

## S.A.T.S.

**PO Box 22015,  
Glenashley, 4022**

**Chairman:** Derek McManus  
Tel. (H): +27 (0)31 7673719

**Secretary:** Howard Jackson-Moss  
[jacksonmoss@telkomsa.net](mailto:jacksonmoss@telkomsa.net)  
Cell: +27 (0)83 300 9891  
Tel (O): +27 (0)31 572 3901



**PO BOX 4515  
CAPE TOWN, 8000**

**Chairman:** Tony Nicholas  
[cptchairman@generalbotha.co.za](mailto:cptchairman@generalbotha.co.za)  
Tel.: +27 (0)21 788 5957  
Fax: +27 (0)86 233 6410  
Cell: +27 (0)82 555 2877  
**Secretary:** Hugh James  
[hughsig8@gmail.com](mailto:hughsig8@gmail.com)  
Mobile: 082 796 7606  
Phone: 021-531 8792

## **GENERAL BOTHA OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION**

<http://www.generalbotha.co.za>

### **NOVEMBER 2017** **JOINT NEWSLETTER**

**Has your address changed?** Please send your updated details to Tony Nicholas Chairman Cape Town (details above).

**Do you have an interesting article for this newsletter?** Please send your contributions to Dennis Henwood, [dhenwood@iafrica.com](mailto:dhenwood@iafrica.com) Phone: +27 (0)21 6716373. Fax: +27 (0)86 6706710.

**Can you read this Newsletter?** If not please let us know. We can send you larger print if it is necessary.

### **DURBAN BRANCH 2017 GBOBA CHRISTMAS LUNCH**

**Venue:** RNYC Foredeck Room

**Date:** Wednesday 15 November 2017

**Time:** 1200hrs for 1300hrs

Wine and Port supplied by GBOBA Durban branch

**RSVP:** Howard Jackson-Moss; Mobile: 083 3009891; Tel: 27 31 5723901 [jacksonmoss@telkomsa.net](mailto:jacksonmoss@telkomsa.net)

### **AUSTRALIA BRANCH LUNCH**

The General Botha Old Boys Association invites all Old Boys, Hon Members (including Worcester, Conway and Pangbourne) together with their partners, family and friends

**Function** Last function of 2017 and Xmas Lunch

**Date** Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> November, 2017; 1200 – Lunch Order from Chits-Chats Bistro

**Venue** Chit-Chats-bistro Chatswood RSL Club, 446 Victoria Avenue

Chatswood. (adjacent to the railway station), Sydney

<https://www.chatswoodrsl.com.au/>

**RSVP** Peter O'Hare, Hon Secretary/Treasurer; Tel: 0417028809; [itspeterohare@outlook.com](mailto:itspeterohare@outlook.com)

### **FORTHCOMING CAPE TOWN EVENT – YEAR END LUNCH**

- Venue: Royal Cape Yacht Club, Duncan Road, Table Bay Harbour.
- Date & time: Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup> December, 1230 for 1300.
- Lunch cost: R200-00 p.p– Partners welcome
- RSVP: Kathy, Louise or Jacky – phone 021 788 5957
- or email [cptchairman@generalbotha.co.za](mailto:cptchairman@generalbotha.co.za) by Sunday 1700, 10<sup>th</sup> December.

Superb menu and even better company. We look forward to your strong support.

**To all K-ZN Obies** – Congratulations on your 85<sup>th</sup> anniversary which you are commemorating at your luncheon on 15<sup>th</sup> November.

As we compile this newsletter we are approaching the 11<sup>th</sup> hour of the 11<sup>th</sup> Day of November – ARMISTICE DAY. As we do each year at this time, we remember those that sacrificed their lives for their country and for peace and justice in this world (a gathering of Obies and Master Mariners will have been held at the Merchant Navy Memorial in the Port of Cape Town on the 11<sup>th</sup>). In particular, relevant to this organisation, we remember all of our Obies who gave of their lives, be it in the merchant fleet or armed services in the various theatres of war since our commissioning of The Ship in 1922.



It is also, I suggest, an opportunity to reflect on the influence General Botha Old Boys have had on the lives of others as well as on the history of the world in many different spheres as a direct outcome of their GB education and training (just read, for example, the history “A Name Among Seafaring Men” or glance at the back copies of these newsletters). One such significant outcome reflecting the initiative of many Obies to support the establishment of the Lawhill Maritime Centre at Simon’s Town High School, the success of which was reflected in the motivating 2017 Awards Ceremony, celebrating the end of their academic year recently attended by myself, *Scribe*, and other members of your Cape Town committee and many other supporting Obies.

The Lawhill Awards Ceremony 2017 was held at the school last month. This annual event seems to get better and better each year. Not only were we entertained by the boys and girls, but we were motivated and captivated by their energetic and infectious enthusiasm and hunger for achievement and making great things of their future careers. One begins to see the potential for this institute to produce men and women equipped to make a difference in the world, similar to those men from the General Botha. Hugh James writes:

As always, this was a gathering of the maritime community in Cape Town and a good number of *General Botha* Old Boys were present and closely involved. The evening was a celebration of the achievements and activities of the year. The choir sang and students informed and entertained us with reports of their exploits, including feedback on a trip to Palma and to Malmö.

Marine Inspirations – founded and supported by Captains Anthony Just, Old Boy Phil Wade and others – hosted two groups of students in Palma. Two GBOBA bursars, Ntsika James and NkazimloMtshixa being among them. For most of the students it was their first flight and it was an eye-opener to travel overseas. Their appreciation of all that they experienced was heart-warming – ship-board and sailing experience, visits to maritime industries, Spanish cuisine and the hospitality shown by their hosts.

Another GBOBA bursar, Jody-Kirsten McFarlane accompanied the deputy head boy SipeheleNcube and Lawhill Head, Debbie Owen to Europe to the Blue Oceans Business Seminar in Göteborg, World Maritime University HQ in Malmö, and the Port of Rotterdam. They also met with a number of executives of Safmarine and Maersk Line in Copenhagen.

Academically, one of GB Bursary Grade 11 bursars MenelisiMkhisi has excelled in his nautical subjects.

Obie Keith Burchell announced the award of GBOBA Bursary Fund tertiary bursaries to study at Sea Safety Training Group in 2018 to LoyisoJantjies and NkazimloMtshixa.

In the absence of our chairman Tony Nicholas, who was on holiday, Dennis Henwood presented the prestigious S.A.T.S. *General Botha* Old Boys’ Association Award, a pair of binoculars, to SipeheleNcube. The criteria for this award are based on those for the *General Botha* ‘Gold Medal’.

The evening was rounded off by the guest speaker, dynamic Professor Jonathan Jansen (a leading South African educator, former Rector Free State University, and originally of humble upbringing on the Cape Flats)– a vocal supporter of Lawhill– who had us all hanging on his lips as he challenged and inspired the students to use the opportunities that come their way to build their lives. Jansen, in his weekly column *Times Newspaper*, concluded “As I watch the older retired captains of ships distribute scholarships to top pupils, some of whom they also teach, there was another special South African moment. These white men were turning over their expertise and their gifts to young black students who

would in time replace them in the maritime industry. In the midst of a national meltdown because of government corruption and dysfunctional schools, Lawhill Maritime Centre reminds us what our country still can become – without any direct state funding.”

**FROM THE BRIDGE OF s.s. CAPE TOWN – Tony Nicholas, Chairman**

This quarter’s opening stanza is Face Book. Since I established our Face Book Page a little over two years ago it has grown steadily in popularity. It is a fantastic forum for sharing historical events in the life of our Bothie as well as members sharing anecdotes and photographs. My recent post of Just Nuisance has brought a few more interesting anecdotes of Boggus, the Bothie Cadet canine in the late sixties. Simon Pearson 1967 writes;

“His name was actually Bog-Arse. He had a problem with worms and so ran his arse along the lawns at Bothie to scratch his itchy rear. He wandered into Bothie G Bay from some home in Sea Point. He so attached himself to the cadets that he never returned to his original owners. A great companion wherever the cadets went. Seem to remember Dougle Bennie being his special friend in 1967.

A great evening entertainment was when we watched a movie in the lecture theatre with Bog-Arse. Along came Chippie (the family fox terrier) with the Nankin family to enjoy the movie. But the real entertainment was the dog fight that we encouraged with our Mr. B winning hands down while Mrs. N. wailed.”

Kieron Cox 1969 adds: “Boggus retired to a farm in 1969 when he upset the boss by barking when the boss was trying to berate all the cadets on the parade ground.”

The Galley Wireless reports that Bog-Arse had his testicles painted port & starboard but so far no evidence of this has been forthcoming.

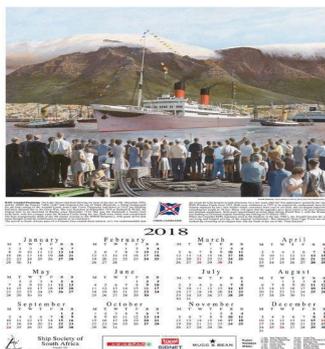
Another anecdote posted by Peter Blackett 1974 on our FB page following a recent post amused me at least.

“I joined my first ship, the SA Merchant, in Port Elizabeth. Late afternoon of my first day on board the Polish 3/O asked me to go up the road to collect his photos at the pharmacy where they had been developed. I was in my sparkling new company grey uniform so easily recognizable. As I was waiting to cross the road there was a bit of a commotion in the road, with cars hooting and people shouting. Slap bang in the middle of the commotion were 2/O JannieGous (GB 1958/59) and cadet Hugh Schaeffer (GB 1971), who were directing the 5 o’clock rush traffic. Order was restored when they abandoned their duties and came across to introduce themselves to me.”

Thus my message and challenge is to all to find and LIKE our Face Book page. Since I am trying to restrict the FB page to members only you need to apply to join, nothing complicated and I usually respond within a day. Old Salts, simply ask your grand children to set you up.

An omission of mine is forgetting to inform everyone through this publication when Kathy and I shall be on another of our African Safari voyages; apology as our absence leads to delays in response to emails and Face Book posts. We were away over border last May and again this September/October when we travelled by road to Zimbabwe via Zambia and Botswana. We shall remember to advise you all in future.

I recently mentioned receiving documents of some Old Salts who have weighed their anchors. One such was **John Mallory 193/31**. Subsequently our Naval Heritage Trust (NHT) has published these in their Naval Digest No. 26. John had a very interesting career including the S.A. Navy Hydrographer and a UCT Professor of Oceanography. Whilst in that capacity he researched the so called “killer waves” along our South African coast which became known as the “Mallory Wave”. The digest is a very interesting read, they all are. If interested contact the NHT via their web site: [www.navalheritagetrust.co.za](http://www.navalheritagetrust.co.za) or alternatively their Face Book page. Old Salts rope in your grandchildren to do this for you. Last resort you can contact the NHT by email: [wigggyben@gmail.com](mailto:wigggyben@gmail.com)



The Ship Society’s 2018 calendar is available which features a picture of

the Arundel Castle departing Cape Town in 1958 on her final voyage before scrapping. The calendar costs R35 and postage approximately R45. If interested contact Pauline Brueton email: brupa@telkomsa.net or phone: +27 21 434 5528

Elsewhere in this publication you shall read of the impressive achievements of our bursars at Lawhill Maritime Centre as well as those attending tertiary studies for their maritime careers. Your Bursary Fund has been very successful since inception in 2011 and you can be proud of the fine youngsters the program has produced. However, we still require all your support to ensure the longevity of the fund. This can be done by many means, one such being a corporate sponsor for a specific student which contributes to a company's Corporate Social Investment. Alternatively support our forthcoming Annual Marine Bursary Golf Day (we are still in dire need of hole sponsorships) and/or the Grand Raffle for a MSC Cruise. This event is the principal fund raiser for the bursary fund. Contact us urgently to support either or both.

Year end lunch is approaching which always proves to be a memorable occasion. We look forward to your overwhelming support at which your Association also supports our widows and Old Salts. Until next year, relax and have fun.

### **SCRANBAG**

**C.R. MACKENZIE 1969 #2374.** *My motivations for 2019 reunions has prompted some to send their updates; here "Macs":* February 1970 joined Kaapland, South African Lines, Cape Town. Fellow cadet on board Ian Bosman. 1973 Second Mate's Certificate. South African Lines acquired by Safmarine, employment with Safmarine, returned to SAL/Globus Reederei managed ships as third officer. 1975 Mate's Certificate. Transferred to Globus Reederei, Hamburg. Residence in Germany. Second officer on Globus managed ships. 1978 Master's Certificate Cape Town. January 1979 joined S.A. Langeberg as Second Mate, promoted Mate. 1989 Promoted Master Sea Merchant. 1992 Master maiden voyage Oranje from Pula/Croatia. 1993 Closure/Sale of Globus Reederei, transferred to Safmarine, Cape Town. 2007 Master maiden voyage Safmarine Mulanje from Ulsan/Korea. 11/2013 Off sign Safmarine Nimba, final voyage as master. Retirement in Germany. *Please contact us when next visiting our fair shores. Monthly lunch meetings second Tuesday of EVERY month.*

**G.L.R. WHITE 1979 #2680.** "My wife and I are running our businesses in Grahamstown. We have a Spar with a Tops and a BP forecourt. Been in the business for close to 20 years but upgraded from a Kwikspar to a Spar last year and so I needed to come and help out the missus who had been carrying the load for the bulk of those years. Thanks for the newsletter which I enjoy reading and thanks for chasing me up!" *Your Chairman shall definitely seek out your shops when next transiting Grahamstown during our travels.*

**B.M. ROWE 1979 #2657.** *Reunion calls for 2019 has brought a few interesting responses, here Bernard reports:*

"I immigrated to Oz in June 1990, and my first job was as a tractor mechanic on a cotton farm about 500km N/W of Sydney. Lived and worked on the farm quite happily until the first summer arrived. And then it started to get hot, but really hot. There was a thermometer on the tin wall of the farm workshop, where I spent most of my days fixing broken tractors and cotton pickers. This thermometer started recording 40<sup>0</sup>C in early November. By February it regularly hovered around 48<sup>0</sup> C. I decided to bail out before the next summer arrived, and headed for the thriving metropolis of Dubbo, which was about 60km east of the farm. They have a saying here about Dubbo. What happens in Dubbo after sunset? Answer: It get's dark. (i.e there isn't much nightlife.) Actually, it's not that bad. Have been living in Dubbo ever since, for the past 26 years. Earning a crust by being self employed in the medical textile industry, manufacturing tubular pressure bandages.

I am married to Debbie, who I met when I was at Bothie in 1979. Debbie grew up in Diep River. We have two kids. Matthew, who is 25 and is a flight training instructor, teaches Chinese airline cadets how to fly small planes. He has told me about some hair raising moments with his students not following his instructions, mainly due to the language barrier. He had a student recently whose sole ambition was to prang the plane into the ground. He has since been sent home to China. Michaela, who is 21, and at university in Canberra, studying languages, when she's not busy partying.

Tony thanks for all your hard work in keeping the Bothie Old Boys association going. It's greatly appreciated, and I always look forward to receiving your Scranbag.

If you ever find yourself down under, please give me a call. It would be great to meet up for a yarn over a few beers." *I am looking forward to those beers.*

**C.B. ROWE 1979 #2658.** *With the help of Face Book and brother Bernard, Charles's AIS places him in Esperance, Western Australia where he is a marine surveyor. We wait for further news from Charles.*

**R.D. RUMNEY 1950/51 #1673.** *All we know of Ronald is that he was a midshipman with Blue Funnel on the Menelaus in 1952. Would appreciate any further information of him.*

**M. MINOGUE 1979.** Mike has also joined us from Australia where he is Harbour Master, Pilbara Ports Authority, Australia.

"I started my career in 1988 with Safmarine and attended G.B in 1989 from July to December. In 1990 and 1991 I sailed on the Sea Merchant and the John Ross as un-certificated 3<sup>rd</sup> Officer before obtaining my 2<sup>nd</sup> Mates in 1992 and sailing as 3/O. I became 2/O in 1994 and sailed as that before being promoted to C/O in 2000, I was promoted to Master in 2008.

In 2001 I transferred from Safmarine across to Maersk UK side of the fleet and remained in this fleet until October 2013 at which stage I resigned from Safmarine/Maersk after 25 years service and moved to Australia to start with the Dampier Port Authority as a Deputy Harbour Master. In 2014 Dampier and Port Hedland Port Authorities amalgamated to form the Pilbara Ports Authority (PPA) and I became Deputy Harbour Master for Dampier and Regional Ports. Finally in May 2017 I became Harbour Master for Regional Ports with PPA.

In my time I served on numerous vessels, general cargo, bulk, salvage tugs, sea fisheries research vessel (Africana) and container ships with the majority of my career being on container vessels."

**S. GOVENDER 1987 #2905.** Sundras has also joined us from Victoria, Australia where he is a director and marine risk manager of Admiralty Consultants.

#### ***EPITAPH – ALISTAIR STRUTHERS 1960/61***

*Much has been written of Alistair in various maritime and professional publications. Brian Carver 1960/61 writes;*

"Sad news in the latest GBOBA Newsletter about the passing of Alistair Struthers.

We were chums 57 years ago and the memory is still crystal clear to me of standing next to Alistair at the lamp pole waiting for the mess bugle to jog up for lunch. Alistair was staring intently at something in the distance and I asked him, "Alistair what are you looking at?" He replied pragmatically as always, "Nothing, just resting my eyes". Sad to lose so many. 2017 has been an unfortunate year in that respect. When we were young we were invincible and feared nothing. As we get older the reality of how fragile life really is sets in and those of us in good health have a lot to be thankful for. Those in poorer health have my thoughts and prayers. Hope we have no more sad news this year. It is already too many."

*The following extract from SEAWAYS, the International Journal of the Nautical Institute.*

**Captain Alistair Struthers Extra Master FNI** - It is with regret that I have to announce the passing of Captain Alistair Struthers FNI, both a friend and long time Nautical Institute colleague. Having studied at General Botha Nautical College in South Africa during the year of 1960/61, Alistair joined his first ship as a cadet on the *City of York*. He served at sea with Safmarine from 1961 to 1972 through all the ranks up to Chief Officer. After completing his Extra Master's certificate in 1974 in Durban, he spent two years in command with Unicorn Shipping of Durban. He then joined the UK Maritime and Coastguard Agency (MCA) as a Grade 1 Surveyor, progressing to Principal Surveyor Scotland.

Alistair had always been an active member of the North of Scotland Branch, having served on committee and acted within most roles within the branch, including as Chairman and for eight years as Branch Secretary. He systematically recorded all branch proceedings and these were regularly published in *Seaways*. It was after Alistair had spotted a large oily footmark in a Master's cabin that he asked who the offender had been. On being told that the culprit was an MCA surveyor he introduced

and championed the concept of the NI Ship Visitors Course, which he considered should be taken by all ship and MCA surveyors.

In his retirement Alistair was an active astronomer, a keen hill walker and a cyclist. Since retirement from the MCA he also dedicated time to studying through the Open University for a Master's Degree in Geology and most recently a course in German. This led to two working visits to Jena which he thoroughly enjoyed.

Alistair was an important person within the Branch, holding it together through a slump in membership due to an aging maritime population. He also oversaw the Branch rebirth with a welcome influx of a generation of younger members. He was invaluable to me personally as Secretary in organising both the successful North of Scotland Branch conference on *Entry into Enclosed Spaces* five years ago and the very successful Institute AGM and Conference last June. Our parting gift to him was a Fellowship of the Institute, which was long overdue. Alistair unfortunately died from a terminal form of asbestosis, pleural mesothelioma, probably directly linked to a series of voyages as a cadet stowing and carrying asbestos cargoes from Beira to London in the 1960's.

**Ode to the South Easter-** *William Damerell 1941/42*

You come to life in the Southern Oceans  
and blow across the cold seas, gathering speed  
through the days and nights without respite.

You make landfall at your dark peak, an onslaught that wreaks havoc  
and bring terror and devastation to gardens, slamming doors and breaking windows,  
whirling into the air anything that will fly, burlyng over the heaviest, buffeting the strongest

You are not all destruction: your Cape doctor's healing powers banish stench and smoke,  
and cool us in summer's heat while dropping gentle showers on the hinterland

Your most beautiful and mysterious gift is the billowing cloth you spread over our Table,  
or is that really Van Hunk's devilish dual of smoke?  
South-Easter, you and our mountain keep that secret forever.

**The Middle Watch** *Tony Haque 1958/59 #2105*

A time when all is at peace and all asleep  
The darkened sky twinkling silently towards tomorrow  
The land under warm cover of darkness awaits the dawn  
And the sea reflects the will of the sky  
Who and who alone watches and reflects on this  
But the man on the middle watch  
Who listens to the hush and the rush  
Of the silent sea.

**ANCHORS AWEIGH**

**E.W. BOTTOM 1951/52.** Bill passed away peacefully 6<sup>th</sup> August. After Bothie he served with Bullard King and Clan Line before joining the Johannesburg Fire Department in 1959. 1963 saw him join Smith's Coasters until 1968 when he joined the then S.A.R. & H. (harbour service). Starting in dredgers and later appointed harbour pilot, retired from Durban as APC.

**TERM REUNIONS**

*The 1978 term reunion is gaining momentum being driven by Nic Hagen, Mike Melly and Graham Douglas but unfortunately the other terms are not living up to our motto, particularly the 1968 term. I remain in hope that we shall see them here next year 3<sup>rd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> March.*

*The 1958 terms, including Chums and Old Salts are rallying manfully. James Binns has been communicating with them all and as a result Dave de Wet and others have laid down the gauntlet, or is that the walking stick?*

“Keith Collins, Brian Georgeson and I have agreed to get together for an informal lunch at the Seven Seas Club in Simon’s Town and a stroll through the Bothy Section of the Navy Museum in March 2018 and would like to invite the survivors of our group, our Old Salts and our Chums to join us.

GB 60<sup>th</sup> Reunion Lunch, 01 March 2018, Seven Seas Club, 1130, smart casual.

RSVP <[davedewet@yahoo.com](mailto:davedewet@yahoo.com)> by 25 Feb 2018. An early indication of probable attendance, to be confirmed later, would be appreciated.”

*Early interest is already being motivated by 1979 term for March 2019, thus I have circulated all details of their year as well as the 1969 term. Again I live in hope that 1969 term shall Fall In for Both Watches as their last reunion was poorly attended.*

*I have also contacted term 1948/49 and wait to hear from them.*

*Our Bothie Weekend dates are as follows:*

3 <sup>rd</sup> March 2018	AGM & Commissioning Day Luncheon
4 <sup>th</sup> March 2018	Annual Service of Remembrance and Wreath Laying Ceremony
2 <sup>nd</sup> March 2019	AGM & Commissioning Day Luncheon
3 <sup>rd</sup> March 2019	Annual Service of Remembrance and Wreath Laying Ceremony

## SOS

**BRIAN M. BARRACLOUGH 1946/47.** Unfortunately we have nothing on our database of Brian, any information would be welcome. Career? Where is he now?

**GEORGE E. BAGLEY 1940/41.** All we know of George is that he was the marine personnel manager for Safmarine, otherwise; Won a prize for “Knowledge of the use of instruments”.

Joined the Seaward Defence Force [SDF] as a Junior Rating in March 1942.

1968 personnel manager of Safmarine. Where is he now?

**WILLEM de G KLEYWEG (GB 1044), SYDNEY P A NEWHOUSE (GB 1052), and HENRY P HANDLEY (GB 1039):**were three of a group of five 1939/40 cadets who were appointed Midshipman in December 1940 to HMS PRETORIA CASTLE. The other two were **John R Rippon (GB 1059)** and **James D Robinson (GB1060)**. They were then all appointed to the new build HMS GAMBIA in February 1942 together with **Thomas H Buchan-Sydsereff (GB 1027 1939/40)**. *We have recently been leant the war journal of J Rippon, of which more will be reported in the next newsletter. However, we have no information of fellow cadets Kleyweg, Newhouse and Handley. We would appreciate any information about them which we can add to the story of John Rippon in the next newsletter.*

**PETRUS VORSTER E57; 1960/61** last known address The Wilderness.

**ALAN JOHN EVANDEN GB1705 & GEOFFREY RONALD MACRYSTAL GB1722** – *Class mates with Brad Wallace-Bradley 1951/52 and joined their first ship together. Where are they now?*

## AUSTRALIA BRANCH NEWS –Peter O’Hare

A casual mid-year lunch was held at the Chatswood RSL Club in Sydney on Saturday 18th August.

Attendees were: Gordon Maxwell 40/41, Stan Damp 47/48, Peter & Jenny O’Hare 64, Gerry and Helen Hallock (Hon members) and Hugh Murray Hon Member.

Our next function will be a casual pre-Christmas lunch at the Chatswood RSL on Saturday 18th November.

We plan to hold our AGM and Commissioning day lunch at the same venue on Saturday 24th March 2018. Please let us know if you are visiting Australia.

Grenville Stevens Chairman; Andy Fotheringham Vice Chairman; Peter O’Hare Hon Sec Treasure.

## GAUTENG BRANCH – Alan Ford

Gauteng Branch remains firmly high and dry on a gold reef referred to on the charts as the Witwatersrand. Our keel timbers have been subjected to continued dry rot, but recently some rain has thankfully come to wet our bilges and let the wet rot take over for a few months. Green weeds are

sprouting in the deck scuppers, finding succour in the Botswanan desert sand which rains down continually on our heads and into our swimming pools throughout the winter months.

Nothing of note regarding our ships company has been reported to the usually deserted bridge, which I suppose can be seen as a positive aspect. We do however keep in our minds some of our members who no longer can be classed as Lloyds A1 and we wish them well over the forthcoming festive season.

As the deadline for this newsletter approached, I was wondering where I was going to get some news which our worldwide band of ex and current mariners may find interesting. Nothing seemed to be noteworthy. The continued onslaught by the computer techies on our way of life as mariners in years past, continues unabated. They are Hell bent on enslaving the modern ship management teams (we will no longer be able to call them crews) to a life dependent on networks and systems and virtual reality in an air conditioned room in some remote location far from the floating transporter (no longer called ships) which they are apparently in control of. As with anything in life one must look for the silver lining, and the idea that when one comes off watch, you can get into your car, stop by the local Nando's, and then settle in at home behind yet another display monitor to watch the sports channels, or mow the lawn or have a braai, is perhaps something to look forward to in the noble pursuit of becoming a competent seaman.

In the last two days, however something came across the world news services which I thought bears some comment and questions asked. I was lying in bed the other morning, partaking of my medicinal cup of tea brought to me by my resident nurse, when the BBC carried a report of two women and their two dogs, who had been rescued from a yacht which had been drifting for over five months in the Pacific.

Apparently, they had left from Hawaii and bound for Tahiti, and were picked up off the coast of Japan. A few news reporters who initially picked up on the news, and who were not well versed in things maritime, reported that the 50 ft sailing yacht's engine was not working and that the mast was broken. Something immediately sounded fishy, and I initially thought that screaming down the passage for the nurse to bring me my laptop, so that I could interrogate The Google to find out more, would supply me with some answers. Luckily, self preservation instincts prevailed, and I had to grudgingly turn to and make my way to the study at the other end of the house where my relic from the past, called a desktop computer stands immovable. All the information which the Interweb could offer me was that there was a tale of woe regarding the voyage. The ladies had had some really bad luck, having dropped one of their cell phones overboard after a day at sea, and then ran into some stormy weather which apparently wrecked the mast, and the engine got a bit wet and refused to start. What a calamity!!!

One thinks back to the early days of deep sea yachting when the pioneers like Slocum, Pigeon, Robinson and Voss were doing their thing, without cell phones and diesel engines and electronics to meddle in their affairs. How did they manage to go from A to B and not end up after drifting for 5 months at point C, in what looked to me like a perfectly serviceable large yacht with a foresail on the roller reefer and a mainsail loosely lashed to the main boom? The YouTube footage of the "rescue" taken by the US Navy, actually shows a sailor, having climbed up the permanent rungs which one often sees on cruising yacht masts, probably looking to see what the ladies purported issue with the stick and strings was. That USN sailor's evidence is going to be very interesting at some stage in the future.

The yacht's "skipper" has according to news reports been sailing off Hawaii for ten years, and her crew had never put foot in a boat before. The yacht's crewmembers were lauded for having been so well prepared for a long voyage, having put in food supplies for 100 days.

I'm sure this incident and the mystery and lack of information around it will be resolved when some valid and probing questions are asked by the Coast Guard. I'm sure the topic will be discussed in yachting forums around the world. If anyone finds some future enquiry reports somewhere on the Web, I would appreciate the URL's. This whole thing is just mind boggling.

On behalf of our Branch I wish you well for the festive season and look forward to scribbling something in the New Year.*Alan Ford*

**UNITED KINGDOM BRANCH-Ted Fisher**

Great, a new member has made contact. Upon relocating from the Gulf, Doha Qatar, Maurice Gibb-Jones (1974) telephoned to advise he is proposing settling in the Cheshire/Merseyside area where he is hoping to purchase a property with the intention of combining work and play--details yet to be disclosed, however Maurice, welcome to our shores and when you are settled, could probably advise on local membership of GBOBA, all of whom maintain a low profile!

Earlier in the year, we lost two members John Henderson and Alistair Struthers. Peter Allan (1968) has fallen beneath the radar for long time with no answer to his landline phone (disconnected) or email so, assume he may have fallen off his perch and if not, perhaps he could advise his position! I understand Doug Wrathmall (1956/57) has been very unwell in recent months but is now making a good recovery which we all trust will continue.

Sad another member Captain E W (Bill) Bottom (1952/53) passed away on 6 August following an illness. Bill together with his wife had been living with their daughter Carol Parsons with whom I spoke in October. Carol had been in contact with our Chairman Tony Nicholas. Bill had a long and varied career since leaving Gordons Bay. Bullard King, Clan Line, Johannesburg Fire Department, Smith's Coasters, SAR&H Pilot to Assistant Port Captain Durban.



He joined the Harbour Service in 1960's working on dredgers. While in Durban dredged up an anchor from the seabed. This has been a part of family life and as can be seen from the picture said anchor, took pride of place at his wake where I understand the family gave him a wonderful send off. Carol will continue to

receive our Newsletters in the future.

Our membership as has been reported upon live well apart through the UK. Time spent at our Alma Mater, followed by seagoing or shore careers becomes a distant memory. Thus, the enthusiasm of attending or organising socials inevitably wains.

Nautical Publications in past months have not I consider, printed anything of great interest to long retired or indeed working members for inclusion in this issue.

It leaves me to offer an early Festive Greeting to all readers for a Happy Christmas and New Year--next Newsletter February 2018, how time flies in retirement.

A reminder the GBOBA/Old Conway monthly lunch is the 1<sup>st</sup> Wednesday of each month at The Rising Sun Warsash Southampton SO31 9FT.

Cheers all Ted Fisher Tel: +44(1903 744400 Mob: +44(7702 635017 email: [tedfisher@aol.com](mailto:tedfisher@aol.com)).

### **GBOBA Bursary Fund**

This has been an extremely busy period for both the Students, the Fund and Administrators as we continue on course for the end of another year.

We as student mentors have been asked by students, "Why do we do what we do for them". Indeed, a good question, and initially difficult to give a simple answer. However, this last quarter on several occasions, as related below, it becomes more apparent.

In early October one Matric Bursar Nkazimlo and Aubrey one of our Durban Sub – Committee members (ex Lawhill) were privileged to be selected to partake in a Marine Inspirations funded Educational and Training (E&T) trip to Palma in Spain as many of Bursars have in the past. The difference this time was that they better described the impact such a trip has on their young lives .....

*Aubrey Sosibo qualified OOW Navigator and presently teaching Maritime Subjects writes:*

*....When I came back to school yesterday the Principal asked me what I brought from Spain. Without hesitation and even thinking about it I answered, "I came with a lot of knowledge and a completely new mind set". This is true! I didn't only benefit from the tours to yachts, yards, and companies, just being in Palma for the two weeks, living and dining with you, the conversations we had, all made me a better person. As I always say, these opportunities don't only benefit us who go there. They go a long way in inspiring our circles of friends, colleagues, and communities. I had prepared a short power point presentation for my students and I presented it in one of my three classes yesterday. God! You should have seen the excitement, restoration of hope and motivation from their eyes. I am slowly trying to show them that there is more to life out there than the shacks they live in currently and community*

*surrounded with poverty. This made a difference! Previously they had told me that I am such a horrible teacher for not taking them with me. All in all, words will never be enough to thank you all. Thank you for all your time, money and efforts from the planning of the trip to the last drop off at the airport. I also go with the #FIRST OF MANY!!! -If there is any way I can help in the future, I am more than willing to do so.*

Secondly anyone who had the privilege of attending the 2017 Lawhill Maritime Centre Awards Ceremony, could only but be inspired by the way the students enthused in their speeches about the opportunities that they have been given, the experiences they have had. Added to the impeccable way they behave and the continuous smiles on their faces. Many of our Bursary students spoke and made us proud both as the Fund and as members of the GBOBA. What probably is the most amazing is their incredible command of the English language and their ability to laugh at themselves and their humour. ***This all inspires us to do what we do, as a fund.***



During this quarter we have forged a bonding relationship with NSRI whereby our student bursars of the future will be privileged to partake in custom NSRI run E&T programme to achieve small boat certification. In turn two 2018 Class 10 Students will be sponsored NSRI / GBOBA Bursars.

Further to this we have aligned our selection with that of SAIMI and the National Cadet programme and the E&T Mentoring and Outreach programmes will from next year seek to better prepare our students for their Tertiary Courses and being sea ready. *We look forward to exciting times for the fund and its bursars in 2018.*

### **PART 3 of Graham Reinders 1976 Folly -- 1999 (E18 1958/59)**

In San Diego, only one “small “American Problem: The lady in the San Diego Coast Guard wanted to know how I had got from Canada to here without all the required clearances. I was totally indignant. We Canadians had signed NAFTA. Canadians and Americans were supposed to be friends. The oceans were supposed to be free. I explained that I lived 5 minutes from the US border in British Columbia and had coffee or lunch in the US many times a week needing only a friendly wave to Customs and Immigration. (9/11 was still two years away). I guess she finally realized that a little 60 year old man arriving in San Diego was not a threat to the Mighty US Empire. I am glad to say I have never had to enter the Mighty US Empire since then.

After a few days I set sail for NukuHiva situated in the Marquesas Islands, way down South in the Pacific. It was about 3000 miles South of San Diego. For 26 days I sat in the cockpit, eating, reading and sleeping. I am a reader so I read a lot of books. I even made the occasional navigation mark on the chart when my GPS happened to be switched on.

Finally I arrived in NukuHiva. The Governor sent his son to invite me to dinner. He was a Frenchman and his English was passable. He was a Nut-case, I think the French had sent him there to get him as far away from France as they could. One evening, after lots of wine he told me the most horrendous story. In the near past he and his wife had a disagreement. He was light on details but he told me he had beaten his wife (did not say with what) to one step short of death. She had never recovered and was close to a vegetable. He had then taken his 4x4 car and driven over the rocks into the sea.

The son asked me if I could advise the son on how to get the said car to work again. The son and I spent about two weeks using all my tools trying to get it repaired. I found a soft grassy patch and got him and a bunch of locals to tip the car gently on its side so we could get to the damaged front drive-train. After much straightening and welding I managed to get it all to work again. When I was leaving, the family, who had a Massive Pommelo Tree in their front yard, with hundreds of ripe Pommelons on it, presented me with a huge sack of pommelo's which I ate for the next month.

From the Marquesas I headed for the Cook Islands about 1500 miles West. I was to be severely tested on this trip. A few hundred miles off Raratanga in the Cooks my steering mechanism failed. I was totally unable to make the yacht go where I wanted it to go.

**How Boats Turn:** By turning the rudder the boat is forced to yaw to the side of the rudder input. Then the water hitting the curve of the bow makes a high pressure on one side and a lower pressure on the other side and the boat turns to the low pressure side.

My yacht had a hull design flaw. Normally with say, Right Rudder the Left side of the bow curve should get a high pressure and force the boat right. The curvature on my bow was like an aircraft wing section which gets a low lifting pressure when a fluid is passed over it. I had to use very exaggerated rudder inputs. With Right rudder instead of turning Right the bow would take a massive bite to the Left. Because of this I could not trim the sails to make the boat go where I wanted it to. Every wave or swell depending upon which side it came from immediately sucked the yacht in that direction until the next swell hit.

After two weeks of wallowing helplessly with no idea in my mind of what I could do, God Called my Bluff. I was a devout Atheist. After two weeks I was speaking to God. I said, "Look God I know you don't exist but just this once do you think you can make an exception and maybe find a plan for me?" The next day miraculously I found that there was a certain sweet-spot with a particular swell and a particular speed and direction I could get the sails to counteract the pull of the bow-swell and over the next week I was able to approach the Cook Island of Rakahanga.

Miraculously, God also sent an Australian yacht to also be at the entrance to the reef of the Island. Their captain helped me tie a series of ropes through my rudder. We could apply rudder by winching one side rope or the other. He did the sail work while I did the necessary winching in order to get through a very narrow cut in the reef.

Once I had tied up and made friends with a very gentle older man like myself I was allowed to witness and learn the Island's most precious secret. The gentleman (whose name I now have forgotten) told me he had been the previous Island Chief. He had now become a Pearl Grower in the lagoon. He used to take me with him when he was putting the strings of oysters out in the current and when he was bringing them in. One day he allowed me to go with him into a little hut on the beach. He explained that all his life the Japanese had never allowed a local to ever see the process of seeding an Oyster. It was a closely guarded secret and guards were placed whenever the "Seeder" was doing his work. He said the Japanese were brutal in those days and would kill anyone if they thought he had learned anything.

This kind gentleman showed me all his secret tools which he said he had designed himself. He showed me how to hold an Oyster, what to look for, how to open it, how to slip the scalpel into the correct place and then slip in the starter pearl. How to close the clam and reattach it to the line for immersion.

I realized that I was probably the most privileged person on the island to be shown all this. He then asked my advice: - The yacht who had helped me was in reality a pearl pirating operation that went around trying to do deals with any locals, offering massive investment for the Island and the individual if they could be allowed to sign long term contracts for controlling the businesses. He asked me what I thought.

I read him the Riot Act. I explained that these bastards were vultures preying on a naïve people and no matter what they offered the end result would be a loss of freedom and eventually a loss of all their pearls. I left for a few days later. The vultures were still anchored in the bay applying pressure. I often wonder what the outcome was. Could this kind man resist the pressure of Australian money and riches or would he sell his soul?

My only memory of Tonga is that after I had tied up at the small dock a Native arrived and told me he was the Customs and Immigration, and promptly asked me if I had any alcohol on board. I told him I was not a drinker but I did have a bottle of Whiskey on board. One thing led to another and he wanted the whole bottle for us to settle all the paperwork. I was terrified he would double-cross me (White man style) and then claim he had found contraband and I would be fined or have to go to court. In my subsequent travels grew to realize that most natives had a pretty high integrity. We white eyes are often the less moral. I cracked the seal and offered him a drink.

To my absolute amazement he and I kept talking and I kept filling his glass with whiskey. He drank every last drop of that bottle of whiskey, walked upright off my boat and I guess I was officially cleared into Tonga. Other than that I have no memories of Tonga. After a few days I set off for Western Samoa about 500 miles North of Tonga.

When I sailed into Western Samoa it was most peculiar. I tied up at a dock and waited. Nobody came, no Customs, no Immigration. The place seemed very quiet. Nobody even looked in my direction. The next day I went into the town to buy a few things. Everybody ignored me, nobody even looked at me. On the third day I asked a local where everybody was. He sort of explained that this was a special week, everybody was celebrating and there were boat races and celebrations etc. (I have no idea for what). That midday I untied and motored out of the harbour. Nobody took any notice. I then set course for Fiji about 1000 miles West.

I had been in Fiji only a few days when their Revolution of 2000 Happened. The politics in Fiji are interesting. More than 100 years previously the British Empire had imported East Indians to cut Fijian sugar cane because the locals to either too smart or to lazy to do so, It ended up with the Indians owning all the business and commerce and the Native Fijians holding aboriginal Title to all the land. The also filled the Military.

After Fiji got independence from the Brits, they tried Democracy. It ended badly. By 2000 they had elected an Indian Prime Minister, Chowdry. It was a no-brainer. He immediately wanted to change the Constitution and implement Land Reform, which would allow Indians to finally own land. There was fighting in Parliament. Democracy has its limitations when the Natives own the Military. Martial law was declared and Chowdry and all the Indian parliamentary members were locked in the Parliament building until they promised to return to reality. To this very day their problem has not gone away. Quite recently they had another military take over. The Indians still own the economy and the Natives still own the land.

While in Fiji I wanted to do some alterations to my yacht but the country is very expensive, I needed some extra money. I had 100 ounces of gold sealed under the floorboards. Thinking like a North American, I thought I would just cash out a few ounces of gold and do the renovations. Wrong!! We suckers in the west are constantly being told gold is money, a store of value, an investment. No!! gold is only a paper game which allows those in the game to skim profits as they drive it up, sell it short and then drive it up again. No jeweler or any other businesses In Fiji was even remotely interested in buying any real gold. Nowhere in my travels was anybody interested in buying any real gold.

After Fiji I was bored and decided to head back to Vancouver, about 6500 miles to the North East. One bright morning I slipped the moorings and set sail for Vancouver. --- It was not to be.

I was sailing North East towards Vancouver. With 6000 miles to go. I did not bother to look at the GPS or make any plots on the Chart. Most often, when I was sailing in good weather, I hardly ever put on my safety harness, instead I used to drag about a 100ft of halyard or sheet behind the boat so that if I did fall off I could grab the rope and hopefully get back in board.

I was sailing a few hundred miles North East of Fiji when the gods conspired against me. For reasons I cannot remember I used the engine forgetting the dragging rope. It got caught in the propeller and destroyed the flexible propeller coupling. I was in the middle of nowhere with no engine and no position plots on the large scale Pacific chart. I had no local charts for any place I could call in for repairs.

There was a dot on the Large Scale Chart at 13\*-30'-00" South and 176\*-20'-00" called Wallis-Futuna a French Island. It was within a hundred miles, so I set course. I had no idea what to expect. – The first Trap for me was just waiting to spring closed. The very large scale chart showed a bay called Singaw Bay and a town called Leava. The wind was picking up and the sea was rough as I approached Singaw Bay. I was trapped with only one chance at the run in. I did not know it was high tide.

I headed for an area that looked less rough than the rest. I dropped the sail and dropped the anchor. It was not long before a motorboat full of locals arrived and told me I was in the middle of a reef and would ground at low tide. Now I had a serious problem because I had no motor. I could not pull the main anchor up or the strong wind would have had me on the shore before I could do anything. I devised a plan. The motorboat would take out my auxiliary anchor in the direction I needed to go, with a strong sheet rope attached,. I would wrap it around the Starboard Sheet winch and I would winch-in and move the yacht over.

My 60 years could not get even one inch of winch movement. Then the local Gendarme, the biggest Native I have ever seen in my life brushed me aside. That sucker grunted and groaned and just kept

winding like there was no tomorrow. Eventually they assessed that I was off the reef and out of danger. They all jumped back in their motorboat and went ashore.

My time in Leava was among the happiest three months of my life. I contacted Canada for a replacement flexible coupling. I started making friends with the locals. The locals hated the French Authorities. After dealing with the local French Bureaucrats, I too hated the French. The prominent local native businessman realized that I was an intelligent asset and protected me from most of the French Stupidity. The locals and I were solid as friends. Little did they realize at that point that I was going to be the best asset they had ever had. As with all my Island hops, whenever I encountered anything broken I volunteered to fix it. It was not long before I was diagnosing their Main Power Generator. I was fixing all house fans. I brought all the dead Solar Panels back to life. I re-timed a Sewing Machine bobbin.

They still used Dugouts for fishing. The hollow logs had longitudinal cracks and showed dangerous wear in some places from constant beaching. I had lots of Epoxy. With an Epoxy-sand mix I fixed all the cracks, I built up pads on the heavy wear areas. I gave their dugouts a new life.

One local asked me if I could fix motorbikes. Yes! Of course. – He led me to his problem. It looked like a Suzuki 350 and he could not get it to start. I stripped the Carburettor, I worked on the Ignition System, cleaned the Spark Plug, put fresh gas in the tank. Still the damn thing would not start. I had an idea.

--- Those of you who remember the good old days before electrical starters, know how we used to start an obstinate bike, you used to put it in second gear pull in the clutch, push like hell running next to it and at the moment critique drop the clutch, wind the throttle and jump on side-saddle to get traction on the rear tire. ---

Because I realized I was old now, I got a big fellow to help me by pushing from the back. Off we went. Clutch-in, throttle tweaked, running like hell. Because I had a helper I took the jump directly onto the saddle, dropped the clutch, hit the gas. J...s!! this was one of these modern Japanese bikes with astronomical Power to Weight ratios. It took off like a bullet. In less than a second the front wheel was vertical and I was screaming down the road like Dirty Harry before I could get the throttle shut. As the nose dropped the engine wanted to stall again so I grabbed a hand-full of throttle. Yet again before I could close the throttle or get to the brake I was doing circus acrobatics down the road.

I became an instant legend. For three generations they will talk about that amazing foreigner who could do wheelies down the road. I never even tried to tell them that I had nothing to do with the whole event. Well! at least I got this fellow's motorbike fixed.

Now my real disaster was about to unfold. After my very first anchoring mistake I had managed to drop the main anchor in a safe place, but had developed another real problem. My anchor was caught in the coral heads and I could not pull it up. By coincidence a fellow yachtsman arrived who had scuba gear. He kindly helped free the anchor. I could not re-anchor or I would get caught up again. I decided it was time to leave Futuna anyhow.

I moved my yacht out to a very large Buoy just outside the inner bay. I was going to depart the next morning early. That night swell started to build, the wind started to pick up. I doubled up the mooring lines to the buoy and went to bed. Through the night it got rougher and rougher. About 3 AM I decided to check the lines. There was slight wear where the lines went through the fairlead, but I was leaving in 3 hours anyhow so I went back to bed. Mistake!!!!

At about 6 AM I felt a few small bumps then bigger and bigger bumps. I jumped up, shot out of the cabin to look. I was aground bumping between two parallel reefs. In a short order, I was holed and water started to trickle in.

As mentioned before, I had moulded 100 ounces of gold into the insulation under the floor over the keel. Could I get them out before we were underwater?

With water running in all around me I grabbed the crowbar out of my tool box and started digging. I managed to get the gold into a small carry bag together with a change of clothes and my passport and papers. By now the water was waist high. Everything was underwater. Luckily, we never sunk any lower.

With my carry-all I got into my dinghy and rowed ashore. My friends gave me a room. I told the locals that they could have everything they could retrieve, so they did a good job of finding everything. I spent the next month helping the locals where I could. I tried to impart little bits of the wisdom which I had acquired in my 60 years. They were not resentful and had secretly arranged that I marry the King's Sister in order to keep me on the Island. As you fellow sailors well know the Polynesians and Melanesians are exquisitely beautiful as teenagers but by 25 they are completely bagged-out. Sadly, the King's sister was already bagged-out so I declined.

I had booked my flight out of Futuna. After the aircraft arrived the pilot said he had a technical problem. (It was a Canadian Twin Otter) and I was a Canadian with more flying hours than the pilot and co-pilot together. I had managed to retrieve my Multi-test meter, I removed the rear panel jumped in with my meter. I told the Captain what the problem was and said that I could "jump" it for him. Probably correctly, he declined and the company had to spend the next two days getting a technician to us.

When it was finally time to leave I noticed that the entire town had arrived at the airport. As we were getting ready to leave a crowd of people approached me with their arms full of things. In a short order they had me dressed in the costume of Royalty. The women had spent hours and hours collecting shells and weaving them into the most elaborate and intricate and very large necklace. They placed it around my neck. They all cheered wildly as I entered the plane and left their lives forever.

Graham

### SLOP CHEST

These slop chest items all proudly display our association insignia and are available from Cape Town branch. Place your orders without delay with Kathy:

Phone: 021-7885957 fax: 086 233 6410

Email: [cptchairman@generalbotha.co.za](mailto:cptchairman@generalbotha.co.za)

<b>TIE [STRIPED]</b>	<b>R60</b>
<b>PLAQUE</b>	<b>On application</b>
<b>PEAK CAP [BASEBALL TYPE]</b>	<b>R125</b>
<b>'n NAAM WAT SEEVAARDERS EER</b> Geskiedenis van die opleiding skip.	<b>DONASIE</b>
<b>A NAME AMONG SEAFARING MEN</b> History of the training ship.	<b>DONATION</b>
<b>FIRST DAY COVER</b> 60 <sup>th</sup> anniversary of our Old Boys' Association	<b>DONATION</b>
<b>BELT BUCKLE</b>	<b>R250</b>
<b>DVD "THE SHIP"</b> Filmed on board during the thirties.	<b>R40</b>
<b>DVD "RED HILL 1946/47"</b> Collection of Rex Chamber's photographs with titles and accompanying music.	<b>R40</b>
<b>DVD "SOUTH AFRICAN NAUTICAL COLLEGE GENERAL BOTHA 1954".</b> Filmed by Barry Cullen and Chris Copeland.	<b>R40</b>
<b>DVD "THE BARQUE LAWHILL – ON WINGS OF THE WIND" A film by V.J. Penso</b>	<b>R40</b>
<b>MAGNETIC BADGE</b>	<b>R30</b>
<b>BLAZER WIRE BADGE</b>	<b>R100</b>

**PLUS PACKAGING AND POSTAGE!**

**Note: some items in the slop chest are available from Durban branch as well.**

Cheque or postal order should be made out to "General Botha Old Boys' Association". Post to: P.O. Box 4515, Cape Town, 8000

Alternatively, the payment can be made by electronic fund transfer directly into our bank account. Details as follows:

- Bank: Standard Bank
- Branch: Thibault Square, Cape Town
- Branch code: 02 09 09
- Account name: General Botha Old Boys' Association
- Account number: 070835128
- SWIFT: SBZA ZA JJ