



Class of '61 – Reunion

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Hi Guys,

It is, once again, with sadness that I report the death of another member of our Class of '61, namely Andrew Curle. Andrew died last Sunday after suffering from Parkinsons for some time.

I wrote to Jennifer, Andrew's daughter, this morning and I passed on our condolences to the Curle family – and assured her that our thoughts and prayers were with them at this difficult time.

For your information I have included the information that Andrew supplied me for his entry in our Yearbook:

ANDREW CURLE (Robert Curle's twin brother)



After finishing at Selborne I spent a year in the Air Force Gymnasium in Pretoria. With boot camp and military discipline done, I joined the SABC in Johannesburg as a Learner Technician. I was later a project leader on the establishment of South Africa's television transmitter network.

After twenty-eight years and with the title of Chief Engineer Research, a BSc in mathematics and a MBA from the Wits Business School, I left the SABC to join M-Net.

In my twenties on a brief holiday in East London, I met May Tunborg and was instantly smitten. She took a while to be similarly smitten and, after a long-distance courtship, we were married there. Subsequently we lived in Kroonstad, then Ermelo and finally Johannesburg, where our four children were born.

At M-Net I led the development of Multichoice Africa's first digital television decoder, and finished up living just outside Amsterdam for 12 years, commercially exploiting this technology for the Naspers Group. One of my last positions there involved managing some 160 software engineers located in Seattle, Amsterdam and Beijing.

I have travelled the world on business for nearly all of my working life. Once our children were old enough, May would join me, determined to see all the parts of the world that I had. She can tell you, inter alia, about driving convertibles in San Diego, freezing in Prague, banquets in China, shopping in Moscow and a memorable night in the presidential suite on the 61st floor of a Hong Kong hotel. At one stage we could claim to have a daughter in each of Melbourne, Cape Town, and Glasgow, and a son in Manchester.

When I retired in 2009, we sold up in Amsterdam, packed up our two cats with their EU passports (they had moved with us to Europe from Johannesburg) and relocated to Cape Town. By this time 3 of our children were also living in Cape Town, and we had two grandsons in Glasgow.

Once retired I was persuaded to have a long-standing apparent heart defect examined. Heart surgery followed, from which I am now fully recovered and in rude good health. These days the only commitment I have outside house and home is mentoring business science undergraduates at a college for the bright but otherwise disadvantaged.

2016 – In the period 2012 to 2014 I had a month's holiday in Australia, visiting family in Adelaide and seeing the sights of Tasmania in a hired car. What a fantastic place Tasmania is! A high point was chartering a 4-seater seaplane for a visit to a remote gorge high in a rain forest. This included a successful take-off in spite of a bend in the gorge.

I enjoyed a semester course on Machine Learning at the University of Cape Town. It was an exhilarating experience to be rubbing shoulders with young people and taking in the wonderfully lucid exposition of the vastly capable professor.

A replacement heart valve failed after 4 years instead of the 12 years promised on the box it came in – it didn't actually come in a box; it came from a pig. I had to spend a month in hospital while the bacteria that caused the failure were flushed from my system. Less amenable to the quick fix of a surgeon's knife is the onset of Parkinson's disease. This requires both a tablet every four hours to keep me mobile and our move into a retirement complex with a frail care facility.

May he rest in peace.

Kind regards

Werner