



ST ANDREW'S COLLEGE

19 November 2008

Dear Andean Family

A Journal of the Headmaster in his last term

This long e-mail contains a selection of speeches by myself and others, selected from many delivered by myself and others, over the last two months. They are presented in date order. You can read them all or scroll down to the ones that interest you, or print them. They include the last address I gave to Old Boys in Johannesburg (13 November). I spoke about what College has meant to me. Each speech given to Old Boys was different in the centres where we were kindly hosted - London, Cape Town, Bedford, Durban, Ladybrand, Port Elizabeth, Graaff-Reinet, and Kenton - and where Marguerite Poland spoke so movingly about *The Boy in You*. This great biography of College is very nearly sold out. It is an extraordinary read.

Also included is a guest editorial on leadership in the *Independent Education* magazine (November 2008).

The fourth speech was delivered at St George's Memorial Church, Ypres, where we unveiled a plaque to commemorate those OAs who lost their lives in France in World War One, the only South African school to do so. (4 November) We were a small group of OAs representing six generations: Ken Hodgson, Hugh Crail, Andrew la Trobe, James Widdop, Samuel Wells, John Price, Martin Oosthuizen, Gerald Buisman, David Wylde, and Marguerite Poland.

The third speech is the Chairman, Davey Herold's speech, at Speech Day, (22 October), which contains the wonderful news of the bequest of the Clapham Trust and the renewed huge generosity of OAs. The second speech was delivered by Ingrid Wylde who was the guest of honour at the DSG matric dinner during Balloon Week. (21 October) She talks about women. The first speech is the thoughts on education of the Vice Chancellor of Rhodes University, Dr Saleem Badat, delivered at the Service of Celebration held in the Cathedral on the Sunday at the beginning of Balloon Week. (19 October)

The staff are very busy marking; the boys are writing. The matric exams have gone well. The John Jones Fish River Journey has started. We've played some great games of cricket and water polo, we won the triangular athletics, and Wesley Bell and James Price set some magnificent records on Sports Day. A particularly touching Andean moment was when James Price was presented his medal by Nicky Whyte for breaking the U16 100 m record set by Nicky White in 1978. Nicky, when he heard the record had been broken, got into his car in Addo and drove through to be with us at the end of Sports Day.

We are happy to announce the appointment of Louise Hopkins as part time maths teacher. She taught at Stanford Lake College and is an ex-Rhodesian junior golfer. Ricci Brocco from Rhodes University and St David's has been a stooge at College while qualifying, and is a young male staff member who coaches and teaches. We are delighted he will join us to teach History and Geography.

Kind regards

David Wylde
HEADMASTER

Sunday, 18 October 2008

**Address at the Farewell to Mr. David Wylde,
Headmaster of St Andrews College, Grahamstown
Cathedral of St Michael and St George
By Dr Saleem Badat, VC Rhodes University**

It is a great pleasure to represent Rhodes University and say a few words at Mr. Wylde's farewell, in part because of the historical relationship between St. Andrew's College and Rhodes, but more so because of the impression that Mr. Wylde has made on me on the occasions that we have had an opportunity to converse.

In the two years I have been at Rhodes and in Grahamstown, my responsibilities and those of Mr Wylde's have meant that we have been unable to spend any quality time together to talk about education and other issues. This is all the pity, for from the little contact that we have had I believe that we have a common passion for education and share a similar philosophy.

Last March, walking along one of the wide Manhattan, New York, avenues to attend a meeting at the Ford Foundation, my eyes fell upon a sign on a board within a church yard. The sign read: "Education is not the filling of a pail, but the lighting of a fire". The quote is, of course, from William Butler Yeats, the great Irish poet, writer, dramatist and the 1923 winner of the Nobel Prize for literature.

That these words were on a sign in a church yard is significant, for sometimes religious institutions have a 'pail' conception of education, rather than the idea of education as the cultivation of the desire for true learning and the lighting of the intellects of people.

The idea of education as "the lighting of a fire" is one that I am certain Mr Wylde would warmly embrace.

Of course, we have to be all too alive to the unfortunate reality that sometimes masquerading as 'education' is indoctrination fed by the worst values and chauvinism.

In many different parts of the world, indoctrination masquerading as education lights fires of the kind that must be cause for great concern. These fires often have their source in religious and cultural fundamentalism – whether this is Islamic fundamentalism, Christian, Jewish or Hindu fundamentalism. These are fires that rather than illuminating us, consume and extinguish and envelope us in darkness.

These are not gentle flames of compassion and the oneness of humanity that you hope would be associated with religion and education, but incendiary flames of intolerance and hatred that devastate, injure, maim and destroy innocent lives.

These are also not flames of any deep spiritual nature, but the very antithesis of any spirituality and humanity. The flames of fundamentalism, nurtured by indoctrination disguised as education, do nothing to advance human dignity, rights and social justice or economic and social opportunities for all.

The fire that education has to light must, Mr. Wylde will agree, have some core features.

For one, it cannot be satisfied with merely imparting technical and vocational skills – today's fashionable so-called solution to all the problems of education and society.

For another, education is also about much more than simply preparing learners and students for the labour-market and the economy and contributing to economic growth.

Crude instrumental approaches to education that reduce its value to the production of skills and its efficacy for economic growth denude education of its considerably wider social value and functions.

Education has an intrinsic significance as an engagement and partnership between dedicated teachers and students around humanity's intellectual, cultural and scientific inheritances in the form of books, art, pictures, music and artefacts, and around our historical and contemporary understandings, views and beliefs regarding

our natural and social worlds. Education is the pursuit of learning which is undertaken as part of what it means to be human (Oakeshott in Fuller, T. ed., 1989).

Education is also intimately connected to the idea of democratic citizenship, and to the cultivation of humanity (Nussbaum, 2006).

Finally, education has profound value for the promotion of health and well-being, the assertion and pursuit of social and human rights and active democratic participation.

To draw on Yeats again it is “empty souls (that) tend toward extreme opinions”. ‘Empty souls’ are produced when our education is stripped of values and the quest for knowledge and understanding, and reduced to skills and the pursuit of economic growth alone.

Yeats also writes that “happiness is neither virtue nor pleasure nor this thing nor that but simply growth. We are happy when we are growing”. In large part, we grow through learning and education.

It is said that ‘you are who you are’. That’s not quite true. You are who you *learn* to become. As headmasters, vice-chancellors, teachers and academics, we must take responsibility for supporting learners and students not only to learn, but also to learn to become. And, as Mahatma Gandhi has famously said, the starting point is that as educators: “We must become the change we want to see”.

If our goals are educational and social transformation and human development, we must refuse ideas of education that view it in purely instrumental terms. Instead, we are bound to protect and promote a much richer and multi-faceted conception of education that views it as also having intrinsic as well as social and political value.

Mr. Wylde’s passion for education, his colleagues testify, is based on these very understandings, and it these that have underpinned and animated his outstanding service to St. Andrew’s and its successive cohorts of students.

Fourteen years into our democracy we must be concerned about the state of public schooling and education in South Africa.

Despite almost universal formal participation in schooling, our schools continue to evince significant problems related to quality, drop outs, retention, progression and successful completion.

‘The simple reality is that enrolment is not the same as attendance and attendance does not imply learning’ (Sayed, 2007:8). South African school students perform extremely poorly on a range of international assessment tests, in terms of which ‘65% of school leavers...are functionally illiterate’ (Sayed, 2007:6).

Currently the independent and ex-Model C schools which make up only 10% of our some 7 000 secondary schools produce 60% of all university entrance passes. Another 10% of the historically black schools produce a further 10% of all university entrance passes. Thus, while 20% of secondary schools produce 80% of university entrance passes, the remaining 80% of secondary schools produce only 20%.

The fundamental challenge is, clearly, to improve the quality of education in schools. To be sure, resources for equitable access for poor students, targeted nutrition programmes, facilities and equipment and the adequate remuneration of educators are important, but they are not a sufficient condition for effective schooling and education. There are also a number of other key necessary conditions.

One is an institutional culture of effective learning and teaching. A second key condition is ‘qualified, motivated, and committed teachers’, who are ‘the single most important determinant of effective learning’ (Sayed, 2007:7). A third key element is purposeful and effective educational leadership and management on the part of school heads. Mr. Wylde, to his great credit, has imaginatively and diligently exercised the leadership necessary to ensure a culture of effective learning and teaching and motivated and committed teachers.

As important, this has been a leadership grounded in values, sound educational principles, a deep understanding of the social purposes and goals of education, and an understanding that knowledge and education matter!

A leadership alive to context; a leadership based on an awareness of the possibility of happiness through learning and education.

A leadership that personifies the Ghandi adage that “We must become the change we want to see”.

If we are honest, ours is a context where effective leadership and management and motivated and committed teachers are all too lacking in thousands of schools across the length and breadth of our land.

Yet, with an awareness of context, Mr. Wylde will be the first to acknowledge that it is much easier in some situations than in others to exercise leadership and be a motivated and committed teacher.

He will also, with a generosity of spirit, be the first to remind us that we should be cautious to tar all heads and teachers. That there are, equally, in thousands of schools unsung heroes and heroines, committed and motivated heads and teachers, who under often difficult conditions give their all to realize the potential and talents of learners.

And so, as we joyfully celebrate Mr. Wylde’s outstanding contribution and years of selfless and distinguished service to the education of our children and youth, let us also pay tribute to all the educators who understand the meaning of education and the responsibilities attached to educating, and toil daily in the service of education and humanity.

I am reliably advised that among Mr. Wylde’s favourite phrases are those from *The True Glory* that read:

There must be a beginning, a beginning of any great matter
But the continuing unto the end until it be thoroughly finished
Yields the true glory.

The line “continuing unto the end until it be thoroughly finished” is one that captures wonderfully one of Mr. Wylde’s many qualities and it should not be surprising if it has also inspired and animated his life.

As you leave St. Andrew’s College and make a new ‘beginning’ in Mpumalanga around another ‘great matter’, we wish you well and know that you will continue with this ‘great matter’ “unto the end until it be thoroughly finished”.

In your honour, sir, allow me to conclude with a poem by the great Bengali educator, novelist and poet, Rabindranath Tagore. The poem is from *Gitanjali* and is titled *Mind without Fear*. I have a hunch that you will appreciate the words.

Mind without Fear

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high
Where knowledge is free
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls
Where words come out from the depth of truth
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

Tuesday 21 October 2008

**Address at the Matric Farewell Dinner, DSG
Address given by Ingrid Wylde**

Thank you, Leila, for that wonderful and very special introduction. Good evening Ms Shelly Frayne, Chairman of Council Mr. Doc Watson and Jenny Watson, parents, staff and particularly girls of the MATRIC CLASS of 2008. It is a great honour and privilege to have been asked to address you this evening.

First, some advice for the young ladies. Some tips and pointers on how to be a good wife – because of course that is what you are all going to be!

“Have dinner ready, plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal ready on time for his return from work. This is a sign that you are thinking about him and are concerned about his needs. Most men are hungry when they come home and the prospect of a good meal especially his favourite dish is part of the warm welcome needed.

Prepare yourself. Take 15 minutes to rest so that you will be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your make up. Put a ribbon in your hair. Be fresh looking.

Make him comfortable; have him lean back in a comfortable chair. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him. Arrange his pillows and offer to take off his shoes. Speak in a low, soothing, pleasant voice. Don't ask him questions about his actions or question his judgement or integrity. Remember he is the master of the house and as such, will always exercise his will, fairness and truthfulness. Let him talk first. His topics of conversation are much more important than yours.”

This is an extract from a 1957 home economics text book, used in a very up market girl's private school. And I am sure a number of you have heard it before. I would like to use it as my starting point tonight for some thoughts on individuality and growth. It is funny – raises a laugh - but it was not written as a joke - so it is also shocking. At some point the woman was reduced to the role of servant. No rights, opinions, or identity – other than “server”, the servant and master relationship.

So my first point is about service. To serve – is noble and good – and we are all better people for offering service to others.

Some definitions here might help – from the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary which is in fact not shorter but two fat volumes!

SERVE – from the Latin SERVUS – slave – to perform the duties of a servant, to minister to the comfort of another, to fulfill one's duty, to render useful service, to be subordinate or subsidiary to another. There are in fact a multiplicity of definitions along the same lines.

The French word SERVIR also from the same root gives us SERVANT – a person of either sex who is in the service of a master or mistress, one who is under obligation to work for the benefit of a superior and to obey his/her commands. It also gives us SERVITUDE – the condition of being a slave or serf, absence of personal freedom.

You may think this is beginning to sound like a lesson in semantics. But I think it highlights some of the difficulty. To serve is good, to put the needs of another before one's self, to “minister to the comfort of another” – BUT here is the rub – not at the exclusion of your identity or of your personal freedom. The words all come from the same root – but there are differences in interpretation and development of the words. It is fine to serve another human being, or a cause, so long as you are not lost along the way. And I believe this applies to any situation, not just the gender debate. Serving should not include the negative attributes of negation of self, absence of personal freedom, subjugation, feelings of lack of self worth, loss. Thabo Mbeki served the cause of the ANC - we can beg the question of whether his Servant role was placed above the individual? Or did he place himself above those he served and therefore the term of servant could no longer be given to him? It is a complex debate but I think goes to the heart of the passage I read, which is a misunderstanding of the nature of service – the woman in question is not giving the type of service, I would humbly suggest, that Christ would have advocated and has led historically to much sexist behaviour. The

woman in the passage is not an 'equal', and I believe Christ would have us serve as equals. Christ's washing of the feet was, I believe, an indication that anyone can serve and that serving does not limit you to a particular place in society, or role. But more on roles and identity later. Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu is very clear on the issue of equality when he says "We can all only be free together."

All I can say is long live 2008!! And no wonder we still have to work for the rights of women – what a long way we have had to come! But this kind of sexism and comment is not as far distant as you think. Because to a certain extent we still live in a very sexist society. The Grocott's Mail, a couple of weeks ago, ran a story about a Grahamstown man who had gone into a Spar and beaten his wife, in the shop to the horror of many present. When bystanders asked him to stop, he replied in the vein of "I can do what I like to her she is my wife". The position and plight of rural or poor women in this country is still desperate. The only positive aspect of the story was the horrified reactions of the bystanders who tried to intervene, perhaps indicating a shift in society.

2 stories of my own which illustrate how far we have come.

When I was a new young wife and mother in Johannesburg, newly arrived from the UK in the 1970's – revolution, fight the system, liberation, hippies and flower power were all part of where I came from in the UK. SO it came as a bit of a shock the first time we were invited out to supper.

Would I help David, my husband to some food? Something I had never done before. My first impulse – to say NO. How do I know what he wants to eat? But sense prevailed and I said politely – yes of course. I can still remember feeling so foolish, I had no idea what he felt like eating, did he want two slices of meat?, did he feel like peas??

Another example was trying to open a bank account. I gaily went off to Barclays, as FNB was then, and asked to open an account, as I had had in the UK. We are married under British Law, which means, in South Africa, we are married in community of property. But in those days the law in South Africa stated that I was therefore a minor – I had the rights of a child!! I could not open a bank account at age 24 without his signature and his permission, I could not buy on hire purchase or transact any legal document, without his signature!! I tell you I was nearly on the first plane back to the UK.

Those laws are all now gone, thank goodness, and you young women are going out into a very different world.

A world in which you can make change, be change and experience life to the full. I would wish for you all to be, excuse the pun, the "wild women" that the writer SARK describes in:

"Growing as Wild Women"

"We must insist on succulence! Our lives are too rich and rare to have less. We will grow more as we practice.

Growing can be uncomfortable, loud, unfamiliar, and feel perilous to our underdeveloped personality selves.

Growing as wild women involves breaking out of cages, boxes, stereotypes, categories, and captivity. It involves standing tall, laughing loudly and being WHO we really are.

Dame Edith Sitwell said:

"I have always wanted to cultivate modesty but I've been far too busy."

"Growing means separation from; being victims, passive-aggressive participants, unwilling caretakers, lying lovers, face friends or 'nice girls'".

Growth means change; change your attitudes, perspectives, patterns and habits.

Succulent wild women are inside all of us. We can invite them out to play.

Growing means letting go of: what others will think, of narrow possibilities, of tight clothes and uncomfortable shoes. Growing means, accepting power, telling the truth, creating miracles and making the most alive choices."

So who are the 'you's' that are growing and going out into the world? Here I would like to move right away from gender, to the individual, something not recognized in the very first passage I read.

We are human first and gendered, i.e. male and female, second. So this evening I would like to talk to your humanity. The essential person.

Jean Paul Sartre, the great French writer and philosopher, was a humanist and part of the existential movement. He argues that and I quote:

“Existentialism posits that individuals create the meaning and essence of their lives, and that this essence follows from their existence.

..... man defines himself.What is meant by the statement is that man is (1) defined only insofar as he acts and (2) that he is responsible for his actions. To clarify, it can be said that a man who acts cruelly towards other people is, by that act, defined as a cruel man and in that same instance, he (as opposed to his genes, for instance) is defined as being responsible for being this cruel man. Of course, the more positive therapeutic aspect of this is also implied: You can choose to act in a different way, and to be a good person instead of a cruel person. Here it is also clear that since man can choose to be either cruel or good, he is, in fact, neither of these things essentially.”⁴¹

We have the potential to be a number of things which are as a result of our acts but are not our essential selves. To quote again:

“To claim, then, that existence precedes essence is to assert that there is no such predetermined essence to be found in man. Instead, what one finds if one searches is the concrete lived life of each individual. "Man first of all exists, encounters himself, surges up in the world – and defines himself afterwards.”

In simple terms we do not say I am a dancer, or I am a surgeon, or I am a lawyer, or I am theatre director, or I am a good person, or a bad person, until we have done it, until we have acted. It is our actions that make us who we are.

We are all partial and potential personalities or people. We are not fixed; we can define ourselves as more than one thing because we can be more than one thing. We can be architect and mother and wife and lover and gardener. We can be doctor and wife and athlete. And at any stage in our lives we can become something else, by what we do. As long as we breathe we have potential as human beings.

So to limit ourselves to a perception of ourselves as woman or female is simply to express our gender, which is essentially a biological term. It does not define us the same as writer, or engineer. As Shylock so beautifully puts it in Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, in pointing out the human similarity between Jew and gentile, one and other. For the fear of “other” is at the heart of gender inequality, xenophobia, of difference, of apartheid, of genocide.

Shylock says, “If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? (*Merchant of Venice Act 3 Sc 1 Line 63*)

And love and fear, the two basic human emotions that drive our thoughts and actions are not gender, or race, or religious or class specific. So accept all others as equal and embrace other.

And focus on you. And your potential

This is beautifully put by Martha Graham, the celebrated artist and dancer.

“There is a vitality, a life force, an energy, a quickening that is translated through you into action and because there is only one of you in all of time, this expression is unique. And if you block it, it will never exist through any other medium and be lost. The world will not have it. It is not your business to determine how good it is nor how valuable now how it compares with other expressions. It is your business to keep it yours clearly and directly, to keep the channel open... whether you choose to take an art class, keep a journal, record your dreams, dance your story or live each day from your own creative source. Above all else, keep the channel open.”

SO what advice can I give you as you sail out onto the sea of life? I had some for my own children as they were growing up; we had a simple set of rules.

Look after your body, it's the only one you've got – alcohol, drugs, sex and disease

Always be honest with yourself – can you do something and look yourself in the mirror the following morning and like yourself?

Communicate and negotiate.

And lastly, Tolstoy, the great Russian writer, reminds us of the power of the present, when he says.

“The now is the only time when you have power.”

In this moment I can make a difference – I can not do it in the past, that is gone and the future is not here yet. I only have the now.

But now – in this moment – I can say I love you – I can sign on a deal – I can fire the gun - I can say NO – I can give the kiss of life in an accident, I can stop the wound bleeding, I can say YES, I can stop the car - I can hold a hand, I can write the letter. – I can smile – I can hug – I can...

In this moment you can make a difference – you have the power.
So go out there and be powerful.

Thank you.

Wednesday 22 October 2008

Address at St Andrew's College Speech Day By Mr Davey Herold, Chairman, St Andrew's College Council

A very warm welcome to all of you: College boys, parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters, friends and guests. David will welcome you all more specifically and formally later. For those of you who have studied the programme, this deviation from form is not a mistake. Practical considerations such as reorganising the stage have been taken into account. The fact of the matter is that I wanted to talk first!

Thank you again Aidan for such a splendid window into life at College. To all you young men (and women), thank you for your passion and commitment, and to all our staff for making this possible. Speech Day is about recognition and pride. How proud you make us.

Today is a very special speech day - we have no guest speaker! It is also the end of an era, a time to reflect on where we have come from and where we are going to. The emotion, gratitude and love we will express in thanking and saying goodbye to David and Ingrid will be mirrored in our welcome of Paul and Sue Edey next year.

We were hoping that David's mother, Dr Lois Wylde, could with us today. I have my mother here. David: she is with you, watching over you, has always been, and always will be: mothers are just like that! It is reassuring to have your mother around when you finally leave school! David is the eldest son of the late Dr Ron Wylde OA and Dr Lois Wylde. Both practised as medical doctors all their lives; saving lives. David as a teacher and educationalist has spent his making them.

He has an impressive CV. Ingrid married him! They have four lovely children who they dote on and are very proud of. What more need one say? Oh and David was in Armstrong!

Here is the official version:

David was educated here at Prep and College, the University of Cape Town, and at Worcester College, Oxford. He taught for a number of years at well-known English public schools, Radley, Wellington College and Manchester Grammar School. In 1997 he returned to South Africa to teach English at St John's College for four years before joining the staff of Pretoria Boys' High School as Head of the English Department. He became a Deputy Headmaster three years later. David was the Headmaster of St Stithians College from 1989 and in October 1998 was appointed as Rector of St Stithians College. In 2003 he returned here to his alma mater as our Headmaster. We fetched him!

He has served on various examining bodies. He has contributed many articles on literacy and educational matters; published textbooks; and lectured at conferences. In addition, he was one of the Founders of Penryn College in Mpumalanga and serves on the Penryn Trust and Sub-committee for Fundraising.

As with most of us on leaving school I suspect he is just starting. Watch this space!

David served on the Executive of the International Confederation of Principals (ICP) and in July 2003 was elected as President of this organisation, was Co-Chair of the National Organising Committee for the ICP 2005 Convention held in Cape Town in July 2005); serves on the ISASA Staff Development Awards Committee and the Independent Examinations Board (IEB).

We know David is a gifted speaker, who has facilitated strategic planning sessions and workshops; delivered a number of key note addresses and papers at conferences both locally and internationally; he was invited to deliver a Graduation Ceremony Address at Rhodes University and, previously was keynote speaker at the National Union of Educators Conference. He was invited to become a member of the Golden Key International. An organisation recognising the top 15 percent of all university graduates.

At the SAHISA conference recently it was announced that a sum of money had been set aside to help in the development of heads of under-resourced schools. As measure of the esteem in which he is held by his peers and colleagues, and his contribution to education, this will be named after David.

Now for the unofficial one:

He is putty in the hands of his daughters. When in appropriate company he and Ingrid hold hands and cuddle. Obviously observers of the Wall. We have all been subjected to his characteristic intense gaze and felt somewhat uncomfortable, but watch him looking at Ingrid. He asked me not to make him cry, yet we have seen him in tears after having to ask boys to leave. An emotional wreck. Nevertheless, he is relentless in finding new schools for these boys.

He still stands on a rock with one of his school friends and shouts up at the Tandjiesberg as they did in their youth. David "oor ons ewigegbergtes waar die Kranse antwoord gee". He writes "dead fish" in the margin of his notes when speaking on emotional issues. He always gets his way as he did when he was insistent that the bar would not dominate the revamped Highlander! He taught me that one never loses power when empowering. He is a great friend to have. He loves it when College 'klaps' the opposition. He is fiercely loyal to and protective of all his staff. He laughs at himself.

He knows where the points of his fingers are.

Contrary to what some of the boys here might believe, David was not around when Moses went up Mt Ararat to receive the Ten Commandments. They are quite something these commandments. Bit like headmaster's offences. The one I battle with is not being allowed to envy my neighbours rain! There is an eleventh commandment that I do believe in. It stems from that most powerful phrase in scripture "so God loved the world that he GAVE his only begotten son" What an act of giving. What generosity. Whatever gift or talent one has it must be shared. Be it a hug or the ability to make someone feel better about themselves, making someone laugh, managing the school finances, resolving disputes, coaching sport, giving extra lessons or simply smiling at someone. It is the giving of oneself that is so important and the best part is the more one gives the more one receives. Always give your best.

This fortunately is part of what we learn at College. We all marvelled at the generosity during the Jubilee 150 and soon found out how much better we felt about ourselves. The resurgence in self belief. Sense of belonging rekindled. Friendships refound.

David's biggest achievement, his most long lasting gift to us, while our headmaster, was taking that miracle year and building on it. Our numbers and consequently the waiting list continue to grow. Under his guidance and leadership and as a result of that generosity we have seen significant increase in bursary funding. We now have plus of R70M invested to provide bursaries and scholarships. Every new boy house has been renovated and improved. The renovation of four of the six houses is nearly completed and the planning for the other two is progressing well. It is not acceptable to leave their renovation incomplete. We are all proud of the Highlander and love it. Prep and College are one school and the numbers at Prep continue to grow. Prep has the new Mullins Pavilion. We now own the Cradock Road Tennis courts, recently redone. Some of the Balfour Terrace houses have been renovated and we own a flat in the Strathspey complex next to Lower, and a house in Fraser Street. We have 10 new turf cricket nets, a heated pool, and a floodlit astro turf. One of David's dreams/visions was College's involvement in the Good Shepherd School and our investment therein. This, despite a nervous and cautious Council. Mrs Prudence van der Linda, headmistress of the Good Shepherd School, frequently asked God for a miracle. Through David and College R9.5 million was recently raised and on the 6th of November the sod will be turned for the construction of 8 new classrooms. Another of his dreams was the establishment of a Maths centre of excellence and the appointment of a director of maths. Significant corporate sponsorship has been raised and this is now a reality. He is pushing for similar centres for other subjects. We have directors of rugby and cricket generously sponsored by two OA's. Through the Allan Grey Orbis foundation half of two full bursaries per grade for PDI candidates have been sponsored. A teacher fund has been established and we need to build this in order to continue attracting top quality staff to College and retain them. The courage to significantly increase the entrance fee. Vertical tutor groups. The Great Fish River Journey. With David's help we manage to stave off a hostile take-over by the DSG!

And David found time to pray, teach, preach in the Chapel, watch sport, market the schools, chair and attend enumerable meetings and remain sane.

We also found out how much more money College needs for its long term sustainability. We need to fund the completion of the house renovations. We are looking at the construction of an indoor sports centre and gymnasium. A centralised kitchen and dining facility. Continued upgrade of our IT equipment, Classrooms and maintenance of our plant. College buildings cover more than 4 hectares and dare we fall into the trap of not maintaining them properly again. A new theatre. This is only the beginning. Your Council has approved and underwritten the post of a Director of Development. A vital component in the ongoing sustainability of our school. The Director of Development will be responsible for fund raising and for the creation of an ongoing culture of giving from the entire Andrean community. We have always done this and the Director of Development will formalise and structure this generosity and ensure that future generations will be able to benefit as we have.

These are not just dreams. After numerous discussions with various members of the Andrean Community a new fundraising initiative has been launched and to date as seed capital R20.1M has been raised from only 6 OA's. Incredible in this economic and political climate. Our grateful thanks to those who have so generously shown their belief in, love, and dedication to College and our Country. More so to the one who had the vision to embark on this project and have the courage and commitment to implement and drive it. We live in faith and are always positive. Almost as if by divine intervention we heard now on Monday that College has been bequeathed more than R25 M from the G P Clapham Trust (at today's values). Like you Mrs van der Linde, I too believe in miracles.

We know David is a visionary. One of his great visions has been realised in Marguerite's work of love 'The Boy in You'. We look forward to seeing you all in the Highlander this evening. At the launch of the book in Port Elizabeth recently Marguerite pointedly told us that no Council meeting material had made it into the book. It was simply too boring! The Council secretary (Tim) deserves great credit for making our robust, rowdy and often highly entertaining meetings reflect as such! This has been my third wonderful, nerve wracking and rewarding year of chairing this boring, pink shirt wearing, body. I am constantly in awe of their commitment. They give of their time and expertise and all of it 'pro bono'. No task

is too great. They never stop giving. But most of all we have fun and work as a team. My sincere thanks and gratitude to all of them.

David, I know that when, the Greatest Teacher of all, and whoever writes the next edition of the history of College, review your contribution to, and achievements here at College, you will get very good marks indeed.

Now it is my pleasure to ask Pierre Strydom, father of Richard, to come forward and present a cheque to College on behalf of the 300+ club. This is yet another example of commitment and giving. Kom voorentoe asb. Pierre.

And now to Ingrid. By descent she is part Russian, part Swede and part American. By heart truly South African. “Nkosi sikelele iafrika” Ingrid. She is the ‘Wylde side’. When you talk to her you feel as if no-one else in the world exists. She is warm and effervescent, is interested in everybody. She is an analyst, a bundle of energy, a playwright, a producer, a mother, a hostess, an actress, a loving wife, a good friend to have, an enthusiast, to mention but a few, and today our honoured guest. Together with Marguerite you brought Charlie Fraser back to College, and immortalised him for me. He, like so many Old Andreans, gave his life. You have been a mother to so many of our boys and remain David's anchor.

Not having been fortunate to have had David as an English teacher, I have run out of words to thank both you and David. Many have done so already and many more will follow and in far more erudite ways than I am able. Ingrid: before you to come forward and present the prizes I ask the rest of you to stand. This is appropriate company and you may hold his hand. I have borrowed some words spoken by hundreds of College boys many thousands of times and I say to you, David and Ingrid, on behalf of all of us:

"For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful."

Monday 4 November 2008

Address at Ypres, Belgium At the St George's Memorial Church

By Mr David Wylde, Headmaster of St Andrews College, Grahamstown

May I add a word of welcome to you all and thank you for journeying to St George's Chapel, Ypres. We are here by choice. Motivated by love, curiosity, interest, opportunity, a sense of loss and gratitude. We are here to salute our military history. To ask what have we done? To pause in awe at those who served no matter what the cost. In 1916 our forefathers were here less by choice and more driven by loyalty, duty to the crown, daring, a sense of adventure and other motives. They

*“went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair
But mocks the steady running of the hour
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.”*

Marguerite Poland in *The Boy in You*, the biography of St Andrew's College quotes Kettlewell, Headmaster, as follows:

“... if boys fail to volunteer, then our work as a munitions factory fails too.”

She goes on to say:

“Cynical as this statement of Kettlewell's appears, cynicism played no part in it, it was the belief of the time – in all its horror.

Nor did such sentiments shake the Andreans under Kettlewell's care. Duty was sacrosanct. Young Harold Broster wrote to his mother:

"If I have to go to the front it will be quite an honour fighting for my God, King, you and S. Andrew's".

He died for them all and his elder brother, Lennox, carried his body from the battlefield in his arms. It was 30 November 1917: St Andrew's Day.

It was recorded by Dr Ronald Currey, the tenth Headmaster and first historian of St Andrew's College, that between its founding in 1855 and the end of the Second World War in 1945, one in eleven Old Andreans had laid down his life in the service of his country. For a small colonial school on a far-flung frontier of the British Empire, this was a remarkably great sacrifice. At the outbreak of the Great War (1914-1918) over 1000 old boys of military age volunteered to serve. Of them, 125 lost their lives, proportionally the highest number of any school in South Africa.

Of the 125 casualties, 78 were killed in France, a number of whom were killed at Delville Wood or died of wounds sustained in that engagement. These servicemen are laid to rest in 48 cemeteries in England, France and Belgium. A significant number are also buried in South Africa and East Africa. One hundred and two awards for distinguished service were won by Old Andreans, including 1 Victoria Cross, 11 D.S.Os and 51 M.Cs.

"Schools are like munitions factories and ought to be turning out a constant supply of living material, and in this we are doing our share."

St Andrew's College has indeed done its share. Faces now stare at us from the brochure. "...in their eyes shine the holy glimmer of goodbyes".

*"They will never now tell the truth untold
The pity of war, the pity war distilled."*

What have we done? What are we doing now? The least, but what is honourable.

We have come to unveil a plaque in St George's Church in memory of all those who lost their lives so far from home, as a tribute to their courage, a reminder of their sacrifice and as a pledge that their names have not been forgotten by the present members of the school.

St Andrew's College, and those present, consider it an honour to be allowed to commemorate the contribution of her alumni to the Allied victory in the First World War. Today here in St George's Chapel, Ypres, tomorrow at Delville Wood.

November 2008

GUEST EDITORIAL -DAVID WYLDE
Vol 11 No 4 Summer 08 – Independent Education Magazine

The other night I was the Guest Speaker at a Pretoria High School Old Boys' dinner, and in preparation I reached for "Good to Great" by Jim Collins. Every school seems to reach for "Good to Great" to make that leap to be exceptional. Then I had another thought, it is Nelson Mandela's birthday soon.

In the year of his ninetieth birthday, learning what Nelson Mandela teaches about leadership is appropriate to the South African Heads of Independent Schools.

Mandela, like all of us, had a role model – the regent Chief Jongintaba. He says: "My later notions of leadership were profoundly influenced by observing the regent in his court."

The name Jongintaba means ‘he looks at the mountains’. The regent was Mandela’s guardian and benefactor. “He had the confidence and bearing of a man who was used to exercising power.”

The name Jongintaba is fascinating. When you look at the mountains, you see far. You look beyond the present place, you have a real understanding of direction because you have the habit of seeing the end. You know where you are going. You understand where you are. You look about you. You may not always see what is in front of you. He who ‘looks at the mountains’ is a strategic planner, a person of vision, someone who sets the direction.

Exercising power is a transforming experience, as all Heads of school know, and from it certainly come confidence and bearing, if it is founded on authenticity, integrity and humility.

In observing the court in action, Mandela noted that:

“Everyone who wanted to speak did so. It was democracy in its purest form. There may have been a hierarchy of importance among the speakers, but everyone was heard.”

“The Regent was not above criticism.”

“They ended in unanimity or not at all.”

Such ability to listen is the hallmark of a great leader, everyone has been heard, their point of view considered. In listening there is also the very significant second aspect of leadership that a leader is not always the centre, a good leader is sometimes directed. Mandela puts it like this:

“Regent’s axiom: a leader, he said, is like a shepherd. He stays behind the flock, letting the most nimble go ahead, whereupon the others follow, not realising that all along they are being directed from behind.”

“Letting the most nimble go ahead” must be the best advice to a Head. When you’ve got a good, energetic, enthusiastic, committed, passionate member of staff, nothing is enough for them. Give them what they need because they will fly.

While listening, democratic processes and consensus are highly desirable goals, leaders also need to take a stand, set a course, make a decision, say no. Mandela himself admits that “there are times when a leader must move ahead of his flock” – Mandela’s wonderful ‘patriarchal’ voice.

And what of Heads in Mandela’s experience as a boy at Clarkebury and Healdtown? What pointers are there for us?

Reverend Harris ran Clarkebury with an ‘iron hand’ and Mandela’s memories of him are:

- “an abiding sense of fairness”
- “that he planted in me a lifelong love of gardening and growing vegetables”
- “behind the Reverend’s mask of severity was a gentle, broadminded individual who believed fervently in the importance of educating young Africans”
- “as an example of a man unselfishly devoted to a good cause, Reverend Harris was an important role model to me.”

One learns here of the importance that “behind the mask” is an authentic human being in touch with nature (gardening); who is “broadminded” meaning a balanced, independent thinking, tolerant, articulate individual; who has a belief, a vision, a direction, - ‘the importance of educating young Africans’; and whose commitment is not about self – “unselfishly devoted to a good cause.”

What a statement about a head and about you, the Heads of SAHISA, gentle broadminded individuals, who believe in the importance of educating young Africans, because without you, this nation is in a parlous state.

Little did Reverend Harris (Principal) realise the importance of his influence in the shaping of our nation. Mandela says: “A freedom fighter must subordinate his own individual feelings to the movement”. He learnt that at school at the feet of his Principal.

“School also augmented his respect for order, discipline, structure and authority: as a Prefect at Healdtown, classmates remember an exemplary (if uncharacteristically self-righteous) occasion when Mandela leapt on to the dining room table and exhorted his fellow students to take more responsibility for their behaviour. (Callinicos)

He also observes that “running taught me valuable lessons. In a cross country competition training counted more than intrinsic ability, and I could compensate for a lack of natural aptitude with diligence and discipline. I applied this in everything I did.”

Through the structures of a school, its routines and activities; the dedicated purpose of its teachers; he imbibed respect, discipline, self restraint, control and hard work.

To finish, I have compared Nelson Mandela’s *Long Walk to Freedom* to Shakespeare’s *Henry V* in teaching leadership here at St Andrew’s College, Grahamstown. There were many contrasts and similarities but what was most significant in the comparison between the two was that they shared the “dark night of the soul”. The “dark night of the soul” is a two phase, intense, inward journey experienced by Carmelite priests. Henry, before the Battle of Agincourt, with his small army facing a huge French force, walked incognito from fire to fire listening, willing his men, being with his team (a very Mandela way). Despite all his own doubt about the outcome of the battle in that dark night of the soul, he speaks publicly with great confidence. He says that those who want to run away and leave should do so. Those who stay and fight with him will have a famous victory and will be remembered forever on the day of the battle, St Crispin’s Day.

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;

“Our ‘dark nights of the soul”, our moments of doubt or loss of hope, are nothing like Mandela’s years in prison, nor Henry’s before the battle, but we, as Heads also have moments when all seems lost , when we need to (and do) look beyond ourselves for guidance and sustenance. At such times we are also conscious of the amazing collegiality within SAHISA. The best person to share and talk to is often another Head.

Thursday 14 November 2008

Address at Old Andean Function Johannesburg Country Club, Auckland Park By Mr David Wylde, Headmaster of St Andrews College, Grahamstown

Rufus Camm (Grade 11 Graham) was at the head of the cadet detachment on Sunday 9 November as College marched down to Church Square for Remembrance Sunday. The Headmaster arrived ahead of the cadets to meet them and receive a wreath. Kingswood was lined up facing the square with their back to the Town Hall, all correctly behaved. The Kingswood band arrived at the same time as the Pipe Band from different directions in the town. All the Kingswood eyes, and others, were not on either bands but on the College Cadet Corp marching proudly and in step. When I asked him what he felt like, Rufus Camm said: “The town seemed to have such respect for us.” He felt their gratitude because “we upheld the traditions”. He said, (and he’s a Kenyan and his grandfather fled SA in apartheid times), that he has never known such a sense of belonging.

I doubt whether any of the boys really deeply understood the meaning of their being there. They didn’t really know about defending their homes, defending their country and a godforsaken wood called Delville Wood, on

the Somme. I say that because I hadn't a clue, although I've been to the Remembrance Sunday Parade in Church Square countless times, until last week, when we chased down Sparrow Matthews' grave near Corbie, in France. We were in Belgium to unveil a plaque to commemorate all OAs who died in the First World War.

We had been given that privilege by the Bishop of Europe, and together with great public schools of England, we now have a plaque which commemorates those 125 OAs. The only South African school to have a plaque in St George's Memorial Church, Ypres, Belgium.

Three people helped us find Sparrow Matthews' grave. Marguerite Poland, who knew which town it was in, Sam Wells (Armstrong 2002), one of our party (he played the bag pipes at the unveiling), who knew how to Google the Commonwealth Graves Commission on his cell phone standing in a field in France, and how to find plot and number; and Ingrid, who could speak French and therefore gain local knowledge about directions to the cemetery.

Sparrow Matthews has a commemorative window at the back of the Chapel. You'll read about him in *The Boy in You*. Because we had a ferry booked and the clock was ticking, we ran across the mud, we drove down gravel lanes and back up them, we flew down tar roads to dead ends. James Widdop was the youngest of our group. We often looked at him. He was Sparrow Matthews' age, 19. We were, by chance, six decades of OAs in two cars. We found Sparrow Matthews' grave. We'd found others, where a body and insignia had meant a soldier's name and regiment could be placed on a grave stone with a biblical quotation on the bottom of the headstone, or, where only a body was found, the grave stone reads: "An Unknown Soldier of the Great War" at the top, and "Known unto God" at the bottom. Then there were the monuments like Menin Gate and Thiepval, as large as the Voortrekker Monument which were covered with names where no bodies were found, only bits, left to decay in the mud. They never came home.

Then there was Sparrow Matthews' grave. His name and regiment at the top of the stone and at the bottom was written: *Nec Aspera Terrent*. We found it and we cried. What makes a parent write the school motto on their son's grave? What is this love we feel for our old school? This love that creates circles of history? Which makes generation upon generation come back?

This is the last time I talk about College as Headmaster. Ingrid and Sandy Hird said I have to talk about what it means to me. I really struggle with that because it is too personal for a public platform and I'll probably make an ass of myself. I would also hate to give any impression that my experience of College was more important than any of yours. I've thought of it as 4 loves, after CS Lewis. Here goes. This is what I wrote this morning. The first love is College as a boy.

I was taken as a six month old baby to a home in Balfour Terrace which we rented from College. My parents had caught a troop ship back to South Africa from the UK where my father had served as a medical doctor in the RAF. He came to Grahamstown, a town he loved. Medicine was a career he decided on in the front room of Crossways which used to be Dr Mullins' surgery. I spent my boyhood in Grahamstown, went to DSG, Prep, College as a boarder. There are many moments and personalities that we all learn from. As a boy leaving College I learnt about pride. Thought I'd been to the greatest school in the world. I learned about balance. Whenever my life has gone skew since, it has been because something was out of kilter. I learnt about an abiding sense of fairness, and the flip side, unfairness; a sense of direction and purpose and service which revisited me in the years ahead, and a calling, as of Old St Andrew heard it by the Galilean lake, softer than the voice he heard, but nevertheless, distinct. At College and Prep I was bullied and I can still smell out a bully. I'm stronger now with them - the inadequate egos of them. I learnt to focus, head down at the beginning of the 400 metres as the gun went off, knowing the outside world was irrelevant. It was just the next 52 seconds and colours or no colours. Here at College I knew who I was, sensitive, determined and a survivor. And that above all, that College is about knowing who you are. None of us pretends here.

This is why we come back. To share those moments when we were real. When we were known and knew each other. When we didn't have to put on a face to meet the faces that we have to meet. I asked Hugh Anderson, OA Armstrong, Rhodes Scholar 1965, as we walked coast to coast after my daughter's wedding in

Oxford in August, what College meant to him. He said College was who he is. It made him who he is. He went to Prep and College as a boarder. He now lives in Scotland.

So for so many of us the child is father of the man.

I travelled to many countries and taught in many schools in my career, and in all there remained in my educationalist's mind the touchstone of College: a 400 strong school, in a small town, boarding, boys only, with real, authentic, genuine, people of integrity, founded with missionary purpose, and in its later years with the glorious co- instruction and co-ordination with the DSG. A model I've tried to recreate elsewhere and whose educational virtues I have extolled from University platforms and in journals.

Coming back to College at the end of my career, College has meant the sounds and smells of boyhood, the mown lawn, the chimes of the clock tower, Lower empty and full of shouts, the air of Grahamstown, the golden oriel, the doves and the stillness and the traffic in the distance. But it has also meant coming back to who I am.

The second love was for College when I was a man. Arriving back to all the sensations of circularity that Marguerite Poland talks about. Having that sense of upliftment. Standing on the shoulders of giants who had gone before, Headmasters, and staff and boys, swept along by the outpouring of generosity from OAs, in this room in the Johannesburg Country Club, and around the world, that continues today in what must be a culture of giving in a school second to none; and of course, being held in the hand of God, especially in 2005.

Before the second love, like all great loves, was the third love, the dark night of the soul, the testing time of 2003. The numbers were 383. I remember sitting in a rocking chair at 5:30 in the morning saying to Ingrid I didn't know what to do. Staff would have to be fired. Was this place worth it? "It was a back water town, boarding was no longer accepted, boys still bullied, it attracted the runt sons of the affluent and colonials up Africa, it was no longer relevant to South Africa" and so the negative spiral of thought went. But what was interesting, never in that time, nor in the Council meetings when I vented my spleen and Council guys just grinned at me, as if to say, why do you think you were employed, in all this, never did it cross my mind to say to hell with it and leave. It was too precious.

It was like being given a gift, a blessing and throwing it away. It never entered my mind to say bugger it and go. Love I suppose, is about the better and the worse. So with the help of many fine staff, OAs and people in this room, the numbers at College two days ago stood at 474, a 30 year high.

Then there is the fourth love, the love of a family. Love that is unconditional. Love that realises that there is something here larger than all of us. This is the fourth love, CS Lewis' agape love.

One of the reasons we are here tonight is to buy a copy of *'The Boy in You'*. The buying of the book does not worry me. Most OAs will want to buy the book because of their sense of belonging, competitiveness, loyalty. Well enough of them anyway to sell out this edition. There are far more OAs than books. What worries me is whether they will read it. So I want to **implore** you to read it. Don't be seduced by the pictures – they are beautiful. Find a table and chair where you can prop the book up and read for an hour a night. It'll take you more than three weeks. Don't read it in bed because it comes with a health warning. As Ken Maxwell says: "If read in bed will fall on head and will kill you dead."

Why is this Headmaster imploring you? Implore is a very soft word for a Headmaster. Why not something more commanding? Because of love.

The effect it had on me was one of humility. I felt I was deeply and hugely privileged to be a part of this institution and this country. This book will help you understand who you are, where you have come from, what forces and personalities shaped South Africa. It will tell you that South Africa wasn't shaped by others but by the influences that shaped you. You will take responsibility for this place, because the history of our school and our country are connected. You will make connections between DSG and College, you'll understand "honour" and "tradition". You'll understand yourself better.

Marguerite said she acted as a conduit with this book. A mere cipher who has interpreted and seen the connections and put them together. Or so she would have me to believe. I don't agree. No man could have written this book. It is a story of love. She has given each human being a mother's touch, found out their strengths, balanced their weaknesses. As a true artist she has empathised, put herself in the position of another. She has sensed connections and researched with tenacity and found the evidence which will make you go: "Oh wow, of course that's why I thought or did" Reading this book is like going home to a place well remembered but understood for the first time. This is a great book on its own. It will stand alone as a great piece of writing, written by an author who uses words like kisses, and probes with the sharpness of a fine mind.

Marguerite came to see me in my study some months ago after the writing of the book was completed. We spoke, she wept. Wept for the end of a love affair that started with Charlie Fraser, the hero of *Iron Love*. You see, this book is a monument to College as lasting as its stone buildings. You and I come and go and are forgotten. This book will be read forever. It is agape love. The fourth love.

This Headmaster came and will now go. Six years is a short time in this great institution. I have been very privileged to complete my professional life at College, having started my journey as a 17 year old in a class here, thinking about teaching, and sensing it was what I wanted to do. To return to my old school as Head has indeed been a blessing.

Crossways will be done up for the arrival of Paul and Sue Edey. It is wonderful to see Sue and Paul here tonight. Paul was at College from 1969-1974. He and I taught in Johannesburg over a fifteen year period. We shared. Because I was older (Paul Edey is 52), at times he searched out my advice. He ran St David's Marist with great success as Headmaster and Rector, was Deputy Head at King Edward School, possibly on my recommendation because I had happy times at Pretoria Boys High School, and learnt all about discipline and nuances and structures of a big boys' school. He was Head of History at St John's where I also taught. He is sensitive, energetic, dynamic and balanced.

In the triangular win on Lower last month, we also won the 4 x 100 m against Grey and Kingswood. Our baton changes were smooth and beautiful. When I was at College I ran that short leg around the bend on the Worcester Street side of Lower. As headmaster, I've also run the short leg, taking over from Ant Clark and now passing the baton on to Paul Edey. We have all run our legs of the race to the best of our ability. The baton change to Paul will be smooth. College will be in good hands in 2009.