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The
HERSCHELIAN



No. 47

1972

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CONTENTS

	Page
Foreword	2
Miss Montgomery	2
Miss Winifred Mulliner	2
Prize-Giving	3
Headmistress's Message	4
Mrs. Helen Brownell	9
The Golden Jubilee Pageant	10
The Herschel Archives	12
Golden Jubilee Founder's Day	12
Staff News	13
Avete Atque Valet	13
School Officers, 1972	13
Scholarships	13
Confirmations	14
Charity Fund	14
Gifts to the School	14
Ascension Day	14
Matriculation Examination Results, 1971	14
Taalbondeksamen, 1971	14
The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music	17
The Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers' Examinations	17
Holiday Reading Awards	17
Sonia Beck Award	17
School Chronicle	17
Chapel Report	20
Art	20
Library	20
Choir	21
Speech and Drama	21
Music and Drama	22
Inter-House Plays	22
Matric Dance	22 & 23
Ruby Porter Service League	23
Clubs and Other Activities	24
House Reports	26
Games Report	28
Original Work	35
Preparatory School Notes	65
Old Herschelians' Association	71
Old Herschelians' Association Directory	84

THE HERSCHELIAN

No. 47

DECEMBER, 1972

FOREWORD

The school began this year in the consciousness that it was the year of its Golden Jubilee. It was decided to celebrate and acknowledge the occasion with a pageant, but, apart from that, the life of the school was to go on as usual.

At the end of 1971 we regretfully said good-bye to Mrs. Brownell, who, as Geography Mistress, Vice-Principal and Acting Principal, had served the school faithfully and with quiet distinction for so many years. We wish her happiness in her beautiful new house, and every success in the course she is pursuing at the University of Cape Town.

The First Term fled by, marked by the usual summer games, debates in both official languages, club activities, and rehearsals for the Jubilee Pageant. At the Jubilee Founder's Day Service, His Grace the Archbishop gave the address.

At the beginning of the Second Term, on three successive nights, Herschel staged its Jubilee Pageant before the imposing and beautiful entrance to the school building. The school was justly proud of this portrayal of its history and its achievements, and the enthusiastic audiences obviously enjoyed the three performances too.

Mrs. Tomalin, who had been the History mistress at Herschel for eighteen months, left us at the end of the second term, and Mrs. Raubenheimer said good-bye then, too. We thank them for their services to the school, and wish them both every happiness in the future. We also extend our best wishes to young Master Tomalin.

We were all saddened this year by the news of the deaths of Miss Mulliner and Miss Montgomery. Miss Mulliner had been at Herschel for many years, first as History Mistress and then Librarian at Herschel. Miss Montgomery taught music at school for years. We shall remember her beautiful, deep voice and cheerful morning greeting each day.

The House magazines, produced in the Third term, again concentrated on school activities, articles, essays and poems only. The elaborate, hand-written House magazines of the past have been discarded, and we shall hold a separate art exhibition at the end of the year. Jagger won the Magazine Competition, with Rolt second and Merriman third.

The Inter-House plays this year took the form of a "scene" from Shakespeare. The winner, Merriman, produced an outstanding modern version of "The Taming of the Shrew", which was original, refreshing and clever.

Rolt's version of Act IV, Scene II of "Henry IV, Part I" was creditable, as this scene is very difficult. Jagger, placed second, chose an extract from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Though pupils habitually miss the deeper implications of the play, the players were well-costumed, lively and entertaining.

The Fourth Term is witnessing the building of the new kitchen, and we look forward with interest to using it next year. In the meantime it is pleasant to relax in the staff-room or the lovely garden with summer lunches of fruit and orange juice, supplied by the school. The work of the school, of course, continues as usual, for the examinations loom ahead of us. We look forward to the Prize-giving after that, and the Carol Service which follows, and so beautifully and suitably concludes our year.

E.J.B.

MISS MONTGOMERY

Miss Lisa Geraldine Montgomery, who was a loyal member of the staff and a dedicated teacher at Herschel for over thirty years, passed away in July.

The end was not unexpected as she had been a sufferer for a long while, but, nevertheless, her death came as a great shock to her colleagues and pupils in the Senior and Preparatory Schools.

Miss Montgomery, though mainly connected with the Music Department, had a great love for Herschel and was keenly interested in the activities of the school. In the early period of her service here she was chairman of the Music Club and acted, for a period, as accompanist of the choir. She also assisted in the Senior School Library where she gave generously of her time. In recent years she devoted herself solely to the Preparatory School library where her assistance was of inestimable value.

She was a sympathetic and kindly person with a quick understanding of a child's personal problems, and endeared herself to staff and pupils alike.

C.E.S.

MISS WINIFRED MULLINER

Miss Winifred Mulliner joined the Herschel staff in 1949, having retired from service in a government school. In this capacity she served the school well until 1960. She will be remembered by many especially for the Current Affairs talks she gave week by week during "Rest" on Wednesdays.

For a while she was resident in the Boarding House.

Miss Mulliner always took an interest in the Library, and when she retired from active teaching she gave her time exclusively to the Library. It is here that the school is deeply indebted to Miss Mulliner, for she built it up to have an excellent reference department and a fine selection of fiction.

Here in the quiet of the beautiful room which houses our Library, many girls had serious talks with Miss Mulliner about their

future careers or present problems.

It was not easy for her to give up this, her great love, and when her health deteriorated she left Herschel very reluctantly only to return again on a more part-time basis. In December, 1969, she suffered a stroke and had a long and tedious illness till she died early this year.

As present and future generations of Herschel girls enjoy our lovely Library, they should not forget Miss Winifred Mulliner.

M.M.

PRIZE-GIVING, 6th December, 1971

When His Grace, the Lord Archbishop of Cape Town, invited Dr. Silberbauer to read her report, he said he was looking forward to hearing it, as it was her first as principal of Herschel. He congratulated her on attaining her doctorate, and hoped to see her in her gorgeous new robes at the next prize-giving.

Then His Grace introduced the guest-speaker, Mrs. Rowan, daughter of Dr. Skaife, the man who gave the inimitable five-minute talks over the radio. Mrs. Rowan, an ornithologist, had led an interesting life, and had lived on Tristan da Cunha for a while. His Grace hoped that she had inherited some of her father's ability to make absorbing speeches.

After distributing the prizes, Mrs. Rowan addressed the school. She declared that despite many years of lecturing, she had never learned to conquer her nerves whenever she had to make a speech. For a lecture you need only facts which you reel off, but for a talk you need a theme, the necessary facility with words and the wit to drive it home to your audience. These she felt she lacked. In fact, before any of these occasions, she was in the habit of going about the house, muttering phrases and rehearsing feverishly. In that respect, she found herself in good company, since Churchill, according to his valet, did the same. Hearing his master's voice booming from the bathroom, the valet enquired whether he wanted anything. "No," replied Churchill, "I'm merely addressing the House of Commons."

Mrs. Rowan found herself addressing a school, which, like the House of Commons, had great traditions. She had, shortly after her marriage, laboured at Herschel as a teacher, and had now returned to it, to find it little changed. She had been associated with Dr. Silberbauer even before that time. Both of them had pursued careers all their married lives, pausing occasionally to produce babies, and then carrying on again.

Mrs. Rowan was a great believer in careers for women. Any woman is a better wife and mother if she has interests outside her home. She did not consider it the destiny of any woman to become a domestic cabbage. She suggested that the girls should start to adopt an enduring and absorbing interest while they were still at school. From these interests she excluded boyfriends, who, though admittedly

absorbing, were seldom enduring. She had heard a mother admonish her attractive daughter, "If you're going to University just to find a husband, you'll be indulging in very expensive shopping." Mrs. Rowan, with some of the campus Apollos in mind, felt she would like to add, "And what a supermarket you'll find!"

In her youth, Mrs. Rowan said, careers for women did not find universal favour. People had tried to put her off a career by threatening her with the prospect of turning into a bluestocking. For some reason, they seemed to think this state would be indicated by her wearing eccentric and unbecoming clothes, like shapeless, drab dresses, extraordinarily hideous black stockings and clumsy boots. She had not done so,—but if she were to wear those clothes to-day, she would be decidedly "with it".

Mrs. Rowan then went on to suggest a few possible careers: Mathematics, of which computing was now a part. We all know that to err is human, but one felt one could not possibly be correct these days without a computer. Then there was Botany, where we could study the rich floral world all about us; or one could be an ecologist and work for a cleaner, better world.

One might even consider becoming an ornithologist,—although all the Herschel girls she had met of late, mainly in the guise of her son's girlfriends, had shown not the slightest interest in the subject.

Nevertheless it had provided her with an abiding interest. It could be studied as applied science: migrant birds, for example, are carriers of influenza: birds constitute hazards to jet aeroplanes, especially at take-off and touch-down, since flocks of birds are attracted to the open air-fields, and when disturbed, fly up and cause damage to propellers.

Mrs. Rowan said that apart from these aspects, she was attracted to birds for their own sakes. They, too, have interesting family lives, habits and ways which place our own marital lives in interesting perspective. Her interest in birds had taken her to strange places, amongst others Tristan da Cunha and Luderitz. At the latter place, with her binoculars glued to her eyes, she had not realized that she had crossed the municipal boundary into

the desert,—which was forbidden. The policeman who stopped her was frankly incredulous. It was the first time he had had birds cited as an excuse for trespass.

Mrs. Rowan often travelled about the country, more frequently with colleagues than with her husband. Once, at Van Wyksvlei, in the Karroo, the hotel was full. The owner wanted to put her in the same room with a male colleague and seemed to suspect an illicit affair. Strangely enough, when she returned to the same place some months later, with her husband, they had the greatest difficulty in persuading the proprietor of the hotel to give them a double room.

There was interest even in the questions one

was sometimes asked. Someone at the officers' mess in Wynberg once rang her up after a very good regimental dinner to ask her if the ostrich had its gall bladder in its foot!

Mrs. Rowan concluded by saying that she had tried to show the interest and fun that a career offered. She reminded the girls that they could grow up, marry, and still follow a career,—although these days that order tended to be reversed! She advised those leaving school to follow the example of their principal, whom she congratulated as also one of the day's prize-winners.

In thanking Mrs. Rowan, the Chairman of the Board warned his colleagues to look to their laurels.

HEADMISTRESS'S MESSAGE

Mrs. Kantey, Your Grace, Ladies and Gentlemen,

On behalf of Herschel I welcome you here to-day.

Golden Jubilee

As you all know, this is our Golden Jubilee year and it has rightly been one of great happiness and excitement at Herschel.

To launch the occasion the Old Girls held a special birthday tea on Saturday, February 19th, at which we welcomed five of the "original" Herschel Girls, Mrs. Fiddian Green (Mary Baxter), Mrs. Dukie Cronwright (Howes), Miss Vera Hurd Miss Fenella Douglas and Mrs. Joy Grove (Stuttaford). Their presence naturally evoked much discussion and general fun and it proved such a happy occasion for the large group of old girls and present girls who had gathered to cut the anniversary cake.

The School is indebted to the Chairman of the Old Herschelians, Mrs. Adèle Fouché and Secretary, Mrs. Mary Loggie, who initiated, with their helpers, the Edna Withers Memorial Appeal. You will see to-day the results of your generosity in the magnificent new kitchens and renovated dining room, boarders' sitting-room and maids' accommodation.

On Founder's Day, 11th February, 1972, the school attended a service at St. Saviour's Church addressed by His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Cape Town. He reminded us that on our 50th birthday we must not only give thanks for the blessings showered on the school but that in return for our benefits and privileges we should also determine to leave our mark on the world despite battles ahead.

I am quite sure that many of you here this afternoon came to our Jubilee Pageant "The Stars Looked Down" which was held on three perfect evenings in April. The pageant reflected the history of the school and was the corporate effect of past pupils, present pupils and the staff. "Son et Lumière" enhanced the elegance of the main school buildings and we thank Mrs. Marlon Robertson, our script writer and old girl, and Mrs. Margaret Saffery, our

producer, for their interesting narration of events and scenic presentation of the history of Herschel.

Other Jubilee events have been the raffle of a very lovely oil painting donated by Mr. Eric Wale. The sale of tickets has raised approximately R800.

As a culmination of our Jubilee celebrations a Supper Dance organised by Mrs. Pauline Murdock Mrs. Maureen McLennan and other Standard III parents, was held on November 10th at Kelvin Grove. This was well supported and a handsome sum of over R1000 was collected to establish an audio-visual language room.

This year a Parents Association has been established at Herschel and representatives from each class have held meetings and discussions on school matters. This sharing of our interests and problems has been of inestimable value. I am deeply grateful to all parents for their co-operation and support, especially during this last term while the kitchens were being built.

Chapel.

Our small but very important chapel continues to be the focal point of school life and Canon Hodson has taken Communion there many times this year. He also takes Assembly on Thursday mornings and has been intimately associated with the school for many years. We do thank him most sincerely for his kind help and direction at all times and we shall miss his kindly presence and help so willingly given at all times when he leaves to join the parish in Constantia.

The M.I.X. (Movement in Christ) Bible Study Group meet in the Chapel on Wednesday mornings and evening chapel services are held during the week and every other Sunday. At all services the chapel is beautifully decorated with flowers by the Standard 8 and 9 girls, while others play the organ or volunteer to read a lesson of their own choice.

On the 20th September 25 girls were confirmed at St. Saviour's by His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Cape Town.

Academic Work.

The 1971 Matriculation results were good, for out of the 22 girls writing the Joint Matriculation Board Examination there was but one failure. There were four first classes and five distinctions, two in English, two in Biology and one in Latin.

Literary contributions to outside magazines have been considerable and the South African Council of English Education who publish "English Alive" have awarded one of the book prizes donated by the British Council to Herschel for the high standard of their literary contributions.

Twenty girls passed the Lower Taalbond Examinations and 5 passed the Higher Taalbond Examination, one on the Higher Grade.

This year for the first time at Herschel, Hannah Muller writes both Afrikaans and English Higher for Matriculation, and we hope that this experiment will be repeated amongst selected candidates each year.

Two Scholarships for girls entering Standard 6 at the Senior School and tenable for five years, were awarded again this year by the Herschel Council. The winners, out of 27 candidates, were Kate Philip from Herschel Preparatory and Dawn Beasley from Grove Primary.

Two Rotary Scholarships were awarded this year, one to Fiona Baigrie, who returns in December after nearly a year's stay in the United States, and more recently a second scholarship was awarded to Shan Adams who leaves next year for New Zealand.

An American Field Scholarship was gained by Mary Foot who left early this year for the United States.

We have had news of Sue Rae Newman, the American Field Scholarship girl whom we had with us last year. She writes happily from Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas, down South! After eight months in the States she feels she can now appreciate the impact South Africa and Herschel in particular had on her. We are glad she has so many happy memories of Herschel to cherish, including her school uniform, which she has carefully packed in plastic and stowed away in her cupboard!

Nineteen girls passed the Associated Board of Royal Schools of Music Examinations this year, three girls passing with Distinction and six with Merit and there were no failures among the 16 girls who entered the Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers' Examinations. Of these three passed with Honours and eight with Merit.

We continue to aim for a high standard in all spheres of academic life and special attention is being paid throughout the school to maintain and improve working amenities.

The Library continues to provide a wide variety of fiction and reference books, and you have already heard that we are thinking about an audio-visual language laboratory. The scientific Equipment Fund initiated by Professor

Dowdle has been swelled to the sum of R1000 by donations from Mr. Clifford Harris (R500), Mr. L. Walker (R100) and Mr. Marshall-Smith (R100). Some of this money has been used to buy two overhead projectors, such useful adjuncts to class teaching. We have also received gifts of scientific equipment from Messrs. Protea Holdings and the Department of Fisheries at the University of Cape Town.

Choir.

1972 has been a particularly busy year for the Herschel choir. Not only have the choir taken part in two Sunday services at St. Saviour's which were directly recorded over the S.A.B.C., but they have sung at the weddings of several old girls, at the Ascension Day Service and at Music and Drama Club meetings.

The Choir appeared regularly throughout the Jubilee Pageant and it was interesting to follow the development of the choir since its inception by Miss Lilian Willis in 1933.

At the beginning of the third term the choir sang a number of songs at Callow House in Kentworth and a few weeks later they entertained the old ladies of the Helen Keller Hostel in Pinelands. At the end of the third term they were invited by the S.A.B.C. to record five songs for the International Choir competition "Let the People Sing".

They are at present rehearsing Benjamin Britten's "Ceremony of Carols", some of which they presented to a gathering at the Here XVII Club last Wednesday morning. They also gave a very successful lunch-hour concert at the Nico Malan last Thursday. Miss Sweet continues to be the backbone of the choir and Mrs. Dowdle our excellent accompanist. We do thank them, the choir leaders and the choir itself for giving so many hours of pleasure and joy to so many listeners.

Of course the highlight of the year is our Carol Service tomorrow evening at St. Saviour's, which so beautifully and suitably concludes the year. At this service the choir will present the full "Ceremony of Carols" by Benjamin Britten.

Extra Mural Activities.

The Societies continue to flourish.

I suppose it might be said that Speech and Drama enjoyed its "finest hour" when we produced our Pageant "The Stars Looked Down".

The Music and Drama Club has held two very successful meetings this year. The first was a "Workshop" Evening, but nevertheless enjoyable and at the second meeting the Drama pupils presented a more polished programme of five plays of a very high standard.

The Debating Society has held many debates, both in English and Afrikaans this year and the Social Responsibility Club continues to be enthusiastically supported by many senior school pupils. They have regularly visited hospitals, orphanages and old aged homes and a special Christmas party was held for the child-

ren of the Ruby Adendorff Home on the lower hockey field last Thursday afternoon.

The Sociological Club has had a most exciting year with a wide variety of talks and films. They have seen wild life films, listened to a talk on birds, another on interior decorating, Asia and the problems of Vietnam and Bangladesh. They have had talks on Drugs and Alcoholism given by a member of SANCA. They have had a talk on Pollution, another entitled "The Background to Shakespeare" and yet another on the dangers of smoking.

Two of our girls, Christina Murray and Peta Brownlie, have represented Herschel on the Junior Town Council which consists of Standard 9 pupils drawn from 30 schools in the Peninsula. They have helped to arrange many worthwhile projects such as an inter-school art competition, when two Herschel girls, Mary Newell and Susan Fuller, won prizes.

Charities.

The girls continue to contribute 25c every quarter which is collected by each House and distributed to charities of the girls' own choice. This year we have not only supported the Peninsula School Feeding Scheme but have donated to at least 25 other charities.

A rummage sale organised by the Standard 8's collected R100 and together with the proceeds of other cake sales we have been able to give a substantial donation to the TEACH Fund.

As well, the Houses continue to support their special projects. Merriman continues to care for St. Michael's Home, Plumstead, Rolt regularly visits the Princess Alice Orthopaedic Home and Jagger knits for and visits Cafda.

In addition, the Ruby Porter League continues to flourish, both at the Preparatory and Senior Schools and on the 14th October some members were present at the opening of the new Dove Creche at Grassy Park (formerly the Raapkraal Creche at Retreat). On this occasion girls were able to see for themselves our "Herschel Room" furnished by monies collected by the girls belonging to the Ruby Porter League.

House Activities.

The three Houses, Jagger, Merriman and Rolt continue to compete in academic work and on the games field and in cultural activities for the coveted Efficiency Shield.

Quite outstanding this year were the inter-House plays. The three Houses selected scenes from Shakespeare. Peta Brownlie's exciting modern production of the "Taming of the Shrew" was refreshing and original and gained first place for Merriman.

Apart from sport, Inter-House activities included a debating competition and a literary magazine.

I would like to thank all prefects and Heads of Houses and Ling Wesemann, our Head Girl, for the interest they have shown in all activities throughout the year, and to Mrs. Muller

(Head of Merriman) and Vice-Principal, Mrs. Stracey (Rolt) and Mrs. McCormick (Jagger). I extend my warm thanks for their interest in both house and school matters.

Sport.

We have had our triumphs this year in swimming and hockey. The success of the swimming team was largely due to their tremendous enthusiasm and team spirit. Although it was disappointing not to win an Age Group Trophy at the Inter-Schools Gala, the team must be congratulated on gaining first place on overall points. Out of 22 events the team won five first places, four second places and four third places.

Three girls from the Preparatory were selected to represent the Western Province in the South African Swimming Championships at Bloemfontein in November. We congratulate Janine Clewea, who came second in the butterfly but still (with the winner) managed to break the South African record. Pamela Piatt was placed third in the under 10 Diving and Fiona Adams came 5th in the Under 12 Diving. All these fine results augur well for our future swimming.

This year 7 girls were invited for the preliminary trials for the Western Province Hockey and 5 to the final trials, Margaret Minogue was selected for the team and Gillian Austin was on the short list.

The Under 15A Hockey Team, captained by Gillian Austin, must be congratulated on winning the Under 15 Inter-Schools in an exciting final game against Rustenburg.

The Herschel Judo Club is active, both at the Preparatory and the Senior School, and at this year's Western Province Championship meeting held at Herschel, we put on a display of kime-no-kata, an ancient form of self-defence, introduced for the first time in South Africa. We now have three Western Province Judo champions amongst us: Tracey van Eeden, Stacey Smith-Chandler and Erica Bult. I think we had better initiate a Staff Judo Group for self-protection!

Boarding House.

The 16 small boarders at the Preparatory and the 66 boarders at the Senior School form the hard core of the school and take a lively part in so many school activities.

I think they have enjoyed this year in their lovely new surroundings. At the Preparatory, Mrs. Johnston (Matron) has given to her small boarders loving care and attention of the finest order and I thank her most sincerely for her genuine interest and loyalty to the school.

In September we regretfully said good-bye to Mrs. Davis and Miss Walker—(Matron) at the Senior School. The latter felt she should retire after seven years at Herschel.

Mrs. English, Head of the Senior Boarding House, also leaves us at the end of this year. She has set a very high standard of decorum for all to follow in the Boarding-House. Her

quiet dignity and good organising ability have seen us through many crises and I thank her for her constant loyalty and co-operation.

Nursery School.

It was a happy coincidence that the inauguration of the Nursery School took place during our Golden Jubilee Year. The pre-school department is now a separate entity and is known as the Hill Nursery School. This year it has flourished and has swelled to a maximum of 84 children. It now fills what used to be the Preparatory Boarding establishment and spills out onto playgrounds on each side. Our 16 Preparatory Boarders are now housed in what used to be known as the "flat". In January, 1973, we will have four fully trained Nursery School members of staff and two untrained assistants.

On March 7th His Grace kindly consented to bless the Nursery School buildings and join us for tea afterwards. This was such a happy occasion, enjoyed by both parents and children present.

Much hard work has been put into the Nursery School by Mrs. Bridget Sholto (Super-

visor) and other staff members, Mrs. Pat Louw and Mrs. B. Joslin and the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Pat Abernethy. They have slowly throughout the year added to and made equipment and I never cease to wonder when I visit them how the staff remain so cool, calm and collected.

I have omitted much that has been achieved but what I must not omit is recognition of what the staff, at all levels of the school, have done to encourage the girls. Much credit is due to them for the time they spend with girls over and above the normal duties of classroom teaching. All show very real personal concern for the girls and identify themselves with their successes and failures.

On the administrative side too I thank Mrs. Dorothy Smith and Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor for their loyalty and hard work—for hard work it is these days in the office with a larger number of pupils, resulting in an increased volume of paper work.

Miss Joyce Way has catered for and fed the entire school this year. She has done a splendid job under most difficult conditions. She has



THE BLESSING OF THE NURSERY SCHOOL

Mrs. Joslin (Staff), Canon J. Hodson, Mrs. Louw (Staff), His Grace, Mrs. Sholto (Supervisor), Mr. Borton, Dr. B. Silberbauer.



His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Cape Town, the Most Reverend Robert Selby Taylor, after the Blessing of the Nursery School on Tuesday, 7th March, 1972.

identified herself so willingly with all school activities and is loyal to the hilt at all times.

Mr. Lewis—our Estate Manager—what a splendid person he is and how willingly he undertakes the many tasks he is asked to perform.

In comparison with Miss Ralph's 30 girls in 1922, this year Herschel has 418 pupils and in 1973 we expect 500 pupils (including the Hill Nursery School).

I am often asked by prospective parents what do your girls do when they leave school, for this then is how a school is undoubtedly judged—on the sort of girl the school produces. Therefore how right parents are to ask this question, since both academic achievements and sporting results are dependent on the sort of girl the school is producing, while the achievements of an old girl also have a bearing on the school.

I have been doing some research on this very problem and since it is our Golden Anniversary I feel justified in being a little introspective. Without boasting I have come across Old Herschelians in all walks of life.

Working in Grootte Schuur hospital at the moment there are three qualified Doctors, several radiographers and numerous laboratory and technical assistants. On the campus at U.C.T. alone we boast of one Professor, two clinical psychologists and the founder of the University Ballet School, Mrs. Dulcie Cronwright (Howes). There are no less than 45 graduates known to me, some of whom are actively engaged in teaching while others are married with young families but with a firm desire to combine family and work when it is suitable.

We have an Old Herschelians as Head of NICRO in Cape Town, while yet another is the only woman to qualify for many years as a Civil Engineer at U.C.T. Two past pupils are qualified architects and last year's graduation saw an Old Herschelians as the only woman to qualify and head the architectural list. In Peninsula hospitals Herschel girls are notably sought after as nursing sisters and I know of at least two who have been Head Student Nurses in their final years. We have produced authors, historians, artists, speech therapists, concert pianists, dietitians, models,

occupational therapists, interior decorators, secretaries, journalists and florists.

We have to our credit a Springbok squash and golf player and many Western Province tennis players and swimmers. Virginia Wade learnt her first tennis strokes on Herschel courts, while the film star Virginia McKenna was at school here during the war years. Pauline Vogenpool, O.B.E., continues her successful career as Curator of the Tate Gallery in London, while Susan McGregor, well known for initiating Women's World on the S.A.H.C., now holds a similarly prominent position on the B.B.C. Yet another Old Herschelian sailed across the Atlantic Ocean as a crew member in the Cape to Rio race last year, while Suzanne Williams recently spent four months searching for lost Indian tribes in the Amazon Basin. Others have become gracious wives and mothers and judging by their daughters who come to Herschel, they are being extremely successful in the most difficult of all tasks—that of bringing up children in this modern world!

It is possibly unwise to proceed for I might leave someone out, but I say with pride that Herschel is producing women of a very high calibre and that Old Herschellians, because of the privileges and benefits received at the school, will continue to leave their mark on

the world "despite battles ahead" to quote your Grace's words spoken to us at our Golden Jubilee Service on Founder's Day this year.

Ad Dei Gloriae Ladies and Gentleman, I thank you.

MRS. HELEN BROWNELL

It was with deep regret that Herschel took its leave of Mrs. Brownell in December, 1971. As Head of the Geography Department, as Vice-Principal and as Acting Headmistress, Mrs. Brownell gave Herschel 10 years of devoted and outstanding service.

Mrs. Brownell is an excellent teacher, and her results in the public examinations have been splendid. She has a deep love of her subject and brought to her work a wealth of knowledge, experience and interest, all of which had their influence on those who were fortunate enough to be her pupils.

A cultured woman with wide interests, her own love of excellence evoked a response from pupils and staff alike, and we shall all miss her quiet humour and dignified presence.

She has returned to the University of Cape Town to study Archaeology, and we wish her every success.

E.J.B.

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THE GOLDEN JUBILEE PAGEANT

Devised and written by Marian Robertson (née Spilhaus, 1830-36) and Margaret Saffery, at the suggestion of Dr. Silberbauer.

To mark its Golden Jubilee, Herschel presented a pageant in front of the school, on the evenings of 17th, 18th and 19th April, 1972. This pageant reflected the history of the school, and was the corporate effort of past pupils, present pupils and staff.

On three perfect evenings at the end of summer, we watched, as scenes from Herschel's past came to life one after the other before the stately facade of the main school building.

The script-writer displayed great ingenuity in avoiding monotony in the narration of events. A narration group opened the pageant. This group, led by a guitar-player, consisted

of present pupils, busy with sewing or knitting. The guitar-player sang the theme-song of the pageant "The Stars looked down", to her own accompaniment. As the girls worked, they discussed Herschel's history, and as various events were mentioned, they were brought to life by being enacted before us. In the second half of the programme, the narration was supplied by various Old Herschelians themselves who either appeared in person to give us their reminiscences or whose voices were recorded. The recorded voices of various headmistresses, too, contributed to the narration in the second half of the programme.



The five "Originals" at the Old Girls' tea-party with Marian Robertson (Spilhaus), author of "The Stars Looked Down": Miss Vera Herud, Mrs. Joy Groves (Stuttaford), Miss Fenella Douglas, Mrs. Dulcie Cronwright (Howes), Mrs. Marian Robertson (Spilhaus), Mrs. Mary Fiddian-Green (Baxter).



The Narration Group at the Jubilee Pageant: Barbara Gordon-Bagnall, Pamela King, Fiona MacSymon, Vanessa Hefer, Mary-Ann Cardasen.
Not present: Sharon Gird.

There was great variety in scenic presentation also. The history of the house, Herschel, at first a private residence named after Sir John Herschel, was traced for us in the 19th century, in a series of vivid vignettes. It was a School for Young Ladies at one stage in the 19th century, too, but again became a private residence, until its purchase in 1921, with the express intention of turning it into a school. We saw the arrival of one of the "Originals", in a Rolls Royce, bearing gifts of flowers and books; we witnessed a replica of the official opening of Herschel; the arrival and departure of Miss Ralph, its first Headmistress, and an excerpt from "The Tempest". These episodes comprised the first part of the programme. Then refreshments were provided by the Old Girls in a marquee on the lawn.

In the second part of the programme, we saw excerpts from several plays produced by Herschel and, as always, the choir sang on all significant occasions. Headmistresses appeared before us, or we heard their recorded voices; Old Herschelians shared their memories of

their schooldays with us, and paid tribute to two people who had served the school most faithfully for a very long time: Mrs. Withers and Joel. At intervals, slides were projected upon a screen, and these literally reflected the growth of Herschel, as rooms or buildings were added to the school. Its academic growth and its achievements emerged from narration and reminiscence.

Our own Headmistress, Dr. Silberbauer, appeared in person at the end of the pageant, to tell us of the creation of a Nursery School at the beginning of this Golden Jubilee Year, and the final tableau looked forward with faith to building for the future "ad Dei gloriam".

THANK YOU

The School would like to thank all parents, Old Girls and friends of the school who so generously gave of their time, their advice and their help, and who contributed so greatly to the success of our Jubilee Pageant.

THE HERSCHEL ARCHIVES

When I was asked to write the Golden Jubilee Pageant I had little material to work on: Miss Ralph's diary (a combination of diary and scrap book) for the earliest years, the Council Minutes, a complete run of "The Herschelian" and two scrap books for the later years. Some photographs were found, framed and unframed, but few dated or with leading personalities identified—and some I remembered from my own schooldays were missing. An intensive hunt in the school failed to reveal any more material—although we had the assurance of Miss McLean and Mrs. Kittow that more used to exist and that, to their knowledge, it had not been destroyed.

An appeal was made to old Herschelians, and a number came forward with photographs and documents for which all of us concerned with recording the school's history are most grateful. Unfortunately, the donation of the first prospectus came on the eve of the first night of the pageant—too late to be used. At the 1972 meeting of the Old Herschelians Association it was determined that we should have

a proper archives and a number of us have volunteered to collate and care for historical material of all kinds. Whoever has the job for our 75th and 100th anniversaries that I had for our 50th will not have my problems.

Six months after the pageant, to our mortification, the missing material turned up on the top shelves of the stationery cupboard. The scrap books had been kept throughout the history of the school, there were more photographs and also some interesting letters. Had Mrs. Withers been alive she would, of course, have known where everything was. In the future, all historical material will be kept in one place and, eventually, will be properly indexed. Photographs will be dated and identified as completely as possible.

The discovery of our lost records does not mean that we no longer welcome donations for the archives. We particularly need descriptions of the school and of events and personalities of the past, whether from contemporary letters or from personal recollections.

MARIAN ROBERTSON.

GOLDEN JUBILEE FOUNDER'S DAY, 11th February, 1972

On the Golden Jubilee Founder's Day, 11th February, 1972, the School attended a service in St. Saviour's Church, at which His Grace, the Lord Archbishop of Cape Town, the Most Reverend Robert Selby Taylor gave the address.

His Grace said that birthdays are very happy occasions, some of which are of particular importance. A 21st birthday is important as it marks the launching out of a human being into the world.

For the school, that day, 11th February, 1972, was important as it was the occasion of its 50th birthday. For everyone, a birthday was a day for looking back and for looking forward. The school had many things for which to give thanks. Fifty years ago the school had its tiny beginning, and for fifty years the school had grown and expanded. There were many old girls to-day who owed their education to the school of which we were all proud. Therefore, it was fitting to thank God for many blessings; for material gifts to the school from its benefactors, for the teachers who served the school and the scholars who attended it; for the office staff and the domestic staff, and the prefects, too,—since they all helped in the running of the school. Thus, on its fiftieth birthday, we all gave thanks for the blessings showered on the school.

Birthdays are also exciting because they are days on which we look forward to the future. We remember the past on these occasions, but we must consider the days that lie ahead, too. It is our task to ensure that the future

fulfils the promise of the past. Bunyan points the way in his hymn to all Christian pilgrims:

"He who would valiant be
Gainst all disaster
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master."

In his great allegory, too, in a conversation between Mr. Valiant and Mr. Greatheart, Mr. Valiant declared that three men tried to prevent him from following the Christian path, but he persevered and overcame difficulties. Bunyan himself was imprisoned for preaching a doctrine unpopular with the authorities. The wayside preacher was told that he would be set free if he stopped preaching the gospel. Rather than give up what he felt was his duty and his task in life, Bunyan refused to agree to this proposal. He was kept in prison for twelve years.

Bunyan's hymn and example remind us of the hardships attending the Christian faith, and we feel ashamed of our own comfortable and secure lives. Few of us are willing to wear the crown of thorns. We prefer our easy, privileged way of life,—for Herschelians are privileged people,—people of standing, privileged in their school, their health, their intelligence. But surely one must do something in return for these wonderful gifts.

In return for our benefits and privileges, we should leave our mark on the world. Herschel lays a responsibility on us, and should remind us that we must be doers of God's will. Christ emptied himself of privileges and became a servant; Peter, in order to follow Christ, had to take up his cross daily.

We, too, have to follow Christ and the Apostles, and be prepared to take up our cross, and if we follow Christ, we shall have to fight with giants. But we shall find, like Bunyan, that if we fight with giants, we shall be granted the grace and strength to do so.

On Jubilee Day we must realise that we, too, have monsters astride our path, and battles ahead. The school prepares us for these, and it is for us to learn to be worthy of our lofty task.

NEW STAFF

Senior: Mrs. Jocheim; Mrs. Dunnell; Mrs. Newton; Mrs. Boyd; Mrs. Beautelement; Miss Currie.

Preparatory: Mrs. Hall; Mrs. de Lucchi; Mrs. d'Unienville; Miss Fransen; Mrs. Winter.

Senior House Staff: Mrs. Bond-Smith; Mrs. Gordon-Lennox.

Preparatory House Staff: Mrs. O'Connor.

Office: Mrs. Taylor.

STAFF WHO HAVE LEFT

Senior: Mrs. Tomalin; Mrs. Raubenheimer.

Senior House Staff: Mrs. Davies; Miss Walker.

Office: Mrs. Moll.

AVETE

Sub A: Gillian Brockman, Diana Clews, Carin Cruse, Paula Duke, Shelley Durr, Lynda-Anne Ferguson, Kerynne French, Natalie Giot, Rosaline Harris, Joanne Hvidtson, Nicolette Jones, Berit Kruger, Caroline Lanfear, Karla Mercurio, Malu Ovenstone, Suzanne Pfeiffer, Amanda Robins, Anna Rosa, Britt Schrauwen, Kim Treub.

Sub B: Jennifer Curry, Kathleen Gottgens, Julia Young.

Std. 1: Fiona Bonthron, Diana Curry, Grace Maclean, Helen O'Leary, Kate Parr, Tracey Scott, Juanita Thornton, Katherine Tripp.

Std. 2: Catriona Bonthron, Jacqueline Fitzer, Catherine Moll, Anna van der Merwe, Caroline Young.

Std. 3: Alexandra Bonthron, Tanja Honig, Yvonne Krige, Philippa Leighton Davies, Karen Smith, Linda Stott, Heather Turner, Juanita Van der Merwe, Juliette Wormesley.

Std. 4: Vanessa Goldenhuys, Katinka Honig, Shelley Mills, Gabriella Plum, Suzanne Plum.

Std. 5: Caroline Kelly.

Std. 6: Judith Banghart, Tanya Bosma, Rachel Browne, Rosslyn Dean, Fiona Douglas, Karina Floyd, Janet Fry, Margaret Higgins, Elizabeth Hope-Robertson, Rosemary Howell, Deanne Isted, Jeanne-Andree Peit, Clare Stuart-Findlay, Janice Walters.

Std. 7: Suzanne Allen, Susan de la Hunt, Judy Field, Gillian Friedlander, Lynne Herbert, Judith Knutzen, Pier Orme, Lindsey Parr, Erica Prain, Amanda Scott, Jennifer Scott-Knight, Caroline Smith.

Std. 8: Heather Gray, Katherine Greshoff, Victoria Hsu, Catherine Hund, Beverley Joslin, Susan Le Roux, Dael Meatchem, Lindsay Orme, Julia Paley, Judith Sergel, Penelope-Anne Whitehead.

Std. 9: Clare Croudace, Elona Goldenhuys, Lynda Joslin, Diana Lindbergh, Mary Newell, Gail Scott-Knight, Gillian Turner.

Std. 10: Amanda Webb.

VALETE

Std. 10, 1971: Susan Abernethy, Penelope Barnett, Fiona Baigrie, Belinda Blaine, Susan Borton, Elizabeth Burns, Jeanine Floyd, Mary Foot, Jill Golding, Tessa Mallet, Susan Maggs, Rosemary Newman, Jasmine Peel, Jane Philip, Michele Resnekov, Tessa Schouw, Jennifer Simpson, Anne Spruce, Lucinda Suckling, Vanessa Weinlig, Mary Whittaker, Sally-Ann Wells.

Others: Sara Barker, Anne Bennett, Eileen Bennett, Elizabeth Budd, Valerie Carter, Paula Duke, Faith Geddes, Sally Hobbs, Cindy Marshall, Susan Nolan, Helen O'Leary, Adele Oosthuizen, Deborah Partridge, Lynda-Jane Paterson, Diana Robinson, Helen Spruce, Nicolette Templer.

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1972

Head of School: L. Wesemann.

Jagger: S. Adams (Head of House), H. Brown, J. Tompsett, P. Newman.

Merriman: G. de Beer (Head of House), R. Wrentmore.

Rolt: H. Muller (Head of House), F. Mac-Symon.

Head of Boarding House: S. Adams.

Boarding House Prefects: S. Adams, R. Wrentmore.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Two Scholarships for girls entering the Senior School, and tenable for five years, were awarded again by the Herschel Council this year for 1973.

The winners were Kate Philip of Herschel Preparatory and Dawn Beasley of Grove Primary.

Two Rotary Scholarships were awarded this year, to Fiona Baigrie, who has left for the United States, and another to Shan Adams, who leaves next year for New Zealand.

An American Field Scholarship was awarded to Mary Foot who left this year for the United States.

CONFIRMATIONS

On 20th September, 1972, in St. Saviour's Church the following girls were confirmed by His Grace the Archbishop of Cape Town:

Shelley Adderley, Jane Bettison, Dorothy Beukes, Karen Cooper, Tana-Marie Cooper, Bridget Gough, Vanessa Hefer, Lynne Herbert, Elizabeth Jeffery, Clare Jolly, Judy Knutzen, Susan le Roux, Diana Longmore, Clementine Robinson, Amanda Scott, Jennifer Sharp, Julia Smith, Janet Thomas, Bridgid Twentyman-Jones, Francesca Welbore-Ker, Sandra Westcott, Deborah Westcott, Camilla White, Andrea Williams.

Gillian Austin was prepared at Herschel and confirmed at St. John's.

CHARITY FUND

An amount of R345.60 was collected by the three Houses during the year, and the following charities have benefited from these collections:

- Bantu Scholars Fund.
- Easter Stamp Fund.
- Cafda.
- Cape Peninsula Welfare Organisation for the Aged.
- Cape Times Fresh Air Fund.
- Jan Kriel School for Epilepsies.
- Quaker Service Fund.
- St. Elizabeth House Association.
- The Greyladies.
- Ruby Adendorff Home.
- Maitland Cottage Homes.
- Tanda Bantu Crèche.
- Lehomba Mission.
- St. Mark's Centre.
- St. Mary's Mission.
- Nondzame Private Crèche.

An amount of R146.80 was contributed by the girls during the year, from their pocket money, towards the Peninsula School Feeding Scheme.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

During this Golden Jubilee Year donations have poured into the Edna Withers Memorial Fund. It would be impossible to name all who have given so generously but proof is evident in the present rebuilding of our kitchens and the redecoration of the dining hall and boarders' sitting room at the Senior School.

Herschel is indeed fortunate in having such a loyal and generous band of Old Girls, Parents and Friends of the School, all of whom have helped so willingly to launch this Appeal.

We do extend our gratitude to all those parents who have so generously donated fresh

fruit and vegetables to the school during the year and to the 1971 Matrics who gave us two steel trolleys, which will be invaluable in our new kitchens.

Monetary gifts towards other school amenities are discussed and acknowledged in the Headmistress's Report.

ASCENSION DAY, 12th May, 1972

The entire school attended a service, conducted by the Reverend Mr. Cummings, in the Senior School Hall. The school sang the Ascension Day hymns and the Lord's Prayer, and the choir imparted great sweetness and purity to the anthem and the 121st psalm.

The moving prayer asked that we be given the eyes of the risen Christ, so that we should see all things "sub specie coeli" and attain His vision of the universe, embracing the world's manifold activities and its multiplicity of peoples.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1971

(M) by the name denotes exemption from Matriculation.

Class I:

- (M) F. Baigrie (Distinction in English).
- (M) P. Barnett.
- (M) J. Golding (Distinction in Biology).
- (M) J. Philip (Distinction in English, Latin, Biology).

Class II:

- (M) S. Abernethy.
- (M) B. Blaine.
- (M) E. Burns.
- (M) J. Floyd.
- (M) M. Foot.
- (M) T. Mallett.
- (M) M. Resnekov.
- (M) J. Simpson.
- (M) P. Spruce.
- (M) L. Suckling.
- (M) V. Weidig.
- (M) S. A. Wells.
- J. Peel.

Class III:

- S. Borton.
- R. Newman.
- T. Schouw.
- M. Whitaker.

TAALBONDEKSAMEN, 1971

Hoër Afrikaanse Taaleksamen: Pass—5 (40%—59%).

Laer Afrikaanse Taaleksamen: Pass—20 (40%—59%).

Pass on the Higher Grade: 1 (75%).

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THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

Written Examinations:

Grade V: Suzette Anderson, Philippa Harris, Robin Perold.

Practical Examinations:

Grade I: Glendyr Browns (Distinction), Kathleen Gearing (Merit), Monica Graaff, Abigail Mathieson (Merit), Sandra Sparks, Bridget Longmore.

Grade II: Tana Marie Cooper (Merit), Andrea Raath (Merit), Melody van Rooyen.

Grade III: Tessa Handley, Carolyn Veldhuizen.

Grade IV: Sharron Gird, Susan Dowdle (General Musicianship) (Merit), Philippa Harris (General Musicianship) (Merit), Robin Perold (General Musicianship) (Distinction).

Grade V: Diana Longmore (General Musicianship) (Distinction).

Grade VI: Susan Dowdle, Philippa Harris.

Grade VII: Diana Longmore.

THE GUILD OF SPEECH AND DRAMA TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS

Junior B: Claire Grottendorst—Honours; Abigail Mathieson—Merit.

Junior C: Helen Needham—Honours; Vivien Visser—Merit; Siobhan Mannion—Pass.

Junior D: Louise Gottgens—Merit; Nicolette Kohler—Merit; Irene Modlin—Pass; Chloë Fouché—Pass.

Senior I: Josephine Frater—Merit; Sharron Gird—Merit; Michelle van der Byl—Merit.

Senior II: Mary Anne Cardases—Honours; Lindsay Loggie—Merit; Camilla White—Pass; Barbara van Alphen Stahl—Pass.

HOLIDAY READING AWARDS

Senior: Hilary Brown.

Middle School: Clementine Robinson.

Junior Middle School: Amanda Scott.

SONIA BECK AWARD

Christina Murray.

SCHOOL CHRONICLE

FIRST TERM

January

19—Term begins.

House meetings.

22—Tennis—1st Open and U15 vs. Wynberg at Rondebosch and Sans Souci.

2nd Open and U15 vs. Ellerslie at Home.

24—M.I.X. Meeting. 5 p.m. Speaker: Mr. David Cook.

26—Sociological Club and Debating Society Meeting.

28—Holy Communion in Chapel—7 a.m.

Swimming Gala at Good Hope.

29—Tennis—1st Open and U15 vs. Rustenburg 1st at Rondebosch and Sans Souci.

2nd Open and U15 vs. Rustenburg 3rd at Home.

31—City Hall—Georges Themeli—Piano Recital.

February:

2—Sociological Club—Dr. Borchard on Geology.

5—Tennis—1st Open and U15 vs. Sans Souci at Rondebosch and Sans Souci.

2nd Open and U15 vs. Sans Souci at Home.

English Debate.

9—Social Responsibility Club Party to Bonnetoun.

11—Founder's Day—Service at St. Saviour's at 9.30 a.m.

Address by His Grace the Archbishop.

Boarders' Excursion Weekend.

12—Tennis—1st Open and U15 vs. Jan van Riebeeck at Rondebosch and Sans Souci.

2nd Open and U15 vs. Bergvliet 1st at Bergvliet.

14—Merriman on Duty.

16—Ash Wednesday.

Sociological Club—Wild Life Film.

17—Debating Club—8 p.m.

19—Old Girls' Day.

Tennis—1st Open and U15 vs. Pinelands at Rondebosch and Sans Souci.

2nd Open and U15 vs. Zwaanswyk at Zwaanswyk.

21—"Anthony and Cleopatra" at Maynardville—6.15 p.m. Up. IV, L. V, Up. V.

22—Parents' Evening Preparatory School—6 p.m.

23—Sociological Club—Mrs. Rowan on Birds.

24—Mark Reading.

Afrikaans Debate at Sans Souci 8 p.m.

25—Swimming at Springfield.

26—Tennis—1st Open and U15 vs. Plumstead at Rondebosch and Sans Souci.

2nd Open and U15 vs. St. Cyprian's 1st at Home.

March

1—Sociological Club—Interior Decorating.

2—Debating Club Meeting—8 p.m.

3—Excursion Weekend.

- 4—Junior Inter-Schools Tennis at Rondebosch
U15A and B and U14A couples.
U14B couples will play at Sans Souci.
To start at 8.30 a.m.
- 6—Roll on Duty.
- 8—Afrikaans Debate—Senior School.
Junior Schools Inter-Schools Tennis vs. Sans Souci.
- 11—Senior Inter-Schools Tennis
Open A and B and U16A couples at Rondebosch.
U16B couples at Sans Souci.
To start at 8.30 a.m.
- 15—Junior Schools Inter-Schools Swimming—Newlands.
- 16—Debate with Cape Town High at Herschel—8 p.m.
- 17—Holy Communion in the Chapel.
Swimming Gala at Wynberg.
Exeat Weekend.
- 18—Inter-Schools Swimming at Newlands—9 a.m.
Tennis—1st Open and U15 vs. Rustenburg 2nd at Rondebosch and Sans Souci.
2nd Open and U15 vs. Springfield 1st—Home.
- 22—Rehearsals for "The Stars Looked Down".

SECOND TERM

April

- 12—Term begins.
House Meetings.
Roll on duty.
- 16—Chapel—7 p.m.
- 17—Performance of "The Stars Looked Down"—Herschel Pageant.
- 18—Performance of "The Stars Looked Down"—Herschel Pageant.
- 19—Performance of "The Stars Looked Down"—Herschel Pageant.
- 22—Exeat Weekend.
Hockey 1st XI vs. Westerford.
- 23—S.A.B.C. Broadcast: Herschel Pageant.
- 26—Recording of musical "Godspel".
Matric Art girls to visit Groot Constantia.
Jaycee Bilingual Debate—7.30 p.m. Star of the Sea Convent.
- 28—Holy Communion in Chapel—7 a.m.
- 29—Hockey—a.m. 1st XI vs. Sans Souci.
2 p.m. vs. Queen Elizabeth High School.

May:

- 3—Jagger on Duty.
Afrikaans Debate.
Merriman Girls to St. Michael's Open Day.
- 6—Hockey—a.m. 1st XI vs. Wynberg. Other teams to Springfield.
3 p.m. Hockey vs. Salisbury Girls' High.

- 7—Chapel—7 p.m.
- 10—Art Films—Social Responsibility Club.
- 11—Ascension Day Service at School.
- 11—Exeat Weekend.
- 13—Hockey—1st XI vs. Rustenburg.
- 16—Parents to meet the staff 6—7.30 p.m.
- 17—English Debate.
- 19—Holy Communion in Chapel—7 a.m.
- 20—Semi-final W.P. Hockey trials at Green Point.
Herschel vs. Star of the Sea.
Scholarship Examinations at Herschel.
- 24—Merriman on Duty.
Mrs. E. Taylor on Malaysia.
- 27—Final W.P. Hockey Trials.
- 28—Chapel—7 p.m.
- 29—Examinations begin.
Maths Olympiad 2—5 p.m.
- 31—Republic Day Holiday.

June

- 3—U15A, B, C Hockey vs. Westerford.
- 9—Examinations end.
- 11—Chapel—7 p.m.
- 14—(Break up) Term ends.

THIRD TERM

July

- 12—Term begins.
Merriman on Duty.
2 p.m. House Meetings.
- 19—Sociological Society.
2 p.m. Mrs. Winter: Talk on Drugs.
- 20—8 p.m. Debating Society.
Forum discussion at Springfield.
- 22—Hockey vs. Sans Souci.
8 p.m. Matric Dance.
- 25—5 p.m. M.I.X. Rev. David Prior.
- 26—Sociological Society.
2 p.m. Afrikaans Debate.
- 29—Hockey vs. Rustenburg.

August

- 2—Sociological Society.
2 p.m. Mrs. Kanteley on "Pollution".
5 p.m. M.I.X. Bible Study.
- 5—Hockey vs. Sans Souci.
1st XI vs. Plumstead.
- 7—Roll on Duty.
- 8—M.I.X. Beryl Eksteen—missionary from Singapore.
- 9—Sociological Society.
2 p.m. Mrs. Heywood: "Background to Shakespeare".
8 p.m. 1st Round of Inter-Schools Forum Discussion at Sans Souci.
- 11—8 a.m. Communion in School Chapel.
- 15—8 p.m. Inter-Schools Forum Competition—Finals at Rondebosch B.H.S.
- 16—Sociological Society.
2 p.m. Mrs. Taylor "Vietnam and Bangladesh".
5 p.m. M.I.X. Bible Study with Carol Anderson.

- 17—7.30 p.m. Inter-House Public Speaking Competition.
 19—Hockey vs. Wynberg.
 Exeat Week-end.
 22—5 p.m. M.I.X. Fact and Faith film "Dust Destiny."
 23—Sociological Society.
 2 p.m. English Debate.
 24—Hockey U15A vs. Westerford (3 p.m.)
 8 p.m. Western Province School Girls' Judo—preliminary knockout competition.
 26—Hockey: Inter-Schools U15 at Rustenburg.
 8 p.m. Finals—Judo W.P. Competition at Herschel.
 28—Inter-House Senior Hockey 3—5 p.m.
 30—Jagger on Duty.
 30—Sociological Society.
 2 p.m. Mrs. Jochheim—slides of Expo '67 at Montreal.
 5 p.m. M.I.X. Bible Study.

September

- 1—House Magazines handed in.
 2—Exeat Week-end.
 4—Settlers' Day.
 6—Sociological Society.
 2 p.m. Film "The Fourth Civilization".
 7—Inter-House Hockey, Junior U15 (2 p.m.)
 8 p.m. Debating Society—Talk by Miss Natasha Church.
 9—Hockey—1st XI vs. St. Cyprian's.
 11—Mock-Matriculation Examinations begin.
 12—5 p.m. M.I.X. Mr. Bill Houston.
 "The Parable of the Varsity Work Camp".
 13—Music Examinations—Royal School of Music.
 Sociological Society.
 2 p.m. Film: "The Fifth Civilization."
 15—8 a.m. Communion—School Chapel.
 3 p.m. Final—Inter-House Junior Hockey.
 16—Hockey—Inter-Schools open at Green Point.
 2 p.m. Rummage Sale at Herschel in aid of TEACH fund.
 19—Inter-School's Squash Competition.
 Inter-House Drama Competition.
 20—Sociological Club.
 Forum Discussion.
 Inter-Schools Squash Competition.
 21—Choir sings in Assembly taken by Canon Hodson.
 General Knowledge Competition.
 Inter-House Squash.
 S.A.B.C. recording: Herschel's Choir Entry for International Choir Competition.
 22—Term ends.

FOURTH TERM

October

- 3—Term Begins.
 4—Jagger on Duty.
 House Meetings, 2 p.m.
 5—General Knowledge Quiz. (Junior Town Council).

- 9—French Plays 7.45 p.m. (Stds. 6 and 7).
 10—Kruger Day.
 11—Sociological Club. Art Film.
 Inter-House Junior Science Competition.
 13—Voting for Prefects in break.
 Sports Morning at Preparatory School 9.30 a.m.
 Meeting with Bishops' Friday Club.
 M.I.X. 8 p.m.
 14—Tennis vs. Sans Souci.
 R.P.S.L. Members to opening of Dove Crèche at 3 p.m.
 18—M.I.X. Bible Study, 8 a.m.
 Debate.
 Art Girls in Stds. 8 and 9 to Irma Stern Exhibition.
 20—Exeat Weekend.
 21—Tennis vs. Rustenburg.
 23—Matric, French Orals.
 24—M.I.X. J.M.C.A. Singing Group 5.45 p.m.
 25—Merriman on Duty.
 Sociological Club. Prof. Muller—Talk on Smoking.
 27—Communion in School Chapel 8 a.m.
 Taalbond Examinations.
 Music and Drama Evening 8 p.m.
 28—Tennis vs. St. Cyprian's.
 30—Matric Afrikaans Orals.
 Election of Officers.
 Sociological Club.
 Debating Society.

November

- 1—M.I.X. Bible Study, 8 a.m.
 Sociological Club. Talk on "Welfare for the Aged".
 2—Communion in School Chapel for Matrics.
 Braai at Swimming Pool for Matrics.
 3—Matriculants last day at school.
 4—Tennis vs. Good Hope.
 7—M.I.X. Meeting (Mr. M. Milligan).
 8—Sociological Club. School Debate.
 10—Typing Examinations, 2—5 p.m.
 Jubilee Ball—Kelvin Grove.
 11—Tennis vs. St. Mary's.
 13—Matriculation Examinations begin.
 14—M.I.X. Bible Study, 8 a.m.
 Afrikaans Debate.
 15—Roll on Duty.
 16—School Examinations start.
 17—Exeat Weekend.
 18—Tennis vs. Ellerstie.
 29—Sociological Club. Film, "Jane Eyre."
 30—Choir to sing at Mid-day Concert at Nico Malan.
 2.30 Xmas Party for 60 children from Ruby Adendorff House, at Herschel.

December

- 1—Communion in School Chapel 8 a.m.
 4—Prize-Giving 10.30 a.m. Preparatory;
 3 p.m. Senior.
 5—Carol Service at St. Saviour's.
 6—Term Ends.

CHAPEL REPORT

Committee: Mrs. Silberbauer, Mrs. Muller, Miss Harsant, J. Pettigrew, S. Adams, L. Browne, S. Cunningham, L. Tou, M. du Toit.
Music Members: J. Pettigrew, S. Cunningham.

The chapel, although tucked away almost underground, is a vital part of the school. As usual we ended last year with the "Chapel by Candlelight" service. Besides the traditional carols which were lustily sung by everyone, the choir sang the anthem "Let Our Gladness know no end." and three standard 5 girls each sang a solo verse of "We Three Kings."

This year we have had several early morning communion services conducted by Canon Hodson, and the M.I.X. (Movement in Christ). Bible Study group meet in the chapel every Wednesday morning, or more usually by the chapel door when the key is "lost".

In September we held a memorial service for Mr. and Mrs. Withers who died last year. This was well attended by those who will always remember that happy couple who did so much for Herschel.

We were sad to hear that Canon Hodson, who has been part of the school for so many years, has now been transferred to the Constantia Parish. Towards the end of October he held his last communion service in the chapel. This was also the Matrics' last service.

We should like to thank boarders in Stds. 8 and 9 who do the chapel duties in turn. These duties involve flower arranging, and the appearance of the chapel in general. New kneelers and light shades have been acquired this year.

Perhaps the chapel means more to the boarders than the day girls as they attend services four times a week. Dr. Silberbauer and Mrs. Muller lead these services and have encouraged younger girls to take readings. We have had hymns accompanied by the guitar and readings from many works other than the Bible.

We should also like to thank those girls who have played the organ so willingly throughout the year.

JANET PETTIGREW
MARIANNE DU TOIT.

ART REPORT

The Art Room has, as always, proved a favourite source of recreation and interest in the school this year.

We should all like to welcome Miss Currie as assistant art teacher in the senior school, having benefited from her new ideas and unusual approach, although her special interest is in the Upper III and Lower IV art classes in which some very interesting work has been produced, including masks for plays.

Several good art films have been shown at school this year on: Chartres Cathedral, Rem-

brandt van Rijn, Leonardo da Vinci, Greek and Roman Architecture and an outstanding film on the Bauhaus School in Germany, which was mainly on German Expressionism, but also dealt with Surrealism, Fauvism and other 20th Century movements.

Our outings were few, but successful. These included a visit by the Matric pupils to Groot Constantia and one to the Irma Stern Museum, which was attended by all the art pupils.

Earlier on this year we also had a very interesting talk on Interior Decorating, illustrated with slides, which was of special interest to the art girls although all the Senior School pupils attended.

Much of the work produced in art classes this year has been of a high standard and unusual interest, and with the change in approach expected by the Joint Matriculation Board, we have had to set about our work from a different angle.

BARBARA PARRY, Upper V.

LIBRARY REPORT

Chairwoman: Mrs. Whitehead.

Committee: S. Adams, J. Tompsett, S. Brimble, C. Dixon, G. Thom, L. Torr, S. Bosma, E. Jeffery, L. Anstee, J. Frater, T. Post, H. Browne, S. Hacking, J. Park, J. Torr.

Without the library, Herschel would not be the same. For boarders and day girls alike, it provides a haven in the cold weather, as well as a wide variety of reference and fiction books. The fire is so attractive in winter that meetings and debates are frequently held there. For the Matrics, however, as the year wears on, the library takes on an ominous air, as it is the scene of their final examinations.

This year we have had one hundred and twenty-six new books, including many simple Afrikaans books chosen by Mrs. de Lucchi to encourage the U.III's to read Afrikaans.

We should like to thank Mrs. Wrentmore for a beautiful book about the medical history of South Africa; Canon Wood for a collection of art books; Mrs. Tompsett for several books about Rhodesia; Mrs. M. Robertson for her play, "Show me the Mountain" and Miss Fisher for a textbook on psychology. The forms gave the library some beautiful books for its birthday and four new records were added to the record library.

On our magazine-stand we have sixteen different periodicals from Britain, America, France and South Africa to which the school subscribes, as well as other gratis donations. We should like to thank the schools that send us a copy of their school magazines, and we hope that the Herschelian is as eagerly read in other schools.

Flowers, beautifully arranged by Josephine Frater, have added a very cheerful note to the library, and we are grateful to the boarders on the committee who tidy up every evening.

Sheila Hacking has been very reliable in bringing up the newspapers every morning.

When Mrs. Whitehead asked for some sort of work surface for herself, none of the committee members were very enthusiastic, and someone even suggested suspending something that could be drawn up into the rafters. Finally, a small desk was acquired that blends in perfectly with the other furniture.

On behalf of the committee, and indeed the whole school, I should like to thank Mrs. Whitehead for the smooth and efficient running of our library this year.

MARIANNE DU TOIT.
(Hon. Secretary).

CHOIR REPORT

Choir Leader: Hilary Brown.

Vice-leaders: Hanneli Muller, Fiona MacSymon.

1972 is proving to be a particularly busy year for the Herschel Choir, and so far our activities have been many and varied. First on our agenda was the Founders' Day service at St. Saviour's, during which we sang two anthems. In March we took part in the Passion Sunday service at St. Thomas's Church in Rondebosch and a week later we sang in the annual Palm

Sunday service at St. Saviour's which was directly recorded over the S.A.B.C.

In April Herschel celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by means of a school pageant, and the choir appeared regularly throughout the performance. Then followed several occasions when we sang at school, such as the Ascension Day service and a Music and Drama Club meeting.

At the beginning of the third term we sang a number of songs for a group of elderly musicians at Callow House in Kenilworth, and a few weeks later we entertained the old ladies of the Helen Keller Hostel in Pinelands.

On the first Saturday of August some members of the choir attended a One-Day Choir School at St. Cyprian's.

In addition to these activities we have sung at the weddings of several Old Girls. At the end of the third term we recorded five songs at the S.A.B.C. for the International Choir Competition, "Let the People Sing." At present we are rehearsing for the Carol Service which we hope will prove, as usual, to be the highlight of the year.

Finally, I should like to extend our warm thanks to Miss Sweet, the backbone of the choir, and to Mrs. Dowdle, our excellent and long-suffering accompanist.

Best of luck to the choir for 1973!

HILARY BROWN.

SPEECH AND DRAMA

The year nineteen hundred and seventy-two marked the end of fifty years of Herschel history. I suppose it might be said that Speech and Drama enjoyed its "finest hour" in April of this year when we produced our Pageant, "The Stars Looked Down". Old Herschelian Marian Robertson, who wrote the scholarly, interesting and entertaining script, remarked afterwards that if she had known what a wealth of trained talent the school had, she would have given them lots more to do! Perhaps it's just as well she didn't, or we might have had to do the production as a serial! Anyway, all the girls who took part can be congratulated most heartily; from Matric's Fiona MacSymon who led the main narration group with tunefulness and charm, down to Standard V's Nicolette Kohler, who spoke for the "hiving-off" Preparatory School. We also owe a great deal to the adults, parents and members of the Pilgrim Players, who so kindly helped us.

Later on in the year, sixteen girls from the Preparatory and Senior Schools entered for the Speech examinations of the South African Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers. An Honours mark in these examinations is not easily won, and so we congratulate Clair Grootendorst, Helene Needham and Mary-Anne Cardacos, who achieved this. Merit marks were gained by Abigail Mathieson, Vivienne Visser, Nicolette Kohler, Louise Gottgens, Josephine Frater, Sharron Gled, Michelle van der Byl

and Lindsay Loggie, Siobhan Mannion, Chloe Fouché, Irene Modlin, Camilla White and Barbara van Alphen Stahl all had very good pass marks, the lowest being 71%.

In the meeting of the Music and Drama Club at the end of the second term, music held pride of place, with a few items of poetry and drama by Hanneli Muller, Fiona MacSymon, Camilla White, Barbara van Alphen Stahl and Lindsay Loggie. But in the last Club meeting of the year the position was reversed. I hope I may be forgiven if I do not mention names, as all forty "drama girls" appeared on the stage in a variety of roles in which they showed a great versatility of talent.

The Preparatory School is preparing for the end of the year and the production of "From Here to There," a "centres of interest" programme. This is the phrase coined by Inspector Wiggott for this type of communal activity. The idea came to me when I was asked to produce something involving the whole school and I decided to take transportation through the ages as our theme. With the enthusiastic and skilled co-operation of members of the Preparatory School staff, we are putting together a programme of entertainment involving art, creative writing and drama by the children, poetry, prose and singing. It is very good for the children to do the necessary reading, research and writing, and we hope the results will prove pleasing to parents and visitors.

MARGARET L. SAFFERY.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Chairman: Mrs. Popham-Smith.

Vice-Chairman: Mrs. Saffery.

Secretaries: Fiona MacSymon, Hanneli Muller.

Treasurers: Shân Adams, Janet Pettigrew.

This year the Music and Drama Club held only two meetings, since both the girls taking drama and those taking music were deeply involved in the preparation for and in the actual School Pageant.

Our first meeting was held at the end of the second term. It was very much a "workshop" evening and Mrs. Saffery often had to act as prompt. However, this only added to the congenial atmosphere, and the audience participated wholeheartedly in the items in which they were involved.

The choir sang a few songs and on the whole the musical and dramatic items were well-balanced. As usual there was a "slap-up feast" in the diningroom afterwards.

The second meeting was held towards the middle of the fourth term, a week before the Matrics left. This performance was more polished than the previous one. The drama girls put on five plays, all of which were of extremely high standard. Amongst these were an extract from "Winnie the Pooh", and a short play entitled "There's a Man in that Tree".

A new "find" was a cabaret act by Alida Labla and Claire Jolly.

There were a number of individual singing and piano items and a group of 5 Matrics sang "Moonlight Madonna".

Although the kitchens are temporarily out of action, the Music and Drama Committee still managed to provide a wonderful spread with the coffee at interval. Our thanks to Miss Way and everyone else who helped.

FIONA MACSYMON
and HANNELI MULLER

INTER-HOUSE PLAYS

The Inter-House play competition was held this year on the evening of Tuesday, 19th September, and was enjoyed by girls and parents alike.

All three plays were taken from Shakespeare, which, though it no doubt facilitated their judging, presented several problems. The undertaking of any school production of Shakespeare is a courageous and difficult task, and an all-female cast renders the project all the more formidable, even in these days of Women's Lib.

Roll was the only house to attempt an all-male scene—act II scene IV of "Henry IV—1", Francesca Ker's rendering of Falstaff was most entertaining, though somewhat reminiscent, to those who had seen it, of her portrayal of Pooh Bear. The other players were excellently costumed and Roll's backdrop was simple but well designed.

Jagger, which was placed second, chose perhaps a more suitable piece—an extract from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The players, dressed somewhat rakishly, were very entertaining and individualistic, and the fairies were well-dressed and realistic. Again the backdrop and props of this House were very well constructed, and set the fairylike, yet malicious, atmosphere required by this scene.

Peta Brownlie's production of "The Taming of the Shrew" was quite outstanding and earned Merriman a very well-earned first place. Her cast was more representative of the House than those of the other two plays, not only numerically but also in that every girl acted her part according to her own interpretation. Lynne Brailey as a typically South African father, Baptista; Camilla White as a rather precious Hortensio and Terry Lloyd-Roberts, who had broken her leg, as a crutch-wielding Kate, were particularly memorable.

It was interesting to note the various means by which each House attempted to overcome the inherent difficulties of a Shakespearean production. They all succeeded remarkably well, and must be thanked for a most entertaining evening.

JEANINE FLOYD
(Old Girl)

HERSCHEL MATRIC DANCE, 1972

The Matric Dance took place on July 22nd and was, as usual, the highlight of the year for the Matric class. Preparations began well in advance, and for weeks beforehand our conversation consisted of little else besides dresses, hairdos, snacks and decorations.

Decorating the hall was almost as enjoyable as the dance itself. Our theme was a Greek one; the murals consisted of bold, black figures on a red background, and along the walls were "pillars" twined with creepers and bunches of grapes. An enormous fish-net sprinkled with leaves formed a simple but effective ceiling.

To begin with we all gathered at the home of the Abrahamases for dinner. Everyone (all the girls, that is) looked really lovely. I think it was generally agreed that this part of the evening could not have been more perfect, and this was undoubtedly due to the efficient organisation of Mr. and Mrs. Abrahamase who assumed the roles of waiter and waitress. The food was delicious, and the atmosphere very gracious.

After dinner we all set off for school, for the dance itself. There we were greeted by Dr. Silberbauer and her husband, and before long the party was in full swing, with McCully's Workshop doing their thing (rather loudly) on the stage. The music was good on the whole, however, and the dance-floor was seldom empty. Soon after midnight we stopped for coffee, honey-cakes and halva, and gradually the

building emptied as people began to drift away.

The party continued into the early (late?) hours of the morning. It was a weary group of maidens who finally flopped down to snatch a few hours sleep—feeling rather remorseful because their Matric Dance was over, but happy that it had been such a success.

HILARY BROWN, Standard 10

THE MATRIC DANCE

The Matric Dance decorations were begun in earnest at the beginning of the June holidays, but only after much blood, sweat and tears had been shed over the choosing of a theme. It was finally decided that the Dance would be held in the tradition of the Bacchanalian feast—

"Come thou monarch of the vine,
Plumply Bacchus with pink eye."

The next thing we had to do was choose a band. We considered Ashkenazy but decided that "McCully's Workshop" would be more appropriate and "if music be the food of love, play on"

Saturday, the 22nd of July, mirrors groaned and sighed beneath the weight of abuse and many a pale, demented lady cried, "Out, out damned spot,"—but to no avail.

That evening, two-and-twenty ex-ugly ducklings emerged to haffle the staff with their new and devastating disguises.

Candles, smiles and beef stroganoff, silt prunes secreting cream cheese and fruity punch, sobered down by instant coffee and a sprinkle of shut-eye.

For me, it was sleep-walking till breakfast which brought on a ravenous appetite for bacon and eggs and I can't remember what happened after that.

AMANDA WEBB, Upper V.

RUBY PORTER SERVICE LEAGUE

President: Mrs. Silberbauer.

Chairman: Mrs. Muller.

Committee Members: Shân Adams, Janet Pettigrew, Fiona McLachlan, Peta Brownlie, Alex Adams (Secretary), Gail Pettigrew, Francesca Ker, Bridgid Twentyman-Jones.

This year has been an important one for the Ruby Porter Service League. Our major interest, the Raupkraal Crèche, has moved from Retreat to Grassy Park and is now called the Dove Crèche.

On Saturday, 14th October, the Dove Crèche had its official opening ceremony. A party of members attended the opening and were very impressed with the new crèche. Tea was provided at the opening and speeches were made by Mr. Sitzer, chairman of the Retreat Hospital Committee, and chairman of the Divi-

sional Council, who officially opened the crèche, and Mr. van der Westhuizen who gave the vote of thanks.

Because of the interest which we have shown in this crèche, one of the partitions, the babies' room, has been called the "Herschel Room". This room has been decorated in pink and blue and has been completely furnished by funds from the Ruby Porter Service League (both Senior and Junior Schools). The cots in this room were chosen by three members of the committee. They were taken by Mrs. McGregor to inspect the crèche and then went on a shopping expedition.

A committee meeting was held on the 18th July. At the meeting, Francesca Ker and Peta Brownlie were elected as additional members of the committee. The girls who had been on the shopping expedition gave us an entertaining account of their purchases.

The Ruby Porter boxes were collected at the end of the second term. We collected R50.88, even though we had only thirteen boxes out at the time. At the beginning of the third term the number of boxes given out was more than doubled. Twenty-eight boxes were given out and we are hoping for a record collection at the end of the year.

ALEX ADAMS,
Secretary.

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AND OTHER FUNCTIONS

CLUBS AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

President: Mrs. Beauteumont.
 Chairman: Fiona MacSymon.
 Secretary: Christina Murray.
 Standard VIII representative: Clare Jolly.
 Treasurer: Ling Wesemann.

At the beginning of this year the form of the debating society was slightly changed. All Standard 8, 9 and Matrics, will now automatically become members and elect the new committee. This year standard 6's and 7's have been invited to most debates. The separate English and Afrikaans Societies have been joined, too.

The first and third terms, being non-exam terms, were the most active. In the first term a number of very amusing, informal meetings were held with the help of Mrs. Kowan and Mrs. Tomalin. At these meetings girls were asked to speak on a certain subject with very little preparation. This helps one gain confidence when speaking in front of an audience. One evening Inter-Class Forum Discussions were held, which the standard IX's won. Fiona MacSymon arranged a meeting at which she outlined various debating techniques and discussed beginnings and endings. After this, everyone was asked to use the technique which had been described.

At the end of the First Term, we invited Cape Town High School to a debate and their team proposed the motion "Hippies are the greatest conformists". Hilary Brown and Alida Labia opposed for Herschel.

We entered a number of competitions. Christina Murray represented Herschel in the Road Safety Public Speaking competition. Hanneli Muller and Christina entered the Jaycees Inter-Schools Debating Competition, opposing the motion "Advertising is Extortion". (This debate was won by Springfield).

Forum Discussions have become popular during the last couple of years as it is felt that discussing a subject after a few minutes' preparation gives one better experience than learning a long speech by heart. Springfield arranged a Forum Discussion Evening to which we were invited, our team, discussing "Protesting without Violence is not effective", won.

A few weeks later a Herschel team spoke in the semi-finals of the English Association Forum Discussions. Although we were not placed first this was the highlight of the year as three days later we were asked to speak in the finals. Herzia was the overall winner, but everyone enjoyed the evening.

To a Herschel girl the most important debating function must be the Inter-House Debating Competition. This was held on August 17th and Mr. Muir and Mr. Penfold came again to judge. The competition was run on the same lines as it was last year, the speakers being divided into a junior, a middle and a senior section. This gave girls from all classes an

opportunity to speak. Mary Newell was awarded the cup for the "Most Improved Speaker", and Rolt was the overall winner.

In addition to English debates Mrs. Jocheim has arranged Afrikaans ones. Usually on a lighthearted level, they give everyone a chance to express themselves in Afrikaans.

All our meetings have been well attended, and 1972 has been a successful and busy year. We should like to thank Mrs. Tomalin, Mrs. Beauteumont, Mrs. Jocheim and Mrs. Kowan for their help and encouragement, which made the debating society both enjoyable and worthwhile.

CHRISTINA MURRAY.
 Secretary.

THE AFRIKAANS DEBATING SOCIETY

This year the Afrikaans Debating Society was not very active and we did not have an external debate. We did, however, have a number of debates in school. The Junior Debating Club maintained a high standard in their Afrikaans debates, and the Upper III's and Lower IV's were keen participants.

Good luck to next year's debaters!

HANNELI MULLER.

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY CLUB REPORT

The Social Responsibility Club has been enthusiastically supported this year by many of the senior school pupils. Our aim is to bring joy into the lives of the underprivileged people we visit and I think we have succeeded in this, at the same time deriving a great deal of enjoyment out of our visits.

We are very grateful to Dr. Mather for the wonderful puppet theatre he donated to the S.R.C. earlier in the year. A team of Standard 6's and 7's have produced some very entertaining performances with these puppets and they have always been a favourite item on our programmes.

We have paid regular visits to Bonnytown Place of Safety in Wynberg and our entertainment and food have been enthusiastically received. A Netball Match was played against the girls from Bonnytown and this was great fun.

Girls also paid visits to the Eaton Convalescent Home in Plumstead but these visits stopped towards the end of the 2nd term. We discovered a house in Claremont where about 15 old ladies lived, and we tried to encourage the girls to pay regular visits to this house.

The most rewarding visit of the year was our visit to Valkenberg Hospital where we had to entertain about 250 Coloured men and women. We were received so enthusiastically that I think we shall pay a visit there every year.

Successful visits were also paid to St. George's Orphanage, St. Francis's Home in Athlone and the Ruby Adendorf Home in Lansdowne. A group of girls visited St. Joseph's Home in Philippi and for once we were entertained by the inmates. Four of the boys at the home had combined to form a band and they played for us. The group of girls was so amazed that we very nearly asked them to play at our Matric Dance.

The girls who will take the S.R.C. have not yet been appointed but, whoever they may be, we wish them good luck for next year.

BARBARA PARRY
and DITA NEWMAN.

M.I.X. REPORT

Chairman: Jocelyn Anstee.
Secretary: Janet Pettigrew.

M.I.X. or Movement in Christ is our Christian Society which meets every week to hear either the views of a speaker or to attend Bible Study. We have had a great variety of speakers during the past year, and this has aroused new interest in the society.

David Prior, the Rector of Christ Church, Kenilworth, has taken a lively interest in the group and has given us some invaluable help.

Brian O'Donnell talked to us about his plans for opening a religious coffee-bar and for developing a Christ-conscious movement amongst the young.

Peter Cook, a Scripture Union representative, gave an account of the various camps for students during the year. The aim of one camp was to build a missionary hospital, and this proved an extremely popular project.

We have also had various films such as "Number One", "The Dust of Destiny" and Mr. Pelsen showed us a selection of beautiful slides on "God's Architecture—Nature".

At the beginning of the year, our future leaders attended a conference at Froggy Pond, where they came in contact with many new and up-to-date ideas.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Silberbauer and Mrs. Muller for their interest in our group, and a special thanks to Chris Dare and Carol Anderson for their invaluable guidance.

Good luck to the 1973 leaders!

JOCELYN ANSTEE.

JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL, 1972

The Junior Town Council consists of Standard 9 pupils from thirty schools in the Peninsula.

This year we were determined not to be a glorified debating society and after electing the Junior Mayor and Mayoress, who both come from Groote Schuur, we arranged various projects.

At the time of the Argus "Clean Campaign", we organized a pollution evening which was held at Sans Souci. Three films were shown

and Mrs. Kantey spoke on what could be done to fight pollution.

At the end of the second term, a committee arranged a Folk and Poetry Evening which was so successful that we were able to donate a large sum of money to TEACH.

The theme for the third term was "Youth" and the Council was divided into three committees.

An art competition was arranged, at which two Herschel girls, Mary Newell and Susan Fuller, won prizes. A second committee arranged an Inter-Schools General Knowledge Competition which was won by Westerford.

The Battle of the Bands is our main project for the end of the year, and we hope to have over 1000 people attending. Various firms have kindly offered to sponsor High School groups entering the competition. The money collected will be given to various charities.

We have had many speakers to address us at our Thursday meetings in the Banqueting Hall, all of which were interesting.

During the year we were invited to the Mayor's inauguration and a week later a small group attended a Council meeting which was followed by a scrumptious tea.

We have not done much welfare work this year, but all our projects have been worthwhile and successful.

CHRISTINA MURRAY
and PETA BROWNLIE.

SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB

Chairman: Mrs. McCormick.
Honorary Secretary: Gwen Makepeace.
Treasurer: Lynn Brailley.

1972 has been a most exciting year for the Sociological Club, and we have had a wide variety of talks and films.

The year began with a talk from Dr. Borchers, who came to speak on his experiences as a geologist. The descriptions of his experiences were most amusing and very interesting to all of us.

The following week, a film of the Wild-life of South West Africa was shown by Mr. Roberts. The film showed the penguins and seals along the South West African coast, and the amazing amount of wildlife amongst the desert sand-dunes. We realised that the desert actually abounds with small insects and animals of which one is not usually aware.

Also on the subject of wildlife was a talk by Mrs. Rowan on Birds. She told us of many different types of birds, and illustrated her talk with slides of such birds as the flamingo, the pelican and also the blue crane, the national bird of South Africa.

Most interesting was an illustrated talk on interior decorating delivered by Mrs. Baikoff. She stressed the importance of knowing your own personality, and being able to reflect this in the decoration of your home. She then explained to us the five basic styles of design—Traditional, Mediterranean, Contemporary,

Modern and the Electric scheme, in which one selects and blends the best of each group. After this she showed us slides of different rooms done in various styles and colour-combinations. She criticized each one in turn, and showed us which combinations blend and which do not. We were all fascinated by what she had to say and many of us have been inspired to try decorating our own rooms.

The following week Mrs. Taylor came to speak to us on Asia. She has travelled a great deal and her talk was most informative and included some very amusing tales of her experiences as an English-speaking foreigner. We learnt some impressive statistics from her too, as she told us that China alone has a quarter of the total world population, and that the annual birth-rate in India is greater than the entire population of South Africa. We enjoyed her talk tremendously, and were glad to welcome her back a few months later, when she came to give us another talk, this time on the problems of Vietnam and Bangladesh. This talk was most enlightening, and was especially appealing to the History girls.

In July a member of S.A.N.C.A., Mrs. Winter, came to speak to us, and impressed on us the dangers of drug-taking and alcoholism. After telling us about the different types of drugs on the market, she invited us to share our own views and experiences of drug-takers with her, and she strongly advised us, if we ever have any such problems, to go to the S.A.N.C.A. office for professional help.

At the beginning of August, Mrs. Kantey came to show us a film on pollution. We were all horrified to see the extent of pollution throughout the world, and to realise the terrible destruction caused by progress and industry. The film ended on a rather more hopeful note, however, by showing us how many countries are successfully combating the spread of pollution. Mrs. Kantey urged us all to do our part in preventing pollution by not littering, and her talk made a great impression on all who were present.

Another very interesting meeting was one where Mrs. Heywood gave us a talk entitled

"Background to Shakespeare". She made an effort to show us Shakespeare as a man, not just as a writer, so that we could understand his writings more fully. She explained that Shakespeare's greatness lay in his remarkable ability to get right inside the minds of his characters and to think as they would have thought, without ever putting his own words into their mouths.

We are very grateful to Bishop Wade for coming to show us his slides on his trip to the Holy Land. His pictures were most interesting and very moving for all the Christian members of the club.

At our following meeting, our Afrikaans teacher, Mrs. Jochem, showed her slides of Expo '67 in Montreal, Canada. She first showed slides of her trip through New York and Washington. At Expo itself she had taken numerous slides of the different exhibitions, and she told us that one of the things which had greatly impressed her was the immaculate cleanliness of the fair, in spite of the enormous crowds.

The next three meetings of the Sociological Club were devoted to a series of art films. They covered the architects and artists of the Renaissance, with special reference to the work of Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. The final film dealt with the life and work of Rembrandt, and how his art was affected by the joys and tragedies in his life.

At our most recent meeting we were pleasantly entertained by the Std. 9's who put on an acted reading of their network play "Arms and the Man" by Bernard Shaw. It was a delightful performance, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

On behalf of the members of the Sociological Club, I should like to say how grateful we are to our president, Mrs. McCormick, for all the organisation she has put into the running of the Sociological Club this past year. I should also like to thank the Treasurer, Lynn Brasley, for her assistance.

GWEN MAKEPEACE.
(Honorary Secretary).

HOUSE REPORTS

MERRIMAN

Head of House: Mrs. Muller.

Housemistresses: Mrs. Rauch, Mrs. Whitehead, Mrs. Boyd.

Head Prefect: Gail de Beer.

Prefect: Robyn Wrentmore.

"Merriman is the best house in the town, in the town, they will never let us down, let us down." These words of our motto and House song have been true so far this year, and I hope they will continue to be so in the years ahead.

The Inter-House Swimming competition proved to be the highlight of the first term. It

was a very exciting and colourful event, and although Merriman came only third, Jenny Hearn and Camilla White swam outstandingly well and both broke records.

At the Inter-House Tennis, the Merriman girls again showed all their enthusiasm, but unfortunately we attained only third place.

Once again the Merriman girls worked busily at their charity jerseys and as a result we were able to present a magnificent array of jerseys to St. Michael's, our pet charity, which were received with very grateful thanks.

This year six girls attended the St. Michael's Open Day; it was very interesting, and I should like to thank the girls for the keen interest

they have shown in St. Michael's this year.

The standard of work this year has been higher than usual and I feel that special congratulations should go to Susan Brownlie, Pam King and Mary Newell for maintaining so high a level of work throughout the year.

I should like to thank Peta Brownlie for producing the House Magazine, and I know that we are all holding thumbs and waiting for the results with great eagerness.

This year, the Inter-House Play Competition proved a very successful event, with Merriman obtaining first place. Peta Brownlie, Lynne Brailey and Sally Brimble are all to be congratulated on producing the Merriman play, which was the "Taming of the Shrew", in modern dress and style.

Last but not least I should like to thank Mrs. Muller for all her advice and constant encouragement.

To conclude, on behalf of all the Merriman Matrics, I should like to wish the House all the best for the future and I hope that in the years ahead Merriman will go from strength to strength and that the Merriman shelf will shine with cups.

GAIL DE BEER.
(Head of Merriman).

ROLT

Head of House: Mrs. Stracey.

Staff: Miss Currie, Mrs. Dunell, Mrs. Joachim, Mrs. Kowan (Miss Lessem), Mrs. Tomalin.

Head Prefects: Hanneli Muller.

Prefects: Fiona MacSymon, Ling Wesemann.

This year we welcome Mrs. Stracey as our new Head of House and we hope that she will be happy in Rolt. Mrs. Tomalin left us at the end of the second term and shortly afterwards David William Tomalin was born. Our warmest congratulations to her and to her husband.

The standard of work has been satisfactory this year and the following girls must be congratulated for doing particularly well—Bridget Borton, Fiona McLachlan, Dorothy Beukes, Gail Parkin, Bridget Gough and Tjit-ske Post.

Congratulations to Jagger for winning both the Inter-House Swimming and Tennis. Rolt is proud of Margie Minogue who received the cup for the 100 metre crawl and of Nicky Fouché, who won the Individual Diving Cup. Christine Monti received the Under-15 Singles Tennis cup and Christine Monti and Stacey Smith-Chandler received the Doubles cup.

Rolt ended the third term on a triumphant note by winning both the Senior and Under-15 Hockey. Well done to everyone who played.

Rolt also won the Inter-House Public Speaking competition which was held in the third term.

Merriman won the Inter-House Drama Competition. The plays were all scenes from Shakespeare and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Lower 5's for all the hard work they put into the play and the

magazine. The results of the Inter-House magazine competition have not yet been announced.

Erica Bult and Stacey Smith-Chandler both won their individual championship matches in the Inter-House Judo contest.

Congratulations to Jagger for winning the squash. The Rolt team did very well, however, and Hazel Kinlay received the cup for Junior Squash Champion. Margo McLachlan received the cup for the Most Improved Player. Well done to both these girls!

At the beginning of each year two standard 9's are chosen to represent Herschel on the Junior Town Council. Last year Virginia Sloigh was one of the representatives and this year another Rolt member, Christina Murray, is one of the representatives.

Rolt has many talented musicians and this year three girls, Susan Dowdle, Sharon Gird and Suzette Anderson played music exams. All three passed. Susan Dowdle also took an exam in General Musicianship and Suzette Anderson wrote a theory exam. Both these exams were also undertaken successfully. Suzette Anderson, Susan Dowdle and Hanneli Muller all did very well in the various events which they entered for in the Elsteddod.

These girls are to be congratulated on receiving school colours or badges:

Swimming Colours: N. Fouché, M. Minogue, M. McLachlan; F. McLachlan (re-award).

Swimming Badge: J. A. Pelt.

Hockey Colours: M. Minogue (re-award).

Hockey Badge: F. McLachlan.

Tennis Badge: J. Barry, F. Parry.

This year Rolt knitted warm garments, mostly jerseys, to give to some needy charity. We took the jerseys to the Ruby Adendorff home for Coloured children. After talking to the matron in charge of the home, and after we had been shown around the home, we decided to "adopt" it as our new "charity". During the second term we collected toys and games for the home and during the third term some of the Standard 9 girls held a cake sale to raise money for this home. With the proceeds we bought bandages and some toiletries for the girls. Our thanks to everyone who contributed to our collection.

Lastly, we should like to thank Mrs. Stracey and all the House Mistresses for their help and encouragement throughout the year. I should also like to thank Fiona MacSymon and Ling Wesemann for all the support they have given me.

I wish Rolt the best of luck for the future.

HANNELI MULLER.
(Head of Rolt).

JAGGER

Head of House: S. Adams.

Prefects: H. Brown, P. Newman, J. Tompsett.

Staff: Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Boyes, Miss Sweet, Mrs. Goldfinch, Mrs. Beauteumont and Mrs. English.

Jagger ended last year on a victorious note with the coveted Efficiency Shield on our shelf. Well done, Jagger! Our thanks to Rosemary Newman, our last year's House captain, and her prefects for all their hard work and encouragement. This triumph, however, does not mean that we can rest on our laurels; hard work is required for the shield to remain on our shelf.

We welcome the numerous new girls who have become members of our House this year and wish the few girls who have left us during the year good luck in the future.

Jagger has had a very successful year in the sporting world. As usual the Inter-House Swimming was the highlight of the first term. We won this with ease, followed by Rolt in second place and Merriman third. In the diving Jagger did well to come second. Well done, swimmers, and to the divers who put on an excellent display, better luck next time.

The Inter-House Tennis took place on two warm afternoons. Jagger also managed to win this. Congratulations to all our players who put on a wonderful show of hard constructive play and good sportmanship.

Numerous Inter-House events took place in the third term. They were Inter-House Hockey, Squash, the House Magazine, Drama and Public Speaking.

Jagger gained second place in both the Junior and Senior Hockey events, giving us second place overall. Congratulations to our players who played with spirit and determination.

The last Inter-House event of the term was the Inter-House Squash Tournament which Jagger won. My warmest congratulations to Dita Newman and her team for this victory. Congratulations to the five Jagger girls who were members of the Herschel Squash Team which reached the finals in the Inter-Schools Squash.

For Inter-House Drama, Jagger produced a scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which gained second place to Merriman's excellent production from "The Taming of the Shrew". Congratulations to Merriman's producers. Our thanks to our producers and the cast for all the time they spent on making our play a success.

The Inter-House Magazine competition was held again this year. The whole House contributed articles which were wonderfully well selected and sorted by Georgina Thom and Marianne du Toit. We are still waiting for the results of this competition.

As usual, Jagger members have donated money to various charities. At the beginning of the year Jagger girls knitted some lovely jerseys and blankets which we gave to Caffa. These warm items are always eagerly accepted at the beginning of the cold winter months.

Unfortunately, the standard of work in Jagger has gone down, especially amongst the girls in the Junior Forms. Our special congratulations must go to Hilary Brown and Gill Austin who have maintained an unusually high standard throughout the year.

Numerous Jagger girls are to be congratulated for attaining numerous sporting awards. Gill Austin and Alex Adams deserve special mention for their achievements. Gill in both tennis and hockey, and Alex in swimming, tennis, hockey and squash.

In conclusion, I should like to thank my prefects and Matrics for their loyal support. Thanks also to the House staff under whose guidance the House is growing from strength to strength. I should like to wish next year's prefects and Matrics the best of luck and I hope Jagger remains the wonderful House it is now.

SHAN ADAMS.
(Head of Jagger).

GAMES REPORT

On the whole, it has not been a very distinguished year as far as sport is concerned but we have had our triumphs in swimming and hockey.

Our second season with the Western Province Schools Lawn Tennis Association proved very worthwhile. The standard of tennis in the first league was very high, and our second teams playing in the second league also had strong opposition, as they were playing first teams from other schools. Of the four teams, the first Under-15 team did well to finish third on the log in the first league.

At the Inter-Schools' Tournament, Christine Moni and Beverly Joslin won the Under-15 B Couples section and Margot McLachlan and Camilla White fought extremely hard and well in an exciting final for the Under 14 A couples, losing by six games to five.

The success of the swimming team was

largely due to their tremendous enthusiasm and team-spirit. The season was very active and Mike English must be thanked for helping to train the team in the early mornings. Although it was disappointing not to win an age-group trophy at the Inter-Schools' Gala, the team must be congratulated on gaining first place on points, overall. Of twenty-two events the team won five first places, four second places and four third places.

This year the selection for the Preliminary Western Province Hockey Trials was made by Western Province officials. Seven girls were invited to preliminary trials and five to the final trials. Margaret Minogue was selected for the team and Gillian Austin was on the short list. The Under-15 A XI, captained by Gillian Austin, worked extremely hard, especially at early morning practices. They must be congratulated on winning the Under-15 Inter-Schools' Tournament.

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I should like to thank Jill Eckstein for all her help and interest, both with the tennis teams and, of course, the squash teams. This year Jill organised the first Inter-Schools' Squash Tournament, which proved most successful and was enjoyed by all.

S. SCOREY.

HOCKEY REPORT

Captain: Dita Newman.

Vice-Captain: Fiona MacSymon.

Unfortunately during the season a great many matches had to be cancelled because of wet weather, but whenever possible matches were played. On the first four Saturdays of the second term the Western Province Schools' Hockey Trials were held and Margie Minogue was the only Herschel girl in the final team. Well done, Margie! Gillian Austin excelled and

narrowly missed being chosen for the team; for this she gained her hockey colours.

Two Rhodesian teams came down from Salisbury, but unfortunately we were able to play only one of them, Salisbury Girls' High, and then we lost 8-1.

In the third term the weather proved a little more favourable and two standard VI teams played regularly, giving the younger girls a chance to play in matches.

The First Team began the third term with a tough match against Rustenburg which we unfortunately lost 2-0. The defence players were consistently good, but unfortunately the forwards could not finish off in the circle. A number of matches were lost because the forwards could not shoot goals.

The Under-15 Inter-Schools' Tournament was held at Rustenburg, and Herschel beat Rustenburg in the finals, 1-0.



UNDER 15 XI HOCKEY TEAM WINNERS OF THE INTER-SCHOOLS' HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

Standing: Pamela King, Morag Currie, Philippa Harris, Susan Fuller, Barbara van Alphen-Stahl, Christine Mont.

Seated: Elizabeth Jeffery, Gillian Austin (Capt.), Miss Scorey, Margot McLachlan, Nicola Pouché.

Seated In Front: Tessa Douglas-Hamilton.

At the Inter-Schools, the first team played four matches and although we drew all our matches we did not reach the finals. All the girls played well, and again the defence players must be congratulated.

The Inter-House matches resulted in a win for Rolt, with Jagger second, and Merriman third. Hockey colours were re-awarded to Margie Minogue and awarded to Gillian Austin and Dita Newman.

Finally, I would like to thank the First Team for their enthusiasm and support and I hope they have a successful season. My best wishes to the 1973 captain,

	P.	W.	L.	D.
1st Team	10	2	6	2
2nd Team	2	0	2	0
Under-15A	6	3	2	1

DITA NEWMAN.

SWIMMING REPORT

Captain: Shân Adams.

Vice-Captain: Barbara Parry.

Under the coaching and guidance of Mike English and Miss Scorey, the swimming team had a very successful season. Swimming training started in earnest in the second week of the first term. Most mornings at 7 o'clock we had a training session. I should like to thank Mike English very much for dedicating his early mornings to training us both at school and at Newlands and also for all the advice he gave us. Special thanks must be given to Miss Scorey who also helped a great deal with the coaching and selecting of the teams, both in the mornings and during school hours.

This year galas were held on Friday afternoons instead of the usual Saturday mornings so as not to interfere with tennis fixtures. The



SWIMMING TEAM, 1972

Standing: Juliet MacGregor, Margot McLachlan, Shelly Bell, Susan Fuller, Nicola Fourché, Judy Banghart.

Standing: Morag Currie, Sally Brimble, Catherine Hund, Camilla White, Fiona McLachlan, Rosemary Howell, Jeanne-Andre Pelt.

Seated: Alex Adams, Gillian Austin, Shân Adams (Captain), Miss Scorey, Elizabeth Jeffery, Jenny Hearn, Margaret Minogue.

first gala was held on the 28th January at Good Hope against Good Hope, Ellerslie and St. Cyprian's. Herschel won.

The next gala we swam in was the Annual Gordons' Gala on the 11th February. Five of our girls swam in the Under-14 freestyle and Alex Adams in the Women's Open 100 metres breaststroke. Alex won her heat, and was placed fourth in the final placings. As well as this, we entered two teams in the Senior Girls' Relay event. Herschel A team came third in this race.

A week later, we swam in a gala at Wynberg against two teams from Wynberg, Groote Schuur, Sans Souci and Ellerslie. Groote Schuur won the Senior Section and Herschel won the Junior Section (Under-13 and Under-14) and the Intermediate Section (Under-15). We were also the overall winners.

On Friday, 26th February, a gala was held by Herschel, Springfield, Sans Souci and Good Hope at Springfield. This was an exciting gala which we just managed to win, with Springfield coming a close second.

On Wednesday, March 1st, two teams from Rhenish, Stellenbosch, visited Herschel to take part in a friendly gala which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Herschel A were the winners, followed by Rhenish A, Herschel B and Rhenish B respectively. Everyone was rewarded for their hard swims by a wonderful tea provided by the school and girls.

As usual the highlight of the season was the Inter-Schools Gala which took place on 25th March at Newlands. Here Herschel did very well to gain most points overall (181 points) with Rustenburg a very close second (180 points)—even though we did not manage to win any of the sections. Herschel swimmers obtained second place in both the Junior and Intermediate sections. In the Senior Section we tied for third place. Congratulations to all the swimmers who showed so much enthusiasm and spirit.

We must congratulate G. Austin, E. Jeffery, M. McLachlan and N. Fouché for winning the Under-15 crawl relay in record time. The Under-13 Medley Team (J. McGregor, R. Howell, and J. Banghart) and Open Medley Team (F. McLachlan, A. Adams and J. Hearn) also won their races. The following girls won their individual events: C. White, A. Adams, and F. McLachlan. Well done!

We did not do as well in the Inter-Schools diving, but our girls must be congratulated for their willingness to dive, and for their sportsmanship.

The Inter-House Swimming Gala was once again the most enjoyable Inter-House Event. The results were: Jagger first, Rolt second and Merriman third. Winners of School Trophies were:

Swimmer of the Year: Alex Adams.
Open Breaststroke: Alex Adams.

Open Medley: Alex Adams.
Open Backstroke: Jennifer Hearn.
Open Crawl: Margaret Minogue.
Open Butterfly: Elizabeth Jeffery.
Under-15 Medley: Elizabeth Jeffery.
Kennedy Diving Cup: Nicola Fouché.

This year swimming colours were awarded to Nicola Fouché, Margot McLachlan, Margaret Minogue, Sally Brimble and Camilla White. Colours were re-awarded to Fiona McLachlan, Alex Adams, Gill Austin, Elizabeth Jeffery and Shân Adams.

Finally, I should like to thank the team for their support and hard work throughout the season. Good luck for the future.

SHÂN ADAMS.
(Swimming Captain).

SQUASH REPORT

Captain: Dita Newman.
Vice-Captain: Shân Adams.

Squash has become a very important sport at Herschel, and for the first time an Inter-Schools' Squash Tournament was held. Herschel entered two teams and the first team reached the finals by beating Wynberg 4-1, but we lost to Rustenburg in the finals, 4-1.

External matches were played against Wynberg, Bishops and Abbott's College, and it was a great help to our squash to play against different schools. Mrs. Eckstein coached the first team girls, and it was thanks to her that an Inter-schools Tournament was held this year.

The Inter-House Championships were won by Jagger, with Rolt a close second, and Merriman third. These matches proved very exciting and were enjoyed by all.

The School Squash Championships were won by Alex Adams who beat her sister, Shân, in the finals. In the Junior Section, Hazel Kinlay beat Alex Adams. The cup for the most improved player was won by Margot McLachlan.

I should like to thank Mrs. Eckstein for the encouragement and support she has given us during the season and I should like to wish the girls the best of luck next year.

TENNIS REPORT

Captain: Dita Newman.
Vice-Captain: Shân Adams.

During the first term, tennis matches were played every Saturday as we have joined the Western Cape Mixed Tennis League. These matches gave us a chance to play a greater variety of schools and the matches were always enjoyed. The team this year were very enthusiastic and worked hard, and early morning tennis was always well attended.

The Under 15 and the Inter-Schools was held on the 4th March. Christine Moni and Beverley

Joslin excelled by winning their section and beating Rustenburg in the finals, Margot McLachlan and Camilla White also won their section but narrowly lost to Sans Souci in the finals. Lynne Brailey, Gill Austin, Barbara van Alphen Stahl and Jean Barry must be congratulated on working hard throughout the season.

The Open and Under-16 Inter-Schools was held the following Saturday and although no-one reached the finals, Gina Thom and Lynda Joslin must be congratulated on nearly but not quite winning their section. Herschel tied with Springfield overall.

Unfortunately, the Inter-house tennis was held on two separate days and girls had to play their matches whenever they had a chance, and thus much of the spirit of an Inter-House event was lost. Jagger was the overall winner, with Rolt and Merriman 2nd and 3rd.

The School Championships provided some exciting tennis, and the results were:

Senior Singles: Alex Adams.

Senior Doubles: Alex Adams and Dita Newman.

Under 15 Singles: Christine Moni.

Under 15 Doubles: Camilla White and Jill Austin.

13 years and Under Singles: Jean Barry.

13 years and Under Doubles: J. Barry and S. Smith-Chandler.

Although keen spirit and enthusiasm were shown, these were not enough to win any girls tennis colours—which was very unfortunate.

In conclusion I should like to thank this year's team for making my task as tennis captain a happy and easy one, and I hope you keep up the good spirit and enthusiasm for your tennis. To next year's captain I offer this wish: good luck, and enjoyment of your tennis.

DITA NEWMAN.

HERSCHEL JUDO

The Herschel Judo Club is seven terms old and now has a class consisting of approximately 13 girls. This year Kime-no-Kata was also introduced into the syllabus for our grading. This old Japanese martial art is new in South Africa and the Herschel girls are the first to receive instruction in the art in South Africa.

At this year's Western Province championship meeting, held at Herschel, we put on a display of Kime-no-Kata. Our team also competed against St. Cyprian's and added to their last year's triumph over them. Although Herschel's judo history is short, she harbours three Western Province judo champions. They are: Tracey van Eeden, Stacey Smith-Chandler, and Erica Bult.

On the 26th October we competed against the Wynberg boys in a "friendly" judo bout. Both teams were extremely nervous, but luckily for them, Wynberg was triumphant and did not have to leave with the shame of being beaten by mere girls. However, our judo instructor, Mr. Alex Butcher (3rd Dan) intends arranging contests every two weeks to build up our stamina and to give us confidence when confronted with the superior strength of men.

Recently the Junior School also started Judo and although small in size, these girls have more confidence than the seniors. They have received one grading and many will be sporting their yellow belts by next grading.

The present grades of the senior girls are as follows:

Erica Bult: Senior Brown belt.
Margaret Minogue: Senior Blue belt.
Alex Adams: Senior Green belt.
Sharon Bosma: Senior Green belt.
Pippa Harris: Senior Green belt.
Suzette Anderson: Senior Orange belt.
Barbara Ward-Able: Senior Orange belt.
Stacey Smith-Chandler: Junior Green belt.
Rosemary Howell: Junior Green belt.
Tracey van Eeden: Junior Green belt.
La Peter: Junior Green belt.
Adrian Bing: Junior yellow belt.

E. BULT.



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Original Work

WHY DOES THE YOUTH OF TODAY GROW SUCH LONG HAIR?

The reason for the youth of today's growing such long hair appears, at first consideration, to be purely superficial. Few women can deny that long hair, provided it is in good condition, cannot but enhance the appearance of a man. Evidently the youth of today has become wise to this and has acted accordingly.

However, it must be admitted here that the term "long" is merely relative and what some youths consider short is actually too long in the eyes of others, and it is these young men who cause me to contradict my first statement about long hair and admit that certain long hair can be quite revolting.

Long hair actually re-appeared with a group of young men—namely the Beatles,—whose ingenuity led them to grow their hair relatively long as a gimmick to attract attention. Owing to this publicity stunt the Beatles gathered, as followers, a number of defiant youths whose sole purpose was to overthrow convention and become individuals. Unfortunately their game was spoilt by an ever-increasing number of fellow followers, until what had started off as individualism became a movement and finally ended up as uniformity. However, the disapproval of the older generation was enough to satisfy their desire to be defiant and overthrow anything institutional, so that, with the gradual acceptance of long hair by the older generation, what had started out as a modest growth of hair, became a mass of tangled locks which made the original haircuts look positively tame and modified.

Soon the "Hippie Movement" came into power and before long our parents were classifying any young man whose hair was longer than their own with a most ill-used term—"hippie" (much to the contempt of all genuine Hippies). Their reason for growing long hair originated with a turning back to nature which is, after all, quite reasonable but a little impractical in our modern world, and, as the controversial performance "Hair" points out, gaudy plumage and fine feathers are the birth-right of the male sex (as is seen in most species).

The next phase to influence the length of men's hair was the "Jesus Movement" which established its hold over American youth and spread throughout Europe. Although, to my mind, theirs is a poor justification for such long hair, followers of this movement claim that because Jesus' hair was long, theirs should be too.

There is yet another reason for long hair which I consider the poorest of all. Some people claim that long hair is economical in that money that might have been spent on haircuts

and razor blades is saved. These people generally also look worst of all because they tend to save the money that might have been spent on shampoo too!

To my mind there are two classifications of long hair for those who admit to the vanity of none of the reasons mentioned above—out-rageous and modified.

The reason for any youth to join the first group is quite obvious. A lack of security and recognition in our world of ever-increasing competition causes them to try to prove themselves individuals. This is achieved by cultivating an abundant crop of hair which classifies them as "freaky" or "trendy" and makes them believe that they have become something.

The men who belong to the second classification generally claim that they don't know why they grow their hair, and would probably be horrified to hear what I consider their reason, because a male with the usual overdose of pride and obstinacy hates to admit that he follows the fashions, and would involuntarily wince if vanity were so much as insinuated. Therefore, I, having considered the damage I might do to many a male ego by suggesting the latter motive, shall put the reason down to a pride in his appearance and consciousness of the present fashion.

BARBARA PARRY, Upper V.

HEY GOD?

Say, God?
 Hey, you up there, God,
 Say, God, what's it like
 Living in the clouds, I mean?
 You know,
 With halbed angels floating round
 And little cherubs with golden wings
 Playing harps?
 Say, what's it like, God,
 to know everything
 about everyone?
 And to be everywhere at once?
 Say, God, what's it like
 to be King of Heaven
 And how does it feel, God,
 to be told
 "You're dead.?"

MARION MAKEPEACE, Upper V.

A SOUL IN TORMENT

Aeneas stepped down lightly from the train on to the cobbled platform and shut his eyes. In spite of the creak of rusty trolleys and the clatter of horses' hooves, he managed to re-

create a vivid picture in his mind of Coralis and nasturtiums. He had closed his eyes partly in order to see this picture and partly in order to overcome the sudden fits of dizziness which he frequently experienced. Minutes later, he was back to himself, and he picked up the carpet-bag with the reassurance and confidence of a man with ambition and a future.

"Taxi!" he shouted and waved his bag vigorously in the direction of a passing car. The black Simca stopped and Aeneas stuck his head through the window like an animal.

"Could you take me to the Hotel de Rivoli? I am afraid I don't know where it is but ..."

The driver cut him short by waving his calloused hand and nodding his head. Aeneas climbed into the back-seat and slammed the door. He was surprised at the force with which he had closed the door. He felt frail and weak, and as he lay back on the seat he was overcome by the same dizziness that he had experienced a few minutes beforehand. With this oblivion came a memory, a flashback to the past which caused a constriction in his throat that made it difficult for him to breathe. He touched his lips and found to his surprise that his hands were shaking.

The car rattled off in the direction of the mountains. Aeneas took off his hat and wiped his forehead. This characteristic flicking movement of his pale fingers across a furrowed brow had been a habit for many years and something which had annoyed her. At the thought of this a flicker of a smile darted across his face. He turned towards the window and began tracing patterns on the steam-up glass.

"I would like a room facing the mountains if I may. I hope this is possible." Aeneas watched a cat licking its paws and closing its eyes in the ecstasy of the moment. The last rays of a winter sun were reaching through the panes, and the cat's fur had an eerie golden luminosity. The receptionist looked up and smiled pleasantly.

"Certainly, sir. I trust room number eight will suit your requirements," she exclaimed and held out a silver key.

"The porter will carry your bags to your room for you." With these words she reached out for a brochure and handed it to Aeneas. "Maybe you would like to look through this." Aeneas thanked her and vaguely looked around for the porters she had spoken of. Not seeing any, he picked up his bag and walked towards the familiar old staircase that wound mysteriously up into the heights of the building. On the way up he noticed a vase of nasturtiums on a tea-table.

At eight o'clock precisely, Aeneas heard the hollow clang of the dinner-gong. He washed his hands and then stood in front of the mirror to straighten his tie. As a last thought he dragged his ivory comb slowly down the side of his face. He was seeing himself at his full height for the first time in many weeks. He had lost weight, and his complexion had taken on a strange sallow hue. He was duly shocked to see himself looking so pale and unhealthy. He switched off the light and promised himself a second look at those mysterious flowers he had seen on the tea-table.

AMANDA WEBB, Upper V.

CAN AN INTELLIGENT PERSON TODAY POSSIBLY BELIEVE IN THE SUPERNATURAL?

From the time when man first learnt how to develop his faculties of thinking and reasoning and how to use his intellect to suppress his baser animal instincts, the supernatural has been for him a constant source of speculation and fascination. He has never found the key to that vast world of shadows and dreams; he has never actually confirmed its existence. Man has never found the answer—and, in all probability, he never will. The subject to be discussed, however, demands that we decide whether or not belief in the supernatural is possible in our twentieth-century environment. In other words, is a man who thinks that he has found the answer, merely to be condemned as a heretic or a lunatic.

The part of the title which seemed to me to stand out most vividly at first glance, was the word "today." This word implies that we should consider the forces and influences of our time as having a direct effect on man's views about the super-natural. The age in which we live is essentially one of materialism and industrialisation; man has turned his back

on nature and religion, and there is little tendency in the western world to develop the powers of the mind and the spirit. This means that western civilisation is, on the whole, prejudiced against and alien to anything that is not actually tangible and which cannot be explained in the simplest of terms. Hence, the whole concept of the supernatural has been discredited as something ridiculous and impossible. Religion, too, has been left behind in the mad race of today. Thus, the forces of modern thought are against any individual who places importance on spiritual matters: they label him as "unintelligent."

Some people—granted, the number is small—claim to have actually had strange, mystical experiences which have given them an insight into the supernatural. Among these individuals are very intelligent human beings. T. S. Eliot, for example, had an experience which changed his whole attitude towards life, and which gave him a firm belief in the mystical, the intangible—if not in the supernatural itself. He cannot be described as being "unintelligent"

because of this, and this supports my belief that an intelligent, thinking person can indeed believe in the supernatural.

One may argue that the question is entirely a matter of personal experience. In other words, some individuals, such as Elliot, possess additional senses and faculties which enable them to broaden their concept to include the unearthly as well as the earthly; for such people the supernatural actually exists as a reality. Other people, on the other hand, are not so fortunate, (if this is the correct adjective), as to possess such powers and senses. They find it impossible to believe in something which they have never personally witnessed, and for them there is no supernatural. Neither group of individuals can necessarily be referred to as "unintelligent" because of their views. Belief in the supernatural is, in other words, entirely dependent upon the party and circumstances concerned. An intelligent person should not, however, close his mind completely to the ideas of others, for obstinacy has never been a sign of intelligence.

I have already spoken of the supernatural and religion as both being subject-matter for the mind and the spirit, and not for the body. The two concepts are, in my opinion, closely connected, and perhaps they even have similar

explanations. They both imply the influence of a strong, outer force on the affairs of men—a force that does not have its origins on this earth or within the confines of human thought. They both imply the resurrection of the soul after bodily death; admittedly, the Christian concept of "heaven" is a more refined and pleasant one than the supernatural one of lost souls haunting their earthly companions! However, it cannot be denied that the two concepts are basically similar, and this provides me with proof to support my argument; many intelligent people believe in the doctrines of religion; why, then, should they not believe in the supernatural?

To sum up, I shall say that all the inner and outer forces acting on a human being are such as to discourage his innate tendency to believe in the supernatural; his own common sense tells him that concepts so shadowy and undefined cannot have any real grounding; the influences of his environment convince him that there is no place for spectres on this already over-populated globe. Ninety-nine men in a hundred, therefore, will not believe in the supernatural. If, however, an individual wishes to turn away from the tide of convention, he is not necessarily unintelligent.

HILARY BROWN, Upper V.

MY SECRET LIFE

Much as I love the fragrant odour of the kitchen, and however much I appreciate the call of the stove, my efforts at creating dishes in its worthy confines never blossom into offerings fit for the choosiest gourmet.

Breaking eggs into the frying pan for instance . . .

From the moment that the full rounded shell is cradled, almost regretfully, in my palm, before its contents ooze gently into the bubbling oil, my imagination is captured by la cuisine cordon bleu par excellence. With great nimbleness and dexterity the shell is neatly cracked against the stainless steel rim of the pan and Madame embarks upon the world-shaking feat of frying the perfect egg.

With swift and capable hands, the frying pan is wielded over the electric flame, whose heat is controlled in practised proportions. Nothing disturbs her creation, not even the wide round eyes, on a level with the oven-clock, that peer into the pan, wonderment in their expression, until a large blob of oil leaps with a loud spitting noise, furiously towards them. But then, alas, disaster strikes as the delicately cooked underside of the yellow-centred amoeba gracefully gives way. The creation swiftly becomes an omelette, Madame Cordon Bleu is no more, and with sobered thoughts, I empty the expired wonder into the cat's dish . . .

Challenging the withering wind in an effort to gain some fresh air has a similar effect on my inspiration . . .

Making a dramatic exit from the back door, bravely covered in the warmest garb from the coat-pegs, I summon my trusty hounds and step out, as jauntily as the gale permits, towards the towering pines.

My bent walk recalls to my memory the image of some Arctic explorer battling across the ice-plateau. All of a sudden, my red rubber gumboots become the great black fur boots of the struggling explorer. My fingers are now encased in enormous gloves, ten times the size of my hands. My nose peering out from an immense sealskin hood shows the ominous signs of the dread Arctic disease, having turned a delicate shade of green.

Looking at my brave, but, alas, fatigued-stricken hounds, whose tongues, the colour of mulberry juice, hang from gaping jaws that are lined with jagged teeth that have not torn meat since our last seal three weeks ago, I realise the end is near . . . I look up at the sky, that glowers above my covered head, and see a blizzard approaching. Stoically, I accept my gloomy fate . . .

As the first round drops of rain slap on to my head, I reach the front door, my enthusiasm for the out-of-doors drained away, my last request; to sit before the fire and thaw my icicle-bound toes out . . .

Speeding along the farm road at the break-neck speed of 15 m.p.h., my white-knuckled hands wrestling with the steering-wheel, my hair swept back from my face by the wind rushing past the open window, my polaroid

sunglasses transformed into racing goggles, I try to break a record. No tractor must stand in my way. I attempt to break my brother's record: round the oaks, past the bridge, over the rise behind the shed and back again—time: six and a half minutes.

Racing against time, my nervous foot presses down on the accelerator; the reading before me soars up to 20 m.p.h. Sweat beads form on Sterling Moss's forehead, and signs of tension etch themselves at the corner of his eyes as he takes the corner on one wheel—the crowds roar with approval . . . Three minutes to go! Malcolm Campbell is breaking the world land speed-record of 643 m.p.h. on a salt lake . . . and whoops . . . over the rise hurtles the white Opel Kadett. But defeat and woe! Calamity strikes again . . . the tractor chugs innocently on before me. Ruined are my hopes of gaining family prestige . . .

LOUISA BROWNE, Upper V.

LOVE LINES

I see
the transparency
of light
which flowers
upon your lips,

already
it is summer

and your hair
is spread out
like golden sunlight.

Do you remember
our love in the rain
and in sunlight
long ago?

DOMINIQUE BLANCKAERT, Upper V.

STORM

I long for a breath of ancient wisdom
To blow away your tears
My love;
To toss them out upon this moon-misty night
Of sadness
And dissolve them in the song of the rain.
I long for a touch of feathered gentleness
My love,
That I may sweep up this sorrow in soft-folding
caresses,
That I may lull it into dream-distant silences
And bathe it in the warm velvet of wine.
I long to hide my helplessness,
Love,
Far from the dark wind's moan,
Deep—
Deep in some far-flighted evening
'Neath the dusty fall of Time.

HILARY BROWN, Upper V.

CRY OF THE AFRICAN NIGHT

They whimper to the night-nodding breezes,
They bark across the windy plain;
They howl and shriek at quivering shadows
Yet spill not the silence of the moon.

With roars they will shatter the frosted stars;
With soft-padded swiftness they follow—and
kill.

They, too, work in the domed darkness
But the moon-washed silence they do not spill.

Oh, see how the sounds of the four-footed wild
Are caught in the net of this cobweb dream.
Answer their call; yet Hush, my soul—
Spill not the silence of the moon.

HILARY BROWN, Upper V.

ON AN OLD MONASTERY

Where are the chanting voices that floated out
upon the morning
To hang, sure and free, in the shivering air?
Where are the reverent footsteps which crunched
the crispy snow
Or beat with slow and holy rhythm
Through echo-cool corridors?
Where are the quiet prayers that rose from
still hearts each day
To meet mankind's mad, impassioned cry?
Have they fallen now like leaves from a weeping
tree,
Or a softly dying sigh?

Yes, now a mossy mist begins to tint
The stone-cold pallor of the crumbling walls,
And tortured creepers writhe upon the floor
And twist about the ancient, rust-red bell
which tolls,

No more—
Yet tells of those who once obeyed its call.
Who knows, who knows
What dreamers still frequent this sacred home,
What shadow-prayers yet form within their
strange, devoted minds;
Who knows
Why you have chosen to return
To weave your gentle message with the winds.

HILARY BROWN, Matric.

IN DEFENCE OF LONG HAIR

Throughout most of the history of man, the wearing of men's hair shoulder-length and longer has been accepted as the norm. We need only to glance at some of man's most creative periods to realize that long hair in males was no barrier to masculinity and strong creative ability. There have been periods of short hair; the Roman Empire was one. But was this due to stoic Roman morals, or was the trend established by the great Caesar himself, plagued by the onset of early baldness?

The Norman Plantagenets sported a basin-cut, but one only needs to read about the early

Middle Ages to realize what a little this era contributed to our civilization. The Puritans, of course, were also fairly closely cropped. However, it should be noted that the two outstanding poets, Milton and Marvell, refrained not really from long hair but merely from the "tiring and curling" in vogue among their Cavalier rivals. Compare these brief periods of short-haired glory to the splendour of the Greeks, "hairy of head and face." And then, of course, came the Renaissance. Imagine Donatello's David, or that of Michelangelo, with a short back and sides! Look at the self-portraits of Dürer and Leonardo da Vinci and realize that their genius was not hindered by hair over the ears and eyes. And do you remember the great explorers and discoverers of the fifteenth to the sixteenth centuries: Columbus, Diaz, da Gama and Magellan? They all managed to spy the good earth without hacking off their locks.

In the late Renaissance, and for two centuries after, man, dissatisfied with nature's meagre performance, supplemented his crown and glory with enormous powdered wigs.

The great Romantic movement of the eighteenth century brought with it a host of long-haired artists: Beethoven, Brahms, the great poets like Shelley and Byron, not to mention the dashing officers and generals of the time, (excluding of course the unfortunate Napoleon who had a problem in common with our Roman friend, Julius Caesar).

Even the great Victorian era which is looked upon still as the "Golden Age", had its quota of long hair. Bonny Prince Albert himself had

his "collar-creeper", and served as the model for many an upright young gentleman.

Nearer home, we have evidence enough from the portraits of the early Voortrekkers to show that their visits to the barber were anything but frequent.

With the rise of German militarism under Bismarck, and later Wilhelm II and finally Hitler, the cult of the short back and sides came into full swing. Mass armies needed mass sanitation. Hair harboured lice, the remedy was to cut it off. The World Wars of the twentieth century brought about a dramatic change in the history of hair. Even Eve's locks were shorn in the interests of greater efficiency.

Today, beneath the concern for short hair, there is an underlying sadism, a desire to humiliate. Convicts and soldiers alike are forced to submit and to realize that they are perhaps something less than human. The shaving of the heads of traitors and collaborationists even today shows that the desire to cut hair is an expression of hatred.

Finally, one needs only to look at the fate of Samson at the hands of Delilah to recognize the potentialities of long hair. As a finishing touch I quote the bewitching words of Coleridge:

"And all should cry, Beware, Beware!
his flashing eyes his floating hair,
weave a circle round him thrice,
and close your eyes with holy dread,
for he on honey dew hath fed,
and drunk the milk of Paradise."

AMANDA WEBB, Upper V.

POVERTY CAN BE ABOLISHED

It is somewhat discouraging to find that, having devoted a considerable amount of time to deep thought, one remains almost completely ignorant as to what one is supposed to be thinking about. After making this unpleasant discovery it is one's natural reaction to banish miserable insecurity by dashing hastily to the "Oxford Concise". Here, the word "poverty" is lightly disposed of with frightening words like "indigence" and "deficiency" and one is almost tempted to look these up too. However, commonsense lends a hand and one realizes the title is supposedly inviting a solution for and not an explanation of poverty.

"There is no scandal like rags nor any crime so shameful as poverty" said George Parquhar. He obviously felt most strongly about it, while the Reverend Sydney Smith regarded it as being "no disgrace to a man but confoundedly inconvenient." These two individuals seemed to feel they knew enough about the subject to make these bold statements.

"I, being a member of that privileged and select class, namely the upper middle class, or bourgeoisie, regard myself as being highly unsuitable material for giving constructive and

convincing advice on how to solve such a vast, and, to my mind, inconceivable problem as poverty. The word seems familiar enough, but the actual grinding reality of it remains in the twilight. In trying to imagine poverty, my mind seems capable only of creating archaic images of the Cratchitt household and similar Dickensian scenes of poverty from Victorian England. Admittedly, that was poverty, but it is not like the poverty we are faced with today. Dickens had no Third World to write about, neither was the gap between the haves and the have-nots so great. In fact, I am loth to confess that however vigorously I attempt to stimulate my brain-cells, they seem capable only of 'bringing forth weeds' and not ideas. So, the problem of poverty remains unsolved."

In Latin America, one reads that poverty means the death of children, and a babies' coffin-shop is a common sight in the capital of Colombia. Immediately, the thought of a babies' coffin-shop strikes me as being something very romantic, and does not urge me on to revolution or social change.

From the comfort of our wall-to-wall carpeted living-rooms we observe and hear about the chaotic world as if we don't belong to it. The

television set and the radio become not just furniture of the house but furniture of the mind as well, and make men part of a new social world that is so very far away from the reality of poverty.

Some countries have made really constructive attempts to abolish poverty and the classic way for modernizing fast for poor countries has been to go communist. Indeed the meaning of communism has so far been "development", for the only countries to have gone communist have been backward countries and they have been the only backward countries to have successfully modernized.

Reading this essay, one would think that South Africa was the richest country in the world instead of being one where poverty is rife but concealed. This is the country where children die of kwashiorkor and pellagra "the disease the older child gets when a new one is born"—where men with families are paid less than schoolboys for doing the same work, where a boy's last words are "a piece of bread" before he dies on the operating table.

I plead guilty to having closed eyes in the midst of poverty—and likewise many others should plead guilty to the same crime. It is my belief that when at last man is forced to open his eyes, then poverty will begin to be abolished.

AMANDA WEBB, Upper V.

BIRTH OF A DOLPHIN

SPLASH!

Silvery ripples appear and a tail disappears:
A grey tail.

A dolphin's tail.

A nose peeks through the water.

A miniature nose.

Her baby's nose.

SUSAN CUNNINGHAM, Lower V.

DOLPHINS

Has anyone taken their I.Q.?

It's very important that they do.

Or is it?

MARGARET MINOGUE, Lower V.

JO'BURG JAG

There was unrest in the underworld. A new man had appeared on the scene, and his name was Matches Mercedes. Nobody took much notice of him except Jo'burg Jag. Jo'burg Jag seemed to have a grudge against Matches, so he called a meeting of the main leaders of the underworld.

The three leaders arrived at Jo'burg Jag's mansion and started to discuss Matches Mercedes. Jo'burg Jag claimed that Matches had broken something very valuable which belonged to him. He also claimed that Matches was a detective trying to uncover him, Durbs Dod-

ge said he had met Matches and Matches seemed to him to be quite a good fellow. Bloemy Bentley said he had heard good reports about the man and Cape Cadillac said he had found the fellow pleasant enough but very inexperienced. Jo'burg Jag did not agree with any of them. He kept telling them to be careful of this Matches Mercedes. He said that Matches had not been born just the other day, but knew what he was doing.

Eventually, after much discussion and argument they decided to have Matches tailed. He was never to be left alone for more than five minutes. Jo'burg Jag had said that they would get their results very quickly but after a month nothing had happened. Matches seemed just to be an ordinary gangster, Durbs Dodge, Bloemy Bentley and Cape Cadillac wanted to call the operation off but Jo'burg Jag would not hear of it. He said they would tail the man until he was seen doing something out of the ordinary.

This went on for months and Jo'burg Jag would not give up. He said that one day Matches would slip up.

Jo'burg Jag claimed that he was the only man in the underworld with no relations. He said his father had been hanged, and his parents before him, and that his mother had probably been killed by his father when she had tried to run away. He also claimed that he had no brothers and sisters, so therefore he had nothing to tie him down. Nobody could threaten death to any of his family as he had none. Everybody considered him a lucky man, but what everybody did not realize was that Jo'burg Jag's mother had not been killed and at the time when she had run away, she had been pregnant.

It was now about six months since Jo'burg Jag had ordered Matches to be tailed and still nothing had shown up. Cape Cadillac said he was not going to waste his time any more following a decent crook. Durbs Dodge soon pulled out too, but Bloemy Bentley said he would give Jo'burg Jag three months before he gave up.

Then about two months later Matches slipped up. He was caught talking to an ex-employer of Jo'burg Jag. Jo'burg Jag struck, but not hard enough to kill Matches. Matches was then taken to Jo'burg Jag's mansion where he asked to speak to Jo'burg Jag. Jo'burg Jag told everybody to clear out while he spoke to Matches. He could be heard shouting at Matches but what he said could not be heard. Then there was silence, and after about two minutes a shot rang out and Jo'burg Jag walked out of the room. Bloemy Bentley asked Jo'burg Jag why he had killed Matches. Jo'burg Jag replied that Matches would spoil his reputation, and when asked why, he replied,

"He was my brother!"

MARGARET MINOGUE, Lower V.

AWAKE IN THE DARK

I awoke to hear the usual noise outside, which probably meant it was about five o'clock in the morning. The workmen were laughing and murmuring as they walked down the streets and the smell of early breakfasts was drifting into my room; I could hear water running in another part of the building, and could feel the occupants of the building around me moving and waking.

The joy of my dark days was to hear the peasants in the distance on the country road, shouting and welcoming one another. I could imagine the large peasant women swatting their many children aside as they chattered with one another, stopping occasionally at workmen's wayside braziers, and stamping their feet for warmth.

As the mass of peasants and farm labourers spread out over the cobbled market place. I imagined them transforming the dirty desolate square into a noisy bustling centre, with people jostling one another for suitable positions. I could hear the squeak of barrows and carts, loaded with noisy children, fruit and vegetables, as the women pushed them, shouting at their pinched husbands, constantly being where they were not wanted or where they could not be found, while others resigned themselves to trailing mutely after their large red-faced haxom wives.

Surprisingly, these sweating, rough, rowdy women formed the core of the market place.

I heard my "family", which I had adopted since I had arrived at this room, settle themselves before the closed shutters. I could hear the wife and husband setting up the cart, cursing occasionally, and finally the flap and flutter of the little flags on the cart as they drifted in the breeze.

As the little boy began to cry, the gentle voiced nurse entered my room. "Good morning, how are you today?" "No, I'm afraid it is not time for your bandages to be removed".

She scuffled around in my room, and while she was doing so, I heard the boy's cries suddenly muffled, and imagined a desperate mother pushing a plum into his mouth to pacify him.

As the morning proceeded, I recognised the voices of the early customers, lured into the square by enticing calls of fresh fruit and vegetables. The men and women seated themselves on boxes, tins or up-turned buckets, the women chattering, and I could hear the clicking of needles, while the men whistled and scratched at bits of wood and metal.

I could hear the little street urchins fighting and arguing, occasionally reprimanded by a fierce grandmother, and playing in gutters slimy and squelching with bad fruit.

At midday I heard a great clamour and commotion and realized that a cart had been overturned, by the delighted squeals of children and the angry cursings of the unfortunate owner. Soon, however, all was quiet again, and

the smell of rotting fruit drifted into my room. I could imagine the once-fresh oranges, pears, peaches and plums wilting and slowly browning in the sun.

As the afternoon began to wear on, the people grew silent, and the only sound of life came from the corridors outside my room, where nurses were hurrying to and fro. The faint sound of men snoring could be heard, while children slept and played in the shade, and the women murmured on. Bees buzzed over the fruit and flies settled like a black film on it, while dogs snapped ineffectively at them.

In the heat I, too, dozed, and when I awoke the air was cooler, and the movement of the people had begun again, this time to depart. Carts were packed with weary children and stalls were taken down, the people rumbled out of the square in much the same way as they had arrived, but this time more quietly.

As I sniffed the remaining aromas of fruit, I realized that once my eyes were better and I was able to see again, I should miss these people who had, unknown to them, played a great part in my invalid life.

JENNIFER HEARN, Lower V.

HIGHLIGHTS OF LAST WEEK

The calendar tells us that the week begins on Sunday, but try as I may I cannot agree. My week begins on Monday, on a rather gloomy note and ends on Sunday with a jubilant ring.

The first highlight of last week was Monday evening; nothing dramatic happened, just arriving home at 6.30 p.m. after a long, tiring day was enough, Mondays do end; and this one ended with a crackling fire in the grate and an enticing aroma coming from the kitchen.

Tuesday was Tuesday with not a glimmer to distinguish it from any other day, except that this Tuesday I had less homework than usual, and was able to retire to an unhurried blissfully warm bath, and a welcome early night.

Wednesday is often known as the day of woe. Why do they choose Wednesday for mark reading? I was not satisfied with my performance in the last tests; but joy of joys, this Wednesday was highlighted by a soft voice reading out one line.

"Georgina Thom, second class". I was shrouded in an aura of relief for the rest of the day.

Why is Thursday always the same? It should be a happy day, so near to Friday, but Thursday last week, like Tuesday seemed as though it would never end. "Thursday's child has far to go".

Friday was highlighted before it actually started. The very word Friday is musical and as I pulled back the curtains and saw a red sun rising, a feeling of well-being came over me; it was the end of a week and the beginning of a week-end—and this week-end my parents

were coming home. Friday had a touch of magic all day.

Saturday had two very different highlights. The first was the sheer bliss of opening one eye and watching my brother dress for rugby, and then with a contented grunt, curling up and going to sleep again. It is not every Saturday that I can do this, and so when I can, the joy is intense. Secondly, Saturday is the day I see Derek. Last Saturday afternoon was highlighted for me by the fact that he played one of his best games ever in rugby. I have seldom felt so warm and proud as I did when I stood in the pouring rain watching him score his second try.

Sunday came at last. Although it rained, to me it was one long glowing day. My Mum and Dad were coming home today. I even enjoyed doing my homework last Sunday. But what was the highlight of the day? Naturally it was the moment my parents drove up the driveway. I secretly thought to myself, "Oh joy! no more washing, shopping and trying to be a houseproud schoolgirl!" Above all it was wonderful having them back.

GEORGINA THOM, Std. 9.

CIVILIZATION

They strain and sigh,
brows furrowed in concentration.
*Inexorably, the clock ticks on
*whiling away time like a chirping cricket.
Only the faint whisper of pens as they plunge
across
"Eclipse" sheets,
A quick glance at speeding minutes
and an anguished roll of white eyes
in coffee-satin skins,
Keen from their kraals
these sons of Africa ...
write
examinations.

*With apologies to Ursula Duncan. Extract from her poem: Time.

ELONA GELDENHUYS, Lower V.

HIGH TIDE

The air of the morning before high tide feels impregnated with a nervous tension. The sea-gulls fly low over the waves, with impatient cries and daring swoops. The sea, like a person breathing in deep sleep, swells and subsides. The fast-footed and tiny, speckled birds race over the sand and the dunes, so quickly that their spindly grey legs cannot be seen.

The sea has a secret which cannot be told till nightfall. The sand and the gulls and the birds are like excited children on a Christmas Eve who, in happy expectancy, scamper around, causing havoc everywhere. The sea is like the parents who, revelling in their children's delight, pretend that one Christmas is the same as another. But, secretly beneath the falseness, they feel a flow of fantasy as faded memories come filtering back.

Eventually, night time arrives and when all the world is still, the secret is told. The sea crawls slowly at first, then it walks, then it runs over the sand, covering it with Christmas presents of beautiful shells, mussels and fairies' wings, flotsam and jetsam, jellyfish, bluebottles and crabs.

The sea is relieved that the secret is told. No longer are its hidden presents concealed from the low-flying seagulls. The fast-footed, tiny-speckled birds run excitedly over the sand, pausing here and there to pick up a mussel or examine a bottle.

One can now feel that the air is heavy, not with nervous tension but with joyous excitement.

BRIDGET BORTON, Upper IV.

MY THOUGHTS ON A JUMBO JET

Will this plane be hijacked or not? This was the first question my overworked, suspicious mind kept repeating. I am by nature a pessimist. Unfortunately, being pessimistic, suspicious and imaginative—which can make a perfectly harmless thing turn into an absolute nightmare or monster, whichever the case may be—I can never relax. I am always tense.

Now, what did the doctor say? Oh, yes, deep breathing and relax your muscles—yes, I feel much better. My, but the gentleman sitting next to me is really clinging to his little black case. Tight, serious beady eyes, eyebrows drawn close together, wrinkles on the forehead, tense neck muscles, taut arm muscles and tightly closed mouth—all the characteristics of a hijacker. Oh, honestly, the way I carry on, I sometimes wonder why I did not become a detective instead of a salesman, advertising Sanatogen.

"Sir, you look extremely uncomfortable. May I put the case on the rack for you?" asked the hostess, interrupting my thoughts.

"No, no thanks ... I suffer from asthma, my inhaler is in here."

You are not a very good liar. His hands become tighter over his case. A drop of perspiration runs down my forehead, instead of his, and lands on my hand. I look at the little drop. Now, you see what you have done? You have worked yourself into a frenzy. The doctor told you to relax. Anyone would think you were the hijacker. "Sir, are you feeling all right? You look terribly hot. I'll bring you a towel," said the hostess to me.

"Oh, yes, thank you. I am feeling rather hot".

How embarrassing! She must be awfully suspicious of me. Let me sum up the whole situation. The man, sitting next to me, has a little case on his lap, very extraordinary. It either contains an inhaler or a bomb. He is clinging to the case which most probably means that it is the latter. The cool cloth on my forehead helps me to come to this logical conclusion, with a supreme air and with the dignity of a worthy gentleman who is well practised in dealing with such dangerous matters.

The headlines of the paper will be "Mr. Jacobs saves jumbo from bomb." I shall be the proudest man in the world. I shall be the hero.

First of all, I must plan what I am going to do. This man is most probably a loony, so I must talk to him and calm him, I don't know how I am going to do that because two more drops have managed to escape from the towel. I have the perfect plan. I shall go to the pilot. Oh no, that won't do. They need my assistance here. I shall smuggle a note through, via the hostess, to give to the pilot.

"Excuse me, sir, have you a pen?" "Oh, thank you" now for the paper.

"Er... have you any paper?"

"No."

"Have you paper?"

"No."

"Paper?"

"No."

By this time I am half-way down the aisle.

"Paper?"

"No."

"Please, sir", the pilot announced on the loud-speaker, "all passengers must return to their seats as we shall soon land."

"But, I must have paper".

"There is plenty of paper at the airport. Now, don't worry."

I was pushed back to my seat into which the efficient hands of the hostess had me strapped in no time. Oh, people will never recognise true heroes.

ELIZABETH LACEY, Lower V.

IT'S TIME

Those days are gone
when we ran brown
with our barefoot legs through
the slothful corn,
as it vacillated
with the feel of fields of sea-blue skies
Even the sky was running,
running high
high with the childish fever of youth, and
youth itself was spinning
around

and

around
holding on to our filaments of happiness
And we grasping hands and running along the
sea-shore
and letting the sea slow and slyly seep
Into our minds and mood
until it blended and seemed
like splendid liquid sunlight,
and our toes met and recognised,
And we knew life was just a wheelbarrow,
full of Time,
Yet those times are gone,
The dreamy mornings
and incense-filled moons
and stars.
Now we must settle down--
Down to Life
This mediocre Joy-ride.

SALLY BRIMBLE, Lower V.

"THE INHERITORS" IS ONLY INCIDENTALLY A STORY ABOUT EARLY MAN; IN ESSENCE IT IS A STORY ABOUT SIN"

The book opens with the tribe of Neanderthals returning to their summer quarters in Spring. Although they are described as very ape-like, we can recognise all our human emotions and attitudes in these primitive creatures.

Lok and the child Liku romp in the trees, laughing and enjoying themselves. There is a strong feeling of love amongst the whole tribe, and the two men and two women are completely intermarried, feeling no jealousy or possessiveness, just a common bond of love.

The people have a terror of water, and when the old man, Mal, slips into the river they feel a very human sympathy which every man has felt. But they even rub themselves against him to try to share out the cold wetness amongst themselves so that they can all suffer with him. Their sympathy seems far deeper than that which we know.

The religion of the people is complete worship of creation, and a reverence towards the supreme woman, Oa, who gave birth to the world and every creature on it. There is no fear of death, only the belief that Oa takes them back into her belly. They have a deep admiration and respect for their elders, as they are the wisest and closest to the divine. They respect the old man for his supreme wisdom,

and the old woman because she is the nearest to Oa.

Then Lok and Fa go to find food, and some of their innocence is lost when they find a dead doe being approached by hyenas. They seem to forget their worship of creation and throw stones at the hungry hyenas. Lok feels a certain guilt, a new experience, as they drag the doe away, and the description suddenly becomes ugly and revolting as they tear the limbs from the doe and stuff them into the bag of the stomach.

But Fa, who is the more intelligent of the two, feels less guilt than Lok, who is not so bright. The implication is that the more intelligent the mind, the less guilt it experiences. Liku, the child of the new generation, also feels guiltless.

Here the book changes, and the new people play a large role. Their intelligence is far superior to even that of Mal, and they are meat-eaters.

Lok and Fa watch them from a tree as they go through their horrible sacrificial ceremony. Their religion is based on fear. They feel that they have sinned by stealing the children from the "devils" (who are the Neanderthals) and sacrifice Liku to try to appease their god.

They believe that Pine Tree has sinned and they chop off his finger in sacrifice.

They have also discovered alcohol, and Lok and Fa witness a drunken orgy. They see love-making in a new concept. There is no longer any love in the act; it is a brutal struggle for supremacy. They watch the new people play at love-making, a selfish game to try to gain as much pleasure from the other person as possible.

They see the relationship between the new people and the old man. There is no reverence towards him. They watch the old man quarrel with his people, and whip them cruelly to heave the dug-outs up the cliff face.

The relationship between the new people seems completely brutal and hard, yet every characteristic they show can be recognised as purely human. They represent the cruel side of humanity, and the Neanderthals seem to symbolise the goodness of humanity.

But then a change comes over Lok and Fa. They learn real terror, they get drunk, and quarrel as they have never done before. Their innocence seems to be completely lost, and when they are unable to get their baby back, they devise a primitive form of kidnapping.

Then the Neanderthals, who played the main role at the start of the book, are suddenly seen

from a more human angle—from the point of view of the new people. All but the new one die as if innocence is completely overcome by the sin of the intelligent man, except for one tiny baby, who is left to interbreed with the new man, so that a faint glimmer of our lost innocence may be passed down to every human being.

GWEN MAKEPEACE, Lower V.

WAVES

the waves
are different races
striving ...
to develop crests
and power,
striving ...
to overtake, or reach, the wave ahead.

The cross-currents
are the interbred races.
Mixed, muddled
and, between two waves, they
cannot strive.
Their aim is submerged under the other waves.

Waves roll back ...
Life rolls on ...

BRIDGIT BORTON, Lower V.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN FIELD SCHOLAR AFTER SPENDING A YEAR AT HERSCHEL

Wednesday,
30 August,
San Antonio.

Dear Dr. Silberbauer,

I am very conscious of my negligence of writing, but perhaps in this instance, procrastination was best because only now am I beginning to comprehend the impact South Africa had on me. That is not to say that my year there was pushed to the back of my mind and is only now coming to the surface; but the past eight months of living in the States has required full use of my faculties to maintain my sanity. Actually, it has not been as drastic as I make it sound, but re-adjusting has a stronger implication than I gave it credit for. Still, it is comforting to know that my Herschel uniform (both summer and winter) patiently waits, wrapped in plastic, at the back of my cupboard, and that my photograph albums, school notebooks and papers diligently accept the dust that collects on them daily.

I had a most extraordinary year, and I re-live bits and pieces of it constantly. But most importantly, I have that experience to apply to my day-to-day living now, at the present, where it is most beneficial, to me as well as others.

Perhaps I should tell you what I have been doing. For five long months, I worked as a "clerical assistant" in an insurance office. That took more energy out of me than I care to admit, for I felt intellectually stifled. Granted, I learned much about insurance, but I also saw the bad

side of human nature that, sadly enough, seems to characterise the average American citizen: the citizen that is prejudiced out of ignorance, deceitful, and close-minded. I don't pretend to be above those judgements, but seeing them daily made me acutely aware of my own failings—the fact that I became like them because I was so repelled by them. Ironical, isn't it?

Anyway, life is not as sordid as that; just to witness the sunrise each morning is compensation enough. I saw a good amount of sunshine when FJ visited me in March. It is strange that we never gave each other enough time to know each other when we were in Cape Town together, but the two weeks she stayed with me was far too short because she is an incredibly complex, intelligent person. Perhaps it was only the air of Suid-Afrika blowing through us, but at any rate, I feel extremely fortunate to have gotten to know her finally. Mrs. Silberbauer, she seems to glow with happiness as her present American family is very dear to her and she to them. She carries with her the social and academic education Herschel gave to her, as well as the beautiful, loving relationship she has with her own family, the Baigriex. She is giving and receiving very positive actions. I shall miss her terribly when she goes, but we have established a strong correspondence that should last for many years to come.

If you are wondering about my present address, it is due to the fact that I am attending Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas—way

*A good book is the best of
friends.*

*The same to-day and for
ever.*

(Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810—1889) in *Proverbial
Philosophy*)

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CAPE TOWN

down South! We have just begun classes and I am finding that my eight month absence from school and learning per se has strengthened my appetite for attending school. I never thought I would see the day when I looked forward to school so much, but I think I was becoming very frustrated with the working world; business world, if you prefer.

Please feel free to read this letter to the school and let the girls know I am thinking of them, especially now as Mock Matric looms so closely in the future. My best regards to the staff, with a special greeting to Mrs. Boyes, as she was one of my favourite people. I trust she is in good health and teaching English as it ought to be taught! (Hang in there, Mrs. Boyes, as we Americans would say!)

And to you, Dr. Silberbauer, I thank you for all the doors you opened for me, and for the patience you had with me. Give my love to your dear family — from one American who sincerely appreciates the goodness and energy you daily give to Herschel and all the other people in your life.

Fondest regards always,
SUE RAE.

THE MAN WHO WAS A COFFEE POT

I think it was his wife who started it. Whilst she was alive she dominated and took him over completely. A strange, little man, extremely gentle and even more vague, he resembled a baby walrus, but was without the alert inquisitive expression of the animal. His wife was not physically bigger than he, but when they were together she always gave the impression of being so.

Poor dozy, little man! He complied with her every wish, or rather he was compelled to, muttering vaguely in reply.

"Yes dear, no dear." Occasionally he would add a few "Yes, indeeds" and "realities" which were produced at intervals, just to keep her happy.

In spite of her constantly demanding ways, my friend never bore any malice. No, instead he would sit with me in front of the fire and we would dream together of distant lands; of dark-skinned people working in the sun and rain-drops falling from glossy, green leaves. We were both dreamers and shared a unique relationship with each other; we both wished to escape, he from his wife and I from many things. I was very confused in those days. So we would continue on our trips to Persia, astride a red, Chinese dragon, to collect a princess on the way to see the Taj Mahal, the statue of David in Florence or to have tea with the Mad-Hatter and the Dormouse in Wonderland.

What a magical little soul he was! He had an antique, carved chest made from sandalwood, and a canary. The chest opened up to show many little drawers and compartments in which the same strange, little trinkets were never found more than twice. There was always something new to discover and a story to go with it. As for

the canary — he used to look at it mournfully and sigh and I know he wished that he could be free.

"What about going on an armadillo hunt in Brazil?" someone once said when we were on another of our journeys.

We looked at him scornfully.

"No, but we might have tea with them under a coffee-bush."

A coffee-bush, coffee! My little man's voice seemed to grow vague and barely audible, and when I looked at him very closely he seemed to resemble a coffee-pot — a chocolate brown one. After this, he didn't visit me very often, and after a while his visits ceased altogether. I picked up the coffee-pot and with an effort put it back on the tray; the canary had escaped and was pecking at the remains of the scones.

I was six at the time. The coffee-pot has since been broken.

JULIA PALEY, Upper IV.

"TRAVELLING"

Travelling was good today
the rain came down,
all the way, and only
the immediate country near the road
was to be seen
by naked eyes
and cowering senses.
It was enough
to shake my soul to see
the rain come down
like . . . how can I say?
There was no easy way
to find an open space to share.
We'd stop beneath gum trees
and I . . . ?
would walk along a track of
orange-white gravel and stone
to find a place to be alone
under false pretences, —
but all in all
travelling was good today.

JUDY SERGEL, Upper IV.

PORTRAIT OF A NONENTITY

The groping hand of Mr. John Brown reached out to silence the alarm clock at seven o'clock on the morning of Tuesday the 14th June. He yawned and looked around his "bedsitter" on the second floor at 14A, Chesterton Gardens. He recognised every little detail in that room, which was not surprising. Had he not been living there for the past fifteen years?

He lit the gas-ring and made a cup of coffee, cooked his egg for exactly six minutes and ate his cornflakes. He shaved, and dressed in his usual dark suit, took his umbrella from the hall-stand, put on his bowler hat and set off for the bus stop.

On his way, he stopped to buy a newspaper, and made a point of not greeting the newspaper man, because he never got a reply. On the bus,

he wedged himself in between the people having a conversation across him, and almost through him, as though he did not exist.

He reached the office at nine minutes to eight, one minute later than average, and joined the happy crowd talking outside the lift. No-one included him in the exchange of bright "good-mornings"; a fact that he did not really regard as remarkable because, after all, nothing had happened to him the night before, as it seemed to have happened to everyone else, and "good morning" is not a thing one says unless one has something to say afterwards. He entered the lift unobtrusively, and to avoid catching anyone else's eye, stared fixedly at the lift attendant's back. Jimmy they called him, "Good morning, Jimmy," everybody said, "Morning Miss, Morning Ma'am, Morning Sir." Strange that he should envy Jimmy whose salary was lower and whose pension was far less secure!

The work on his desk was fairly straightforward and did little to engage his mind or his interest. The telephone on his desk rang, and he lifted the handset with eager alacrity.

"Sorry, wrong number."

"No matter," he thought, "There have been occasions when they wanted me."

Five o'clock came, as somehow it always did. The way home was the mirror image of the way there.

He sorted through the letters that the landlady always left for the residents on the plate in the hall. There was nothing for him. One day he would stop doing that, too — looking.

SUSAN DOWDLE, Upper IV.

PORTRAIT OF A NONENTITY

Although his name is written on his desk, he makes so little impression that I cannot remember it now. He is a bank teller and will probably always remain one; an undersized little man of about thirty-five, his hair is going prematurely grey, from taking fright at the world around him.

Every decision that he has to make is an ordeal; even the simple act of stamping a cheque makes him tremble. He is hesitant and nervous and gives the impression of jumping when addressed.

Having no confidence, he tries to please people by smiling at them and calling them "Sir" or "Lady", as the case may be. In an effort to be friendly, he discusses the latest news, but if he says something that he thinks you do not agree with, he hastily pretends that he has heard it somewhere else, and that it is not his own opinion at all.

He totally lacks authority and gives the impression of never having won an argument in his life.

Although he is such a pathetic figure, I have found some interest in writing about him and there is therefore something of interest in everybody in the world, even though they might be complete nonentities.

CLEMENTINE ROBINSON, Upper IV.

THE ELEPHANT WHO TOOK BALLET

Ella lived in the Kryvena Forests, in a little glade surrounded by pine trees. She was an only child and soon became very lonely, when her elders went off in the day-time to have some fun pulling down trees. This game did not appeal to her, and so she spent hours just sitting in her room, gazing at her posters of Rudolf Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn.

After months and months of being left on her own, Ella decided that she would hitch-hike to George, and see what amusement she could find there. The following morning, after having tried to get into three motor cars that had stopped to give her a lift, and each time getting stuck in the doorway, she was offered a lift by the milkman. She lumbered on to the cart, which was pulled by a tractor, and they started off.

Later on, tired of being stared at by a car-load of stupid, two-legged humans and a yapping dog, she asked the milkman if she could borrow his newspaper to read the Argus "smalls". Turning to page eleven, she gave a squeal of delight (which sent three trees by the roadside crashing to the ground) and read again an article stating that a new course of ballet lessons would begin that day.

Suddenly the cart came to a grinding halt. Discovering the cause of the trouble, the milkman turned to Ella and said:

"Sorry, lady, but the rear suspension's gone. You'll have to walk the rest of the way."

After much excitement, Ella reached the town hall and just managed to enter through the huge double doors, although I must say she dislodged a few bricks. When she was noticed, a crowded room was reduced to an isolated hall, and the ballet teacher stood quivering on the stage.

"P-P-Please, Madam, c-c-could I t-t-take a few lessons?" Ella stuttered, and the glass cracked in the windows.

Ella was making wonderful progress until she reached the stage of using the bar for a few arabesques. Gently resting her hand on it, she suddenly became aware that the row of holes in the wall was increasing, and that the bar, which consisted of twenty feet of solid oak, lay like a matchstick in her hand. The teacher ran out screaming, convinced that the end of the world had come.

Ella continued trying to do "first position" correctly but growing impatient, gave a little hop and sank through the floorboards. Disentangling herself, and removing the splinters from her trunk, she started to amble home, convinced that nobody loved her. Large tears formed in her eyes and she blew her trunk occasionally, causing a storm that the weather-forecaster certainly had not predicted!

I went to visit Ella last week, and found a mature and distinguished elephant in place of the stumbling teenager. She told me that she still looked at her ballet posters, but apart from

going to see the premiere of Swan Lake, she never wished to take part in such a humiliating pastime again!

JOANNE PULSFORD, Upper IV.

THE ELEPHANT WHO TOOK BALLET

Many, many years ago, longer ago than you can even hope to imagine, elephants ruled the world and for them, all seemed happy. Seeing that they are the largest land-roaming animals, all other animals respected them (not that they really had much option!). Although these elephants realised that they had power over the other animals because of their size, they felt just a tiny bit insecure and made rules to ensure that all elephants would always be strong and powerful. They were forced to attend schools where they would learn an even rougher form of rugby (played using a hedgehog for a ball). And when they weren't playing rugby, they would be practising their body-building exercises.

But one day an elephant was born who had the courage to rebel against the tradition of his forefathers and foremothers. He began by not attending his rugby lessons. Instead, he would wander out into the fields and listen to the magnificent chirruping of the birds and would watch deer leaping and frolicking in their flower-filled world.

How he longed to be dainty and delicate like the deer, but although he tried painfully hard, all he could manage was stamping heavily, often tripping and bruising himself (of course the bruises would not have appeared, had he attended his body-building lessons regularly!).

Bruised and battered, he sat at home thinking very very hard and at last discovered a few simple positions from which he managed to do a few simple steps. Slowly he improved and added odd touches here and there. He would prance in and out of the forests, skilfully dodging tree stumps, carefully treading only on the stepping-stones when crossing rivers, and leaping over an obstacle that happened to get in his way.

He disgraced his parents, however, by passing only two of the twelve possible grades in body-building.

One day he decided that there must be other elephants who, deep down in their hearts, would prefer to roam among the flowers and trees too.

So he distributed pamphlets among the elephants and quite soon had many followers who too found they preferred this peaceful, lazy life to the hard-working life that their parents expected of them. They all lived together and roamed around their undiscovered world. These elephants were friendly towards all other animals and were therefore respected, but nevertheless liked!

Within a few elephant generations, schools were sensibly abolished and the elephants stayed strong by doing elephant-ballet through the country.

This advanced elephant's ideas soon gained ground and nowadays, you cannot tell me that

elephants attend school; they just dance through the country, eating and sleeping when they are in the mood. You may, too, say that elephants by no means do ballet, but please don't say that in front of them because they are convinced that they do!

GAYLE JOOSTE, Upper IV.

EMPTY BOTTLES

The words "empty bottles" bring to my mind many pictures, but the first thought that comes to me is of a Bottle Shop. There are many of these dotted around England, but the one that I can recall most easily was, and most probably still is, situated in a village called Sawbridge-worth. The owner was a small fat man of the name of Frye. He had wiry white hair and a small tuft of a moustache, and he was the exact replica of the Mad Hatter, except of course that he was a live human being. His Bottle Shop was in a little alley on the outskirts of the village, a dark house almost the shape of a bottle itself because of its tall chimneys. Inside the shop was a countless variety of bottles, of all shapes and sizes, which caused it to have a rather mysterious atmosphere. On the table nearest the counter, lay the bottle-ships. The necks of these bottles were so slender that it seemed impossible for the ships to have been able to pass through them. The ships were carved out of wood and lay there with tiny red crosses on their sails or with small cannons peeping over the decks.

In the shop-windows were lamps. These were made by attaching a bulb on to the neck of a bottle. The wires were glued to the bottle and then covered with sealing-wax. These bottles, if lit at night, cast faint rays of light which caused the shop to look rather like the secret hide-out of an alchemist of an earlier century. Hanging from the roof were small bottles covered with ruffa which could be used as ornaments. These were often filled with as many as six candles, which could be lit, and they proved to be decorative but useless objects.

There were many other bottles in this shop. In the daylight the Bottle Shop had a friendly atmosphere, serene as the gently swinging sign above the door. At night it was completely different, the darkness around it could be felt, the shadows about it successfully daring only the witches' cats to pass by.

The Bottle Shop reminds me of my attempt to raise money in the holidays. My friend and I were desperately hoping to save enough money for a subscription to one favourite magazine, "Riding". After all my attempts to earn money by washing up on the maid's day-off and cleaning my mother's car, I found I still had not enough money. Then my friend made a suggestion: why should we not collect bottles and make things of them to sell? I applied myself with enthusiasm to this task and managed to make a small vase out of a tiny red bottle, before realising how hopeless it all was. Sure enough, my friend came to my house the next day, holding a small green vase she had made. We de-

cided to give up the idea, as it had proved too complicated.

I shall mention one instance when the story of Empty Bottles gave my family a laugh. We were on holiday in the Karoo with an old Professor. He told us one night of an Indian superstition. On New Year's Eve the Indians decide what qualities or gifts their children shall have in the New Year. The Professor gave us an example of a family he knew. There were three children in this family, two girls and a boy. The parents took a bottle for each child and placed it under a lemon tree. Why the Indians choose a lemon tree, nobody can guess, but the superstition has been passed down through centuries.

The youngest member of this family was a girl with long wavy hair, which had unhappily been wished on her the year before. In order to make it straight again, a curly lock was tied up straight to a stick and placed in a bottle. The next child was a boy. His father and mother had an argument over what his gift should be. His father wanted him to be rich while his mother wanted the scar on his cheek to go away. They eventually decided to place some money in a bottle as a symbol of riches. The eldest girl had flower put in her bottle for beauty.

These bottles were put beneath the tree and left for two days. During that time nobody was allowed near them. There was a certain risk that had to be taken. If one of the bottles fell down and the object fell out, ill would befall the owner of that bottle. If the object stayed in the fallen bottle the wish would not come true.

The amusing end to this tale was that the bottles became muddled up. The boys became pretty, the younger girl rich and the older girl, who had long straight hair, had an uneventful year.

SARA KNIGHT.

THE GENTLE TIGER

Rain can be beautiful and refreshing and still remain fascinating to the onlooker for long periods, because of its incongruity and continuous changes. The rainbow denotes peace and displays beauty, yet this is the only aspect of the rain that we usually see. Hail is more unusual.

What about floods? We do not know the terror of a flood, what it is like to be threatened by a flood or to lose our homes. So we call rain "beautiful", or "a nuisance" but not dangerous. The typical farmer in a drought-stricken area prays earnestly for rain, and is eventually rewarded by a flood which, if it does not deprive him of his home, erodes his lands, breaks his dams and drowns his lambs.

We know snow as white, glistening, soft and exciting flakes, to ski on, play in, and enjoy. However, we do not know what it is like to be at the Poles at weather stations during midwinter, or to be a mountain-climber, defeating the highest mountains, lost in a blizzard, cold, even freezing to death.

Wind means we cannot play tennis, or we can fly kites, or go yachting — or the sand will blow in our eyes. Tornadoes and hurricanes are phenomena which we only read about, and rarely discuss, never ourselves experience. We cannot imagine being swept off our feet by a strong wind — less still a motor car being flung about! We may see wind-erosion, yet we do not suffer; it is the farmer who must cultivate his lands. We think only of the spoilt beauty of the countryside.

Early morning frost means getting up feeling like an iceblock, marvelling at the ice on the ground on the way to work. It does not mean that our crops will die and our expenses will not be met. It may mean that the flowers we planted out will perish, but his loss is almost non-existent in comparison with that suffered by those to whom the weather means earning a living or not.

The sunny day is celebrated by an outing to the beach, during which everyone tries to encourage her tan or play ball and ball, and "have a good time". It does not mean the heat of the desert where survival is an art, nor does it imply that we can do anything about climatic conditions.

The weather is invincible, unchallenged, and a phenomenon of life which must always be taken into account and prepared for. The weather is a tiger, even though it may usually be a gentle one in our experience.

GILLIAN AUSTIN, Upper IV.

THE FATE OF THE "MARIA DI GIRONA"

(Navy League Essay)

The sound of four bells being struck, to call the forenoon watch, was almost drowned by the noise of the shrieking gale which had battered our ship now for nearly three weeks.

Yesterday, a monstrous wave smashed her rudder and since then, our poor ship had rolled and yawed her way westward, away from the coast of Scotland, along the northern coast of Ireland.

My name is Luis Alfonso and I am Sailing Master of his Most Christian Majesty, Philip II's ship, "Maria di Girona," a galleass, and one of the one hundred and thirty ships of the Armada

which had sailed on the 15th May, 1588, from Cadix and Lisbon.

The sound of the bells had hardly ceased echoing, when our captain, Don Alonso de Leiva appeared at my side, and even in the semi-darkness of the storm, anxiety could be seen on his aquiline face, and it was obvious that he had not slept for many days. Again, our ship lurched as a heavy wave crashed over our bows, causing us to hang on to the guard-rail at the front of the poop-deck. Below us, two seamen struggled to control the wildly-jerking wheel. But as we watched they were lost in a smother of spray

and swirling water. When the water subsided, the men were gone, their life-lines having parted under the weight of the water.

Aloft, other men were hanging on grimly while the masts pitched and rolled, as they battled to replace sails that had been torn to shreds during the past few hours. They knew, as every man on board knew, that we were being driven towards the rocky shores of the northern coast of Ireland.

On our starboard bow we occasionally glimpsed the huge galleon "La Duquesa Santa Anna" on which our admiral, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, was aboard, and as far as we could tell, our two ships were all that remained of the powerful fleet that had been intended to smash the heretic Elizabeth's England into submission.

Suddenly a scream from the look-out high up on the foremast attracted our attention. His wildly-pointing arm indicated danger somewhere ahead of us, but hidden by the spume flung up by our crashing bows. Not waiting to excuse myself from the Captain, I ran forward across the well-deck and flung myself into the rigging and clambered up to the crew's nest, squeezing myself through the lubber's hole, just as another

giant wave crashed down on the foredeck, sending spume high above the masthead.

Following the man's outstretched arm, I could see a long reef which reached across our bows, only three cable lengths ahead of us.

Nothing could now save our ship. We were being driven on to the rocks which the local people called The Giant's Causeway. I flung myself on to the nearest stay and slid down to the deck. I shouted to all to brace themselves and hang on as best they could. Within a brief moment, our ship was driven on to the mighty rocks, and split in two. As I lost consciousness, my last view of the "Maria di Girona" was of the stern half rising above my head as I was pitched into the icy and turbulent water.

I cannot remember what happened next, but I regained consciousness on the floor of a small cottage which was the home of the local Catholic priest, who later told me that my ship had struck the reef at Lacada Point at the entrance to Lough Foyle, on the 28th October, 1588, and that of the one thousand three hundred souls aboard only five had escaped.

At least now, as he said, we should be able to join together to pray for the souls of our less fortunate fellow seamen.

JANET HANSON, Upper IV.

BRIGHT MORNING

It had been an afternoon in a dream. The cicadas had been whirring and clicking incessantly and little butterflies had danced with the bees and flirted with the flowers, rising in spirals towards the sun, falling to the upturned faces of the flowers, then lifting themselves again to a crescendo in swirls and lifting curves and dots. The atmosphere was thick with the heady aroma of the earth and the sun, yet the air seemed clear, like the sensation of drinking ice-cold champagne copiously.

A girl-without-a-name had been walking through the grasses with a freedom that was concealed when she was in company and in everyday life.

"It is true," she was thinking, "I am myself when I am alone, or I am a completely different person." She threw some corn in the direction of a large flock of birds and watched whilst they rose, spun round and settled again.

She had been depressed, and now in the thick, stifling atmosphere of the pub felt the need very badly to talk, but instead she watched the groups of buzzing people.

"What's on your mind?"

"Everything," she answered, before she turned from where she was standing at the bar to see who had spoken and was surprised at herself for doing so. Not one of the locals definitely, for she had never seen him before.

"Let me get you a drink." He looked quite nice.

"No. Thanks, anyway, but I've had enough already." He took her arm and led her to an isolated table in a dark corner of the room.

"I'm Chris," he told the girl-without-a-name as he sat down.

"I'm Gaby." So she had a name after all. "What's your problem?" He offered her a cigarette. "I'm scared, I suppose." She shook her head. "I don't smoke."

"Of me?" he was smiling.

"Of everything. People are so stupid, they make me ill. They destroy everything around them."

The smoke, together with the incessant humming conversation and the occasional drunken shout formed a blanket over the two people. Everything seemed to grow more dreamlike than ever. Gabrielle, slightly drunk, was falling just a bit in love with this stranger.

"Coffee?"

"Yes, please." He leaned against the cupboards, with his hands clasped on his head, and watched her whilst she filled the kettle and made a few sandwiches.

"You worry a lot about things, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I do." She was a bit embarrassed, and moved quietly towards the window and he followed her in the same manner. They were like two shy antelopes, sensitive, and the rarest of people.

"Well, don't."

"I suppose I'll never see him again," thought the girl-without-a-name. She threw some corn towards the birds and watched them spiral upwards, spin round and return once more to earth.

JULIA PALEY, Upper IV.

WARTIME JETSAM

(Navy League Essay)

Oh, it was good to feel the warm yellow sands of the South Coast of Natal beneath my feet again! I had driven down to my little cottage for a holiday. My 1935 Vauxhall had given me some trouble and the day had been stiflingly hot, but it was worth all that to be here again. It was almost time for the sardine run but there would not be any tourists this season, with the war in its third year. Was it really 1942, a year since my accident! That bomb explosion—six weeks to recover and then declared unfit to go to sea again. How that had hurt me! My ambition had been to be a captain in the Royal Navy and here I was only a Lieutenant. Oh, well! A backroom boy at Durban Harbour was better than out of the Navy and the War altogether.

I continued walking along the beach until I reached my favourite rock. There I sat down, contemplating life in general, and mine in particular. What would I do after the war? Well, now . . . that was a good question!

I looked up and gazed out to sea. What! Did I imagine it? A conning tower? Oh no! That was a bit much! But there it was—a surfacing submarine!

Mesmerised by what was taking place in front of me, I stood and stared, and presently saw a rubber dinghy bobbing on the waves, and slowly advancing towards the shore. I could faintly distinguish six men, four rowing frantically, against the surge of the tide. Eventually the dinghy surfed up on to the beach, and stopped a short distance from me.

"Who are you?" I called out.

"Hilfe! Wir sind Deutsche Überlebende."

"Sorry, I don't speak German."

"Oh!" The German turned to one of his companions, a tall, weather-beaten mariner.

"Hans, kannst du Englisch sprechen?"

Hans turned towards me.

"Please, sir, we come von German raider. It was sunk und submarine picked up some of us. They give us dinghy von submarine. We leave two men here. They go to spy on new radar on coast. But we all don't want to go back to submarine. Help us, please."

I looked at the tired and worried faces in front of me. Yes, I had read about that German raider being sunk. If these men had the submarine's dinghy, nobody could come ashore and follow us. True, I would have to call the police, but these were obviously disillusioned men who would rather be prisoners-of-war here, than in a German Concentration Camp for failing to obey orders.

"All right, I'll help you. Come up to my cottage."

Hans turned to the others.

"Er wird uns helfen. Komm."

I led them back to my cottage, gave them some hot coffee and then called the police. The police arrived about an hour later and as they were preparing to leave, Hans turned to me.

"Danke, we would rather be here, than be punished by Germans."

I lay in my bed later that night and thought of how I had done my small part in the war for England.

As I was drifting off to sleep, I thought I saw again in the twilight a dinghy, containing six men, rowing towards the shore, and the guttural sounds of a foreign language floated across the water towards me.

JOANNE PULSFORD, Upper IV.

AT THE BUS STOP

She stood at the bus stop, one of the masses of humanity that live and die, achieving no evil, no good, becoming neither famous nor notorious, just living.

Her eyes flickered here and there, glancing at her watch or looking at the hem of her coat. She seemed to find time of great importance, and obviously hated doing nothing. Her hands twitched at her side—hands that would take kindly to sewing for the church bazaar.

A small, soft-looking and unimposing nose, lacking determination to do anything except butt wearily onwards through life, sniffed occasionally and received a white, lace handkerchief to aid it.

A kindly smile appeared in a flash and was then gone—a smile readily given to animals, old ladies and sick children.

Her clothes were of good, lasting quality, but dull. She lacked the courage to wear bright colours, but not the sense to use her valuable money, instead of squandering it on fripperies.

At last the bus came. A look of relief swept across her face. Now this quiet, mouse-like woman would be taken back to her hole. Alas! She would never be the sleek cut one noticed.

JOANNE PULSFORD, Upper IV.

MEDIOCRITY

You see them everywhere: in the street, on the bus, at parties and behind shop-counters. They are quite easy to identify. Just look past the people you notice and you will see them. They will be wearing drab, nondescript clothes so that they won't stand out.

Sometimes this mediocrity is only a passing phase and can be overcome through much kindness, understanding and tolerance, but often these hopeless people are born to stay that way.

Their ultimate aim in life is to obtain a Standard VIII or Matriculation pass, find a job, meet a suitably respectable man, marry him and produce a couple of children.

These people invariably agree with what you say, no matter how absurd it may be, and seldom express any emotion, let alone an opinion.

Brought up in a confined atmosphere, ideas of anything as unusual as becoming a ballet-dancer, an author or a pilot are ruled out before the child has even been born. "After all no-one in the family has ever been one of those, so why should they now?" Therefore the family continues being café owners or railway workers for ever.

In a typically mediocre family, father plods on in his routine job and dares not risk a change. Mother minds the house, minds her children — and her only entertainment is minding the neighbours' business!

A lack of imagination, talent and intelligence prevails.

Could a sense of humour perhaps lift these nonentities out of their gloomy mediocrity?

GAYLE JOOSTE, Upper IV.

WORK AND LEISURE

In spite of many varied labour-saving devices, electronic brains and computers, there is still far too much work to be done, and far too little time for leisure.

The necessity for work is obvious. One's mind and body must be put to useful purpose, and a living has to be made. Vast numbers of people either know, or pretend to know, how to work, but very few know how to employ their leisure hours imaginatively.

Take my family for example:

The breadwinner spends eight hours of tea-and coffee-breaks, reading the newspaper, and getting mentally and physically flabby in his office every day. When he comes home "after spending a busy day at the office earning money so that you can go to a decent school, and all you can say is, "Take the dogs for a walk," — he is too tired, through sheer boredom, to put his leisure hours to any advantage.

Mother has to work extremely hard attending to our numerous pets and cleaning the ever-filthy house. When she occasionally does have time to spare, she usually sits in the garden, admiring the flowers, but on sighting a weed or a straggling piece of creeper, she will start the strenuous process of tidying the garden. She never has time for leisure.

My brother, if he has any time after completing his homework, erects wires, microphones, magnetic devices, and other such death-traps for sudden intruders, in order to improve his knowledge of the scientific world. The results of these experiments are related in incomprehensible detail to "the ignorant members of the family" over supper. Needless to say, we are none the wiser.

My elder sister, to the accompaniment of never-ending pop music, studies, paints, draws, reads, writes letters of encyclopaedic length and sleeps. To her, work and leisure are both one. If we are lucky, she emerges at meal-times.

As for myself, homework allows little or no time for leisure . . .

GAILE PARKIN, Upper IV.

WHY I LIKE READING

The first literature I ever came in contact with was the wonderful, cheerful and vivid world of Beatrix Potter. To me all these stories were absolutely true and I should not have been the least bit surprised to find 'Johnny Town-Mouse' or Mrs. "Tittle-Mouse" at the end of our garden.

However, when I started to attend school I lost my desire to read because as I was very weak at this subject I was often punished and therefore had to be forced to read. Reading had now become a dreaded thing, and I still remember how I hid behind the girl in front of me so as to avoid being picked to read.

By the time I had reached Standard III my parents had given up, and the teachers, I am sure, were positive I was backward because I could not spell words more than five or six letters long. Luckily it became the fashion in class to read comics under the desk and, being at the age when it is essential to follow the general trend, I began to do the same as the others. Although it may seem ridiculous, I still claim that it was in this form that I learnt to read the basics of English, and from then on I began to progress to magazines and eventually to simple books. In fact I achieved this amount of progress in six months.

But when the family moved to South Africa I again started to lose interest. This was chiefly because my school library was split up into sections ranging from Sub A books to Std. V books. I found the books in my section terribly boring as they consisted of the whole range of the "Just William" series. At the same time, my parents started wanting me to spend more time indoors reading rather than outside catching snakes, crayfish and sand-sharks, and, of course, being as stubborn as I realise I am, I resisted strongly. Thus started the old hatred of reading.

Although my interests, apart from literature, changed, I kept up this resistance until I was in Standard VII. It was at this time that my parents slackened their grip on my activities as they realised I was getting enough practice at reading at school. Of course as soon as this was done I promptly started to read again. But I was still fussy about the content of books, and tended to prefer true stories which were not too documentary and the occasional book of science fiction. Although I feel I had good reasons for my late start, I am ashamed to admit that I have not read more than twenty books from cover to cover of my own accord.

But now I can choose my own literature and can read at my leisure, I am beginning to enjoy reading very much, and keep discovering another exciting world each time I open a book.

ERICA BULT, Upper IV.

"ME"

I was born in a little shack at the end of a big shack. The proud town in which this ultra-modern hospital was situated, was Zomba, the capital of Malawi. After nearly killing my mother, the doctors unanimously decided that I

should be a Christmas baby. This, I state now accounts for my high forehead - not henna.

The first seven years of my life were spent idly pottering around the garden collecting beetles, snakes and anything else which you, and that I could catch. I remember in this day how simple life seemed. My whole world consisted of a huge garden full of mangoes and avocados pear trees with occasional patches of kaffir grass between them.

There was a tomboy, and found delight in climbing trees and pretending there were crocodiles beneath me. This proved unpleasant when my mother called me up to the house because, by then, I had scared myself stiff about the possibility, and often my mother had to come all the way to the bottom of the garden to fetch me. I always used the excuse that I could not get down - feeling too proud to admit that I was scared of anything.

The first years of my life, my mother has often told me, were my sweetest years. According to her I was a little angel. The first time I remember her being naughty in her eyes, was one day when she was doing some gardening, and she suddenly heard the sound of rattling and something coming from behind the wall. To her horror she found my sister and me. By now three years old, snanking past-me behind the cigarette being just about as big as ourselves. Our eyes watered and we were extremely sick for the rest of the day.

I also had a milk tree in which I used to sit when I had been scolded. This tree was a tiny mango tree, about six foot high, which stood at the top of a little hill in our garden. This tree was my best friend and here I used to sit until my mother came out of the house and we made it up again.

In my sixth and seventh years I became very stubborn and obnoxious. For example: I never wanted to see them 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. and could never understand why the sun was so dangerous at this time. So, when I was sure my mother had dozed off in her room I used to lurch out on the veranda towards the glass doors. I never really got further than her window because she used to wake up to the soft patter of little feet on cold polished cement and order me back to my room. This usually called for another session in the milk tree but sometimes I went back to my room and took it out on my sister's dolls. I really hated dolls and always professed guns and knives. She had one particular doll which used to walk and talk and had a stupid name - Anna-bell or something. This was too much for me and this poor toy was wrecked in about six months. I suppose most of my friends will claim that this was the origin of my violent temper - hence the nick-name "Basher".

Most of my friends were ducks or cats or dogs. I used to walk around most of the day carrying my duck (which was nearly as big as I was). As the garden boy had informed me that ducks should be carried by their feet, this poor animal spent most of its day upside down. This old duck was my second best friend, the first, of

course, being the milk tree. I remember him most for his lovely waken feet and his fluffy breast. This friendship lasted until a certain Christmas Day when I found him on the table, cooked and ready to provide a sumptuous Christmas repast. I spent most of my Christmas Day crying my eyes out - on an empty stomach.

These first seven to ten years, I feel, are the basis of what I am today. Although I am no longer a tomboy and no longer cling to ducks' feet, I still have the same good and bad qualities. I am very possessive over animals and small belongings. In fact I still have my toy box under the curtain of my dressing-table, which contains all my most valued accumulations through the years. I have a vicious lampoon, which takes absolutely ages to burn up but when it does, there is a frightening glow. I am extremely lazy and seem to follow the motto "Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow". I am far too talkative, as many of my superiors have been trying to point out to me ever since I have been at school. I am crazy about Chopin's music and pop groups such as "T. Rex", "The Who" and "Jethro Tull".

My best friend is now my sister. She forgave me for lashing up her doll. I am very close to my mother, but inclined to bicker with my father. I think this is because we are so much alike and do not want to admit it.

Above all I love company and feel extremely lonely when there is nobody round me.

All in all I have tried to explain myself. I am just a simple girl called Erica Bult, commonly known as "Basher".

ERICA BULT, Upper IV.

THE LAST MINUTES

Escort were laying a new cable in our area which meant that all the electricity was cut off for the day. This did not really affect us much but it did affect a tropical fish.

The filters and heaters of the fish-tank ran on electricity and so, when the electricity had been off for a few hours, the water became rather short of air and the temperature began to drop.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, we noticed that one of the fish was lying upside down near the surface of the water, yet he was not dead but was desperately moving his gills trying to get enough oxygen to keep himself alive. What could we do to help this poor creature? Pour hot water into the tank? The sudden change of temperature would be sure to kill him.

Eventually he sank to the bottom of the tank, gasping for air. The other fish saw this and began to nibble at the poor fish. We tapped on the glass of the tank to frighten them away and to prevent them eating him alive. They were just like honddas surrounding the fox.

He lay on the bottom of the tank for quite a time, while the other fish cruised him, dying to jump to eat up him in pieces. Suddenly he shot across the bottom of the tank and then fell like a stone, dead. I realised that this had been his

final death throes, and so we removed his body from the tank.

I wonder if his companions thought they would relieve him of his misery or whether they usually just ate the weaker members.

M. McLACHLAN, Lower IV.

THE TOWN THAT BROKE ITS HEART

The town of Richmond is situated on the East Coast of North America. Although it is not very important it is quite big. This is the story of how Richmond broke its heart.

It was a cloudy, dismal day when a millionaire walked into the bustling Joe's Café, on the corner of the Main Street. He walked over to the counter, puffing at his cigar. He was a real American cowboy. Looking around the room, he saw that nearly every single person in the café was smoking a cigarette. He grinned thoughtfully as he put the money (for a box of cigars) on the counter and walked heavily out of the smoky café room.

Everybody he passed on the sidewalk was smoking. He put up a notice on the Town Hall door which read, "I, Mr. Z. York, challenge Richmond Town, to stop smoking for 48 hours. If it succeeds, I, without hesitation, will pay the town one million dollars." The Mayor accepted. Mr. York, owner of a big cigarette company in Washington, set up people all over the town to keep watch and try to make people smoke.

The Town Parish, led by the minister, went all around town trying to help people to refrain from smoking. In one case a man was so desperate to smoke that he locked himself in a cupboard with cigarettes and matches. The door was bashed down just in time to find him putting a cigarette to his mouth.

The cafés did very well, as they were now selling peppermints and gum. With much force and persuasion the town managed to hold out till 11.30 p.m. (they had to hold out to 12.00 p.m.). Surprisingly enough, Mr. York looked pleased with himself. The crowd gathered around the mayor and minister at 11.35 p.m. They became very fidgety, and so they began singing songs.

They all held out until 11.57 p.m. Someone, employed by Mr. York, falsely sounded the 12 o'clock gong. Just then a helicopter flew over dropping thousands of cigarettes and matches. The crowd went wild, picking them up, as little children pick up sweets. All this time the mayor was shouting "Stop!", but unfortunately the people had already lit some cigarettes and were puffing at them. Then the real 12 o'clock gong went. Some people dropped their cigarettes; others hid them; others burst into tears, realising the truth. They now knew that they had been tricked by Mr. York who stood there grinning. Their faces fell. Not one person in the whole of Richmond was happy that night. They all went back to their houses with long faces and heavy, broken hearts. They had not been able to give up smoking — not even for one million dollars!

TESSA DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, Lower IV.

THE COAL MYSTERY COMES TO LIGHT

I cannot remember on which day in Spring we had our last fire, but the old bronze coal-bucket had been filled since, and stood in its place of honour, next to the old Victorian fireplace in the sittingroom.

All through the summer I had noticed a large piece of coal on top of the rest. This piece of coal resembled a mouse, and sometimes a dragon, and I could never make up my mind which it was. On some days when the French doors were open after a boiling hot day, and a breeze blew through them into the sittingroom, I could see a dragon sitting there making me feel even hotter than before. But on other days, it was just a mouse, nibbling its cheese, that sat there on top of the coal, watching me with its beady eyes.

The days started growing cooler and the nights longer, and the trees began shedding their leaves. I spent more time in the sittingroom in the evenings, and puzzled more and more over that piece of coal.

At last on one day, colder than the previous ones, I arrived home to discover hot buttered toast and crumpets for tea, and best of all a fire in the grate. And there on the top was my piece of coal. As I sat there eating my crumpet, there was no doubt about what the coal was now, for there in the fire was my dragon; this time its warmth was welcome. Smoke poured from its eyes and flames from its mouth; its coat of mail was glowing red. Then the ground beneath my dragon seemed to heave, and then collapsed, swallowing my little dragon in a fiery furnace.

BRIDGET GOUGH, Lower IV.

THE TOWN THAT BROKE ITS HEART

"I'm Death," his cold, hard voice rang out clearly and sharply. He explained later he was on his way to a little town on top of the Alps.

I was also going there, to see my brother who was dying.

We drove a long way in silence because I was thinking about this strange man to whom I had given a lift. Now I wished I had not. However, I might be able to do some thing to stop him killing my brother and many others.

A little chalet could be seen over the next hill so we stopped to have something to eat. Over bread and wine he told me he could do almost anything but it was his main job to kill people; he got pleasure out of it, he said. I told him to prove what he had said by making himself small enough to get into the wine bottle. Foolishly he did so and I immediately corked it. "Let me out, let me out," he yelled but I had had enough of this scoundrel who killed people.

Many years passed, but nobody died. One day I remembered my old friend, Death, and decided to go to talk to him. The cellar was musty and damp; I only found the bottle because I heard him shouting. Without thinking of the consequences, I let him out. He was furious and in

revenge be killed everyone, in order to make up for the years he had missed.

The little town was deserted and it cried continuously. To no time at all there was nothing left; it was covered by snow.

This is how the little town broke its heart and why the Alps are deserted, lonely and dangerous because Death still haunts them.

SUZANNE ALLEN, Lower IV.

THE TOWN THAT BROKE ITS HEART

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon and the streets of the little mining town rang with the shouts and laughter of the schoolchildren. The girls, who walked together in clusters of two and three, whispered and giggled together as they looked furtively at the rough, rowdy boys. The children walked down the street into the sunshine, glad to be away from the school buildings which were cold and bleak in the shadow of the towering mine-dump.

Elhel and Tomi Kaurie parted from their companions at the end of the street and walked home together. "Looks like a summer storm to-night," said Elhel. "Yes," said Tomi, "look at those enormous black clouds on the horizon!"

He shivered as he looked at the threatening sky. "Let's get home before the storm breaks."

Laughing, the two children raced down the little street, their umbrellas clutched tightly in their sweaty hands. They climbed the stone steps of the block of flats in which they lived, shouting "hello" to their various neighbours as they passed their doors. Their mother, wiping her hands on her apron, emerged from the kitchen.

"You've just escaped the storm!" she exclaimed as she led them back into the kitchen for tea.

The rain came down in torrents all night, drumming on the iron roofs of the flats and turning the gravel streets into little rivers. The next morning the children's father offered to drive them to school on his way to the mine.

"Don't be late for tea, darlings," shouted their mother. "I'm going to make kookosuppe this afternoon." She leaned from the upstairs window, waving and smiling as they drove away.

The little street outside the school gates was jammed with cars that were crawling. The smiling fathers waved good-bye as the children rushed home, shouting greetings to their friends.

The Town Hall clock had just struck 3 o'clock when a rumbling sound was heard in the classrooms. One of the young teachers glanced out of the window.

"That noise seemed to come from the mine-dump," she said to her class. "It wasn't thunder was it?" The startled children turned white faces to the window as a much louder, more colossal rumble was heard.

"Get out! Run, children!" shouted the teacher. But it was too late! An enormous landslide, unsettled by the rain had rushed down the mine-dump, and in seconds had buried the low school building.

All day, silently and with bowed heads, the many parents stood watching the futile attempts at rescue. No children played. The streets were empty and quiet. The town had broken its heart.

CAROLLA WHITE, Lower IV.

THE STREET

She left her compartment
Her eyes blurred;
Leaving what little life she had,
Beloved.
She stepped off the pavement into the street,
Just an ordinary street,
Where ordinary people lived.
She stepped into a passing car
Just an ordinary car,
Which an ordinary man had driven
Until then.

FOREIGN SPECIFIC, Lower IV.

LEAVES

Softly, a delicate leaf falls,
No longer bold and fiery
As those that crown the oak in a gay splash of crimson.

It lies like the wing of some tiny moth
Tossed by the hint of winter's breath,
Soon, with tempestuous force

Winter will strike,
No fiery leaves then,
Only the icy glaucousness of the tall grey spruce
Filling their bare filigreed branches to a grey sky.

Laden with catdrops glistening
Like liquid pearls
Everything around still in this paradise
Of the wild and gentle.

ELIZABETH HARTNETT-DEAVIS, Lower IV.

THE BOOK-WORM

He sits there,
His skin salver
From lack of sun,
His eyes pale and goggling,
As he eats
Through book after book.
BRIDGEST GOUGH, Lower IV.

THOUGHT

She sits,
Full of satisfaction
In the majesty of her surroundings
Slowly lifts the glass to her lips
Where,
Like a running stream
The soft liquid dribbles.
Her fingers,
Reverent as the waves,
Move in harmony to
Her thoughts,
Until, at last,
The silent quest
Is fit up,
With a smile.

MORAG CURRIE, Lower IV.

THE DREAM

And there we were
Sitting on a trolley-bus,
Uncle John and I,
And sitting there in front of us
Was Paul McCartney
His baby on his knee.
We were going over to his house
For a cuppa and some supper.

BRIDGET GOUGH, Lower IV.

WATERHOLE AT ETOSHA

The drowsy sun slants lower in the sky
To rest its setting radiance on the dry and
parching veld.
Trapped behind car-walls I wait,
Anticipate
The soft approach of animals to drink
From the water-hole's quiet brink.
Grave giraffes have gently fled,
Thirsty lions deceptively mild;
Last come zebra with shadow-flecked fleeces.
Moved by their freedom,
I know their peace.

CAMILLA WHITE, Lower IV.

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PREPARING FOR A JOURNEY

Whenever our family sets off on a journey, something is bound to be forgotten, be it a tooth-brush, a suitcase or even a person. (Once my brother was forgotten. I still have suspicions that this move was deliberate as he was not an extremely pleasant child to be accompanied by on a lengthy trip!)

At least five days before the family sets out on a journey, Mom is busy making endless lists and urging us to be sure we do not forget anything. When the time comes for packing, most of these lists have been lost and Mom is forced to pack without them.

My sister has inherited the best points of these methods. She is extremely organised and her clothes are always packed neatly and methodically. On arriving at our destination, she will whip out her pyjamas and secure them under her pillow and her clothes will be packed into drawers.

She has given up packing with my brother and me as we have inherited Dad's "throw-in-the-necessities-and-hope-for-the-best" method.

The very minute our dogs see a suitcase heading in the direction of the car, they rush downstairs and leap on to the back seat, determined not to be forgotten! When the journey is one on which they cannot come, desperate attempts are made to disguise suitcases or bribe the dogs to the end of the garden with dog-biscuits!

The hour of departure is always delayed because the milk has to be collected, Mom cannot find her cine camera, the car keys have been mislaid — or some other such trivial thing has intervened.

Eventually, when everyone is in the car, we set off, hoping nothing has been forgotten after all!

GAYLE JOOSTE, Lower IV.

MY FAMILY

There are six members of my family, four girls and my parents. The youngest of us is Ruth; she will be one tomorrow. Writing about Ruth will fill a book, so before I do so, I will squeeze in a couple of words about the other members of my family.

The eldest daughter is Jeanine, who is almost nineteen, wears glasses, has brown shoulder-length hair, and is at Rhodes. Equipped with everything but the kitchen sink she left a week ago, at four o'clock in the morning!

Then comes Vanessa, who is at Springfield Convent, is thirteen, going on fourteen and wears glasses too. Then I come. I am thirteen — well nearly —, I enjoy crochet, read and talk quite a lot, and detest Maths.

My mother works at home (looking after Ruth is a full-time job), and my father is the manager of a small firm in town.

Now I am going to talk about Ruth. As I mentioned before, she is nearly one, weighs approximately twenty-five pounds and is 72 cm high. Her vocabulary consists of "Wha", "Daddy", "Baa-aa", "Pweety", and many other unpronounce-

able words, resembling those of an outspelled Indian gang as was she at present standing by the window saying (I quote) "Glish Glish Ughh".

Her favourite pastime seems to be hitting one's hand with her nine teeth, much to everyone's annoyance and, I may surprisingly add, agony. Ruth is extremely adventurous and dishevelled. She grunts whenever she seems to relieve herself and can fetch her own potty from the bathroom. Her hair is cut to layers as she had to have a large adhesive bandage sewn on after having three stitches in her head. She plays with Hobbie, a small rabbit. Wypink, a pink and white teddy; Tom, a large Boppy doll; Rosebud, a smaller doll; a one-eared tuddy (Lionel's prized possession), a squeaky plastic milk bottle and a hammer plus many other toys which seem to make the house look chaotic, despite my mother's frantic attempts to keep it tidy. She also has an eight-day piano which she thinks she can play, and is at the moment happily occupied with a bag of clothes pegs.

Every article of value in the Floyd household is either under lock and key or pushed as far away from Ruth's acquisitive hands as possible. We have a gate at the bottom of the stairs, as Ruth can climb up these. She eats Puffy foods, for example Vegetables and Flavor, and anything else which happens to be going when we have our meals for when the dogs have thales, if Murray turns her back for a moment.

My pens, pencils and crayons are now being slowly hurled to the floor by Ruth's sticky hands. Trying to work in this house, I have discovered is as futile as trying to plant an oak tree in a jam jar. The two furry spiders, attached by Jeanine to the electric light fitting in the middle of the lounge, much to my father's horror, the hated spiders - even (by one's) are swinging perilously in the wind, free and Whooey they are called, and Ruth loves them "Ah Glish Glish" she gurgles as the fourth pencil goes hurtling to the floor.

KARINA FLOYD, Upper III.

MIRAGE AND REALITY

Dune, after dune, after dune, is all my eyes see. Miles and miles of rolling, yellow sand. My blistered foot lifts, only to fall back into the moulded sand.

Then, all of a sudden, in front of me, only a hundred yards ahead I see an oasis, cool in the glow of palm trees. I run as fast as I can, like a baby, stumbling, tripping and gurgling at the thought of water. As I run, I look at the sand. When I next look up - the oasis is gone. All that is left is the dunes, the sand, the sky and the blazing sun.

"O Lord!" I cry, "why must I die in a sea of yellow sand?"

I stumble on with all hope lost, only thinking that I must do something before my body slumps down for eternal rest.

Before me I see another oasis. But this time it looks more like a river.

"Ah yes!" I think, "I know, - it's a canal!"

Thus that I do not rush forward but only stare at the sand, waiting for a mocking laugh inside my confused brain. I look up again, but the canal is still there. Oh how I wish it would go away and leave me alone to die without mocking me!

I get closer to the canal. Then . . . something hits against my neck, disorients feet, I look down. Water moistens my parched lips and my dry throat. I succumb as to the look and a black world closes in on me.

TANIA TILLMOCH, Upper III.

SIMPLICITY

So many things
are wooden
about,
outstanding things
beautiful things
great things
but so few
about the simple.
What about
the enter a web
glitching in
the sparkle
of early morning
like a race
and several
gala
which is a way
it is.
Nature's sea-jewelled treasure
Yes
to it
so simple?

J. BANGHART, Upper III 567.

There was an old woman from Fern
Who dreamed she was eating a shoe
She awoke in the night
With a terrible fright
To find it was perfectly true.

FIONA DOUGLAS, Upper III.

A SNAKE'S THOUGHT AS HE APPROACHES HIS PREY

Noise! And noise! Gosh, I am hungry, very, very hungry. I pass my dry tongue over my green lips and think again of the mouse. He sits there; he does not know. I smile maliciously, and suppress a sinister chuckle. An icy tail dislodges a stone, he sits up, pricks an ear, but soon resumes his eating. Still again I think of him, the mouse, the pink flesh and crackling bones and wipe my drooling mouth on a leaf.

Slowly I begin to slip sinuously forward, praying that the rumblings of my stomach do not give warning of my approach. Making a slight detour to avoid a piece of glass which may puncture my ego, I dribble and drool my way towards the full-body mouse. Amen, delicious! Gourmet's bliss!

My thoughts wriggle constantly - to swallow or not to chew, that is the question. Will it be better

to nibble — nibble, slowly — savouring every taste, or — gobble, gulp, to devour in one mouthful? This would save time — but to run the risk of ruining my digestion?

Sassas — What is this creature I see approaching from the opposite direction? tawny body, green staring eyes? Mesmerised by their brilliance, I pause . . . Too late! the creature leaps forward, brings a huge paw down on the mouse's back, flips it into the air and catches it neatly in its cavernous jaw, and then patters away into the undergrowth.

Sassaspit . . . Pipped at the post by a prowling pussy . . . Slowly the tears slip down my hollow tummy. Oh woe! Woe is me, no mouse for tea.

KARINA FLOYD, Upper III.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ELIMINATION OF PARENTS

Chairman: K. Y. P. Jacks.

Members: Willie Smith, Charles Jones, Sam Willis, Simon Higgins, John Fry, Pete Fry.

Most of us have at one time or another, during our lives, been members of a club, society or gang. But my gang was surely the oddest.

Our club was called, "The Society for the Elimination of Parents". Needless to say I was chairman and inventor of this particular society. Every good club should have a password, and ours was SFEP which had to be said twice be-

Holmes and Watson investigate in:

THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLLOW PAVEMENT

"221 Baker Street, please, Cabby," called the sturdy English voice of Dr. Watson. It was a terrible day, as the cab-driver well knew, but his customers were so important, especially these two dignified gentlemen, Sherlock Holmes, the wonderful detective, and his assistant, Dr. Watson, were indeed very well known. They boarded the small cab, and made for home.

When they reached their destination, they found a welcome fire all set up, and a huge tea was ready for them, on a nearby table. Sitting at the table, with a cup of tea in her delicate hands, was a beautiful young woman — a welcome sight on such a cold and rainy day! She rose, and walked towards them. "Pardon the intrusion, Mr. Holmes, Dr. Watson, but your worthy housekeeper let me in. I need your help, you see."

"I see," answered Sherlock Holmes. People often came to him for help, and such a person should not be turned away. "Perhaps if you were to explain whilst we all had tea," said Dr. Watson, his eyes on the freshly-baked crumpets. "It would be easier."

"Yes, indeed," remarked the young lady, and her face lit up into a dazzling smile.

The three of them sat down, and the young woman poured out the tea. Dr. Watson lost no

fore the speaker could enter the garden shed where our meetings were held.

There were seven members in the club: I and Sam, the second in command, who was extremely loyal and reliable, Charles Jones, a short, pimply and obese boy, and his friend, Willie Smith, a boy with a freckly face and bright orange hair. Both Charles and Willie were dreaded by everyone in the village and people carefully avoided them whenever they came near.

Then there was Simon and Pete Fry, two short dark-headed boys who were later suspended for disloyalty. Our meetings were held every Tuesday and Thursday, and all the members had to be there punctually at three p.m., dressed in a long black coat.

Fortunately (for the parents), the club never got around to eliminating any parents (this word was learned from a grown-up), but our first attempt was not altogether unsuccessful. We had decided that total elimination was too risky but we planned to lock my father in the garden shed until he agreed to buy me a new Tommy gun and catapult.

However, my father, after being persuaded to go to the garden shed, fell down the stairs and was carried off to bed with a broken ankle. I got my Tommy gun for my birthday. The gang considered this as a victory on their part, and consequently heads swelled.

On 14th May, 1972, our club was forcibly disbanded by many irate and injured parents.

KARINA FLOYD, Upper III.

time in tucking into the cakes and crumpets. Sherlock Holmes lit his pipe and leaned back, contented. The young woman sat down and began her story.

"My name is Em'ly Watson, and, at the moment, I am in mourning for my dear mother."

"Oh, my dear, I am so sorry! I had no . . ."

Em'ly smiled again, a mournful smile this time though "Thank-you" she said, looking down. Suddenly, all her meekness and quietness vanished, and in a voice full of anger and revenge she shouted: "My mother was murdered!" Her very eyes were like sparklers that had been relit . . . full of hate and unhappiness. Sherlock Holmes looked slightly amused as he said: "What makes you so sure, my dear?" He spoilt the whole effect, but Em'ly went on, "My mother was a cripple, and she had enemies, Mr. Holmes, many enemies," she answered bitterly.

Dr. Watson, by this time, had cleared the plates of all their delicacies, and it was he that spoke this time, "Well, my dear, I suggest that you stay with us, until we find out who murdered your mother. (God rest her soul.)"

"That is indeed very kind of you, Dr. Watson. I hope you find the murderer, so that I myself can witness his hanging." With those dramatic words the beautiful lady in black disappeared.

Next morning, Holmes and Watson pressed Em'ly for more details. Who were her mother's enemies; where had she lived, where had she been killed? Em'ly told them that, strangely enough, the people that hated her mother needed her, for she was a welfare worker, and provided the people in the slums of London with free soup and bread. They hated her because she was so rich, and she had so much. They did not even consider that she had been doing them a great favour.

Holmes and Watson paid a visit to the slums of London, and went straight to the Welfare Office, to make enquiries. Here they learned nothing except that old Mrs. Watson, crippled though she was, did a great deal for the underprivileged. Holmes and Watson left the office and strolled outside. Watson began to hum and beat time with his walking-stick, Holmes joined in, but suddenly he stopped, listened for a minute or so, and promptly caught the next cab home!

As soon as he reached 221 Baker Street, he took out his violin and played a mournful tune, all the time thinking hard. When Watson had hardly stepped inside the house, he heard a whoop and a yell accompanied by an "I've got it! I do believe I've got it!" Without even saying "hello", Holmes rushed out and caught a cab to the Welfare Office. Watson followed in a more dignified fashion. When he arrived there, Holmes was tapping with his stick on the pavement. Then, quite without warning, the genius bent down, and slowly opened up the drain. "Aha," was all he said (though he said it very well!). Watson followed Holmes down a long flight of stairs, at the bottom of which was a vast cave. In the corner of the cave, sitting on the stone, was a tiny slip of a man, weeping bitterly. When he saw Holmes advancing, he cried out: "I didn't mean to do it, Gu! I didn't—honest. Save me, Gu. Please! Honest, I'll never do it again."

"There sits the culprit, Watson. We actually got him, which proves how important a finger-print can be."

"What? A finger-print? Would you care to enlighten your bumbling assistant, Holmes?"

"There was a finger-print on the drain, besides which I had already noticed that there was a hollow under the pavement."

"But what . . .?" asked Watson, still in a daze.

"All that tapping—you dense thing! Come on, let's go home."

"Ah, Holmes—I don't understand how . . ."

"Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary!"

TERRY LLOYD-ROBERTS, Upper IV.

THE CHASING WORM

Saturday morning was a gloomy, overcast day, so Ann and I were unable to go sailing. We eventually walked round the block while we decided what to do next. We set out feeling very glum, but we didn't come back feeling that way.

We were just round the corner of Primrose Road and were now in Abbey Road. The American Embassy was on our right and some other houses on our left. Then Ann came out with a bright suggestion. She said that we should take

a look round the Ambassador's garden. So, in we went.

After about ten minutes I noticed that wherever I went, a fat worm, about two inches long, kept following me. After a while I became quite worried and soon I began to run.

I was so busy looking behind me to see if the worm was still there, that I did not see the Ambassador and before I knew what was happening I had knocked the Ambassador right off his feet. Ann, who had been laughing, now fell silent.

The Ambassador picked himself up with a grunt. Then he asked me what I was doing in his grounds. I explained about the worm; then looked behind me to see if it was still there, and sure enough there it was. But . . . I could now see a thin strand of silk from the worm, attached to the back of my heel. I went red with embarrassment.

When the Ambassador saw it he burst out laughing, and soon Ann, the Ambassador and I were laughing our heads off. At last we stopped laughing and I did not know what to expect next, but all went well.

After a moment the Ambassador told us that we should go home because it was nearly lunch time, and that is what we did.

SHARON GIRD, Upper III.

THE BIRD

... a song of love and life
 ... a crisp beginning of a new day,
 a new challenge,
 another chance to exult life
 — a little bird
 on a tree
 in God's world.

Two boys
 a gun
 a shot
 a deadened drop to the hard ground
 a spiteful laugh
 and then . . .

Still a tree
 and a bird
 and two boys . . .

but each is different now;
 the tree is senseless.
 The boys have killed,
 and the bird is dead.
 Dead, on the ground.
 God's ground.

JUDY BANGHART, Upper III.

VIR ET PISCIS

Vir pauperrimus harundine suo ad flumen venit. Dum in ripis sedet, piscem cepit. Piscis inquit, "Si me liberaveris, tibi multa dona dabo." Vir domum novam et multa alia rogavit. Piscis ei ea dedit. Domum festinavit domumque pulcherrimam et optimum vidit. Uxor eius irata inquit "O vir stultissime! Festina ad piscem et

eum roga ut me reginam faciat." Deinde vir ad piscem ambulavit et rogavit, "Piscis nobilissime, faciesne uxorem meam reginam?" Ubi is ad suam regiam venit, uxor nondum satis habet et inquit, "Ad piscem festinabis et eum rogabis ut me similem Iunonis faciat." Vir iratus inquit, "Minime vero." Tum uxor eius inquit, "Ego me necabo nisi tu hanc rem facies." Vir piscem rogavit, sed piscis inquit, "quam stultissimus et ignavissimus es, tuam domum veterem tibi reddam."

Vir et uxor in domo vetere habitaverunt, tristissimi et pauperrimi.

JOSEPHINE FRATER, Standard VII.

Marcus: Salve, pulchra Helena! Quo rosas portas?

Helena: Rosas ad templum in oppidum porto.

Marcus: Ubi habitas?

Helena: In oppido habito.

Marcus: Oppidum amo. Suntne multae villae in oppido?

Helena: Sunt multae villae in oppido. Nostra villa puchra est. Sunt multi servi in nostra villa.

Marcus: Miser sum.

Helena: Cur?

Marcus: Sum miser quod noster amicus in Gallia est.

Helena: Pugnabatne in magno bello?

Marcus: Non, in parvo bello.

Helena: Valerium amavi. Bonus et iustus vir est.

Marcus: Rosae pulchrae sunt.

Helena: Iam ad templum festinabo. Templum dis et deabus rosas hodie ornabo.

Marcus: Rosas et Helenam amo. Vale, Helena! Ad Galliam navigabo; diu igitur non laborabo.

Helena: Cur ad Galliam navigabis?

Marcus: Valerium bonum liberabo. Mox libertus erit.

Helena: Vale. Iam misera ero.

TANYA BOSMA and JUDY BANGHART,
Standard VI.

Above was "composed" on a vocabulary of approximately 100 words.

'N OU STAANKLOK VERTEL . . .

Daar is 'n klap en 'n maanligstraal sluip geheimzinnig oor die teëls in die voorportaal van Generaal de Gaulle se paleis. Die punt van 'n loop kruip om die deur, 'n hand met 'n swart handskoën is om die loop . . .

My baas, Generaal de Gaulle het laat gisteraand teruggekóm en uitgeput op die rusbank neergesak.

Hierdie misdadiger is in dieselfde kamer soos die beroemde President. Die man, in swart geklee met 'n sluipmoordenaar se handgeweer lange sy heup kruip-kruip nader. Nee . . . nee, hy gaan my lewenslange baas vermoor!

Hy stap oor die teëls sag . . . sag . . . net soos 'n

jakkals. Stadig, stadig lig hy die haelgeweer op sodat dit op ooghoogte is.

„Die Jakkals" stap stadig . . . baie stadig met die haelgeweer opgelig en sy vinger gespanne, beweeg nader en nader aan die meedoënlose sneller . . . hy is omtrent drie meter van die President af . . . sy vinger . . . stadig . . . word om die sneller gespan . . .

Daar is 'n sagte geluid. Die haelgeweer stoot hom agter toe. Daar lê De Gaulle . . . hy het hom vermoor. Wat gaan nou gebeur? . . . Niemand sal hom vang nie — hy het 'n knaldemper aan sy haelgeweer vasgemaak.

„Die Jakkals" is weg . . . vinnig uit die deur uit . . . maar stil . . . baie stil het hy weggesluit. Alles is stil, verlate, net ek en De Gaulle in die kamer. Ek sal nooit daardie toneel vergeet nie, nooit nie!

DIANA LINDBERGH, Lower V.

ONS KAT

Purr-purr.

Dis die naam van ons kat.

Net een oor,

Rof.

Stadig soos 'n tier kruip hy deur die

dikte van die groen tapyt.

Hy hurk, spring!

Ag, nou het ek 'n leer in my kous!

S. BROWNIE, Upper IV.

'N SKOOL VIR KOKKE EN KELNERS

Twee-en-dertig kilometers noord-wes van Pretoria is daar 'n groot moderne skool wat Bantoes oplei as kokke en kelners. Die gebou bestaan uit vier vleuels wat rooi, wit en grys is. Dit het in 1965 begin en het R265 000 gekos, en om dit te meubileer het dit R70 000 gekos. Daar is twee kursusse; een waar hulle leer hoe om kokke te wees en een waar hulle alles van tafel en wyn leer. Die tweede kursus is ses weke lank en daar leer hulle om die tafel te dek en af te dek, die bediening van geregte en drankte en die geskiedenis van Suid-Afrikaanse wyne. Die eerste kursus, waar hulle leer om kos te maak, is baie moeilik. Die standaard is baie hoog en jy moet 50% kry om te slaag. Om in die kursusse te slaag is beide Afrikaans en Engels verpligtend. Die skool vat net manspersone en dit is net soos 'n klein hotel. Hulle versorg die gebou en die personeel, en elk dag oefen hulle. Een groep sit by die tafels en die ander bedien. Aan die einde van die kursus kry hulle 'n sertifikaat en daarmee kan hulle maklik 'n betrekking by 'n hotel kry.

LINDA STORCH-NIELSEN, Lower V.

DIE ETE DEUR RENOIR

Dit is 'n skildery van omtrent vyftien vrolike mense wat middagete by 'n bootklub eet. Op die voorgrond is daar 'n groot tafel vol lekker eetgoed. Daar is 'n paar bottels wyn, glase en 'n skottel vol smaakklike vrugte. Daar is groen en rooi druiwekorrels en mooi rooskleurige perskes wat u voel u net uit die skildery kan neem en eet.

Dit lyk asof hulle klaar geëet het want die glase is leeg.

Dit is 'n sonnige dag en die vrou dra 'n mooi ligte rok. Die mode is van die einde van die 19de eeu. Sommige van die here het keile en pakkere aan maar ander dra net 'n onderbemp en 'n ou broek. Dit lyk asof die partytjie plessvind op 'n stoep. Op die een kant is daar 'n dwarshout en sommige van die mense leun daarteen. Heel agter sell 'n jag op die rivier.

Die mense bestaan uit vier groepe. Die naaste een sit by die tafel. Daar is 'n dame met 'n mooi blouerige hoed wat met 'n klein hondjie speel. Agter haar staan 'n man met 'n strooivoed en 'n dik, rooi haard. Oorkant die hond sit 'n man wat „perdry“ op sy stoel. 'n Meisie praat met hom en 'n ander man wat agter haar staan. Die ander drie groepe staan agter hulle.

As u na die prent kyk voel u dat dit 'n baie heerlike partytjie is en die hele prent is lewendig. Al die mense lyk asof hulle baie interessante dinge om te sê het en 'n baie goeie maaltyd genuttig het.

Renoir, die kunstenaar, het definitief 'n baie geslaagde skildery geskilder.

CHRISTINA MURRAY, Laer V.

MY KLEINBOET

Vuil, slordig en wild. Duiwelse oë, rooi hare en sproete. 'n Vuurpyl! Die belhamel van die „gang“, die skrik van die hoofstraat. Hy hou nie van die tandarts nie, maar baie van die lekkers wat vir hom lelike gate gee.

Maar . . . die belangrikste, hy het my verlede week ontbyt in die bed gebring!

PETA BROWNLIE, Lower V.

SOMER

Stadig styg die gloeiende vuurbol oor die swart, gesilhoëteerde berg, en die donker skaduwees van die nag verdwyn vinnig in die helder sonlig. Buite in die bome hoor ons die gekwetter van voëls wat soos bannelinge in die takke sit, en orals is die reuk van koorbome en struikgewasse.

Die heuvelagtige wêreld is 'n tapyt van veelsoortige heiderkleurige blomme, 'n kleureprag wat die vernuf van die mens ver oorskadu. Dit is ongelooflik om te dink dat die Klein saadjies wat hier in die veld ontkiem, hulle koppies deur die aardkors stoot en verander in hierdie blomjuweeltjies van ongelooflike skoonheid.

Die veld gedurende somer is ook 'n tuiste vir klein wilde diere. Hoog in die gedraaide takke van die bome klouter die eekhorinkies, vol van die vreugde van 'n somerdag. Vinnig spring die hasies uit hulle gate in die grond en dans gelukkig deur die veldblomme, en in die wilgerbome langs die rivier hoor ons die gosing, gelag, en gebabbel van die voëls.

Geleidelik vervang die warm somer sonlig in die skamer. Alles kom tot stilstand en orals is daar 'n doodse stilte. Net die skril klanke van die kiewiete, die gehoe van 'n uil, en die gekwaak van paddas in die vlei is hoorbaar. Vinnig sak

die goue, sterwende son oor die westelike gesigseinde, en die gloeiende maan styg op in glorie en majesteit . . .

„Golvend kleur die hemeelboog,
Stadig sterf die laaste lig.
En van verre deur die skermure,
Wenkend blink die eerste vurn.“
(Eugène Marais: „Mahalé“)

VICTORIA HAU, Upper IV.

SOMER

„Dis dagbreek“ kraai die hane in hul eie taal. „Dis sonop“ tjilp die klein rooiborsies. Alles word deur die sonstrale veilig en die lug is helder en blou. Paddas kwaak sag en alles is stil. Dan hoor jy die vyf spierhonde wat van huis tot huis hardloop en wat blaf asof hulle niks anders kan doen nie. Die hele buurt word wakker en die dag begin.

Gedurende die oggend werk die meeste mense in die tuin. Daar is 'n fris windjie en klein wolke vlieg in die lug. Die blare van die akkerbome swaai saggies in die wind en die gras lyk soos die swembad want dit kabbel in die windjie. Die roesies lyk pragtig en hulle gooi hul koppe heen en weer in die wind. Die 'n tipiese someroggend.

Namiddag is dit weer stil. Die 'n stil assur wêreld. Die ruik van Kanferfoelie en tiemie bly lê oor die huise. Die bye brom in die blomme en duiwe koer in die bome. Die perde staan in die kampe en eet die madeliefies. Die koeie vreet die lang gras na hartelus. Mense ry op hul perde en neem hulle honde saam. Altyd is daar die klank van hoewe op die paase. Mense maai die gras en doen alle soorte werk totdat die son ondergaan.

Die son gaan laat in die aand onder. Die motte kom na die lig van die lampe. Hulle is rooi, wit en geel en hul vleuels is baie fyn. Dan kom die maan op. Eers is dit 'n groot rooi bal en dan word dit silwer. Die sterre kom een vir een en hulle is soos bediendes vir die groot koningin, die maan. Die uile steun saggies vir maats en almal slaap.

Stadig eindig die somerdag en alles rus.

SARA KNIGHT, Upper IV.

'N PAAR SKOENE VERTEL

Ek is dokter Krippin se skoene wat nog deurweek is van suur. My eienaar, daardie verradelike moordenaar, is nou in die tronk. Hy wag met spanning op die uitspraak van sy verhoor wat die hele wêreld geskok het.

Dokter Krippin, een van die mees berugte manne wat al ooit gelewe het, was ook een van die mees moordlustige.

Hy het sy slagoffers bewusteloos gemaak, en hulle in suur-baddens gesit, sodat daar nie 'n spoor van bewys sou wees nie. Elke keer het ek hom gesien, en elke keer het ek hom meer gehaat, maar wat kon 'n paar skoene gedoen het?

Nadat hy omtrent twintig mense op hierdie manier vermoor het, kon ek dit nie langer ver-

duur nie, en een dag, toe ons in die dorp gestap het, het ek van my eienaar se voet afgeruk en met noukeurigheid na 'n konstabel se been gemik. Gelukkig het druppels suur, wat op my gesit het, die konstabel gebrand. Dadelik het hy die suur met die moorde verbind, en die moordenaar in hegtenis geneem.

Môre sal ek voor die hof verskyn as bewys van die moorde, omdat ek nog met bloed en suur deurweek is, en daarna sal my eienaar skuldig gevind word, te danke aan my!

S. BROWNLIE, Upper IV.

'N PAAR SKOENE VERTEL.

Op die oomblik sit ons op 'n groot ashoop na 'n kort maar nuttige lewe. Hier is die verhaal van ons lewe met Piet Roux.

Eendag toe ons in 'n winkelvenster gesit het, het ons 'n man wat stip na ons gekyk het, gesien. Na 'n tydjie het hy 'n pakkie uit 'n doos gehaal om te kyk of ons mooi bymekaar gepas het. Dit was so. Die man het ingeloop, en sonder om ons aan te trek R25 vir ons betaal.

Toe ons by sy woonstel gekom het, het hy ons onder sy bed weggesteek. 'n Week daarna is ons weer uitgeneem en op die bed gesit. Ons het gesien hoe mnr. Roux sy bokbaardjie afskeer, 'n pruik opsit en versigtig aantrek. Hy het 'n rewolwer in die sak van sy jas gebêre. Eindelike het hy ons vir die eerste keer aangetrek.

Hy het ons nie baie gerieflik gevind nie; dus het hy die harde vloer met ons gekop. Ons arme koppe! Ons het ons reggeestel. Nou was die man in skik met ons. Toe het ons 'n vreemde stem gehoor . . . die van 'n man. Ons het reguit voor ons gekyk en 'n paar skoene gesien. Die eienaar van hierdie skoene was 'n man wat baie geheimsinnig met mnr. Roux gepraat het. Ons het ons ore gespits. Hulle het van 'n diefstal gepraat. Een wat hulle wou pleeg.

Later toe hulle uit die kamer geloop het, het ons natuurlik saamgegaan. Per motor het ons 'n klein maar mooi gebou bereik. Toe ons ingegaan het, het ons Trust Bank op die tapyt gelees. Weer het ons vreemde stemme gehoor, maar hierdie keer kon ons die sprekers nie sien nie.

Skielik het ons „Hensop” gehoor. Dit was mnr. Roux se stem. Hy het die arme mense agter die toonbank beveel om doodstil te staan. Hy het sy rewolwer vir hulle gewys terwyl sy medeplygtige oor die toonbank gespring en die geld wat in 'n laai was in sy betewekas gesit het. Hy het die vir ons eienaar gegee en het weer oor die toonbank gespring. Daarna het hulle begin om weg te hardloop.

Op daardie oomblik het ons geweet dat ons iets moes doen! Ons het al ons kragte gebruik om die man se voete in daisende plekke hard te knyp. Ons het hom regtig seergemaak. Hy het hard geskree, die geld en sy rewolwer laat val en aan ons gevat. Ons het sy voete nie gelos.

Intussen het iemand die rewolwer opgetel, die polisie gebel en mnr. Roux onder oë gehou. Sy maat het weggehardloop. Toe die polisie gekom

het en die man in hegtenis geneem het, was ons al in die snippermandjie gegooi.

Ek wonder wie ooit sou kan raai dat dit te danke aan ons was, dat hierdie berugte misdadiger so maklik in hegtenis geneem is.

SHAN ADAMS, Upper V.

MA MERE VEUT ALLER AU CINEMA, MAIS MON PERE NE VEUT PAS

Maman: Chéri, puis-je te parler — quelques mots, c'est tout?

Papa: Hein! Qu'est-ce que c'est maintenant? Tu ne vois pas que je lis le journal?

Maman: Et je vois aussi que tu as passé une mauvaise journée au bureau. Ne veux-tu pas aller au cinéma ce soir?

Papa: Non.

Maman: Mais je t'en prie. Nous ne quittons pas le maison depuis longtemps.

Papa: Pourquoi sortir? Les nuits sont faites pour se reposer. Tu n'es pas contente ici?

Maman (exaspérée): Non. Je m'étouffe ici. Elle m'enlève cette vie train-train. Tous les jours la même chose — la vaisselle, les vêtements à repasser, les repas à préparer et les enfants pendus à mon jupon. A partir d'aujourd'hui j'ai décidé de faire quelque chose qui m'intéresse, quelque chose d'agréable. J'ai fait le ménage à dormir debout . . .

Papa: Mais . . .

Maman: Et maintenant tu ne veux pas aller au cinéma. Ça, c'est le comble! Eh bien, j'irai seule.

Papa (agacé): Ma femme, tu n'es pas malade? Je n'ai rien su . . . je . . . je . . . j'étais en train de lire mon journal. Je ne t'écoutais pas. Je veux bien aller au cinéma. Je . . .

FIONA MACSYMON, Upper V.

MA MERE VEUT ALLER AU CINEMA, MAIS MON PERE NE VEUT PAS

Maman: J'ai été dans la maison toute la journée aujourd'hui et je pense que c'est une bonne idée de sortir ce soir — Ah je sais — allons au cinéma — Claude tu ne m'écoutes pas!

Papa: Si, je t'écoutes mais je ne veux pas aller au cinéma. Je suis trop fatigué.

Maman: Tout le temps c'est la même chose, quand moi, je veux sortir — mais quand toi, tu veux sortir, alors c'est quelque chose d'autre.

Papa: Est-ce que tu veux me facher? J'ai dit que je ne veux pas sortir ce soir, et maintenant je veux lire mon journal. Alors si tu veux bavarder avec le mur, va t'asseoir dans une autre chambre s'il te plaît.

Maman: Eh bien, il y a seulement un mot que je veux dire — Si tu ne veux pas sortir ce soir je ne vais pas faire la cuisine et il n'y aura pas de dîner.

PAPA: Ce n'est pas un problème parce que je peux aller au café acheter quelques choses à manger!

MAMAN: Alors ce n'est pas la peine de sortir seul et puis de ne pas recevoir un instant pour accueillir la voiture. Mais si je viens avec toi je peux courir vite dans le café acheter quelques choses à manger, pendant que tu m'attends dans la voiture et ce sera beaucoup plus facile.

PAPA: D'accord. Alors bientôt nous que nous pourrions retourner là.

MAMAN: Mais mon chéri — voyant que nous allons sortir d'ici, allons au cinéma en même temps.

PAPA: Tu es une femme méchante, mais je pense que ce soit la meilleure raison alors nous allons au cinéma. Toute la journée à la maison sans rien à faire. C'est terrible!

MAMAN: Sans rien faire! Tu ne comprends rien.

DAFENE NORMAN, Lower V.

UNE INCENDIE

Il y a deux ans, quand mon petit frère était âgé de huit ans, il écrivait quelques choses que je suis sûr, il n'oubliera jamais de sa vie.

Près de chez nous il y a un terrain vide et un jour d'été Jacques a décidé d'y jouer avec son copain, Daniel, qui habite à côté de nous. Ces deux-là ont trouvé des cigarettes dans la salle à manger; ils les ont emportées, et se sont cachés parmi les arbres du terrain. Puis ils ont commencé à fumer. Mais, quelle catastrophe! Ils ont laissé tomber une allumette brûlante et l'herbe sèche s'est enflammée à l'instant. Oh là, là! Que faire? Ils avaient très peur, et Daniel s'est vite sauvé. Mais mon petit frère n'a pensé au danger et, sans perdre du temps, il est entré en courant, à toutes jambes.

Là il a parlé à mère et elle est sortie immédiatement. Des passants se sont arrêtés et ils ont aidé nos pauvres mère. Puis ils ont saisi la chaîne et on s'est passé les seaux d'eau de main en main. Mais pas de chance! le feu n'était pas éteint. On a téléphoné aux pompiers et peu de temps après ils sont arrivés et ont réussi à l'éteindre. Bien sûr!

Mon petit frère était pau et, depuis cet incident, il a décidé de ne plus fumer!

FIONA MACHYRON, Upper V.

SOUVENIR D'ENFANCE

Quand je me rappelle ma enfance je me rends compte qu'elle était très heureuse. Mon père était officier de la Marine Britannique et nous nous voyions beaucoup.

Quand j'avais trois ans nous habitons Malte. Je me rappelle que l'île était très belle avec ses rochers blancs et la mer d'azur sur la côte. Nous habitons un vieux château, dont le petit salon avait été la chapelle au temps jadis.

J'avais cinq ans quand nous sommes rentrés en Angleterre, pour habiter Plymouth. La maison que nous habitions était très belle. Elle s'appelait "La Maison du jardin". Elle se trouvait sur une colline, dans les jardins du manoir de Mt. Edgecombe. Je me souviens qu'elle était très petite et elle ressemblait à une villa romaine. Je me rappelle comme je jouais dans ses jardins. J'avais peur de la petite chambre qu'on trouvait dans un toit derrière la maison. Ma mère aimait beaucoup à aller dans cette chambre, qui était un endroit très confortable.

Quand j'avais sept ans nous avons voyagé en Afrique du Sud car mon père avait quitté la marine. Sur ce voyage je me rappelle que j'étais la seule de ma famille qui n'avait pas le mal de mer. J'ai beaucoup de souvenirs de ce voyage. Comme je m'amusais dans la salle d'enfants où j'ai trouvé beaucoup de jouets et aussi beaucoup d'amis!

Ces souvenirs ne sont pas tous — mais je crois que j'avais vraiment de la chance de passer une partie de mon enfance aux endroits parfaits.

LOUISA BROWNE, Upper V.

UNE GROSSE DECEPTION

Quand j'étais petite, il y avait toujours un jour de l'année qui était, à mon avis, le plus important de l'année avec importance — mon anniversaire — c'est voilà le jour où j'étais, moi, la plus importante de la famille. Mes frères me regardaient par les yeux, ce m'amusait à ce temps-là.

Je n'avais que neuf ans quand je suis allée au pensionnat. Comme je détestais toutes les autres filles qui m'entouraient! J'avais peur des autres filles dans mon lit, j'avais peur de la professeur de gymnastique et du chef du pensionnat. Cette première année, tout ce que j'attendais c'était mon anniversaire. J'avais projeté dans mes pensées ce que je ferais; mes parents venaient me visiter et m'embrassaient au restaurant où je mangerais d'habitude chaque à la maison. Puis je recevais mes cadeaux...

J'avais déjà reçu beaucoup de cartes d'anniversaire quand, trois jours avant le grand jour dans le même établissement, je me suis sentie malade. On a appelé le médecin et il a diagnostiqué les oreillons.

Je me souviens comme j'ai pleuré sans raison, et, quand je me suis regardée dans la glace, le jour de mon anniversaire, j'étais horrifiée de voir que je ressemblais à une grosse grenouille. Une fois mes projets étalés au vent, évidemment mes parents m'ont visitée et m'ont donné des cadeaux, mais j'étais encore très triste. C'était pour moi une grande déception.

LOUISA BROWNE, Upper V.

MA SOURIS

J'ai une souris blanche
Elle n'a pas de queue,
Elle tombe à la queue noire
Et malheureusement elle est mes ennemis noirs.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL NOTES

This Jubilee Year has been an eventful one for the Preparatory School. The Standard V's were thrilled to have a part to play in the Pageant and under the guidance of Mrs. Cowling, put in many hours of preparation. There was great excitement in the buying of souvenirs, selling tickets for a picture, and helping in every way to make the year a memorable one.

The girls have worked for others as well as themselves. They have held cake sales and organised concerts to raise money; collected books, toys and clothing for distribution to children's homes; supported the Blisters for Bread Walk and their School Charity Money has been given to support crèches and homes for Coloured children.

Mr. Butcher has started a Judo Class at the School and this is attended by a group of girls who certainly are able to rid their systems of all surplus energy in a disciplined and controlled way.

The Scripture Union, well known for its Inter School Camps, has been holding meetings in the hall after lunch once a week. Those who attend find the lively and interesting discussions thought-provoking and stimulating and a challenge to their way of life. We pray that with God's guidance Scripture Union will prove to be a blessing to the girls in the years to come. We thank Mrs. Hammond for giving up her time to lead the group.

Our aim is to provide every child in this school with a good, firm foundation whatever her ability may be, and to widen the field of her experience in as many directions as possible.

This year we have had a psychologist, Mrs. Hutton, attached to the School. Her help has been invaluable to the Staff. A student studying Remedial Education at the University of Cape Town was allotted to us in the third term. We were most fortunate as Mrs. Gilham has proved herself to be a woman of no mean ability. She has a most sympathetic approach and has endeared herself to the children. I may add here, that she has accepted a permanent position as a remedial teacher in the Senior and Preparatory Schools next year.

We aim to stretch the gifted child with work beyond the limits of the syllabus for her own enjoyment. Our library is well-equipped to provide the material for their research.

As a staff we have tried to keep up with modern trends in education. We have attended lectures, discussion groups, language courses, exhibitions and displays, and have read widely, endeavouring to retain that which is good and discarding the obsolete. The teachers have each given two of their free periods each week to coach children who needed help either in Reading and Comprehension, or Mathematics.

An innovation this year has been the system of Group Reading. Every child has had her Reading Age assessed by the Schonell Method, and the class has then been divided into groups according to their reading ages. In the smaller group, the child has the opportunity to read more often and to read books at her own level,

and this has undoubtedly helped to improve reading ability.

The Standard III Class brought out an excellent "Spring Magazine", filled with stories, poems, interviews and puzzles. We have tried to encourage creative writing and poetry and have contributed several items to "Wakening Word".

On the cultural side the girls take part in class-singing and band. Our aim is to teach each child to read music and to play an instrument. With this in mind, the school has recently acquired ten Glockenspiele and we hope eventually to be able to form a small orchestra with the addition of various other instruments. The children work in groups, reading the tunes from their books and playing them on the Glockenspiel. By the time the class is brought together again, each child knows the tune and can sing it confidently. This is a great saving in time, an excellent exercise, and a pleasant way of learning to sight-sing. The Standard II and III Classes have band lessons once a week with Mrs. Popham-Smith. These are enjoyed to the full.

Mrs. Saffery gives a full and wide experience of Drama to each child. Those of you who attended our performance of "From Here to There in Fact and Fancy" will appreciate this.

My sincere thanks go to Dr. Silberbauer, Mrs. Cowling, members of the Staff and House-Staff who have made this year such a satisfying and stimulating experience.

PATRICIA R. BROWN.

YOUR
STORE

Stuttafords

CITY
41-3111

CLAREMONT
65-5010

PREPARATORY SCHOOL CHRONICLE

FIRST TERM

January

- 19—School re-opened. We welcomed Miss Franzen, Mrs. Faure, Mrs. De Lucchi, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Winter.

February

- 5—Swimming at Wynberg.
9—Film on Inter-School Camps.
11—Founders' Day. Service at St. Saviours.
16—Film. Desert Heritage.
19—Friendly Swimming Gala at Wynberg.
22—Sherry Party for Parents and Staff.
23—Swimming vs. Springfield.

March

- 7—Inter-Schools Tennis at Sans Souci.
15—Inter-Schools Swimming Gala at Newlands.
24—Cake Sale in aid of Ruby Porter Funds.
26—Tennis vs. Wynberg.
27—Inter-House Swimming Gala.
29—End of Term.

SECOND TERM

April

- 12—Term began. We welcomed Mrs. d'Unienville.
14—Staff at home to parents.
17—Pageant.
18—Pageant.
19—Pageant.
22—Netball vs. St. Cyprian's.
28—Netball vs. Wynberg.

May

- 5—Netball vs. Star of the Sea.
8—Std. II visited the Post Office at Rondebosch.
10—School saw film, Hellstrom Chronicle, at Monte Carlo.
11—Ascension Day Service at Senior School.
16—Books, Games and Clothing collected for Children's Home in Claremont.
22—Examinations began.
30—Republic Day Service at Senior School.

June

- 2—Anti-litter Film.
7—Film. Beneath the Waves, a World.
14—End of Term.

THIRD TERM

July

- 12—Term began.
13—Teachers at home to parents.
25—Toys collected for Grassy Park Crèche.

August

- 2—Inaugural Meeting of Scripture Union in Hall.
4—Std. IV and V visit Nico Malan to hear Drakensberg Boys' Choir.
5—Netball vs. Rustenburg.
12—Friendly Netball Tournament at Springfield.
24—Judo Contest and Display at Senior School.
26—Judo Contest and Display at Senior School.
25—Netball vs. Bergvliet.

September

- 4—Blisters for Bread Walk.
6—Inter-School Netball at Sans Souci.
13—Music Examinations.
14—Memorial Service for Miss Montgomery and Mrs. Mona Mansfield.
15—Inter-House Netball.
20—Std. V Variety Show in aid of Grassy Park Crèche.
21—Std. V attended Choir Programme at Senior School.
Speech Examinations.
22—End of Term.

FOURTH TERM

October

- 3—Term began.
4—Staff at home to parents.
6—Three girls represented Herschel at Children's Forum at Shell House.
11—Inter-House Flower Arranging Competition.
13—Inter-House Sports.
16—Visit to School by Teachers of Speech and Drama.
18—Seed-boxes filled with flowers and greenery for Flower Carpet at St. George's Cathedral.

November

- 6—Examinations began.
30—From Here to There in Fact and Fancy. School Production.
30—Inter-House Tennis.

December

- 1—From Here to There in Fact and Fancy. School Production.
1—Inter-House Tennisette.
4—Speech Day and Display of Work.
5—Carol Service.

P. R. BROWN.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL GAMES REPORT

This year the girls worked enthusiastically. Their keenness and practices produced some good results.

SWIMMING

During the first term all girls had either one long or two short lessons each week. A group of swimmers training for the team practised twice weekly after school and this paid dividends when friendly galas were held at Wynberg and Springfield. It was most encouraging when the Herschel team came first at the Springfield Gala (having entered an A and B team), and third at Wynberg when five schools were swimming.

Mention must be made of Michela Mercurio and Jennifer Anderson, both of whom broke records at the Inter-Schools Gala. For the second year in succession we congratulate Janine Clews for being chosen to represent Western Province at the South African Schools championships at Bloemfontein. Mrs. Kennedy coached some girls in diving with excellent results. In the Western Province Junior Championships, Pamela Platt came first in the Under-10 Section, and Nicolette Kohler and Fiona Adams tied for first place in the Under-12 Section. Both Pamela and Fiona were chosen to go to Bloemfontein.

At the Inter-Schools Gala Herschel came third in the diving competition and fourth in the swimming. As usual, the Inter-House Gala was held at the end of the first term. Everyone involved showed great enthusiasm. This year it was decided to hold the gala for the Preparatory School only, which allowed for the participation of all the girls.

An Inter-House diving cup was presented to the school and Jagger did very well to win both this and the swimming cup. Mrs. Kennedy kindly came to judge the diving and present the cups to the winning house.

TENNIS

The tennis team practised hard but unfortunately did not do very well at the Inter-Schools Tournament, coming third in the Under-12 Section and fourth in the Open Section.

NETBALL

Netball practices were held twice weekly throughout the winter season. The teams were very keen to improve and learnt to combine well, with planned passing and definite tactics. During the season, the teams played eighteen matches, winning eight, drawing three and losing seven. The Under-12 team did very well, playing the most games and losing only two. Unfortunately at the Inter-Schools Tournament neither the Open team nor the Under-12 team qualified for the semi-final. The Inter-House netball matches were won by Rolt.

Sports Day was held at the beginning of the fourth term. There was a spirit of friendly rivalry and the morning was thoroughly enjoyed by parents, staff and girls.

M. WINTER.

PREP. SCHOOL LIBRARY REPORT

During this year, exciting changes have taken place in our library. A variety of new books has been added to the shelves with the result that nearly every section has been enlarged.

In June the walls were repainted and numerous new shelves were added. Our chairs were tastefully re-upholstered and a comfortable leather armchair added, and curtains and another work-table. Slight alterations are still to be made so that creative work done by the girls can be displayed.

We warmly remember Miss Montgomery who passed away this year, as she not only started our library but was responsible for the catalogues too. Contributions received from the children will be put towards a suitable item for the library in memory of her.

The library prefects have spent many extra hours with the re-organisation of the books, cards and shelves, and we thank them for their participation in creating a pleasant and comfortable working atmosphere.

C. MANIER D'UNIENVILLE.

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. SILBERBAUER

We went to interview Mrs. Silberbauer on Wednesday, 26th July. We went up and rang the doorbell. A man came and invited us in and we told him we had come to interview Mrs. Silberbauer. He went and then came the Secretary and told us to wait and she would tell Mrs. Silberbauer. Mrs. Silberbauer came and invited us into her office. It was small with two windows, a desk, two chairs and some books. We sat down, one in one chair; the other two sat together in the other chair. Then we started with our questions. We asked Mrs. Silberbauer how long she had been at Herschel. She said she had been here from January, 1971 and that this was her second year here as Headmistress.

We asked her what she was teaching. Mrs. Silberbauer said that she teaches the Matrics. Biology.

Mrs. Silberbauer did not go to school here but went to St. Anne's in Natal. She also went to the University of Natal. In Cape Town she obtained a doctorate (a doctorate is a degree you get when you have studied for many years and written a thesis).

Her hobbies are looking at and collecting South African paintings, and reading. She also likes dealing with people and helping them (especially in learning).

Mrs. Silberbauer has a little dachshund who guards the house like a big dog.

Mrs. Silberbauer was very friendly and we enjoyed talking to her.

PAM PLATT,
ANDREA RAATH and
PHILLIPA LEIGHTON-DAVIES,
Std. II.

ORIGINAL WORK

THE GLASS SLIPPER

I found myself on Cinderella's foot. She walked on me and danced on me. She was running on me when I slipped off her foot. Something picked me up and carried me from house to house. I was slipped on many feet, but they were either too big or too small. At last I was tried on a foot that fitted. It was Cinderella's. She married the person who picked me up. I was very lucky because I was on the bride's foot.

C. GROOTENDORST, Std. II.

'N ONGELUK

Eendag het ek koffie vir my ma en pa gemaak. Ek het die water in die koppies geskink. Die water het oor my gestort. Ek het geskrik. My ma het my dadelik na die dokter toe geneem. Die dokter het vir my 'n inspuiting gegee en 'n verband om my arm gedraai. Ek was dapper, ek het nie gehuil nie. Hy het my arm in 'n draagband gesit. Die dokter het vir my 'n buisie self en 'n lekker gegee. Die volgende dag het ek blase op my arm gesien.

ELIZABETH FROST, Std. II.

LEAVES

Tiny leaves.
Spiky leaves.
Some sway in the breeze.
Some rise up like a great leaf wall.
Some sway softly, and don't fall at all.
Some are gay leaves.
Some are dull.
Some dance around in their pretty
Autumn gowns.
And some hide themselves away
until the Spring has come.

M. MERCORIO, Std. II.

HAPPINESS

Happiness is giving away things.
Happiness means walking up the mountain.
Happiness is laughing at a fair, riding a horse,
opening presents.
Happiness is planting seeds.

SUSAN BURNS, Std. II.

LEAVES

A tree could be soft, hard, spiky, rustling.
Some look like fire.
Leaves cool you on a hot day.
Some leaves make you feel old.

BEVERLEY YOSH, Std. II.

FUN

Fun is getting off a dentist's chair,
Fun is going to the circus seeing a lion, a tiger,
a bear,
Fun is swimming on a boiling hot day
Going to Switzerland for a holiday
Fun is happiness.

ABIGAIL MATHIESON, Std. III.

SPORTS DAY

There was a mild breeze, with patches of sunshine decorating the grounds.

The field was in a waiting mood, fresh, green with white tracks, calling us to come and play. A colourful crowd assembled on the lawn. Mothers, fathers, aunts and uncles.

Down came the children with a buzz of excitement, nervous, happy, gay and with butterfly tummies.

Swarming to their places on the steps.

Ding, dong the bell rang and off were the first girls.

There was a dropping of potatoes, running, jumping, catching and panting.

The crowd cheering, the wind silently blowing.

All the faces turned to the board, clapping and cheering for the house who won (Jagger). Then everyone, laughing happily, left the grounds. The grounds were quiet all over again.

The breeze gently carrying the scent of the broom.

The field fresh, with weary lines.

SUSAN LLOYD-ROBERTS, Std. III.

MY TROETELDIER

My troeteldier is 'n goue Labrador. Haar naam is Beskuit. Sy is 'n pragtige hond en sy luiater altyd na wat ek sê. In die nag slaap Beskuit in 'n klein huisie. My vader het die klein huisie uit hout gemaak.

Eendag het my hele familie na die Wilderness gegaan. Beskuit is baie soet en sy word nie siek nie. Wanneer die venster oop is, sit sy haar voerpote en haar kop uit en dan blaf sy. As ek en my broer na die see gaan, moet Beskuit op 'n branderplank sit. Ons moet die branderplank en Beskuit deur die brander trek. Sy hou baie van die water en sy is baie ananks.

Somtyds laat sy die hele familie baie lag met haar streke.

V. HORWOOD, Std. III.

MY HOND

My Hond is 'n kollie,
En sy naam is Bollie.
Hy is vier jaar oud,
En hy's 'n bietjie stout.

Hy is bruin en wit,
En as ek sê "Sit", sal hy sit.
Hy het 'n klein kort stert,
Om 'n hond te hê is die moeite werd.

VANESSA RAKIN, Std. III.

PEACEFUL NIGHTS

The sound of the cuckoo clock
Breaks the peaceful nights
And the noise of the owl
But silently, silently the night draws on.

SANDRA SPARKS, Std. III.

SUNSET ON THE SEA

The sphere of fire lit the fading sky like a huge and powerful god. It ruled the shadows for a last moment as it hesitated before entering the vast world beneath it. The white horses of the majestic sea reared and plunged, in order to catch a glimpse of the golden god. Then, tiring, the sea became peaceful as the sun edged further down. The sun god decorated his kingdom with streamers of pale gold. His artists gilded the clouds with pink, and spilt green paint into the sea. His choir of gulls sang a sad farewell. A passing ship wended its way amongst the golden paths of light, and gave a fleeting word to the sun. Crabs hid like guilty convicts under the sheltering rocks. The water in the rock pools became inky, and coldly unwelcome to the outside world. The wavelets timidly made their way up the beach, but, being shy, slid down into the sea again. They left, however, rich gifts of flotsam and jetsam. Feeling more independent, now that their ruler had almost departed, the shadows mingled together. They danced, dipping behind the rocks, and darkened each corner with their presence. The sun eventually slid out of the sky, and gave a last lingering beam of golden pink to the world. The moon goddess arose in full splendour as the rays of the sun died away, and gathered her black velvet robes together to form her kingdom of night. As I sat on the chilly beach I heard the cows moo in greeting to the oncoming night, and the voices of the little black boys cry harshly above the purr of the sea to hurry them on. Their sun filled day on the green bobbing hills was over, and the night of the moon goddess had begun.

E. SPARG, Std. IVA.

MIDNIGHT

Alone in a cave

Bats flying
Dark and gloomy
Owls hooting

Then alone I shiver and tremble,
Surrounded by the cloak of darkness

In the hold
of night's arms
clinging and cold

I long for the warmth of sunlight.

SHELLY MILLS, Std. IVA.

THE WITCH

The hunchbacked figure crouches over the steaming cauldron. She throws in the legs of a toad, the head of a snake, the scale of a dragon, the root of hemlock as she mumbles to herself. The withered old hag in her black, shapeless rags is silhouetted against the red glow of the fire. The evil eyes light up the wrinkled face with its hooked nose, and a harsh cackle escapes her toothless mouth. One by one come the evil people of the world to collect their jugs of poison brewed by the witch. At the first light of dawn this sinister monster climbs on her broom with her black cat beside her, and flies off into the unknown.

SUZANNE NAUDE, Std. IVA.

DIE NAG

Die Nag kruip so skelmpies deur
Die vensters en by die skoorsteen af.

Hy dra 'n pikswart ferweel manel
Waarmee hy alles netjies bedek.

En nou kom die groot silwer maan op
'n Skip op 'n ru bewolkte see.
En nou is alles baie stil
In die nag se groot skaduwee.

Net die "Tik, Tik, Tik" van die oorlose,
En net die „Klerie, Klerie, Klerie" van die
kriek,
"Ooo, Ooo, Ooo," skree die ou grys uil
In die pikswart donker van die nag.

J. KRAMER, Std. IVA.

MIDNIGHT

Midnight is:

A shiny black stallion galloping by, its thundering hooves the rumble of thunder.

Its swishing tail the streaks of lightning that flash from one side of the sky to the other.

Its body itself the dark, majestic mysteriousness of midnight.

Midnight is:

Time to be asleep.

E. SPARG, Std. IVA.

SKOOL TYD

"Ding Dong", daar lui die klok,
Die kinders het op die deur geklop.
"Kom binne," skree die onderwyseres
"Ag bootie, sit weg daardie mes,"
Die kinders praat van die vorige dag
Daar's 'n groot geraas in daardie klas.
Jy kan nie hoor wat Sannie sê
Van die nuwe pop wat sy wil hê.
Ek is bly wanneer die skoolklok lui
Want juffrou is in 'n slegte bui.

NICOLA DAUNCEY, Std. IVD.

NIGHT

It is a starless, shadowy night; silent,
And covered with a cold mist;

Teenagers are listening to pop music in
cafes;

A lonely man's footsteps can be heard on
the pavement.

Windows rattle from the wind;

Sweet papers blow around;

All is quiet.

V. HART, Std. IVD.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

The house stands motionless on the moors. The walls are ancient with hollow cracks. Spiders have made tangled webs from the ceiling to the floor. There is no one to disturb them as the house is completely empty. The ivy winds its arms in circles up the wall and into the dark unwelcoming windows.

HELEN NEEDHAM, Std. IVD.

DIE KLEIN GROEN PADDA

'n Klein groen padda
 Sit op 'n wal,
 "Kwaak, Kwaak, Kwaak,
 Wat gebeur as ek val?"

"Kom my klein padda
 Jy moet nou spring."
 "Alsa," lag die paddatjie
 "Dis 'n gevaarlike ding."

"Spring," sê sy mamma
 "Spring soos jou pa."
 En skielik het hy geval
 "Ek het mos so gesê," het hy gekla.

HELEN NEEDHAM, Std. IV.

CLOUDS

1. White balls of fluff drift across the sky,
 Clouds like monsters with frightening shapes
 arise.
 With their black gowns they cover the
 heavens
 And bring darkness to the land below.
2. Their great enemy, the sun scorches its way
 through the clouds;
 The strongest of all gods at last brings light,
 while the clouds sail silently away,
 Ashamed of losing their battle.

NICOLA DAUNCEY, Std. IVD.

NOISES IN THE NIGHT

Howling dogs,
 screeching owls,

Croaking frogs,
 creaking eaves

Hollow footsteps,
 the sound of traffic

All the noise and all the din,
 This is the world that I sleep in

JANE KELLY, Std. V.

DUCKS

Are those things ducks
 With wide webbed feet
 and glistening eyes?
 On the water gently they glide
 Feet tucked in on the underside.

GEORGIA DEAL, Std. V.

THE EARTHWORM

It comes out of the ground I am digging.
 Long, slimy
 Bent double it oozes to the light.
 Soft, slippery.
 I shudder as it moves on.
 Slowly, silently.
 It excretes the earth into little mounds
 On the grass.
 Then it disappears again into other soil.
 Horribly fascinating.

ELIZABETH MURRAY, Std. V.

DIE SPOOK

Ek was in die huis alleen,
 Daardie koue winter nag,
 Die wind het gewaai en dit het gereën,
 En ek het vir my ouers gewag.

Toe het die groot klok geslaan.
 En die hond het begin blaf
 En ek het in die liggende maan
 'n Spook gesien wat draf!

Hy was wit en met kettings gebind
 En ek het groot geskrik,
 Ek kon my stem glad nie vind,
 En my hart het vinnig getik.

Ek kon nie onthou wat gebeur het
 Daardie koue winter nag,
 Want nou is ek in my doodbed
 En lê nog vir my ouers en wag.

CAROLYN STEYN, Std. V.

A CRAB

Slowly I lift the stone
 A crab! It scuttles sideways,
 Its prickly feet scratching and scraping
 on the stones.

Its body the size of a reinforcement ring,
 The orange, prehistoric monster creeps away,
 Up with the next stone, there he is!
 Caught!

KATE PHILIP, Std. V.

NIGHT

Creeping shadows across the walls,
 The lights going off one by one,
 Ghostly shadows, deathly quiet.

Night is thick and rich as velvet,
 With sequins, shining, embroidered, on it.

JANET HAMMOND, Std. V.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

COMMITTEE, 1972

President: Dr. Barbara Silberbauer.

Vice-President: Fenella Douglas.

Chairman: Adele Fouché (Jooste)

Hon. Secretary/Treasurer: Mary Loggie (de Villiers)

Magazine Editor: Adele Fouché (Jooste)

Games Secretary: Jill Eckstein (Phillip)

CIRCLE SECRETARIES

Group 1

A-G—Fenella Douglas, Haughley, Chippenham Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (77-4631).
 H—Nicolette Knight (De Villiers), Hawthorns, Mains Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (77-7860).

Group 2

I—J—K—Nicolette Knight (De Villiers), Hawthorns, Mains Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (77-7860).

L & M—Ruth Kewley (Withiel), "Ide Hill", Lindeshof Road, Constantia Hills, Constantia.

N—Adele Fouché (Jooste), 23, Lovers Walk, Kenilworth, Cape. (71-5374).

O, P & Q—Maureen McLennan (Bourke), 20, Silwood Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (6-4142).

Group 3

R—U—Anita Gilmour (Lockwood), P.O. Box 93, Lansdowne, Cape (71-5094).

Group 4

V—Anita Gilmour (Lockwood), P.O. Box 93, Lansdowne, Cape. (71-5094).

W—Anne Russell (Kipps), 2, Upper Thistle Street, Newlands, Cape. (65-3687).

X—Elizabeth McCarthy (Holmes) "Aragon", Pear Lane, off Hout Bay Road, Constantia, Cape. (77-8336).

Y—Barbara Cleave (Nel), 25, Neave Street, Claremont.

Z—Jennifer Wynne (Brimble), 35, Malcolm Road, Rondebosch. (65-6286).

Group 5

AA & BB—Anne Snyders (Steens), 12, Croft Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (65-1096).

CC—Jill Eckstein (Phillip), 13, Keurboom Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (65-2293).

DD and EE—Angela Gilbert, The Lanny, Carbrook Avenue, Claremont, Cape. (77-3555).

Group 6

FF—Gail Kinlay, Kylesmore, Aberdeen Road, Newlands, Cape. (6-6735).

GG—Angela Tapanlis (Macris), 202, Mount Curtis, Main Road, Sea Point. (49-4164).

HH & II—Sandra De Woronin, Twee Gevels, 26, Main Road, St. James. (8-8351).

JJ—Edwina Abbott, The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth. (77-3293).

Group 7

KK—Sally-Ann Wells, Lismore, Alexandra Road, Kenilworth. (77-5119).

LONDON COMMITTEE

Miss H. C. McLean: 8, Amber Cottages, Coleshill, Nr. Amersham, Bucks. (Phone: Amersham 3361, during week: 799-6513 (London)).

Miss Sue MacGregor, 7, Stafford Terrace, London, W.8. (Tel. 937-0258).

Mrs. P. L. C. Brodie (Pauline Thorne), The Keeper's Cottage, Langshott, Horley, Surrey. (Tel. Horley 3980).

Mrs. Ewan MacPherson (Nicy van der Bijl), 10, Hamilton House, Vicarage Gate, London, W.8. (Tel. 937-4433).

Mrs. Peters (Jennifer Johnstone): 15, Denewood Road, London N.6. (Phone 348-2582).

Miss Claire Russell, 21, Chepstow Villas, London, W.11. (Tel. 229-0251).

Mrs. Jean Van den Berg (Jean Stoddart): Lanzerac, 2 Knighton Close, South Croydon, Surrey. (Phone: 668-4302).

Miss Pauline Vogelpeol, 33, The Little Boltons, London, S.W.10. (Tel. 373-5082).

THE LONDON MEETING OF OLD HERSCHELIANS AT THE GUIDE CLUB
46, BELGRAVE SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1 ON TUESDAY, 9th MAY, 1972

The London Gathering of Old Herschelians was again held at the Guide Club in Belgrave Square on the second Tuesday in May, but since it was to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the Founding of the School by J. W. Jagger in 1922 and the 10th of such meetings in London it was an evening party with wine and cheese and husbands and friends of the School were included.

Claire Russell had again given and arranged some magnificent flowers; old photographs and new were on display, as well as the programmes of the Pageant and the souvenirs given as presents to Miss McLean.

Telegrams of congratulations and good wishes were received from: the School and Old Girls in Cape Town, Betty Martino (Van der Byl), Pauline Brodie (Thorne), Helen Turner (Botha-Reid), Phoebe Woolham (Scrivenor), Major and Mrs. Crafoord and Caroline (Mrs. Winquist), and Susan MacGregor, who was so very disappointed (and so were we) that she was prevented from coming by her doctor, after she had done so much to prepare for the party. Messages were also received from Fenella Douglas, Mariel Miller (Mills), Miss Lansdale, Mrs. Stobie and Canon Wade.

Miss McLean in welcoming everyone, particularly the husbands and friends (including one son), mentioned Molly Thorne (Mrs. Sellar), an original Old Girl, Margaret Geber (Mrs. Regnier), who had come specially from Brussels, Adele Jooste (Mrs. Fouché), not only as an Old Girl and Chairman of the O.H.A., but also as the daughter of Danford Jooste, who had been a member of the School Council and a loyal and generous friend, and had provided many of the facilities now in use there, and Miss Elcome (Mrs. Payne) who with her husband, Mr. Peter

Payne, arrived straight from Dubrovnik just in time; she then asked for a toast to be drunk — to the great success of the School during the first 50 years and to the further success in the coming fifty.

After this both Miss Elcome and Adele spoke with some amusing reminiscences and the party continued merrily.

Miss McLean thanked all those who had contributed to the Appeal adding that any surplus from the collection taken today, over and above the cost of just the wine, would be added to the amount to be transferred to Cape Town; this amounted to 75p bringing the total so far to £147.50 in Sterling and R60 in S.A. currency.

The party was a great success and enjoyed by some 40 who came, including seven husbands and two headmistresses.

Those present were: Miss McLean, Mrs. Payne (Miss Elcome) and husband, Miss Bailey, Mrs. Whitaker (Miss Burder), Mrs. Steward (Miss Guyse-Hill), Miss Millward, Mrs. Cowan Douglas, Jane Borton, Pru Borton, Oswynne Jordan (Buchanan), Jeanne de Wet, Joanne Faulds, Margaret Regnier (Geber), Pat Forester-Bennett (Halley), Pamela Walker (Hawley), Jennifer Peters (Johnstone) and husband, Adele Fouché (Jooste) and husband, Heather Wells (Kelly), Jinty Kirk, Sarah Leslie, Pam Meredith (Jeffries) and son, Gill Liebermann, Dianne Marshall, Pam Balchin (Murray) and husband, Elizabeth Robertson, Elizabeth Whelan (Roberts), Claire Russell, Stephanie Hoppen (Shub) and husband, Jean van den Berg (Stoddart), Felicity Todd (Thorne), Molly Sellar (Thorne), Nicolette MacPherson (Van der Bijl), Mary Blount (Van der Bijl), Miranda Jennings (Viney) and husband and Pauline Vogelpoel.

LONDON BRANCH OF THE OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

Receipts and Payments for the Year ended 30th June, 1972

<i>Receipts:</i>		<i>Payments:</i>	
In hand	£9.48	Annual Gathering, nett	£23.19
Annual subscriptions	£2.00	Invitations	£1.00
Interest to date	£0.87	Postage and stationery	£5.57
From Cape Town	£11.00		
Deficit	£6.41		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£29.76		£29.76

MINUTES OF THE 46th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OLD
HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION HELD IN THE LIBRARY AT HERSCHEL
ON SATURDAY, 19th FEBRUARY, 1972, AT 3.00 P.M.

Present:

Adele Fouché (Jooste) (in the Chair), Mary Loggie (De Villiers), Dr. B. Silberbauer, H. C. Harsant, M. Muller, C. Popham-Smith, V. Walker, B. McCormick, H. Brownell, M. L. Saffery, Dulcie Cronwright (Howes), Fenella Douglas, Joan Fraser-Harris (Smithers), Moira Abbott (Black), Marian Robertson (Spilhaus), Vera Herud, Mary Fiddian-Green (Baxter), Beatrice Elliott (McLachlan), Sylvia White (Sandes), Barbara Versveld (Barry), Evryl Kelsen (Fisher), Lucy Kelsen, Joy Grove (Stuttaford), Maureen McLennan (Bourke), Ruth Kewley (Withiel), Yvonne Dowdle (Roux), Margaret Robinson (Mellish), Sandra Brownlie (Fisher), Angela Frater (Simpson), Anita Gilmour (Lockwood), Rosemarie Sturgis (Wilks), Jean Steyn (Pollard), Wendy Hofmeyr (Hartford), Diana Burns (Dicey), Helen Livingstone (Steen), Jean Raubenheimer (Ratcliffe), Bobby Mantell (Burton), Lynette Watson (Summer), Jennifer Wynne (Brimble), Anne Russell (Kipps), Sally Carter (Baxter), Lesley Burns (Wares), Diana Morkel (Matthews), Gail Hoberman (Shawzin), Brenda Lynne Hoffman (Tyers), Elizabeth McCarthy (Holmes), Colleen Handley (Colton), Moira Furter (Hennessy), Penelope Whyte (Imay), Janeen Keyzer (Kipps), Jill Eckstein (Phillip), Elizabeth Fourie (Leith), Elspeth Le Roux (Henderson), Penny Taylor (Raath), Angela Gilbert, Anne Snyders (Steen), Diana Venn (Ovenstone), Maxine Siffs (Diamond), Judith Scott, Linda Olds, Moira Little, Sally-Ann Wells, Sandra de Woronin, Edwina Abbott, Sally Abbott, Lynne Reid, Georgina Clark, Helen Robertson, Devon Lees, Della Beck, Pauline Gilbert, Priscilla Pettigrew, Laila Suckling, Diana Schmid (Spencer), Lindsay Unite, Janis Farley, Helen Brauer, Marjorie Aitchison, Diana Hugo, Sue Borton, Tessa Helfet and Susan Hall.

Apologies:

Apologies for absence were received from 64 members, many of whom sent good wishes on the occasion of our 50th Anniversary. Cables were received from Miss McLean, Miss Lausdale and Miss Stevenson, Miss Bailey and Oweyane Jordan (Buchanan), and Karin Attwell.

Welcome:

A very warm welcome was extended by the Chairman to Dr. Silberbauer and all those present, particularly those from Group I which included five who had been at Herschel when it opened. They were Joy Grove (Stuttaford), Vera Herud, Fenella Douglas, Dulcie Cronwright (Howes), and Mary Fiddian-Green (Baxter).

The gathering was asked to stand for one minute in silence in memory of Mrs. Withers.

Minutes:

As the Minutes were printed in the magazine it was proposed by R. Keisley, seconded by A. Gilmour, that they should be taken as read and duly signed. Agreed. "Matters arising" were solely financial and would be dealt with in the Treasurer's Report.

Election of Office Bearers:

The present Executive Committee agreed to serve for another year. Circle Secretaries were called for and appointed. Circle JJ (1970): Edwina Abbott, Circle KK (1971): Sally-Ann Wells.

Treasurer's Report:

Mary Loggie reported that we had had a most interesting and exciting year financially. Never had so much money passed through our hands for two reasons:

1. *Big Walk:* This was held in April, 1971, and raised R6 260.94. We paid out half to the School immediately and invested the remainder until December when we were proud to hand it over to Dr. Silberbauer, plus R100 interest. This money was used for improvements to the dormitories and bathrooms. To the whole Abbott family and Moira Little the Treasurer extended warm thanks. They had taken care of the collection and banking of these funds.

2. *Increased number of members:* Income from subscriptions went up as follows:

Annual . . .	R28—R44
Life	R270—R480

Out of last year's Matric Class of 22, 17 joined the Association, 12 as Life Members and five as Annual Members. This was a most exciting sign of genuine interest in the School.

Costs:

To give the meeting some idea of rising costs the Treasurer quoted magazine prices over the last two years as R264 and R342 and said the estimated cost for this year was R400. Postage alone was R29. Despite all this we were not yet in the red. Cash in hand—R182.66, Credcor; Savings—R250.00. However, it would definitely be necessary to increase subscriptions and the Treasurer suggested the new rate as follows: Annual—R2.00, Life—R25.00. Agreed—though with accompanying sighs! Proposed by F. Douglas and seconded by A. Russell.

Sport:

Jill Eckstein agreed to arrange tennis and squash matches vs. School with the help of Devon Lees, who is working at Herschel temporarily. The first tennis match to be played on March 2nd. Last year the Old Girls beat the School at tennis and squash.

Old Herscheliass' Prize: This was won by *Rosemary Newman*.

London Reunion:

This is to be held on May 9th at the Guide Club and is to take the form of a Cheese and Wine Party.

Dr. Silberbauer:

Our Headmistress addressed the Meeting and welcomed particularly all "Foundation Members" of the School as she was pleased to call them, but it seemed they were happy to call themselves "Originals" or "Antiques" (much laughter). There were two subjects she wished to discuss.

1. *Old Herscheliass' Bursary Fund:*

Many Old Girls were probably not aware that such a fund existed, small though it was. Last year £1000 was donated anonymously. She felt this could be the start of a much larger fund. Several Old Girls had mentioned that, with rising costs, they could not begin to think of sending their daughters to Herschel. Yet they were the very girls that should be encouraged. By increasing this Bursary Fund we could hand out hope for these wistful young mothers.

2. *50th Anniversary Letter of Appeal:*

Months of hard work had gone into compiling a directory of all those who had passed through Herschel's hands, and friends of the School. Shortly a letter of Appeal would be sent to them all in the hope of raising £40000. The School Kitchen needed immediate attention — in fact to be gutted completely and re-equipped. The finished work was to be linked with *Mrs. Withers'* name as a visible and tangible memorial to one of the School's most devoted servants.

There were other needs such as swimming pool repairs, remedial teaching (with particular attention to reading difficulties), ciné equipment and language tapes. Rather than have a separate Memorial Fund for *Mrs. Withers*, it was felt that all these improvements should be tackled by one giant Jubilee Appeal which could also mark this important date in the School's history.

Guest Speaker — Mrs. Marian Robertson:

Mrs. Robertson told us that when she started thinking about the history of Herschel with a view to producing a historical pageant to cele-

brate the Jubilee Year, she discovered the abysmal lack of school records and photographs. For example — what came before the Foundation of the English Church School's Association in 1920 by which time the Herschel property had already been bought? Did anyone have a photograph of *Ruby Porter*? (We only have group ones.) No photos of that wonderful and most devoted servant, *Joel* — and *Mrs. Janet Steyn*? When did we change the games uniform? We definitely need a properly organised Archives. She went on to tell us that the pageant was under way with a cast of 150 — girls and adults. A variety of means, both dramatic and visual was being used to portray the history — in TV circles it would be called a Spectacular.

Archives Sub-Committee:

The Chairman called for volunteers for this committee. The following offered to serve: *Marian Robertson, Maureen McLennan, Barbara Versfeld, Miss Harsant, Lynette Watson, Elspeth Le Roux, Fenella Douglas* and *Ruth Kewley*.

Marian Robertson was thanked most warmly — and amusingly — by *Fenella Douglas*.

Presentations:

We were delighted to welcome *Mrs. Brownell* and *Fenella Douglas* as Hon. Life Members of the Association. *Mrs. Brownell* had been on the staff for 10 years and latterly had served as Acting Headmistress. *Fenella Douglas* had given most valuable service to the O.H.A. through the years and had started the directory. We were most grateful to her for her lively and continued interest. No increased subs for *Fenella*!

Mrs. Brownell extended her thanks and good wishes to the O.H.A. and Herschel, and was touched to receive a book token from the Chairman.

Fenella Douglas proposed a vote of thanks to the present committee for their work during the year and added personal thanks for her new status.

Before closing the meeting the Chairman called on *Anne Russell* to thank *Dr. Silberbauer* for her hospitality and present her with a book on Cape furniture to mark our jubilee year.

There being no other business the meeting adjourned at 4 p.m. and guests were invited to tea and birthday cake in the dining room.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended 30th September, 1972

EXPENDITURE		INCOME	
Herschel School — Senior Dormitories (Balance) ..	3 105.00	Membership Subscriptions —	
School Magazine (1971) ..	418.50	Annual	25.00
Add Postage	29.00	Life	115.00
	447.50		140.00
Printing — Letter of Appeal	71.00	Donation	10.00
Less Donation	58.00	Proceeds — Rummage Sale ..	30.00
	13.00	Interest Received —	
Postage	10.42	Cape of Good Hope Savings Bank	26.50
Presentations	52.50	Standard Bank of S.A. Limited	105.00
Anniversary Cake	12.50		131.50
Bank Charges	6.20	Transfer from Accumulated Funds —	
		Cape of Good Hope Savings Bank	258.44
		Standard Bank of S.A. Limited	3 000.00
			3 258.44
		Excess of Expenditure over Income	77.18
			77.18
	R3 647.12		R3 647.12

Balance Sheet at 30th September, 1972

ACCUMULATED FUNDS		CASH	
Balance at 1st October, 1971	3 382.85	At Bank	38.23
Less		On Hand	9.00
Transfer to Income and Expenditure Account ..	3 258.44		
Excess of Expenditure over Income	77.18		
	3 335.62		47.23
	47.23		
	R47.23		R47.23

I have to report that I have prepared the above accounts from the books and information supplied and that they are a true record to the best of my knowledge and belief.

24th October, 1972.
CLAREMONT.

J. TRAILL-WOOD,
Chartered Accountant (S.A.)

NEWS OF OLD HERSCHELIANS

ENGAGEMENTS

Broadbent—Goring. In May, 1972, Penelope, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Broadbent, of Wynberg, to Richard Harry, son of Mr. John Goring and Lady Hersey Goring, of Findon Park House, Findon, Sussex, England.

Dean—Slater. In December, 1971, Josephine, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Alan Dean, of Rondebosch, to Jim, only son of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. B. Slater, of Pinelands.

Dowie Dunn—Purcocks. In January, 1972, Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Dowie Dunn,

of Kenilworth, to Dale, son of Mr. P. V. Purcocks, of Florida, Transvaal, and the late Mrs. C. M. M. Purcocks.

Haram—Lang. In March, 1972, Jane, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. Stewart Haram, of Kenilworth, to Neil Gareth, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lang, of Bearsden, Scotland.

Harvey-Kelly—Nichol. In September, 1972, Susan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Harvey-Kelly, of Wynberg, to Terence, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Nichol, of Wigton, Cumberland, England.

Hellings-Hilton. In March, 1972, Rosemary, daughter of Mr. R. F. Hellings, of Johannesburg, and Mrs. A. Hellings, of Three Anchor Bay, to Michael, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Hilton, of Johannesburg.

Pearcy-Harrison. In January, 1972, Pamela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Pearcy, of Claremont, to Royden, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Athol Harrison, of Constantia.

Reid-Gadd-Claxton. In August, 1972, Lynne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Reid, of Stellenbosch, to Dan, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Gadd-Claxton, of Somerset West.

Robb-Pooler. In February, 1972, Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Robb, of Wynberg, to Richard, son of Dr. and Mrs. N. R. Pooler, of Alderney, Channel Islands.

Waring-Baker. In February, 1972, Joan, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bunty Waring, of Pinelands, to Vincent Baker, of Johannesburg.

Warr-Macready. In December, 1971, Cheryl, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. K. R. Warr, of Rondebosch, to Jimmy, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Macready, of Pinelands.

Ward-Harvey. In October, 1972, Phillipa, younger daughter of Mr. F. W. Ward and Mrs. Valerie Ward, of Cape Town, to Peter Francis, son of Lt. Col. J. L. Harvey, of London, and the late The Hon. Mrs. Anne Harvey.

MARRIAGES

Boyes-Munro. On 5th April, 1972, in St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Alison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Boyes, of Kenilworth, to Wayne, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Munro, of Wynberg.

Bralley-Louw. In December, 1971, in St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Patricia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. T. Bralley, of Kenilworth, to David, son of Mrs. M. James, of Constantia, and the late Prof. J. Louw.

Broadbent-Goring. On 15th July, 1972, in Christ Church, Kenilworth, Penelope, Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Broadbent, of Wynberg, to Richard Harry, son of Mr. John Goring and Lady Hersey Goring, of Findon Park House, Findon, Sussex, England.

Clayton-Harris. On 8th January, 1972, in St. Andrew's Church, Newlands, Susan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Clayton, of Hermanus, to Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Harris, of Bulawayo, Rhodesia.

Dosote Dunn-Purcocks. On 5th May, 1972, Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Dowie Dunn, of Kenilworth, to Dale, son of Mr. P. V. Purcocks, of Florida, Transvaal, and the late Mrs. C. M. M. Purcocks.

Finch-Mattiolli. In July, 1972, in Rome, Italy, René, second daughter of Mr. Colin Finch, of

Cape Town, and Mrs. Tina Finch, of London, to Luca, only son of Mr. Giuliano Mattiolli, of Tuscany, and Mrs. Rosanna Mattiolli, of Rome.

Harris-Reid. On 22nd April, 1972, in the Diocesan College Chapel, Rondebosch, Lynn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Harris, of Kenilworth, to Michael James, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Reid, of Ceres.

Henstra-Dancer. In July, 1972, in Christ Church, Constantia, Terry, daughter of Mrs. E. O. M. Mocke, of Plumstead, and Mr. S. H. Henstra, of Constantia, to Colin, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Dancer, of Sandton, Transvaal.

Ismay-Whyte. On 3rd December, 1971, Penelope, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric K. Ismay, of Kenilworth, to Roy, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Whyte, of Jinja, Uganda.

Moore-Ross. In January, 1972, in St. Andrew's Church, Newlands, Beverly Anne Francis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. G. Moore, of Claremont, to Clive Morgan, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ross, of Plumstead.

Notecutt-Hare. On 12th February, 1972, in the Diocesan College Chapel, Rondebosch, Heather, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Notecutt, of Rondebosch, to Ian, son of Colonel and Mrs. Neil Hare, of Rondebosch.

Payne-Edwards. On 14th April, 1972, in Christ Church, Kenilworth, Allison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Payne, of Claremont, to John, son of Mrs. I. K. D. Edwards, of Richmond, England.

Robb-Pooler. In August, 1972, in St. Nicolas' Church, Chinwick, London, Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Robb, of Wynberg, to Richard, son of Dr. and Mrs. N. R. Pooler, of Alderney, Channel Islands.

Scott-Shaw-Fuller. In October, 1972, in the Presbyterian Church, Wynberg, Judy, daughter of Col. the Rev. and Mrs. C. Scott-Shaw, of Adelaide, Cape Province, to Bruce, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Fuller, of Mowbray.

Van Winsen-Parr. On 1st December, 1971, in Christ Church, Kenilworth, Louise, daughter of Mr. Justice L. de V. van Winsen and Mrs. Van Winsen, of Bishops court Estate, to Guy, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Parr, of Durban.

Warr-Macready. On 16th June, 1972, in St. John's Church, Pinelands, Cheryl, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. K. R. Warr, of Rondebosch, to James, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Macready, of Pinelands.

BIRTHS

Barrett. To Jenny (nee Baker) and Richard, a daughter and sister to Jocelyn, Libby and Kate, on 19th June, 1972, in Cape Town.

Beale. To Sue (nee Bothner) and Johan, a son (Wade), on 16th September, 1971, in Cape Town.

Bennett. To Fluffy (nee Vertue) and Chris, a daughter, on 21st March, 1972, in Cape Town.

Bertisk—To Fran (nee Small) and Keith, a son and brother to Gregory, on 26th July, 1972, in Cape Town.

Bonner—To Denise (nee Campbell-White) and Doug, a daughter, on 25th February, 1972, in Cape Town.

Botts—To Jean (nee Dowie Dunn) and John, a daughter, in December, 1971, in Morocco.

Carter—To Sal (nee Baxter) and Dave, a second daughter (Jeanne Gabrielle), on 29th November, 1971, in Cape Town.

Corbin—To Felicity (nee Gill) and Alan, a son (Giles Robert Piers) and brother for Camilla and Melanie, on 18th April, 1972, in London.

Dennison-Stevens—To Carol (nee Newton Thompson) and Michael, a son, on 18th October, 1972, in Johannesburg.

Du Pout—To Karin (nee Loes) and Peter, a daughter, on 4th September, 1972, in Cape Town.

Eckstein—To Jill (nee Phillip) and Paul, a daughter (Deirdre) and sister for Nicola, on 20th April, 1972, in Cape Town.

Fleming—To Libby (nee Hennessey) and John, a daughter, in May, 1972, in Cape Town.

Fourie—To Buzz (nee Leith) and Ernie, a daughter (Tanya) and sister for Anton, in February, 1972, in Cape Town.

Goldswain—To Margie (nee Watson) and Peter, a son (Andrew) in 1971 (by adoption).

Greenevald—To Louisa (nee McDonald) and Nick, a daughter (Suzanne Louise) and sister for Graham and Charl, on 7th March, 1972, in Cape Town.

Hamilton—To Carol (nee Payne) and James, a daughter, on 25th September, 1972, in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Hansen—To Hilary (nee Simpson) and Chris, a son (Gene Douglas), in June, 1972.

Hasiem—To Jennifer (nee Forsyth) and Brian, a son (James), in June 1972, in England.

Heathcote-Marks—To Cheryl (nee Wale) and Jamie, a son, and brother for Sean and Justin, on 26th October, 1972, in Cape Town.

Kingdon—To Caroline (nee Syfret) and Bob, a daughter (Emma) and sister for Camilla and Joanna, on 21st October, 1972, in Cape Town.

Macfarlane—To Susan (nee Sly) and Alec, a daughter, December, 1971, in England.

McCarthy—To Elizabeth (nee Holmes) and Neil, a daughter and sister for Sean and Catherine, on 31st August, 1972, in Cape Town.

Marklew—To Lynette (nee Holmes) and Dudley, a daughter, on 29th September, 1972, in Cape Town.

Mitchell-Hopkins—To Nicolette (nee Bairnsfather Cloete) and Dudley, a daughter, on 11th August, 1972, in Cape Town.

Osler—To Biddy (nee Dicey) and George, a daughter, on 7th January, 1972, in Johannesburg.

Plock—To Bryony (nee Culley) and Nick, a son (Timothy), on 8th April, 1972, in London.

Power—To Susie (nee Robb) and David, a son, on 12th September, 1972, in London.

Rambaut—To Jacquie (nee Regnier) and Tom, a son (Raoul Carlos William), on 21st February, 1972, in Brussels, Belgium.

Redmond—To Fiona (nee Noble) and Terrence, a son, on 28th July, 1972, in Melbourne, Australia.

Rutherford—To Fleur (nee Smith) and Malcolm, a son (Samuel Graham), on 5th March, 1972, in Helensburgh, Scotland.

Stamper—To Janet (nee Henshilwood) and John, a daughter (Victoria Jane), on 11th August, 1972, in Johannesburg.

Toettcher—To Ann (nee Alexander) and Niels, a daughter, in June, 1972.

Tooley—To Carol (nee Miller) and Antony, a son, on 5th January, 1972, in Johannesburg.

Townsend—To Jenny (nee Thal) and Charles, a son, on 19th June, 1972, in London.

Verrips—To Robanne (nee Morrison) and Henri, a daughter (Alix), on 10th April, 1972, in Pretoria.

Wingfield—To Diana (nee Harris) and Mervyn, a son, on 23rd September, 1972, in Cape Town.

DEATHS

Seed—Belinda (nee Nunnerley), wife of Anthony and mother of Charles, David and Edward, on 12th September, 1972, in Johannesburg.

THE NURSERY SCHOOL

It was most exciting to hear that Herschel was to open a Nursery School for boys and girls in January, 1972.

There is a desperate shortage for such schools and before long the vacancies were filled and there is now a long waiting list.

The Nursery School is situated in what was originally the Junior School Boarding House at The Hill, and is known as "The Hill Nursery School", the boarders, apart from the very small ones, having moved across to the Senior School.

When the doors opened in January, 1972, there were three classes, but due to the demand, a further two are to be started in the first term of 1973. At present there are over 90 children attending the School.

Several "Old Girls" have children at the School and it is particularly nice for those with sons to be able to send them as well. Amongst those with children at the School are: *Lynette Watson* (Sumner), *Barbara Gatt* (Bolus), *Gail Hoberman* (Shawzin), *Barbara Cleave* (Nel), *Jennifer Barrett* (Baker), *Diana Venn* (Ovenstone), *Nicky Walsh* (Carter) and *Jennifer Wynne* (Brimble). *Pat Louise* (Bralley) is one of the Nursery School teachers.

A year has now past, and there is no doubt whatsoever that the Nursery School has been a wonderful success and our very best wishes go to the staff in their future endeavours.

OLD GIRLS' DAY — 1972

Before the 50th Anniversary Meeting, seven Old Girls met for lunch, four of whom were at Herschel on the day it opened: *Joy Grove* (Stutaford), *Dulcie Crousewright* (Howes), *Mary Fiddian-Green* (Baxter) and *Fenella Douglas*.

The whole afternoon went off most happily, with a tremendous amount of chatter and reminiscences; old photographs were displayed and the presence of several photographers, who took group pictures, added to the entertainment! The mammoth birthday cake was a work of art, and was covered in chocolate icing, with the School crest and dates "1922—1972" in white, and fifty small white candles.

ANGELA FRATER REFLECTS

Packing, marking and laying in new supplies takes care of a large proportion of the September holidays. I always regret this; the change of season and clothing puts paid to so many of the activities I plan for the children and I find myself sewing most of the week away. There is plenty of time to think and to remember the days when the boot was on the other foot and I was the impatient little monster, itching to dash down to the beach, go for a picnic; irritated by the pinning and measuring, aching for the freedom that was ours to a far greater degree than for the children of today.

And then that last day came and, with hair smelling of coal tar soap, my luggage checked and closed, stiff with unaccustomed cleanliness and newly cleaned Sunday suit or silk dress, we would drive to school with rather dulled spirits. The moment of arrival changed all that — joyous shouts of greeting as Joel coped with luggage and one hailed and waved at long lost friends and shouted holiday news. A quick good-bye to Mum and on with the business at hand — where one was sleeping and where was one's cube! Who was next door and what times had been allotted to one for bathing and washing one's hair!

There were three main rooms of cubicles. The big one overlooking the drive was a honeycomb of cupboards surrounded by a narrow passage. There was just enough room in each cubicle for one to sit and read a letter or to dress with fairly ladylike/restricted movements. The size

of the cubicles was much the same in the other two rooms but they had a central passage. No carpets; the curtains were tough and practical and there were white net curtains at the windows whose sills provided seats for social gatherings and chats. There were approximately 52 boarders, as far as I remember, who ranged from tiddlers to Matrics. There are now 66 in the Senior School and 14 babies at the Junior. I have vague memories of tiddlers emerging from the "Black Hole of Calcutta" — a room near the three loo's with black doors! There must have been cubicles there too.

We all slept (outside) on open balconies. It was super!!! And in fact, most of us loved it because there was always great joy if one found one's bed was on the outside. In that case one derived that much more enjoyment from going to bed—which no-one in perfect health ever wanted to do. One could lie watching the moon and stars, lulled by the soft movement of the clouds, or, on stormy nights, hope that it wouldn't rain too hard so that the blinds could be left up. If they were down, the thudding they made as they were lashed by the wind was re-assuring in a way and the security of one's bed and the nearness to nature provided pleasant last thoughts before sleeping. There was the Junior balcony—that vast open porch over the dining room, with sisal stripes down the passages and pink striped bedspreads. There were some sliding windows, but everything was usually flung wide open. The tuck cupboards stood where this narrowed near the passage and laundry room.

The Senior balcony was above the hall. There were two rows of beds with the same utility furnishings. Here one enjoyed the sound of the boilers being stoked and the maids singing in their rooms above the bathrooms as they set their hair before turning in!

Down beyond the showers near the back stairs was the holy of holies—the prefects' study—shared by all the prefects and at the disposal of boarder prefects at night. At 9 p.m. the non-prefect Matrics, having finished their prep, in their own classroom, joined them for cocoa or Milo—we slipped down the kitchen stairs for our milk. This was a privilege we all greatly valued.

All these memories have flooded back after seeing the beautiful alterations that have been made in the Senior Boarding House. Mrs. English has, on several occasions, given me half an hour of her precious time to show me the latest development. Dr. Silberbauer does not require accommodation at the school and so a certain amount of extra space has been made available in the long passage which used to be entirely staff quarters. In that section, two prefects now have a very nice room each! Five other matric girls sleep in large cubicle bedrooms made in the old prefects' study, with the linen room and landing of the kitchen staircase giving the extra space. There is blue carpeting and pretty blue floral curtains. They are allowed their own tran-

sister radios and bits and pieces for which we, in our day, reserved a shelf of our cupboards.

The transformation of the bathrooms and passage areas could tempt me to eulogy! Where once grey cement greeted one on dismal days, two delightful shades of blue tile checker the floors. Those horrible, mysterious regions under the baths have been tiled in — never, we hope, to be exposed again! And in each bathroom there is a container of Vim, so that there is no excuse for any marks around the tub!

The Senior balcony now houses the Junior boarders (Std.'s 5 and 6). It has yellow ozite edge-to-edge. It has been glassed in and pretty yellow floral curtains make it very gay and cheerful. The stairway down to the hall has been blocked and has made room for a very nice private room for a senior girl.

From here to the sick bays — they are as they were and so is the dispensary and shop where throats were painted and cod liver oil was given! But that balcony is now glazed and carpeted in grey ozite. It certainly gives a warmer feeling to that windswept corner.

The Junior balcony is now divided into lovely bedrooms. Not ceiling height, of course, but the floor again is ozite and gay curtains and covers, cuddly toys and photographs make it a more personal place and for the children more like their homes. Each cubicle has a desk for its occupant and apparently from Std. 8 to matric the girls are allowed to work in their cubicles. The younger set have prep. supervised by matron. The Std. 9's used to do that duty!

Arches now link the old office cum ironing room with the small cubes next door. White paint and gay print curtains make this a particularly nice dormitory — no partitions, but each child has her own cupboard.

The three main cubicle areas have been transformed into small bedrooms. The old partitions and cupboards have been used and cleverly juggled around to make very comfortable lodgings — very three-star! The atmosphere of old prevails — gatherings and gossiping in passages or on someone else's bed and the scurry to home territory when a foreign footfall is heard. Basically it's all just the same old place with children who seem to have so much more — but then, there seems to be so much more on the market! Perhaps some of us would have had transistor radios if there had been any to have — who knows?

However, it is interesting in one's reflection and comparison of the old with the new to go back to the expectations of the parents in our day — and then back still further to the days of Jagger, Rolt and Merriman; and the further back one goes, the more strict and spartan they become. Those were the days of post-war — wartime — the slump — and money was always difficult. (Herschel in fact has always been a cause!) But those were the days of tighter standards, days when loyalties seemed fiercer and stronger and self-discipline and thrift were qualities

which were greatly admired. Have we, then, as parents become a weaker breed — a softer material which is easy prey to the ills of the world?

And when one reflects that *our* parents didn't bother and fuss about the cement floors on which we were housed and that we are so soft — what of our children?

So the counting of socks and pants goes on and one gets beyond thinking these disturbing thoughts. But with a smile still lurking in the corner of one's mouth, one remembers a very happy and safe harbour at Herschel — the very good friends one had and has kept over the years though circumstances may have separated one — and the fun! What a wonderful start we were given!

NEWS

Miss McLenn spent some time in Canada during 1972, partly to stay with Scottish friends and partly to attend, in Toronto, the World Association of Girl Guides' and Girl Scouts' Triennial Conference, in June. She is a member of the World Association Finance Committee, and it was a ten-day conference. She was also in Switzerland earlier in the year, staying with the Crafoords, Caroline Winqvist's parents.

Miss Milward returned to Cape Town in September of this year, with her mother. They have bought a house in Claremont.

Miss Elcaine's (Mrs. Payne) son has recently left school and is now at Cambridge.

Dulcie Crosswright (Howes) returned in August with 29 South African students who had taken part in the fourth International Youth Orchestra Festival held in Lausanne. She was full of enthusiasm for the festival and the high standard set by the students in the orchestras and ballet performances, as well as their behaviour and self-discipline. Dulcie, founder and principal of the University of Cape Town Ballet School, and a pioneer of ballet in South Africa, will retire at the end of this year.

The pageant "The Stars Looked Down", which took place at Herschel in April, to commemorate the School's fiftieth anniversary, was written by Marian Robertson (Spilhaus). Marian, a freelance writer, writing mainly for radio, lives with her husband and three sons on a six-acre flower farm at Diep River. Her first book is to be published this year.

Betty Martino (Van der Byl) was out here in February with her husband and stayed with the Theo de Klerks (Lavinia Struben) at their home in Newlands. Betty's two sons are married. Vincent (Dr. H. V. Morton) is professor of entomology at the experimental station, West Palm Beach, Florida. This station is run by the Grier Institute whose headquarters are in Switzerland. Her other son, Alistair Morton, lives in London and is a merchant banker and director of companies.

Esley Armour (Cooper) wrote to say that she had been on a visit to the States, staying in Maine, where the autumn colourings were quite breathtakingly lovely. Her sister, *Rita* (Lady Marwick), and her husband have decided to retire to the Isle of Man.

Joel, one of Herschel's faithful old retainers, who will be remembered by many Old Girls, was most delighted to hear all about the pageant and to receive a programme. He wrote back to say he would never forget Herschel as long as he lived and that he hoped to visit Cape Town towards the end of this year. He sent his best regards to all Old Herschellians.

We had a letter from *Marygold Brooks* (Page-wood) recently in which she said that after all these years she would now like to join the Old Herschellians' Association. Her eldest son, who leaves Michael House at the end of this year, had been browsing through a copy of the *Herschelian*, and is mainly responsible for this move! Congratulations to him! *Marygold* lives in Umzimkulu, East Griqualand, where her husband, Michael, is a general practitioner. They have four children, two boys and two girls.

Angela Frater (Simpson) took her second daughter to Paris and England for three weeks earlier this year.

Jess Withers (Sprot), now living in America, was out here in January on a visit to her father. We are sorry to hear he died recently and send her our sympathy.

Yvonne Dowdle (Roux) is the official accompanist to the School Choir. She has recently returned from a five-week trip overseas with her husband who is Professor of Clinical Science at the University of Cape Town Medical School and, while in England, he attended an Immunology Conference before flying to America where he visited numerous institutions. From there they went to Stockholm, Amsterdam and Paris, where her husband visited leading laboratories involved in research in tumour immunology.

Old Girls who are back at school teaching, whether full or part-time are: *Jayne Currie* (class teacher and art), *Jill Eckstein* (Phillip) and *Janis Farley* (tennis coaching), *Devon Lees* (helping with sport) and *Pat Louise* (Brailley) (Nursery School).

Margaret Ward-Able (Impey) met *Pam Hadow* (Hockly) and *Wendy Singer* (Francis) at her brother and sister-in-law's (Anne Palmes) 19th wedding anniversary party in Johannesburg.

Nicky MacPherson's (Van der Bijl) son, Nicholas, aged 13, has won a scholarship to Eton, where he started in September. The competition is fierce and everyone was delighted with his success.

As an interior decorator, *Bobby Mantell* (Burton) recently converted the garage of her house in Constantia into a most attractive

modern lecture room where she runs courses for teenagers. These are fun courses starting with basic planning and colour, discussing especially budget decorating and teenage rooms. She has a course starting on January 8th for a week which will include a lecture by Mrs. Mercorio on table decoration and place setting.

Anne Hardwick (Stansbury), writing from her home in Chiredzi, says how she loves living in the bundu where the game and wildlife never ceases to fascinate her. Being only five hours from Salisbury she feels they have the best of both worlds, though her four children will, in due course, all have to be boarders.

Anne Russell (Kipps) visited *Audrey Hoyle* (Williams) recently while on a trip up the coast and heard about her trip to the Far East.

Caroline Kingdon (Syfret) is kept busy with her job as secretary to the author, Joy Packer. She still has time to produce daughters—congratulations to her on number three.

Pamela Harris is at present working in New York, but hopes to work again soon for Rothschilds in Paris.

Jennifer Pardon (Robertson) lives in Rhodesia on a tobacco farm. She has three sons. Her sister, *Elizabeth*, lives in England and works in the publications department at the BBC.

Sue MacGregor is now compèring "Woman's Hour" on BBC Radio 2 in London, as well as continuing her work as a news reporter on "The World at One" and "PM Reports", on Radio 4. She was also, when last we heard, in the throes of buying a flat in Fulham which she says is a hideously expensive thing to do in London. She couldn't resist it as it has a built-in braai in the patio, and she's just found a butcher in London that actually makes very good boerewors!

Phoebe Woulam (Scrivenor) continues to teach music in London, she has two little girls. Her husband, Ken, is soon to sing the leading role in an operatic version of "War and Peace" at the London Colosseum.

Rosemary de Waal (Robb) spent the last year in California with her children while her husband studied for his Master's degree in transportation at Berkley University. The De Waals lived on the campus and thoroughly enjoyed their year. On the way home they travelled across America to New York where they got a ship to England. In England *Rosemary* met her family who had all converged for the wedding of her youngest sister, *Helen*, who was married in August to Richard Pooler. The wedding was in Chiswick and the reception was a truly original and memorable one, thanks to *Helen's* father, Mr. Frank Robb, who hired a Thames launch for the reception—*Hellie's* idea. The guests left Putney Pier in the early evening and had a delightful cruise downstream past most of London's riverbank sights. It was a fine evening, luckily, to add to the pleasure of the occasion. *Helen's* other two sisters, *Libby* *Ardington* and

Susie Power, were there too, as were many others with connections with Herschel or Old Girls, including *Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Hennessy and Vicky, Bridget Frankel (Swabey), Jennifer Townsend (Thal), Rosemary Pickering, Sandy v. d. Vliet (Buchanan)* and *Sue MacGregor*.

Deborah Hennessy (Kipps), already a qualified nurse, midwife and public health sister, has somehow found time during her hectic life to study for a B.A. degree by correspondence. She finishes her final year this year. She and her mathematical husband hope to spend a year overseas in the near future.

Christa van Doorn (Behnsen) and her husband, *Klaau*, flew to Cape Town for a short visit early this year. They are now settled permanently in Windhoek and have two small boys.

Margaret (Suta) Stedman (Barron) is living in a small town in Rhodesia called Dett. George, her husband, is the principal of the school there. Dett is on the road between Bulawayo and the Victoria Falls so any O.H.A.'s passing that way should pop in to see Margaret; she'd love to have news from the Cape.

Virginia Lester (Owen-Smith) and her family left South Africa for Australia early this year and have settled in Frankstone near Melbourne. She, too, would love to see any O.H.A.'s who visit that part of the world.

Jose Luke (Finch) and her family spent six weeks over Christmas with her mother in Hermannus. It was her first visit to South Africa for 10 years and, unfortunately, her children had chicken pox during the holiday.

Writing from her home in London, *Felicity Corbin (Gill)* tells of the beach house they have built in the Algarve, Portugal. It is right on a golf course, next to the sea, and where they spend wonderful holidays in the sun. Life in the Algarve reminds her very much of South Africa.

Circle Y is well represented in the Cape — *Jessy Dicey* is teaching at Bishops and now living with her mother in Constantia. *Jessy Barrett (Baker)* is the proud mother of four daughters. She and her husband, Richard, have sold their house in Wynberg and are at present building in Kenilworth. *Brenda-Lynne Hoffman (Tyers)* has a son and daughter. She and Eric had a wonderful holiday around Europe last year. *Ann Sass (Stewart)* is living in Rondebosch — her husband is lecturing at UCT. They have two daughters. *Paddy Diemont (Mannion)* is still living at Noordhoek — they have two sons and a daughter. *Judy Olivier (Norton)* continues with journalism and she is now the editor of "Go" — a weekly supplement of the Cape Times. *Barbie Cleave (Nel)* has settled in a cottage in Claremont and has a son, Roger. *Paddy Howes (Goble)* had her third daughter this year. She designed the Christmas card for CAPDA this

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year. *Lorna Ramaden* (Harris) lives in Constantia. Both she and her husband are architects.

Carol Tooley (Miller) went to Europe for three weeks in August. She has two sons and lives in Blairgowrie. Also in the Transvaal are *Ross Dougherty* (Dowie-Dunn) and *Rosemary Hilton* (Hollings).

Veronica Culley is at the moment in Paris where, as well as doing modern dance, has just become an initiator in transcendental meditation.

Sandy v. d. Vliet (Buchanan) and family left for the UK in July and from there they went to Holland where her husband is furthering his engineering studies for a few months. *Sandy's* cousin, *Judy Williams*, has returned from Japan and is planning to go to Rhodesta where she will teach the art of Ikebana (Japanese floristry).

Maxine Sifs (Diamond) was in Cape Town at the beginning of the year and has now returned to live in Zambia.

Margie Goldswain (Watson) left at the beginning of February for England with her husband and son, Andrew. They plan to be away for about a year.

Fleur Rutherford (Smith) and her husband have bought a cottage on the shores of Loch Long, north-west of Glasgow.

Shen Colman (Attwell), *Ann Toettcker* (Alexander) and *Judy Gerrard* (Twentyman-Jones) are all living in London, while *Dawn Saunders* (Minty) is living in the trouble spot — Belfast, in Ireland. *Anne Zuill* (Welsh) has moved to Fife in Scotland, where her husband has a position in a new experimental educational institution.

Jill Eckstein (Philip) who was runner-up in the South African Squash Championships this year, is hoping to play squash in England in February of next year.

Lucinda Abbott, after working for nearly two years in British Columbia, has left for Australia via Honolulu, Hong Kong and Japan.

Liza Parcocks (Dowie-Dunn), *Pam Hewitt* (Dyke Poynter) and *Alison Munro* (Boyes) have all moved up to live in Johannesburg.

Angela Gilbert qualified as an architect at the end of last year and is now working for a research group at UCT.

Joan Waring gave up the chance of Springbok honours in the World Golf Team Championships in Buenos Aires in October to be with her fiancé, whom she met during the 1971 Western Province Open. She left for Britain some months ago and started working as a radiographer at London's new Hampstead Hospital. After playing in the British Women's Championships in Norfolk in June she was then planning to put her clubs away and become the caddy of her fiancé, Springbok pro, Vince Baker.

Jane Borton is still studying orthoptics in England.

The following are all at UCT: *Paula Cunningham*, *Nicola Garrosway*, *Moira Little* (Architecture), *Helen Watson* (B.A.) and *Suzanne Milton* (B.A.). At Stellenbosch University are *Jenny Newman* and *Marilyn Simpson*, who are both studying drama and stage management with a view to T.V.

Lindsay Unite and *Alison Burns* are both working at Garlicks — *Lindsay* doing a Buying Course and *Alison* a Managerial Course.

Gillian Gais is in her third year at the Michaels Art School and hopes to finish at the end of this year when she plans to further her studies overseas. *Ethel Hacking* is in her second year of Medicine.

Sandra de Woronin is studying for the examinations of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries.

Jane Haram worked for a time at Herschel, helping Mrs. Saffery with drama, and is now doing a secretarial course. Working as secretaries are the following: *Theresa Clarke*, *Susan Hall*, *Gael Kelly*, *Susan Milne*, *Jane Peterson*, *Deborah Simpson* and *Diana Wilmet*.

Julia Mortera is still in Italy studying Maths. and Science at Rome University. *Angela Paley* is living in Australia.

Judith Riley is working for Holiday Life.

Before her marriage in April *Lynn Reid* (Harris) was teaching the Pre-Primary Class at the Diocesan College. At the same time she gained her diploma in Floristry at the Constantia School of Floristry, continued with art at the Ruth Prowse Art Centre and also managed to fit in a course of Interior Decorating at the Cape Technical College.

After completing her three years nursing training at Groote Schuur Hospital, *Jeanne de Wet* left for Europe in November of last year. She toured Spain and most the British Isles and also did a six-month Post Registration Accident Course at the Radcliffe Infirmary in Oxford, which she found most interesting. She then travelled around Italy and the Greek Islands and plans to return to South Africa — and nursing — at the end of this year.

Heather Hare (Notcutt) trained and received her Cordon Bleu Cooking Diploma prior to her marriage in February of this year.

From Circle JJ at UCT are the following: *Hilary Gasson* (Drama Diploma II), *Glendy Harris* (B.A.), *Helen Henderson* (B.Sc. Occupational Therapy), *Yolanda Labia* (Architecture), *Angela Bottomley* (B.A. Music), *M. van Breda* (B.A. Music) and *Kim Broadbent* (Higher Primary Teaching Diploma). The latter returned from Canada via London in January. *Lesley Faulds* was at UCT but has now gone to London where she will do an education degree at a Training College.

Edwina Abbott returned from Europa in January and is now at Stellenbosch University, as are *P. Gillanders* and *M. Albrecht*.

Janis Farley is teaching tennis and squash, as well as doing an interior decorating course. She plans to go to Australia at the end of the year for a few months.

Pamela Jesse, after completing her course studying French in Neuchâtel, Switzerland, is now in London doing a secretarial course.

Mary-Anne Parry has done her A-levels and is going to apply for university in England.

Deborah Turner-Smith plans to go to Europe and America next year once she has completed her physiotherapy.

Working as secretaries are *Priscilla Pettigrew* and *Susan Campbell*. The latter returned from Switzerland last December.

Elaine Charnock has been over in London this year and plans to return to Cape Town in December.

And, lastly, news of last year's Matrics:

Mary Foot is in San Paula, Los Angeles on an A.S.F. and having a fantastic time, learning to surf and meeting hundreds of new people.

Fiona Baigrie is finishing off her Rotary Scholarship in New Mexico and returns to Cape Town in January. At the moment her sister, *Gill*, is visiting her.

Learning French overseas are *Vanessa Weinig* and *Binky Newman*—*Vanessa* at Clerod in France and *Binky* in Lausanne. *Michele Resnekov* now lives in Lausanne and is studying at the University there.

Doing a Cordon Bleu course at Winkfield, London, is *Susan Maggs*.

Back in Cape Town, *Susan Borton* is doing a drama course at Rita Maas, while *Libby Burns* is doing a beautician course with Gerda Shield. *Tessa Schouw* is doing a secretarial course.

The following have gone to University: At UCT are: *Jane Philip* (Med. B.Sc.), *Jasmine Peel* (B.Sc. Nursing), *Anne Spruce* (B.A.), *Susan Abernethy* (B.A.), *Lulu Suckling* (Higher Primary Teaching), *Sally-Ann Wells* (B.A., B.Soc.Sc.), *Jill Golding* (B.A.) and *Tessa Mallett* (B.A.).

The latter two are both playing 1st team Hockey and *Jill* represented Western Province in the July holidays. *Tessa* is in the Squash team.

At Rhodes University are *Jessine Floyd* and *Penny Barnett*. *Belinda Blaine* is studying Social Science at Pietermaritzburg University.

Mary Whitaker is nursing.

SPORT

The Old Girls once again turned out to give the Herschel Tennis team practice before their Inter-Schools. The final result was a win for the Old Girls 6-2.

Jill Eckstein and *Devon Lees* won 2

Jill Golding and *Tessa Mallett* won 1 and lost 1

Mary Loggie and *Adele Fouché* won 2

Georgina Thom and *Di Burns* won 1 and lost 1.

A Squash match has been impossible this year due to the Herschel girls' heavy programme, but Old Girls *Jill Eckstein* and *Devon Lees* have been coaching squash at the school during the year and have also assisted by playing against the school tennis teams.

Magazine: All those listed in the Directory will have received a notice enquiring if they have been receiving their Magazine regularly and, if in fact, they are still interested in doing so. Owing to increased printing costs, this year magazines will ONLY be sent to those who have specified that they do wish to receive a copy. We must, therefore, presume that those who have failed to reply to our circular are no longer interested or are at a different address to the one we have for them. However, we should be delighted to have them back on our mailing list any time in the future. DON'T FORGET TO MAKE USE OF "THE CHANGE OF ADDRESS" page at the back of this magazine. Each year it is a big struggle to try and collect news of Old Girls, so PLEASE write in during the year and help to make the magazine more interesting!

The next OLD GIRLS' DAY will be held on Saturday, 17th February, 1973, and like last year, will take the form of an afternoon tea party, following on after the A.G.M.

October, 1972.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

LIFE MEMBERS

Names in Capitals Indicate Head Girls

A.N.K. Address not known.

Headmistresses:

- Hon. Miss B. Elcome (Mrs. Peter Payne), Central, Ruelle Irwin, Fort George, Guernsey, Channel Isles.
 Hon. Mrs. M. Kittow, Monral Hotel, Skinner Street, Pretoria, Transvaal.
 Hon. Miss H. C. McLean, 8, Amber Cottages, Coleshill, near Amersham, Bucks., England.

Staff:

- Hon. Mrs. H. Brownell, Newfield Green, Coach Road, Trovato, Wynberg, Cape.
 Hon. Mrs. M. T. Hampson, 25, Henley Grove, Henleaze, Bristol, BS 94 EQ, England.
 Miss E. K. Hill (Mrs. Stanley Wood), c/o S.A. Association, 6, Church Square, Cape Town.
 Hon. Miss J. Lansdale, Rose Cottage, Ham Common, Richmond, Surrey, England.
 Hon. Mrs. A. Pierce-Jones, 31, Burnside Road, Tamboers Kloof, Cape Town.
 Hon. Mrs. E. Sachs, 11, Gambonia Road, Rondebosch, Cape.
 Hon. Mrs. B. Silberbauer, Bloemendal, Rustenvrede Road, Constantia, Cape.
 Hon. Mrs. M. Stobie, Manor House, Park Vista, London, S.E.10, England.

Group I (Circles A to H)

- Appleyard, Elizabeth (Mrs. M. E. Coward), Good Hope Cottage, 7, Durban Road, Wynberg, Cape. (H).
 Baxter, Jean (Mrs. M. Gant), Lourensford, Somerset West, Cape. (C).
 BAXTER, MARY (Mrs. R. Fiddian Green), Bahati, Leisure Isle (P.O. Box 368), Knysna, Cape. (A).
 Baxter, Shellah (Mrs. A. R. Henderson), Arieskraal, P.O. Grabouw, Cape. (D).
 Black, Moira (Mrs. Ronald Abbott), The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (C).
 Brooke, Diana (Mrs. Jan Nizar), 42, Wenning Street, Groenkloof, Pretoria. (G).
 Brown, Betty (Mrs. B. Mungrove), A.N.K. (B).
 Brown, Madge (Mrs. D. H. Fisher), 403, Seashells, St. John's Road, Sea Point, Cape. (H).
 Buchanan, Sheila (Mrs. Ian Williams), The Bungalow, Voelklip, Hermanus, Cape. (A).
 Burmeister, Lolie (Mrs. F. D. Garlick), Maré Video No. 5, Main Road, Kalk Bay, Cape. (A).
 Clarke, Erica (Mrs. R. A. Critchley), Blue Lagoon National Park, P.O. Box 10, Lusaka, Zambia. (A).
 CLOSE, HEATHER (Mrs. W. S. Mann), 35, Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.1X ODE, England. (A).
 Cross, Joan (Mrs. A. A. Mudd), 37, Second Avenue, Illovo, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (E).
 Denniston, Anne (Mrs. A. K. M. Browne), Ridglands, Elgin, Cape. (G).
 DENNISTON, PATRICIA (Mrs. Walter Martin), Ridglands, Elgin, Cape. (G).
 DE VILLIERS, THE HON. YVONNE, (The Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Hill), 22, Wyndlovn Avenue, Buderim, Queensland, 4556, Australia. (A).
 Douglas, Fenella, Haughley, Chippenham Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (A).
 Drennan, Suzanne (Mrs. Ronald Wiltshire), 8, Milner Street, Kimberley, Cape. (H).
 Ethelston, Isobel (Lady Fawcus), Dechart House, Killin, Perth, Scotland. (C).
 Falconer, Phyllis, (Mrs. Harry Raath), Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (A).
 Fisher, Evryl (Mrs. Kelsen), 102, Saratoga Court, Beach Road, Sea Point, Cape. (H).
 Frost, Joan (Mrs. Charles Grover), 6, Caledon Road, Emmarentia, Johannesburg. (H).
 Geber, Margaret (Mrs. C. F. E. Regnier), Kostrijke Steenweg 710, 9000 Gent, Belgium. (D).
 Gibson, Dorothea (Mrs. Hewitt), 20, Hartington Road, Chiswick, London, W.4, England. (H).
 Gohl, Jean, La Maisonette, Mountain Road, Claremont, Cape. (F).
 Herud, Vera, 37, Main Road, Voelklip, Hermanus, Cape. (A).
 Hill, Joan (Mrs. Donald McEwan), Deilmere, Pathfields Close, Haslemere, Surrey, England. (D).
 HILL, PATRICIA (Mrs. King), Kings Motors Ltd., P.O. Marlborough, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (F).
 HILL, PEGGY (Mrs. T. Furlonge), Braeside House, Mithourne Avenue, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks, England. (G).
 Howell, Averil (Mrs. Peter Grant), Navarre, Somerset West, Cape. (F).
 Howes, Dulcie (Mrs. Guy Cronwright), Exeter Lodge, Exeter Avenue, Claremont, Cape. (A).

- Hubner, Ray (Mrs. R. R. Swemmer), P.O. Box 39473, Bramley, Transvaal. (F).
 JONES, ELEANOR VAUGHAN- (Mrs. Peter Wadlow), Eastbury, Luyt Street, Hermanus, Cape. (A).
 Jooste, Lynette (Mrs. Glynn Croudace), Westwinds, Rowan Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (G).
 Kidd, Olive (Mrs. A. L. Payne), 108, Milner Road, Rondebosch, Cape (C).
 Le Mesurier, Joy (Mrs. N. C. Pollock), 66, Yarnells Hill, Oxford, OX2 9BE, England. (E).
 Long, Una (Mrs. U. L. Hodson), 33, Waterside, Ely, Cambs., England. (A).
 McKinlay, Carine, No. 3, Albion Court, Albion Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (G).
 McLachlan, Beatrice (Mrs. S. L. Elliott), Molenvliet House, Mowbray, Cape. (A).
 Martin, Jean (Mrs. G. R. Holden), River Street, New Canaan, Conn., U.S.A. (A).
 Martin, Ocellia (Mrs. H. Lasch), 25, Valley Road, Parktown, Johannesburg. (A).
 MILLS, MARIEL (Mrs. Miller), Lillesden School, Hawkhurst, Kent, England. (H).
 Osler, Joy (Mrs. Arthur Luyt), 35, Highbury Road, Umbogintwini, South Coast, Natal. (F).
 Pargiter, Edith (Mrs. W. S. Bryant), Distant Waters, Dawn Avenue, Constantia, Cape. (A).
 Parry, Myfanwy (Mrs. Andrew James), Upton Hall, 16, Eastbourne Road, Durban, Natal. (C).
 Paterson, Molly (Mrs. J. F. Robinson), St. George's Hill, Easton-in-Gordano, near Bristol, Gloucs., England. (B).
 Petree, June (Mrs. J. C. de Beer Louw), 211, Rapallo, Sea Point, Cape. (G).
 ROSE, PAM, A.N.K.
 St. Leger, Pam (Mrs. J. W. Aubrey).
 SANDES, SYLVIA (Mrs. Hugh White), Hunter's Moon, Exeter Avenue, Bishopscourt, Claremont, Cape. (H).
 Smithers, Joan (Mrs. J. Fraser-Harris), 1, Burford, The Cotswolds, Wynberg, Cape. (A).
 Starck, Betty (Mrs. P. V. Collings), White Ladies, Burkes Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks., England. (G).
 Struben, Diana (Mrs. A. G. Davis), 196, Main Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth, Cape. (F).
 STUTTAFORD, JOY (Mrs. G. Grove), Kuching, Helderberg College Road, Somerset West, Cape. (A).
 Stuttaford, Peggy (Mrs. Neil Murray), Bokkraal, Melsetter, Rhodesia. (D).
 Thorne, Felicity (Mrs. Geoffrey Todd), Lime Tree House, Burnham Market, Norfolk, England. (D).
 Thorne, Molly (Mrs. K. A. Sellar), Monks Wood, Forest Row, Sussex, England. (A).
 Thorne, Pauline (Mrs. P. L. C. Brodie), The Keeper's Cottage, Langshott, Horley, Surrey, England. (A).
 VAN DER BYL, BETTY (Mrs. E. M. V. Martino), Four Winds, Itchenor, near Chichester, Sussex, England. (A).
 Van der Horst, Sheila (Dr.), 21, Rugby Road, Oranjezicht, Cape Town. (A).
 White, Irvine (Mrs. I. Orpen), Nantwich, Coronation Avenue, Somerset West, Cape. (E).
 Williams, Betty, c/o Mrs. Ism Williams, The Bungalow, Voeklip, Hermanus. (C)

Group 2 (Circles I to Q)

- Ashton, Roma (Mrs. Resnekov), 28-30 Avenue Edouard Rod, 1007 Lausanne, Switzerland. (O).
 Barry, Jennifer (Mrs. Michael Tett), Dairea, Addington Lane, Highlands, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (Q).
 Bennett, Molly (Mrs. M. Spring), 62, Cardiff Avenue, Belvedere, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (N).
 Bergh, Theima (Mrs. Davies), White Walls, James Barry Avenue, Constantia, Cape. (N).
 Bourke, Maureen (Mrs. David McLennan), Selati, Silwood Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (O).
 Branfill, Barbara (Mrs. Michael Moir), 6, Churton Avenue, Sale, Cheshire, England. (N).
 Brown, Rosanne (Mrs. R. H. Bicker Caarten), c/o Mrs. Brown, 3, Herschel Court, Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (Q).
 Buchanan, Oswynne (Mrs. O. Jordan), Dartmouth House, 37, Charles Street, London, W.1., England. (N).
 Cantley, Shelagh (Mrs. P. Masters), Kennaway, Mayfair Avenue, Helena Heights, Somerset West, Cape. (Q).
 Daughlish, Elizabeth Anne (Mrs. F. Millward), 9 Georgia Avenue, Worthing, Sussex, England. (O).
 DE VILLIERS, MARY (Mrs. J. A. B. Loggie), "Streatley", Shirley Road, Claremont, Cape. (Q).
 De Villiers, Nicolette (Mrs. N. Knight), Hawthorns, Mains Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (J).

- DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, DIANA (Mrs. Ian Austin), Klein Constantia, Constantia, Cape. (O).
- Elliott, Mary (Mrs. Stanley Cox), 19 Alexander Square, London, S.W.3. (K).
- Ethelston, Jane, 297 Down Road, near Portishead, Somerset, England. (M).
- Ethelston, Susan (Mrs. Tony Abdy) Provoost Farm, Rockbourne, Nr. Fordingbridge, Hants, England. (D).
- Finch, Jill (Mrs. Robert Clough), Far Leys Farm, Tuxford, near Newark, Notts, England. (P).
- Gie, Lois (Mrs. Douglas Gardener), Warwickford, Alexandria, Cape. (P).
- Guicherit, Tanis (Mrs. John Robins), 7, Marne Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (Q).
- Hall, Anne (Mrs. Chappel), Box 2, Borrowdale, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (M).
- Halls, Felicity (Mrs. C. Choriton) "Cobblestones", 19 Fagan Street, Somerset West, Cape. (J).
- Harris, Mary Jane (Mrs. John Duckworth) Old Bakehouse, Elton, near Peterborough, PE8 6RQ, England. (L).
- Heddon, Angela (Mrs. D. Brink), 1 Snowden Avenue, Durban, Natal. (Q).
- Hirschon, Annette (Bunty) (Mrs. Adolph Wood), 15 Woodside Avenue, London, N.6, England. (J).
- Hirschon, Brenda (Mrs. Silberman), 91 Houghton Drive, Houghton, Johannesburg. (I).
- Hockly, Pamela (Mrs. Temple Haddon), Box 4737, Johannesburg. (I).
- Howie, Nancy (Mrs. Oliver Morris), 11, Tedder Road, Winston Park, P.O. Gillitts, Natal. (M).
- Hunt, Barbara (Mrs. R. G. Nicholson), 6 Wallace Street, Waverley, Johannesburg. (I).
- Impey, Margaret (Mrs. Neil Ward Able), 82 Shelley Road, Lombardy East, Johannesburg. (O).
- Israel, Shirley (Mrs. Roy Lewis), 18 Retief Street, Potchefstroom, Transvaal. (I).
- Johnstone, Jennifer (Mrs. J. Peters), 15, Denewood Road, London, N.6, England. (N).
- Jooste, Adele (Mrs. Robin Fouche), 23 Lovers' Walk, Kenilworth, Cape. (N).
- Keeling, Ann (Mrs. M. Pollock), 4 Talnton Avenue, Bonnie Doone, East London. (K).
- Kinghorn, Valerie (Mrs. John Gasson), 4, Ohlsson way, off Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape. (J).
- Kirk, Rosamond (Mrs. M. Lindbergh), Vaalboschfontein, P.O. Box 291, Wolmaranstad, W. Transvaal. (N).
- Knight, Robin (Mrs. R. Robins), 44, Palmboom Road, Newlands, Cape. (M).
- Langerman, Karen (Mrs. John Preston), Crosshills, Boland Road, Durbanville, Cape. (P).
- Lindsay, Patricia (Mrs. N. G. Harpur) "Edzell", Sheerness Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (N).
- LOMAX, ALISON (Mrs. Christopher Good), (L), A.N.K.
- MACHANICK, PAULINE, (Mrs. C. Friedman), 42 Jameson Avenue, Melrose, Johannesburg. (M).
- Makin, Judith, (Mrs. Hodgson), Chalky Lane Cottage, Chrishall, near Royston, Herts, England. (N).
- Marks, Zaida (Mrs. Gerry Goddard) A.N.K. (I).
- MARSHALL, JUNE (Mrs. D. R. Norman), Pelele, Bag 7546, Sinoia, Rhodesia. (P).
- Mellish, Margaret (Lady Robinson), 44 Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape. (I).
- Mitchell, Margaret (Mrs. Haigh), 3 Peckarmanwood, London, 26, England. (K).
- Norgarb, Celia (Mrs. Douglas Jooste), Meadow House, Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape. (O).
- O'Connell, Maureen (Mrs. A. Lith) Studley, 24 Heron Way, Pinelands, Cape. (M).
- ORR, GLENDYR (Mrs. Peter Packer), 58 Irvine Street, Peppersmint Grove, Perth, W. Australia. (J).
- Paver, Gillian (Mrs. M. A. McMaster), 12, Birnham Road, Forest Town, Johannesburg. (N).
- Petersen, Yasmín (Countess Brandolino Brandolini d'Adda) Via Palestro 24, Milan, Italy. (L).
- Pollard, Jean (Mrs. Johan Steyn), Sunnybrae, Dumbarton Road, Newlands, Cape. (P).
- Rhodes, Sylvia (Mrs. L. D. Vine), A.N.K. (L).
- Robertson, Anne (Mrs. John Hatchliffe), P.O. Box 4640, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (P).
- Rocher, Lucille (Mrs. J. B. Harding), Birkdale, Klein Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape. (L).
- Roux, Yvonne (Mrs. E. Dowdle), "Annalong", Norwich Drive, Bishops court, Cape. (O).
- Shub, Stephanie (Mrs. S. Hoppen), 17, Little Chester Street, London S.W.1., England. (Q).
- Silberbauer, Laura (Mrs. K. Horner), 27, Truro Road, New Redruth, Alberton, Transvaal. (Q).

- Simpson, Angela (Mrs. K. Frater), St. John's House, St. John's Road, Wynberg, Cape (Q).
- SMUTS, PAMELA, Fairway, 78, Clovelly Road, Kalk Bay, Cape. (D).
- Southam, Penelope (Mrs. P. A. Collins), Flat 4, 4, Upper Brook Street, London. W.1, England. (K).
- Sprot, Jean (Mrs. John Withers), 7, Fairfield Avenue, Westport, Conn. 06880, U.S.A. (P).
- Stansbury, Ann (Mrs. P. J. Hardwick) P.O. Box 200, Chiredzi, Rhodesia (P).
- St. Leger, Elizabeth (Mrs. S. P. Fry), Kroomkloof, Elgin C.P. (K).
- Stobie, Margaret Joan (Mrs. Stephen Haskell), Manor House, Park Vista, Greenwich, London, S.E.10., England (J).
- Stoddart, Jean (Mrs. G. van den Berg), Lanzarote, 2 Knighton Close, S. Croydon, Surrey, England (N).
- Stratford, Sally (Mrs. J. Tennyson d'Eyncourt), A.N.K. (M).
- Thresher, Patricia (Topsy) (Mrs. John Kirkpatrick), Klein Thaba Bosiga, Fouriesburg, Rail, Orange Free State (N).
- Van der Bijl, Mary (Mrs. M. Blount), St. James House, Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, Berks, England (L).
- Van der Bijl, Nicolette (Mrs. Ewan MacPherson) 10 Hamilton House, Vicarage Gate, London, W.8., England (N).
- Vogelpoel, Pauline, 33 The Little Boltons, London S.W.10 (D).
- Walton, Elizabeth (Mrs. J. L. Jones), 64 Westcliff Road, Hermanus, Cape (N).
- Warren, Doreen (Mrs. C. H. Barry), Barrymore, 195 Kinross Avenue, Hurlingham, Johannesburg (D).
- Waterson, Priscilla (Mrs. Paul du Toit), 7 Ireland Road, Craedock, E. Province (N).
- Watson, Clemency (Mrs. Austin Hannay-Robertson), c/o Mrs. G. Watson, Aldre, Highwick Avenue, Claremont, Cape. (Q).
- Withiel, Ruth (Mrs. Brian Kewley), "Ide Hill", Lindeshof Road, Constantia Hills, Constantia, Cape. (M).

Group 3 (Circles R to U)

- BARRON, LOUINE (Mrs. McKisack) 92, Crinnis Road, Ballantyne Park, Salisbury, Rhodesia (U).
- Bettison, Norma (Mrs. David Morrell), 27, Milner Road, Bloemfontein, O.F.S. (R).
- Brelsford, Erica (Mrs. E. Telfer), P.O. Box 8098, Belmont, Bulawayo, Rhodesia. (R).
- Burton, Jean (Mrs. C. Kyte), The Wind in the Willows, 13, Stiglingh Road, P.O. Rivonia, Sandton, Transvaal. (S).
- Burton, Roberta (Mrs. D. Mantell), Dalton House, Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape. (U).
- Craford, Caroline (Mrs. Wingwist), 1, Avenue Silvestre de Sacy, Paris 7e, France. (S).
- Day, Vivienne (Mrs. Brian Wilson), 149a, Rhodesville Avenue, Greendale, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (R).
- Dacey, Diana (Mrs. D. Burns), Rose Street, Newlands, Cape (T).
- Dowie-Dunn, Jean (Mrs. J. C. Botts), c/o The Red Cottage, Toloni Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (U).
- Downing, Gillian (Mrs. B. de Kock), Founders House, Diocesan College, Rondebosch, Cape (T).
- Dukes, Patricia (Mrs. M. Lusty), Pollards, Little Saling, near Braintree, England (S).
- Elliott, Nanette (Mrs. D. Mills), 10, Alster Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (S).
- Faed, Anne (Mrs. F'ons), 4, Percy Sperry Drive, Estcourt, Natal. (U).
- Faure, Christine (Mrs. G. Boucher), c/o Zandvliet, Faure, Cape. (S).
- Forsyth, Jennifer (Mrs. B. D'A. Haslem), Two Martins, Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon, England. (S).
- Frith, Isobel (Mrs. B. Pfaff), 129, Daisy Street, Sandown, Sandton, Transvaal. (R).
- Garvin, Grace (Mrs. J. Smith), 10 Station Road, Parow, Cape (T).
- Glennie, Gillian (Mrs. Rupert Lorrimer), P.O. Bryanston, Transvaal. (S).
- Grant, Elspeth (Mrs. Richard Ivey), 70A Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (S).
- Grove, Jennifer (Mrs. S. J. Weeks), Pinkney Farm, Keevil, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England (R).
- Gurney, Jill (Mrs. C. Williams), 123 Melrose Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada (S).
- Hartford, Wendy (Mrs. G. Hofmeyr), The Thatch, Bonair Road, Rondebosch, Cape (T).
- HOFMEYR, JANETTE (Mrs. M. Mathews), 33, Woodside Avenue, Kloof, Natal. (S).
- Holmes, Lynette (Mrs. E. Marklew), Good Success, Muldersvlei, Stellenbosch, Cape. (S).
- Kneen, Marion (Mrs. B. Marchand), 14 21st Street, Menlo Park, Pretoria, Transvaal (S).
- Lockwood, Anita (Mrs. Gilmour), P.O. Box 93, Lansdowne, Cape (T).
- McCall, Jean (Mrs. E. G. Carlsson), P.O. Box 535, Randburg, Transvaal (T).
- McCarthy, Patricia (Mrs. E. A. Wyatt), 11 Chadrien Place, West Street, Sandown, Johannesburg (S).

- Mair, Ann (Mrs. Goyen Hart), 6 Banksia Avenue, Oriel, Bedford View, Transvaal (S).
 Marshall, Dianne, 42 Courtneild Gardens, London O.L.Z. (S).
 Michelsen, Diana (Mrs. Herweg) 21, Lavenham Road, Rondebosch, Cape (S).
 Murray, Diana (Mrs. John Chalmers), 1 Mosta Road, St. Paul's Bay, Malta (S).
 Murray, Grania (Mrs. Laws), A.N.K.
 Murray, Yolande (Married name not known) A.N.K. (U).
 Owen-Smith, Virginia (Mrs. M. A. Lester), A.N.K. (U).
 Penn-Hughes, Severine, A.N.K. (T).
 Ratcliffe, Jean (Mrs. A. Raubenheimer), Stellenberg Avenue, Kenilworth (U).
 Reilly, Meriel (Mrs. P. du Toit), 84, Jan van Riebeeck Road, Westbank, Oudtshoorn, Cape. (U).
 REILLY, REVEL, c/o 86, Milner Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (T).
 Roberts, Rosemary (Mrs. H. Faber), P.O. Box 258, Marandellas, Rhodesia (S).
 Robertson, Rosemary (Mrs. Edward Dipple), Forest Gate, 7 Seymour Avenue, Penhow, near Newport, Monmouthshire, England. (S).
 Rudland, Betty (Mrs. A. Casciati), 41, Court Road, Greendale, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (T).
 Rudland, Jennifer (Mrs. C. Bickie), Doevenby Stud Farm, P.O. Box 154, Bulawayo, Rhodesia (R).
 Russell, Claire, 21 Chepstow Villas, London, W.11, England (S).
 Russell, Diana Hamilton- (Dr. Diana Russell), Mills College, Oakland, California, 94613, U.S.A. (R).
 Russell, Jill Hamilton- (Mrs. A. Hall), 23, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, England. (R).
 Sandell, Barbara (Mrs. D. Brown), 39 Rednal Street, Monavale, N.S. Wales 2013, Australia. (S).
 SCHUMER, INGRID (Mrs. Perlman), A.N.K. (R).
 Simons, Margaret (Mrs. Barrie), 26 Howard Avenue, Glenwood, Durban, Natal (U).
 Skea, Elaine (Mrs. Alan Curtins), 4, Goring Close, Highlands, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (T).
 Sly, Susan (Mrs. Alec MacFarlane), Orchard Cottage, Henton, Nr. Chinner, Oxon., U.K. (T).
 Spence, Rosalind (Mrs. Osmond), 18 Ponsonby Terrace, London, S.W.1. (T).
 Steens, Helen (Mrs. J. Livingstone), "Jabala", Lichfield Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape (U).
 Stoble, Christine (Mrs. Hurst), 22, Ashburnham Grove, Greenwich, London, S.E.10., England. (S).
 Sumner, Lynette (Mrs. N. C. Watson), 18, Hillcrest Road, Constantia, Cape. (S).
 Thompson, Virginia, 2 Castle Combe, The Cotswolds, Indian Road, Kenilworth, Cape (S).
 Thurburn, Erica, Stroud, P.O. Trelawney, Rhodesia (U).
 Townsend, Diana (Mrs. Yassukovich), 74 Oakwood Court, London, W.14 (T).
 Versveld, Diana (Mrs. R. Raddon Reed), Rietfontein, P.O. Matjiesfontein, Cape. (T).
 Wadman, Frances (Mrs. Richard Prior), 4 Moor Street, Kenilworth, Cape (U).
 White, Janet Thornton-, 2 Balfour Place, London, W.1. (T).
 Wilson, Sylvia (Mrs. P. Saueremann), 4, Marsh Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (U).
 Windham, Elizabeth (Mrs. George Bakewell), 31 Hazel Road, Mandara, Salisbury, Rhodesia (R).
 Woolford, Moira (Mrs. B. Crookes), Mt. Ashley, P.O. Box 14, Merrivale, Natal (S).

Group 4 (Circles V to Z)

- Bain, Sally (Mrs. S. Linsell), 14, Lynwood Road, Kloof, Natal (X).
 Baxter, Sally (Mrs. David Carter), "High Spinney", Valley Road, Hout Bay, Cape. (Z).
 Behnsen, Christa (Mrs. K. van Doorn), P.O. Box 239, Windhoek, S.W.A. (W).
 Brimble, Jennifer (Mrs. Anthony Wynne), 35, Malcolm Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (Z).
 CORDER, JUDY (Mrs. Peter Smuts), Longacre, Soetvlief Avenue, Constantia, Cape. (W).
 Corder, Tessa (Mrs. P. L. de la Harpe), 41 Buckingham Avenue, Craighall Park, Johannesburg, Transvaal (V).
 Culley, Veronica, c/o Rippling Waters, Peninsula Road, Zeekoevlei, Cape. (Z).
 Diemont, Margaret (Mrs. de Villiers), c/o Bosheuvel, Bishopscourt Estate, Claremont, Cape (V).
 Dowie-Dunn, Rosemary (Mrs. Simon Dougherty), 13, Pretoria Avenue, Wierda Valley, Atholl, Johannesburg. (Y).
 Elliott, Suzanne (Mrs. Marc Wray), c/o 42, Sandown Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (X).
 Ferguson, Pamela, 2, Worcester Gardens, Worcester Park, Surrey, England. (Z).
 Finch, Jose (Mrs. A. Luke), 29 Cambridge Street, London, S.W.1, England.
 Frith, Thelma (Mrs. Len Hallam), P.O. Box 134, Cato Ridge, Natal. (V).
 Gill, Felicity (Mrs. Alan Corbin), 5 Stanhope Gardens, London S.W.7, England (Y).
 Grenfell, Barbara (Bobby) (Mrs. J. Ractliffe), 3 Auburn Road, Kenilworth, Cape (V).
 Harris, Lorna (Mrs. Ramsden), c/o Constantia Rise, Constantia, Cape. (Y).

- Hawson, Pamela (Mrs. Doep du Plessis), A.N.K. (Y).
- Hellings, Rosemary (Mrs. Hilton), 16, Hyde Park Terrace, Westminster Drive, Craighall Park, Transvaal. (Y).
- Hennessey, Elizabeth (Mrs. John Fleming), Long Cottage, Newlands Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (X).
- Hilson, Gaynor (Mrs. M. West), A.N.K.
- Holmes, Elizabeth (Mrs. N. McCarthy), Aragon, Pear Lane, off Hout Bay Road, Constantia, Cape. (X).
- Jeffrey, June (Mrs. F. Guerrini), Rosedale Farm, P.O. Durbanville, Cape (W).
- Jordan, Angela (Mrs. Peter Heinz), 6 Munro Drive, Houghton, Johannesburg, Transvaal (V).
- Kelly, Heather (Mrs. Wells), The Old Rectory, Shelton, near Kimbolton, Hunts. England (Y).
- Lee, Bridget Buchanan-, "Knowsley", Blair Road, Camps Bay, Cape (Z).
- Lockwood, Gail (Mrs. B. Simon), "Lone Pine", Morningside, Tokai, Cape. (X).
- Lomas-Walker, Lindsay (Mrs. R. Oliver), Belombre Road, Bergvliet, Cape (Y).
- MacGregor, Susan, 7 Stafford Terrace, London, W.8, England (W).
- McDonald, Louisa (Mrs. N. Groenewald), c/o Murray & Du Toit, Attorneys, Strand, Cape. (Z).
- McGaffin, Diana (Mrs. J. Carter), c/o 1st National City Bank, Bombay, India (Y).
- Maister, Belinda (Mrs. Paterson), Glen Cottage, Apple Lane, off Palmboom Road, Newlands, Cape (V).
- Mannion, Paddy (Mrs. M. Diemont), P.O. Noordhoek, Cape (Y).
- Marr, Heather (Mrs. Bryant), Onse Huis, Boshof Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (X).
- Mathias, Iona (Mrs. B. Duly), P.O. Box 324, Salisbury, Rhodesia, Cape. (X).
- Matthews, Diana (Mrs. J. Morkel), 14, Dunkeld Road, Camps Bay, Cape. (X).
- Nel, Barbara (Mrs. Cleave), 25, Neave Street, Claremont, Cape. (Y).
- Nitaslawska, Janina (Mrs. J. Romocki), c/o Monorgan, Campground Road, Newlands, Cape. (Y).
- Noble, Fiona (Mrs. T. Redmond), c/o T. J. Redmond, W. R. Grace Australia Ltd., 1126-1134, Sydney Street, Fawkner, Victoria 3060, Australia. (Z).
- Norris, Kathleen, 2 Argyll Road, Newlands, Cape (X).
- Norton, Judy (Mrs. S. Olivier), c/o No. 1, Paterson Street, Newlands, Cape (Y).
- Parker, Lynn (Mrs. Don Rowand), "Sunlawn", Mandeville Road, Bryanston, Johannesburg (Z).
- Porter, Anne (Mrs. R. Crawford), 19, Rutherford Way, Meadowridge, Cape. (Y).
- Pyott, Sally (Mrs. K. Celliers), 106, Olympia Avenue, Parkmore, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (X).
- Regnier, Jacqueline (Mrs. T. Rambaut), Avenue Molière 254, 1060 Brussels, Belgium. (X).
- ROBB, ELISABETH (Mrs. A. J. Ardington), Cranburn, Mandini, Zululand (Y).
- Robb, Rosemary (Mrs. L. de Waal), Oak Lodge, off Newton Drive, Meadowridge, Lower Constantia, Cape (W).
- Roberts, Elizabeth (Mrs. Whelan), 30 Chepstow Court, Chepstow Crescent, London W.11, England (X).
- Shawzin, Gail (Mrs. A. Hoberman), Sunningdale Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (Z).
- Shub, Felicity (Mrs. M. Aronson), Rosyth, Herschel Walk, Claremont, Cape. (W).
- Simpson, Hilary (Mrs. Chris Hansen), 24, Fernwood Way, San Rafael, California 94901, U.S.A. (Z).
- Small, Frances (Mrs. K. Bertish), Corner Cottage, Bisset Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (X).
- Syfret, Caroline (Mrs. R. Kingdon), 11 Weltevreden Avenue, Rondebosch, Cape (W).
- Tyers, Brendalynne (Mrs. Eric Hoffman), "Woodgreen", Bolus Avenue, Kenilworth Cape. (Y).
- Wares, Lesley (Mrs. A. N. Burns), "Cambusmuir", de Kock Road, Constantia, Cape (Z).
- Waring, Felicity (Mrs. Jamieson), 16, The Valley Road, Westcliffe, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (X).
- Williams, Audrey (Mrs. G. Hoyle), 42 Thomas Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth (W).
- Wiltshire, Barbara (Mrs. K. Beck), Woodside, Thistle Street, Newlands, Cape. (W).
- Windham, Juliet (Mrs. Hackett), 35, Chester Close South, Regents Park, London. N.W.1 England. (V).

Group 5 (Circles AA-EE)

- Abbott, Lucinda, The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape (EE).
- Alexander, Ann (Mrs. N. Toettcher), Longacre, Midhurst Way, Constantia, Cape (CC).
- Attwell, Anne Shenton (Mrs. A. M. Colman), 21, Shanklin Drive, Leicester, LP23RH, England. (CC).
- Attwell, Karin, 3 Castle Combe, The Cotswolds, Indian Road, Kenilworth, Cape (CC).

- Aubrey, Heather (Fru B. Trohaug), 9160, Vannvoag on Tromso, Tromso, North Norway. (AA).
- Barrett, Priscilla (Mrs. P. Edwards), c/o "Transvalia", Harcourt Road, Claremont, Cape (AA).
- Blackett, Miranda, 5, Earlswood Way, Saxonwold, Johannesburg. (AA).
- Blackman, Linda, P.O. Box 1389, Cape Town (DD).
- Bothner, Suzanne (Mrs. J. Beele), Stark Road, Bergvliet, Cape. (CC).
- Brauer, Lesley (Mrs. J. Houba), 11, Greenfields, Pinewood Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (AA).
- Brown, Leslie (Mrs. Shackleton), 20, Glen Court, Glen Walk, Rondebosch, Cape. (DD).
- Cattell, Diana (Mrs. P. Fleck), 36, Ebenezer Court, Wynberg, Cape. (DD).
- Clark, Georgina, Rock House, Hout Bay, Cape (BB).
- Cloete, Nicolette, (Mrs. D. M. Hopkins), c/o Alphen Hotel, Constantia, Cape (AA).
- Cooper, Ann (Mrs. Cuff), Shoebury Heights, Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
- Cowley, Anne (Mrs. C. Shonborn), 22, Chadrien Place, West Street, Sandown, Sandton, Johannesburg. (BB).
- Currie, Jayne, Pelindaba, Doordrift Road, Constantia, Cape (EE).
- Davis, Susan (Mrs. A. Weijburg), 4, Majorca, 79, Essenwood Road, Durban, Natal. (EE).
- Dean, Josephine, 9, Whitehall Court, Rondebosch, Cape. (CC).
- Diamond, Maxine (Mrs. T. Sifis), P.O. Box 2705, Kitwe, Zambia. (AA).
- Dacey, Corinne (Mrs. M. Symons), Heatherdale, Orchard, Cape (BB).
- Dacey, Susan (Mrs. D. Stammers), 38, Ian Close, Constantia, Cape. (DD).
- Doveton-Kay, Diana, 35, Oldcourt Place, Kensington, London, England. (EE).
- Dowie-Dunn, Elizabeth (Mrs. D. Purcocks), c/o The Red Cottage, Toleni Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (EE).
- Finch, René (Mrs. L. Mattioli), "Due Torri", Via G. Fara 26/a, Milan, Italy. (BB).
- Garlick, Margaret (Mrs. R. V. Gerhardt), c/o The Chilterns, Wynberg, Cape. (EE).
- Gilbert, Angela, The Linny, Carbrook Avenue, Claremont, Cape (EE).
- Hacking, Anne (Mrs. C. Richards), 11, Glenhof Road, Newlands, Cape. (AA).
- Hacking, Susan c/o Mrs. C. Richards, 11, Glenhof Road, Newlands, Cape. (BB).
- Harris, Diana (Mrs. M. Wingfield), A.N.K. (CC).
- Harris, Jean, Constantia Rise, Constantia, Cape (CC).
- Harris, Marian, Constantia Rise, Constantia, Cape (DD).
- Harris, Pamela, "Waverley", Primrose Avenue, Wynberg, Cape (CC).
- Hawson, Christine (Mrs. Graham Godfrey), 59, Friedman Street, Kempton Park, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (AA).
- Henderson, Jean, P.O. Box 52, Grabouw, Cape (EE).
- Henderson, Elspeth (Mrs. J. Le Roux), Fifido, Bridge Street, Mowbray, Cape. (DD).
- Hennessey, Moira (Mrs. D. Farter), c/o 41, Edinburgh Drive, Claremont, Cape. (DD).
- Henstra, Terry (Mrs. C. Dancer), c/o Frisia, Augusta's Way, Constantia, Cape. (AA).
- Hugo, Diana, Ross Street, Newlands, Cape (EE).
- Hunt, Susan, A.N.K. (CC).
- Ismay, Penelope (Mrs. R. Whyte), c/o, 1, Lovers Walk, Kenilworth, Cape. (DD).
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- Landsberg, Astrid, 5, Bellevue Terrace, Kenilworth, Cape. (DD).
- Lees, Karin (Mrs. P. Du Pont), 5, Dover Place, Rosmead Avenue Kenilworth, Cape. (EE).
- Leith, Elizabeth (Mrs. E. Fourie), The Farm House, corner Kendal and Boundary Roads, Diep River, Cape. (AA).
- Lomborg, Gail, Houghton Thorn, Constantia, Cape (EE).
- Mackenzie, Rose (Mrs. D. Heathcote Farrant), la Sandown Mews, Pine Avenue, Sandown, Johannesburg (BB).
- McAuley, Molra, Quarry Craft, Swanmore Road, Rondebosch, Cape (CC).
- Marais, Vanessa, Eersteling, Brommersvlei, Road, Constantia, Cape (DD).
- Maratos, Louise, 2721, Midtown Court, Apt. 201, Palo Alto, California, 94303, U.S.A. (EE).
- Morrison, Rohanne (Mrs. Henri Verrips), 439-30th Avenue, Villaria, Pretoria, Transvaal. (AA).
- Mortimer, Gail (Mrs. C. Krige), 10, Freedburg Street, Panorama, Parow North, Cape. (EE).
- Murray, Pamela (Mrs. M. Balchin), The Rectory, Norton Sub-Hamdon, Stoke under Ham, Somerset, England. (AA).

- Noakes, Amanda (Mrs. G. Ruysch van Dugteren), 4, Oak Cottages, Main Street, Newlands, Cape (BB).
- Ovenstone, Diana (Mrs. C. Venn), 3, Avery Avenue, Barbarossa Estate, Constantia, Cape. (AA).
- Payne, Allison (Mrs. John Edwards), 19, Eversley, Grove Avenue, Claremont, Cape. (EE).
- Payne, Carol (Mrs. J. de Courey Hamilton), Whiteside Farm, P.O. Box 12, Bromley, Rhodesia. (DD).
- Perse, Melissa (Mrs. R. I. K. Jesse), 2 Seventh Avenue, Parktown North, Johannesburg. (DD).
- Pickering, Rosemary, Marlow, Dunkeld Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape (CC).
- Pringle, Pauline, c/o Mrs. D. Hoare, 21, Hanover Road, Diep River, Cape. (CC).
- Raath, Penelope (Mrs. N. Taylor), Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape (CC).
- Raath, Susan, Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape (DD).
- Reid, Grace (Mrs. F. Maritz), Etosha, 22, Berg Road, Fish Hoek, Cape. (BB).
- Rhodes, Jennifer, Cranborne, Robinson Road, Kenilworth, Cape (DD).
- Richardson, Jennifer, The Old Brewery, Newlands Avenue, Newlands, Cape (EE).
- Robb, Susan (Mrs. D. Power), c/o Silverhurst, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape. (AA).
- Robb, Helen (Mrs. R. Pooler), c/o Silverhurst, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape. (DD).
- Shawzin, Karin, Huis-in-bos, Klein Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape (CC).
- Silberbauer, Ann (Mrs. P. Albertyn), Zeekoewiel, Bredasdorp, Cape (DD).
- Small, Jean, 3, Hillwood Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (DD).
- Smith, Fleur (Mrs. M. G. Rutherford), "Strone Mallan", Glenmallon, By Garrochhead, Dunbartonshire, Scotland. (BB).
- Smith, Joanna, 40 Kenilworth Road, Coventry, Warwickshire, England (BB).
- Steens, Anne (Mrs. Jack Snyder), 12, Croft Road, Rondebosch, Cape (AA).
- Stephens, Jasmine (Mrs. S. Turnbull), c/o P. Stephens, Esq., B-41, Bergendal, Main Road, Wynberg, Cape. (CC).
- Storch-Nielsen, Vicky (Mrs. J. Fox), 25, Delta Road, Blairgowrie, Transvaal. (DD).
- Stuttaford, Melanie (Mrs. P. Serrurier), c/o Corran, Hillwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (DD).
- Swabey, Bridget (Mrs. W. H. Frankel), c/o Plough Hill, Hermina Avenue, Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
- Thal, Jennifer (Mrs. C. Townsend), P.O. Box 59, Constantia, Cape (CC).
- Thal, Philippa (Mrs. Watson), Klein Vines, Francis Road, Constantia, Cape. (BB).
- Twentyman-Jones, Judy (Mrs. Gerrard), c/o Brommersvlei Road, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
- Van der Bijl, Marion (Mrs. P. Brown), c/o Constantia Villa, Linaria Road, Hermanus, Cape (AA).
- Van der Bijl, Geraldine (Mrs. A. Clarke), 4 Linaria Road, Hermanus, Cape (DD).
- Van Kalker, Barbara, (Mrs. Karl Rogl), No. 6 Almond Way, Annaly Bank, Tokai, Cape (BB).
- Versfeld, Annette (Mrs. D. J. Slingsby), c/o Norton Dingle, off Belombre Drive, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
- Vertue, Marion (Mrs. C. Bennett), Glenbawn Cottage, P.O. Box 203, Stellenbosch, Cape. (BB).
- Walker, Heather, 14, Vry Street, Vryburg, Cape. (AA).
- Waring, Amanda, 18 Uitvlugt, Pinelands, Cape (DD).
- Watson, Claire (Mrs. Shortt), 13, Connaught Street, Mafeking, Cape. (DD).
- Welsh, Anne (Mrs. E. Zull), c/o 4, Sidmouth Avenue, Claremont, Cape. (CC).
- White, Annette (Mrs. P. Rogers), c/o Mrs. Bonner, P.O. Box 45, Touws River, Cape. (BB).
- White, Denise (Mrs. D. Bonner), P.O. Box 45, Touws River, Cape. (BB).
- Williams, Judy, The Bungalow, Main Road, Voelklip, Hermanus, Cape (AA).
- Wood, Karolyn (Mrs. G. J. van Zyl), 4 Swansea Street, Newlands, Cape (CC).

Group 6 (Circles FF—JJ)

- Abbott, Edwina, The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (JJ).
- Abbott, Sally, The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (HH).
- Aitchison, Marjorie, Brooklyn, Talana Road, Claremont, Cape. (HH).
- Baigrie, Gillian, Mountain Eyrie, 3, Mount Pleasant Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (GG).
- Bartley Carol (Mrs. Bill Cowell), c/o Bonny Rigg, Strawberry Hill, Constantia, Cape. (FF).
- Beck, Della, Westchester, Durham Avenue, Bishopscourt, Claremont, Cape. (HH).
- Broadbent, Kim, Van Rheede, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape. (JJ).
- Broadbent, Penelope Ann (Mrs. H. Goring), Findon Park House, Findon, Sussex, England. (II).

- Campbell, Susan, Melfort, 1, Hillwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (JJ).
 Charnock, Elaine, Cyterswood, 6, Rhodes Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (JJ).
 Cooke, Elizabeth, Clunes, Portland Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (HH).
 Culley, Bryony (Mrs. N. Plock), c/o Rippling Waters, Peninsula Road, Zeekoefiel, Cape. (FF).
 Cunningham, Lynn, "Morning Star", Grabouw, Cape. (GG).
 Cunningham, Paula, "Morning Star", Grabouw, Cape. (II).
 Currie, Nicola, Dorset House, School of Occupational Therapy, 58, London Road, Headington, Oxford, England. (HH).
 De Woronin, Sandra, Sunrays, Belvedere Road, Muizenberg, Cape. (II).
 Dacey, Gail, Solomon's Cottage, Avery Avenue, Barbarossa Estate, Constantia, Cape. (HH).
 Dacey, Jean, P.O. Orchard, Cape Province. (GG).
 Ellis, Beverley, A.N.K. (FF).
 Emslie, Jennifer, Chilbolton, Hillwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (GG).
 Farley, Janis, 9, Struben Road, Claremont, Cape. (JJ).
 Faulda, Joanne, 17, Higgo Road, Higgovale, Cape Town. (HH).
 Faulda, Lesley, 17, Higgo Road, Higgovale, Cape Town. (JJ).
 Gaggins, Gillian, 411, Rapallo, Beach Road, Sea Point, Cape. (HH).
 Gain, Gillian, Hydon House, Wynberg Park, Wynberg, Cape. (II).
 Gant, Janet, Lourensford, Somerset West, Cape. (FF).
 Gasson, Hilary, 4, Ohlsson Way off Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape. (JJ).
 Gasson, Lindsay, 4, Ohlsson Way, off Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape. (HH).
 Gilbert, Pauline, The Linny, 23, Carbrook Avenue, Claremont, Cape. (HH).
 Gow, Allison, 391, Ashbourne, Main Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (FF).
 Graaff, Janet, 14, Morgenrood Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (JJ).
 Green, Ann Fiddian, P.O. Box 368, Knysna, Cape. (II).
 Hacking, Ethel, Leeming, Alice Road, Claremont, Cape. (II).
 Hall, Susan, Helderberg Kloof, P.O. Box 127, Somerset West, Cape. (II).
 Haram, Jane, Edenfield, Stellenberg Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (II).
 Harris, Glendyr, Whispering Trees, 29, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (JJ).
 Harris, Lynn (Mrs. M. J. Reid), P.O. Box 16, Ceres, Cape. (GG).
 Harris, Maureen, "Waverley", Primrose Avenue, Wynberg, Cape. (HH).
 Henderson Helen, Arieskraal, P.O. Box 52, Grabouw, Cape. (GG).
 Henderson, Hilary, Arieskraal, P.O. Box 52, Grabouw, Cape. (JJ).
 Hennessy, Vanessa, 41, Edinburgh Drive, Claremont, Cape. (HH).
 Jenner, Shirley, 20, Stanford Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (FF).
 Jesse, Pamela, Coromandel, Klasseens Road, Wynberg, Cape. (JJ).
 Johnson, Perry-Anne, High Noon, Sillery Avenue, Constantia, Cape. (HH).
 Lees, Devon, Matapuna, Pinewood Road, Newlands, Cape. (HH).
 Leverton, Angela, 56, Palmboom Road, Newlands, Cape. (HH).
 Little, Moira, Netherdale, 13, Silwood Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (II).
 Mackenzie, Sheila, 18, Bishops court Road, Claremont, Cape. (FF).
 Macris Angela (Mrs. Aristotle Tapanlia), 202, Mount Curtis, Main Road, Sea Point Cape. (GG).
 Maddocks, Mary, 5, Cyprus Road, Somerset West, Cape. (II).
 Mann, Jackie, Charles Johnson Memorial Hospital, Nqutu, Zululand. (FF).
 Mortera, Carroll, Via di St. Anselmo 34, Aventino, Roma (00153), Italy. (FF).
 Mortera, Julia, A.N.K. (II).
 Newman, Carol, Bergvliet Farm, Homestead Avenue, Bergvliet, Cape. (FF).
 Newman, Jenny, Bergvliet Farm, Homestead Avenue, Bergvliet, Cape. (II).
 Notcutt, Heather (Mrs. Ian Hare), 25, Mill Court, Main Road, Mowbray, Cape. (II).
 Olds, Linda, Sanrose, Lothian Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (JJ).
 Ovenstone, Rosalind, Villa Berg, Exeter Avenue, Bishops court, Cape. (GG).
 Parry, Mary-Anne, Devon Rise, P.O. Box 164, Stellenbosch, Cape. (JJ).
 Percy, Pamela (Mrs. R. Harrison), 3, Black Street, Claremont, Cape. (FF).
 Pettigrew, Priscilla, Southern Cross Farm, P.O. Box 26, Elgin, Cape. (JJ).
 Reid, Lynne, P.O. Box 32, Stellenbosch, Cape. (JJ).
 Ross, Jeanette, 201, Newport Road, Cardiff, Wales. (GG).
 Schipper, Joan, MacIstade, off Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, Cape. (FF).
 Scott, Judith, 77, Sandown Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (JJ).
 Simpson Deborah, Arundale Farm, P.O. Box 2, Elgin, Cape. (II).
 Simpson, Elizabeth, P.O. Box 81, Saxonwold, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (GG).
 Simpson, Susan, Peneston, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape. (GG).
 Smith, Deborah Turner, Turnabout, 5, Albion Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (JJ).
 Stent, Susan, Donaloney cr. Hill and Mitchell Streets, Hermanus, Cape. (HH).
 Susman, Jennifer, 21, Highwick Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (HH).

- Taylor, Rosemary, Ditton, 6, Cumnor Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (GG).
 Thompson, Joy Newton- (Mrs. M. A. Olivier), c/o Gwelo Lodge, Newlands Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (FF).
 Waring, Joan, 18, Uitvlugt, Pinelands, Cape. (FF).
 Watson, Helen, 73, Orchard Street, Newlands, Cape. (II).
 Wells, Michele, 120, Campground Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (FF).

Group 7 (Circle KK)

- Abernethy, Susan, 12, Talana Road, Claremont, Cape. (KK).
 Balgrie, Fiona, Mountain Eyrie, 3, Mount Pleasant Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (KK).
 Blaine, Belinda, 74, Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (KK).
 Floyd, Jeanine, C-110, Devonshire Hill, Grotto Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (KK).
 Foot, Mary, 1, Ventnor Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (KK).
 Maggs, Susan, Hathaway, 59, Paradise Road, Newlands, Cape. (KK).
 Newman, Rosemary, Bergvliet Farm, Homestead Avenue, Bergvliet, Cape. (KK).
 Peel, Jasmine, El Patio, Windermere Road, Muizenberg, Cape. (KK).
 Resnekov, Michele, c/o First National City Bank, 43, Rue de Bourg, Lausanne, Switzerland. (KK).
 Resnekov, Karin, c/o First National City Bank, 43, Rue de Bourg, Lausanne, Switzerland. (KK).
 Spruce, Anne, A.N.K. (KK).
 Weinlig, Vanessa, 43, Talana Road, Claremont, Cape. (KK).
 Wells, Sally-Ann, Lismore, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape. (KK).

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 Miss E. Millward, 26, Sylvia Road, Claremont, Cape.

Group 1 (Circles A to H)

- Botha, Yvonne (Mrs. Mmitri Chronis), Bergzicht, Fleetwood Avenue, Claremont, Cape. (D).
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 †GARLICK, MARGARET (Mrs. R. O. Boyes), Kilmalcom, Highwick Drive, Kenilworth, Cape. (D).
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 †Spilhaus, Marian (Mrs. J. M. Robertson), Waterford, Massinger Road, off de Waal Road, Diep River, Cape. (C).

Group 2 (Circles I to Q)

- De Wet, Jessica (Lady Jessel), Flat 2, 101, Eaton Place, London, S.W.1., England. (O).
 Fisher, Sandra (Mrs. J. Brownlie), Stanford Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (Q).
 Hollebome, Sonia (Mrs. Bouvier), 48, Cranmer Court, Sloane Avenue, London, S.W.3., England. (M).
 †Jeffries, Pam (Mrs. Merewether), Delapole, Bray, near Maidenhead, Berkshire, England. (K).
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 †Pagewood, Marygold (Mrs. M. Brooks), Umzimkulu, East Griqualand. (M).

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- †Goble, Patricia (Mrs. Graham Howes), Paddyfields, Roderick Way, off Ladies Mile Extension, Constantia, Cape. (Y).
 Hollingdale, Sheana (Mrs. Peter Roberts), 17a West Hill, Highgate, London, England. (Y).
 †Kipps, Anne (Mrs. M. Russell), 2, Thistle Street, Newlands, Cape. (W).
 Robertson, Elizabeth, 12, Mountfield Road, Ealing, London, W.5., England. (Y).
 Robertson, Jennifer (Mrs. C. Purdon), Caspers, P.O. Box 31, Mtoko, Rhodesia. (V).

Group 5 (Circles AA to EE)

- †Dyke-Poynter, Pam (Mrs. R. Hewitt), 29, Pine Avenue, Sandown, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (EE).
 Fauville, Claire (Mrs. B. Amm), Alpha Estate, Ladybrand, O.F.S. (BB).
 Pierz, Sybella (Mrs. Fowler), 211, Yorkland, Welling, Kent, England. (AA).
 Payne, Veronica (Mrs. K. Vere Nicoll), c/o Sherwood, Norwich Drive, Bishopscourt, Cape. (EE).
 †Philip, Jill (Mrs. P. Eckstein), 13, Keurboom Road, Newlands, Cape. (CC).

Group 6 (Circles FF—JJ)

- Borton, Jane, 22, Bryanston Mews West, London, W.1., England. (II).
 Borton, Prunella, Taas, Constance Road, Claremont, Cape. (HH).
 Bradley, Louise, Tadhil, Ventnor Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (II).
 Burns, Janet, Bromlees Farm, Kilconquhar, Fife, Scotland. (JJ).
 Galbraith, Virginia, 84-01, Main Street, Briarwood, New York, U.S.A. (GG).
 Helfet, Tessa, Summerhill, Behington Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape. (JJ).
 Jones, Elizabeth Trevor-, A.N.K. (GG).
 Kelly, Susan Harvey-, Mandevilla, off Walloon Road, Constantia, Cape. (JJ).
 Kinlay, Gail, Kylemore, Aberdeen Road, Newlands, Cape. (FF).
 Knight, Chloë, Broadgate, Barmbeck Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (HH).
 Leslie, Sarah, Moretons, Alphen Hill, Wynberg, Cape. (II).
 Mackenzie, Elspeth, Orgill House, 30, Hume Road, Dunkeld, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (GG).
 McCormick, Philippa, Honeywood House, Kommetjie Road, Fish Hoek, Cape. (II).
 †Nosworthy, Suzanne, Morning Mist, Exeter Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape. (HH).
 Robertson, Helen, 18, Weltevreden Avenue, Rondebosch, Cape. (HH).
 Simpson, Marilyn, Sewefontein, Citrusdal, Cape. (II).
 Spencer, Diana (Mrs. M. A. Schmid), 28, Hofmeyr Street, Oranjezicht, Cape Town. (FF).
 Thompson, Carol Newton- (Mrs. M. J. Denoon-Stevens), 53, Bompas Road, Dunkeld, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (HH).
 Unite, Lindsay, House on the Lake, Peninsula Road, Zeekoefiel, Cape. (II).
 Verster, Gillian, Withycombe, Doordrift Road, Constantia, Cape. (HH).

Group 7 (Circle KK)

- †Barnett, Penelope, Lanyon House, Lanyon Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (KK).
 †Borton, Susan, Taas, Constance Road, Claremont, Cape. (KK).
 †Mallett, Tessa, Diocesan College, Rondebosch, Cape. (KK).
 †Simpson, Jennifer, Sewefontein, Citrusdal, Cape. (KK).
 †Whitaker, Mary, 7, Marlboro Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (KK).

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