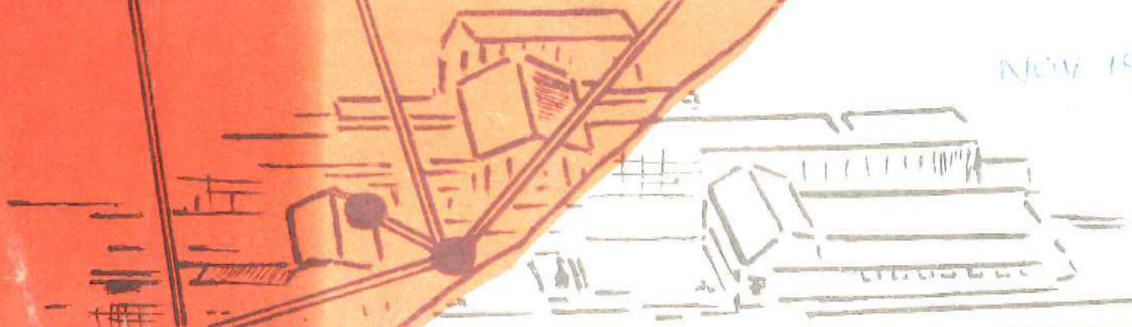
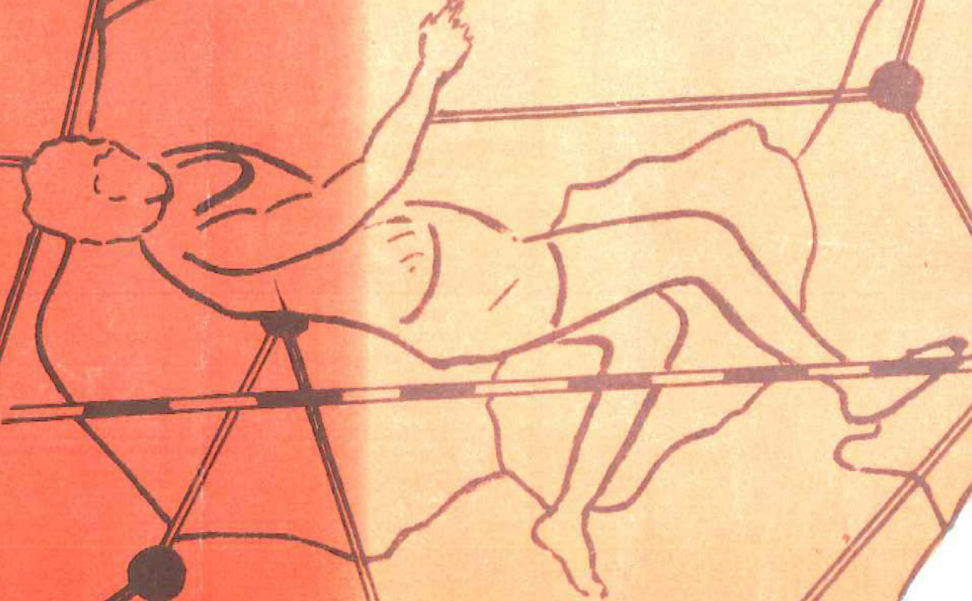


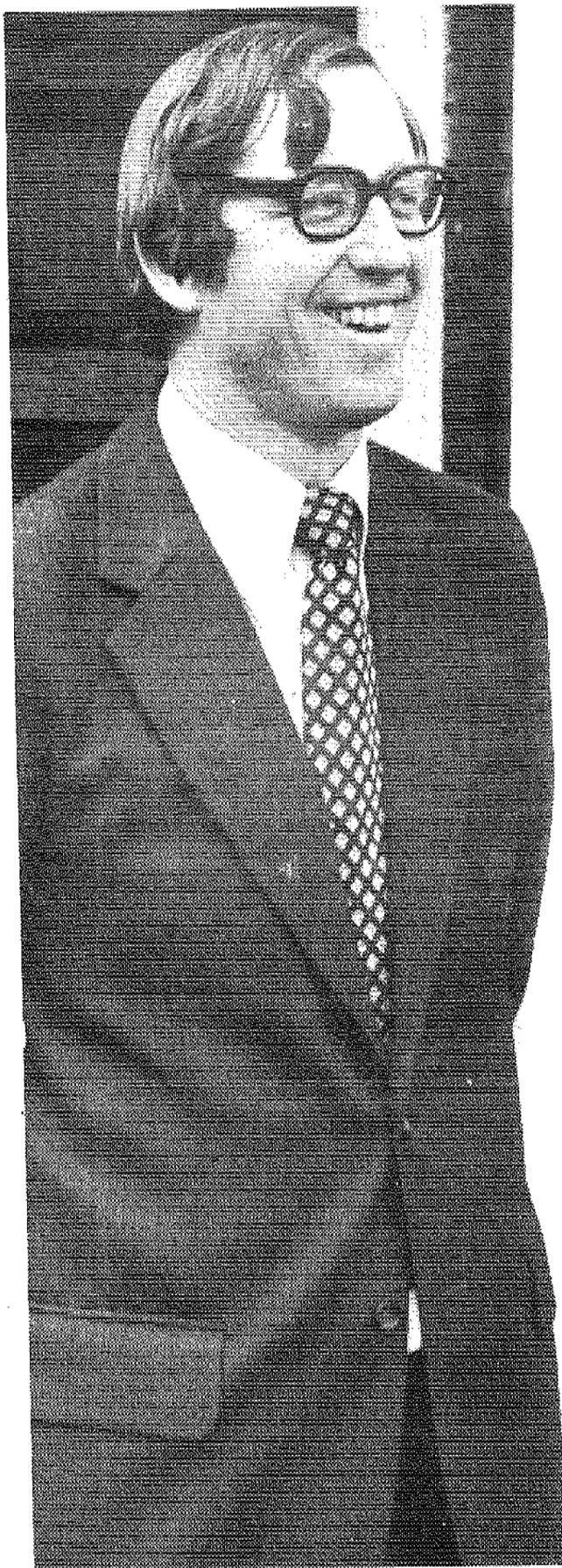
Nov 77/6

Trans-Dale

THE NEWSLETTER OF
THE
TRANSVAAL PARENTS ASSOCIATION
OF
DALE COLLEGE



NOV 1977



Mr Colin Fraser Thomson, the view from 6 ft 2 in . . . permissiveness is out.

Trans-Dale

NEWSLETTER OF
THE TRANSVAAL
PARENTS
ASSOCIATION OF
DALE COLLEGE

No. 6

November 1977



Welcome Colin . . .

COLIN Fraser Thomson, the new Headmaster of Dale College, is a young man with youthful, forthright ideas and a deep regard for the school's traditions.

He comes to Dale at a crucial time when numbers of boarders are to some extent sagging and parents are seeking assurance about the future of King William's Town and the school.

Already the new Head has impressed both staff and boys — and those parents who have met him. With youth on his side he appears well equipped to meet the challenges Dale College faces in the next two decades.

Something of his philosophy is shown in an interview he gave to Trans-Dale before he took over his new post. He respects tradition (one of the cornerstones of Dale life) and believes in a well-rounded education with a correct balance between sport and study. He has a firm attitude towards discipline. Permissiveness has no part in his concept of education.

Thomson: A man in his thirties for the eighties

IAINE HARPER, a Cape Town journalist, writes about the new Headmaster of Dale College.

Colin Fraser Thomson, 36, combines a youthful approach to education with a healthy respect for traditional values.

Harper interviewed Mr Thomson before he left Cape Town to take up his new post.

THE permissive society and tradition are poles apart, and that is how the new Headmaster of Dale College, Mr Colin Fraser Thomson, intends to keep it.

Mr Thomson, who comes to Dale from the Pinelands High School, Cape, where he was deputy-headmaster, believes that permissiveness has no part to play in current-day education.

"Drugs and alcohol have no part in education and I often think that parents give in to their children where they shouldn't. This gives rise to much of the permissiveness around these days," he said.

Mr Thomson says he is a firm believer in tradition and that Dale has a long history of tradition which plays a big part in school life.

How does he feel about leaving Cape Town and moving to King William's Town? Mr Thomson says: "All that my wife, Elizabeth, and I have heard about Dale College is good and we like the idea of living in King.

"My prime objective is to look at the set-up and

to the Transvaal

Transvaal parents will have a chance to get to meet Mr Thomson early in December. He has been invited to visit Johannesburg by the Transvaal branch of the Old Dalian Union and the Transvaal Parents' Association.

He and Mrs Thomson will attend a cocktail party in their honour at the New Club, 12 Loveday Street, Johannesburg, on the evening of December 2. The following afternoon Mr Thomson will be available at the Victoria Hotel, Plein Street, Johannesburg, for private interviews with parents.

Mr Thomson has paid the Transvaal a compliment by accepting this invitation in his first term at Dale. Indications are that parents will be well represented on both occasions.

The Thomsons are an enthusiastic young couple who need our support. They are assured of a warm welcome to the Transvaal.

familiarise myself with all the traditions of the school. I approve of tradition and wouldn't think lightly of changing it — unless, of course, it cut across sound educational principles. I do think tradition is very valuable."

Colin Thomson has a philosophy of a well-rounded education with all aspects like sport, school societies and, of course study, playing its role.

What is he like, this new headmaster?

Born in Salisbury in 1941, he went to Rondebosch Preparatory and then Rondebosch High School, following this with the University of Cape Town where he obtained his B.A. and B.Ed degrees.

He taught for six months at Rondebosch High, two years at Observatory High and four years at Norman Henshilwood High before joining Pinelands High (where he was vice-principal for three years, taking over as deputy head this year.

Education hasn't been the only thing Mr Thomson has done, however. He spent 2½ years with the Old Mutual insurance company and worked on a mine at Tsumeb in South West Africa for a year.

Mr and Mrs Thomson have three daughters, Karen, who is 7½, Jacqui, five and the baby of the family, Nicki, four.

"We are a very close family," Mr Thomson says, "and we like to spend as much time as possible together."

This is also one of the reasons the Thomsons are pleased they are living in the Frank Joubert House, where Mrs Thomson is matron.

Mr Thomson says this will give him the opportunity of getting to know the senior boys while, at the same time, he will be close to his family.

A very important part of his post, says Mr Thomson, is the liaison between himself, his staff and a loyal prefect body.

"I lay great store in a good staff, a loyal prefect body and full co-operation from the parents' organisation," he says, adding, "I would like the full support of the Dale old boys, as well."

Mr Thomson, who is 6 ft 2 in tall, is soft-spoken but with an authoritative air. He is an avid sports fan and one of his hobbies, if one could call it that, is watching school sport.

He enjoys reading . . . "but I seldom find time to indulge in this." He plays social tennis and squash . . . "although at school I played every sport available." He played rugby for the University of Cape Town.

This is not all, however, as Mr Thomson also likes doing a lot of youth work and going on school camps. His wife, Elizabeth, is Pinelands, Cape, born and bred, but is nevertheless looking forward to the change and the idea of living in a smaller town.

Judging by the enthusiasm with which the Thomsons regard their move, they could only be an asset to Dale College.

THE REV MANFRED HARTSLIEF, an Old Dalian who conducted the memorial service at the 1977 Reunion, looks back on the rousing send-off Dale gave its distinguished Headmaster, Billy Rowles.

IT was an unforgettable Old Dalian Reunion weekend. We enjoyed it thoroughly and it gave us an opportunity of taking leave of that outstanding Headmaster, Billy Rowles.

From the Friday morning assembly to the honoured roll call at the end of the memorial service, it was an experience of inspiration, of emotional atmosphere and heart-stirring that defies description.

It could not be better summed up than in Mr Rowles' own words of appreciation: "Of all the many memorial services which I have attended, I shall never forget my final one at Dale College."

Those big-hearted words contain sentiments shared by all who gathered in dear old King.

It was a strangely moving experience for us to meet and greet each other knowing that soon we would be saying an official farewell to one who had rendered so much for our beloved Alma Mater.

Reminiscences came fast and furious about past years under those great and influential headmasters like Old Bob Sutton, Tanner Sutton and others of revered memory. To feel that Billy Rowles had not only followed their high example, but had added lustre to those high and cherished traditions, left us with a sense of pride and thanksgiving, mingled with sadness and nostalgia.

FRIDAY MORNING

WHO will ever forget that occasion? Mr Ken Schaefer, Headmaster of Dale Junior, gave a bright and brilliant address from Ecclesiastes 3, stating that there was a time for every purpose under heaven.

Well, it certainly was a time for us to be inspired, a time to be deeply moved, and a time to be challenged. There were many reminiscences, there was sparkling

It's Goodbye

humour, there was eloquence, and oratory. At times there were moist eyes and a lump in many a throat.

It was stirring to see the old veterans of Dale, among them former vice-principals Mr W. P. Schnell, Mr E. C. Workman and Mr C. D. Marx. And old veteran Ernest Wilson, still sprightly in his 75th year of loyalty and enthusiasm.

On the platform were venerable past national presidents. There was a string of headboys covering about 15 years. There were the famous Old Dalians of sport like H. O. de Villiers and Hylton Ackerman.

There were the farewell speeches which flowed from hearts bubbling over with praise and thanks. There were the farewell gifts, tangible expressions of appreciation, esteem and affection for one who had wonderfully maintained the noble traditions of Dale College.

We who were present were touched as we were part of it.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

AGAIN it was a heart-warming experience to see the little Under Nines run on to the field proudly displaying their Dale jerseys.

There were other attractions like the slick demonstration of the King Convent majorettes. The Convent had recently celebrated its centenary and the majorettes must have been inspired by that achievement.

The parachute jumping was spectacular — they aimed to land on the rugby field but the strong cross-wind almost landed them in the swimming bath.



H. O. de Villiers the family man ... with his daughter Shirley, 5, and son Michael, 7, wearing a London Bobbie's helmet presented to H. O. during the "demo tour" of Britain in 1969-70.

H.O. — Dale's

The "miracle man" of Dale rugby — that's how they regarded H.O. de Villiers when he captained the First XV in 1963. Dalians would say: "This game against Queen's is going to be a real humdinger. They've got a great side this year. But then of course we've got H. O. de Villiers."

In international rugby H. O. is one of "yesterday's heroes", but he remains a legend at Dale where he learnt his rugby. One of the biggest cheers at the 1977 Old Dalian Reunion assembly was reserved for a shirt-sleeved H. O. and his friend, cricket star Hylton Ackerman. They had just driven in from Cape Town when they were called to the platform to be greeted by the retiring Headmaster, Billy Rowles.

Henry Oswald de Villiers, now 32, spent a good deal of the reunion weekend autographing copies of his biography, "H. O.: A Biography of Courage," written by Neville Leck and published by Don Nelson, Cape Town.

It is a fascinating story of the rise to greatness of one of Dale's favourite sons — he won 14 Springbok

Mr Chips . . .

FRIDAY NIGHT

THE annual dinner was another highlight. We did not go to the Central Hotel as the crowd was too big. Only the Memorial Hall was large enough to accommodate it.

Even the Old Dalian Jack Rosenberg could have given points to a sardine packer for the way in which he eventually got us all seated.

That packed crowd was another tribute to Billy Rowles and his family and what they meant to us. Len Crossman of Port Elizabeth was given an ovation when inducted as the new National President.

The speeches were characterised by humour, wit and wisdom and Old Dalian Henry Nash shone as master of ceremonies. It was late when Billy Rowles got up to speak, amid long and loud applause. We could see it was a strain for him to speak on his last such occasion as Headmaster — and we shared his feelings in no uncertain manner.

SATURDAY

THE morning dawned clear and crisp and King was filled with Old Dalians from near and far, still walking on air from the emotionally-charged atmosphere of the recent functions.

The rugby in the afternoon was thrilling, including the final match when the seniors, in a nail-biting finish, scored a victory for Dale. Queen's Headmaster, Old Dalian Dudley Schroeder, conceded that his brilliant team was justly pipped at the post.

On Saturday night some danced at the hall while others were entertained by "Oklahoma!" put on jointly by Dale and the Kaffrarian High School for Girls. It was a presentation that almost reached professional calibre.

SUNDAY MORNING: THE MEMORIAL SERVICE
AGAIN the day dawned clear and crisp. All roads led to Dale College, where the largest gathering in many years had come for the memorial service.

As padre for the occasion, I was deeply moved as I met and mingled with the crowd. Before I began the service Mr E. C. Workman explained how the Dale Memorial Song had come into existence through the death on active service of the two brothers, Basil and Eric Thornhill Cook, both Old Dalians. I invited one of the little choir boys to stand on a chair and give a message of farewell on behalf of the boys of Dale.

It was so telling, so eloquent, so simple: "Goodbye Mr Chips!" Billy Rowles got the message.

Once again we were all one in sincere thanksgiving for the occasion and all its significance as thoughts and remembrances blended in solemn and sacred memory of those who had paid the Supreme Sacrifice.

The two quotations for meditation were John 15.3: "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends" and 1 John 4.18: "Perfect love casteth out fear for fear hath torment".

The challenge came at the end where Dalians ancient and modern were called upon to have that spiritual and moral backbone of conviction to prove the sentiments of the Dale War Cry.

The Dale Memorial Song was splendidly sung by Mr Andre Hendricks and then came the climax of the honoured roll call and the benediction.

After a cheery cup of tea and eats and many handshakes, Old Dalians took leave of Billy Rowles and from one another with memories of a weekend that for a panorama of paeans of praise, pathos and pleasure no words can describe.

tragic magic match-winner

• NEVILLE LECK, sports editor of the Cape Times, has written one of the best South African rugby books of the decade about an Old Dalian who revolutionised the role of the fullback — H. O. de Villiers.

caps before a knee injury wrecked his international career. It's also a story of great courage in adversity, as he struggled to keep playing the game he loved.

Dale College and H. O.'s headmaster and friend, Russell Searle, played a large part in his rugby education and figure prominently in the early chapters of this remarkable book.

It was Russell Searle who persuaded an old school friend S. J. de Villiers to send his son to Dale as a boarder. In a chapter, headed "Headmaster Extraordinary," Neville Leck describes Searle as a man "who would do more than any other single mentor to shape the future of the dark and handsome little boy who in less than 10 years, would have grown men's pulses rac-

ing with excitement on almost every occasion he touched the ball."

He spotted H. O.'s potential as a rugby player and devoted much time to him. "Some of the things he passed on to me during the two years he coached our first team are to this day still some of the most valuable bits of advice I have ever been given.

"But he never attempted to turn me into a programmed robot and always allowed me to play my natural game."

Says Neville Leck: "He (Searle) knew his pupil was blessed with a rare rugby genius. His conviction was so powerful that he wrote a letter to Dr Danie Craven asking the South African rugby chief to keep an eye open for his young prodigy."

But Searle didn't live to see H. O. reach the heights he predicted. A heart attack after a golf match on New Year's Eve in 1964 cut him down in his prime.

H. O. de Villiers became a greater hero than any of

Sadness in the moment of triumph . . .

the schoolboy gods he had worshipped as a small boy. His triumphs on the playing fields of Dale and other Eastern Cape schools are vividly recalled.

"In his final year when he captained the First XV he was looked upon as some kind of a miracle man," says Hylton Ackerman.

De Villiers set a college record by scoring 97 of his teams 166 points through seven tries, 17 penalty goals and 17 conversions.

Paying tribute to De Villiers at the end of his final season the King William's Town Mercury wrote: "Apart from his point-scoring ability, De Villiers has been one of the finest all-round backs ever to don a Dale jersey and never played a below-par game."

There are some poignant moments in this story of triumph and disappointment.

One of them is in H. O. de Villiers' last game for Dale — against Selborne. In five years Dale had virtually become his life and he felt sad knowing he would never again play for the school.

He needed 12 points to reach the target of 100 points he had set himself for the season. Through two penalties and a try he had scored nine of these and in the dying seconds of the game he tried a drop.

"The ball flew straight and true and I was just getting ready to raise my arms and shout with joy when the ball hit the crossbar.

"It shot straight up in the air and for breathless seconds I thought it would still fall on the right side. It didn't. It fell back infield . . . and almost immediately the referee blew 'no-side.' It was all over."

Four years later, as he lay awake in bed after being chosen for the first time to play for South Africa, De Villiers suddenly thought of one man who would not be at the Test — the late Russell Searle.

"I remembered him sitting with me after a practice carefully explaining why a fullback should never let the ball bounce. I saw myself sitting in his office discussing tactics for an important match.

"I saw triumph gleaming naked in his eyes as he drove me, his captain, and two other senior boys home from Grahamstown after a particularly important victory over St Andrew's. I remembered his letter (in which Searle predicted he would become a Springbok).

"In a moment my magnificent feelings of achievement dissolved and an incredible sadness came over me."

The strength of character moulded at Dale prepared H. O. for the ups and downs of the years ahead. He played all six Tests against France in 1967 and 1968, all four against Australia in 1969 and all four in the nerve-racking demo-ridden tour of Britain in 1969-70.

Most of all, it fortified him for the dark years of the seventies, when he fought a losing battle against injury. Finally he resigned himself to being an ordinary club player who would never make it back to the top.

Old Dalians, Dalians and their parents, too, will find this an absorbing, inspiring story of a superstar who never forgot the school that nurtured him. It is an example of courage rarely matched in sport.

J. S.

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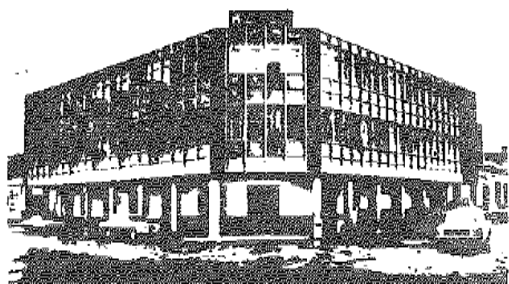
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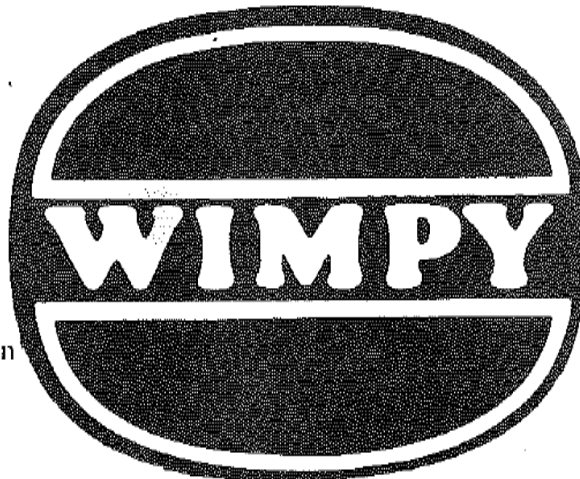
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