculty of Law, reignited Joan's childhood ambition to become a lawyer.

After marrying Brendan John Brady, an Irishman, she resigned from the university in 1976 to bear her first child, Kathleen. Irene was born two years later.

In 1980 she divorced her husband and began studying law through Unisa while working initially as a secretary.

Later she headed the collections department of attorneys Cliffe Dekker and Todd of Johannesburg.

'May she be remembered for her spirited eccentricity and resilience'

- ***Memorial tribute***

After completing both a BA and a BProc degree at Unisa, Joan became articled to Silver and Warren Attorneys of Johannesburg.

JOAN the attorney

JOAN graduating at Unisa

"At last, at the ripe old age of 49, I was finally admitted as an attorney on December 10, 1996," she recalled.

Joan practised on her own in Johannesburg for 15 years and became semi-retired in February 2011.

She sold her house and practice and moved to live in retirement in Weltevreden Park, Roodepoort.

"I have two beautiful grown-up daughters," she said proudly.

Kathleen Diana Brady, born on June 25, 1976 and Irene Rita Westerdale (née Brady), born on May 6. 1978.)

"I also have a beautiful granddaughter," (Holly Ava Westerdale, born on January 11 this year.)

*** Sadly Joan did not live to tell us more about her life. She died suddenly aged 65, after suffering an aneurism on June 5, 2012.**

Joan was confirmed dead after being taken to hospital by a doctor friend Geraldine. She was 65.

JOAN SUTTON, A MODEST LADY TO THE END

By JOE SUTTON

I MET my cousin Joan Sutton while she was practising as an attorney from her home in Parkhurst, Joburg.

In compiling our family memoires I asked her to help me with information about her grandparents, Judge President George and Agnes Sutton and her parents Gerard and Eleanor Sutton.

She wrote movingly about her happy holidays with her grandparents and her memories of her parents and her upbringing in Pretoria.

But she was reluctant to write about herself. We lost contact for several months.

Eventually I received an e-mail saying she had closed her legal practice, sold her home and moved to Weltevreden Park, Roodepoort, with a friend.

Pressed, she sent me a dry, clinical account of her life and career.

But buried in her modest review was the story above of how it took up to 40 years to realise her girlhood dream to become a lawyer, amid her struggle to bring up two daughters, alone while studying at night.

We last met when she wished to dispose of a century-old family table which once belonged to her grandfather, Judge George Sutton. Would my family or Dale College and the Old Dalian Union be interested in acquiring this rare piece of furniture.

She drove from Weltevreden Park to my home in Bedfordview and got lost on the way. Eventually she reached me, took me to the agent in Rosebank to view the table and then drove me home.

After a quick chat she was driving home at peak hour. A stressful trip by a kind, generous lady.

Weeks later I received the shock news of her death.

Fun Mom and proud Granny

JOAN SUTTON . . Strict with a naughty side

ON TOP OF THE WORLD . . . Irene and husband Gareth

How we climbed Kilimanjaro

A FITNESS professional and an outdoor and fitness enthusiast, Irene Westerdale completed her first Comrades Marathon in 2010. She has also climbed to the summit of Mount Kilamanjaro.

Born on May 6, 1978, and younger daughter of Joan Sutton, Irene matriculated at Parktown Girls' High School, and graduated BA at the Johannesburg University.

She has her own practice as a fitness professional and lives at Hartbeespoort. Irene is married to Gareth Jonathan Westerdale and their daughter Holly was born on January 1, 2012.

Commenting on her Kilimanjaro climb, Irene says: It was a great adventure with some very memorable moments, the scenery was spectacular and diverse - from the green lushness of the rain forests as we started the climb to the barren and desolate terrain as one moved higher up, as well as the breath taking greatness of the glaciers.

We climbed the "Lemosho" route and did a double summit, which meant we were crazy enough to sleep at the top in the crater and them re-summit the next morning.

That was probably the toughest part as the lack of oxygen makes everything that much more challenging; and I need not mention the cold!

My poor husband contracted dysentery on the way (and still summited despite his ill health and weakness there from). After the summit he got progressively worse and he had to be rushed off the mountain to get medical attention.

I was not going to leave him, so I had to run down the mountain in one day (most people do it in two days) to be with him. I was exhausted by the time I got down and lost two toenails as well!

Thank goodness for my fitness otherwise I would probably not been able to come down in one day. My husband, Gareth only fully recovered a couple of months later but was none-the-less a very good sport.

It was most certainly a trip I would highly recommend, but do make sure you are fit as its certainly not for the faint hearted!

DAUGHTERS Kathleen and Irene at age 21 and 19

GRAND DAUGHTER Holly Ava Westerdale In April 2012

Edited extracts from IRENE WESTERDALE'S tribute to her mother at Joan's memorial service

MY MOM became a granny when my little girl Holly was born in January 2012. She was a proud granny and we spent much time together in her last five months when I wasn't working.

We met at least once a week and everywhere we went my Mom told everyone, "I'm a granny!"

We'd phone each other and say, "Let's go out for cake?"

My mother's solution to everything was to eat cake – if we were sad, stressed or happy, we'd talk and laugh and everything would be better.

It was so easy to make her laugh and she always loved my stupid jokes.

We had some special times just before she died – a lovely Mothers' Day and my first. Mom gave me a card saying, "to the best mother ever..." Well Mom, today and every day, I would give you that card right back!

Mom brought us up on her own, and struggled to make sure we never did without. Love was plentiful and she gave us the best childhood ever.

She worked full time, while studying for her law degree, yet had time for us.

She was a fun Mom and although strict, she also had a naughty side. She once let us bunk school and took us to the Pretoria Zoo so no one would spot us in Joburg.

She saved up every year to take us to Cape Town, and bought us a feast of clothes while we were there.

She had strong moral and political values and got into trouble with the police in her youth for anti-apartheid activism.

In the 1980s a neighbour reported Mom to the police for renting out our garden cottage to a black man. She stood her ground, was on Carte Blanche, and Philemon stayed!

My sister and I decided to give this wicked lady a little "gift. Instead of throwing away the dog's mess from the garden, we put it wrapped in a pretty box, and delivered it to the neighbour's door.

When she came over, furious Mom reprimanded us in front of her. She always told us to "Leave revenge up to the Lord," but I think she was secretly pleased that God worked through us this time. Granny Mom left us with happy memories and I'm grateful for that.

Bye-bye Joan! A flying farewell from family and friends

OUTSIDE the church after the memorial service the family and friends joined in a display of scores of multi-coloured balloons which they released into the blue sky.

There were cries of " Go well Joan," "Here's to Joan," Bye-bye **Joan, "We'll miss you Joan" as many bid farewell to a beloved friend, family member and colleague. "It was mesmerising and quite cathartic," commented daughter Kathy Brady.**

The service was conducted by the Rev Vusi Vilakazi, minister of Parktown North Methodist Church and a close family friend.

** Here are edited extracts from KATHY BRADY'S tribute to her mother at Joan's memorial service*

Our resilient Mom

JOAN ELEANOR SUTTON . . . a mother supreme. Her love for my sister and me was unwavering.

RESILIENT! I don't think there is a more appropriate word to summarise our Mom. Unconventional, charismatic, stubborn, dedicated, loving, cheerful but in everything – she was resilient.

No matter what life threw at her, it was her stamina and resilience that carried her. It was this resilience and determination that made her the most complete mother two girls could ever ask for. She took on the world for us . . . and she won.

Her wish to achieve her lifelong dream of being an attorney and her determination to provide life's material luxuries for her beloved daughters drove her to continue her studies and finally graduate as an attorney at the age of 49.

After a long day at a stressful office job, she'd come home to Irene and me - clamoring for her attention, or bickering as siblings did. We'd have dinner, do homework and finally go to sleep.

Most parents would then be able to relax, but not Joan. She opened her huge law textbooks and would study until the early hours of the morning.

On numerous occasions she'd bundle us up in our dressing gowns in the middle of the night and we'd roar off to throw her completed assignment into the university postbox just minutes before its deadline.

We loved adventures like that and Joan had a childlike enthusiasm for doing unconventional things with us.

We were *her* everything and she gave *us* everything.

Her wild and spirited side was just one of her many personality traits. One of the most resolute of all her characteristics was her commitment to anyone suffering from prejudice or discrimination and her feisty disapproval of inequality.

KATHY BRADY . . . Mom won the world for us

She was intolerant of racism, a staunch activist and loyal defender of anyone who suffered from the injustice of our country's political past.

A non-conformist in many ways but always to achieve a positive result.

With dogged determination, Joan ensured we went to the best schools that her circumstances allowed.

A single parent surviving on limited financial resources, she would go to the end of the earth to placate our material desires, even when she could least afford it.

The countless surprises and delights that she brought to our lives will be cherished forever.

She lived our joy and she hurt when we hurt, she guided us when we were confused, cared for us when we were sick. Her worst thought that we would ever be cold or hungry. We were never cold or hungry.

Like many people, she did not have an easy life - one of her fond sayings was "if life was easy everyone would be doing it" – but there are many things that brought her happiness.

One of those was the sanctuary she found in the congregation of Parktown North Methodist Church.

Out of the rat race, but still busy at the quieter coast

KATHY BRADY, 36, has had a successful. career in the corporate world ranging from high-pressure tasks in frenetic Johannesburg to the recruitment company she now runs from quieter Cape St Francis near Port Elizabeth.

Born Kathleen Diana in 1976, eldest daughter of Brendan and Joan Brady (née Sutton), she grew up in Johannesburg and matriculated at Parktown High School for Girls – "a keen swimmer but not a devoted scholar."

After completing a diploma in journalism "to placate my mother," her career took another path with a law firm.

This was followed by a role looking after a high-profile Cameroonian businessman's commercial and residential properties and as his representative in South Africa.

"I developed a strong business acumen and confident ability to interact with people across all cultures and levels of seniority.

Hungry for change after 3 fulfilling years Kathy sought a public relations path but was persuaded to try working in recruitment.

" I took to it like a duck to water and within a few months successfully secured the first of many notable contracts for the supply and management of flexible workforces."

Kathy became part of a team that tendered for the outsourcing of Standard's Bank cheque-processing centres, the first such pro-

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JOAN THE FIGHTER

For justice and the underdog

* JOAN BEVAN reflects on her 30 -year friendship with Joan Sutton, the fun they had; how she **admired Joan's fighting spirit;** her fight to become a lawyer, her fight for justice, the underprivileged - and her love for church

JOAN SUTTON'S pursuit of her chosen legal career has always inspired me; how she registered at Unisa for a law degree when she was desperate for intellectual stimulation while confined to home in the evenings as a single parent with two young children.

Joan was then working full-time for a law firm, for many years in debt collection, while she was raising her daughters alone.

For 13 years she studied steadily at night for her LLB, and what a party Kathy and Irene threw for her on the completion of her studies!

We, her church family, celebrated with her!

It was a remarkable achievement, which enabled Joan to open her own legal practice as an attorney, and how proud we were of that sign on her gate, "Sutton Attorney".

A career in law seemed just right for Joan. She always said she liked a good fight!

Fighting for the community, fighting against the injustices of the apartheid regime, and fighting for the rights of marginalised people.

I admired Joan for the stand she took for justice in the early '60s, In her life, and in her career, Joan championed the cause of women and of people on the edge of society. She served God well in her fights for justice in many spheres.

I first met Joan about 30 years ago, when she, Kathy and Irene moved into 40, 21st Street, Parkhurst, Joburg.

I invited them to Parktown North Methodist Church. That was the start of a long friendship.

A CAREER librarian, Joan Bevan retired as City Librarian of the Johnnesburg Public Library in 1991. She was born in Johannesburg and has lived all her life there.

Educated at Parktown Girls' High School, she graduated BA with a High Diploma in Librarianship at Wits and worked at many departments of the Joburg Public Library.

After serving in various leadership roles at the Parktown North Methodist Church, she is currently pastoral care commission leader and training to be a lay preacher.

A group of us started a "Young Adult Fellowship Group, which became a special place of Christian growth for all of us. Joan was also very much part of a church "Friendship Group?" and we had many fun social outings together.

Joan, Kathy and Irene loved the church family camps of the 1980s and 1990s, mostly in the Magaliesberg and Hartebeespoort Dam areas.

Joan was then using the surname Brady and the family were known as "the Brady Bunch", after the early TV series. Those were times of fun, laughter, fellowship and Christian growth together.

Joan was a society steward of this church for a number of years. We valued her legal expertise, her outspokenness and honesty in confronting issues, her sense of humour and her compassion. She loved God, she loved people, and she loved her church family.

Joan and I have shared in various fellowship groups. She was an important member of our current fellowship which recently completed a study just up Joan's street.

We all drew different women of the Bible to reflect on, and Joan drew Hagar (Abraham's second wife, mother of Ishmael.)

I believe Joan empathised with, and understood Hagar, when she spoke of how she could have become a victim of circumstances, but instead rose above those circumstances, and became a survivor.

I know many proud grannies. but I don't think I've ever met a prouder granny than Joan. Holly was *the* most beautiful granddaughter that had ever been born.

Joan and I shared many interests, among them tennis and cricket. We spent many hours at Centurion watching groundsmen sweep water off the outfield, but we also enjoyed a few rain-free matches together.

Towards the latter stages of the French Open and Wimbledon, Joan would message me, asking if I had seen that shot from Roger Federer, what did I think of Maria Sharapova's attitude, or who did I think was going to come out on top?

We often got together to watch the finals.

A new life with dogs who love beach walks - and Joburg just a flight away

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ject ground-breaking contract. She headed up the team supplying and managing over 200 personnel to the bank.

After 14 years managing large staffing projects she scaled down and opened a recruitment company focusing on headhunting and supplying top talent to blue- chip firms.

Based in Cape St Francis, she enjoys an undisputed quality of life while still engaged with the corporate world.

"Regular travel to Johannesburg to maintain my client base and visit family and friends is an easy flight away.

I have two devoted dogs, a golden cocker spaniel and an 18-year -old "SPCA Special" who both love beach walks and our new lifestyle.

"Travis, my partner of three years, is involved in furniture retail and together we are opening a bedding and furniture store. Kathy still owns a home in Melrose, Johannesburg, occupied by a tenant.

The Albert Schweitzer of Fort Beaufort

COUNTRY doctor Hubert Sutton, third son of the Rev JG (Old Bob) and Kitty Sutton, became known as the "Albert Schweitzer of Fort Beaufort." Long queues of Africans, some who had walked miles from rural homes, waited to be treated by Dr Sutton who dispensed his own prescriptions.

Born William Hubert Reitz Sutton in Klip River, Swellendam, on September 18, 1881, he practised as a doctor in Fort Beaufort for nearly 50 years until he was struck down by a heart attack. He died weeks later on August 29, 1968, aged 86.

Like his two elder brothers, Frank and George, Hubert was educated at Dale College and the Manchester Grammar School, England. He won a scholarship in 1899 to Downing College, Cambridge, where he began his medical studies. He qualified from St Thomas's Hospital, London, in 1907, returned to South Africa and entered general practice in East London.

In 1915 Hubert joined the SA Army and served in the German East African campaign in the First World War. He became a lieutenant–colonel, commanding a military hospital in Dar-es-Salaam.

This was a hard-fought campaign he shared with his cousin, Deneys Reitz, then fighting as an officer under General Smuts. But it was a conflict in which, as Deneys has written, the real enemies were swamps and jungle, fever, tsetse fly, stifling heat, famine, lack of water and supplies. Casualties were heavy and must have put severe pressure on medical resources. He was twice mentioned in dispatches.

After demobilisation in 1919 he joined Dr WD Millar in Fort Beaufort and practised there, later on his own. Hubert had married Gladys Lombard Marshall, my mother Norah's younger sister, in a society double wedding in East London on September 27, 1913. My mum wed Hubert's elder brother Frank.

Living in King William's Town and Fort Beaufort, our families were close, even though the road between them was dirt or gravel and muddy on rainy days.

Uncle Hubert worked hard at his practice and travelled miles to treat the sick in rural areas. Medicine was his life and he dedicated himself to his practice to become a legend among disadvantaged families.

Other positions he held in the town were those of District Surgeon, warden of St John the Baptist Church, superintendent of the Sunday School and a master of the Fort Beaufort Masonic Lodge. I got to know Uncle Hubert and Aunt Gladys during a Christmas holiday in 1943. My Dad was convalescing at their home after a serious illness ended his second career as a parish priest in Port Elizabeth.

Dr Hubert and Gladys Sutton at their daughter **Ruth's wedding in 1953**

HUBERT SUTTON:
Kindly much-loved uncle

Fort Beaufort was then a peaceful country town and I revelled in the freedom of swimming in the passing Kat River, at the foot of the Suttons' garden and walking miles to visit a girlfriend on the "Flats."

Uncle Hubert was a kindly man and we continued our friendship for years after my father's death in 1956. I treasure the books he left me.

THE BIZARRE ROLES OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR

LIFE for a country doctor was ever curious, (writes RUTH FULFORD, daughter of Dr. Hubert and Gladys Sutton). During the prickly pear season the country folk would eat vast quantities of this delicious fruit resulting in severe constipation.

My father would line them up in the garage and administer a speedy enema to each. Condition healed! Garage a disaster! His work late in his life was devoted to Africans who flocked to him from miles away.

"His love of humanity and understanding made him a beloved figure in the town to which he contributed so much," reported the Fort Beaufort Advocate.

He served Fort Beaufort for 50 years and was greatly beloved particularly among the Black population. As District Surgeon he was obliged to be present at jail court floggings. He had to perform postmortems sometimes held at roadsides after shebeens and imbibing of "kaffir beer" had resulted in over-exuberant 'knobkerrie' contests.

There was no such thing as health insurance. Doctors wrote up their books nightly and my mother transferred this to monthly accounts to be delivered with the hope of payment. Some entries in my father's day book would be flagged NBG indicating 'no bloody good'.

Payments would sometimes be paid in kind - a chicken (alive and squawking) or some other commodity. Once my mother was handed a whisky bottle containing a yellow fluid which she took to be lemon syrup and which she deposited in the pantry.

Days later my father asked about a urine sample which a patient said he had delivered and which we had fortunately not opened. Dad continued his medical work until a few weeks before his death on August 29, 1968, at age 86.

Aunt Gladys, a graceful and elegant lady to the end

A GRACEFUL lady, taller than her father, Aunt Gladys Sutton was considered a beauty in her youth. She was not a tom-boy like some of her five sisters when they grew up in suburban Cambridge. *(See: The Marshall Scarlet Runners - Pages 31-33)* She was very correct in her bearing and manner, but kind and hospitable.

Gladys was one of the first girls in East London to qualify as a shorthand typist. This training - taken so she could assist her father, a lawyer, in his office - was put to good use later, enabling her to help her doctor husband in his practice.

Gladys was born in East London on October 3, 1888, the fourth daughter of attorney William and Amelia Marshall.

An elegant lady to the end, she died aged 92 on December 9, 1980, at Laubscher Park Red Cross retirement home in Walmer, Port Elizabeth, where she lived. She outlived her five sisters.

The Fort Beaufort Suttons had three children. The eldest, **George Marshall Sutton,** born in East London on October 6, 1914, was schooled at Dale College (1925-33), where he was a first team tennis player.

WEDDING GUEST. . . . Gladys with niece Patricia Bransby at her wedding

After matriculating he joined the Union Castle Company. His service was interrupted during the Second World War when he served in the SA Irish Regiment in East Africa, the Middle East and Britain.

After the war he represented his company in Johannesburg, Cape Town, Beira and again in Johannesburg and Cape Town. He retired in 1973.

Wherever he was George was an active Old Dalian. He was national president of the union in 1965. At age 43, he married Jesse Hertslet Cowie (née Maginess) on March 6, 1957.

After retiring in 1973 he and Jessie lived in Sea Point, Cape, till his death in September 1983, aged 68.

George and Jessie had one son, Rodney Maginess Sutton, born in Johannesburg on August 1, 1959. Like his cousins Alan and Stuart, he was educated at Dale College - another member of the third generation to be associated with the school.

Rodney matriculated in 1977 and married Gwyneth ……. , in . After living in. Cape Town, they left South Africa, settled in England and now live in Kent, A chartered accountant, Rodney is now working near London. They have no children.

Rodney and Gwyneth attended the Dale Re-union in 1990 when the Sutton Family were honoured and returned to SA from the UK in 1997 to celebrate his 30 -years anniversary of leaving the school.

He and Gwyneth attended the Dale Reunion of 2011 when the school celebrated its 150th anniversary.

* Hubert and Gladys' Sutton's elder daughter, **Noel Daisy,** was born in Fort Beaufort on December 24, 1923. An attractive brunette, Noel was a boarder at KHS in King William's Town and after matriculating at the Collegiate in Port Elizabeth she served as a lance corporal in the WACS Signals in Port Elizabeth during the Second World War.

She married Alfred (Alf) Vernon Rubidge in Port Elizabeth in 1946 and they had two daughters, Lynette and Jeanne Hodgson, and a son Deneys.

Noel died in a road accident in Cape Town on December 10, 1964. Alf died in Cape Town at age 86 in December 2008. Deneys died suddenly in June 2009.

FAMILY GET-TOGETHER . . . Top (from left); Ruth Sutton (later Fulford), holding ??, Gladys and Hubert. Front: Alf and Noel Rubidge (née Sutton) and George

GEORGE . . . wartime soldier

GEORGE . . . ex-soldier and proud Old Dalian

Lynette and her first husband John Hodgson had two children, Stephen, aged 40 in 2012, and Elizabeth, then aged 38. Both are married, each with two children.

Lyn has been married for 25 years to Rodney (Rocky) Reynolds, one of four Old Dalian brothers. Lyn and Rocky (Dale matric 1975) live in Port Elizabeth.

Lyn's sister, Jeanne Hingston, was married but has been divorced for 14 years. She has two daughters, Athene, aged 35 in 2012, and Chanelle, 32. Athene is married with a daughter and a son, and Chanelle is unmarried. All live in Cape Town.

GLADYS at 90 . . . correct and kind

* Hubert and Gladys' second daughter **Ruth Gladys**, born on December 4, 1927, was schooled at KHS and the Collegiate A stunning blonde, she became an SA Airways hostess was chosen as Miss SAA.

Ruth moved to Canada after marrying business tycoon George Fulford III on April 9, 1953, in East London. **** See Ruth's story on following pages.***

George and Ruth, who were married for 25 years before being divorced, had two sons, George Taylor and Nicholas William and a daughter Mary Catherine. George III died in 1978 after a heart attack while hunting in Botswana.

George' millionaire father, George Fulford II, had flourished on the global success of *Pink Pills for Pale People*. Ruth, now 84, lives in Toronto.

**** See Ruth's story on following pages.***

From boring dorp to fun in the skies

By RUTH FULFORD

Birthday party in Fort Beaufort. Ruth is on the right, Frankie in the centre.

*** Country doctor's daughter Ruth Fulford, née Sutton, tells of her early life in a sleepy small town, to life in boarding schools . But after she turned 18 her life changed dramatically . . .**

LIFE was pedestrian and boring in Fort Beaufort when I grew up in this small, dusty backward town. Local "culture" was provided by the weekly "bioscope" (cinema) or the annual flower show. The library was an escape to the wider world of photos of film stars like Ronald Reagan or the exploits of Lord Peter Whimsey as the Scarlet Pimpernel and on to Dickens.

An eagerly awaited event was the visit and concert given by the nearby Fort Hare University choir, who entertained us with their glorious voices. Nelson Mandela and Walter Sisulu were later students there.

I first attended the local girls' school from kindergarten to Standard 6 , Sunday school every Sunday morning. My favourite pastime was joining my father on his medical rounds. Sometimes it would be to the local hospital where I would be whisked away by matron and the nurses to the staffroom to enjoy tea and biscuits while my father attended to patients.

Other times we would drive a few miles out of town to the locations to attend to someone too ill to walk to town for medical attention. If the patient required hospitalisation he/she would be loaded into the back seat of my father's car.

It was not uncommon to see a blanket-robed and turbaned person sitting there smoking a pipe awaiting a ride home.

Sunday school was held in the parish hall across from the lovely little St. John's Anglican church where once a month the children were invited to attend a special service. Vigorous but not always accurate musical renditions were belted out on an aged pump organ by an equally aged organist wearing a wildly horticultural hat and assisted by her reluctant and sweaty grandson providing the pumping.

The two operated the organ with all stops out and much off-key singing of "All Things Bright and Beautiful " by the youthful congregation. Additional entertainment was provided by occasional "accidental" dropping of the collection plate and further boredom was alleviated by "toktokkie" races smuggled in earlier.

The farming community was an integral part of the town's social and business activity. Farm children would usually live in the town during the week to attend school and go home for weekends and holidays.

An invitation for a town child to spend the weekend on the farm was always enjoyed. Citrus was by far the biggest farming contribution and the busiest time of harvesting occurred during the winter. Adjacent to the railway station was the packing shed where the farmers would roll in with lorries loaded with oranges, grapefruit etc.

A favourite school trip was to watch the progress of the fruit along conveyor belts where they would be sorted according to size and quality by workers and placed in boxes for distribution to domestic and overseas markets.

HUBERT and GLADYS with daughters Noel and Ruth

In Canada today I look forward to the arrival of South African citrus to our local markets for our enjoyment and provide a nostalgic moment of those earlier days.

My father's youngest brother, Philip, and his red-haired Irish emotional wife Peggy and their two children Phyllis and Frankie also lived in Fort Beaufort. Phil was an attorney who encountered financial and other problems and the Sutton brothers deemed that life in a backward dorp under my father's supervision would help him.

Phil's gregarious personality was welcomed by the farming community and he embraced this convivial tennis-playing group with enthusiasm. When the Second World War broke out Phil joined up and was sent to Pretoria and Ladysmith, Natal, where as officer

A good send-off from Fort Beaufort

This small dusty town made a really big thing of funerals (recalls Ruth). The local funeral director was a Brit , Mr. Begby, who also had a small loosely called 'jewellery shop' and watch repair business.

The funeral part was contained in a large shed at the rear of the retail business. There was always a vaguely unpleasant odour emanating from this and as children we tried to avoid it.

Mr. Begby would sally forth clad in black tailcoat and top hat and with his long white hair and beard was a sight to behold and enough to scare the children.

The hearse was a resplendent black-and-gold vehicle with a pair of black plumes on either side of the windshield with the deceased in the back with the coffin visible through ornate glass windows.

After the church service the hearse would circle the town square and the townspeople would stand respectfully with hands over their hearts while all other traffic would come to a halt as the hearse made its way to the cemetery.

My father would unfailingly remark that "You can always rely on a good send-off in Fort Beaufort"

I hated boarding school at KHS, but loved Collegiate

SISTERS as young girls . . Noel, sporting and extrovert, Ruth, the shy one

From page 44 in charge of army supplies, he did meaningful work for the war effort.

Our family bought and moved into the house vacated by Phil and his family. Life improved now for my mother, who escaped the endless criticism by our landlady, Jessica Miller, wife of Dr. Duncan Miller and owner of the Campbell Street house where I had been born.

My father spent from 1915 to 1919 in East Africa during the war when he was twice mentioned in dispatches for his medical work. During his service there he picked up a severe form of dysentery.

After the war he began to practice in East London but his health did not improve and he was persuaded by Dr. Miller in Fort Beaufort to partner him in his practice.

Thinking that medical life in the country may be less demanding and a chance to recover his health he agreed to join Dr. Miller. But this was not to be and he spent months in the Cottage Hospital in Fort Beaufort with a chronic liver condition which threatened his life.

A visiting physician from Port Elizabeth diagnosed his illness as a liver abscess and prescribed a new drug which was effective. After some time recuperating he was able to take up his medical practice. It soon became apparent that the workload of a country doctor was more demanding than that of a city physician.

Possibly one of my happiest memories was when some of the Sutton families would gather for several weeks at the seaside, at either Gonubie, Kidds Beach or Bonza Bay. Most often our family would be joined by Uncle Frank, Aunt Norah, Kathleen (Kay), Kitty and "Joe darling" (as his mother called him); also Aunt Daisy Johnston and her husband Arthur Johnston and their children Kitty, Joan, Peggy and Ruth.

Each family rented a cottage or stayed at the local hotel and we cousins would renew our friendships. It was great.

I grew up never really knowing my siblings George and Noel and we became closer friends only as adults. My brother was either at boarding school at Dale College or later working for the Union Castle Line and my sister at the Kaffrarian High School (KHS) for three years before me. Noel died tragically in a car accident in Cape Town in 1964. I had left South Africa after marrying in 1953.

At the age of 12 I was shipped off to boarding school at KHS in King William's Town. I hated it. I was not like Noel.

She was good at sports, popular and extroverted. I was shy and introverted and not good at sports but exceeded her academically. After two years at KHS I pleaded with my parents to be transferred to the Collegiate in Port Elizabeth.

Uncle Frank had moved to PE as rector of Holy Trinity Church and through his intervention with Miss Brock, the austere headmistress of Collegiate, I was reluctantly accepted in the middle of the school year.

Two happy years later I left with a first class matriculation certificate. After two more years in Cape Town studying dietetics I was now 18 and saw that applications were sought for South African Airways air hostesses.

A trip to Johannesburg, an interview and I was accepted and off to the excitement of life in Johannesburg and flying around South Africa!

RUTH (front) at a party for Noel. In the background: Granny Marshall and dad, Hubert

ON **GEORGE'S** 21st . . . Noel, Hubert, George and Ruth

WARTIME SOLDIER George Sutton with sister Noel , later Rubidge

My life takes off in SAA

By RUTH FULFORD

WHAT A DIFFERENT WORLD ! After six weeks of training beginning in November 1947 I took to the skies. In this post-war world the South African fleet included Lockheed Lodestars (12 passengers), DC 3's (21 passengers) and on overseas flights Skymasters (48 passengers with a crew of pilot, copilot, navigator, wireless operator, hostess and two stewards). As novice air hostesses our duties began on domestic flights (Lodestars and DC3's) which SAA flew the length and breadth of South Africa and up to Windhoek and at that time Salisbury and Bulawayo. The planes were not pressurised and the hot air and turbulence caused much use of airbags.

The crews manning the SAA flights were mostly men returning from wartime flying and they occasionally became bored with routine flying. It was not surprising to experience low flying along the coast from Durban to East London and have the fishermen waving at us; or, to chasing bewildered sheep grazing on the plateaus.

After two years on domestic flights I was promoted to the overseas flights on Skymasters (DC4s) which flew from Johannesburg to London on various routes via Nairobi, Khartoum, Cairo, Tel Aviv, Tripoli or Rome.

A flight from Joburg to Nairobi took eight hours and the maximum number of hours for flight crew so we swopped crews in Nairobi and waited three days for the next northbound flight and so on. Aircraft entering Cairo could not enter Tel Aviv to avoid having flight logs indicating entering enemy territory.

Overseas flights were quite luxurious with gourmet meals served by the two stewards...china plates, silverware, glass wine glasses and linen napkins all complemented the meal and accompanied by a choice of cocktails, red or white wine and liqueurs.

SKY HIGH as Miss SAA . . .
Hostess Ruth Sutton

It is hard to compare this with the tightly-spaced flights of today and the non-existent meals ...lousy sandwiches available for purchase or a grudging small bag of peanuts.

Postwar Nairobi was an exciting place with European royalty et al arriving to go on safari with Ker and Downey safaris and also American and English movie companies in town to shoot films. The actors and crew also stayed at the Norfolk Hotel as did the air crew and it was not unusual to see stars like Bogart or Hepburn in town.

One of Ker and Downey's young "white hunters," Harry Selby, used to like hanging out with the air crew and later married one of our hostesses, Mickey.

After the Mau Mau problems they moved to Botswana where Harry started his own safari business.

Harry introduced me to George Fulford, who was on safari having prolonged his vacation in England to six months. His hosts suggested that as he was so fond of hunting he would enjoy bagging larger African game and this he did with much enthusiasm. Later it was to cause his untimely death (see next page.)

In time the non-pressurised Skymasters were replaced by Boeing Constellations which were significantly larger and pressurized and also spacious and luxurious. Passengers could request a bed for the overnight flight from Nairobi to Rome. Stopovers in Rome were amazing for a young unsophisticated girl from Fort Beaufort.

I relished visiting the many antiquities and museums of Rome from the Vatican and St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel to the mandatory trip to the Colosseum, the Forum (Julius Caesar stood here!) and the Borghese gardens and villa. I fitted in as much as I could into two or three days, including a few trips to Naples and Capri and Pompei. All this I absorbed like a sponge and my interest in history began here and has continued all my life.

London provided a different picture which was equally amazing, including as many visits to the theatre as possible while Tripoli was vastly different. We stayed at the Del Mahari Hotel, built by Mussolini as a rest and recreation spa for his officers.

The rooms were small and not numbered sequentially so as to not compromise any visitors. The dining room was vast and

THE PLANES WE FLEW IN . . .
Above: The Skymaster and DC 3 and (right) the Lodestar

WHEN OUR RUTH WAS MISS SAA

In 1950 (recalls Ruth Fulford) I was advised with a few other SAA air hostesses) to report to head office to meet some of the senior administrative staff. It was quite a short interview and I was told later that I had been selected to represent SAA in an international competition in London, England
About a dozen young women from several airlines, including Qantas, El Al, Icelandic, Sabena, SAA, KLM, Air France, Scandinavian Airlines, Brazil and BOAC, gathered in London that July. *(Miss SAA Ruth is seen third from the left)*
It was not a beauty competition. I believe the purpose was generally to publicise air travel and promote the attractions of speedy flights between countries.
During a week we were entertained, wined and dined and taken to Windsor Castle, The Tower of London (the Crown Jewels), Westminster Abbey and other historical venues as well as to the theatre and cocktail parties. This culminated in a five-minute interview by several notable actors (Valerie Hobson was one) before an audience.

Margaret Gudmundsdottur of Icelandic Airways was the winner, but no prizes were awarded.
It was a lot of fun and we then returned to more mundane work with some memorabilia, including newspaper pictures and reports.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT . . . SAA hostess Ruth Sutton

Goodbye SAA after 5 000 flying hours

From page 46 reached by way of a passageway under the Mediterranean and the room itself built on pillars standing right in the sea.
Food was copious and the wine cheap ... what more could you ask for? It was astonishing to approach the city by air after flying over the desert for long periods and suddenly to see luxurious green growth bordering the sea.
One of the side trips was to see Libya's Leptis Magna, an ancient Roman city with an intact theatre all well preserved.
After five very happy years and 5 000 flying hours with SAA, I left to join a fledgling radio production house in Johannesburg. At that time SABC had the monopoly on programming and we produced and sold our programmes to them which was quite a departure. We had a quite famous English director to guide us and mostly emulated programmes like "What's My Line" and others. My job involved typing non-scripted scripts and generally running the office. I stayed there for a year, until leaving to be married to George Fulford III.

HIGHLIGHTS ABROAD (from left): Rome's Colosseum and Sistene Chapel, Libya's Leptis Magna and The Forum, Athens

FLYING IN to wintry Canada *Pictures: JACK and ALISON NOBLE* SNOWY welcome by Toronto

Canada – from 45°C below in winter to 50°C in the summer

CANADIAN climate can be most extreme – bitterly cold in winter with occasional snow and very hot and humid in the summer. Here are extracts from some of Ruth's e-mails describing this amazing contrast.

January 25, 2008 (while waiting to meet Diana Noble, on a three-month business posting to Toronto and the Easter visit of parents Jack and Alison).

I hope Diana has been prepared for our cold winter minus 12c today) but I cannot complain as it has been minus 45c with wind chill in Winnipeg (which Ruth was visiting) and my hardy son was skating on the Red River for 1 and a half hours last weekend.

July 9, 2008 (summer)

(To Diana, by now back in SA)

You would be astonished at how different looks now. The ravines are like rivers of green rung down to the city and the city is awash with flowers. Restaurant patios are open and verdant with hanging baskets of blooms under umbrellas and music spilling out everywhere. We have had copious rain so the gardens are lush and my own small garden is a blaze of purple wisteria.

August 3, 2010

It has been and still is a very hot summer in Canada. Steamy, humid days with temperatures in the 30 degree C, although a little cooler on the west coast.

June 2011

We experienced a brutally cold and long winter with huge quantities of snow and then a long cold and rainy spring. Early summer is now emerging with wonderful heat. The gardens have flourished with all the rain fall and the hot days have created a bountiful cascade of blossoms. The prairies have experienced unusually prolonged and extensive floods. In Winnipeg, George tells me that the Assiniboine River, which borders his house, is still at least at least eight feet above normal.

March 26, 2012

As winter draws to a close we are experiencing an early spring with very erratic temperatures varying from 25c to today's high of 50. Already the gardens are filled with daffodils and tulips , crocuses and flowering shrubs and (we've had) quite lengthy sunny days. As the ice melted in the north polar bears have been stranded on ice floes. Just north of Toronto some intrepid ice fishermen have had to abandon their ice shacks as the ice broke up They have been rescued by helicopter and watch their shacks and gear disappear into the lake.

MY LIFE IN CANADA by Ruth Fulford

GLIMPSES of Ruth Fulford's life in Canada over nearly 60 years have been given in a series of letters exchanged with her first cousin Joe. These accounts, compiled from e-mail extracts, reveal a blend of mixed fortunes – marked by family happiness, marriage misfortune, prolonged and sudden illness, and death.

Ruth (born Sutton) married George Taylor Fulford III of Brockville, Canada, in East London on April 9, 1953. They were married for 25 years, raised three children, living in the wealthy Fulford family's tradition residence, Fulford Place.

After their divorce in 1979 George married Eileen McMillan in 1980, preferring as Ruth descried her "a younger model." George died on April 10, 1995, in a bizarre hunting incident in Botswana (see next page.)

RUTH AT 84 . . . happy in Toronto

About 2007 Eileen was diagnosed with lymphoma (lymphatic cancer) which later spread to breast cancer, She died in the spring of 2010.

Ruth wrote: "Eileen Fulford died after a most painful battle with lymphoma and unsuccessful bone marrow transplants. Her death finally brought about the completion of her/my husband's estate and will.

"George left a tangled web when he died aged 68. He left nothing to our three children (apart from an insurance policy payable after Eileen's death)

"After he left us I supported them through graduate education, etc. with some little assistance from their grandfather, George II.

"Eileen's death meant the pay-out (of the policy) of some $1,8 million dollars each to George, Nick, and Mary which is enabling them to invest in suitable family homes. George moved into a lovely home with river frontage on the Assiniboine River in Winnipeg and a large garden property.

"Having been a rower in his younger days he is looking forward to buying a scull again. George and Dana are also skaters and in winter will be able to go through the garden to the river, strap on skates and glide along the frozen river which the city of Winnipeg zambonies to a smooth surface.

"Mary and her husband Chris Winsor, purchased a Toronto home overlooking one of the many beautiful ravines in the city (leftovers from the ice age) at the base of which is Taylor creek and city built bike paths and in

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Mixed fortunes in a land of beautiful summers and bitter winters

The bizarre hunting death of George Fulford III

MY former husband, George Fulford III, died in 1965 in a bizarre hunting accident in Botswana (wrote Ruth.)
Years after our divorce and his marriage to Eileen McMillan George decided in 1965 to "have one last kick at the can," to quote his words, and go on safari to "kill a leopard."
We pleaded with him not to kill the animal but to go instead on a photographic safari. To no avail - he was a very stubborn man. He contacted his "white hunter" companion Harry Selby, a friend of mine who had introduced us many years earlier and was now running a safari business in Botswana.
The process of leopard hunting is to kill a warthog or other suitable animal and string it into a tree and then wait for nightfall to bag the cat.

HARRY SELBY . . . hunting friend

George insisted on hauling the warthog into the tree. Unfortunately he was taking a heart medication which reacted negatively with the malaria medication and the combination of this with the undue exertion (those hogs are heavy) caused a heart attack.
He died out on the veld without accomplishing his goal. It was over the Easter weekend so there was some delay in flying his body to Johannesburg for cremation. Eventually his ashes were returned to Canada in the mail.

Ruth finds happiness with family in city

From page 48 winter cross-country skiing trails. Deer come up to munch on the apples on the apple tree and that wild life abounds.
"My grandson, Nate Winsor, is ecstatic about his new home. Nate is very interested in biology. He has spent a wonderful summer at sailing school for two months culminating in the season's last regatta. He sails a laser sailboat and suggested that he would like to sign on one of the tall ships for a year to which his parents and myself said "No bloody way!"
After years living in posh Fulford Place, Ruth is happily settled in downtown Toronto "where I am able to see Mary and Nick and be a part or my grandchildren's lives.
"Fortunately I do not crave material possessions and lead a busy and active life involved in taking courses at the university, doing aquafit and walking a great deal. Altogether I am much healthier since I said goodbye to my last car.
"My neighbourhood is in Riversdale, one of the oldest blue-collar parts of Toronto is rapidly upgrading.

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HAPPIER TIMES .... George and Ruth' wed in Cape Town

From faraway Fort Beaufort

RUTH'S MUM AND DAD . . . Gladys and . . Hubert Sutton visiting Canada in 1955

FULFORD FAMILY FACT FILE

GEORGE and RUTH FULFORD had three children George Taylor Fulford IV, Nicholas William Sutton Fulford and Mary Catherine Fulford (now Windsor).
George IV, born on April 23, 1953 in London, Manitoba, married Kathryn Rogers. They were later divorced. He and his Romanian-born common-law wife Dana, live in Winnipeg, Manitoba, where George is a university professor.
George was educated at Trent University, Peterborough, Ontario (BA) , Melbourne University, Australia, MA, Anthropology, Hamilton, Ontario (PhD), Anthropology.
Nicholas, born on December 22, 1958 in Brockville, Ontario, is unmarried. He was educated at Sir Sandford Fleming College, Peterborough, Ontario, and Ryerson University, Toronto, (BSc Computer Sciences)
Nick is a senior programmer, analyst and consultant to the Co-operators Insurance in Guelph, Ontario.
Mary , born on July 5, 1965 in Brockville, Ontario, was educated at McGill University, Montreal, Quebec, Trinity College at the University of Toronto (BA), Brandeis University, Waltham, Massachusetts, USA (Master of Fine Arts, Theatre).
She is a designer and head of wardrobe at the Theatre for Young People, Toronto, and also has her own practice as a psychoanalyst.
Mary married Christopher Anthony Winsor in 1993 (BA, Trinity College, University of Toronto). He has been one of a crew of four sailing with Derek Hatfield (a two- time solo circumnavigator)

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Mary is close and George not too far away

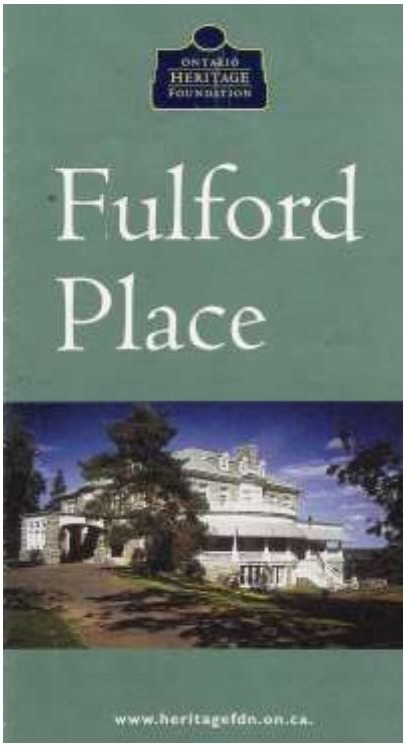
DAUGHTER Mary Fulford-Winsor with Josephine and Madelaine

In 'dead centre'

From page 49 My daughter, Mary Fulford-Winsor, lives a five- minute walk from me with her husband, Christopher Winsor and three children Nate, Madelaine and Josephine ."My son Nicholas lives further out in the city. George, my eldest son, is in Winnipeg and is a professor at the University of Winnipeg teaching mainly anthropology and very involved in the complex nature of aboriginal affairs and working to try to retain native languages in the schools.

Ruth described Winnipeg as "the dead centre of Canada" between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It is a lovely smaller city of about 600,000 people situated around the Assiniboine and Red Rivers. "The Red is subject to annual spring floods. "Winnipeg is beautiful and the residential streets are cooled in summer by tall cathedral-like avenues of elm trees. Manitoba is the beginning of the prairies and so the terrain is incredibly flat and one can observe the far off weather patterns and spectacular storms rising in Saskatchewan.

GEORGE 1V . . . a professor in anthropology in Winnipeg



FULFORD PLACE . . . traditional family home

GEORGE and DANA . . . In a beautiful city

A FORTUNE STARTED BY PINK PILLS

PATRIARCH Georgee Taylor Fulford I made the family fortune by acquiring the rights to a patent medicine he made and sold as *Pink Pills for Pale People.*

Ruth wrote: He was regarded as a pioneer in world-wide marketing and was starting to accumulate a large fortune when he was killed when a street car hit the car in which he was travelling .

He was also a member of the Canadian Senate and entertained Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier at his home, Fulford Place, in Brockville. His widow Mary continued this practice and helped to introduced Prime Minister Mackenzie King (a truly wacky man !) to spiritualism. It was the time of seances etc. and they used to meet at Fulford Place and move tables with the aid of mediums.

My father-in-law, George II, was only three when his father was killed and grew up as an overindulged child and young man. He was an MP in the federal government and also entertained notables. I remember when my husband and I lived at Fulford Place, making lobster sandwiches for Lester (Mike) Pearson, a delightful and totally unassuming man.

From cross-ocean sailing to debating and ballet

From page 49 **crossing the Atlantic from the Azores to Nova Scotia. When not sailing Christopher is a senior consultant to management, advising senior management of a business firm.**

Mary and Christopher have three children: Nathaniel Jesse Winsor, born December 27, 1995, at King's College University and Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, majoring in sciences and maths.

Also an ardent yachtsman and debater, Nate led his team to fourth place in a national competition. He and his partner came third in a provincial contest.

Madelaine Ruth Winsor, born July 10, 1998, is enrolled at high school in an international baccalaurate programme. She plays goalie in tournament hockey.

Josephine Anne Winsor was born May 24, 2001. While still at elementary school she attended the National Ballet School of Canada and performed for two years in "The Nutcracker."

MY LIFE IN CANADA

MY LIFE IN CANADA 2

Barrister, mayor and a defender of the underdog

YOUNG CHARLES with his sister Daisy

EMINENT barrister, mayor of Bloemfontein and a champion of the poor – that was Charles John Sutton, fourth son of the Rev JG (Old Bob) Sutton, stamvader of the Sutton Family in South Africa and his wife Kitty.

Known as Charlie to his five brothers and only sister, he was born in Cape Town on December 30, 1884. He died in Bloemfontein, aged 59, on December 4, 1944.

Charles was a keen sportsman and sports administrator and local politician. He followed three of his brothers at Dale College, from the lowest class to matric in 1901, then to the South African College, Cape Town, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Laws with honours.

His father and brother Frank were headmasters of Dale for 47 years.

After studying at the Middle Temple, London, Charles was called to the English Bar and reading chambers in the Temple.

After studying at the Middle Temple, London, he was called to the Bar in 1909 and returned to legal practice in Pretoria and then Bloemfontein.

He was a well-known and popular figure not only in his professional life but also in municipal affairs and on the sports fields.

An outstanding advocate he specialised in the criminal branch of the law and was said to have been one of the finest cross-examiners in the Free State. He was noted for his ability to enliven the monotony of court proceedings with touches of humour.

A city councillor for ten years until his death, he was deputy mayor in 1939-40 and mayor in 1940-41.

He chaired the public health and transport committees. A great helper for the poor community, he was held in high esteem by them, always in favour of granting trading rights to township residents and twice topped the polls in municipal elections.

An outstanding advocate who enlivened court proceedings

He represented the city council on the council of the Free State University College and was also a foundation member and president of the Free State Club.

Charles played an outstanding part in cricket and soccer in Bloemfontein. He played for the Pirates Cricket Club first team, was president of the club and also the Pirates Soccer Club.

In his later years he represented hundreds of poor people in court when in trouble, according to the People's Weekly, Bloemfontein. It was well known, said the publication, that much of this work was done without fee or reward.

"As a councillor he could always be expected to put the viewpoint of the poor man, or on occasion, to represent the opinion of the underdog, men who as a rule are themselves inarticulate.

Before good health left him he was a very witty speaker, full of rollicking good humour and in his daily intercourse he was one of the most popular of men."

Describing Charles as "a very kindly man," the People's weekly added: "His heart controlled all his actions." While mayor he embarrassed officials and the chairman of finance by making repeated calls for aid to hundreds of people who had told him stories of destitution and hard luck.

The Weekly said Charles would be missed in many circles in Bloemfontein and by Africans "unfortunate enough to have transgressed the law and who have found in him an ever-willing helper."

Charles and his wife Elizabeth, formerly Gouws, nèe Van Schalkwyk, had no children.

Charles played a leading role in sport

THE BOY CHARLES . . . like his brothers he began his education at Dale

OLDER CHARLES . . . a man of wit and rollicking good humour

'My liar is Mr Satan'

HERE is a story that Charles Sutton told against himself:
An African man waiting in the dock was asked if he pleaded guilty or not guilty.
"I do not know yet," said the accused, "I am waiting for my liar."
"Who is your lawyer?" asked the magistrate.
"My liar is Mr Satan, sir" said the accused.

BERNARD SUTTON: FATHER OF THIS SIDE OF THE SUTTON FAMILY

Chalky, the dairy boss who lived for farming

BERNARD SUTTON loved farming and lived for it. He spent his working life in agriculture and rose to the top in the dairy division of South Africa's Department of Agriculture. He was much loved and respected in the industry for his selfless devotion to duty, hard work, generous nature and sense of humour.

Bernard was widely and affectionately known as "Chalky," derived from a nickname at school. As with many Old Dalians, the name stuck throughout his life.

The sixth son of the Rev Joseph (Old Bob) and Kitty Sutton, Bernard Weir Sutton was born in King William's Town on October 27, 1891. It was just over a year since his parents had lost an infant daughter and son soon after moving to the Eastern Cape to take over Dale College. Bernard died aged 70 in Pretoria on October 20, 1961 from diabetic complications after breaking a leg.

As a boy, Bernard was nicknamed "Chalk," or more specifically "Dog Chalk." His younger brother Philip was called "Pig Chalk."

After following his older brothers' footsteps at Dale he was one of the first students at Grootfontein College of Agriculture in the Eastern Cape. In the First World War he served in East Africa, South West Africa and France. It was there that he acquired the military bearing and horse-riding skill that remained with him for most of his life.

After the war Bernard studied agriculture at Cirencester College, Gloucestershire, and dairying at Reading, England. He obtained a national diploma in dairying. Back home he joined the Department of Agriculture and the staff at Glen Agricultural College, near Bloemfontein, where he organised the first course in dairying.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Bernard, aged 48, held a senior post in the Department of Agriculture. The department would not release him for full-time military service. Determined to do his duty, he joined the Coastal Defence Force "spending nights on exercises and manoeuvres when he could have been at home in bed."

His career in the dairy industry included service in Bloemfontein, Pretoria, 15 years in Pietermaritzburg as Natal's senior dairy officer, and finally, on promotion, back to Pretoria.

He retired as superintendent of the department's dairy division.

BERNARD (Chalky) SUTTON . . .

Loved by many for his kind nature, hard work and sense of humour

Bernard married Edith Elizabeth Georgina (Betty) Ballenden on September 6, 1921. Together they founded the Natal side of the Sutton family, though most of them later moved to other provinces.

UGGH! As a senior dairy officer, Bernard occasionally had to test dairy produce. Here he apparently did not find the cream or milk to his taste.

A boss who did not spare himself

BERNARD SUTTON had "an indomitable sense of spirit and irrepressible sense of humour," said an obituary in the Dairy Industry Journal in 1961.

The Journal also paid tribute to his hard work and the tremendous efforts to develop the dairy industry in Natal and East Griqualand and said he had "endeared himself" to people in the industry.

As senior dairy officer in Natal, he "took his responsibilities very seriously and for 15 years did not spare himself in travelling far and wide throughout his area to help farmers and factories with technical advice," said the Journal.

"Neither the railway service, nor roads, nor motor cars were then as we know them today and, having a very high sense of duty, Mr Sutton was not one to be deterred by bad weather or by the certainty of hardship or discomfort.

"He had many an experience in all three and on at least one occasion was lucky to come out alive. He was to be envied, however, for an indomitable spirit and irrepressible sense of humour.

"He was always able to find cause for amusement in his most un-

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THE NATAL SUTTONS: HAPPY DAYS DOWN ON THE FARM

BERNARD and BETTY SUTTON had five children: Joseph, Christopher, Elizabeth, Mary and Deneys. They brought them up on the Ballenden family farm at Hilton Road near the prestigious college where all three boys were educated. The family recall a happy childhood and relationship with their parents with great affection, gratitude and respect.

Joseph Ballenden (Joe), a radiologist, lived in KwaZulu-Natal and died on March 27, 1991. His widow, German-born Christa, also a medical doctor, now lives in Fish Hoek, Cape.

Christopher Francis (Kit), a land surveyor, settled in the Soutspansberg and lived in retirement with his wife Katica in Louis Trichardt, Limpopo until his death. Elizabeth (Lil) Damant and Mary Higgins live in Johannesburg. **(See Pages 57 and 58)**

After a successful career as an accountant Deneys retired to Ballito, KwaZulu Natal, with his wife Marj, whose forebears include Hollanders who settled in the Cape shortly after Jan van Riebeeck. Marj died unexpectedly in 2011.

**** On this and following pages Kit and his younger brother Deneys pay tribute to their parents. Strict and loving, Bernard never punished his boys. Betty devoted her life to her family.***

Fearless, Dad rode and walked like a soldier but his smoking nearly cost him his life

MY DAD never punished us that I remember (writes KIT SUTTON.) He was strict and affectionate and would (in later days) ask us to come home whenever possible as life was "so short."

Money was not important to him – he would just stuff it in a pocket. He dressed well and usually wore a hat.

A heavy smoker, he developed a wheeze in mid-life. He used to give his position away when playing hide-and-seek, much to us kids' delight.

This nearly cost him his life when he passed out during a coughing bout while driving in the steep mountains of Natal.

The car left the road and plunged down the mountainside. The independent front suspension broke and ploughed into the ground, stopping the car near the edge of a krantz. The car was a write-off and he sustained a broken jaw.

In the First World War, while serving in East Africa, he nearly died of blackwater fever.

He also served in South-West Africa and fought in France with the artillery, acquiring his military bearing and horse-riding style from his army training and carting shells to the guns at speed.

SOLDIER . . . in World War 1

SMOKER . . . No place to hide

Bernard was pretty fearless, yet unaggressive in civilian life, wrote Kit.

He did it his way – unorthodox and unsystematic

From Page 54 **pleasant experience – especially if he were able to re-tell it as a tale against himself." The Journal commended Bernard's "tenaciousness" in developing an export market for dairy products before the Second World War.**

"His very generous nature made him always see the better side of a person or a situation and made him always ready to help anyone, especially anyone in difficulty and no matter at what cost to himself.

"He had, too, his own unorthodox and not always very systematic way of doing things which endeared him to many almost as much as his unfailing good nature."

After his promotion to Pretoria in 1943 "Mr Sutton's "unorthodox methods short-circuited much red tape" and helped maintain dairy production in the latter years of the war.

The Journal described Bernard as one of the industry's "most devoted an untiring workers" who had "guided the industry through its formative years and helped it through later difficult years. His friends have lost a true and good friend."

CARING MUM . . Bernard's wife Betty (Bess) . . . See next **page " We lived off the fat of the land."**

We were free to roam where we liked

PLENTY OF CHICKEN, EGGS AND CHEESE

WE had wonderful parents. They gave us a very happy family life, got us through school and university and looked after us in every way (writes DENEYS SUTTON.)

My first real recollections were when we moved to Sedgley, the old Ballenden home (Mum's parents) in Hilton which had remarkable views over Maritzburg and its surrounds.

We were given free rein to go where we liked on the fairly large farm and sometimes strayed beyond, such as the railway line which bounded part of the property.

Sometimes we were naughty, but I cannot recall Dad ever giving any of us a hiding. Punishment was limited to a scolding and an explanation as to why we should behave better.

Dad had a love of all aspects of farming. As deputy superintendent of dairying in Pietermaritzburg, he gave a lot of time to visiting dairy farmers, aiding the farm manager at Hilton College, assisting at the Cedara Agricultural College and visiting creameries (from which he sometimes returned with a huge cheese).

At home, he had his own dairy herd and sold milk, cream and butter to Hilton residents. He had many chickens so we were never short of eggs or a Sunday bird.

Sedgley had vast orchards of plums and oranges and Mum and Dad grew flowers for market as well as vegetable crops. A busy man.

From his army days, Dad was a man of erect bearing with chest always thrust forward as if on parade. He was a skilled horseman and taught us all to ride and to groom and look after the horses.

He was a good shottist (as was Mum) and taught us boys to shoot with Joe and Kit's pellet guns, so we all became proficient. Our target was a tickey which was often hit and won, but was by then useless as a coin.

His life after being transferred finally to Pretoria around 1943 was totally different. He was always proud of the dairy fraternity and new developments such as pasteurisation, but hated the introduction of margarine. He thought it lacked quality and would never catch on.

When introduced, margarine was white and had rather an unpleasant taste. Needless to say, it never graced our table.

LOVING PARENTS: Bernard and Betty Sutton

CAREFREE DAYS (from left): Kit, Mary, Elizabeth (Lil) , Deneys and Joe

GROWING UP (from left): Joe, Lil, Mary, Deneys and Kit with faithful dogs

Mum fed us well. We lived off the fat of the land

BETTY BALLENDEN was a wonderfully devoted mother (wrote KIT). She was a very good cook and we lived off the fat of the land. She devoted her life to her brood.

Fortunately she was caring in money matters and held the purse strings. She inherited a small amount from England, which by diligent involvement in the Stock Exchange she was able to cover our expensive education, none of us was bright enough to earn a scholarship or bursary. Mum and Dad never made us feel we owed them something – they just loved us and showed it.

Mother (born 1891, died 1981) was the youngest of eight (Ballenden) children and the only daughter. Her brothers were big men and achievers. We admired them, no end.

THE NATAL BROTHERS: DENEYS STOOD BY HIS BEDRIDDEN DAD

Jeep and I were like David and Jonathan

My elder brother, Joseph Ballenden Sutton (Jeep), and I were like David and Jonathan (wrote KIT).

Two years older than I, he was a step ahead of me at school and in the SA Air Force.

This made the path smoother for me as he was universally popular.

A mild-mannered man, he was not very talkative. Like me, he did not excel academically or in sport, but could pass exams and became a radiologist – one of the most difficult medical qualifications.

I was best man at Joe's wedding to Christa Wilker, now of Fish Hoek, Cape. She has a bubbly nature but is nevertheless very reserved. She has a constant interest in family matters.

DENEYS has been a wonderful younger brother. Being in Pretoria at the time, he played a major role in Dad's last two years when he was bedridden.

Deneys was a pillar of strength. He has been devoted to the family and done much for them. A very able man, he has made a great success of his life. His wife Marj (née Louw) is a delightful person.

MY YOUNGER SISTER, Elizabeth Benedicta (Lil), Damant (born in 1929) is very like our mother in looks, nature and ability.

JOE (left) and KIT . . . Elder brother paved the way

Her husband, Colin (Hugh Atherstone) Damant, is a likeable fellow, although he was schooled at Michaelhouse (a great rival to Hilton College)!

Married in Pretoria on May 30, 1952, they have three children. *(Kit, Marj and Colin have died since this was written.)*

MY YOUNGEST SISTER, Mary Chappe Higgins, (born in Hilton Road on February 1, 1931), married Eric Whittle (whom she later divorced). They had one son, Joe. Mary later married Terence Higgins, who died in 1976. They had two daughters.

Mary was her father's child and is very loveable. Life has dealt her a bad hand. She lost a beautiful daughter in a car crash. Janet was just maturing into an attractive, able woman.

Mary's second husband, a professor, died young and she had to battle for years, being left with three young children to educate. Joe and Clare have been achievers, as would Janet had she lived.

* Lil and Mary tell us more in their stories below.

THE NATAL SISTERS: LIL AND MARY RETIRE TO A JOBURG VILLAGE

Happy kids down on the farm, adults in the city

ELIZABETH DAMANT and MARY HIGGINS, daughters of Bernard and Betty Sutton, tell of their happy childhood **growing up on their parents' farm in the Natal Midlands** and their lives after moving to Pretoria.

Elizabeth (Lil) enjoyed " a good life" bringing up a family with attorney husband Colin Damant, whom she met while studying at Wits.

Lil recalls:

I WAS the only one of Mum and Dad's five babies to be born in a hospital - in 1929 in Maritzburg, KZN. My brothers Joe and Kit, were six and four years older and went to boarding school at Hilton College.

What a happy childhood we had, growing up in the country. I had my own pony, "Don," and went riding through Hilton Road's wattle plantations with Mum or Dad.

I cycled every day to St Anne's, where I studied for ten years, the final three as a boarder after Dad was transferred to Pretoria.

Those were good years. I was still 16 when I matriculated in 1946 and joined Joe and Kit at Wits University. How nice, I thought, they would find me some young men friends. What a hope!

There was, however, no lack of young men around and by my second year Colin Damant and I had linked up and knew we would marry one day. (This happened five years later.)

Mum was determined that Mary and I should have the opportunity of higher education and had taken out savings policies at our birth. As a young woman she had not been allowed to work and she resented that.

NATAL – BORN Sutton Sisters Lil (left) and Mary. Now they both live in a Joburg retirement home

There was very little scope then for women, just as a secretary, teacher or nurse.

I started on a newly-developed field, welfare work, and took a four–year BA Social Science degree, which led immediately to a job (at R30 a month) with the then large municipal social welfare department.

That shaped the course my life would take. The department helped several new charities to develop and I was lent part-time to a new entity, started by several interested charities, ostensibly to care for men and women returning emotionally impaired from the war. My job was as secretary/social worker to St. Christopher's, a tiny home on a large property in Jukskei Park, out in the sticks on bare

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Colin Damant: lawyer, author of anecdotes

From Page 57 veld north of Johannesburg.

Between having babies I was persuaded to continue voluntarily on the committee as the home grew and finally became a large retirement village, now Summerfield Park. This is where I now live and will for the rest of my life.

In 1952 I married Colin, by now an attorney and we produced Graham (in 1956), Gillian (1958) and John (1960).

We had a good life and could send our children to private schools and two to Wits. Graham studied law like his father and grandfather and became a successful lawyer and a senior partner with Bowmans. He and his wife Bev, now divorced, have two sons, Richard and Robert.

Our younger son John, an architect, and his wife Mandy moved in 2003 with their sons Ian and Christopher to Perth where they are well settled.

Gillian chose secretarial work and has since turned her hand to many things. We always said that with a daughter like Gill, life was never dull!

Gill had Kirsten and Sean from her first marriage to Athol Rice and is now married to Bouwe Hamersma, also living in Perth, Australia. She fosters three small boys in addition to working full time for a welfare organisation for the disabled. Bouwe has two sons, who live in Pretoria.

Colin wrote a couple of books for family and friends, called "Anecdotties" about some of the extraordinary cases he handled.

COLIN . . . a gifted photographer

WEDDING DAY . . . Colin and Lil

His firm represented Swissair in SA and through his work we travelled overseas every four or five years, visiting many countries, east and west.

Sadly, Colin's firm, Damant Bostock and Partners, started by his father Jack Damant, no longer exists.

Colin retired at age 70 and we moved into this retirement village in 2003. He served on the garden committee here and continued his interest in "Friends of the Nylsvley," where we joined work parties hacking down alien vegetation.

He was a gifted photographer and made many series of slide shows.

In early 2011 Colin had a couple of falls and began to become rather frail. He had a horror of becoming really frail and when he died on July 18, 2011, during Gill and Bouwe's visit to this country, he would have said that God answered his prayers.

Lil, mother and social worker

Magical home, wonderful parents, says Mary

MARY'S FAMILY . . . son Joe Whittle and his wife Sharon with Larissa and Byron

LIL'S younger sister, Mary Chappé Higgins, born 1931 at Hilton Road, near Martitzburg, grew up at Sedgley, "a magical home, blessed with wonderful parents and siblings," she writes.

After moving to Pretoria when their father Bernard was promoted to Senior Superintendent for Dairying (S.A), Mary attended St. Mary's DSG, then studied Fine Arts at Natal University in Pietermaritzburg. She graduated BA Fine Arts Honours and married a Londoner, Eric Whittle. They had a son Joseph (Joe) Whittle, but Mary returned to SA when her father died.

Later divorced, Mary married Dr. Terence Higgins, a senior lecturer in chemistry, Natal University, Durban. They had two daughters, Clare Elizabeth and Janet Sylvia.

Terence died prematurely in 1976 from a heart attack and Janet was killed in a car accident at age 18.

Mary's son Joe, a lawyer, and his wife Sharon live in Joburg and have two children, Larissa and Byron (pictured left).

Mary's daughter Clare married Jason Dippenaar, but they were divorced a few years ago. She and her daughter live in Johannesburg. Mary now lives in Summerfield Park.

"It's a lovely place and I'm lucky to have my sister Lil also here." she says.

DOCTORS BOTH . . . Joe and Christa at their wedding (right) and (left) about a decade later

My Dr Joe, the quiet man with a wonderful smile

**** Dr Joe Sutton's widow CHRISTA (born Christa Ursula Elizabeth Wilker), also a doctor, writes:***

JOE was a quiet person. He said little but listened carefully. He was very much a family man and we led a quiet, "at home" life.

He was interested in people and cared for them and about them. His colleagues thought highly of him and the radiographers loved him.

He had a wonderful smile. We met in 1952 when Joe was a houseman (intern) at Baragwanath Hospital in Johannesburg and I was a medical student, qualifying as a doctor at the end of 1954. We were married at Amanzimtoti, Natal, in 1955.

I was born in Frankfurt, Germany, on November 15, 1932. My parents, Karl and Hanni Wilker, left Germany with me in 1933 and after four years in Switzerland came to South Africa in 1937. I was then four years old.

My father taught at Adams College, Kwa-Zulu Natal, from 1939 to about 1956. My parents returned to Germany in 1964. During the Second World War Joe was an air gunner with South African Air Force Squadrons 15 and 27.

After the war he qualified in medicine at Wits in 1951 and later specialised in radiology in Cape Town.

From 1954 to 1957 he was with the Pneumoconiosis Bureau in Johannesburg and from 1958 to 1960 as a post-graduate at Groote Schuur Hospital.

From 1961 to 1990 he was a radiologist with the Natal Provincial Administration at Addington and King Edward Hospitals in Durban and from 1975 in Pietermaritzburg, mainly at Greys Hospital.

Joe died of oesophageal cancer after suffering from indigestion all his life. We had two children, who both became doctors.

DOCTORS BOTH . . . Christopher and his wife Anne with their young sons, Matthew and Steven, in 1999 .

Katherine Ann, born in Cape Town on October 17, 1958, qualified at UCT in 1983 and later specialised as a radiologist. She has a son born in 1996 and has been working in New Zealand since 1999.

Christopher John, born in Cape Town on June 27, 1960, qualified at Wits in 1984 and later specialised as a paediatrician. His wife Ann, daughter of Harold and Barbara Robertson, also qualified at Wits. Both completed their post-graduate studies at the Red

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Lieut. Joe Sutton inspects his gun aboard a Bristol Blenheim with 15 Squadron SAAF

Bomber crew (from left): JA "Jos" Steele, AP "Tony" Cuckon (pilot) and Joe (air gunner)

Air gunner Joe: 'Warrior in the Sky'

His eye popped out when plane ditched in sea

Joe Sutton . . . five years of war service

AIR GUNNER Joe Sutton flew about 650 hours over Egypt, Italy and off South West Africa in World War II. This included service with 15 Squadron SAAF, whose exploits have been described in a book, "Warriors in the Sky."

Natal-born Joseph Ballenden Sutton, elder son of Bernard and Betty Sutton, served five years in the SAAF which he joined in 1941 and received his half-wing in 1942 as a warrant officer.

Promoted to lieutenant, he was posted to 15 Squadron flying Bristol Blenheims from Western Desert bases. His exploits are recorded in his log book later treasured by his fellow airman, younger brother Kit.

In an attack on October 9, 1942, Joe's aircraft dropped four 250-pound bombs from 20ft. on an enemy train. The train was set on fire and the raid was "considered a success." The electrical system of Joe's position, the turret, was damaged by shrapnel.

After home leave Joe was posted in 1943 to 27 Squadron SAAF flying Lockheed Venturas on maritime patrols off Walvis Bay.

"The squadron moved to the Middle East in 1944. In July during an air rescue they had to ditch near the shore and one of Joe's eyes popped out.

"Luckily American doctors were near at hand and they popped it back with no permanent after-effects," says Kit.

"On December 8, while returning to SA they crashed at Tabora, Tanzania, due to engine trouble. They rejoined 27 Squadron in the Middle East in April 1945 flying Vickers Warwicks and were still training on it when the war in Europe ended."

** 'Warriors in the Sky" was compiled by Peter Bagshawe, Ashanti Publishing, PO Box 100121, Rivonia, 2128.*

Houseman Joe and a young patient at Baragwanath Hospital, where he met his future bride

The Sutton family of doctors

From Page 59 Cross Children's Hospital in Cape Town.

They have lived and worked in Polokwane, formerly Pietersburg, Limpopo, since 1998 and have two sons, Steven Alexander, born July 11, 1996, and Matthew Francis, July 15, 1998).

DOCTORS BOTH . . . Christopher Sutton and his wife Ann in 1990. They live and practise in Polokwane.

DOCTORS BOTH Christopher and sister Katherine in younger days. A radiologist, she now lives and works in New Zealand

The Natal 'Soutie' who belonged to the Soutspansberg

CALL US KITKAT . . . Kit and Katica Sutton

* NATAL-BORN and bred KIT SUTTON served in Italy during the Second World War, then settled in the Northern Transvaal as a land surveyor. More than 50 years later he was still there with no regrets. In 2008 Kit and his wife Katica celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Sadly he died in December 2009.

Here is his story, written in 2008.

IF I had my life over again, I would change nothing basic. It has been a good time-frame to live in and life has treated me well.

Even the war years were good to me. I went on 60 bomber sorties with 30 Squadran, 3 Wing, SAAF, operating from Pescara and later Jesi, Italy. I survived unscathed as the Luftwaffe, invincible a year or two earlier, had been rendered a spent force by our brave airmen.

The spirit among Allied air crew in Italy was that of a bunch of brothers – Yanks, Poles, Canadians, Aussies, New Zealanders, South Africans and others. They were the salt of the earth and have remained so.

I went from boyhood to manhood during that time and the experience served me well, though I didn't think so at the time.

Flying Marauders, we bombed from 10 000ft but in my 60 sorties we were never intercepted by fighters – Luftwaffe squadrons on the ground lacked fuel.

Anti-aircraft flak was a big danger, but American Thunderbolt aircraft attacked flak emplacements with rockets.

I grew to admire the Yanks and we developed a great spirit of camaraderie with them after hostilities ceased.

One of their medium bomber squadrons was only a few kilometres away at Ancona. We cross-visited a lot and got on well. Their messes were dry and ours anything but dry.

After the war I studied land surveying at Wits University and completed the four-year BSc Engineering (Land Survey) degree without mishap. I made many friends at Cottesloe Ex-Servicemen's Residence, but never got to like Wits.

At Cottesloe, a former military hospital, we were a wild crowd. We had our own rooms but ablutions and dining were communal.

A favourite prank was to set booby traps. A thunder cracker wired with the electric light bulbs went off when switched on.

This worked well much to the chagrin of the victim!"

One bold student walked into the Langham Hotel, then one of Johannesburg's smartest, measured the size of a carpet he desired for his room, excised it and carted it off undetected.

Some of these guys went on to become prominent in their professions.

My years as a practising land surveyor in the Soutspansburg from 1952–1992 were very happy ones. I did not regret choosing surveying as my profession.

WARTIME airman . . . navigator and bomb-aimer Lieut Kit Sutton

From our marriage in 1958 Katica (born Grosel) worked with me, became a competent draftswoman and managed the office very well.

Kat has been very good to me and for me, but she is responsible for my "boep" (a 46in. waist!)

I retired as a field professional for health reasons in 1992.

My timing was spot on as surveying technique was soon to change drastically after standing still for thousands of years.

From the theodolite and chain, G.P.S is now the basic tool which any intelligent person can master.

It irks me that so many hours were wasted using century-old techniques, not to mention toil, sweat and danger (from snakes and wild animals).

Without the space race the world would still be comparatively primitive. Surveying, the fixing of position and elevation played a pivotal role in the space race and continues to do so.

I have had no time for politics but was always anti-NP and anti-Liberal – a fence-sitter.

I had good relations with workers though I never spoilt them. I worked a lot in their areas and never experienced any hostility.

I had good relations with the Boere even before I learnt to speak Afrikaans.

I often stayed with them while surveying their farms and never experienced any ill-feeling.

Though they said they hated the English some have been lifelong friends. Their proverbial hospitality is not overstated.

I have broken down in remote spots and have stayed with them. They have done most of the re-

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A bride, kindness and friendship

From Page 61 pair work and have refused compensation.

As a stranger, a nuisance and 'n Engelsman, I have experienced only kindness and generosity in the area.

We have stayed nearly 50 years in our house which has had several facelifts since we built it. Katica's father, Josip Grosel, came to Pietersburg from Croatia. His father was already here, having fought in the Anglo-Boer War under Gen. De Wet.

They were blacksmiths, her brother Ivan (now deceased) carried on the engineering business very successfully.

Kat's Croatian grandpa fought for the Boers

Her South African-born mother had a Yugoslav father, Danovich, and an Afrikaans mother.

We grew up in a different space frame when there was still value in honesty and honour. The only sport I was any good at was bowls, which I took up in 1980, a year after Kat had done so.

She has been an excellent bowler and her name appears several times on the club honours board as the women's champion.

I have been just a run-of-the-mill social bowler. Katica did well in national and provincial tournaments and made friends. I played in a couple of national tournaments and several MOTH nationals, which were the highlight of the year for us.

In the last few years of his life, my brother Joe was persuaded to take up the game.

He joined the MOTH movement and played in two tournaments. He was very popular with bowlers and MOTHS who got to know him.

Many told me how highly they regarded him. He was The Quiet Man with a loveable nature.

WEDDING DAY, 1958 . . . From left: Bridegroom's parents Bernard and Betty Sutton, groom and bride Kit and Katica, bride's parents Josip and Anna Grosel

I was a social bowler, Kat a club champion

Deneys and I have the same timeshare week at Kruger Park Lodge near Hazyview. For some years we have met there in the first week of May. Our sister Lil (Elizabeth) and her husband Colin Damant have joined us for a good old family reunion. **(See pictures on Page 65)**

*** Sadly Kit, Deneys's wife Marj and Colin have died since this was written.**

Diabetes, the scourge that stalks the Suttons

DIABETES, a chronic disease, strikes some members of the Sutton family randomly and has killed a couple of them, writes KIT SUTTON.

Joan Ruthven Drinkenberg (daughter of Judge George and Agnes Sutton) was a victim. She used to come to us at Sedgely, Hilton Road, when her husband (a Dutch Merchant Navy officer) was due in Durban during the Second World War.

Joan was with us when, sadly, he and his ship were lost at sea off Durban. She died later from diabetic complications. So did my Dad (Bernard).

As a diabetic, I began insulin injections in 1991.

I retired in 1992 as my meals and meal hours as a land surveyor were incompatible with control of the disease. Generic indications were that I would not survive past 70. I have kept the disease in check without going on to special diets and have had no complications.

Deneys' second daughter (Robyn) became a diabetic during her pregnancy about 18 years ago, she battles to keep it under control.

*** Peggy de Villiers, Joan Drinkenberg's daughter, is also a diabetic.**

THE FAMILY gather around Katica (Kat) Sutton and (on her right) her sister-in-law Lorrain Grosel. Kit Sutton is seen second from the right. (See foot of the page for the full list of names.)

This was KitKat's Golden Day

'We didn't dream, when we set out on our married life that we would achieve this milestone – having to break the Millennium barrier to reach it. But here we are – having experienced such a blessed 50 years in mainly good health. Disaster-free with many golden, unforgettable interludes – lives worth living . . . '

THE SUTTONS (from left) : Christopher jnr. Steven, Anne, Matthew, Joe, Katica and Kit

THAT'S how Christopher (Kit) Sutton summed it up at a lunch in Polokwane (Pietersburg) to celebrate his and Katica's memorable day.

Twenty members of the extended Grosel family and five Suttons gathered on October 11, 2008, to salute the happy couple at the Pietersburg Club. They were also celebrating Kit's 84th birthday, October 5.

I was privileged to be one of the Suttons present (writes JOE SUTTON.) The others were Kit's nephew Christopher, his late brother Joe's only son, his wife Anne, both paediatricians, and their sons Steven and Matthew. "Their being here warms my old heart no end," said Kit.

For me it was an unforgettable occasion, a rare opportunity to restore contact with another side of my family. Apart from a possible brief encounter at a family funeral which neither of us remembers, the last time we met and talked was in Cape Town 63 years ago at the end of the Second World War.

JOE'S GIFT. . . a KitKat

I was invited to the celebration after linking up with the Natal Sutton family while researching the Sutton memoirs. Responding to congratulations, Kit thanked his "closely-knit, loving, supportive" Polokwane family, particularly Mike and Beverley Herring and Lorrain Grosel, for organising the celebration and obtaining the venue.

The clan included members of the Bester family and visiting Cardosas from Pretoria. Of Lorrain – the "Queen of Our Hearts" – Kit said: "I am sad that Papoe (her late husband, Ivan), isn't with us. He was a brother to me as well as Kat's own brother and we spent many happy times together. "

Looking back, Kit said: "Kat has stuck to her marriage vows and has made the past 50 years so memorable and happy for me. She has stood by me in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health. We worked together for years and were a good team.

"Fifty years ago I was accepted into the Grosel family and became one of them. Through all these years they have all been wonderful to me."

**** Others in the picture taken at Kit and Kat's golden wedding lunch include:***
Lorrain Grosel's eldest child and daughter Beverly Herring, her husband Mike, their only child Grant, his girlfriend Christi, her daughter Kirsch from a previous marriage, Lorrain's second daughter Celeste Cardosa and three sons, Christopher, Mattheus, and Nicholas, Joseph Grosel (Lorrain's third child), his second wife Lisa, her mother Yvonne Strydom, Joseph's elder daughter Robyn, his second daughter Eden, Lorrain's elder brother Billy Bester, Joe Sutton, Christopher Sutton jnr., his wife Anne and their sons Steven and Matthew.

The Natal Sutton who returned to his roots

NATAL-BORN Deneys Sutton began his working life in the Transvaal, but returned 25 years later to his roots in his beloved homeland to enjoy the rest of a successful business career.

This included a "wonderful association" with the sugar industry, obtaining a BCom Honours degree as a 50-year-old and a 12-year stint of semi-retirement with an insurance company.

Deneys and his wife Marjorie were enjoying a relaxed and happy retirement in Ballito on the North Coast, when Marj died unexpectedly in 2010 during an operation.

The youngest of the three sons of Bernard (Chalky) and Betty Sutton, Deneys moved from Natal to Pretoria when his father was called there as head of the South African dairy division.

He and Marj met there when both were 13. Years later they met again, began dating and were married in 1957. They built a solid, happy family who kept in contact almost daily.

After leaving Hilton College, Deneys studied accountancy and began his articles of clerkship with a Pretoria firm of chartered accountants in 1950. He obtained his CTA (Certificate in the Theory of Accountancy.)

He moved to Price Waterhouse in Johannesburg and passed the C.A. (S.A.) admission examination in 1956.

After a brief stint in commerce he returned to the Pretoria practice and was admitted as a partner. He passed the final examination of the Institute of Cost and Works Accountants. One of the practice's auditing clients, a motor company, recruited him as group accountant and he became its financial director and later group M.D.

"In 1977 Marj and I had a short holiday in Umhlanga and rather fell in love with the place," said Deneys. He joined Hultrans, Huletts' transport subsidiary as admin manager and later became its financial director.

Marj and Deneys Sutton . . . a solid happy family

Deneys got honours degree at 50

"This turned out to be a wonderful association, particularly as Huletts linked up with The Tongaat Group, a formidable group and a happy working environment.

After major changes in the group, Deneys decided to semi-retire. "I joined an ex-Hultrans man with whom I had retained a friendship and who had his own insurance consultant business.

"In 1982 I enrolled in an extra-mural course with Natal University and was awarded a BCom Honours degree in 1984. Great experience! The other guys doing the course thought it was funny to have a 50-year-old resuming studies."

This was meant to last four or five years, but only ended after 12 happy years." Marj was schooled at St Mary's D.S.G, in Pretoria before joining the United Building Society after completing a secretarial course at the Pretoria Technical College.

"After the birth of our first daughter, Ann Frances, in 1959, Marj quit work and became a dedicated housewife, looking after her family in a wonderful way. I believe it was because of this dedication that we remained such a happy family in touch almost daily.

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"Marj and I had two daughters and a son. Ann is married to Kenneth Glass and they have two daughters, Corale (studying veterinary science) and Simone (studying fabric design).

They emigrated to England and now

A family going back to Van Riebeeck days

MARJORIE SUTTON'S forebears included Hollanders who settled in the Cape in the 17 and 18th centuries and a British soldier who fought in the first Anglo–Boer War.

Husband Deneys writes: Marj's father, Robert Frederick Aling Louw, was born in 1899, where his father, Hendrik Louw, was a bank manager. His forebears arrived at the Cape shortly after Van Riebeeck and were given land in the Rondebosch area.

Robert's mother Johanna Deborah Aling's forebears arrived in Paarl in 1784. One of the Aling family's ancestors in SA was the Rev. Robert Nicolaas Aling, a church minister who helped plan the "Strooidak Kerk" in Paarl - still standing and one of the oldest places of worship in the country.

Like his father, Robbie Louw joined the banking fraternity after obtaining a B.Com degree. At his retirement, he was a highly respected and popular Secretary of the Reserve Bank.

Marj's mother, Marjorie Phyllis Bentote, born in Pretoria in 1904, was the daughter of Joseph Reginald Bentote, who joined the Royal Field Artillery in 1889 aged 18 and it seems certain that he was involved in the Anglo-Boer War. He was discharged in Pretoria in 1902.

"Mother Marj," as she was affectionately known, lived with us in granny flats in Pretoria and Umhlanga Rocks. She was a wonderful person much loved by family and friends.

Here they are: The newest Suttons!

THEIR NAMES : Kade Deneys Terrence Sutton, born December 22, 2008, and his younger brother, Troy John Robert Sutton, born August 6, 2010. seen here with his parents, Donald and Natalie Sutton of Centurion. Don is the son of Deneys and Marj Sutton . He is senior specialist planning and scheduling for Kumba Iron Ore in Centurion. The family live in Cedar Creek Estsate near Lanseria Airport.

2012 FAMILY REUNION . . .

(from left) Robyn Bowman, Deneys & Donald Sutton and Ann Sutton meet in Johannesburg to celebrate the second birthday of youngest Sutton Troy

2006 REUNION: A Christmas get-together in Port Edward on the South Coast. Back row (from left): Natalie, Ann, Robyn, Brett, Ken and Donald. Sitting: Deneys and Marj and front : Grandchildren Dane, Simone and Corale

(from left) Deneys Sutton, sister Elizabeth (Lil) Damant, Katica, Kit and Colin Damant on an annual visit to Kruger Park Lodge

EARLIER REUNION . . .

From Page 64 have British citizenship. While happily settled, they still miss sunny South Africa.

Robyn Elizabeth, born 1961, is married to Brett Bowman and they have a son, Dane, who is studying psychology. They live in Ballito. Donald Robert, born 1973, is married to Natalie Johnson Donald has a BSc. Construction .

Our Aunt Peggy

The fiery Irish redhead who defied her family to marry Protestant Phil Sutton

* This story of how a determined, red-haired young girl defied her Irish family to travel to South Africa alone to marry a South African ex-soldier as told to KATE PEART by her mother-in-law Phyllis Peart (née Sutton.)

On Page 67 Anthony pays tribute to their mother Phyllis, who died in Pretoria in 2010.

STILL in her early 20s, Adelaide (Ada or Peggy) Wilson met Philip Sutton at a dance for the troops in England during the First World War. She was Irish, over there as a volunteer nurse.

He, the youngest of six South African brothers, was over there to serve in France with the distinguished British regiment, the Coldstream Guards.

Philip was stationed near Richmond Hospital, where Peggy was working. The couple fell in love. After a while Peggy went back to Ireland and Philip followed to meet her family. There were religious conflicts.

Devoted Roman Catholics, Peggy's family were unhappy about the match out of their faith and "ganged up" against her. The Suttons were Protestants. Philip's father was an Anglican minister.

The Wilsons did not want Peggy to marry Philip, let alone to go to South Africa.

In particular, her mother Elizabeth, married to Thomas Wilson, a respected doctor in Edgeworthstown, Leinster, Ireland, couldn't cope with her daughter leaving her and Ireland. The family had even lined up another suitor, who eventually married Peggy's sister.

Only Peggy's Aunt Fran, and later one of Peggy's brothers, supported her. Fran helped her put together a trousseau, including a beautiful embroidered veil, for her wedding. (The veil was later passed on to Phyllis's daughter-in-law Kate and worn on her wedding day.)

PEGGY SUTTON . . . with little Frankie

Peggy, a strong-minded, determined young woman, defied the family pressure. Once she had made up her mind nothing would shift it or her from it.

After the war, Philip returned to South Africa to start a career in law. Peggy followed some time later, alone by ship to Cape Town to marry him.

She and Philip could not marry straight away as planned. There had been a death in the Sutton family and a period of mourning was being observed.

After a while, Peggy, known to be "a bit different," became fed-up with staying with the Sutton family.

She missed her family in Ireland and Philip, whom she had travelled 6 000 miles to marry.

One day she walked to the main road and caught a taxi to Hermanus on the Cape coast.

Philip's cousin, Bill Schreiner, later to become a leading figure in South African rugby, saw a woman with "glorious red hair" sitting on the rocks where he was fishing. Knowing that a search was on for Peggy he called the family in Cape Town who brought her home.

According to Phyllis, this incident further strained relations between Peggy and the family, who thought she was "really round the bend."

Eventually on March 28, 1921, Philip and Peggy were married in Cape Town.

PHILIP SUTTON . . . as an officer in the Coldstream Guards

They lived in Port Elizabeth, then in Fort Beaufort, Bloemfontein and Pretoria, where Philip practiced as an attorney.

Peggy died in 1971 and Philip in Pretoria in 1973. They had two children, Phyllis and Frank.

Phil: Lawyer and veteran of two world wars

PHILIP SCHREINER SUTTON, youngest child of Joseph and Kitty Sutton, served in two world wars - in the first in East Africa and in France with the renowned British regiment, the Coldstream Guards.

In East Africa he fought against the Germans with the South African Fourth Horse Brigade. Philip's uncle, William Philip Schreiner, SA Commissioner in London, then arranged his transfer to the Guards.

During the Second World War Philip was Officer Commanding Supplies, SA Army, in Ladysmith, Natal. Philip was educated with his five brothers at Dale College, King William's Town, and at the South African College (SACs) in Cape Town.

After the First World War he returned to SA, married a former Irish nurse while articled to a firm of attorneys in Port Elizabeth.

His bride was Adelaide (Peggy) Wilson, whom he had met in England. She left her homeland against her family's wishes after the war to join him in South Africa.

Philip, whom we knew as a friendly, affable uncle on summer coastal holidays in the Eastern Cape, practised for some years as an attorney in Fort Beaufort. Later he had a varied legal career, practising in Bloemfontein and after the war in Pretoria. He died there in July 1973.

Friendly Uncle Philip Sutton - on a seaside holiday

* See Pages 60 - 61

Our Ma,Phyllis

Sons pay tribute to her caring, unselfish nature – 'but she could be tough, too'

UNSELFISHNESS, and service to others – these enduring qualities were highlighted by both Phyllis Peart's sons in tributes at her funeral service.

From the age of six (recalled Anthony), this was noted in a school report: "Phyllis Sutton is very helpful and unselfish in every way."

"But beneath that smiling and kind exterior she could be tough. You would have been if you had been born in Fort Beaufort," he added.

Her antecedents from her father's side were some of the most prominent South Africans in the late 19th and early 20th century. Her mother left Ireland as a young woman never to return to her homeland.

"This combination of pioneering spirit and dedication to the service of others was very much part of her nature. She was very proud of her family history. When Anthony left to go to America on a school exchange their neighbour in Pretoria was the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, Dr Albert Hertzog, "a well-known character of a somewhat conservative disposition."

"He came around to see Ma to tell her that she would be losing her son if she let me travel to America. I would be brainwashed because America was full of communists.

"Ma politely but firmly responded that her son could stand up for himself, that she came from pioneering stock and that I was going to the USA and not to the USSR."

Anthony also recalled his mother's love and untrained talent for gardening – "a lady in a broad-brimmed hat busily working away in a beautiful garden full of colour, of wonderful wild trees and shrubs.

"She devoted much of her working life in nurseries and garden centres sharing her love and creativity."

"In her latter years she displayed great courage and inner strength, never complaining, though she must have been in great pain.

"This was true all her life, the way she dealt with adversity. She just got on with life with her characteristic smile." She also had "a deep and profound faith. Phyllis's helpful, unselfish fighting spirit lives on in each of us."

Francis recalled his mother's "utter selflessness, of sacrifice, of conditionality. . . Mothers just never put themselves first, and our mom Phyllis was true to this task in every way, giving Anthony and me her total support and devotion.

"As a friend to others she radiated contagious joy and a desire for everyone to be happy . I never heard her being unkind. In her work - I believe she exemplified the concept of 'added value' giving of herself and drawing people to her because of her passion for what she did - her love of plants.

" But there was a certain special something else that was charming and endearing - that little touch of mischievous Irish leprechaun magic "

"It was very sad to see how in the last few years mental infirmity overcame much of this and stripped away much of that personality we knew and loved."

What remained seemed the "steely core with the sharp glance of a stone-turning cockatrice, but still a determination and resolve to meet each day positively, with words of appreciation to her wonderful career and never any suggestion of complaint."

PHYLLIS PEART . . . pioneering , fighting spirit

PHYLLIS as a little girl

She loved flowers and gardening

PHYLLIS PEART, born in Fort Beaufort in 1924, died in Pretoria in 2010. Her parents were Philip Sutton, youngest of six Sutton brothers, and Irish-born Adelaide (Peggy) Wilson.

She trained as a librarian and in 1948 married Rowland (Rowley) Huttley Peart, an advocate and leading amateur golfer. They moved to Pretoria after living for a few years in Cape Town where Rowley trained and had his first practice. Their marriage lasted about ten years. Phyllis did not remarry.

Phyllis, who loved flowers and gardening, became well-known in horticultural circles in Pretoria, where she worked until her retirement.

This article includes edited extracts from funeral tributes by her sons Anthony and Francis, who now live in England.

Frank Sutton, advocate and mining law adviser

FRANCIS HENRY SUTTON, son of Philip and Peggy Sutton, and brother of Phyllis, was born in Fort Beaufort in November 1927 and grew up to be a successful barrister in Pretoria and Johannesburg. He died in Joburg in 1978, aged 50.

Educated at Grey College, Bloemfontein, Frank joined the Department of Justice as a public prosecutor. From 1953 he studied at the Middle Temple, London, and in 1956 was admitted to the Pretoria Bar. He married Shirley Christina Erasmus and they had two children Patrick and Bridget.

In 1964 Frank became legal adviser to the General mining Group in Johannesburg. He was admitted in 1965 to the Johannesburg Bar and was an active member at the time of his death.

It was while we were living in King William's Town and Philip and Peggy Sutton in Fort Beaufort in the 1930s (writes Joe Sutton) that our family came to know Phil and Peggy and Phyllis and Frankie (as he was called then.)

We spent happy summer holidays together on the Eastern Cape coast and also in Fort Beaufort.

Many years later after Bunty and I had moved from Port Elizabeth we met Frank and Shirley in Johannesburg where Frank practised as an advocate.

We celebrated his 50th birthday with him in December 1977 and entertained him and Shirley at our home in Dunvegan, Edenvale, months before his sudden death.

Regrettably I have been out of touch with Shirley, who lived in Rosebank, Johnnesburg.

Shirley and Patrick attended the funeral of Frank Sutton's sister, Phyllis Peart, in 2010, but we have not seen them since.

Bridget and her husband and family live in the Isle of Man.

In March 2011, we have been told, Shirley sold her flat and despite several attempts we have been unable to trace her or Patrick, who had also been living in Johannesburg.

FRANK SUTTON . . .
In less formal attire

FRANK SUTTON . . .
in court as an advocate

Daisy: Hostess with the Mostest

A lone sister in a boys' hostel, she was 'sent away' to England

* This report on the Bloemfontein side of the Sutton Family was contributed largely by JOAN DAUBENTON, of Cape Town, second daughter of Arthur and Daisy Johnson. Further information came from TransDale Extra, a magazine for Old Dalians, and The Friend, a Bloemfontein paper.

HOSPITABLE Arthur and Daisy Johnson . . . a home from home for Suttons

SHE was the only surviving daughter with six brothers, the family of the Rev JG (Bob) and Kitty Sutton. Our Aunt Daisy, as she was affectionately known, was born in Cape Town on July 19, 1890, before the family moved to King William's Town. She grew up with her brothers in a boys' school hostel at Dale College. It was because of this that Daisy was "sent away" to a boarding school in England in 1906 when she was about 16.

Decades later she would welcome her brothers and other Sutton family members whenever they passed through Bloemfontein, where she had settled with her husband Arthur Johnson.

Her daughter Joan Daubenton recalls a story that while living at the then College House, Daisy hid her headmaster father's canes behind his office desk to save schoolboys from "six of the best.". *(Her niece, Kitty Sutton, was to get up to similar pranks with her dad's canes.)*

In England, Daisy attended Berkhamstead Grammar School just outside London and spent her holidays in Whitchurch, Shropshire, with her father's three sisters, Annie Smith, and Edith and Lizzie. Annie had married a Smith but the other two remained unwed. The Smith family, who had a business in Whitchurch, were a "home from home" to Sutton brothers while studying at Cambridge, serving in the First World War and on other visits.

(Gerard Sutton, son of Judge George, worked for a while on Colin Smith's farm. Joe Sutton visited the family while working in the UK in the 1950s, when Colin was head of the family, and on later trips. Regrettably we have since lost touch with the family.)

After returning to South Africa, Daisy lived at Dale College with her elder brother Frank, who succeeded their father as headmaster and was married in 1913. She then looked after her parents who had retired to Summerpride, outside East London.

In 1916 Daisy went nursing at the Johannesburg Hospital, becoming a staff nurse, until her marriage to land surveyor Arthur Johnson of Bloemfontein. They lived there all their married life and brought up four daughters Kitty, Joan, Peggy and Ruth.

The Johnsons' eldest child, Cecil William Sutton Johnson, born on March 25, 1920, died of diphtheria on February 17, 1923.

In Bloemfontein, Daisy was well known. She was a wartime member of the Navy League and for many years a member of the Mothers' Union of St Margaret's.

FAMILY HOLIDAY at Gonubie, 1931. Top row (from left): Arthur Johnson, Sutton brothers, Frank, George and Philip. Middle: Wives Peggy, Daisy, Norah and Agnes. Front: Frankie, Phyllis and Gerard

She hid her father's canes to save schoolboys from 'six of the best'

What a hostess Daisy was to Sutton families passing through Bloem! It was a convenient place to stop overnight and enjoy the Johnsons' hospitality; a chance to renew memories of life at Dale College with her parents and brothers.

Joe Sutton recalls his family stopping in Bloem in 1936 on their way by car to Johannesburg for the Empire Exhibition. He was just nine years old. "How we all loved Aunt Daisy," he says.

In turn, the Johnsons

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WHAT HATS! Peggy, Gladys, Norah and Agnes Sutton

. . . AND WHAT SWIMSUITS! Arthur Johnson, George, Philip, Frank and nephew Gerard Sutton

How we all loved Aunt Daisy

From Page 69 spent summer holidays with our families at Eastern Cape seaside resorts like Gonubie and Bonza Bay.

Arthur Edwin Johnson was born in Benares, India, on April 15, 1884. His father, William Johnson, had gone out to India as a missionary doctor in 1882. Born in Durham, England, he had studied medicine in Edinburgh where he met his future wife Joan Sanderson, who lived there and studied art at the Royal Academy.

Arthur was the eldest of five boys. After the second son, Kenneth, died in India aged about nine months, the family left India and came to South Africa in 1890. William became a railway doctor in Bloemfontein. Arthur attended Grey College in Bloemfontein and went on to graduate in land surveying at the South African College in Cape Town in 1902.

He returned to Bloemfontein where he joined a Mr Baumann in a partnership called Baumann and Johnson, remaining there until he retired in 1955.

Arthur married Daisy Sutton on December 18, 1918 in King William's Town, in a service conducted by her father, "Bob" Sutton, Arthur's father drowned at Port Shepstone on May 24, 1921 (it is thought after a heart attack).

As Arthur was the only son married at that time, he and Daisy built a cottage in their garden in Bloemfontein for his mother Joan, where she lived for 30 years. She died in Bloemfontein on September 12, 1951.

PATRIARCH the Rev Bob Sutton (top left) and eldest son Frank, with (lower left) Arthur Johnson , Daisy (nee Sutton) and Philip Sutton

FAMILY HOLIDAY at Gonubie, 1931. Top row (from left) Arthur Johnson, Sutton brothers, Frank (my father) , George, and Philip. Middle Wives Peggy, Daisy, Norah (my mother) and Agnes. Front Frankie and Phyllis

Daisy died in Bloemfontein on July 6, 1954, and Arthur in Johannesburg on December 31, 1964.

Hilman and Kitty Cooper: 60 happy years

HILMAN and KITTY COOPER . . . Wartime sweethearts

THE JOHNSONS' eldest daughter, Katherine Benedicta, was known as Kitty after their grandmother, Kitty Reitz. She shared this with her Port Elizabeth cousin, Winifred Kitty Sutton.

Kitty Johnson, was born in Bloemfontein on March 17, 1922, and educated at Bloemfortein's prestige Eunice Girl's High School.)

(*To come: a few pars on Kitty's early life and career from Cooper son in Joburg)* . In 1943, during the Second World War she met her future husband, Old Dalian Hilman (Mooch) Cooper, then stationed with the SAAF in Bloemfontein. They were married in 1944 and 60 years later celebrated their diamond wedding. (To page 71)

Recalling their first meeting, Kitty said: "I liked him immediately." Mooch said they were "still in love."

Hilman was born in Potchefstroom on March 7, 1917, but raised in the Eastern Cape where his Lithuanian-born parents

Mooch Cooper: Gold Medallist and engineer

ran an hotel near Peddie.

His early childhood friends were Africans and he became fluent in isiXhosa. He went to Dale College as a boarder when he was aged ten and reportedly became one of headmaster Frank Sutton's favourite pupils.

In his matric year (1934) he won the Gold Medal for the first boy in the class and also prizes for Latin, maths and science. He played scrumhalf for the Dale second rugby team and later for Wits where he graduated BSc (mining engineering) in 1938.

Hilman worked on the mines for about a year before joining the SAAF meteorological section during the Second World War, including service in Italy. While stationed in Bloemfontein he played rugby for Free State and met Kitty at her parents' home. They were married in Johannesburg in July 1944.

Some friends and family members opposed their marriage because Hilman was Jewish and Kitty came from a traditional Christian family.

After the war the Coopers settled on the Witwatersrand and raised a family of two sons and two daughters.

Hilman started a foundry in Krugersdorp but when this ran into difficulties in 1958 the family moved to East London.

There he became manager of Pakamac (later renamed National Converter Industries). He became a stalwart of the East London community and sent his sons to Selborne where they played cricket and rugby against his old school.

Hilman and Kitty emigrated to Israel with their daughters in 1971 but returned to SA after three years. They settled in Cape Town, where Hilman retired and joined Kitty in running an after-school care centre for young children. Some children, now grown up, remember them fondly as second parents at what they called the "Coopers' Crèche"

In 1996 the couple moved to a retirement home in Pinelands where they celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary in 2004.

THE JOHNSON SISTERS.
From left: Kitty, Joan, Peggy and Ruth

The Coopers left sons David and Peter and daughters Linda and Diane. David is professor of sociology at UCT and Peter is professor of paediatrics at Wits. Linda and Diane are lecturers at UCT.

* Hilman prided himself on his family planning: Peter and Diane were born four years apart on the same day (September 12). David and Linda were born within two days (June 6, 1948 & June 4, 1953).

Kitty converted to Judaism. Remarkably, she died on Christmas Day, December 25, 2005, which fell for the first time in 40 years on the first night of Chanukah, the eight-day Jewish festival of lights.

Hilman followed 13 days later on January 7, 2006. He had been in declining health for several years and would have turned 89 in March.

Joan: The nurse who married a doctor

SECOND Johnson daughter, Joan Elizabeth, was born on December 18, 1923, in Bloemfontein where she matriculated at Eunice Girls' High School.

She qualified as a nursing sister and midwife and met her future husband, Dr Francois (Foss) Daubenton, while working at the Queen Victoria Hospital, Johannesburg. They were married in Bloemfontein on December 3, 1949.

Born in Holland on January 30, 1917, Francois was called "Foss" or "Fossie" since he was a little boy. He came to South Africa at age three with his parents in 1920. He was educated in Nigel (where his father, also Francois and a doctor, was a medical officer on the mines) and at King Edward School in Johannesburg.

Foss qualified as a doctor in 1941 after studying medicine at the University of Witwatersrand. During the Second World War he served as a medical officer with the Wits De la Rey Regiment in Egypt and Italy.

He qualified as a gynaecologist and obstetrician in 1951 and served on the staff of the Medical School, including 13 years as the faculty's first full-time dean. At the same time he was allowed a limited private practice. He retired in April 1985 due to ill health and moved to Cape Town, where his three sons

The Daubentons: A family of doctors

live with their families. He died in Cape Town on January 18, 1991.
Foss was an extremely active person and served in many organisations. He was a good committee person.
His one big interest was the Medical School Library where he estab1ished an endowment fund.
Among his various activities over the years were: President of SA Council of the Royal College of Obstetrics and Gynaecology, president of NUSAS while a medical student, president of SA Red Cross Society from 1975-1976 and president of the SA College of Medicine.
Foss also served on the SA Medical and Dental Council and was chairman of the Adler Museum of the History of Medicine.
In 1958 he was invited to work at Albert Schweitzer Hospital, Lambarene, Gabon, as a visiting gynaecologist and obstetrician. His wife Joan accompanied him as theatre sister – "a wonderful experience," she says.
Foss was very interested in genealogy, having received a great deal of information on his family from an uncle in Holland.
With Joan he researched and contributed to a chapter and the Sutton family tree in Overberg Origins, the history of the English-speaking families of Swellendam, written by Edmund Burrows. They were closely involved in the book's publication and circulation. The Johnsons' third daughter, Margaret Daisy (Peggy), was born in Bloemfontein on October 19, 1927. While nursing in Zambia (then Northern Rhodesia) she met her husband, Pietersburg-born Alvin Vincent. They were married in East London on March 16, 1961 and had two sons, who now live in Pretoria.
Youngest daughter, Ruth Valerie, was born in Bloemfontein on February 19, 1932. She trained in draughtsmanship and worked in the Trig Survey offices in Pretoria and Cape Town, where she met her future husband, Ferris Stone. They were married in East London on May 10, 1969, and lived in Cape Town all their married life. They had no children.
Ferris died in 2003 in Cape Town, where he had been born in 1925. Ruth became an Alzheimer victim and spent her last three years in a home in Mowbray.

THE DAUBENTON FAMILY IN 1990 (top row from left): Francois jnr, his wife Mariette, John, his wife Zibbeth, Bill, his wife Lella. Second row: Francois and Mari**ette's daughter Jacqui, Foss and Joan; Front: Francois and Mariette's son Francois, John and Zibbeth's sons Matthew and Bradley, and Bill and Lella's sons** Karl and Duane.

Fossie: 'One of the profession's finest sons'

IN A GLOWING tribute, Professor Phillip Tobias, who succeeded Foss as full-time dean of the Medical Faculty, described him as "a man of spirit and without fear," and one of the profession's finest sons.

During his years at the helm every aspect of the Medical School and its functions had made immense strides.

He had master-minded the building of the new Medical School, the library and the Adler Museum "with single-minded devotion."

"To him, in large measure, is owing the present form and ethos of our Medical School."

Professor Tobias also referred to Foss's "sterling qualities at work, garnished with humour, an unrelenting sense of propriety, even-handedness, a compelling exercise of justice and fairplay towards all people irrespective of their colour, or language, or religion"

When asked about his health in their last conversation Foss had replied: "Phillip, I have been a dying man for 12 years." – a crystal clear and dispassionate insight into his condition."

** Joe Sutton adds: Foss was an inspiring friend and an esteemed member of our extended Sutton Family. I owe him a special thank-you - for warning me of the health dangers of smoking when I was in my middle-30s, I quit overnight.*

Alice, a caring mother and school matron

SHE brought up a family virtually alone after her husband died young. For much of that time she was a school matron in King Williams Town and ran a boarding house in Braamfontein, central Johannesburg

Alice Twinch was the second eldest daughter of William and Amelia Marshall of East London and the mother of three daughters and a son . She died in Johannesburg aged 87.

After her husband John died the family moved to King William's Town where she became a caring and efficient matron of the main Dale College hostel, College House. Her brother-in-law, the Rev Frank Sutton, was headmaster of Dale and housemaster of the hostel. Still back in Johannsburg was her eldest child, Molly, who had trained there as a nurse.

Alice's second daughter, Audrey May, a widow, who was married for many years to a mine manager on West Rand, died in Weltevreden Park, Roodepoort, on April 20, 2012, aged 94.

Both Joan, a teacher, who was unmarried, and John, who was married to Sheila, have passed on. John, who graduated at Wits, worked for years for African Explosives and Chemical Industries in public relations.

Molly married Noel Robertson, a Junior Springbok rugby player and auditor. They lived in several East Cape towns before retiring to Joburg. While living in Barkly East, Molly was awarded the freedom of the town for her services to the community. (See below.)

Regrettably we have lost touch with Sheila Twinch, John's widow, and their family.

ALICE TWINCH . . . City boarding-house keeper

AUNT MOLLY: A life of service

Welfare worker and deputy mayor, she won Freedom of Barkly East

MOLLY ROBERTSON was an outstanding member of the Marshall side of our family. The first Barkly East citizen to be awarded the Freedom of the Town, "Aunt Molly," as she was fondly known there, devoted most of her life to community service.

Molly (baptised Mary Edith) was the eldest daughter of John and Alice Twinch, second daughter of Amelia and William Marshall, patriarch of the East London Marshall family.

Molly and her husband Noel Robertson were much loved and respected in Barkly East, where they spent more than 30 years. Noel was well known in the Eastern Cape as an accountant and former Junior Springbok rugby player.

During the Second World War as a member of the Kaffrarian Rifles he was captured at Tobruk with other members of the Kaffrarian Rifles in North Africa in 1942 and spent three years in prisoner-of-war camps in Italy and Germany.

After the war the couple lived in King William's Town and East London, other Eastern Cape towns and in Rhodesia before settling in Barkly East. Married for 63 years, both died in Johannesburg, Noel in 1999, and Molly in 2000, aged 87.

Molly earned the love and admiration of the Barkley East community as a Red Cross and welfare worker, town councillor, deputy mayor and devoted member of St Stephen's Anglican Church.

Molly Robertson was a bridge-builder, said the Rev Philip Dixie, of St Andrew's Church, Kensington, Johannesburg, when conducting her memorial service on May 24. She had been largely responsible in Barkly East for a feeding scheme and caring for the disadvantaged, he said.

Father Dixie told how in 1982 Mrs Robertson was awarded the Order of Simon of Cyrene by the Archbishop of Cape Town for her humanitarian service to the church and the community. Membership of this order is limited to 50 members in Southern Africa at one time.

"What motivated Molly?" he asked. "It was simply the love of God and of Jesus Christ, This love shone in her heart and anyone who saw her saw that love streaming from her face."

FLASHBACK to Molly and **Noel's diamond wedding on** March 8, 1998. A mighty milestone for a much-loved couple

FLASHBACK to Noel and Molly Rob**ertson's wedding on March 8, 1938.** He was a dashing man-about-town and rugby star. She was a glamorous nurse.

Mrs Robertson served the Red Cross in the North Eastern Cape for 22 years and was chairlady for seven years. She was only the second woman in the history of Barkly East to be elected a town councillor, serving for eight years, and the first to be chosen as deputy mayor - for a two-year term.

In 1988 she became the second person to be awarded the Freedom of Barkly East for her services to the community. The first *To Page 74*

KING'S 'MATCH OF THE YEAR

MOLLY and NOEL'S wedding in Johannesburg in 1938 could well have been called "King William's Town's Match of the Year."

He was the eligible former Junior Springbok rugby player, man-about-town and accountant. She was a glamorous, much-admired young nurse.

They were married in St Mary's Cathedral by the bride's uncle, the Rev Frank Sutton, newly-retired after 25 years as headmaster of Dale College.

Noel and Molly met in King in the early thirties when she visited her mother, Alice Twinch, then matron of College House, Dale College.

They announced their engagement at an after-match dinner of the Albert Rugby Club of which Noel was captain.

His father, JW (Billy) Robertson, was a prominent King William's Town attorney, a past-president of the Old Dalian Union, a past president and coach of Alberts and Border, and a life-long friend of Frank Sutton.

Although Noel completed his schooling at St Andrew's College, Grahamstown, Dale College claims him as one of its famous sons.

He captained Border and was a member of the 1934 side that defeated Western Province to become joint holders of the Currie Cup with WP that year. This was the only defeat Province suffered that season.

Noel toured the Argentine with the Junior Springboks in 1932. A lock forward, he played for Transvaal in the 1935 season while playing for Diggers.

He represented Border against the touring 1933 Australians and the British Lions in 1938.

'I love those dear hearts and gentle people'

From Page 73 to receive this award had been State President PW Botha in 1983.

In a tribute at her service, Molly's younger son David said his mother was born with a caring nature. She lost her father when she was 13 years old and helped her mother to raise three younger siblings.

She graduated as a nursing sister, passing her final examination with honours and receiving the only gold medal awarded at the time in the Transvaal. A devout Christian, she became involved in community work in several Eastern Cape towns.

Molly was matron of the Elliot Hospital, but her greatest contribution came after the family settled in Barkly East.

"She devoted much of her time to child and family welfare, " said David.

" She was a patron of the pre-primary school for disadvantaged children and with the help of some very dedicated ladies established a feeding scheme which provided nutrition to these children, especially in the harsh Barkly East winters."

She helped to found the Barkly East Old Age Home and remained a management committee member for many years.

Further involvements were in civil defence, tourism and charitable organisations. "She didn't mind giving the regional government some stick from time to time," said David. Molly and Noel moved to Johannesburg where they had been married in 1938 by the bride's uncle, the Rev Frank Sutton, newly retired after 25 years as headmaster of Dale College.

They celebrated their golden wedding at the Johannesburg Country Club in 1988 and their diamond wedding in 1998 at the Johannesburg home of David and his wife Russella. Elder son Hugh, who lives in Canada, flew over for the occasion. Also present was Molly's younger sister Audrey May, who had also attended the Freedom of Barkly East ceremony ten years earlier.

Molly and Noel spent their twilight years in the Flower Foundation's Protea Village in Kensington and later in its frail-care section, Cosmos House. There Molly won first prize in a beauty pageant held among patients.

BEAUTY QUEEN . . . Molly at frail care home in Johannesburg

Apart from Hugh, an ex-Dale College schoolteacher, of Ottawa, Canada, and David, a Johannesburg businessman, Molly and Noel left nine grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. A daughter, Rosalie, died in Australia.

"My Mom loved the people of both the town and the farming communities and they in turn acknowledged her contributions," said David

In a farewell note left with David, Molly wrote: "The time has come . . . I am at peace. I do not go home with an empty heart; it is full with the joy of a life fulfilled, a mission accomplished…."

Molly summed up her sentiments on the good folk of Barkly East when she received the Freedom of the Town:

"'Bing Crosby said it all. I love those dear hearts and gentle people who live in my home town."

Contributed by Joe Sutton, a cousin of Molly Robertson on her death.

MOLLY ROBERTSON, the first Barkly East citizen to be awarded the Freedom of the Town, has died in Johannesburg, aged 87. A remarkable woman, she devoted most of her life to community service.

Molly (baptised Mary Edith) was the widow of Noel Robertson, well known in the Eastern Cape as an accountant, former Junior Springbok rugby player and Border captain. He died in 1999.

Molly and Noel, who were married for 63 years, spent more than 30 of them in Barkly East. There Molly earned the love and admiration of the community as a Red Cross and welfare worker, town councillor, deputy mayor and devoted member of St Stephen's Anglican Church.

Molly Robertson was a bridge-builder, said the Rev Philip Dixie, of St Andrew's Church, Kensington, Johannesburg, when conducting her memorial service on May 24. She had been largely responsible in Barkly East for a feeding scheme and caring for the disadvantaged, he said.

Father Dixie told how in 1982 Mrs Robertson was awarded the Order of Simon of Cyrene by the Archbishop of Cape Town for her humanitarian service to the church and the community.

serving for eight years, and the first to be chosen as deputy mayor - for a two-year term.

In 1988 she became the second person to be awarded the Freedom of Barkly East for her services to the community. The first to receive this award had been State President, Mr PW Botha, in 1983.

In a tribute at her service, Molly's younger son David, said his mother was born with a caring nature. She lost her father when she was 13 years old and helped her mother to raise three younger siblings.

The brave mother with a zest for life

"***My Mom was the bravest woman I have known. You had a hard life but never complained.***

"We will miss your little giggle and beautiful smile. You were always ready with a joke or two to cheer everyone up and make us laugh."

"Your beautiful eyes twinkled with naughtiness and you would tell us shocking jokes."

These were among the tributes paid by a daughter and grand-daughter at the funeral of Audrey May, a mother who smiled through a life of hardship, tragedy and sadness.

* Her father died at 44 leaving her mother to bring up and educate three daughters and a son.

* Her husband died at 52, leaving her to bring up four daughters.

* She lost her youngest daughter, killed at 27 in a car accident with her fiancé.

* Late in life Audrey met an old friend, lived with him on a Free State farm for ten years and saw him murdered in front of her. (See Page 72.)

She spent her final years at St Michael's Retirement Village. Roodepoort, where she died aged 94 on April 20, 2012. At her funeral service in Weltevreden Park her daughter, Wendy Wilson, summed up her life:

"This story of Audrey gives us a lesson, to show us how she was able to recover from major problems and start again, how hard life can sometimes be. Audrey always said : 'Have a zest for life' "

Further tributes to Audrey included:

* "What a brave woman you were to have endured all this. Your strength and passion for life was inspirational" – *again by Wendy.*

"You always looked so elegant and chic . Your hair perfectly coiffed and your make-up beautiful. High heels, even though your feet would get so sore. Stockings even in mid-summer - *by her grand-daughter Caitlin.*

Lieut. Peter May

Audrey Catherine May was born in Krugersdorp on July 23, 1917. Her father, John Twinch, was a British mining engineer and mother Alice, one of the six Marshall sisters, lived on gold mines. She was only five when her dad died.

After being widowed Alice moved with her young family to King William's Town where her sister's husband, the Rev Frank Sutton, was headmaster of Dale College. Alice, a nurse, became the hostel matron.

Left-handed Audrey was unhappy at the nearby convent were nuns insisted that she learn with her right hand. Her high school years were much happier.

The family moved to Johannesburg where Audrey went to a secretarial college and Alice ran a boarding house until moving to Bonza Bay, near East London.

Audrey met her future husband, Peter May, who after a spell at Wits University studying mining engineering, joined the Navy when the Second World War broke out. She moved to be near his base in Durban

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AUDREY MAY . . . . as a young and older woman

BELOW: Happy 90th birthday! From left : Wendy, Candice, Jil and Audrey Front: Caitlin, **Jil's grand-**child

Wedding day . . Peter and Audrey May

Audrey endured tragedy, yet smiled her way through it all

DAUGHTERS Wendy, Jil and Elizabeth, with Audrey

Ten happy years . . .

Then tragedy stalked our Audrey's life yet again

TWENTY years ago a car drew up outside a Free State farmhouse. The boom at the gate was down so the farmer got out to lift it. Men were waiting for him in the bushes. Shots rang out and Roelf Fourie fell to the ground dead with a bullet in his heart.

The date: February 12, 1992. It was one of a series of farm murders in that era. For his companion, Audrey May, this was another chapter in a life marred frequently by tragedy. It was only a few years after she had lost her youngest daughter Susan at 27, in a motor accident which also killed her fiancé.

Audrey, aged 75, and Roelf, 71, a prominent member of the West Rand mining community, had formed an attachment some years after the death of her husband Peter from cancer at age 52.

MURDERED . . . Roelf Fourie, with Audrey May outside his farmhouse

They had spent ten happy years together on his farm Stormberg, near Verkeerdevlei, in the Winburg district.

As Roelf fell Audrey jumped out to help him and was dragged into the bushes . The intruders tied her up with belts and covered Roelf's body with rocks. " They then took her back to the farmhouse and smacked her around a bit," said Rob Wilson, husband of Audrey's daughter Wendy. "They wanted to get into the safe but she didn't know how. Her hands were tied behind her back but she was not badly hurt—a few bruises on her face and her arms." The attackers left Audrey and fled in Roelf's car, taking items from the house. With her hands still tied behind her back, Audrey staggered to the servants' quarters on the property and asked the staff to get help. A tractor driver alerted the nearest farmer, a policeman and friend. Wendy and family arrived the next morning and took Audrey and her possessions to sister Elizabeth's home in Welkom, where her husband was a mine manager. After a few weeks Audrey moved back to Johannesburg to start life anew in a flat inherited from her daughter, Susan after her death a few years before. The intruders were arrested in a nearby township. Some were sentenced to life imprisonments but were later pardoned. They were identified as members of APLA (the Azanian People's Liberation Army, the underground military wing of the Pan African Congress (PAC). Some were said to have connections with the farming staff. Audrey lived in her flat in Horison, Roodepoort, for five years before moving into a cottage in St Michael's retirement home at aged 80 until her final years in the Care Centre. Wendy believes that her mother's "mental scarring" after the murder on the farm was the worst part of her ordeal and caused her increasing dementia.

A rose for every victim

ON May 25 this year - 20 years after a series of Free State farm murders, the organisation AfriForum arranged a pictorial wreath- laying ceremony at Police Headquarters , Pretoria. A rose represented each person murdered in a farm attack since 1990.

Husband died of cancer

From Page 75 and they were married. As a lieutenant Peter spent most of the war hunting German submarines and minesweeping.

Peter returned to mining after the war, eventually becoming manager at Blyvooruitsig on the West Rand. After Peter died of cancer in 1970 Audrey returned to Johannesburg until she joined her friend Roelf on his Free State farm.

SEVEN GRANDCHILDREN & SEVEN GREAT-CHILDREN

THE FAMILY

AUDREY MAY left seven grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. She and her late husband Peter May had four daughters - Jil, Wendy, Elizabeth and Susan, who was killed in a motor car accident in October 1987. Jil married Derek Etridge on February 2, 1973, in England. They live in Bush Hill Estate, north of Johannesburg, and have two children, Leo and Nicola. Leo is married to Natalie and they have two daughters, Caitlin born on June 11, 2004, and Jessica on March 23, 2011. Nicola married Mike Watson and they now live in England. They have a son. Mac, born on April 30 ,2009. and a daughter Madison on December 28, 2011.Wendy married Roy Wilson on February 3, 1973 in Joburg. Roy is retired and they live in Margate, KwaZulu-Natal. They have two daughters, Bridget and Candice . Bridget was born on December 29,1975, in Johannesburg. She married Darren Macdonald and they have a son James, born on March 25, 2011. Bridget runs a society for cosmetic chemists. Candice, born on September, 25 1978, is self-employed. She has studied reflexology, iredology, Swedish massage etc. and is also studying for an art degree by correspondence. Elizabeth and David Diering have three sons, Richard, Stephen and Robert. Richard and his wife Carol have a son Harry, a year old in 2012. Stephen and his wife Nixy have a son Guy, a year old in 2012 . Robert is divorced without children.

THE McCABES OF WIMBLEDON

The Karoo folk and veld I grew to love

WHILE my parents settled in Port Elizabeth in 1938 I spent a few happy months on Wimbledon, the Graaff-Reinet farm of Uncle Freddie and Aunt Kathleen McCabe.

Then and on further holiday visits I grew to love the brisk Karoo air and the freedom of country life.

Uncle Freddie and Aunt Kathleen, my Mum's younger sister, were salt-of-the-earth folk, the epitome of kindness to a little boy of ten "sent away" while his parents adapted to new-found city life

I learned to ride a horse and later was allowed to roam the veld and koppies hunting dassies (rock rabbits) and small buck.

Around the farmyard and chicken runs I shot birds with a catapult and then an airgun, imagining that I was downing Second World War German Messerschmitt fighters and Dornier bombers.

Uncle Freddie taught me how to handle a .22 rifle and later a .303. Today I would not harm a bird or an animal.

The McCabe farmhouse was a modest home when our family first visited Wimbledon from King William's Town in the middle 1930s. We travelled to Graaff-Reinet on dirt roads.

Tyres were fitted with chains when the roads became muddy quagmires after rain. The journey took more than a day with an overnight stop at the Bedford Hotel.

There was no electricity then in the McCabe farmhouse. We were comfortable but there were only oil lamps and no in-house toilet, just a "long drop," where one could also read the Farmers' Weekly.

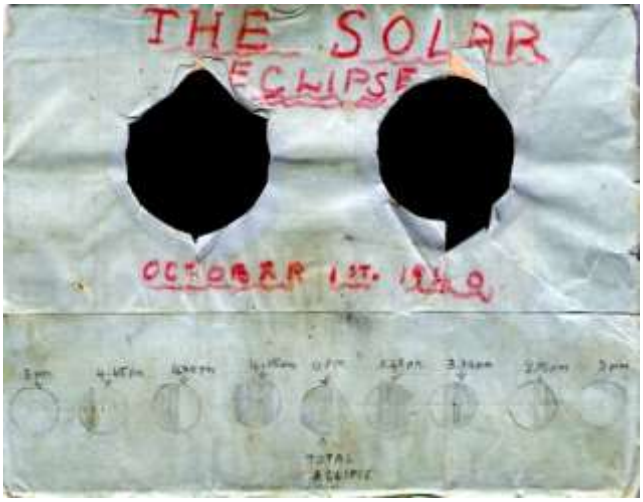
"Without a fridge food was stored in an outside "cool-house," chilled by water running through coal-lined walls. When I returned in 1938 the farmhouse had been transformed, with electricity and all mod cons.

On another visit in 1940, peering through crude dark glasses, home-made from opaque film negatives, we watched a total eclipse of the sun. As the sun disappeared animals and poultry grew silent. When it reappeared the cocks crew, believing it was sunrise.

During these holidays my cousin Prudence and I became great friends. We swam in the farm dam and played tennis - and she always won!

Before we were teenagers we drove a bakkie on Wimbledon's narrow, dusty roads and even across the parched veld. Uncle Freddie taught me how to drive. I learnt to enjoy venison, biltong and fresh lamb.

I found a local girlfriend and well remember as a teenager dancing to Strauss waltzes in the Graaff-Reinet Town Hall. The Van Ryneveld's Pass Dam was well supplied when it rained and water was led in roadside furrows to gardens in the town. Freddie and Kathleen and other farmers had town houses with beautiful grape vines which we enjoyed.



SOLAR ECLIPSE . . . home-made protection

Uncle Freddie and Aunt Kathleen
kindly 'foster' parents

WEDDING DAY . . .
Uncle Freddie and Aunt
Kathleen McCabe

AUNT KATHLEEN . . .
governess, then
farmer's wife

Freddie and Kathleen had three children, Marjorie, Allan and Prudence, whose stories are told in the next four pages.

In 1944, near the end of the war in Europe, the McCabe family suffered the tragic loss of their only son Allan, a SA Air Force rear-gunner, when his plane crashed in Yugoslavia returning from the Warsaw Airlift. The aircraft lost its way shortly before it was due to cross the Adriatic Sea to its base in south-east Italy.

Allan would have taken over the family farm, one of four Karoo sheep farms owned by the McCabe brothers, John, Howard, Graham and Freddie. Now only one farm remains in the family, St Olives, over the mountain from Wimbledon. Graham McCabe's son Paul still lives on the farm run by his son, also Graham. St Olives remains a sheep farm but many Karoo farms now stock game. Some, including Wimbledon, are owned by the Rupert family.

Uncle Freddie sold Wimbledon and with Kathleen moved to town to a house in McCabe Street, named after the family. Years later, with our son Alan, while visiting friends in Adelaide, I drove to Graaff-Reinet to visit

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THE McCABES OF WIMBLEDON

Pru, the farm girl who hit the city

PRUDENCE (Pru) McCabe, now Cawood, was brought up at Wimbledon as a real farm girl. From an early age she learnt to ride a horse and drive a bakkie and was involved in farm duties. But years later this rural life was to change.

In the last days of her life she lived in suburban Sandton, north of Johannesburg, after spending years working to help bring up her family. She died in 2011 at the Alberton home of her elder daughter, Merle Feher.

As a young girl, Prudence boarded at Union High School in Graaff-Reinet and spent her high school years at the Collegiate in Port Elizabeth.

On summer holidays, days started early, feeding animals and collecting sheep on horseback for dipping and dosing. Cows were milked and milk was taken to the dairy for separating. Cream was retained for butter.

"We knocked off for three hours at midday because of the heat," said Pru.

"We enjoyed horse-riding over the mountains to neighbouring farms. Many city aunts and cousins visited our farm. School friends came and learnt to ride and shoot. Tennis parties were held on Sundays.

Gangs of sheep shearers were hired once a year and paid according to the number of fleeces sheared.

"I was taught how to throw a fleece (across a table.), to sort wool from the locks (dirty ends) which were bailed separately.

"Wool was graded, fine, or strong. Daddy bought me 20 Persian sheep (white with black heads) for breeding smooth-haired. A sheep was slaughtered every week to ration workers' families and for home use.

"During the winter springbok shoots were arranged for friends and neighbours who went home with venison for cooking or biltong. Daddy converted an old Ford car into a bakkie which Joe and I learnt to drive."

Prudence recalled with great affection her Aunt Rosa, the McCabe brothers' unmarried and only sister, who lived at a family town house in Graaff-Reinet. "Her home was always open to her brothers and their families when coming to town," recalls Pru. She looked after her mother (our Ouma McCabe) nursing and caring for her until she died.

"Rosa was adored by her nieces and nephews. She challenged any criticism of us, saying, 'we were the salt of the earth.' Rosa had her peculiarities but was loved and admired by all who passed her way."

Years later the farm girl hit the city. After a spell at the Collegiate in Port Elizabeth, Pru married Mark Cawood, a member of the Karoo Cawood family who were closely related to the Rubidges, whose family farm was called Wellwood, near Cradock. They had three children, Merle, Allan, named after his uncle, and Lynette (Nettie) Mark, who was some years older than Pru, had served in the South African forces in the Second World War.

PRUDENCE . . . down on the farm in her younger days

PRUDENCE . . . A playmate and tennis rival

PRUDENCE . . . with **man's best friend**

Mark & Prudence - Earlier days - love knows no bounds

PRUDENCE . . . A life-long friend at my 80th birthday weekend

He ran the Gem Garage in Graaff–Reinet successfully but had ambitions as an entrepreneur. The family moved on to and spent some time in Swaziland where Mark mined. Finally they ended up in Orange Grove, a bustling suburb a bus or tram ride from the city.

(In 1961, Bunty and I, Frances, Alison and Alan moved from Port Elizabeth and rented our first Johannesburg home in Orange Grove. It was a block away from Mark and Prudence Cawood's home and we were glad to be close to family in a large and strange city. With the Cawoods at that time was Mark's mother, Granny Cawood, a loveable family matriarch. Mark died in Johannesburg and Prudence died in 2011.)

** See Volume 2 for updates on both and Cawood family.*

THE McCABES OF WIMBLEDON

Our magic life down on the farm

MARJORIE McCartan, oldest survivor of the McCabes of Wimbledon, has vivid memories of life growing up on the Karoo family farm. Here she recalls what it was like in those halcyon days before the Second World War.

Marj, eldest child of Kathleen McCabe, nèe Marshall, and her husband Freddie, lives at Nazareth House, a retirement home attached to a Roman Catholic Convent in Cape Town. A strong and saintly soul, she cares for retired ladies in poor health, many of them younger than herself.

Her mother Kathleen was a younger sister of Norah and Gladys Marshall who married two Sutton brothers.

Many members of the Sutton and Marshall families have fond memories of holidays on this Graaff-Reinet sheep farm, now a game farm owned by the family of the late South African entrepreneur Anton Rupert as part of his nature conservation scheme.

The farm lies at the foot of the Oudeberg Mountains. But although tennis was a popular family sport the farm was not named after Wimbledon but a former owner, Mr Wimble. It has since reverted to the original Welgevonden.

"Beyond it," writes Marj, "lies a flat stretch of land, 12 miles from Graaff-Reinet's Van Ryneveld's Pass Dam.

"This dam was quite visible on clear days and on clear nights the lights on the dam wall shone brilliantly. I have vivid memories of sitting on our front stoep enjoying the clear, brilliant starlight with the lights of the dam ahead.

"I remember so well a walk on the farm in misty, cloudy weather. Rain had been falling for days, telephone lines were down. There was no communication. We could discern a fine spray in the distance. The dam was overflowing!"

Marj remembers . . .

* *The sheep-shearing.* "How deftly the sharers handled the sheep and wielded the blades. How beautiful was the wool.

* *The weaning of the lambs from their mothers.* "At night the incessant bleating was disturbing . . . the poor lambs seeking their mothers and their mothers answering.

**Springbok hunts – a popular winter sport.* "Oh, the beautiful boks, running and being shot at, but we did enjoy the venison and the biltong! Daddy and Mommy excelled in the preparation.

THE WAY THEY WERE . . . Marj (above) , Wimbledon and the family. From left: Marj, Freddie, Kathleen and below : Allan and Prudence

* *Butter making.* "They excelled in this, too. It tasted good and they won many prizes on the Eastern Province Show in Port Elizabeth. The sound of butter patting would wake me on a cool, early summer morning beneath my bedroom window. Mummy proudly saved her butter money.

* *Horse-riding.* "There was one special horse, Weber. Tame, gentle and loved by all. He knew every bit of the farm and needed no guidance to return one safely if one had lost the way.

(*Joe adds: "Once he had turned for home there was no turning back. He ran faster.")*

* *Tennis:* "Daddy took pride in keeping the court in trim and coaching his children. Tennis parties were frequent."

* *Cricket:* "He also coached Allan in batting and bowling." *(Freddie had played for Eastern Province.)*

* *Swimming in the cement dam.* "Learning to keep afloat with a tyre tube. Finches nested in the pepper trees above. Some visiting cousins – little boys – shot at them with pellet guns. I was mad at them."

The cool-house next to the dam.

"This was invaluable before electricity brought refrigeration."

* *Our schooling.* "Allan and I had a governess, and then I went to Union High in town. Allan *To Page 80*

Goodbye to the sheep, now they farm game

From Page 77 Uncle Freddie then living alone after Kathleen had passed on. He remained a favourite uncle and mentor.

THE McCABES OF WIMBLEDON

Back to a cart and horse in Depression

From Page 79 and his cousins Marriott and Paul of St Olives had a tutor – a disaster I missed. Allan then went to St Andrew's and the cousins to Kingswood."

* *Happy holidays.* "The Sutton and Twinch families came quite often. There weren't enough horses to go around so Allan rode a donkey, beautifully."

* *The washerwomen.* "Sitting on their haunches – so uncomfortable – under the pepper trees near the kitchen rubbing away, before a washhouse was built."

* *The renovations.* "When the wool price rose Daddy could afford to alter the house and we had a beautiful home. Daddy and Mommy took much joy and pride in this and kept it neat and tidy."

* *Water supply.* "A good borehole was found on a nearby hill and we had a lovely garden."

* *The Depression (in 1930s.)* "I stayed in town with Ouma (McCabe) and her daughter Rosa, while at Union High. Daddy stopped using the car and drove to town in a cart and horse. I felt shy but an uncle said: 'Fred, I take my hat off to you.."

"Daddy built a cart drawn by two goats for Allan and me. We had fun driving this along an old farm road. The crown of his straw hat was gleefully eaten away one day by the goats while he was -in-spanning them."

* *One very hot day:* "While driving our car on the farm flats we had a puncture. Daddy had to change the wheel. Perspiration was dripping from his face and Mommy gave him a cigarette. 'This saved my life,' he said as he puffed away."

"One Christmas while going to town for a church service we stopped at the gate. Karoo bushes were covering the ground, beautiful and plentiful. 'Feast on it,' said Daddy, 'You may never see it again."

* *Our farm workers:* "They spoke Afrikaans and addressed my father as '*Seer.*'' (Sir.) New houses were built for them when ours was altered."

* *Card games.* "Our father enjoyed a game of cribbage. The little box with its wooden scoreboard was brought out regularly."

WHEN THE RAINS CAME . . .
the Graaff-Reinet dam overflows

ANYONE FOR TENNIS? Marj at Wimbledon and (right) ready for a ride with Allan

* *The dust bowls:* "The last stretch of our flatland was poor in growth. On windy, winter days we could see from our homestead dreadful dust, nothing else for about six miles. Yet the veld could revive after rain.

**The river near our homestead:* "This was usually dry. We played and picnicked in the riverbed. After a storm or good rain *To Page 81*

Graaff–Reinet, Grahamstown, UK and back to SA

UNLIKE many farmers' daughters of her day, Marjorie McCabe was not sent to high school in Port Elizabeth or Grahamstown. She stayed on at Union High School in Graaff-Reinet, where she says, "Ouma wanted me there as her favourite grandchild."

After matriculating Marj went to the Grahamstown Teachers' Training College and then took a diploma in psychotherapy at Wits in the Department of Medicine.

Recalling dissecting bodies in the Anatomy Department. she says; "I don't know how I stuck it." After qualifying she got a job in the Port Elizabeth General Hospital and stayed with Frank and Norah Sutton.

She spent a spell working in Norwich Hospital in England – "the most wonderful years of my life for an ignorant girl from the Karoo." She returned to SA and joined the staff at the Johannesburg Hospital and met her future husband, Irish-born Wilfred McCartan. Brought up an Anglican, she converted to Wilfred's faith and became a devout Roman Catholic.

For a while they ran the Kei Road Hotel near King William's Town. They had two children, Patrick now unmarried and directed of journals at Cambridge University, England, and Kathleen, who married a Kei Road farmer's son. After his death Kathleen remarried and went to Australia, The marriage failed but she is still living there. Kathleen has a PHD in history of art, design and craft. She has a daughter and a son.

Widowed and now aged 90, Marj says: "I am fortunate to be here," of her retirement at Nazareth House, having "got in through the back door," first in their Convent homes in Port Elizabeth and Cape Town.

THE McCABES OF WIMBLEDON

A farm boy who died in heroic airlift

ALLAN McCabe was destined to take over Wimbledon, the family farm. But it was not to be. An air-gunner, he was killed when his aircraft crashed in Yugoslavia while returning from the heroic Warsaw Airlift in the Second World War.

An outdoor lad, Allan seemed born to be a farmer and succeed his father Freddie at Wimbledon, Graaff-Reinet. In his three years at St Andrew's College, Grahamstown, where he matriculated, Allan was an all-round sportsman.

He excelled in athletics. In 1939, aged 17, he was awarded colours in the cross country and won a bookkeeping prize.

In 1940, his matric year, he came first in the 880 yards and the mile, was awarded colours and was a house prefect. He played second team cricket and third team rugby.

After joining the South African Air Force in 1941 in the Second World War, Allan became an air gunner. Later he was based as a lieutenant with 34 Squadron at Foggia in south-east Italy when the call came to drop supplies to Polish partisans in the 1944 uprising against Germans occupying Warsaw.

Twenty aircraft from RAF and SAAF squadrons took part in what has been described as one of the most dangerous rescue missions in the Second World War.

Five planes did not return. One of them was a SAAF Liberator piloted by Captain Eric Endler of Cape Town and a crew of five, including air-gunner Allan.

Shortly before crossing the Adriatic Sea on returning to their base from Warsaw the plane lost its way and ran out of fuel. It crashed into a mountainside between the towns of Skopje and Kumanova in Serbia, now Macedonia. Second pilot JPW (Jack) Chapman of Kimberley and tail-gunner George Crook of the RAF bailed out and survived. They were captured by peasants, handed over to the Germans and became prisoners-of-war. Allan, his captain Eric Endler and the other three crew members who did not bail out in time died in the blazing aircraft.

**** Survivor Jack Chapman's sad letter to parents - Page 82***

ALLAN McCABE . . . from college cadet and prefect to an air-gunner in the Second World War

Karoo dust bowls and flooded rivers

From Page 80 it was lovely to see rushing water. Cars stuck in a river further down were rescued."

THE McCABES OF WIMBLEDON

Survivor's sad letter to parents

BACK IN SOUTH AFRICA after the war, Jack Chapman, the second pilot who was injured when he parachuted to safety, wrote this poignant letter to Allan's mother Kathleen from the St John's Auxiliary Hospital, in Killarney, Johannesburg.

"How I wish I could have written to tell you just anything to ease the pain in your heart – but I can't for there isn't a bright light anywhere.

"As you know from my letter to Mrs Endler, the aircraft crashed into a mountainside. This happened just a few seconds after I left the machine, before my parachute had fully opened. There was a blinding flash an ear-splitting explosion.

"I am convinced that Allan and Eric and the three other members of our crew must have been killed instantaneously, though why fate could have been so unkind to those fine lads is very hard to imagine.

"We knew we were in trouble. We had been off track and fuel supplies were running low. One way and another we had no hope of reaching base but we hung on hoping for I don't know what.

"Believe me, it is a very hard decision to take to order a crew to leave their aircraft while it is still flying normally. But a decision had to be made when the emergency arose.

"Unfortunately it was delayed too long for us and only two of us had time to obey the order to jump.

"When I landed I injured my knees and I was not able to climb up the slopes to the scene of the crash. In any case it would have been to no purpose to do so as the wreckage was burning fiercely by then and continued to do so for quite some time.

"I was captured by peasants within less than an hour but persuaded them to go up to the machine. From their reports I gathered that the aircraft and everything in it had been completely destroyed.

"As I made my slow progress down the mountain and along the narrow valley to the nearest village I was able to look back at times to that spot almost at the peak of that well-wooded hill.

GROWING UP . . . down on the farm. Top left: Swimmers Pru and Allan.

Above right: Allan and Pru n front.

Left: Allan on Weber, or was it Whisky?

Right: Wimbledon . . . under the Overberg

A liberator similar to that in which Allan McCabe and four other crew members died. **** Picture from "The Men Who Went to Warsaw" (Freeworld Publications**.)

CAPTAIN ALLAN (with cup, centre) . . .
of the St Andrew's first athletics team

"The thought struck me how strange it was that through the accident five families in different parts of the world would forever look to that green hill as hallowed ground. Although there was no Christian burial for your son, please believe me that his ashes will not have been tampered with except by the four winds which by now will have scattered them over some of the most beautiful mountains I have every seen."

*** Jack Chapman later visited the McCabes on their farm to offer his condolences on their loss of their son. He died in 1973, aged 57, in Durban.**

**** The SAAF's part in the Warsaw Airlift has been told in a book "The Men Who Went to Warsaw" by Laurence Isemonger, who was based at Foggia at the time. Laurie, who later became advertising manager of the Sunday Times, died in 2003.***

This 'posh' school changed my life

St George's Prep . . . once a stately home, now an historical monument

ST GEORGE'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Port Elizabeth, was another turning point. To some, it was "a school for toffs," sons of the upper crust of city society – a far cry from the choir boys of Holy Trinity Church in middle-class, inner-city PE, near the Donkin Reserve.

I was fortunate to go to St George's in mid-1938 after a happy spell on the McCabe farm (see Page 77) near Graaff-Reinet, while my family settled into city life after a lifetime in King William's Town and East London.

St George's was an expensive, privileged Anglican private school. As rector of Holy Trinity Church my Dad was probably eligible for a favoured entrance for his son.

I was a boy of 11 caught between the "toffs" of "posh" St George's and boys on the "other side of the tracks" who lived on The Hill, a humble, middle-class inner-city suburb.

It was a rare opportunity to sit on each side of the social fence – with friends on both sides. For most of every weekday I was at school. On late afternoons and at weekends I was with my mates in the church choir. This was a chance to see how boys on both levels lived.

St George's gave me an opportunity to explore subjects beyond those we studied at Dale Primary, a state school - like maths, science and Latin. I cycled to school daily, arriving before 8am, while some boys were driven in cars by affluent dads. I cycled home after five, without thoughts of doing homework at night

The headmaster of St George's, Raymond Hutchinson, who founded the school, was an active and inspiring personality.

"Hutch" or "Hutchy", as he was fondly known, acted and sang lustily in Gilbert and Sullivan performances at Port Elizabeth's Opera House.

We had classes in the morning, lunch at school, followed by prep and sport.

During afternoons at school we played tennis, coached by a teacher, Howard Andrew, and also cricket and rugby. Howard and his older brother Ronald, who played rugby for Eastern Province, later became headmasters of St George's.

Howard also coached me at boxing. He showed no sympathy when I was knocked out by Cecil Michau, a burly son of a Karoo farmer.

An Eastern Province tennis champion, Howard insisted that Robert Macpherson, and I, both just 13, should enter in the doubles of the Under 18 EP championships.

As expected, we were knocked out in the first round, but were assured this was "good experience." Unfortunately I did not fulfil any early promise I may have had on the tennis court.

My friends at St George's included Tony Frielinghaus, son of the president of the Eastern Province Rugby Union, and farmers' sons. One was "Tankie" Lake, from Coega, outside PE, another was John Hobson, whose father farmed near Cradock in the Karoo. Randolph Vigne, who became a prominent anti-apartheid activist, was a colleague.

I found friends on both sides of the tracks

"Posh" schoolboy Joe . . . lessons in life from both sides

St George's Preparatory School

GENTLEMAN HEAD . . .
"Hutchy' Hutchinson

My best friends in the choir were Tommy Warren and Graham Ashkettle, both sons of struggling widows. Ashy's mother lived in a boarding house, worked full-time and managed to send him to a Roman Catholic School though they were Anglican.

Tom's Mum was bedridden and partly paralysed. He and his elder brother and sister and a faithful maid cared for her in a small, modest house with an outside toilet.

Through my father, Ashy went on with me to matriculate as a boarder at Dale College. A slim lad, he was known as "Snake" at Diocesan Hostel. He was a talented sprinter, played the mouth organ and entertained us with George Formby songs on his ukulele. He kept a book of Dale rugby songs which he played.

Even before he was a teenager Tom charmed girls successfully in the neighbourhood. At 16 he joined the SA Naval Forces, was seconded to the Royal Navy and served in the Far East. We three remained friends for life. In later years we called our trio the "Three Must Have Beers." Ashy became a banker and went north to Zambia. Tom was an electrician in PE and married Rhoda, an affluent farmer's daughter from Coega, a relative of my St. George's friend "Tankie" Lake. Tom , Rhoda and Ashy have since passed on.

THE benefits of my early life in PE were threefold.

* One was having friends on each side of the social scale. I learnt lessons from both. Helped by my father and a St George's teacher, Aldridge, I brought prep school "toffs" and middle-class choristers together by organising an athletics sports meeting at St George's Park, the cricket and rugby ground opposite the school.

* It was great to be able to cycle to school before 8am , spend most of

Bridging the P.E. class gap

the day there and return in the late afternoon. There was still time to meet friends—boys and girls– after school and evenings were free of the drudgery of study. The family must have been glad to be relieved of this.

* The third benefit was educational. At Dale Primary I was a mediocre pupil plodding along without great interest or aspirations. At St George's I had to study subjects I had never encountered at a State school.—like Latin, maths and physical science. It was not easy but when I returned to Dale College two-and-a-half years later in 1941, the result was dramatic. I had an advantage over my schoolmates: Through no fault of theirs, I had taken subjects they had not. For the first time I topped the class.

I did not maintain this achievement beyond the first year, Std 7, but from then on I had to work to stay near the top. I finished fifth in matric. No way would I have achieved this but for the start I had in Std 7 and the motivation it produced. Thank you St George's!

In 2010 I visited St George's for the first time since I'd left it 70 years before.

There were changes—it is now a co-ed school and has a high-school extension down the road. But much has remained the same. The front if the building facing Park Drive was unchanged—still basically the same as it had been as a stately residence. The courtyard and the door leading to the boxing room—a former stable - where I had been knocked out around 1939 was still there. But there were new buildings and a modern Assembly hall. I spent 20 minutes chatting to the headmaster,

Jonathan Liss, and was shown round the campus by a young teacher, I have since spoken to the lady in charge of alumni affairs and Barry, a former pupil (class of 1953) who established an Old Boys' association, which I have since joined, optimistically as a life member.

In 2011, when Dale College celebrated its 150th anniversary, St George's turned 75. The school was only three years old when I joined it. I have since learned that at least four of my fellow schoolmates are still around. One of them, John Perrot is still living in my sister Kitty's retirement village in Walmer. Unfortunately I was not able to join in St Georges reunion celebration in May 2011 as it was too close too Dale's 150th. I could not attend both.

St George's was an authentic Victorian manor house, built at the turn of the century by a wool and produce merchant and one-time politician , John Daverin. It was named Knockfierna, Irish for "the hill of truth." Mr and Mrs Daverin lived there for 25 years. Three years after Daverin's death in 1922 his widow sold it to a Port Elizabeth businessman, Harry James Harraway. He sold it to Raymond Hutchinson, who converted the home into a school, which opened in 1936.

Those were happy days on The Hill. I practised bowling at cricket stumps in our backyard and spent late summer afternoons and weekend playing there with Tommy and Ashy. It was safe enough to roam the neighbourhood even after dark, occasionally playing "tick-tock" (knocking on doors and then bolting.) Once I was caught by an angry householder and soundly smacked.

For choir practice and two Sunday services we earned threehapence (pennyhappenny) a time - enough to buy fish and chips at a nearby cafe on month-end payday.

SINGING ATHLETES . . . among them Joe Sutton **(Back left) Tom Warren and right "Ashy" Ashkettle** (Front row) Alan Jooste (second from left)

Thank you St George's Prep - back at Dale I topped the class

Dad used to sit behind the choir stalls in church and hand us peppermints during services. Adult tenors (one we nicknamed "Old Butterballs"), baritones, an occasional bass and women sopranos made up the rest of a strong choir. [On a recent visit to Trinity I was disappointed to find that the choir stalls were no longer there. In their place was a collection of musical instruments – a band had replaced our beloved choir. Sad, but a sign of the times.

During the summer Tom, Ashy and I biked to Humewood Beach on Sundays. We swam out to the ropes and for a short while a yard or two beyond. Sometimes were rode out to Greenbushes, several kilometres beyond Newton Park.

War had broken out in Europe but in quiet PE we kids seemed untouched, apart from temporary blackouts and anti-war demonstrations in Main Street by Ossewabrandwag dissidents.

In 1941 it was time for me to return to King William's Town as a high school boarder at our family school, Dale College. Exciting challenges lay ahead.

BACK TO DALE!

The college we knew – **it's now Dale Junior**

IT WAS more than the usual "Back to School" for another term or year – but going back to my birthplace at Dale College and to high school. Three years had passed since our family had moved from King William's Town to Port Elizabeth, It was an entirely new phase in my young life and one of my happiest.

This meant travelling four times a year by overnight train to King with middle -of-the night stops at Cookhouse - three hours of freedom and fun. It was similar going home by train on holiday.

Returning to Dale in 1941 meant renewing acquaintance with several of my headmaster Dad's faithful pre-war teachers like Bernie Vercueil, Taffy Williams, Shops Workman, Worm Jackson, Monkie Lazarus, Karretjie Marx and Balletjie Hall.

Only this time they were now my high school teachers and showed no favouritism towards me. I decided the best policy would be to keep a low profile – to try to avoid embarrassment and keep out of trouble. In short not to let the Sutton family down. The policy worked. I remained on friendly terms with all with few differences.

These teachers taught us lessons in life, far beyond what we learnt in the classroom. For 30 to 40 years and more, they were the backbone of the college staff and loyal supporters of successive headmasters.

In my final years veteran JGC Carson, who had taught at Dale with my father in the early 1900s and later became a headmaster, came out of retirement in his 60s to teach at Dale. He died a few years later.

I enjoyed boarding school life, mainly because of the friends I made at Diocesan Hostel, where Dad had many years earlier been the warden. We regarded it as the only house deserving the name "Hostel."

My mates included five farmers' sons – John (Cow) Landrey, Andrew Meyer, Peter and Harold Budler and Harry Distin - and "townies" Douglas (Snitch) Leah, Quentin Coaker and Mike Little.

Graham (Snake) Ashkettle, a fellow church chorister from Port Elizabeth, remained an-

Happy years at Hostel and the College

The Hostel we knew – now a police station. * *Both these paintings are the work of Paulette Wheatley.*

other close friend. Sadly only Peter Budler, Mike Little and Harry Distin are still living today.

Life-time friendships were built at Dale. Classmates at other hostels and some dayboys included Eddie (Dad) Clements, Peter Pratt, Robin (Baba) Jones, Bruce Leviton, Mick Collocott, Tom Pringle. Franz (Fatty) Ginsberg, and Derek (Paw Paw) Lawlor. Of them only Clements, Jones and Collocott survive today.

I have kept in touch with several former classmates. Some years after leaving Dale, Pringle and I became journalists on sister newspapers in Port Elizabeth. After moving to Joburg I renewed friendships with Coaker, Stafford and Pratt, by then businessmen, and with Landrey, who was working for the Department of Agriculture in Irene, near Pretoria.

Pratt moved to George where he died. I attended Coakers 80th birthday celebration but he passed away shortly afterwards.

I have twice visited Clements, first in Tzaneen, Limpopo, and more recently in Jeffreys Bay, and also met Jones, in Scottburgh on the KwaZulu-Natal South Coast. Ashkettle moved to the then Northern Rhodesia as a banker, he died after returning to PE.

In 1994 survivors of the 1944 matric class returned to King for the Dale Reunion and our own get-together 50 years after leaving Dale. Boarding school helped to instil independence, discipline and through absence greater appreciation of one's home and family.

In an age before e-mail and cell-phones, contact was confined to Sunday letters to which Dad replied weekly, Mum frequently and even sisters – occasionally.

THROUGHOUT my four years at Hostel it was wartime, which brought a measure of austerity effecting clothing and food.

During holidays at home I read British newspapers and magazines avidly, fascinated by the conflict's ups and downs and getting my first interest in a possible future journalistic career.

At Hostel breakfast included porridge every day except for one fried

TEACHERS WHO GAVE US LESSONS IN LIFE

Bernie Vercuile **Walter Schnell'** **'Shops' Workman** **Taffy Williams** **Balla Hall** **Monkie Lazarus** **Chris Marx** **Drollie Ro**wels

How runaway boys won reprieve

egg on Wednesdays and Sundays. Sugar was supplemented by golden syrup in tea and coffee and also used on bread. Butter was scarce and margarine was then unknown. But there was plenty of jam – and bread.

For a brief spell I held the record for eating 21 slices. All boys received a jam sandwich (no butter) daily during break at college.

On Sundays we had to attend two compulsory church services, morning and evening. But we found time to play tennis (on the hostel court), other games on the grassless plateau and to swim in the King public pool (where one could admire shapely schoolgirls).

We sometimes took to the veld and enjoyed mixed fries and grills on open fires.

Occasionally John Landrey and I were invited to sumptuous roast-lamb Sunday dinners by my Dad's cousin, Jess Rushton, in fashionable Queen's Road.

I spent 1941 in "Middle Dormitory," on the first floor in the original "Bottom Hostel" in Durban Street, where we endured early morning cold showers. Hot water was available only at "Top Hostel", the Annex one street above in Amatola Row, which became our "home" for the next year.

After that it was back to the main building which also housed the dining room, prep room and prefects' study. After the Std Nine year in "Senior" dorm I moved to oversee "Middle" as a house prefect. That year, when I had to discipline little offenders using the back of a clothes brush, decided me not to follow the traditional family profession of teaching.

In our matric year we had an unusual number of prospective house "leaders." Deserving boys like Quentin Coaker and Des (Fatty) Mills, another farmer's son, were added to the original prefect body later in the year by incoming housemaster Drollie Rowles, the legendary unconventional teacher who succeeded Worm Jackson.

Worm was an unfair nickname for a traditionally strict but fair and kindly gentleman. It derived from Glowworm, as Mr Jackson used to inspect dormitories after dark by the light of a small torch. The Glow was later dropped and Worm remained.

Sadly Mr and Mrs Jackson's eldest son Peter was killed in the war. I had been a friend of their youngest son for years. Michael, who completed his schooling at St Andrew's College.

In one of the most notable wartime episodes at Diocesan Hostel a "Gang of

EX-FUGITIVE Quentin Coaker . . . In later years my long-time friend at age 80

Cold showers and austerity meals at wartime Dale

Three," including Quentin Coaker and that inimitable Old Dalian, Bill (Bucket) Beckley, ran away from school, jumped on a moving train and camped out in the East London bush. Traced and sent back to Dale, they escaped expulsion thanks to a kind-hearted acting headmaster Bernie Vercueil and housemaster Jackson after a remarkable Hostel referendum backed their reprieve. Beckley later became a lifetime friend, while living in Durban.

JA (Balletjie) Hall, who was head of Dale Primary during my early school years, did stints as a visiting prep master and assistant housemaster at Hostel in my high school years. A genial man and former cricketer, he regaled us on dormitory tours with reminiscences of life in Yorkshire as a younger man.

For most of the war RA (Jannie) Jansen was a full-time resident master at top hostel. He was an excellent Afrikaans teacher, a good sportsman and a top rugby coach. Unfortunately he was against the war effort and said to belong to the rebel Ossewabrandwag. Hostellites responded by cutting a large V for Victory sign on his fox terrier's back.

My schooldays were marked by several "one and only" experiences.

* In four years I topped our class in the annual exams just once - in my returning Std 7th year, as recalled on page 84. This occurred after spending two and a half years at a private prep school in Port Elizabeth when I took subjects not taught at state schools like Dale Junior. For the next three years I worked hard to keep this performance up and matriculated fifth in the class, winning prizes for Latin and general knowledge.

* I played just once for the first cricket team as an alleged spin bowler. Batting against Selborne at No 11, I hit a six over the bowler's head nearly into Fleet Ditch. Unfortunately, as in other sports, I did not fulfil my early promise.

Hostel's elegant dining room . . . later part of matric exam headquarters, now a police complex

* I was caned just once - by veteran science master Shops Workman (one of my Dad's pre-war teachers), who bounded down the sloping classroom aisle to administer just four strokes for an offence I cannot recall.

In later years I became close friends with Shops and visited him regularly at his retirement home on trips to Port Elizabeth.

* Those Second World War days are remembered by former Hostellites as the "Fighting Forties," not only for the conflicts abroad but for those epic duels fought out beside the town reservoir behind " Top Hostel."

Disputes, some over "fagging" for seniors by "newpots'" were settled with bare fists. Newboys were obliged to do menial tasks for seniors.

'Others fights using boxing gloves were supervised by teachers in the "Top Hostel" bathrooms. Some went on for so long that they had to be stopped.

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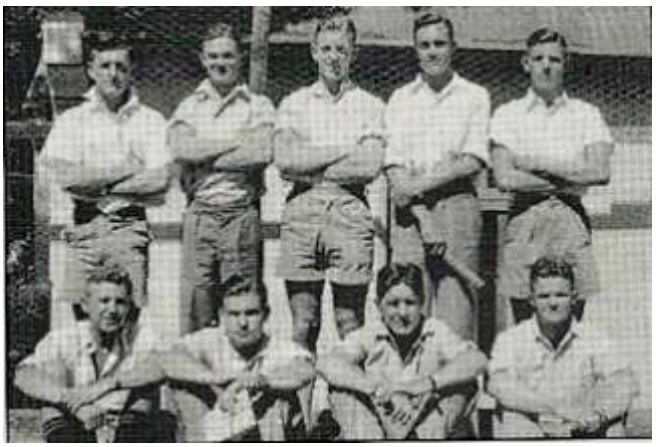
Hostel in the 'Fighting Forties'

From Page 86 I had one Hostel fight – a bare-fist encounter with a tall, older than usual "newpot" who refused to "fag' for me. The fight went on for a long time but I won. If I ever had designs on his attractive younger sister these went out of the window.
Some impromptu fights in dorms were stopped by the housemaster or teachers. One celebrated encounter which was stopped , involved Quentin Coaker, a noted pugilist, and Walter Stafford. The pair became lifetime friends and later ran a business in Johannesburg for 15 years.
Another between Quentin and a farmer's son, Andrew Meyer, was stopped by Joseph, a servant who used to clean our shoes. Like other antagonists Quentin and Andrew also became good friends.

* In Std Nine I won a prize for public speaking. My winning theme was an optimistic prediction: "That the advent of war would lead to a more liberal South African Government."
Nothing could have been proved further from the truth! I did not win the prize in my matric year.
Again I did not fulfil my early promise as a public speaker – a failure which dogged my lifetime career.

* I drove a motor bike only once and fell off. The bike belonged to Hostel friend Quentin Coaker, who had lifted me occasionally on his pillion. Later in life I did not encourage my two sons to ride motor-bikes and bought them cars instead.
On the rugby field I had initial success by playing scrumhalf for the Under 14 and Under 15A teams. I had one advantage. As my birthday was on April 16, a fortnight after the start of the season, I was able to play the whole season as a 14-year- old and in the following season as a15-year-old.
When I reached the senior ranks the best I could achieve was to captain the unbeaten Dale Fourth team.
Travel was a problem in wartime and we did not play many matches. One coach's comment in a team critique was: "Joe Sutton must remember he is not a mere passing machine." But I loved rugby and had more success later playing at Rhodes University.
At cricket I have two unforgettable memories. Both incidents involved coach Taffy Williams, a diminutive and strong-minded Old Dalian who had taught under my father.

*Once, while batting in the nets with wearing a protective "box," I was hit in a man's most tender spot. I fell to the ground in pain.



HOSTEL prefects (back, from left): Quentin Coaker, Wally Stafford, Peter Budler, Douglas Leah. Front, from left: Joe Sutton, Des Mills, John Landry and Ian Bunn.

When rivals became good friends

Coach Taffy showed scant sympathy and sent me back (walking) to Hostel to recover.

* When, again in the nets, I decided several times to "hit the ball out of the ground." Taffy stopped and reprimanded me. "Go home and don't come back till you have changed your frame of mind," he demanded. It was a lesson I never forgot, not only on the cricket field.
Taffy and I remained firm friends after I had left school. Once, after returning to Port Elizabeth from watching the motor-racing Grand Prix in East London with my five-year-old daughter Frances on my shoulders, we stopped overnight at Taffy's seaside home and slept the night in his garage. As my history master, Taffy inspired me to study and major in history at Rhodes. He retired in 1964 after years of teaching.
Another Dale master I admired and with whom I remained friends was Walter Schnell, former provincial rugby player and long-time Dale coach. He retired to his home in King and I saw him frequently on Reunion visits. At his funeral in Vereeniging, I was pleased to make a speech in tribute to a "great son of Dale."
Although Bernie Vercueil had been a second father to me in 1929 as a two-year-old while my parents were on vacation overseas, I did not have much contact with him during my high school years,
He did not teach me while acting as headmaster during the wartime absence of the headmaster HD (Jerry) Crouch. Bernie retired from Dale in 1946 and died in that year.

50 years on, Golden Oldies meet again

*Edited extracts from an article in Trans-Dale . . . My lifelong friend QUENTIN COAKER and I reflect on a nostalgic get-together of survivors of the Dale College 1944 matric class at the 1994 Reunion, half a century after we left school.

THE 1944 MATRICS . . . Back: Eddie Clements, Peter Pratt, Joe Sutton, Mick Collocott, Harry Distin. Front: Quentin Coaker, Robin Jones, Bruce Leviton, Des Mills with teacher Harry Hare -Bowers

QUENTIN COAKER and JOE SUTTON reflect on a nostalgic get-together of survivors of the Class of 1944 at the 1994 Dale Reunion, half a century after they left school.

A STAR Dale sportsman of the 1940s stood pensively on the hallowed turf of the CB Jennings A field - the scene of some of his cricket and rugby triumphs. "This is the first time I have been here in 50 years," mused Peter Pratt. Dale had just beaten Queen's College 19-9 in the 1994 Reunion rugby match- and Peter joined the throng of jubilant supporters on the field.

First we heard the victorious First XV render the War Cry. It was too fast for us oldies, used to the more measured pace of the '40s.

The Class of 1984, back ten years after they matriculated, rendered their version. We joined in. Then it was the turn of the whole school and many Old Dalians, including us, roared with them.

These were magic moments.

"ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?" Peter Pratt, who after leaving Dale graduated from the Sing Song to local amateur musicals, made this song his own over the 1994 Reunion weekend.

Peter sang his own naughty version of this catchy old melody at a private luncheon of a dozen 1944 matrics and their wives. That evening he was persuaded to repeat it at the dinner-dance. Always the jester, Peter (nicknamed Pieppie at Dale for undisclosed reasons) was again the life and soul of the party.

The luncheon - for some their first meeting since the last day of school 50 years ago - was a highlight of a memorable weekend.

Earlier the '44 matrics, with their wives, had sat together as guests at the Reunion Assembly where Headmaster Malcom Andrew welcomed them and mentioned past achievements.

How we turned back the clock with Baba, Pieppie, Polski, Dad and Co.

THE ENTERTAINER . . . Peter (Pieppie) Pratt

During the luncheon at the Grosvenor Lodge Andy slipped in quietly and unannounced and presented each '44 with a Dale lapel badge.

There we were, a little greyer, a little rounder, some a little thinner on top but most of us in good nick. Some had travelled far. Quentin Coaker had cut short his holiday and left his wife Naideen in England to fly back for the reunion we had planned over many months.

Eddie (Dad) Clements and his wife Joyce had flown in from Tzaneen in the far north-east. Mick Collocott, his wife Barbara and Robin Jones came from Scottburgh, Natal, Bruce and Alwilda Leviton from Port Elizabeth, Harry and Pattie Distin from Plettenberg Bay, Peter and Jean Pratt from George, the Budler brothers Peter and Harold and wives Isabel and Kath from their farms near Tarkastad district, Joe and Bunty Sutton from the Transvaal.

From East London came Arthur Knickelbein and Des Mills, with his daughter Charmain, and Harry Hare-Bowers, one of the few surviving 1944 teachers, a guest with his wife Rosemary.

The '44s were joined by Old Dalian friends from the '40s: Neil (Nipper) and Idil Sheard from Middelburg, Cape, Jack Rosenberg and Jill Mitchell from King and Bill (Bucket) and Diana Beckley, who the day before had entertained the advance guard of the group at their home in Cambridge.

Absent friends toasted included Alan (Spider) Gardner of Norwich, England, Mike Little of New South Wales, Australia, Ronnie Gunn of Ontario, Canada, Terry Gainsford and Gordon Leighton of Johannesburg, Donald (Stiffie) Duncan of Roodepoort,

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WE WILL NEVER FORGET THE PEOPLE WHO IMPACTED OUR LIVES

Sadly at least seven of those who attended have passed on: Quentin Coaker, Peter Pratt, Bruce Leviton, Bunty Sutton, (picturess to the right) Harold Budler, Des Mills , Bucket Beckley and Harry Hare-Bowers. Absentees who have also departed include Sider Gardner and Terry Gainsford.

SCHOOLING WAS A GRAND AFFAIR

My schooling a Dale College was undistinguished. In sport I played for the Under 14 and Under15a teams but did not fulfil any early promise, if this ever existed.

I captained the fourth Dale senior team, unbeaten as only four matches because of war-time travelling difficulties.

I played for the Second cricket XI and in the only match for the First XI I was unsuccessful a bowler but at as a No 11"batsman" I hit a six against Selborne nearly onto Fleet Ditch.

Although complimented by the headmaster at the Monday school assembly I was not selected for the First XI again.

Although not a confident, fluent public speaker, I won a best-speaker award in 1943 in Std Nine. Unfortunately for the nation the theme that proposed it was later proved fallacious: " That the advent of peace will lead to more liberal post-war government in South Africa." In my matric year I became a house prefect at Diocesan Hostel with custody of Middle Dormitory, boarders aged about 11 and 1. Disciplining them, including punishment with the back side of a clothes-brush, convinced me not to follow the teaching career of my forbears.

In the Cadet Corps I rose to the extreme rank of corporal but fainted on parade in extreme heat in the Drill Hall. I woke up in the sick bay in the adjoining College House. I matriculated with a First-class education after a happy four years at Hostel and the college.

YOUNG JOE ENJOYING LIFE AT DALE COLLEGE

HAPPY TO BE PART OF THE BEST SCHOOL IN PE

I made good friends but because of provincial residential separation did not maintain regular contact.

In Port Elizabeth I saw 1945 matriculant and Old Dalian stalwart Jack Rosenberg and at later Reunions other colleagues.

One who became a close friend in Johannesburg was Quentin Coaker. A lesser contact was his Hostel mate, Wally Stafford.

On Natal South Coast holiday I occasionally met Robin (Baba) Jones, at a Scottburgh Golf Club where he ran the pro shop.

After a SA Game Reserve visit Bunty and I drove north to visit Edward (Dad) Clements, a matric class "veteran" and came home with plat slips which flourish as tree in my garden today. Dad now lives in Jeffrey's Bay.

Sadly, the Hostel we knew and loved is no more. In the 1990s the decaying property was sold to developers. It was leased to the Education Department and used as the matric exam headquarters, run for some years by former Dale headmaster Malcom Andrew. It is now a police complex and looks in far better condition than former Hostellites will recall it..

RECOLECTIONS, FRIENDS AND ABSENT FRIENDS

From page 88 Vosloo de Lange of Pretoria, Dudley (Hook) Diedricks of Port Elizabeth and former Dale teachers EC (Shops) Workman and Chris (Karretjie) Marx.

The veterans stood briefly in silent memory of departed classmates John (Cow) Landrey, Douglas (Snitch) Leah, Walter Stafford, Tom Pringle, Derek (Pawpaw) Lawlor, Graham (Snake) Ashkettle, Ian (Boggom) Bunn, Franz (Fatty) Ginsberg, Dick Benson, Eric Sheard and Gert Els.

As the beer and wine flowed freely so did the recollections of bygone days, of schoolboy "characters" and teachers popular and not so popular. Pieppie Pratt amused us with a few jokes and sang his ditty.

Polski Leviton told of his miseries at the hands of English teacher RW (Slimy) Whiteford. It appears that Bruce's homework was never in the right place. When it should have been at school it was at Presby and when it should have been at Presby it had been forgotten at school!

That night those of us who were not exhausted met at the dinner-dance. Sore heads or not we enjoyed a great Saturday of rugby. The camaraderie brought back the magic days of our youth.

Sunday morning's Memorial Service was a poignant experience for us. We had been at school during most of the war and many of the names of the fallen read out were known to us. A wreath was laid by the class in memory of Snitch Leah, a 1944 matric friend killed while flying for the SAAF fighter squadron in the Korean War.

All too soon it was time for the Class of '44 to say their goodbyes and go their ways. There we were, in our time farmers, businessmen, a chartered accountant, a town clerk, a civil engineer, a policeman, a golf course designer and a journalist . . what tales we could tell of the ups and downs of life.

It's on occasions like this that the tolerance and fortitude of wives, amply shown down the years, come to the fore. They loyally put on a show of interest as reminiscences flowed and hid any feelings of boredom.

***We'll meet again . . . we vowed, but we were over-optimistic. Ten years later in 2004 two were there and then only myself for the weekend. Mick Collocott came up for the rugby on the Saturday. Others had passed on or were too frail to travel far. Age had taken its toll . . .**

JOE'S 'WAR'

A brief encounter that helped me grow up

I'LL NEVER forget that Sunday in 1939 when the Second World War broke out. British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain declared war on Germany just a year after he had announced "peace in our time' after meeting Nazi chancellor Adolf Hitler.

My father, who had fought in the First World War, and my mother, who had been parted from him while he served in France and Belgium, were in tears as we heard the news on radio. They remembered the ravages of war.

I, then aged 12, fed on newspaper and radio accounts of Nazi aggression, and popular comics on First World War heroes, was "gung ho" – anti-Hitler, anti–German, and keen to see "The Huns" destroyed.

In the years that followed I read avidly from weekly collated editions of London's Daily Mirror, the Sketch, the Illustrated London News and South African newspapers about the great struggle. Then and there my interest in journalism developed.

As the war dragged on I saw older schoolmates "join up" and serve in the forces in North Africa, Italy and elsewhere in Europe and at sea. Many were killed, taken prisoner or reported missing.

I wanted to be part of it, as much for the experience as in loyalty to the Allied cause. After we matriculated December 1944 several of my classmates volunteered and served in Italy, in Far East and at sea. I wanted to join them.

My parents insisted that I wait till I was 18 before enlisting. My brother-in-law, Graham Brown, repatriated by the SAAF from Italy, said: "Don't – it's all over."

And indeed the war in Europe ended in May 1945 while I was still a university student. But the war against Japan was still on. Two close friends were serving in the Royal Navy after being drafted from the SA Naval Forces.

I looked forward to following Dalian Quentin Coaker and fellow Port Elizabeth choirboy Tommy Warren to the Far East.

After leaving school, I was filling in time as a first-year "Ink" at Rhodes, fretting, uneasy, but not unhappy. I enjoyed the sport and the new challenges and pleasures of university life. Among these were singing in the "Inky Concert" and meeting girl students. One, Bobby Hampson, from Durban, became my "Push" whom I dated for some years at Rhodes and later.

Ordinary Seaman Sutton . . . highest rank: **'Captain of the Heads"**

I did not appreciate the moral initiation imposed on "Inks" by older Rhodians. With youthful idealism I thought they should not be wasting their lives playing cards, while others were risking their lives at the war.

We were mocked and made to stand on a table, sing solo and declare: "I am an Ink, I am lower than shark shit."

After I turned 18 in mid–second term my mother, sensing my frustration, backed me in my desire to "join up." I saw out the term, and signed on at the Port Elizabeth naval base. I discarded my glasses which I had worn since 17 at school and passed the eye test by memorising the words as we waited in line and narrowing my vision to see better.

With other recruits I enjoyed the luxury of travelling first class by train (with clean, white sheets) to Cape Town then to the SANF training base at Saldanha Bay.

This was a new experience but less traumatic for those of us who had been to boarding school. We were trained by no-nonsense RN petty officers, one of whom told us: "By the time I've finished with you you'll have muscles in your sh..."

Drill, Navy-style, was less strenuous than in the Army. It was amusing to watch the exaggerated marching style of recruits drafted from the YTB (Youth Training Brigade). We thought they were like something out of the Hitler Youth.

We were instructed on how to fire a Bofors anti-aircraft gun and taught to tie slip knots etc (which I've long forgotten.) while others were drearily weeding the lawns, an Old Queenian, Mike Elton-Mills, had wangled a soft job for us preparing for the start of the day by looking after and raising the SA Navy and RN flags. Saldanha is a beautiful bay. We rowed out in large cutters, with heavy oars. It was tough work but we also had a chance to fish off the side for sharks with hand-lines.

We trained at sea in HMSAS Rondevlei, a 247-ton converted whaler and minesweeper. which had served since 1940 off the SA coast as an anti-submarine craft. U-boat were active at that time and sinkings of Allies ships had been frequent.

Equipped with radar and depth charges, we sailed between Saldanha Bay, Simon's Town and Cape Town Maydon Wharf docks (below what is now the Waterfront).

Rounding Cape Point, I was sick off the side at first, but got over it and grew to love the sea. As ordi-

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'By the time I'm finished with you, you'll have muscles in your sh . .'

The bomb that dashed my dreams

From Page 90

nary seamen (ODs) we shared cramped quarters below deck with tough engine-room stokers and slept on hard bunks. I was frequently "promoted" to "Captain of the Heads" (in charge of the toilets).

We scrubbed the decks and did duty at the wheel of the craft with an officer, sub-lieutenant or midshipman. I enjoyed this challenge as minute overcorrection on the compass could sway the craft off course. While docking the bo'sun (boatswain) would take over and we would toss thick guy-ropes ashore.

This was my limited wartime naval experience, cut short while I was at sea, to my regret, by the dropping of the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which finally ended the Second World War. I must have been one of the few that did not welcome this momentous event.

For a while we continued to patrol the seas round the Peninsular, to keep us occupied. Then I did guard duty at Bonadventure One (Bon One) in Cape Town docks while waiting for our discharge. We spent more time ashore than at sea. We marched through the streets of Cape Town in a rehearsal victory parade but in the end I did not make the final.

WOODSIDE Wynberg Clean white sheets and other weekend comforts with the Cape Town Sutton family

It was then that I caught the train and spent weekends ashore in the white-sheets comfort of the home of my Uncle George and Aunt Agnes Sutton at Woodside, Wynberg. George was then a Supreme Court judge.

There I met their son David and seven-year-old granddaughter Peggy, daughter of cousin Joan Drinkenberg (nèe Sutton), whose husband Bob, a Dutch Merchant Navy captain had died when his ship was sunk off Durban by a German submarine. Years later, while nursing in Johannesburg, Peggy was to spend some months staying with our family at our Orange Grove home in the early 1960s.

In Cape Town I also met Kit Sutton, then an Air Force officer back from service in Italy and the second son of my Dad's younger brother Bernard We had a drink or two in a Cape Town pub, he a lieutenant and I a lowly seaman. We did not meet again till 2008, when I attended his 50th wedding anniversary celebration in Polokwane (formerly Pietersburg). Kit lived to make a valued contribution to these family memoirs and passed on in December 2009.

Before Christmas I was back in Port Elizabeth for my final discharge. I lived at home with my parents and did periodical guard duty at Fort Frederick, the coastal army and naval base. Carrying a rifle for some hours at night at the gate was boring and tough keeping awake.

In January I was discharged and in February/ March returned to start anew at Rhodes, more mature and motivated than I was a year earlier. Back in civilian life, I met very few of the men I knew in the Navy. One was my fellow "flag man" Mike Elton Mills, who joined me at Rhodes and later married his student girlfriend (or "Push" as they were known.) We lost touch until August 2010 when I came upon a Founders Day dinner menu carrying his signature. Where was he now? The Old Queenian Union in Queenstown gave me his e-mail address and he responded immediately with astonishment and curse. Now we keep in touch by exchanging e-mails. I wonder what happened to an Afrikaner friend I remember only as Venter.

At Rhodes I met a former midshipman who had supervised me at the bridge in Rondevlei. At a different level we became friends. In East London, while working there as a journalist in the late 1940s, I met a former British petty officer instructor. At Saldanha he appeared to be revelling in a superior role, training and disciplining South African recruits. Now settled in post-war East London, stripped of his rank and authority, he looked a forlorn figure.

I contributed nothing to the national war effort, but found my limited service a valuable personal experience. I learnt about discipline and hardship, I met likeable guys of character, though of lesser education, different cultures and class levels than I would normally not have encountered. It was a leveller, in some ways perhaps more beneficial than the "gap year" taken by young students in peace-time today.

Atomic Bomb — Little Boy

Back to Rhodes: 2nd-time lucky

THE RHODES CAMPUS . . . What it looked like back in 1946

THE RHODES CAMPUS . . . What it was like three decades later

RETURNING to Rhodes after a spell in the Navy was a "second chance" at passing first year and getting a degree. I came back more mature and motivated to bridge the gap between matric and the challenging university education.

There was a big difference from "spoon-fed" lessons and rapid-fire lectures. One's fragmentary notes were meant to be backed by university library and vacational reading. Which we seldom did.

Back in residence, I returned to the same College House I had left nine months before. It was different being a first-year "fresher," rather than an "ink." I was also an "ex-serviceman," though this claim was spurious compared with those returning from years of war service.

University life was challenging but also a lot of fun. Here was independence, compared to boarding school curtailment and naval discipline. And in the first term there was time to enjoy the freedom and to catch up later.

Although I had been only a temporary *matelot*, I strode proudly across the campus puffing at a pipe, though it burnt my tongue painfully. That didn't last long.

I took a typing course where we banged away to the strains of "God Save the King," but I never became a touch typist. Progress was too slow so I quit and learnt to type with two or three fingers – a decision I learnt to regret as I still do so on my PC. I typed all my lecture notes and assignments.

Bobby Hampson, 1945's "push" (girlfriend) was still there. We enjoyed a lot of fun time together, but the relationship did not last long after leaving Rhodes.

Most of all I enjoyed the sport – cricket (for Rhodes thirds, sometimes against men at the local mental asylum) and the best

MY BEST RUGBY YEARS . . . 1946 RHODES U19A Team

SCRUMHALF JOE . . . in the Rhodes Country Seconds

STUDENT JOE aged 21

BOBBY HAMPSON . . . my Rhodes **'push.'**

Durban girls were the best

rugby years of my life. Because my birthday fell in April I was still under 19 at the start of the 1946 rugby season.

I played scrumhalf for the Under 19As against local school First XVs and the Old Selbornian Under 19s. There I met former school rivals whose friendship I renewed during later newspaper stints in East London.

Rugby remained enjoyable in 1947 when I played for the Rhodes Country Second XV. With the influx of ex-servicemen Rhodes was strong

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Dawn of a life-time career: A small job on a small paper

From Page 92 enough to enter both the town and country leagues.

Playing in the country meant travelling in an open lorry to play in Cradock, Adelaide and Bedford. One or twice I played in the town second league against tough sides like Railways and General Motors. I enjoyed touring in the Karoo, frequenting country pubs and returning occasionally in time to go dancing in the university Great Hall.

In my second year a great career-opening opportunity arose "out of the blue." From my early days in King William's Town I had been interested in journalism.

In 1937, Dad's last year at Dale College, I spent afternoons compiling the Daily Messenger, a "newspaper" containing three foolscap pages of scribbled family news. It also contained adverts of popular products like Kolynos toothpaste, Palmolive soap and Kriel's pain powders. I obtained samples of products from manufacturers and stocked a "shop" with them. (*I was just 10 years old)*

This interest was revived later when I read avidly from local and British newspapers about the progress of the Second World War.

After the war, a pioneering East Cape weekend newspaper, the Saturday Post, was launched in Port Elizabeth. In 1947 it needed a correspondent in Grahamstown. My sister Kay, a teacher turned women's editor, mentioned my interest and news editor Geoff Lumsden, later to become a career mentor and friend, offered me the job. Editor John Sutherland also became a great role model and friend.

I took to journalism immediately and have been hooked on it ever since. This was luck – or perhaps fate – that was to recur throughout my career: Being in the right place at the right time.

Off-beat human-interest stories abounded at Rhodes and in Grahamstown and I worked, learning the trade, in the Port Elizabeth head office every vacation. I also became the Grahamstown correspondent of the Sunday Express.

One of the best stories concerned the historic staging of the T.S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" - in Grahamstown's Cathedral of St Michael and St George. The producer, Leon Gluckman, was later to appear in London's West End.

RHODES . . . . The Campus in later days

THE DROSDY ARCH . . . entrance to Rhodes *(paintings by Walter Battiss)*

The right place, the right time

A NOVELTY at post-war Rhodes . . Some war veterans had cars

With "Blikkies" Blignaut , initiation "senior" who became a friend

There was also a story about the launching of Talking Books for the Blind, forerunner of cassette-taped, CD, radio and TV versions, and my first signed article in a magazine about a Grahamstown man who collected vintage cars.

In my first year at Rhodes I studied history and economics, which were to become my majors, English, SA criminal law, sociology and Alternatiewe Hollands, as Afrikaans was then called. Surprisingly I passed as I had not worked hard.

Come second year and I quit English which I found boring – we were still on Anglo-Saxon, phonetics and Chaucer. It was a mistake as I missed what English was all about – literature. I opted for sociology, which was much easier and I thought a good background for journalism.

Despite more enjoyable pursuits like sport and journalism, I passed and there remained the final year with economic and history.

In that year the editors of a newly-launched student

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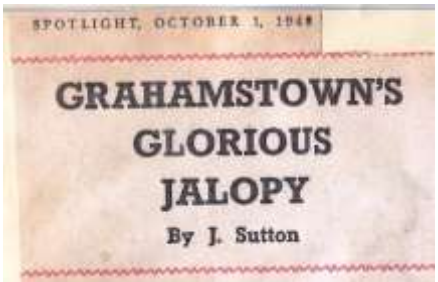
SPOTLIGHT, OCTOBER 1, 1948

GRAHAMSTOWN'S GLORIOUS JALOPY

By J. Sutton

FIRST SIGNED ARTICLE . . . featuring a **a man's** hobby for vintage cars

NUSAS ISSUE SHAKES R.U.C.

From Page 93 newspaper, The Rhodeo, asked me to help. This was another ground-breaking experience, helping to plan, design, sub-edit and produce the fortnightly publication. Again it was challenging, a lot of fun and good experience. Lucky Joe – again!.

We covered Rhodes sport and other student activities widely, but did not delve deeply into student or national politics. Rhodians voted to quit the activist National Union of SA Student only to return the next year. We covered this and other interesting events but we left political opinion to a more serious student journal, The Rhodes Outlook.

One of our scoops was the "amazing story of intrigue and counter-intrigue" leading to the capture of the Matie (Stellenbosch) banner.

We ran a front-page story about the then senior student supporting a move to introduce sex education at Rhodes. The headline "Men want sex talks" with a picture of Howard Kirkby did not go down well. Kirkby was studying to be a Presbyterian Church minister and later became a prominent one.

Our newspaper sold well at three pence. Production at the Port Elizabeth Advertiser, a "freebie knock and drop," involved visits there, difficult as I did not have a car. I must have borrowed one.

Meanwhile, lectures, assignments and tutorials went on. I enjoyed history, having been inspired like other Dalians by teacher "Taffy" Williams.

Our third-year professor's speciality was Swedish history. We made sure we knew our Gustavus Adolphus.

Economics was more difficult though we were careful to know our John Maynard Keynes, whose views were in vogue in post-war academic circles. But don't ask me too much about economic theory or Gustavus Adolphus today!

One stark memory remains of my years at Rhodes, the night in 1948 when the United Party under General Smuts lost the general election to the Nationalist Party.

We were at "Kaif, the university café, when the election result was announced on radio. Afrikaner student friends were jubilant. We were stunned that the great man who had led us through a world war had been defeated – even in his own constituency. Whatever fears we had were magnified in the years that followed.

Thanks to late-night cramming, sustained by black coffee, and a load of luck, I graduated BA (history and economics).

I left studying behind and entered journalism full-time. University education alone did not qualify me to be a successful journalist, but as my Rhodes graduate and mentor, Geoff Lumsden, used to counter sceptical, remarks by andergreed yet talented and successful newspapermen; "I did not find it a handicap."

Looking back on more than 40 years in newspapers, including two years' part- time, I doubt that an extra three and a half years' full-time journalism at the start of my career would in the long run have made me a better journalist. No sir!

These were exciting times in Eastern Cape journalism. Old Rhodian Tony Delius, later to become prominent as political correspondent of the Cape Times and an author, was on our staff. Another was David Marais, reporter and later cartoonist on the Cape Times.

The renowned AC Parker was sports editor of the Saturday Post. As he sat at his typewriter pounding out a match report he would stop only to help himself hurriedly from an adjoining "poke" of potato chips.

When he went on leave I was delegated to act for him and bring out the sports pages. What a chance! AC was another mentor and friend. We played squash together and he even lent me his car . I hit a cow straying out of the bush near the wartime airfield.

Working on the Saturday Post was a rare opportunity—under seasoned journalists like Lumsden and John Sutherland, a progressive, pioneering editor.

Back to my friendship with Rhodes "push' Bobby Hamptson. After leaving Rhodes, it lingered but it was not destined to last.

She had mentioned marriage, but insisted that I would wear the Hampson signate ring— a fate I did not look forward to. Never into male rings anyway!

On the Post in the '40s and '50s John Sutherland was a far-sighted, political-thinking editor ahead of most of his colleagues.

After the merger with the afternoon Daily Advertiser to become the Evening Post, he pursued a strong anti-apartheid line. He ran a daily news page, Africa Today, covering events on the continent overlooked by other newspapers.

The Post was a pioneer. John saw the potential of a developing Africa as an important news source. Typographically he modelled the Evening Post on Fleet Street's highly-professional *To Page 95* Daily Express.

As a former parliamentary correspondent John had a fine feel for political news rare among editors of his day. As an ex-deputy editor of the news agency Sapa, he was a sharp judge of news and a craftsman in concise English.

Above all he was a kind man. In recent years, despite near blindness, he could still write a legible letter and his brain remained alert and incisive.

He was a great mentor and friend. John encouraged me throughout my career long after I had moved to Joburg.

Reporting on a daily newspaper was a new experience and a new challenge. It meant starting at the bottom by covering the magistrate's courts—one of the best training grounds in journalism. One had to be accurate and disciplined—

The Rhodeo

The student paper that brought fun and experience

A popular paper that sold for a sixpence

MATIE BANNER CAPTURED

'Headlines all my life'
. . . it all took off here

Old Rhodian Ian Smith is Youngest MP

MEN WANT SEX TALKS

SENATE SHELVES SEX TALKS

New look means no more leg shows

Deadlines, headlines, all my life

TWO DEAD, ONE WOUNDED IN SHOOTING

From Page 94 quick enough to make the same-day lunch-time edition deadline.

One also had to look beyond the dreary run-of-the mill local court cases and look for those with the right, human angles. It was great fun.

The Post had a one-man East London office. Twice I was sent to act for our reporter while he was on leave.

Both visits to E.L were great experience and fun. I covered news and provincial cricket. I caught up with Old Selbornian friends I had met on the rugby field while playing for Rhodes. We enjoyed nightclubs, despite the summer heat.

I enjoyed the beach and walked miles to take girlfriends out. I had no car but once or twice was able to borrow a father's car which we shared.

On my last assignment, while staying at another seaside hotel, I had my first traumatic experience of asthma. I survived a frightening, midnight attack which was later to cause me to leave Port Elizabeth for Joburg.

I also covered crime, including a morning double murder in then multi-racial South End, which made the midday deadline. I covered the waterfront, roaming the dockland for human stories from visiting seafarers and there were many. For the Weekend Post I wrote bylined features about "Other Peoples' Jobs" and any off-beat yarn one came across. Apart from human interest, there were serious stories too about farming, drought, and property.

During this time a group of us, led by Geoff Lumsden, chief sub Arthur Rudolph ran a syndicated news service to Sunday newspapers like the Sunday Times, the Sunday Express and the Sunday Post in Natal. By re-writing and occasionally updating local Sunday-interest stories using different angles we satisfied their different demands and earn a few bucks. A regular drought-breaking paragraph to then pedestrian pre-

** With apologies to Arthur Christiansen, London Daily Express*

John Sutherland . . . pioneer liberal editor and friend

Geoff Lumsden

mentor who launched my lifetime career

PROPERTY MARKET BOOMING

THE SATURDAY POST

Evening Post

Ate octopus and frogs to learn the job

Mervis Sunday Times made ten bob a time.

Much later, in the late '50s, the needs of the Sunday Times under Mervis and news editor Johnny Johnson, who phoned me when I was seeing off the late afternoon Post sports page, became more demanding But again, it was experience for the career ahead.

In 1951 my alumnus, Rhodes, then a constituent college of the University of South Africa, became an independent Rhodes University. I wrote about Rhodes' history, academically and in sport and the men who had developed it. But this was on the eve of what turned out to be a great adventure in journalism, a bold one considering my limited experience. Towards the end of 1950 Geoff Lumsden encouraged me and a Post colleague to look for more experience in Britain. My good friend Mickey Davin was a Joburg-trained sub-editor. My experience in this field was limited to producing The Rhodeo, part-time stints in the former Saturday Post sports desk, and the daily Post subs' room.

Geoff advised me : Go to London.

RENTS ACTS: QUIT NOTICES FOR 800

50 years on, Golden Oldies meet again

Page 91 Go to London as a sub., there'll be more jobs for them than reporters. After some intense coaching by Geoff I did. Mick Davin and I caught a six-berth lower-deck cabin ride to Southampton in the Winchester Castle. Another great adventure lay ahead.

WET AUTUMN CAUSES MAIZE CRISIS

LONDON, HERE WE COME!

Fleet Street was just a dream. First we were ice-cream porters, then came the challenges of Scotland and Singapore

MICK DAVIN and I arrived in Southampton and caught the boat train to London. It was Good Friday. London and newspapers were dead.

Despite a string of Fleet Street and news agency interviews arranged by our mentor Geoff Lumsden, the response was the same: " We'll bear you in mind and let you know . . ." Newspaper jobs were scarce.

After a short spell in the Regents Palace Hotel off Piccadilly Circus our money was running out. Again thanks to Geoff, we obtained a comfortable shared room (with use of the bathroom and kitchen) not far from the tube station in suburban Swiss Cottage.

Unemployed and short of cash we were indebted to Mike Adams, a former Port Elizabeth newspaper colleague. At home he was a "second class citizen." In London he helped get us a job - in an ice-cream factory. This meant catching a bus to Olympia at 7.15 am daily for work as "porters" on the cup-and-brick assembly line at Joe Lyons, which then used to run corner houses in London selling low-cost meals.

There were many advantages at Olympia - eat as much ice-cream as you wished (Neapolitan on the next floor), cheap daily food and take-aways, an assured five pounds a week and six pounds with overtime. The added value was that if one got a better job one could quit on one day's notice.

The Londoner girl workers were less than attractive. The men came from Europe, South America and North Africa, but we did not have much contact.

Except one experience which stands out in my memory. I lost my weekly pay packet. Five pounds plus overtime. Without it I could not pay my rent and buy food, let alone a drink. A diminutive, impoverished Polish refugee approached me. He had found my pay packet in the toilet. My saviour.

We enjoyed our three months in London— sight-seeing and attending West End shows.

Then Mick was offered a job with the British Foreign Office in Singapore. The Daily Mail called me in and told me: "We haven't a job for you in Fleet Street—but would you like to go to Edinburgh? " I jumped at it "The Scots are more like you (South Africans)," he added. And they were. Straight, down-to-earth guys with no frills. This was another big step forward in my career and my family life . . .

I had read about Edinburgh, as a beautiful, attractive city, but nobody told me about the weather . . .

Talk about climate change! I experienced this long before it became the great issue it is today.

Even in the summer, it was bleak, with rain a constant hazard. Never go ourtwithout a raincoat and a brollie. But this mattered little to an ambitious 24-year-old, hungry for newspaper experience in a country renowned for it. And, the Scots were a good deal warmer than the climate.

I was lucky to find a home owned by two elderly sisters offering bed and breakfast, a short bus ride from Edinburgh's famed Princes Street.

At the Mail we began work at 4 pm and brought out the first edition at 10pm. It was sold on the streets and went out to remote parts of Scotland. Then there was a quick break for a drink and a bite at the pub across the road. The Aberdeen "slip" and more editions followed until well after midnight. Thankfully not far to walk "home."

It was challenging work. Learning the geography with a gazetteer—an atlas and index but without a map. Trying to grasp the quick-fire, accented dialogue, to me almost like a foreign language, (Where's Kirkkud-bright?) was met with an abrupt; "Kibrobree, you fool!"

For a start, one was given menial tasks like subbing the fishing notes (in minute 5 and a half point), herring measured in crans. What's a cran? But real stories - even front-pagers - followed.

In 1951 it was still austerity, Britain was under a Labour government six years after a world war. Food rationing persisted, newspapers were small and space scarce. One learnt how to sub-edit crisply and "tight"- not to waste words—and on shorter stories we counted the words to ensure the story fitted. This was experience!

Mine was a holiday job—filling in while other subs were away for their summer holidays, but it lasted through the winter.

During the summer, as a member of the Scottish Daily Mail Golf Club, I played in regular Monday outings at courses around the city and beyond - even 36 holes in east-windy North Berwick on the North Sea coast and Peebles in the Scottish Borders.

I took lessons at the municipal links where I played for ninepence a round on a season ticket costing ten bob.

On off-duty nights I occasionally drifted down to public dance halls in search of female company. I did not find anyone attractive or interesting. Then I met Bunty Brotherston . . . Lucky Joe again! (**See next page.**)

FEEDING THE PIGEONS . . . Mick Davin and Joe in London

TRAFALGAR SQUARE . . . A tourist Mecca was pretty deserted

THE WEST END . . . London's theatre wonderland

A CASTLE BOAT . . . luxury after a Navy sweeper

PRINCES STREET . . . Edin-**burgh's pride**

A blind date that changed my life

WE met on a blind date. While working at night in Edinburgh as a 24-year-old sub-editor on the Scottish Daily Mail, I occasionally frequented palais de dance halls looking for female company.

A fellow sub, Englishman Geoff Tavner and his Scots wife Elinor thought I was meeting girls of doubtful repute. Better that I should meet a nice young Scots girl, Bunty Brotherston.

We went out with them to dinner and a dance and I have been grateful to the Tavners ever since. Sadly, like Bunty, they have passed on.

The sweet and kind lass with a captivating accent

To me, lonely and 6 000 miles from home, too far and expensive to phone, this was a meeting to change my life. Here was an intelligent "sweet and kind" lass, with a keen sense of humour and an infectious accent that captivated me.

She welcomed me into her home. Her father was a down-to-earth Scottish Borderer, later a retired Edinburgh Police sergeant turned public servant. Her mother was a Shetlander, (they were crofters) who had migrated south in search of work. Like many Scots she had mastered the English language and outplayed us at scrabble.

Bunty worked for an insurance company. We met occasionally for lunch and on my off-duty nights. We went to dance halls, preferably in a part of Edinburgh less-frequented by her friends and entertained by bands from London.

At the top of the homeward-bound bus Bunty would do the Daily Mail crossword, assisted only partly by less-skilful me. Bunty educated me culturally on visits to the theatre, including opera, at the Edinburgh Festival, also the famous Edinburgh Castle Tattoo, where we got drenched by August showers.

I in turn introduced her to some of my less-respectable haunts, in Rose Street, a narrow thoroughfare lined by pubs. We swam at Gullane beach, east of the city, where the water was colder in summer than in winter in the Cape.

WEDDING DAY, August 1952 . . . "till death us do part"

"MARRIAGE BROKERS" . . . Geoff and Elinor Tavner – many thanks to them

Bunty's parents trusted me, allowing us, not yet engaged, to spend a weekend at Rothsea, an idyllic island resort west of Glasgow.

I joined her family for a day or two at Aberdour, a resort across the Firth of Fourth, where for the first time we golfed together. This was a pleasure we were to share many years later in open-mixed Sunday tournaments in South Africa.

I loved Edinburgh, even though even in summer the weather was unpredictable and seldom cloudless.

When the Springbok rugby team toured Britain in the winter of 1951-52 I watched the Boks play the South of Scotland at Hawick when the frozen pitch was covered in straw.

I saw South Africa demolish Scotland 44-nil from the press box at Murrayfield. After helping to keep the tally of line-outs won and lost we gave it up – it was a "no contest."

After this historic match the Scottish commentator remarked: "The score was 44-nothing

And we were lucky to get nothing."

Bunty's brother and sister were welcoming and kind. I played golf with Tommy, who complained about mysterious "wurrum casts" (eventually I interpreted this) on the greens at his home club, and also with Kathleen's Irish-Scots husband John McGovern.

Once at his home club one could not see a few yards for the mist – there was only one way-try to hit the ball straight or you'd never find it.

I got to know the McGovern boys, Johnny and Duncan, have since golfed with them on visits to their homes in Arran and Somerset and keep in touch by e-mail. Johnny comes occasionally on golfing trips to South Africa, once with his wife, Fiona.

The winter in Scotland was bleak and – for a South African – withering. Especially when walking home in the "wee sma' hours" after a night-shift.

But the people and their home were warm and hospitable, in contrast to folk further south who would invite you to a pub lunch but seldom a meal at home

In Edinburgh the Bunty/Joe friendship blossomed. Her friends welcomed

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Scotland was cold, Scots were warm

THE McGOVERNS . . . John, Kathleen and young Johnny at the wedding

BUNTY'S PARENTS . . . 'Wull" and "Chatty" – a tremendous sacrifice

SCOTTISH SIBLINGS . . . in younger days, Kathleen, Bunty and Tommy

From Page 97 me into their homes.

Around Christmas 1951 we became engaged. I met "Wull" in the long lane leading to their home. Apologising for stopping him, I told him I wanted to marry his daughter.

Caught unawares, he replied: "That's an awfie (Scots for awful} question to ask me here."

We agreed to discuss this later, man to man, I thought. But I was mistaken. Around the winter fireplace, probably primed, Charlotte (Chatty) Brotherston sat tight waiting to be in the act when the subject was finally raised.

Eventually I conceded and the deal was sealed.

The Brotherston family made a tremendous sacrifice, releasing their younger daughter to a comparatively unknown foreigner who was to take her away to "Darkest Africa."

Later I would joke that the engagement did not happen until January, the dawn of a Leap Year, when girl friends were allowed to "press the question." Not true!

I remember particularly Christmas 1951. After a tradition Yuletide dinner I went to work at 4pm. Scotland did not regard Christmas Day and Night with the same veneration as Hogmanay, New Year's Eve.

It was a new experience to me that – at that time – some Scots observed the tradition not to drink a drop until the New Year was welcomed (with the singing of Auld Lang Syne).

Night-shift subbing on the Scottish Daily Mail was challenging. Place names and pronunciations were bewildering, accents hard to grasp but the people were friendly and tolerant of the young lad "from the colonies." I learnt a lot about tight subbing, headline writing, simplifying and stripping a story of superfluous verbiage.

In February, in search of further experience, I moved south to the Birmingham Post, in England's Midlands. This was a newspaper acquired by Lord Ilyff, who had earlier bought out our Eastern Province Newspapers back in Port Elizabeth. The connection helped me to get a job as a reporter then as a sub. As a reporter I was pleased to cover one of the many memorial services to honour King George VI.

I was also assigned to a series researching Birmingham's underground wells, the source of Brum's innumerable breweries and countless beers. Unfortunately this did not include even one pint .

Reporting and subbing on this serious daily, with its ultra-dignified approach, was useful experience. But I found it rather dull and felt more at home working on lively "pop" papers. The editor, an ex-Oxford don, once preferred the word "perturbation" to "scare" in a headline.

The parting from Bunty was painful. Despite frequent phone calls, I suspect that – from Bunty's side - absence did not make the "heart grow fonder." She came down for a few days which threatened our relationship. My working at nights left her abandoned. The visit was a mistake.

Fortunately, my search for a day job succeeded and in July. I was able to phone and ask: "Can we get married?" "When? "In three weeks," I said. "I've got a day-subbing post in Manchester."

Three weeks later I did an early shift and caught the late-night train to Edinburgh. We were married the next day, Friday, August 8, 1952, and enjoyed a two-night honeymoon at Dunfermline, a short train-ride across the Firth of Fourth.

On Sunday night I caught a train to Manchester and started a day later at the Evening News, then regarded as the best newspaper training ground outside London's Fleet Street. I found a place to live and Bunty joined me a week later after working out her notice.

In our six-month separation she had studied and acquired a book-keeping diploma. She landed a job as a holiday-relief secretary to the news *To Page 99*

No drinks till midnight on Hogmanay

BUNTY and DAD.. " heartbroken," he passed on within a year

Blissful months in Manchester

From Page 93

editor of our sister paper, the esteemed Manchester Guardian, who told her: "I've got to interview more, but you've got the job." He was Scots.

After this temporary stint ended Bunty moved to the library of the News, where I was working as a sub. For a while I could shout "Library!" when I needed something checked. For the only time in our life Bunty was occasionally the girl who came running.

Life in Manchester, despite its much-maligned weather, was idyllic for newly-weds, sharing a small house with an elderly, widowed Lancastrian landlady. We had a small, upstairs bedroom with a four-poster bed, a bathroom and use of the kitchen with what Mrs Pimblott called a "mad-hot' stove.

We did not meet many Manchester folk but newly-weds don't usually care much about that. We walked across to a pub in Cheshire on Sundays and enjoyed a rare theatre visit to see that Agatha Christie masterpiece, "The Mousetrap." We did not have much money to spend.

I found the subbing experience on the News invaluable, with pressure work meeting deadlines for several editions a day from 8am. Once I had the opportunity to sub the splash (front-page lead) on the Mau Mau war in Kenya.

As in Edinburgh and Birmingham, my seniors and colleagues were friendly and helpful. I enjoyed my spell there, including subbing sport on Saturday afternoons, though I found rugby league quite foreign.

But after a little over four months as Christmas neared it was time to end my life-changing stay in Britain. First a goodbye visit to Edinburgh, then it was "Goodbye Scotland and Hello Darkest Africa."

NEWLY-WEDS Bunty and Joe Sutton head for a two-night honeymoon– then back to work

After a two-week voyage we docked in Cape Town to spend Christmas Day with my Uncle George and Aunt Agnes.

In Port Elizabeth, new challenges and opportunities awaited us.

CUTTING the cake . . . Seems I needed a few slices to build me up

*** It was a sad but brave farewell for Bunty's parents. Her Dad died about a year later, possibly from a broken heart.**

Nana survived to visit us in South Africa, during Alan's illness and the difficult period from life in tranquil Port Elizabeth to bustling Joburg.