

41

D. C. Kittner

The
HERSCHELIAN



No. 41

1966

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THE HERSCHELIAN

No. 41

DECEMBER, 1966

THE MAGAZINE

Editorial Committee: Mrs. Boyes.

Jagger: Helen Henderson, Jill Baigrie, Rosemary Taylor.

Rolt: Lynne Cunningham, Nicolette Hutton.

Merriman: Carlotta Vaughan, Hilary Burns, Rosalind Ovenstone.

FOREWORD

Once more, as the school year rapidly approaches its close, we are aware of the eventfulness of our days at school, and we are left with an impression of constant and unflagging activity in all the spheres of school life.

Each House again produced a magazine, and each one was of high quality and contained much good and varied material. Rolt's magazine was adjudged the best while Jagger came second and Merriman third. Some of the contents of these magazines have been selected to appear in "The Herschelian", though, of course, there is not room for all those we should have liked to include. These are some delicate and attractive water-colours in the House magazines to which the printer's ink would not do justice.

The girls continue to show interest and find inspiration in the various clubs, and the Sociological Club, in particular, has supplied many varied and interesting speakers and occasions.

The competition between the Houses adds a spice of friendly rivalry and extra interest to all school activities. The girls have taken part in competitions outside the school, too, and acquitted themselves with credit. The House plays were a great success, and surprisingly good for school productions. Rolt won the Drama Cup for their competent and imaginative presentation of "The Rising of the Moon", while Merriman came second with the amusing "The Dear Departed". Though Jagger came third only, they are to be commended for their attempt at a production of the difficult Greek tragedy, "Antigone". They showed that they not only understood but could creditably attempt a production of that most difficult and exacting of all forms of drama.

One of the highlights of the school year was the 17th September, when Herschel, through inspired, co-operative and determined play, won the Inter-Schools' Hockey.

Herschel also had the honour of being invited to take part, with Bishops and the Melodie Choir, in the singing of Haydn's "The Creation". The School has also been invited by the S.A.B.C. to record carols, which will be broadcast on Christmas morning, so that the annual Carol Service which concludes the school year will have a sequel this year, and we are glad that a wider audience will have the opportunity of hearing the Herschel Choir, of which the School is so justly proud.

E.J.B.

STAFF NEWS

We would like to extend a cordial welcome to:

Senior School: Mrs. Amdurer, who replaced Mrs. Silberbauer — Biology.

Mrs. P. Muller, who replaced Mrs. L. Jonker — Afrikaans.

Preparatory: Miss Chambers, who replaced Mrs. Collins — Games Mistress.

Mrs. Hoffman, who replaced Miss Fischer.

Mrs. van Heerden, who replaced Mrs. Blumerus.

Preparatory House Staff: Mrs. Johnston, who replaced Mrs. Marshall as Sickbay Matron.

THE HERSCHELIAN AVE ATQUE VALE

NEW GIRLS

Kindergarten: K. Batho, G. Brown, G. Deal, C. Fouche, M. Graaff, E. Graham, J. Hammond, V. Hart, N. Kohler, S. Louw, K. Michau, J. Mills, E. Murray, B. Norgaard, P. Oliver, T. Philip, L. Rhodes-Harrison, R. Ross, K. Shieff, C. Stern, C. Walker, S. Williams.

Transition: D. Caine, T. Handley, M. Weyhausen.

Lower I: F. Ross.

Senior School: M. Albrecht, F. Baigrie, G. Baigrie, K. Broadbent, H. Burns, A. Caine, B. Chambers, D. Champion, E. de Wet, L. Faulds, J. Faulds, A. Fiddian-Green, G. Gain, P. Gilanders, J. Graaff, E. Hacking, C. Huber, L. Kohler, C. Knight, L. Labia, Y. Labia, P. Pearson, J. Scott, M. Shimmis, S. Stephens, L. Unite.

Preparatory: S. Adderley, E. Botha, E. Burns, S. Cunningham, S. Fuller, J. Harries, J. Hearn, C. Hobson, E. Hooper, R. Howlett, C. Jolly, A. Labia, S. Lipworth, J. Pubford, M. Serritslev, B. Twentymen-Jones

LEFT

Upper V: L. Abbott, A. Boyes, S. Clayton, J. Currie, S. Davis, E. Dowie-Dunn, P. Dyke-Poynter, M. Garlick, A. Gilbert, A. Grant, J. Henderson, J. Henshilwood, K. Henstra, N. Jones, G. Lomberg, M. Moore, G. Mortimer, A. Payne, V. Payne, D. Perase, J. Richardson, L. Rowe, H. Schipper, G. Stuttaford, W. Walker, L. van Winsen.

Others: F. Akehurst, J. Austin, J. Batho, C. Clarkson, P. Goss, M. Hands, B. Jay, D. Kay, P. Latimer, J. Martin, B. Norgaard, D. Pearcey, P. Phillips, R. Ross, F. Ross, V. Storch-Nielsen, A. van der Spuy, J. Truscott, M. Townsend, S. Verster, D. Watson.

FOUNDER'S DAY, 4TH FEBRUARY, 1966

The Founder's Day sermon was preached by His Grace, the Lord Archbishop of Cape Town, who declared that the Founder's Day Service was a time for looking in two directions at once: into the past, with hearts filled with gratitude to God for the work of the founder and benefactors of Herschel; and to the future, of which all those present at the service were laying the foundations.

The Archbishop declared that each individual member of the School might seem to have, individually, but little influence, and yet each one was an integral part of the whole School. He illustrated this point with a parable: he had visited a vaulted cave in New Zealand, brilliantly lighted by the incandescence of myriads of glow-worms. The guide clapped his hands, and immediately the glow-worms doused their lights.

The visitors, however, remained silent in the darkness, and after a while first one glow-worm and then another put forth their lights once more. At first, these isolated lights were infinitesimal, but eventually all the glow-worms were illuminating the cave more brilliantly than before.

In the same way, each girl might have a tiny light only, but when it was added to those of all the other girls, the glow that would shine forth then would be remarkable.

THE HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT FOUNDER'S DAY, 1966

Your Grace, Canon Aubrey, Ladies and Gentlemen.

I don't know whether Canon Aubrey has any idea of the general rejoicing there was when he agreed to be Guest Speaker to-day. But there was! I know of several people in the Hall this afternoon who have come a long distance just to see and talk to him again. For Canon Aubrey was Chaplain at Herschel for 12 years, and was a fine and valued friend to many of us, staff, girls and parents alike. We are glad indeed to have him with us, this time in his capacity as Headmaster of St. Andrew's, Grahamstown.

To-day I propose to say a few words about teenagers, or rather the early teenagers, those fascinating, quaint little creatures that range from 12-16, not quite out of the chrysalis, but wanting to fly. But not about them alone, accustomed as they are to be the limelight these days. For no age group or individual exists in a segment of its own. We are all members one of another. I have just re-read Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls". It wasn't the Herschel bell, but he prefaces this magnificent novel by that well-known extract from John Donne — "No man is an island intire of itself; every man is a peece of the continent, a peece of the maine . . . ; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the lesse . . . ; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in all Mankind; and therefore never seek to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee." The novel is in fact the book of a man who knows what life is about, and who can convey his knowledge, worked out as it is in the interplay of circumstance and event, and the inter-dependence of one human being upon another.

And that seems to me the most important of all the things we try to do in this life: to get to know what life is about. And the most difficult. The teenager is at the transition from child to adult, the growth is slow, and a teenager is not an adult. The early teens from 12-16, are perhaps the most critical period of life, for they most directly determine the kind of grown-up you will be; and though the grown-up arrives alone at his own eventual synthesis, he cannot be alone in the formative years.

Primitive tribes have always recognised this. It was part of their custom to initiate their boys and girls into adult status. The initiation ceremonies carried three things: the obligations of religion, of sex and marriage, and membership of the tribe. These are still the basic needs of initiation to-day, in a society that has completely changed its structure.

You will notice that the needs of the adolescent were guided by the grown-ups of the tribe. How otherwise could he know what they were? We have extended the word "tribe" into the larger word "society", now (Latin—*socius*—an ally), but the grown-up is still as necessary to the adolescent as he ever was.

I could go on to point out that the age of atomic man began in 1945, that the discovery and impact of such things as antibiotics, tranquillisers, computers, electronics, Telstar, the Hydrogen bomb, Polaris, air travel, have changed the face of the world and our conceptions of time and space; that a deep-seated malaise and bewilderment could affect both young and old. But I won't. What I *will* say is that the basic needs of the teenager in 1966 differ only in range from those of teenagers in primitive societies; that the needs are now perhaps 4 instead of 3. It's as simple as that (though admittedly over-simplified). And the four are:

- (1) the need to know what life is about, to search for its purpose and its meaning. That is the obligation of religion.
- (2) the need to be initiated into the responsibilities of sex, marriage, and family life. This is the sphere of the parents. The next two are the functions of the teacher.
- (3) the need to be initiated into the responsibilities of citizenship in the world, not just the tribe.
- (4) the need to be initiated into the work by which he, the teenager, will eventually earn his living.

(Nos. 3 and 4 are very far-reaching indeed, and I cannot stop over them now. They entail a complete re-thinking of our concepts of education; we must surely stop planning our curriculum as it was once planned for a scholastic élite prior to the Industrial era.) But you will see that in these four basic needs parents and teacher alike are necessary.

And I want to-day to stress the general responsibility of the adult towards the teenager, or, more specifically, of the home and school and community towards him. So I would like to quote to you some observations in the same strain made by the present Headmaster of Eton, Mr. Chevenix-Trench, in a Founder's Day report which he calls "Challenge of Youth in Britain". He begins by opining that while their environment is changing it is nonsense to assume that young people have changed. And he goes on to say "As far as I am concerned the challenge is not only to the young; it is still more to their elders. The young will be elders in their day so, to that extent, it is to them too."

"The first thing I would like to mention is the curious abdication of adult authority which one sees going on all round. The natural relationship between a child and an adult is not one of equality, it is one of inequality and, in fact, inferiority. Yet there is growing up a feeling in Britain — a feeling, I am afraid, among teachers as well as parents — that somehow we all ought to be very careful and shy of exercising adult authority, that we ought, as it were, to put on shorts with the children all the time (Eton is a boys' school!) and pretend that really they are as good as, if not perhaps rather better than, we are. This I think to be absolute nonsense and I would like to quote you some wise witty words on this subject by Donald Hughes, Headmaster of Rydal School, who said: 'There is growing up an attitude to authority within the profession, which can be summed up fairly and without parody in the following proposition: it is not our job to tell the young what to do, but to give them their heads, to leave them free from direction, and stand by to pick up the pieces.' Now I believe that to be heresy — you may call it if you wish, the Gadarene Heresy — which regards the educational process as allowing your charges to run violently down steep places and providing first-aid at the bottom.

"I suppose it is old-fashioned of me (he says) to continue to think of my job in pastoral terms, and to prefer to regard myself as a shepherd rather than as a swineherd, even a Gadarene swineherd. The trouble is to-day not that there are too few shepherds; there are too many of a kind. It is not that the hungry sheep look up and are not fed; they look sideways and down, and they are fed by the irresponsible hirelings, who gladly fill the gap in authority when those who should be shepherds have abdicated.

"The difficulty is that when the young run violently down steep places, they drag others with them. Samson would make a very good representative type of adolescent. He was very strong, very impetuous, and his hair was never quite the right length. He involved other people in his self-destruction, and no one could pick up the pieces.

"Those who entrust children to our care have the right to expect that we should not leave them to be the victims of one another, experiments in ethics. After all, we teach by precept as well as existentially, and while 'the burnt child dreads fire' may be a very useful cliché, it would make a very bad school motto. Please God, we shall keep some of them out of the fire altogether — even if we have to exercise a little authority to do so. Or do we stand by to sweep up the ashes?

"Those seem to me to be sane and wise words. They also illuminate a most disturbing tendency to abdicate from adult authority. I think most juvenile magistrates would agree with me that their experience in courts has been this: that some parents far too readily leave the problem to what they consider the expert, or the 'Beak', or whoever it may be, rather than tackle it themselves. After all, the young have the right to authority. There is nothing new in that. They meet it continually when they are learning about playing musical instruments, climbing hills, doing Mathematics, and they accept it because it is natural. They accept it willingly because they recognise that the authority, if it is a good one, is grounded in a knowledge and a skill which is superior to their own. So, in the business of living, young people have the right to demand that their elders should exercise a reasonable authority over them.

"There is one last thing I should like to say. In parents and teachers to-day, there is one thing necessary more than anything else. It is courage. We live in an age when a man who easily loses heart may wake to find the world as easily lost, and I think it is absolutely essential that we should have the courage to maintain principles, and to be seen to maintain them by young people. 'All goes if courage goes. Courage is all'. I do think that the older generation to-day needs a strong rallying-call to be brave and courageous in the assertion of those basic principles which the young do not really argue. All goes if courage goes. For goodness sake do not let teachers and parents let courage go at this point in western history."

I have quoted liberally from Mr. Chevenix-Trench's report because while he speaks as the head of a boys' school, and although Herschel is a school for girls, the problems are common to both sexes, nor are they anywhere localised, nor are they isolated. So you see we are back where we started. Never seek to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee. The dramatic revolutions of the atomic age are accompanied by grave ethical disintegrations. We are faced with the questions that have always determined the wholesomeness and integrity of any society. What is the meaning of existence?

What are the principles on which we base our personal and private lives? Education must put these issues first or fail in its function.

I turn now to the work of the past year, 1965.

Services in the Chapel have been enriched by the beautiful tones of the electronic organ presented to us by Mr. Frank Robb. At the Chapel-by-Candlelight Service, on the last Sunday of the School year, he was persuaded to read the first lesson, and chose Psalm 150. The Matriculation Class presented the Chapel with a beautiful Chalice. This gift was a lovely thought, and Canon Hodson had hitherto brought his own Chalice, one which belonged to his father, for Communion. We are grateful to him for this, and for dedicating the new Chalice at Communion in the Chapel last Friday.

While on the subject of gifts, I feel I must say how gratifying it has been, and what pleasure it has given me, to receive so many gifts to the School this year. The chairs you are sitting on were given by Mrs. Small: this was a wonderfully thoughtful gesture, as chairs for larger functions had to be hired, and for films or smaller occasions they were brought by the girls from their classrooms — a laborious matter which often complicated the organization. There was a donation of R40.00 from Mr. Jenkin for tennis netts; R50.00 from Mrs. C. H. Payne; a Record-player from Mrs. A. R. L. Henderson; R424.00 from the A. B. McDonald Trust; R2,000.00 from Mr. Robb for the electronic organ; R200.00 from Lady Beattie in memory of her daughter Joan; R3,800 from anonymous donors for the grassing of the hockey field; R500.00 from Mr. Danford Jooste; books for the Library from Canon Wood; tennis balls from Mr. Houba; cups given by Georgina Stuttaford, Vicky Storch-Nielsen and Angela Gilbert, for different aspects of sport; the Chalice for the Chapel by the Matric class; 2 piano stools (for duets) by Miss Harwood; and lovely fruit from many parents, not to mention the hard work put in by the Prep-fathers who hammered in the shelves of the new library at the Prep. I mention these things, and I may even have unintentionally omitted some, because it is the greatest joy to me that parents and well-wishers take such a generous interest in us. Thank you all so much.

In the Matriculation Examinations, 28 entered, 2 passed in the first class, 11 in the second class, 13 School-Leaving Certificates. These results were by no means as good as usual, and completely unexpected.

We received too late for inclusion in my last Founder's Day report the news that Suzanne Williams had gained the highest marks in the Republic for English, and a cheque for R195 to boot. She, Lesley Brown, and Geraldine van der Bijl are at present in America, each on an American Field Service Scholarship which she won. The awards of the latest A.F.S. Scholarships have just been announced. They have been won by Georgina Stuttaford and Jayne Currie. While on overseas news, Amelia Cronwright has had a most interesting time. She was appointed Picture Editor to the Illustrated London News, which has been bought over by the Thomson Group, in December, 1965. She had previously been assistant to the Picture Editor of the Time Life Bureau in London (1964). It is all very hard work, but very interesting. She travels with reporters and photographers to Stockholm, Paris and other Continental cities, and to the red-brick universities in England. Here she interviews principals and vice-chancellors. She may be called anywhere! If there is a volcano in South America, she must go and deal with it immediately!

Elizabeth Robb, who matriculated in December, 1969, and was the Head Girl for that year, has the distinction of being, I think, the first Herschel girl to obtain a degree at Oxford. She gained second-class honours in Jurisprudence. She is now back in Cape Town. Her sister Susie has a very good job in Vancouver. Another Herschel girl, Valerie Foote, who took her degree here, has gone to Bristol University to take a teaching diploma.

Jean Henderson, one of last year's matrics—has gone to do a year's study in the Sixth Form at St. Swithin's in Hampshire. This is an excellent arrangement, a good preparation for university work, especially for girls who are really too young to go straight to a university here, even though they are accepted. As you will know, nobody under 18 is accepted at a university in England.

The new Kindergarten block was blessed by His Grace, the Archbishop of Cape Town, on May 7th. It is a very bright and sunny building, beginning to look most attractive with its flower-beds, and will look more so when the creepers and trees have grown round it.

We have increased the teaching time in the Preparatory by taking the games as far as possible out of the day time-table, and putting them in the afternoon. This means that Miss Chambers, the new full-time games mistress at the Preparatory (she is a graduate of Rhodes University) will be absorbed entirely by the Preparatory and not shared with the Senior School. The demands of the new Mathematics make it imperative that more time should be given to Arithmetic and Mathematics. (The Preparatory has its own separate prize-giving and report, which Mrs. Roth presented this morning.)

In the Senior School we have also increased the teaching time by having one lunch sitting instead of two, and by extending most of the morning lessons from 35 to 40 minutes. I have also been able to give every class but one two divinity periods a week instead of one.

An ambitious venture during the year was the operetta "Susanna and Figaro", adapted from the "Marriage of Figaro"; and on the same evening a Chinese legend, the Emperor and the Nightingale. Miss Sweet, Mrs. Saffery, and Mrs. Popham Smith are indeed to be congratulated on this achievement, and I have seldom known such enthusiasm and hard work from the caste who numbered something like 100. There was hardly anyone in the school who was not involved in this — art students for décor, girls for the large chorus, parents for costumes, Bishops boys for lights, staff for make-up and sound effects, girls as stage-managers and general factotums, etc.! When one considers the length and number of rehearsals (some of which were regularly 4-hour stretches), it says much for the appeal of good music that their interest never flagged.

The customary visits to theatres, the ballet, films, symphony concerts, lectures, art galleries, etc., took place last year, and details of all our activities will be found in the magazine.

Once more the House spirit, that precious thing in the life of a school, manifested itself when each House produced a Magazine (Jagger's was adjudged the best), and from all three articles and drawings were chosen for the Herschelian. Inter-House swimming, tennis, hockey, squash, floral arrangements evoked much enthusiasm. What is much more, the School, through its Houses, takes a lively interest in at least 25 social welfare organisations. I like particularly the very personal interest they take in C.A.F.D.A. for whom they knit jerseys and blankets, as they do for St. Michael's, and in the Princess Alice Home. St. Saviour's School Feeding Fund also touches them closely, and they gain much happiness from contributing to this out of their own pocket-money.

Games: The Open Swimming won the Senior section at the Inter-Schools' Gala, sharing the honours with Rustenburg. They also won the Gordons Trophy for the Peninsula Girls' Schools Relay.

In Tennis the Under-16 and Open Tennis teams were placed second at the Inter-Schools' Tennis Tournament. The Tennis teams played 7 matches during the year, winning 5, drawing 1, and losing 1. We began the practice of playing tennis throughout the winter—a popular innovation—and shall continue to do so. Hockey: Although the results during the Season were not very good, the standard improved considerably towards the end of the season. The tour of the Eastern Cape in September gave a great incentive to hockey throughout the School, and did much to improve the School spirit.

Wendy Walker, the hockey captain, was selected for the final trials for the Western Province team.

In an overall survey of the games, Mrs. Gibson has said she would like to see far more improvement among the non-team girls; some are shy about not being very good, but the whole object of compulsory games is firstly the fitness of one's own body, and secondly the ability to play a game so that you enjoy it, and can, say, make a fourth at tennis at any time. This is of inestimable value in the course of one's life and can keep you fit in middle age!

The Sociological Club has had some very interesting meetings this year, among them one at which Dr. Joan Grant spoke on what she called "Preparation for living". Dr. Grant is a sociologist, and her talk, in which she dealt with marriage from the standpoint of the Christian ethic, evoked considerable enthusiasm. She came to Herschel four times—once at my invitation, and three times at the invitation of the girls.

The Staff news is fully set out in the Magazine which was published in December, but I should mention that Mrs. Silberbauer, the Vice-principal, asked to be relieved of

her extra duties as vice, as she found them too onerous. I am grateful to her for her efficiency and the very able way in which she filled this post, and when you see the Biology lab. this afternoon, you will realise what a wonderful Biology teacher Mrs. Silberbauer is.

After 47 years of teaching, 9 of which were spent at Herschel, Miss Harwood, who was part-time music staff, decided to retire. She very kindly stayed on for a year longer than she had intended. We wish her a happy retirement.

You will be interested to know that Mrs. Yvonne Gibson, the senior Games Mistress, was asked to take the Protea Hockey Team overseas to play matches in conjunction with the British Universities Sports Federation. Radio accounts of their achievements seem to indicate that the Springboks are giving the Sassanachs and others a good run for their money. She will be back on February 23rd, and we are most grateful to Miss Allchurch for the able way in which she has stepped into the breach.

A WORD ABOUT ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS: These are held in early June for January of the following year, to give parents time (two terms) to find other schools if we are not able to accept their children. Late applicants or those on the waiting lists have to write the examinations when we can fit them in, and sometimes at a day's notice if a vacancy suddenly occurs, as it often does owing to transfers of parents, etc.

A WORD ABOUT REPORT CARDS: These were first intended for the Prep. only; then we extended them to senior girls who were weak in some subjects, and then everybody asked for them.

These keep parents informed all along the line of their children's progress (in addition to the half-yearly reports). Weak subjects are ringed or underlined, and parents are asked to keep abreast of these reports. If worried, they should let me know, and a weak subject should be watched and strengthened all along the line, not left to the last 2 months in the year.

Lastly, may I remind you that the School closes down for a fortnight in June, and a month in December/January. The office staff are here from 8 a.m. till 6 p.m. or later sometimes, and generally in week-ends too, and they badly need a rest. And those are the only times you will not get an answer on the telephone!

It only now remains for me to thank the Staff, and this I do so sincerely. I very much appreciate their loyalty and support, and their devotion to their work and to your daughters; my thanks also to Mrs. Roth and the Preparatory Staff, Mrs. Duncan Smith and Mrs. Withers, and also to Mr. Withers, the Matrons, Housemistresses and Domestic Staff and Gardeners, and finally a deep thank you to the General Purposes Committee and the Herschel Council for the invaluable help and guidance they have given me throughout the year.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you.

PRIZE-GIVING

After the Headmistress's report, the address was given and the prizes were distributed by the Rev. Canon J. Aubrey, at present Headmaster of St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, and previously Chaplain of Herschel for many years.

A few days before Christmas, Canon Aubrey had been invited to hear a recording of the Herschel Carol Service. Listening to it, he was transported to the Herschel Chapel once more, and was once more chaplain of Herschel, for friendship could transcend the barriers of time and place. The Canon declared that he loved Herschel and all it stood for, and was glad to return to it.

It was a long time since the Suffragettes had had to fight for the rights of women. They had proved their worth in World War I, and earned the right to stand beside men. Women, however, should not try to compete with men, but make their contribution to the work and life of this world as women. He cited Queen Elizabeth I of England, Florence Nightingale, the "lady with the lamp" and nurse at Scutari, and the Virgin Mary, the mother of the Son of God, as examples of women who had shown qualities of great physical and moral courage and steadfast devotion to a cause, and yet had each remained essentially a woman, with a woman's heart and a knowledge of the meaning of love.

In conclusion, he hoped that the girls of Herschel would show some of the qualities of Elizabeth, Florence and Mary, and he wished them luck in the Name of the Lord.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Heads of Houses:

Jagger: Michèle Wells, *Merriman:* Margaret McGregor, *Rolt:* Beverly Moore.

Head of Boarding House: Janet Gant.

School Prefects: Victoria Cronwright, Rosemary Fowkes, Janet Gant, Shirley Jenner, Sheila MacKenzie, Jacquelyne Mann.

Choir:

Leaders: Senior School: Jacquelyne Mann, Dinah Roberts.

Middle School: Marilyn Simpson

Games Captains:

Swimming: Carol Newman.

Hockey: Joan Waring.

Tennis: Sheila MacKenzie.

American Field Service International Scholarship

For the Year's post-Matriculation Course in the United States of America: Jayne Currie, Georgina Stuttaford.

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music

Grade I: Gillian Austin, Belinda Blaine (Merit), Bridget Borton, Louise Brailey (Merit), Susan Fuller, Victoria Hau (Merit), Carol Jenkin (Merit), Heather Kinlay (Merit).

Grade II: Janet Pettigrew (Merit).

Grade III: Susan Borton, Ann Carlos (Merit), Jill Golding (Merit), Hilary Henderson (Merit), Susan Jack (Merit), Susan Jenkin (Distinction).

Grade IV: Morna Cooke (Merit), Paula Cunningham, Deborah Turner-Smith.

Grade V: Marilyn Simpson.

Grade VI: Patricia Brailey.

SCHOOL CHRONICLE, 1966

FIRST TERM

- Jan. 19—School begins. House Meetings.
 26—Rehearsal Founder's Day.
 28—Communion.
 29—Tennis vs. Ellerslie.
- Feb. 2—Rehearsal Founder's Day.
 4—Founder's Day.
 5—Tennis vs. Loreto.
 9—Business Meeting (Sociological).
 12—Swimming Gala.
 15—King Lear.
 16—Debate: "How to foster international understanding".
 19—Tennis vs. Bergvliet.
 23—Travels in Britain. Slides on Michelangelo (Boarders).
 24—Communion.
 26—Swimming Gala.
- Mar. 2—A.F.S. Shen Attwell spoke to the School.
 5—Tennis vs. Observatory.
 Inter-Schools' Tennis (Middle School).
 9—Debate.
 12—Inter-School Tennis (Senior).
 16—Adv. J. O. Newton-Thompson spoke to the Sociological Club.
 19—Inter-School Swimming.
 23—Zionist Israel—Dr. Natos gave an address.
 24—Inter-School Diving.
 30—Upper V Exams.
 L. V Party J.B.I.
- April 1—Communion.
 End of Term.

SECOND TERM

- April 13—House Meetings.
 16—Hockey vs. Pinelands vs. Sans Souci.
 20—Prof. Guelke (Engineering for Women) spoke to the Sociological Club.
 23—Hockey vs. Zwaanswyk.
 26—Parents' Evening.
 27—Dr. Mathias (Volcanoes) spoke to the Sociological Club.
 30—Hockey vs. Rustenburg.
- May 4—Mrs. Gibson—Slides on Hockey Tour.
 11—Dr. Joffe (Dentistry for Women) spoke to the Sociological Club.
 14—Hockey vs. Elerslie.
 P.G.S.G.U. Trials at Sans Souci.
 18—Youth Day Service in the Hall.
 Party to Newlands to Physical Culture Display.
 19—Ascension Day Service at St. Saviour's.
 20—Examinations began.
 21—School until 12.30.
- June 3—Mrs. Muller—Slides of Overseas Trip.
 4—Hockey vs. Pinelands.
 8—Science Club—Dr. Watson spoke on "Bacteria".
 11—Hockey vs. Wynberg.
 15—Debate.
 18—Hockey vs. Westerford.
 21—Matric Art Class to Groot Constantia.
 Music and Drama Evening.
 22—Matric Science students to Conference at Stellenbosch.
 23—U. III, L. IV, Mrs. Muller's Slides.
 U. IV, L. V, U. V, Films.
 23—Matric Science students to Conference at Stellenbosch.
 U. IV visited the Castle.
 L. V visited the Art Gallery.
 School Tennis.
 24—School Tennis Finals.
 End of Term.

THIRD TERM

- July 20—House Meetings.
 21—Holy Communion.
 27—School to Dutch Hockey at Green Point.
- Aug. 3—Musgrove and Watson Travel Film.
 10—Film on Bushmen.
 Hockey vs. Sans Souci.
 13—Hockey vs. Rustenburg and Rhenish.
 17—South-West Africa—Mrs. Hampson spoke to the Sociological Club.
 18—Hockey vs. Bishops.
 19—Careers Evening.
 22—Junior Inter-House Hockey.
 24—Hockey vs. St. Andrew's.
 Talk by Dr. Grant (Middle School) on Preparation for Living.
 Talk by Audrey Blignaut (Senior School).
 25—Inter-House Hockey (Senior).
 26—Hockey vs. Hottentots-Holland.
 29—Hockey vs. Frank in D. Roosevelt.
 31—Talk by Dr. Grant (Senior School).
 Science Girls (U. V) went to Bishops.
- Sept. 7—Debate.
 8—Inter-House Netball (Junior).
 12—Inter-House Netball (Senior).
 Exhibition on Race Relations.

- 14—Art Competition.
Talk by Miss Terblanche from S.A. Museum.
- 16—Matric Exams.
- 17—Inter-Schools' Hockey.
- 20—Choir joined with Bishops and Melodic School at the City Hall for Haydn's "Creation".
- 21—House Magazines.
- 24—House Plays.
- 27—Inter-House Squash.
- 28—Inter-House Volley Ball.
Senior School to Art Exhibition.
Holy Communion.

FOURTH TERM

- Oct. 18—Matrics to Parliament.
- 19—Mrs. du Preez—Talk on her Travels.
- 20—Communion in Chapel.
- 21—U. III and L. IV to Spaceof Art Exhibition.
- 22—Tennis vs. Loreto.
- 26—Debate.
- 28—Boarders' Leave-Out.
- Nov. 2—Canada—Talk and Film by Mr. Beyman.
Confirmation Service at St. Saviour's.
- 5—Swimming Gala.
- 12—Tennis Match.
- 16—Last year's A.F.S. Students (American Field Scholarships) spoke to the School.
- 19—Tennis Match.
- 23—Hamlet Film.
- 25—Leave-Out for Boarders.
- 28—Matric Exams.

SCHOOL-LEAVING CERTIFICATES

(M) by the name denotes exemption from Matriculation

Class I	- - -	(M) Mallory Moore
		(M) Georgina Stuttaford
Class II	- - -	(M) Alison Boyes
		(M) Susan Clayton
		(M) Jayne Currie
		(M) Susan Davis
		(M) Elizabeth Dewie-Dunn
		(M) Angela Gilbert
		(M) Jean Henderson
		(M) Nicola Jones
		(M) Gail Mortimer
		(M) Alison Payne
		Diana Persee
		(M) Jennifer Richardson
		(M) Linda Rowe
		(M) Louise van Winsen.
Class III	- - -	Lucinda Abbott
		Margaret Garlick
		Kari-Ann Henstra
		Gail Lomborg
		Louise Maratos.
		Veronica Payne
		Pamela Dyke-Poynter
		Daryl Shawzin
		Wendy Walker



PREFECTS, 1966

Back row: S. Mackenzie, J. Mann, S. Jenner, V. Cronwright.
 Front row: J. Gant, B. Moore, Mrs. M. C. Kittow, M. MacGregor, R. Fowkes.

HOUSE AWARDS

Inter-House Art	Merriman	Inter-House Squash	Rolt
Inter-House Diving	Rolt	Inter-House Swimming	Jagger
Inter-House Drama	Rolt	Inter-House Tennis	Merriman
Inter-House Hockey	Merriman and Rolt	Inter-House Work	Jagger
Inter-House Netball	Rolt	Efficiency Shield	Rolt

YOUTH DAY

To mark the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Republic of South Africa, on Youth Day, the 17th May, 1966, the whole School met and joined in a Service in the School Hall.

Mrs. Kittow gave an address, explaining the meaning and derivation of the word "republic".

Five years ago, South Africa had left the British Commonwealth and become a republic. To many English-speaking people—those in the Cape Province and Natal, for instance—this was a new and strange form of government, but the Free State and Transvaal had both been Boer Republics.

That time, five years ago, was the beginning of a new era, when, as loyal citizens we asked ourselves what was expected of us. The English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking South Africans had the "republic" in common, since the word was originally

Latin. It was for us to distinguish between right and wrong, and then we should have learnt the basis of good and evil. At Herschel that morning we had prayed to God for guidance to give us the strength always to make the right decisions so that we should one day help to govern our country well.

We must dedicate ourselves to the task of building on the past and facing the future together.

ASCENSION DAY, 1966

The Ascension Day Service was conducted by Canon Hodson. In his address, Canon Hodson said that in His life-time, from His birth to His ascension, Christ showed us the likeness and meaning of God. It was our duty as Christians to understand this meaning and likeness, and to try to reflect this in our lives, and to persuade others to do likewise.

CHAPEL REPORT

Committee: Mrs. Kittow, Miss Harsant, Mrs. Withers, Janet Gant, Jackie Mann, Helen Henderson, Lynne Cunningham and Fiona Dicey.

Regular services have been held in the Chapel throughout the year, and Holy Communion has been celebrated at the beginning and end of each term. A special service by candlelight has also been held at the end of each term.

We are very grateful to Canon Hodson for his gifts to the Chapel consisting of a Jerusalem mother-of-pearl relief of the Nativity scene, two wooden cherubs, two illuminated prayers and a burse for the communion cloths.

We should like to thank Dinah Roberts for the help she has given in raising the standard of the singing for Sunday services, and Fiona Dicey for the hard work she has put into the Chapel music.

LYNNE CUNNINGHAM, Lower V (Secretary).

SCHOLARSHIPS

This year, for the first time, two scholarships for day girls entering the Senior School, and tenable for five years, were offered by the Herschel Council. Mr. D. Ovenstone generously offered a third scholarship, to be named after his mother, Mrs. Edith Ovenstone. The examination was written in October, and the first two were won by two day girls from the Preparatory School. The Edith Ovenstone Scholarship was won by a girl from Star of the Sea Convent.

Winners School Council Scholarships.

1. Susan Abernethy.
2. Alexandra Reay.

Edith Ovenstone Scholarship:

Amanda Leslie.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

We should like to extend our gratitude for the following gifts:

Donation of R500-00 from the Jonste Trust.

Donation of R50-00 from Mrs. C. P. Payne.

Fruit: Mr. and Mrs. Dicey, Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Gant.

Mrs. Cooper: Art Books for the Preparatory.

Cup given by Jill Philip (Old Girl) for Squash.

Chalice given by the 1965 Matrics for the Chapel

Picture, 2 wooden cherubs, 2 illuminated prayers, burse for communion cloths from Canon Hodson.

Handwritten: Cup given by Mrs. MacLennan for Eli. House in Magazine.

Handwritten: 1) A Kavanagh and a carved wooden figure of a Vorkhiller woman, given by the Lady Jackson.

Handwritten: 2) A quilted cushion, given by the Lady Jackson.

CONFIRMATIONS

On November 2nd, in St. Saviour's Church, the following were Confirmed by the Archbishop of Cape Town.

Prunella Borton, Louise Brailley, Gail Dicey, Sarah Leslie, Moira Little, Julia Mortera, Heather Notcutt, Judith Riley, Susan Stent, Elizabeth Simpson, Carol Newton-Thompson.

CHARITY FUND

An amount of R299-27 was collected by the three Houses during the year, and the following charities have benefited from these collections:

Animal Welfare

C.A.F.D.A.

Cancer Research

Cape Night Schools

Cape Times Fresh Air Fund

Child Life

Grey Ladies

National Council for the Blind

Navy League

Our Children's Day

Peninsula Dispensary for Sick Animals

Peninsula School Feeding

St. John Ambulance

St. Michael's Orphanage

Raap Kraal Creche



Original Work

FOOTPRINTS

The silent beach is deserted. The sand seems to breathe a sigh of relief as the last whining child is enclosed in the car and the noisy family moves off. All day, in the hot and merciless sun it has endured the screams, shouts, yells, the scampering of little feet and the plodding of big ones, the bouncing balls and dogs' barks; the general fiasco of many large families who flock to the seaside on a public holiday, and who believe they are enjoying themselves by lying in sloping deck-chairs and yielding their pallid bodies to the sun; or by unpacking large picnic-baskets and herding nagging children together; or by keeping an anxious eye on the sparkling waves, just to make sure that a certain little yellow head is still hobbling up and down there.

The sun is sinking and a last wan ray glances on a forgotten spade, left behind by some oblivious child. Nothing besides that is left to show the presence of noisy humans. The sand is speckled with countless footprints, all blending into one another; only in the damp sand where the tide has lapped can they be clearly distinguished. There are traces of a child's small pink foot, with five small toes like so many pink buttons. The footprints lead down to the water's edge and stop abruptly where some small soul stood trembling in fear of the mighty and awful ocean. The same child then preferred to wallow in rock-pools, build sand castles and look for shells.

From the top of the beach, right down into the water leads a trail of large, broad footprints. Some brazen, confident, golden young Apollo strode down into the brine and splashed in the depths like a gay dolphin. Beside (and very close to) these same footprints which lead out of the water are a trail of small, narrow, elegant footprints — those of a young girl. She would have been shy but eager, pretty, blonde, with blue eyes like the sea and a nymph's form. The two pairs of footprints lead along the water's edge, along and along as far as the eye can see.

Pointing in the opposite direction are the footprints of a man, a fisherman with strong, solid feet. Beside these is the trail of four small dots — the marks of his dog, which hopped beside him, yapping at the gulls.

There are strange imprints down by the edge of the sea: of two large feet, one more heavily printed than the other, and a small hole beside them — obviously, some old man, crippled with rheumatism in one leg, leant upon his stick and gazed out to sea, where the salt sings. Perhaps he had a vision of a ship, with himself (much younger) standing at the helm.

Faltering steps lag down to the waves and hesitate: some person, sick of life and weary with worry might have stood there, while the waves licked around his ankles, and contemplated the restless sea, debating whether to walk into the concealing blue where he could forget forever and find eternal rest . . .

Down the length of the beach run rows of small holes in groups of four. Under the pitiless sun, patient grey donkeys must have trotted with excited small children on their backs—back and forth, back and forth all the time.

Near the row of glistening rocks can be seen strange shuffling marks as if something heavy had passed over the sand. Here, in the shelter of the rocks is a small depression filled with hundreds of greyish-white turtle eggs, lovingly covered over with grains of sand. Some old mother turtle clumsily lumbered up the beach to lay her eggs, and turned back into the welcoming waves to die.

The tide rises . . . the tide falls. The sighing sea licks at the sand once more, and the water wipes away all traces of human activity, consuming and obliterating them forever.

MELANIE BAUMANN, Upper V.

THOUGHTS ON A HOT BATH

The man who invented a hot bath did a great and wonderful service to the world. He brought comfort and relaxation to what must otherwise have been a cold, comfortless existence. For existence it could only have been: no human being can live in a hot-bathless world—he could only have existed. It is a crime that he has not been mentioned with other great inventors such as Saint Alexander Graham Bell. If not a saint, he could have at least been made a bishop—but no, he has received no acknowledgement of his earth-shaking discovery.

A hot bath—what can surpass its unmitigated pleasure? A productive pleasure, too, for in a hot bath one can not only think great thoughts, and contemplate serenely the foibles of mankind, but be comforted also by the fact that everything happens for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Take Archimedes as an example: he wrestled with what the world of his time thought was an insoluble problem. He filled his bath too full—as absent-minded geniuses are wont to do—and "Eureka!" his problem was solved. It was indeed soluble in the steam and hot water of his bath: he discovered that the volume of an irregular object could be measured by the displacement of water.

Perhaps Shakespeare—or was it Francis Bacon?—invented his immortal characters in the warm luxury of a hot bath. As always in the world, there is contention about important matters—the world is divided up among hot bath-supporters, cold bath-supporters and no-bath fans. The latter we will not discuss as they have no place in this treatise. However, the cold bath supporters: . . . they claim that the most refreshing and invigorating occupation is taking a cold bath morning and night. Oh! What tough hides they must possess—and I believe that no earthshaking ideas could have originated in the frigid horrors of a cold bath. I feel sure that Marat was taking a cold bath when he was murdered by Charlotte Corday—for such an unpleasant man could only have had a cold bath!

Those excellent people, the ancient Romans, were great hot-bath supporters; their hot baths were the meeting-places for the educated and the intelligent. Napoleon Bonaparte, the little genius who conquered Europe, considered the rival merits of hot and cold baths and decided that the pleasure of a hot bath went unrivalled.

The terrible cold-bath supporters invented a curse which has now become a proverbial saying, or slang expression. When one is in trouble or in a tricky situation it is known as "hot water". For, to the cold bath supporters, to be immersed in hot water is the most unendurable situation possible.

How misguided are these cold-bath supporters! They have forfeited the enjoyment of a hot bath for the reputation of being healthy, vigorous, outdoor-life-loving human beings.

To relax in a hot bath while all about you are scurrying insignificantly back and forth like ants compared to the immensity of the universe, is true satisfaction. It brings one a sense of work well done, and perhaps endows the experience with a slight feeling of superiority. To watch the steam rising and experience the slow relaxing of one's muscles, to turn a broiled pink like a baby lobster, is to experience the highest and greatest soul-elevating thing in this dull, and mundane world.

And that the inventor of this pleasure has gone to obscurity, unworshipped and unacknowledged, is the greatest sacrilege imaginable.

VIRI CROSWRIGHT, Upper V.

TRAMPS

Those of us who lead well-regulated lives obviously find it difficult to cope with the problem of tramps who lead a life so unlike our own. However, the study of vagrants is very fascinating. Roget's Thesaurus gives innumerable definitions for the word "tramp" (sloppard, cadger, waiter-on-providence, do-little, lotus-eater). All denote a parasitical existence, but these synonyms do not adequately cover the problems of tramps in modern society. The word "tramp", which originally meant "to walk heavily", has come to mean one who travels through countries in search of work, or as a vagrant. These men fall under three categories: those who are forced by economic circumstances to take to the road, those who are thus inclined by temperament and those who are rebelling again modern society.

In periods of great economic pressure, the number of tramps increases. During the depression of the 1930's many men took to the road after having been thrust from their

posts. They travelled through the country by "freight jumping". As many of these were looking for employment they were not permanent tramps, and having found a job would return undismayed to the bosom of society. Dealing with tramps who touch our lives more nearly, we read almost weekly of police rounding up "idlers". In reality they are Africans from rural areas who have migrated to the towns in search of work. Because of the prevailing pass system, these "idlers" cannot obtain work permits, and in locations all over the country there are thousands who have become tramps through no fault of their own. They must remain unemployed and live on their wits because they are prevented from obtaining gainful employment in their own country.

There are also many tramps who are not economically forced to become so. These men have no wish to conform to modern morals. They want to be free from convention and routines. As tramps they are not required to live by the clock and have meticulously planned lives. A few have had domestic troubles and prefer the feel of the hard earth and the bird-song in their ears, to feather-beds and the screeching of nagging haridans.

The majority of tramps in Europe in these times of economic boom, consists of those who do not want to be encumbered by the shackles of society. These are the "Beats" with whom are included the pavement artists. The majority of these are able-bodied men and women who would find no difficulty in earning a living in a more conventional manner. Their existence is a rejection of bourgeois society. These scruffy individuals travel through life free from possessions and responsibilities. They live from hand to mouth. This existence is dealt with in George Orwell's "Down and Out in Paris and London".

New branches of the "Beats" are the "Trots" and "Ravers", those who live permanently in caves, or retreat there during week-ends. The members of this cult are in search of "kicks". It has been stated that they indulge in many perverted practices—black-magic rites, drug-smoking and sex orgies. This is perhaps another result of the fatalistic feeling, which appears to be evolving in a section of modern youth, in this atomic age. They feel that they will not live long, so why not enjoy themselves now?

Even within these categories there is an overlapping of the different motives for hoboism. A person, who in times of full employment is a "won't work" by choice, is similar to one who, having lost his employment, takes to the road. He becomes used to not working and is unable again to conform to the rigours of a job.

The depression in America gave rise to many giants in literature, e.g. Steinbeck ("Grapes of Wrath"), and John dos Passos ("Manhattan Transfer"). Some of the greatest books of our time have derived their inspiration from tramps of the different categories. Many great writers, indeed, have themselves followed the life of the road to gain experience. As a result of their hoboism these writers have been able to gain more insight and identify themselves more closely with the object of their writings. Public sympathy has also been aroused by many of these books. For example Arthur Koestler's "The Scum of the Earth" deals with those political and racial refugees forced to become flotsam and jetsam because of their expulsion from Germany in Nazi times.

Perhaps the most striking thing about tramps and hoboism is that over the generations a national and international fraternity of tramps has grown up. This has evolved its own conventions and sets of values, such as the Nihilistic rejection of bourgeois society. It has also become a brotherhood with its own philosophy of share-and-share-alike. Thus, even tramps, those free, sometimes lonely, men, have felt a need to conform to something, be it only a set of values directly opposed to the society against which many of them are rebelling and which will give them a sense of "togetherness" with their own kind.

SHIRLEY JENNER, Upper V.

THE SOUTH-WEST AFRICA CASE

At the Treaty of Versailles after World War I, the German colonies in Africa were handed over to various Allied powers under a system of mandates. The Union of South Africa was given a mandate over South-West Africa; she was expected to "promote to the utmost the material and moral well-being of its inhabitants, to refrain from erecting military bases and to administer the area according to her own laws". She had to submit annual reports to the League of Nations.

When the United Nations Organization replaced the League, South Africa declined to put South-West Africa under UNO Trusteeship. Instead, General Smuts proposed that UNO agree to formal incorporation of the area into the Union. This was refused. However, with the defeat of the United Party in 1948 and the advent of Nationalist superiority, the government defied UNO and gave S.W.A. representation in the new Parliament.

This action has never been approved by UNO.

In 1960, Liberia and Ethiopia, both original members of the League of Nations, submitted a complaint to the International Court of Justice at the Hague, criticizing South Africa's application of her mandate. The main questions raised in court were:

Was the League of Nations mandate still in force?

If so, was South Africa to account now to UNO for her actions in S.W.A., as the legal successor of the League.

Were the policies of separate development for the different race groups, practised by South Africa, compatible with the obligation of "promoting the well-being and progress" of the people of S.W.A.?

Had South Africa, in fact, incorporated S.W.A. into herself?

Had she erected military bases in S.W.A.?

The applicants' case, led by Mr. Ernest Gross, stated conclusively that:

At the Advisory Council of the World Court in 1950, the Court had declared the mandate to have survived the break-up of the League of Nations. Following this, when UNO replaced the League, South Africa became automatically responsible to UNO.

The policy of Apartheid carried out by South Africa had severely limited the freedom of the Native population of the mandated territory. This had meant strong oppression of the Native races in a manner quite contradictory to the terms of the mandate.

There had been a plan on the part of the South African government to incorporate the area into South Africa.

Although there was no first-hand information available about military bases in S.W.A., according to several UNO petitioners such bases did exist at Swakopmund, Windhoek and Tsumeb.

In reply to these accusations, a South African deputation which included Adv. Dawie de Villiers, S.C., Adv. B. Muller, S.C., the late Dr. Verloren van Themaat and Adv. Groskopf, brought fourteen witnesses before the Court. Among these, apart from several South African authorities, were Professor van den Haag of New York, Professor Posson of Vienna and Professor Manning of Oxford.

The respondent's case was:

There was no provision made to substitute UNO for the League of Nations in respect of the mandates. Concerning the decision of the World Court in 1950, the respondents suggested that certain vital facts had been unavailable at the time of the hearing, which must have changed the decision.

In reply to the accusations concerning "Apartheid" and the well-being of the Native races, the respondents published a refutation in detail numbering three hundred pages.

They denied any intention to incorporate S.W.A. and dismissed this contention as "lacking sense".

On the subject of military bases, evidence was conclusively brought by General Marshall of the U.S.A. to refute the charges and, in any case one of the so-called "bases", the one at Swakopmund, was, in fact, on South African soil.

All the evidence having been brought, the Court debated at considerable length. Justice J. F. van Wyk was the respondent's ad hoc judge and Sir Louis Mbanefo represented the applicants. Sir Percy Spender of Australia presided. In July, 1966, the International Court rejected, by the President's casting vote, the charges laid against South Africa by Liberia and Ethiopia.

The Court decided that there was no legal case, since the applications had no right, as individual members of UNO, to bring a case against another member. Only UNO as a whole could do this.

The Court rejected on a legal basis, application based, not on law, but on political principles. It is not the business of a Court of Law to discuss political issues. The July decision was thus a triumph, not of South Africa over Liberia and Ethiopia, but of the rule of law over politics, and a tribute to South Africa's very able legal team, of whom she is very proud.

ALIDA KOOP, Upper V.

ROADS

The routes of the world are seen spread across maps as myriads of spidery webs radiating their impersonal lines, linking the far places of the earth.

The lines are impersonal, for they give no real picture of the character of the roads. The true road is one which has become such an integral part of the country that it does not intrude or push itself forward but leaves the way free for the scenery itself to impress you.

In the Karoo, the sheer size and wonder of the land is not masked by the road but rather seems to flow over it. Both radiate heat. In the early morning, when the air is fresh, you are given the feeling of being privileged to experience something rare. You sit in silence watching, then, slowly, as if laughing at you, the slight chill disappears, dusty heat permeates the area and the atmosphere begins to build up its strength to its midday force.

Motoring through this in the heat, you never look back; it seems fatal to do so. The land is making a concession in allowing you to look once and that is enough.

A road is actually a line between two points, yet some hardly fit this description.

Motoring along some in Central Africa, you appear to be moving, yet not arriving anywhere. The country seems to be able to lead you on and yet take you nowhere definite. This is true of dust roads in the heart of the bush country. The road appears as a very weak sign of man. The country surrounds it and you, waiting for the first chance to over-run both. Thick red dust marks the road. As your car travels, it churns up behind. The fine, choking particles suspend themselves in the air, then sink slowly in their soft, velvety piles on the edges of the road. Tall, drying grass, deceptively graceful, descends banks down to the edge of the road. You feel that the road has stood still just for a moment.

Before you came, it was doing something different, and, even while you pass, it is imperceptibly inching forward under the cover of the piles of dust between its verges.

Burnt grass by the roadside appears to have been doing something energetic, but by the time you pass, only black charcoal powder lies there, exuding a smouldering heat long after the fire, seeming to expend some inner force. In the powder, brittle clumps of stalks stand. Among the grass stalks stand trees seeming to move their leaves because it is their duty to do so, but in reality they are impatient to return to their secret business. The brief sunset closing the day plays out a splendour which has nothing to do with human beings; the sun, foreboding and ruthlessly red, sinks, its goodbye to the country the vivid slashes of colour in the sky. So the road becomes a very small consideration in the scenery.

Perhaps the road in any case is mainly our imagination. We like to think of our link between places as lines on a map, but in some cases the road is hardly there at all.

HILARY BURNS, Lower V.

MASKS

Masks are disguises. They are part and parcel of our daily lives. Children donning monstrous faces of plastic or paper at a fair demonstrate this. At adult carnivals, the masks are even more incredible, but they usually hide and signify more than the wearer's identity.

Our whole existence is a mask. Events take place, which on the surface seem simple, yet, when considered, have many different aspects to them, so that the reasons for them become numerous. Human nature is one of the largest masks of all. We think in one way and nearly always act slightly differently. Man wishes to appear the type of person he admires, and changes his natural thoughts and actions to suit this conception.

He might dislike another person, but mask his feelings well, and yet although he is falsely creating liking, the characteristic he wishes to show, he is also creating kindness in not hurting the disliked person, by masking his own feelings.

Pompousness is often a cover for shyness. Man's nature, if shy or reserved, is to act the opposite, often disclosing his weakness by over-acting. There are other cases, however, when bad characteristics are masked, causing bad results. This takes place

in many criminals who are confidence tricksters or swindlers. They appear charming, and innocent people are hurt. Spies are another type of character who use masks successfully to bad ends. They betray those who trust in them, and often themselves, to God.

Many people who are thought to be eccentric, whether in manner of dress or in action are just trying to hide their ordinariness. By making a show of originality, they try to cover up their weak characters. Shaw's characterization of the squire, Robert de Baudricourt, in "St. Joan", is a typical example. He is pompous to the point of being aggressive yet he is really a very weak character. Joan herself, is a very strong character and she needs no mask to control her comrades and soldiers.

Religion is the greatest mask of all, or rather, it is covered by the greatest mask. Man's achievements on earth are really God's and every living thing on this world and its thoughts and actions are His, but how often do we think of this? The definition in every blade of grass, the complexity of each cell, combined with others to form a whole so amazing that one forgets its Creator. Every movement and happening on earth, every breath taken, is due to this same Creator. Most events which take place on earth mask a deeper significance. Wars, the horror and cruelty they bring, tend to mask the evil corruption of the men behind them. While they take place we think only of the horror, not of the twisted idealism beneath, the realization of which comes later.

A child, begging his mother for sweets, is refused and cries that this refusal is unfair, but this seemingly selfish gesture by the parent may later be thankfully acknowledged by the adult of later years, when he has strong teeth, while his friends, with so-called kind mothers, have false ones. God's reasons are like this. He may seem to cause great unhappiness to an innocent and undeserving individual, and yet He always has a reason.

Our country itself is like this. One visits a barren, empty land, such as a desert, and thinks of it as a God-forsaken area. Years later, the wealth in minerals found in the same spot may mean the difference between wealth and appalling poverty and hunger to its inhabitants. Again, a beautiful tropical area, so wonderful when viewed from a distance, masks fevers, poisoned waters and plants, and other horrors.

The sea, to onlookers, is just a vast expanse of wetness, a means of transport perhaps, or the source of an enjoyable holiday voyage, yet who would think of all the many things it hides? The most obvious of its wonders is the living it provides for fishermen, but beneath it what is hidden by that watery mask over the face of the seabed? Its earth is as rich in minerals as are found on any dry land; the homes of many creatures may be a sunken wreck, the reminder of some unfortunate's horror and fear. It is indeed a mask for good and bad.

Life is indeed a mask—and yet is it? For is not a mask the real way of life, and therefore not a mask at all? Would life be found as interesting and wonderful if all its secrets were freely exposed and worth their face value? I think not. If rough seas and mountains did not conceal their riches, but gave them up readily, if there were never mystery or motive to the thoughts and actions of our fellow contemporaries, life would be very monotonous and one-dimensional.

Even guessing the real identity of someone hiding behind a carnival mask provides a spark of light and enjoyment to one's life. If we did not have to search for the meaning of anything, we could never be content. While there are mysteries and masks in life, man's mind will stay alive and alert, but once all God's secrets have been revealed, it will die, or become dulled. Man will become worse off than any beast, for animals' minds are haunted by the need for survival and their fear of the unknown.

Masks, then, are in most respects good. There are occasions, of course, when this is not so: a charming mask donned by a crooked model may cause harm or poverty to a gullible bystander. Then, too, if all the masks surrounding religion were removed, would we not understand and believe more strongly? At first thought, this is obviously true, but on deeper consideration, we find it may not be. For if religion were simple enough for us to understand, it would not be wonderful enough to hold us. Our quest for truth must always be kept alive, for through it our faith is strengthened, far more than if its results were just given to us, since, if this were possible, we should not be very interested in having them.

ANNE LOMAX, Lower V.

ARRIVING AND DEPARTING

Figuratively, at birth, arriving is coming from light into darkness, and departing is leaving that darkness behind and going into greater darkness and, finally, into light. With each departure we carry a torch which we must strike at our arrival if we wish to turn the darkness into sunlight. We then feed that sunlight with our eagerness to discover, and consume the light as vultures do their prey.

Arriving gives rise to many different emotions: joy, fear, wonder, curiosity and many others. On arriving at a strange place, we almost feel fear. Everything is completely in darkness and we can make no decision about the place until we arrive finally and explore the darkness and accept the light. Yet we form our own opinions by this light, and choose our own emotions.

We may feel joy in at last meeting a long-anticipated friend; or we may feel wonder at arriving in a new country of which we have had many dreams and which we have longed to see. Fear comes when we do not know what to expect and when we shall have to find new friends and attach ourselves to new surroundings.

Departing, too, gives rise to different emotions. The most common of these is regret. It is an extremely "deep" word because it means thinking ahead, thinking back, and anticipating, yet regretting. We are sad to leave our old and well-known friends, our familiar surroundings and the things we used to do. It makes us think of all the things that used to be, and regret the many things we did not appreciate enough. We find ourselves taking in every detail of old faces and surroundings for the last time, hoping to snatch them up and keep them in our minds forever.

But although we feel these sad emotions, we cannot help thinking of the future, trying to fill in the dark corners with the light of our imagination. We think of the things that are to be, and try to make everything seem easy and almost exciting.

The literal means of arriving and departing is provided by ships, trains and aeroplanes. As Laurens van der Post says, the ship is the kindest of the three. And he is right. It gives us time to meditate and think of the past, to take in every last detail possible and to say "farewell" with as many waves of the hand as possible. The train tears us away from our past; with a jerk everything is whipped away from us, the last link is cut completely and our past is lost in the confusion of smoke, dust and porters. But the aeroplane is the most tortuous of the three means of transport. Our past is taken away as soon as we walk in at the door of the vehicle. It is a slow, cruel process, during which we sit shut up in a large cell amidst our surroundings, unable to see them. There is a tiny window which is even more tortuous as it permits us to see only the corner or some part of the airport building. Our past is surrounding us, yet we cannot grasp it and we are left in a panic, trying to cram in all our reminiscences at the last minute.

The only time when we do not form our own opinions is at our arrival into life and our departure into death. Here we are brought into light and received with joy and love. We are too immature to think, but everyone is so overwhelmed and overjoyed at our miraculous arrival that they automatically think we are happy too, although we have not the capacity to feel anything. At death we do not feel anything, usually, either; our minds wander further and further back and we are living in the old days again. We forget our surroundings and the people around our bed. Yet they are sad and may be crying at their loss. Of course, they assume that we, too, are sad. They cannot help presuming to form our feelings for us because they are so overwhelmed by their own. How can they realise that we leave them and return to darkness in the happiness of the past and in the search for final light?

CHERYL WALK, Lower V.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

Arrivals can take many forms: the loud, squalling arrival of some infant into the unwelcoming world, the impersonal arrival of a train, the equally impersonal arrival of an aeroplane, the very personal, touching arrival of a ship.

A baby arrives in the world not knowing what is going to happen to him but, one would think, from his squalls, realizing that the world is a cold, dark place for those who do not possess the quality of "lighting up" people. He has arrived in a place where Dame Fortune smiles only on the chosen few, disdains many more, but frowns upon most of the world.

The noisy arrival of a train seems to portend the arrival of something important. When the puffing, screeching and steaming has stopped, however, one realizes that only an iron monster is confronting one, a monster that has no feelings and whose sole object is to carry its members in as great discomfort as possible from one place to another.

The aeroplane is man's answer to the bird. Unfortunately, it does not possess the grace and beauty of the bird, but in all other respects it fulfils its purpose very well. The speed and impersonality of the aeroplane can be both an attraction and a deterrent. People who like symbolism hate to watch the arrival of an aeroplane while those who like their decisions made at the snap of a finger admire the ruthlessness of the arriving aeroplane.

The arrival of a ship is the ultimate in mystique, the passengers from parts unknown carrying with them unheard of delights. There are probably international personages or important pontiffs on board ship whose every utterance is listened to with bated breath. The arrival of a ship home on her last voyage is a very different affair, however. Then the air of sadness, of melancholy, of the past is indescribable. This boat has arrived so many times from different places, discharged cargo or passengers and then departed. Now she departs to the scrapyard, an unworthy end for any ship, even though it be a dinghy.

Departures can also take many forms; the departing of a peaceful old man from this world who is ready to meet his God; the departure from his pain of an angry young man who is not willing or ready to meet his Master; the departure of a train, the departure of an aeroplane that longs to be off; the departure of a ship ready to break all the streamers and to sail into the deep blue sea where all cares should be forgotten, but never are.

The departure of an old man can be a very beautiful thing. His family is around his bed while he gives his last blessing. A halo of goodness seems to surround him and when he has departed no one grieves for long because everyone knows he would not have wished it.

When a young man in the prime of his life is dying, it is a completely different matter. Perhaps he is suddenly stricken with an incurable disease; perhaps he has a stroke. Whatever it is, he feels that someone has been very unjust to make him die. He argues with Fate, not realizing that it is almost the joy of Fate to destroy beautiful things, to take away unwilling lives.

The departure of a train is as bad as its arrival, only there is more fuss about it. People stand around getting covered with soot and saying inane things while the passengers wish that the ghastly noises would stop and that everyone would go. No one is happy; everyone is ill at ease and the true significance of departure is not realized.

An aeroplane is even worse. One moment the aeroplane is on earth; the next it is airborne. Feelings do not have a chance to adjust and so remain suspended, half with the departing person, half with their terrestrial friends. It is almost as if an amputation has taken place—not a slow painful one with a hack-saw, but one that has been performed with the most modern of efficacious instruments.

When a ship departs, however, the true meaning of the words, "To depart is to die a little", is realized. The symbolism of the streamers thrown on board only to be broken when the ship leaves, is true and sad. Whenever a place is left, ties are broken, and a ship seems to emphasize this fact. The departure holds true poetic beauty, which is usually obscured by the sadness that is universally felt when a ship, supported by her two subservient tugs, moves out of harbour.

During the journey through life, many arrivals and departures are made, the most important being the first arrival and the last departure. The arrival upon the earth of some baby is of no significance at the time, but it is the first of many arrivals it will make in its life, that may or may not grow in importance. Perhaps the arrival of the new-born baby may too, however, one day have significance to the world—or he may wander through life as another nameless nonentity whose living has not caused the slightest ripple in the sea of time—or does every life cause a ripple?

One makes many departures, too, in life, but again, the last is the most important. Perhaps this is not a departure in the true sense of the word, for what is it but an arrival in God? Perhaps arrivals and departures mean nothing until one has died. Perhaps one has not died, not departed, but one has been living in God from time immemorial and death only serves to make one realize this.

CARLOTTA VAUGHAN, LOWER V.

THE KIND OF BOOKS I FIND DULL

Books are wonderful things and it is difficult to imagine the world without them. First of all, there would be nothing with which the sick and the invalids could occupy themselves, and secondly, there would not be this excellent way of passing ideas from one generation to the next. Because there are so many different types and kinds of books, they satisfy most people's interests—whatever they may be. Everybody has a certain type of book which interests him but there are also those which he finds dull.

I find that the mood in which we find ourselves when we are reading books helps to make the books interesting or boring. If I am feeling very happy and alert, I usually find that I can make most books enjoyable. If I am feeling depressed, those same books could appear very dull and would not hold my interest, as my thoughts might be elsewhere. However, if a book were lively enough to dispel my depressed mood, I would consider it a book that was above the run-of-the-mill type.

Books can be divided into two sections—fiction and non-fiction. In books of fiction, the plot is the most important factor and if this becomes monotonous, I would consider it dull. I often become bored by mundane plots conceived by certain authors in which I can already tell the ending before I have read three-quarters of the book.

The story must be fairly unusual and not just superficial. Some books can be dull if they are misread and their true meanings are not fully grasped. This leads to the subject of philosophy. Books that have no underlying meanings tend to narrow the reader's outlook on life. It is also fun and very interesting to try to work out the writer's philosophy and psychology.

The characters of any novel play an important part in boring or interesting me. A book could be rather dull to me if I felt that the author had not portrayed his characters in a way that was true-to-life and if they tended to be unreal or incongruous in their surroundings. Some books in which the meaning and characters have a psychological twist bore many people, but I find that I enjoy studying the personalities and psychology of different characters.

Another point that is an important factor in the success of fiction is the language. I dislike books in which the writer has used long words and elaborate English just to create a false impression of his being an impressive writer. When the language is unimaginative and the author uses many clichés and unoriginal ideas, the book loses its edge. It is most disconcerting if the modern writer uses "ye olde" English to try to make his story appear more a part of the past because he cannot achieve an effect in any other way.

The author usually develops a particular style which will appeal to some readers but not to others. I found the first book or so of Henry Fielding's "Tom Jones" rather dull and monotonous. This may have been so because it is written in reported speech in old-fashioned English, and phrases which are archaic. As I read more of the book, concentrating, and imagining myself in that period, I became accustomed to the style and found I was really enjoying it.

"It was a turkey! He could never have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em off short in a minute like sticks of sealing-wax." — A Christmas Carol. Dickens's books are full of endless descriptions and he was very long-winded, although often, most enjoyable when he was being lively or feeling amused. Some of his books I found rather dull because of this, but I realize that this style of writing came into being because the Victorians spent many hours in their drawing-rooms reading, having nothing else with which to occupy themselves. Many of the older generation of to-day still read Dickens because they do not pick up a book expecting to read it in a short period, as do many of the younger generation.

I enjoyed Georgette Heyer's "These Old Shades" very much as it gave an interesting historical background and a delightful plot, as do all her books. As I read more of her books, I found that the plot became repetitive.

Agatha Christie and Ian Fleming fail to hold my interest as all their books are very much the same, and crime and detective stories are not my favourite subjects.

Books of non-fiction can be very dull if they are not of interest to me. Most of them are informative; for example, those on horticulture or bee-keeping.

In general, I think I can say that there are not many books which I find dull, and the fact that many of these are well-written is usually a compensating factor, as words and the English language are of unlimited interest to me.

ROSALIND OVENSTONE, Lower V.

THE TWO PIECES OF SCULPTURE I ADMIRE MOST

As I walked home from my art lesson last week, I happened to pass a plumber who was busily slapping some cement over a broken pipe. "What a monotonous job that must be!" I thought, "for all he does is slap at another man's work and when he has completed his task and sets off to his lunch-break, he does not even have the satisfaction of one who has created something new—perhaps just a little useful work by which we might remember him after he has gone."

His rough job reminded me of the little chip of stone that my uncle had brought me after one of his travelling expeditions. Vaguely explaining its origin, he had said that it was from a monument to sailors, and I had very much hoped that it was from one of the Portuguese padraos I had learnt about at school, and which I had come greatly to admire. The padraos represent, in sculptured simplicity a lonely monument to the love of their fatherland and the faith which the early mariners felt. Perhaps it, too, had been slapped into shape, the shape of a padrao, now nearly five hundred years old. Perhaps this padrao was once tall and straight, proudly bearing the names of men who had erected it, but now all that remained was a weather-beaten heap of stones, only vaguely representing the intention of its creators.

In contrast to the barren desolation of the padrao's surroundings, my mind conjured up the picture of thousands of tiny, symmetrically hexagonal cells, all teeming with life and industry. Little striped honey-bees hurriedly shook their fine wings as they wove their way in and out, performing the domestic duties of the hive, and seeing that the combs were smooth and clean.

Man believes that sculpture is a mere expression of the desire to preserve the beauty and memories of the passing years, whatever the subject or medium may be. But I believe that all living creatures, in their many varied shapes and forms constitute the greatest sculptures of all, for they are the very vessels of life itself. Perhaps the sculpture may be as powerfully imposing as the firmly-planted padrao presiding over its long-isolated domain; it may be as weak and perishably delicate as the golden, hexagonal cells of the honey-bee's comb, but it may also be as crude and roughly-cast as the careless effort of a lazy plumber.

MAUREEN HARRIS, Upper IV.

THE TWO PICTURES I ADMIRE MOST

I suppose that the two pictures I admire most are in my own home because I see them both every day and feel that they are part of myself. I admire pictures that other famous artists such as Rembrandt have painted, but I have seen only prints and do not feel the same about them.

The first picture is one that our family have nicknamed "The Ancestor". It is a large portrait painted by Pietro Vecchio. The main colours of the picture are various dark reds and black. It depicts an extremely fierce-looking man, with a cruel leer on his face, sitting down with a small jewelled dagger on his lap. He has long, thick black hair and black eyes which are full of intense hatred. From the style of his dark-red clothes and plumed hat he seems to be a nobleman of Queen Elizabeth I's court. His hands are, in contrast to his rugged face, extremely fine. They are very delicately painted and yet do not look out of proportion to his broad shoulders. They seem to be about to draw the dagger from its magnificent holder. In spite of his cruel, rugged appearance, "The Ancestor" has a suggestion of pride and arrogance about him.

My second favourite is a "Fantasy" by Turner which hangs over our mantelpiece. It is slightly damaged but still beautiful. In the front, right hand corner is a poplar tree with some impressionistic figures dancing around it. The poplar is on the bank of a river on which the setting sun is reflected. There are some boats on the river which are hardly more than shadows. In the background are some buildings almost hidden in a shroud of mist. In the front right hand corner are two crayfish nets and three men, faintly outlined, going down to their boat.

This picture, in contrast to "The Ancestor" is done mainly in various pale shades of yellow and cream, with a little light-brown as contrast. These two pictures have nothing in common at all except a wonderful blending of colours. The first portrays a positive pride and hatred, the second a negative mythical fantasy, but both are magnificently painted.

JENNIFER SURMAN, Upper IV.

ON A BIT OF SEAWEED

Hanging from a piece of fishing-line on our front verandah is a dried-up bit of seaweed which, according to my father, is supposed to get damp when it is going to rain. My father is very eager to foretell the weather; thus he has all sorts of thermometers and barometers which he is always tapping. I think the seaweed, however, is the most unreliable one of all his collection. He also has a dried sandshark hanging from the branch of a tree in the garden, which is supposed to do something about foretelling the weather — I am not quite sure what.

The seaweed and the sandshark are both relics from the days when he used to go deep-sea diving, and he often talks about the beautiful plants and fantastic coral he saw under the sea. He is especially proud of his bit of seaweed as it was once red seaweed — which is apparently very rare—though it is completely brown now.

A few weeks ago I walked to school in the morning with my mind full of seaweed, because Dad's bit was damp and that meant it was going to rain. I found this hard to believe since the sky was a beautiful, cloudless blue and the sun was shining in a perfectly normal manner. It did not rain that day or the next but at the week-end it poured — so the bit of seaweed was not completely wrong after all.

Seaweed has more than one use in our house, since Dad believes in anything that comes from the sea. Every year he buys a truck-load of seaweed which he digs into the soil as fertilizer, and I think this must be good for the plants, as they seem to grow pretty well. Our dog also makes use of this seaweed and for about a month after it has been dug into the ground he keeps pulling bits out and chewing them, but after a while he returns to more interesting playthings, like shoes and clothes off the washing-line.

I think it must be wonderful to go deep-sea diving and see all the animals and plants under the sea. I have always rather envied my father's deep-sea exploits and I should like to go down myself one day. I might even find another bit of red seaweed!

VICKY HENNESSY, Upper IV.

PIROUETTES IN THE DARK

Then the lights went out. I stopped in the middle of my pirouette and nearly fell flat on my face, as everyone else had also stopped. The lovely music died away like a bird that has ended his song and disappeared.

The audience thought it was part of the show, but after a while they became slightly impatient. The wind outside roared and ranted, trying to force itself into the room. The rain came down in torrents, drenching the passers-by. Was this real, or was it an awful nightmare?

The silence that predominated was one of expectancy, anticipation and disappointment. This was the first night of the ballet, and everyone had turned up in their fine furs and feathers—and everything was to be spoilt by a thunderstorm!

The stage manager came forward with a candle in his hand. His face and voice were full of apologies, but the patrons must understand that it was no one's fault and soon the lights would be fixed.

Half-an-hour later the lights came on again, and I finished by pirouette. The audience, however, would return home with the remembrance of lights failing but shining again after an interval.

This evening brought to my memory the remembrance of another evening when the lights had gone out—and when the lights had gone out for ever for one child.

The room was small, but cosy. A small fire burned in the grate and round it sat some of my friends and I.

Outside, a storm had raged even more fiercely than it had to-night. The trees had groaned and sobbed as the wind tossed their branches. Its tone was menacing, not soft and comforting, as it usually was. Black clouds rolled across the sky like Thor's war chariots and the rain came down in sheets. Suddenly, there was a loud clap of thunder and then lightning flashed across the sky—and the lights went out.

It was dark in the room, for the fire shed little light and that was in the form of ghostly, dancing shadows on the walls of the room. None of us noticed when the boy's

elbow knocked a bottle off the table. Suddenly there was an unearthly, piercing scream. She had been lying on the floor, under the table, and when the lights had gone out, she had lifted her head. At the same moment, the open bottle of acid had poured down into her eyes.

It had burned away her eyes and although the doctors and specialists had given her every aid that they could, her eyesight had gone and she never saw the lights come on again.

This night, as I climbed into bed, I thought about the two light-failures — one which had ended with heartache and sadness — one with gaiety, jollity and a piquette.

PRUNELLA BORTON, Upper IV.

BUILDING — CHELSEA STYLE

The modern trend is now to buy
A house that's derelict,
Well, that's exactly what we did
And now we're all half-wrecked.

We looked at the foundations
And found that they were fine,
The "stinkwood" window-frames and doors
Were made of local pine.

The plumber came to see why water
Was in short supply,
A bird flew out the cylinder
And eggs went rolling by.

We called the electrician
On lights to get advice,
He said, "there is no fuse-box here,
But candle-light is nice."

The cupboards in the kitchen are
Collapsing one by one,
And as we sigh, we limply cry,
"Rebuilding is such fun!"

TERRY PALMER, Lower IV.

THE BEATLES

They aren't a group of insects
But a group of boys,
Their hair is long, they play guitars
And make a fabulous noise.

Three of them are married,
Paul of course is not,
But very soon you'll find,
He's going to tie the knot.

Their latest disc is "Rubbersoul",
Which is not a sort of shoe,
And of course it is a hit,
Like all the things they do.

ANGELA PALEY, Lower IV.

AN EXCITING NIGHT

I went to bed as usual, but as it was a very hot night, I could not go to sleep very easily. Eventually, however, I fell asleep, but it was not long before I was woken by my sister.

She said she had heard a horse whinnying and she thought that it sounded like my horse, as it was so near by. As she was talking, I heard a squeal which definitely sounded like that of my horse, Paprika. Shortly afterwards I heard a long, loud neigh, which I had never heard before.

I rushed outside and left my sister standing by my bed. I had to unlock the front door before I could get out. I spotted a torch, picked it up and ran, and it was not long before my sister was close behind me.

Since it was so hot, I had left my horse outside, with some lucerne to amuse her. As I drew nearer to the field I could hear the pounding of hoofs. Then I reached the field—to see my horse, mane and tail flowing, being pursued by an enormous Palamino stallion. What a glorious sight! Round and round the field they galloped. Sometimes Paprika would stop for breath, and the stallion would come nearer to her then. Soon Paprika was cornered at the far end of her field. Then I saw that the beautiful Palamino was Viking, who lives up the road. The two horses were in a muck sweat, and their sides were heaving.

I could not understand how Viking had got into the field because the gate was closed. As I was puzzling, and standing by the gate, I was just in time to see a flash of white clear the fence, with inches to spare. Viking had gone, but Paprika was still in her corner of the field. I walked down to her and my sister went back to the house. Paprika saw me coming and so she trotted up to meet me. I ran down and threw my arms around her.

MEA MCGREGOR, Upper III.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

The moon shone eerily down, sending silver beams round about. Silver rays danced between the quivering leaves, dappling the ground with silver patterns. There was complete silence for a while, except for the rustling black-cut line of the reeds swishing in the breeze. The moon cast a beautiful reflection upon the water and the silver lake resembled a piece of gossamer delicately woven by nimble fingers. The sound of the silver wavelets lapping on the shore echoed continuously, peaceful to any ear.

Suddenly, the silence was broken by the triumphant hoot of an owl. The bird rose gracefully into the air, clinging tightly to its prey. The big, round, golden eyes glinted evilly in the light of the moon. Scared mice scuttled away, trying to camouflage themselves among the bushes.

The silver moon shone unceasingly. It looked as if it were watching every movement taking place below. It was big and round and gave a radiant light to the dark night, and acted as a gigantic lantern for weary tramps still seeking for some place to sleep.

The black trees stood out eerily against the brightness of the moon. They waved their stark, spreading arms in the breeze making a pattern upon the ground of silvery moonlight and mystic shadows.

The dark patches contrasted beautifully with the light patches. The long grass quivered to and fro, completely dark except for the touch of silvery moonlight upon the blades.

A cat prowled through the bushes without cracking a single twig. It lurked furtively about until it saw a bird. Its eyes widened and caught the light of the moon; and for a moment the cat was not to be seen, only those two eyes glinting menacingly. Suddenly there were rapid movements. The sickening squawk of the bird soon died down and once more everything was silent and eerie. Still the moon was quietly watching every movement.

Dawn was creeping on. The moon's brightness was soon to fade as the dazzling sun rose slowly and gloriously. The springing east made the moonlight fade away. Its silvery, gossamer-like surface was gone. Only the golden light of the sunbeams danced in among the leaves. The eeriness by the light of the moon had faded away to nothing.

YOLANDA LARIA, Upper III.

AS DIT AAND WORD OP DIE SEE

Die son verdwyn agter die groot berge. Vinnig gly die stroom weg en ontbloot die donker rotse, skerp in die vaal lig.

Twee kinders hardloop met 'n groot wit hond oor die strand. Hulle gryp die lang toue seegras, hulle jaag mekaar in die vlaktes. 'n Kort, opgewekte geroep en hulle is weg, net die klein voetspoortjies in die sand die bewys van hul kom.

Op die pad agter die duine stap 'n paar kleurlinge met 'n ghitaar. Hulle trap die ritme van die Kwela-musiek, opwindend en sinlik soos die see. Van die kleurlingshut in die verte kom 'n ruik van vleisbraai. 'n Hond tjank.

Nou val die digte donker. Die maan kom op en die duine glinster wit met swart skaduwees in hul vlaktes. 'n Dun paal stryg in die lug. Die branders slaan die strand en gooi skuim oor die rotse. Toe styg die water en spoel die spore weg . . .

Alma Kooy, Upper V.

DONKER WOLKE OP DIE HORISON

Droogte—tot die horison aan alle kante was daar droogte. Die grond was gebars en versaeng en vir diere, plante en mense was daar geen water nie. Die toestand was wanhopig en het hopeloos gelyk, en elke dag het die boere, my pa inbegrepe, die breë blou hemele ondersoek, maar dag na dag was daar geen teken van 'n wolk nie.

Van die koppie waar ek gestaan het, het ek rondom my na die sterwende land gestaar. Hier en daar was die grond om 'n laagte waar daar voorheen water was, gedruk met die spore van baie diere. Maar ek het geweet dat dié grond nie meer sagte modder was nie, maar deur die skroeiende son so hard soos rots gehak is. Dit was vreeslik warm, maar met die hitte was daar iets nuuts—dit was ook drukkend. Hoop het skielik in my opgeborrel en ek het weer na die horison getuur. Kon dit waar wees of was dit net my verbeelding? Was daar regtig wolke laag op die horison, of nie? Ek het weggekyk en toe weer na die horison gestaar. Ja, daar was wolke daar!

Nog van my koppie, het ek hulle dopgehou soos hulle saamgepak het—donkerder en donkerder, amper swart wolke. Met hul versameling het die lig trapsgewyse meer drukkend geword, en 'n klein windjie het oor die gebarste veld gesuis. Skielik was daar 'n flits van die weerlig, kort op sy bakke gevolg deur die donder gedreun en toe het die reën begin. Groot, stadige druppels het neergestort en in die stof verdwyn soos die aarde sy dors begin les het. Vinniger en vinniger het hulle geplas totdat ek binne 'n paar minute papnat was. Weer het die weerlig gebliks en ek het my plat op die grond gelei, terwyl die water in klein stroompies rondom my gevloei het—stroompies wat groter en groter geword het totdat hulle riviértjies was.

My hare het in die modder gelê, maar dit kon my nie op daardie oomblik skeel nie. Alles waaraan ek kon dink was „Water, lewensgewende water!” Ek het geweet geen diere sou vrek, geen plante sou meer verskroei, in die hitte nie, en ons mense sou weer water hê. Ek het nie geweet hoe lank ek daar gelê het nie, maar uiteindelik het die reën opgehou en met 'n ligter hart het ek papnat deur die water en modder huis toe gestap.

Beverly Moore, Upper V.

'N DAG IN DIE LEWE VAN 'N KOSGANGER
OP HERSCHEL

Die sewe-uur en daar lui die klok. O, hoe haat ons daardie geluid wanneer ons dit soggens hoor. 'n Paar dapper meisies klim uit hulle beddens uit en val op die vloer neer om hulle pantoffels met oë, wat nog halftoe is, te soek. Die luiards wat in die bed bly, hoor elke more om kwart-oor-sewe die stem van die huismoeder wat sê „Staan op, meisies. Die kwart-oor-sewe”. Al wat jy hoor is 'n geknor van hierdie bed en 'n gekerm van daardie bed. Uiteindelik tuimel hulle almal uit die bed uit.

Onthyt begin om half-agt en in die eetkamer hoor 'n mens die gekletter van borde en messeware en ook die geras van 'n klomp meisies wat tesame praat. Na onthyt gaan almal terug koshuis toe waar die ander die taak van bedopmakery begin. Die klok lui weer om kwart-oor-agt, en skool begin om halfnag. Nou begin die werk. Eers kom Latyn—'n dubbele les! Die hele klas sit amper vas aan die slaap en skrik skielik wakker wanneer die onderwyseres iemand 'n vraag vra. Natuurlik kan niemand die vraag beantwoord nie. Almal oorlewe op een of ander manier, die vervelige tyd.

Daar lui die klok weer en gelukkig is dit vir die elf-uur pouse. Almal gaan buitekant toe om in die son te bak. Dit lyk soos 'n hele klomp lyke wat op die gras lê.

Na die pouse wat net vyftien minute lank duur, gaan almal baie onwillig terug klaskamer toe. Een minuut bak jy heerlik in die son, die volgende sit jy weer in die koue klaskamer.

Om een-uur verwelkom ons die klok. Almal skrik weer wakker en dink aan die kos wat op hulle wag. Gou-gou trek 'n paar meisies 'n kam deur hulle hare en dan is almal gereed om te eet. Weer is daar 'n vreeslike gehabbel in die eetkamer. Daarna volg nog 'n ruk van bakkerij in die son. Ten slotte gaan almal terug klaskamer toe, tot om drie-uur.

Drie-uur bring óf huiswerke óf spel. Om vier-uur begin almal 'n bietjie vaak voel na al die bedrywighede van die afgelope dag. Maar die nie die end van die dag vir die kosgangers op skool nie. Voor ons uiteindelik weer bed toe gaan moet ons ons huiswerk klaarmaak.

Gedurende die tyd waarin ons die huiswerk doen is daar soms baie praterij. Gelukkig hou niemand in ons klas toesig terwyl ons werk nie. Na twee uur van harde werk tuimel almal weer in die bed in na 'n lang skooldag.

FIONA DICKEY, Lower V.

EN TOE LUI DIE KLOK

Talle boeke lê nog verstrooid oor die lessenaars van 'n paar meisies, wat vir die laaste minute voor die eerste les nog gou-gou vir 'n toetsie moet leer of nog die laaste bietjie huiswerk moet voltooi.

Die Maandag en die eerste les wat om nege-uur begin, is Afrikaans. Soos 'n warrelwindjie kom sy ingewaan en met 'n haastige, opgewekte „Môre, klas, sit asseblief,” is almal reg om hul boeke uit te haal en aan die werk te spring. As dit nie die moeilike deelwoorde is nie, moet daar Mondeling gesê word en dan word daar op klein stukkie papier gou nog die laaste gedagtes neergekrap, net om te onthou waarvan die onderwerp is. Partykeer giggel ons oor die grappies wat vertel word en ander kere sit ons weer versteend in ons banke met borsende hartjies, terwyl ons deur 'n harde stem berispe word vir werk wat onvoltooi is.

'n Les wat vir my die interessantste is, is Engels. Nou ja, nie almal van ons kan so lekker die root-taal praat nie, maar al, daardie Engelse les — dit word meer interessant by die dag. Baie keer droom ons heerlik terwyl ons onderwyseres 'n sentonige godlike les, maar min weet ons dat ons elke minuut betrag word met die fynste noukeurigheid en as daar dié dag eers 'n toetsie gegee word, kan die drumers duidelik herken word met hopelose punte. My Engelse onderwyseres laat my so baie dink aan 'n feitjie met 'n pragtige towerstokkie — want sy ken nie net die betekenis van elke woord nie, maar elke storie in die hele wêreld weet sy iets van en dit is met groot moeite wat ons haar ooit kan vasvra.

Dan is dit weer daardie tekening van 'n aaklike spinnekop wat gou voor die Biologie-klas geteken moet word, wat maar altyd verbeur word deur ons Engelseonderwyseres en dan in fyn stukkie geskeur en soos die sagte, wit vlakkie aneel, in die snippermandjie gegooi word.

Elke les van die week het maar sy eie snaaksigheidsjies en dit laat my altyd dink aan daardie eerste Huishoudkundeles. Ons juffroujie is regtig 'n mooi dingetjie as daar iets van haar gesê moet word — sy het haar nukke en drukke soos almal, maar as ons eers met die kos begin gaan alles voor die wind. Na daar 'n lekker ry koeke op die tafel staan, natuurlik twee of drie verbrand en een heeltemal 'n mislukking, dan bly daar amper niks meer van ons juffrou oor nie. Haar lastige, kortgeknippte haartjies staan regop op haar kop en 'n spierwit haal van die meel, lê oor haar bloedrooi wang — „Eet maar julle koeke,” sê sy altyd terwyl die lekkerste een na die personeelkamer aangedra word! Ag, nou ja, mens moenie kerm nie.

Genoeg van die klas gepraat — nou 'n bietjie van die sport op die sportveld. Elke oggend is daar die bruingebrande gesig met die mooi stywe holla agter haar kop vasgesteek, wat glimlaggend jou 'n „Goeie môre,” toewens. Sommer 'n lekker begin vir die nuwe dag. As ek so aan ons sportfrigster dink, wonder ek nou juis hoe sy die holla so mooi elke oggend regkam en hoe sy so mooi bruin bly dwarsdeur die winter! Is dit nie dalkies „Quick Tan” nie? Nee, darem seker nie.

Elke middag van die week kan jy maar net na die sportsvelde gaan en gewoonlik is daar iets aan die gang. As dit nie die hokkiespelers is, wat met hul tonge op die grond nog probeer slaan na die wit balletjie wat eenvoudig nooit moeg word nie, is dit die tennisspeler wat eenvoudig nie daardie bal oor die net kan slaan nie, en dan sien jy maar die sportsafrigter wat moedig glimlag en maar aanhou om die spelers aan te help, soos die gesegde — „Aanhouer wen!”

Ja, mens kan werklik 'n boek skryf oor al die interessante onderwyseresse en hul gewoontes. Om van een te vertel sonder om 'n woordjie van die ander in te sit, is byna onmoontlik, maar my tyd is alweer verstreke — daar lui die klok en die huismoeder is al klaar weer op my spoor, want ek is laat!

ELIZABETH DE WIT, Lower V.

„SKELM”

Dit is nie die storie oor hoe die olifant sy slurp gekry het, of die tier sy kolletjies nie, maar dis oor 'n by wat kennis wou opdoen. Bye is nie veronderstel om skool toe te gaan nie, hulle moet heuning van blomme in die skooltuin maak, nie kennis in die skool self opdoen nie. Maar dié kleintjie het besluit om 'n bietjie anders te wees — hy gaan die geheime van moderne beskawing leer — wiskunde, wetenskap, biologie en miskien die geheime van outydse beskawing ook, verskillende tale, geskiedenis, in plaas van met die dom ou blomme in die tuin vriende te maak.

En dit het begin toe hy deur die venster van die Hoër IV Br. klaskamer ingevlieg het, waar 'n hele paar blou-gekleëde menslike voorwerp by banke gesit het. Die meeste van hulle het in een rigting gekyk, na die koning-by, wat iets roois aangebied het, en wie se arm bo haar kop gesteek was, terwyl sy probeer het om wit strepe op swart te smeer. „Hoe vervelig,” het die besoeker gedink, en het sy kop gedraai. Skielik het die rooi-koningin verdwyn, maar na 'n rukkie het sy weer in bruin en geel verskyn. „Mmm,” het hy gedink, „dis beter. Ek stem saam dat koninginne nie rooi moet dra nie.” Die les het begin, en sy het oor 'n tamaal gehelm van outydse beskawing gepraat. Dit was „Caesar” genoem, en al wat dit gedoen het, was om almal dood te maak, voordat dit self doodgemaak is. „Wel, dis nie veel van 'n geheim nie!” En die by het na 'n ander klaskamer gevlieg. Die koningin in dié kamer was besig om vir haar onderdane te beskrywe, hoe arme Pieter Retief so tragies doodgegaan het, terwyl almal baie simpatiek gesteun en kreun het, asof hulle ook iets gehad het om oor te treur. Miskien het hulle? Maar hoe moes 'n „Uitlander” dit weet?

Die treurendes het gou met die weeklagte opgebou toe hulle van veraf 'n klok gehoor lui het. Hulle het langs die gang stormgehoop en het daarna hul plek in 'n tou ingedruk, en aan die einde hiervan, het elkeen 'n wit, driehoek geneem wat soos blits in hul monde gestop is. Al wat gedurende die volgende les gebeur het, was dat die koningin vyf letters, wat baie na T-O-E-T-S gelyk het, geskryf het. Al die onderwerpe het nare gesigte getrek en baie ontstelend en verbasend geword, terwyl 'n paar vinnig hul neuse in blokke wat oop was, ingesteeek het. In 'n ander kamer, waar daar lang groen tafels was, het die koningin gesê: „Ons gaan nou 'n by uitmekaar trek.” „Uitm . . . 'n wa-at? Dis seker iets om te sien!” Op 'n tafel agter in die kamer, het die besoeker een van sy maats gesien. Hy het gegaan om met hom te praat, maar het gou uitgevind dat dit onmoontlik sou wees, omdat die ander onder 'n glas koepel was. Die koningin het dié opgelig, maar voordat hy, die ander by, kans gegee het om los te kom, het sy iets oor hom gegooi, en na 'n paar sekondes was dit klaar met hom. Die koningin het hom middeldeur gekap. „Komaan, steek haar! Gebruik jou angel!” het die besoeker hardop in onsteltenis gedreun. Toe dié uitroep gehoor is, het die onderdane vreeslik begin skree, en onder die tafels gekruip. „Nou wut het ek gedoen? Maar dit maak nie saak nie! Ek moes weg, en gou ook.”

Toe hy daardie aand in sy bybed gelê het, kan die skelm nie aan die slaap raak nie, want by was te verbysterd oor wat gedurende die dag gebeur het. Sy kop het soos 'n groot vraagteken gevoel, terwyl sy agterstedele vreeslik seer was. Waarom, het hy gewonder, verander menslike koninginne hul velk so dikwels? En waarom is dit, dat elke keer wat hulle vervel, kry hui vel 'n nuwe kleur? Wat het hulle met ou Tom gemaak? En miskien nog belangriker, en ook seerder, waarom is sy broek vir hom so lekker afgestof toe hy sonder heuning terug gekom het?

MAUREEN HARRIS, Upper V.

HOE DIE HEX VALLEI SY NAAM GEKRY HET

Baie dikwels het baie ou plekke 'n legende aan hulle verbode. Die mooiste verhaal wat ek nog ooit gehoor het, is hoe my tuiste sy naam gekry het.

Daar is natuurlik baie verskillende verklarings, maar vir my is die mooiste darem ook die treurigste. Dit is van 'n jong dame wat baie, baie mooi was en sommer baie bewonderaars gehad het. Die jong meisie het met al die naburige seuns geflankeer, en hulle was almal dolverlief op haar.

Eendag, ontmoet sy 'n seun op wie sy verlief geraak het. Hy het haar gevra om met hom te trou, maar omdat sy so 'n harde hart gehad het, het sy hom 'n hele reeks toetsar gegee om sy liefde vir haar te toets. Die laaste toets was die moeilikste — dit was om 'n spesiale soort wilde blom wat hoog in die berg gegroei het vir haar te gaan pluk.

Hy was vroeg een oggend weg! 'n Koue windjie het gewaai, en stadig het 'n mis oor die berg gesak. Die jong meisie het onrustig begin voel toe haar geliefde oor 'n dag nog nie by die huis was nie. 'n Sockgeseelskap het na hom gaan soek, en sy liggaam, blou van koue op 'n rots gekry, waar hy ongekrom het. In sy hand was die wilde blom, nog vars.

Toe die meisie gehoor het, hoe haar geliefde gesterf het, het sy glad verander. Sy het stil geword, en nooit met mense gepraat nie. Eendag kry hulle haar buitekant haar venster, waaruit sy haarsief gegooi het — dood.

En nou, soos die legende gaan, soek sy haar held op die berg as die mis oor die berg hang, en sy roep hom in haar fyn stemmetjie. Sy dra swart, en dus noem die mense haar 'n heks. Dit is hoe die Hex Vallei sy naam gekry het.

GAB. DEXY, Upper IV.

MY NUWE AANDROK

Gedurende die afgelope vakansie is ek na 'n formele partytjie uitgenooi. Ek het maar net een lang aandrok gehad. Dit was 'n witte met kant moue, maar ek was sat van die rok en al my vriende het dit al dikwels gesien. Ek het my ma gesmeek om vir my 'n nuwe rok te koop en sy het my belowe dat ons die volgende Saterdagoggend stad toe kan gaan om vir my 'n rok te koop.

Daardie Saterdag het ek en my ma vroeg opgestaan en per trein stad toe gegaan. Ons het van bo in Adderleystraat tot onder geloop, maar geeneen van die honderde rokke wat ek aangepas het, het vir my gepas nie. Almal was te nou, of te wyd, of hulle het niks gepas nie. My skoene het my naderhand gedruk, ek het hoofpyn gehad en ek was heeltemal uitgeput. Ons het baie teleurgesteld huis toe teruggegaan.

Baie Saterdag daarna het dieselfde gebeur. Eindelik het ons besluit om 'n rok te laat maak, en ek het pragtige materiaal gekoop. Die materiaal het 'n oulike blompatroon opeghad en dit was van sy. Nadat ek die rok baie keer aangepas het, was dit eindelijk klaar. Ek was baie in my skik met die rok. Dit het deursigtige moue gehad en die rok was net bekant die bors ingeplooi.

Eindelik het die groot dag aangebreek. Daardie aand sou die partytjie gehou word. Ek was 'n bietjie senuweecagtig, maar ook baie opgewonde, want ek het só lank na dié aand uitgesien.

Ek het die partytjie baie geniet en almal het vir my gevra waar ek my rok gekoop het. Daarna, wanneer ek ooit die rok gedra het, het ek die geleentheid baie geniet.

GAB. KELLY, Lower IV.

ONS PLAAS

Ons plaas, Die Eike, is honderd myl noordoos van Kaapstad af. Pa kweek appels en pere, en teen die hange van die berge het hy baie dennebome geplant. Ons het oor die vierduisend skape op die plaas, maar gedurende die winter gaan hulle altyd na ons plaas in die Klein Karoo omdat dit te nat op Die Eike is. Daar is ook sowat dertig koeie, sodat die volk op ons plaas hul melk, botter en room goedkoop kan koop. Ek dink dis net twee en 'n half sent vir een pint melk. Ons het ook ons eie slaghuus en winkels, waar mnr. Kroneberg en mnr. Esterhuizen allerlei kruidentersware, klerasie en vleis verkoop.

Daar is oor die driehonderd volk op ons plaas. Die meeste van hulle woon in huise van twee of drie vertrekke. Daar is warm en koue water, bakoonde en elektrisiteit. Mnr. Kroneberg is ook die prinsipaal van die skooltjie waar ons volk se kinders skoolgaan.

Op hierdie ou plaas, bring ek graag my vakansie deur. Daar is ek en my vriendin, Rineth, altyd bymekaar. Dikwels gaan ons saam met haar pa in sy bakkie op die plaas rondry, of ons ry perdi, skaats, swem of luister na die draadloos. Soms gaan ons ook bergklim.

Eendag het ons tot bo-op die naaste berg, Kruipin, geklim. Eers het ons langs die waterpyp opgeleup totdat ons by die opgaardam gekom het. Daarna het ons met 'n steil paadjie tot bo geklim. Dit was amper sesuur, en baie koud. Wolke het oor die bergpiek begin saampak. Van bo was dit 'n pragtige gesig. Lank het ons daar gesit en net gekyk. Toe ons weer tuisgekom het, was dit al lankal donker en ons het natuurlik raas gekry, maar die uitstappte was die moeite werd.

JANET GRAAFF, Upper III Mc.

PERSEPHONE

Olim, Graeca dea veris ascendit montem cum suis amicis. Puellae faciebant armillas floribus et ludebant feliciter quando terra iuxta subito fatiscit, et Pluto, rex inferiorum, venit ex magna caverna. Sedebat in curru, qui ducebatur a quattuor nigris equis. Amici persephonis, perterriti, fugerunt, sed Pluto, antequam Persephone etiam posset fugere, imposuit deum iuxtam in curru. Persephone clamavit suae matri ut veniret et servaret se. Demeter audivit suas clamores, sed quando pervenit ad montem, Persephone non aderat, quod Pluto duxerat eam ad inferiores ut esset sua regina. Demeter exploravit in clivo et in agris, sed non potebat invenire eam ubivis. Omnes flores qui aperuerant Persephoni iam claudabant; folia in arboribus mortua sunt et ceciderunt ad terram et herbae mutaverunt ad aureum colorem. Tandem, Zeus, rex omnium deorum et dearum, vocavit Demetrem et dixit ei, "Persephone est in inferioribus cum Plutone et iubebo Plutonem mittere eam ad terram statim". Sed prinsquam astutus Pluto pareret huic imperio, observavit Persephonem ut ederet antequam discederet ab inferioribus et dedit ei malum punicum. Exedit paulum, et quando voluit discedere, Pluto dixit ei, "Quod edisti sex acina mali punici, manebis tecum sex menses anni."

Quando rediit ad terram, flores aperuerunt iterum, folia rebant viridia et erat aestas. Sed quando ivit ad nigros inferiores, mortua sunt, et hiems mansit donec rediret, ferens ver secum.

MAUREEN HARRIS, Upper IV Br.

UM CAMBRIOLEUR

Ma mère, mon père, mes deux sœurs et moi, habitâmes à la campagne, près de Bourton en Angleterre. Ceci s'est passé un jour en hiver, pendant les vacances de Noël. Mon père et ma mère étaient sortis dîner en ville avec notre voisin. Mes sœurs et moi avons dîné et décoré, dans la salle à manger, l'arbre de Noël de petites balles de verre et beaucoup d'autres jolies choses. A neuf heures nous avons fini. Nous avons apporté nos taies d'oreiller au lit et nous nous sommes endormies. Mon père et ma mère sont rentrés à onze heures et demie. A minuit je me suis réveillée quand j'ai entendu une personne dans ma chambre. Je pensais que c'était le Père Noël avec les cadeaux. Alors je suis restée immobile, tout agitée. Puis je me suis rendormie.

Le lendemain je me suis réveillée pour trouver que certaines choses étaient absentes. Un cambrioleur avait passé chez nous.

ELSPETH MACKENZIE, Lower V.

CHEZ GRAND'MERE

Tous les dimanches nous allons passer la journée chez ma grand'mère, la mère de mon père, qui habite un petit village au bord de la mer. Grand'mère a une petite chambrière avec un jardin propre entouré d'une palissade couverte de plantes grimpantes, et la porte du jardin donne sur la plage. La petite maison est meublée d'antiquités et de polis rideaux et ma grand'mère est, comme sa maison, toujours très gaie.

Le dimanche nous arrivons à dix heures et après avoir dit bonjour à grand'mère nous allons nous baigner. A une heure nous déjeunons sur la plage ou dans le jardin. Si nous déjeunons sur la plage, nous nous reposons sur le sable chaud en mangeant des oeufs à la coque et du poulet rôti froid. Après notre pique-nique nous jouons sur la plage et dans l'eau. Mes parents et Grand'mère s'asseyent sous un grand parapluie dans le jardin, et nous les rejoignons pour le thé et le gâteau chocolat de Grand'mère.

A cinq heures et demie nous disons au revoir et nous rentrons chez nous. Nous sommes toujours fatigués mais cette journée est toujours très agréable.

LINDA TOWNSEND, Lower V.

LE PRINTEMPS

Enfin, le voilà, le printemps, quand tout se réveille après le long hiver froid. Partout les fleurs s'ouvrent de toutes les couleurs, rouges, jaunes, blanches. Les arbres qui ressemblaient aux vieux sont maintenant couverts de petites feuilles vertes. Le matin les oiseaux chantent et le soleil se lève de bonne heure.

Au parc les enfants jouent au soleil et cueillent des fleurs nouvelles. Il y a des tapis de fleurs partout. Que c'est pittoresque!

A la campagne les jeunes chevaux se jettent et courent après les papillons et leurs mères paisibles mangent lentement la luzerne.

Tout le monde est très heureux quand vient le printemps car bientôt la belle saison va arriver.

ELIZABETH DE WET, Lower V.

VOYAGE EN VOITURE

La mère de mon père habite Orléans. Sa fête est au mois de juin et l'année dernière ma famille est allée la visiter pour la célébrer. Elle avait soixante douze ans.

Nous sommes partis de bonne heure et il faisait beau temps. Mon père conduisait très vite et nous sommes arrivés bientôt à Orléans. Nous sommes entrés dans la ville et avons visité le musée de Jeanne d'Arc et admiré la statue de la Pucelle dans la rue. Orléans, ayant souffert beaucoup de bombardements durant la dernière guerre donne l'aspect d'une ville neuve. Puis nous sommes allés chez Grandmère.

Elle habite une petite maison. Le toit est en chaume. Elle est petite et très ridée mais elle a les yeux qui pétillent. Elle porte les vêtements démodés et sent la lavande.

Mon oncle et ma tante sont arrivés après nous et nous avons passé une soirée agréable. Plus tard cette nuit nous sommes partis pour Paris et nous ne sommes arrivés à la maison qu'à deux heures du matin. Mon père s'est rappelé que l'année précédente nous sommes rentrés à trois heures.

VIRGINIA GALBRAITH, Lower V.

SENIOR HOLIDAY READING ESSAY

BE THIS HER MEMORIAL

by CARADOC EVANS

Caradoc Evans spares us nothing in this tense story of an old woman's sacrifice. He demonstrates his almost-contempt for certain aspects of Christian behaviour shown by the minister, as opposed to the simple actions of old Nanni. Her mistake was to worship a god instead of God.

She had brought up the Reverend Josiah Bryn-Bevan, had nursed him, fed him and watched him grow up into manhood. He entered the ministry and became a very well-known preacher. Nanni began to worship him, because he was a living concrete thing, which she could see and hear, whereas she did not really know what to believe about the Unseen God.

The weekly pittance, which she collected from the pension office, was a mere three-and-ninety, and of this she gave a tenth to the Church. The people of the surroundings exploited her simplicity to the full, and employed her on their farms.

Then came the news that the Rev. Josiah Bryn-Bevan had accepted a post in another parish. His ulterior motive was undoubtedly that the salary was far more handsome. Nanni was desolate, and when a seller of Bibles came to her door, she believed this was the perfect offering to give the departing "Reverend" as a token of her devotion. The author is cynical about this seller of Bibles, for what right had such a man to press his goods on the very poor—such as Nanni was? So great was Nanni's love for the Minister that she did not think that perhaps the Reverend might have a Bible of his own. After all, that book is of primary importance in a minister's life.

So Nanni followed the "Reverend" about, and went to all his services. She had the book engraved and must have spent all her miserable savings in doing so. One day she appeared in church with a festering sore on the side of her mouth. People drew back from her in disgust, believing her to be unclean. The sores got worse as the days passed, until Nanni finally only appeared with a shawl over her face.

She was too ashamed to give her gift to the "Reverend" herself, and instead asked the wealthiest man in the parish, Sadrach Danyrefail, to do so. She could not attend the farewell service, during which the "Reverend" made mention of the gift, and in turn bestowed the humble offering, given with what love and devotion and sacrifice, upon Sadrach Danyrefail. It was the final token of how proud and oblivious of true sacrifice and courage man sometimes can be.

Making a final round of visits on his parishioners, the "Reverend" called on his old nurse. No one answered his knock or his greeting. He entered the poor little cottage, and saw Nanni lying still on the floor, clutching something between two tightly-clenched hands. Receiving no response after calling to her again, the "Reverend" knelt down and prised open her fingers. A large roasted rat fell out. Numbed with horror, the minister remained motionless for a few moments, and in the quiet several rats crept out and began to renew their attacks on Nanni's face. Utterly shocked and disgusted, the pious "Reverend" could do nothing but flee from the house. Caradoc Evans calls it "the house of sacrifice".

The title "Be this her Memorial" perhaps refers to the short story itself. Although not appreciated in her lifetime, through this story, old Nanni obtains sympathy and admiration from its readers. Evans's sentences are, to a large extent, all pregnant with meaning and he employs irony extensively. Nanni is a true, though in this case, somewhat misguided, Christian, whereas the pompous Minister, though fully believing himself to be the epitome of all preachers, is not. He did not care for the feelings of the old woman in handing over her gift which, though perhaps useless to him, was paid for by her supreme sacrifice. She gave her life to give the person whom she worshipped above all others a worthless gift. That gift was then more precious than all the jewels in a king's crown.

JACKY MANN, Upper V.

MIDDLE SCHOOL HOLIDAY READING ESSAY

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

The relationship between the old man Santiago, and the boy Manolin, is a perfect one. Each is a guardian to the other. Thus, the old man feels no resentment in his dependence on the boy, nor does the boy feel he is wasting Santiago's time when he asks the old man to teach him.

The old man first took the boy out in the boat with him when he was only five years old and they often discussed that occasion. Manolin has heard every detail of that expedition so often that by now he can talk about it as if he actually remembers it himself.

The boy has fished with Santiago since that day and is clearly upset when his parents come to the conclusion that the old fisherman is unlucky, and send their son to another, more successful, boat.

Manolin talks to the old man about this and even talks tentatively of disobeying his parents and returning to his old friend, but Santiago loves him so much that he wants him to do the right thing and not get into trouble.

This pure, true love for the boy is seen again when the old man is way out at sea fighting a grim battle with the fish. At various stages he repeats again and again "I wish the boy were here . . . If only the boy were here." There is intense feeling and longing behind these words, too. They are completely free from any selfish resentment or jealousy. Never does he say, "If only the parents of Manolin had not been so mean! I wish the boy had disobeyed them and returned to me." No, it is always just, "I wish the boy were here . . ."

As a little boy, Manolin was taught and no doubt, protected by the old man. Now, it is he that does the protecting. It is he who gets food from Martin, he who brings it down to the old shack. His mind is ever on the alert for the things he can do for the old man. Santiago mentions washing, and immediately the boy thinks, "Where does he wash? I must bring him soap and a good towel." He notices his bare feet and the thought flashes through his mind, "I must get him some sandals." But if Manolin is the protector, it is still the old man who is the teacher. "You must get better soon, so that you can teach me, for there is much I must learn," Manolin says, as he leaves the old man in the shack after his ordeal at sea.

The old man and the youth take the best each has and put it together for the good of both of them. Manolin sits with the old man until he falls asleep, and Santiago wakes the boy in the morning. "Old men wake early; young boys sleep long and hard."

Manolin loves the old man so much that he does not mind if others see him crying with distress at his state after returning from the sea. This, I think, is a great thing because I am sure that in normal circumstances a youth would be both embarrassed and annoyed at being seen in tears. He would consider it unmanly — but Manolin loves the old man so much that he knows this is untrue.

Although, the old man is so old and the boy is so young there is a feeling of comradeship and "men-together", between them. Manolin buys Santiago a beer and later they discuss baseball together. They also talk together about the selection of a lottery ticket. A great trust between them is shown in the little conversation about the fictitious vice and cast-net. Then Santiago speaks of a newspaper, and Manolin instead of blurting out, "Is that real or just part of our game?" just nods his head and accepts the remark whether it, too, be true or not.

It is interesting to note that the old man never dreams of the boy although his waking hours are filled with thoughts of him. The boy is something which belongs to the day and to reality, but at night he dreams of the lions. The book says that he loves the lions as he loves the boy; therefore I contend that there is a similarity between the two. Both are the focal points of the old man's love and admiration; one is in the present, the other from the past; one is the actual daytime love, the others are creatures of a shadowy dreamland, with whom he spends his nights.

The old man symbolises mankind, stripped of all sophistication and the effects of civilisation. For he lives his life on the sea, pitting his strength against the great lords of life, the grand fish. Occasionally he wonders if it is a sin to kill such great creatures but he soon reassures himself — "I was born to be a fisherman, just as he was born to be a fish." But although he is a "strange old man" he must one day die, and the boy symbolises the new life replacing the old — the continuation of life. He has taught, and will still teach, the boy all he knows of the sea, and when he dies the boy will take his place — fighting all the great battles he has never fought, hooking all the great fish he has never hooked — until the boy dies and another drags his boat out to sea to take his place. And so life goes on. Even though the old man has been denied the carcass of the fish, he knows "they" could not steal his victory ("Man cannot be defeated. He can be destroyed but he cannot be defeated.") He looks forward to the future — he speaks of how he will buy new knives, of how he will teach the boy — and then he sleeps. He is sleeping — and dreaming of lions.

ELIZABETH SPELHAUS, Upper IV.

SCRIPTURE SECTION

THE BIBLE

The Bible unfolds the story of a long period, a time from the Creation to the dawn of Christianity. These centuries witnessed the origin of our religion, art, languages, laws, medicine astronomy and mathematics. The crucial point of all this history is the land of Palestine, the Holy Land. Although small in area, it has played a large and important rôle in the affairs of humanity. It can be compared to a small stage at the centre of a huge arena embracing all the world.

The word Bible comes from "biblos" meaning a book; however, this is not one book but a library of books which could otherwise be called the Scriptures. It tells us the way in which God taught man more concerning Himself and it also tells us what this great, unknown power expected of man. He did not want miracles in return but love, truth, loyalty, obedience, kindness and unselfishness.

The most important result of the story transmitted to us through the many writers of the Bible is that of the beginning of the Church. Soon after the Ascension, the twelve disciples were known as Christians and throughout the years that followed they taught many other people about the Christian religion. As a result they built up the Church as the New Israel. This grew fast as the Word of God grew and the number of His followers multiplied.

The thirty-nine books of the Old Testament which were originally written in the Hebrew language tell us about God's covenant with the Jews. This was the Old Covenant which was made between Yahweh and Moses through the great Ten Command-

ments which were given to him on top of the barren Mount Sinai. The Old Testament, as a whole, tells us the history of the Holy Land from the time when God created man to the time when it is prophesied that a great prophet would be sent by God to save all sinners.

This prophecy comes true and in the Greek-written twenty-seven books of the New Testament we read how the living God revealed Himself in a phenomenal way on the stage of the History of man. These books show us the New Covenant which God made with the whole world, so as to save all of us from sin when we give Him love and faith in return. God made this New Covenant through our Saviour, Jesus Christ, during the Last Supper between Him and His twelve disciples, a scene which everyone of us knows so well. We can picture Him, surrounded by His followers, holding up the cup of wine and saying, "This is my blood, which was shed for thee, to preserve thy body and soul into everlasting life." So we can sum up the New Testament, or Covenant, as a record of the life, work, teachings and miracles of the son of God and also as the beginning of Christianity.

From this we also learn how Jesus Christ came down to earth "not to be served but to serve and to surrender his life as a ransom for many".

The New Testament books were written out on papyrus rolls. This was done by means of a reed pen with ink which was cleverly made from a kind of gum, soot and water. The original sheets which were so patiently written out do not now exist but the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls has confirmed the truth of most of these books. A Bedouin shepherd was the first to discover these important scrolls in the year 1947 while he was searching for a lost lamb. Unfortunately they got into the wrong hands; but they were eventually analysed by scientists who found out that some of the verses they translated can be found in the texts of the New Testament which we read today.

Before printing was invented the Bible was laboriously written out by hand, mainly by the monks who were almost the only people of that time who were well educated. They also decorated them beautifully, each page individually. As a result of this, there were few Bibles and most people were ignorant about this great book.

William Tyndale made a better English translation of the Bible when printing was discovered. But, even after this great effort, Tyndale ended his life by being burned at the stake. After this there were many versions of the Bible. The Authorised as well as the Revised versions were produced. The Knox Bible was also carefully translated by the Roman Catholics during our century. The Moffat translation was written in more modern speech and the J. B. Phillips edition was produced so as to obtain a meaningful translation of this Book. However, the most important version is that of the New Testament. This is called the "New English Bible" and took four panels of scholars thirteen years to complete. The New Testament language of this Bible is more modern, so making it easier to understand.

So, in this great Book we read of the magnificent power of God. We read how God caused the waters of the Red Sea to be opened so that Moses and his "flock" could walk through. We also read of all the miracles Christ performed while he was on this earth, such as giving sight to the blind and healing the lepers. But, above all, we read of the Resurrection of Christ showing how great this power of our Creator is.

The Bible is at the top of the "best selling" list of books and will continue to be so. However, some people buy a Bible only so as to impress others and never read it. A Christian is not a Christian if he is ignorant about the whole Bible, so we should all take the advice of King George V who said that if one made a rule of reading a chapter of the Bible every night one would not regret it later on in life. I heartily agree with him because this Book has a message for everyone folded in among its powerful pages.

SUSAN SIMPSON, Lower V.

HOUSE REPORTS

JAGGER

House Mistresses: Mrs. Brownell, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Amdurer, Mrs. English, Mrs. Himing, Miss Sweet.

Head of House: M. Wells.

Prefects: S. Mackenzie, J. Gant, V. Cronwright.

First of all we should like to thank our House Mistress, Mrs. Brownell, for all the help and encouragement that she has given us during the past year. We are all very

grateful to her and also to the other house mistresses for their support. We welcome Mrs. Amdurer, who took Mrs. Silberbauer's place as Biology mistress in the second term, as a member of Jagger, and hope that she will be happy with us.

On Founder's Day, at the beginning of the year Jagger won two cups: the Work cup and the Art cup. Congratulations to all the girls who helped us gain the latter, and a very big "thank you" to Janet Henshilwood for all her enthusiasm and guidance. Although we won the Work cup in February, Jagger's work has not, on the whole, been at all good this year. A concerted effort must be made to improve the standard. Jennifer Susman, Susan Jack, Gael Kelly, and Annabel Caine, however, must be congratulated on their outstanding work.

Unfortunately Jagger only managed third place in the Inter-House Tennis. Congratulations, Merriman! However, the Open A team as well as the Under 15A team played extremely well.

We also took third place in the Inter-House hockey with Merriman and Rolt tying for first place. There was tremendous team spirit and we all enjoyed every minute of the matches.

Although, as a school, we no longer play netball there was an Inter-House Netball match which was great fun. The junior team did not win either of its matches, while the senior team won both theirs. Rolt were the eventual victors, with Jagger second. Volley-ball, a sport new to us all, was the next Inter-House Competition and in this Jagger was unbeaten — winning the cup. Unfortunately the Rolt and Merriman squash teams were of a higher standard than ours — but, although the losers, we enjoyed the games immensely.

In the first term we all knitted jerseys and blankets for our charity C.A.F.D.A., and at the same time we collected rummage for them. The senior girls look forward to visiting the establishment later this year.

There was an Inter-House Drama Competition in the third term, and Jagger produced "Antigone", with Helen Henderson, Cheryl Warr and Jeanette Ross as the producers. We wish to thank them for all their hard, devoted work, although they came only third.

Finally, we should like to thank Helen Henderson, Gillian Baigrie and Rosemary Taylor for their hard work in producing the House magazine. Their efforts were rewarded with a second place in the competition.

MICHELLE WELLS, Head of Jagger.

MERRIMAN

House Mistresses: Mrs. Muller, Mrs. Scott-Shaw, Miss Braun.

Head of House: Margaret McGregor.

Prefect: Shirley Jenner.

At the beginning of the year Mrs. Muller was away, teaching overseas, and Mrs. Scott-Shaw took her place for the first term. I should like to thank Mrs. Scott-Shaw for the help and encouragement she has given us all. I feel that it is due to her enthusiasm that the house spirit at the gala and the tennis soared.

After the disappointment of coming third in the gala, we won the tennis cup, owing to the exceptionally good play of the juniors, especially of Deborah Turner-Smith, who held her place well in the Under 15 team.

In the first term the Merriman Matrics attended the Annual General Meeting of St. Michael's Orphanage. After tea we were shown round the building by one of the girls. The afternoon helped to establish a better idea of what the House was doing in the way of helping the orphanage. We sent them Easter eggs, and the jersey-knitting brought in a number of beautiful garments which we hope have been useful this winter.

The charity money collected at the beginning of the terms has been sent to the Raapkraal Crèche.

Mrs. Muller returned in the second term and once more took over her duties. She gave the school a fascinating talk on her travels and seems to have had a wonderful few months.

The work this year has been of a good standard, and our average, as yet, has not been bettered. If this could be maintained I feel that we might have a good chance of winning the work cup; however, each member of the house must redouble her efforts in order to attain this.

The Inter-House Hockey brought great excitement. Merriman won the junior, but found Rolt a stiff opponent in the senior. The final result was a draw between Rolt and

Merriman. Joan Waring, the captain, played extremely well and kept everyone's spirits up throughout the matches.

The House play was a great success, with Lynn Harris and Rosalind Ovenstone as producers, and I congratulate them on their fine effort.

I should like to thank the matrics for their help this year and especially Shirley Jenner, the House prefect, and Joan Waring, for the interest they have shown in House activities.

I hope that the house continues to keep up the spirit they have shown this year and that they are successful in the Inter-House competitions that are still to come.

MARGARET MCGREGOR, Head of Merriman.

ROLT

House Mistresses: Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Hampson, Mrs. Schultz, Mrs. Turley.

Head of House: Beverly Moore.

Prefects: Jacquelynne Mann, Rosemary Fowkes.

We began this year, 1966, as a house 54 members strong, with Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Hampson, Mrs. Turley and Mrs. Schultz as house mistresses. On Founder's Day, Rolt received the Swimming, Tennis, Netball, Hockey and Squash cups and the Diving and Efficiency shields—much to the jubilation (and justifiably enough, too!) of all Rolts. We also had the Art cup, which was last won in 1964, since there were no Inter-House Plays last year. Consequently we had an extremely high standard to live up to. Unfortunately, however, owing to, I think, especially determined efforts on the parts of Jagger and Merriman, we have lost some of these trophies.

During the first term we lost the Swimming to Jagger, who must be congratulated on the win they well deserved. On the actual day of the swimming it rained which was rather unfortunate as it meant that all supporters had to be removed to the Biology and Science laboratories. The standard of diving was very high throughout and Rolt retained the shield. During the first term, too, the Inter-House Tennis was played. This we lost to Merriman. Congratulations from us, Merriman!

The Inter-House Hockey was played at the end of the winter term and was very exciting—all the teams playing well and enthusiastically. In the Under-15 section, Merriman came first, and Rolt won the Open section. The net result was a draw between Merriman and Rolt, and so we share the cup this time.

Although netball is no longer part of the curriculum, it was decided that we should play the Inter-House. Despite the lack of practice, the Under-14 Rolt team played extremely well and deserved their win. The Senior team lost to Jagger, but beat Merriman, giving Rolt an overall win.

The Rolt squash team retained the cup this year, and for the first time, I think, in the history of Herschel, an Inter-House Volleyball match was played—Jagger emerging victorious.

Once again this year the House plays were produced by the Lower V's. D-day was the 24th September and Rolt came out well on top in a win they thoroughly deserved. I should like to congratulate particularly Cheryl Wale on the wonderful production, and also the four members of the cast: Linda Townsend, Gillian Verster, Suzanne Nosworthy and Susan Jenkin. The amount of work and time they spent on the play was tremendous. Still on the art side is the magazine which must not be forgotten. It is a really beautiful piece of work, and congratulations to the editor, Nicky Hutton, and co-editor Lynne Cunningham for all the hard work they put into it which gave us our win.

On the academic side, there has been a marked improvement, but there is still a great deal of room for more. This can be achieved only if everyone, from Upper III to Upper V, pulls her weight evenly, and conscientiously, in a sustained effort.

On behalf of all Rolts, I should like to thank Mrs. McCormick for all the help and encouragement she has given us this year. She will be leaving us at the end of the year to take up her post as Headmistress of Roodean in Johannesburg. We all want her to know that when she goes, she will take with her our grateful thanks and most sincere wishes for success in the future.

Finally, for myself, I should like to say a special "thank you" to Mrs. McCormick and also to the Rolt prefects and games captains who have helped the House so much this year. We all hope that Rolt will continue in its present pattern in the future—Good luck, Rolt!

BEVERLY MOORE, Head of Rolt.

CLUB ACTIVITIES

LIBRARY REPORT

Committee: Carlotta Vaughan, Shirley Jenner, Maureen Harris, Gillian Gaggins, Suzanne Milton.

The Committee again helped in the Library this year. They helped Miss Mulliner during Library periods and suggested new books.

The Afrikaans section of the Library has been much improved. There has been a considerable increase in the number of Afrikaans books that have been taken out during the past year and the Geography section has also been improved with the many new books that have been added. Miss Playne, the Divinity teacher, has added a completely new section to the Library, the Divinity Corner, which has been of great use to girls writing Scripture essays.

Once again the English Association and the Sociological Club found the Library a pleasant place in which to hold their meetings and Audrey Blignault gave an interesting talk about her own writing. This year the Conference of the Headmasters and Headmistresses of the Independent Schools took place at Herschel, and some of their meetings were held in the Library, the plenary sessions being in the Hall.

Miss Mulliner was ill for a long time during the 2nd and 3rd terms and the Library did not look "right" without her. While she was ill the Matric class helped the two senior members of the Committee to run the Library.

We should like to acknowledge the receipt of magazines from many other schools and organisations, which are a source of considerable interest. We thank Wynberg Girls' High, Diocesan College, Westerford, the Diocesan College for Girls, Grahamstown, St. Mary's P.S.G. Pretoria, the Black Sash for their contributions in this respect.

CARLOTTA VAUGHAN, Lower V.

SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB

Committee: Mrs. Hampson, Mrs. Brownell, Shirley Jenner, Joan Waring, Fiona Dicey, Elizabeth Trevor-Jones, Devon Lees, Gillian Verster, Pip Broadbent, Suzanne Nosworthy. *Secretary:* Michèle Wells.

Our very grateful thanks go to Mrs. Hampson, our President, and to Mrs. Brownell for all the help and encouragement they have given us during the year. We also thank Mrs. Kittow and the staff for showing interest and attending our meetings.

In the fourth term of last year, Gregoire Boonzaider, the well-known artist, came to tell us about the history of art in South Africa. He illustrated his talk with beautiful examples of painting. The late Dr. A. H. Jonker gave us a very interesting and amusing talk on "Reminiscences of an Afrikaans writer". We were all most upset to hear of his death, and our deepest sympathies go to Mrs. Jonker. Dr. Joan Grant came several times last year and this year to advise us on our preparation for living. The help she gave us was invaluable.

At our first meeting in 1966, our President, Mrs. Hampson, told us about her travels in Britain, and later in the year she explained the World Court decision on South West Africa to us. We always enjoy Mrs. Hampson's talks, and find them very interesting and helpful. Mrs. Brownell's talk on the Bushmen illuminated the film "Remnants of a Stone Age People" which we were shown, and made it more constructive and enjoyable. Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Muller both told us about their trips overseas, illustrating their talks with slides. Mrs. Gibson acted as manager for the Combined South African Universities Hockey Team which toured Britain and the Continent over the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Muller visited many art galleries and schools in Britain, and showed us some lovely slides of famous works. We are especially grateful to Mrs. Muller as she stepped into a breach when the American Field Service students had to postpone their visit until the fourth term.

Just before the general elections in South Africa, Advocate J. O. Newton Thompson spoke to us on elections; and he did a great deal to make the proceedings more meaningful for us.

On 30th March a group of Lower V's gave a party at the Janet Bourhill Institute. The children had a wonderful feast of cakes, cool drinks and biscuits, and afterwards they played games. We look forward to another visit.

Professor Guelke, of the Department of Electrical Engineering at the University of Cape Town, and Dr. Jaffe of the Dental Association, came to speak to us about careers

for women in their respective fields. We were very much interested in the various fields open to women. Dr. Mathias, Senior Lecturer in Geology at the University of Cape Town, gave us a talk on volcanoes. We found this a fascinating subject. Audrey Blignault, the South African authoress, gave us a talk on her life and essays. "Met Läger Tred" is one of our Matriculation setwork books, so the Upper V's found this particularly interesting and amusing.

The annual Careers Evening was held on August 19th. We are very grateful to the Careers Information Committee of the Wynberg Rotary Club for making this possible. Miss Rowland's talk was very interesting, and the panel of advisers gave us invaluable help.

The Sociological Club has enjoyed a very interesting year, and it is hoped that it will be privileged to enjoy a programme just as successful and equally worthwhile in 1967.

MICHAEL WELLS, Upper V.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

Committee: Mrs. McCormick, F. Dicey (Lower V), J. Martin (Upper IV R), P. Gilbert (Upper IV B).

This year we have not had as many debates as we should have liked. With the exception of the Inter-Schools, we had no debates against other schools. However, those that we did have aroused a great deal of discussion but could have been greatly improved by more speakers from the floor.

Carlotta Vaughan and Joanne Paulds were our speakers for the Inter-Schools Debate and were opposed by two boys from South African College School. The motion was: "That women in our generation should be paid equal wages for equal work." There was a lively battle of the sexes and both our speakers spoke very well indeed. The report in the newspaper was highly complimentary.

I should like to thank Mrs. McCormick for the advice and encouragement she has given us all the year.

DINAH ROBERTS, Secretary.

CHOIR REPORT

The work of the 1966 Herschel Choir began on Founder's Day, on February 4th. We sang "The Lord is my Shepherd", and for the first time, wore the medallions of the Royal School of Church Music. These were officially presented to us by Canon Aubrey at the prize-giving ceremony in the afternoon.

Six members of the choir sang at Georgina Hope-Ryan's wedding at St. Thomas's church in Rondebosch, singing, "O Lovely Peace". Then, on the 23rd September, we sang at the wedding of Mrs. McCormick's daughter, Bridget, to Douglas Lowry, our ex-games mistress's son. On November 10th four members of the choir sang at the wedding of mevrou Jonker's daughter.

For the five-year Republic Festival celebrations, members of the Peninsula schools combined to form a mass choir, which sang at the City Hall on May 18th. Nine Herschel choir-members took part, and we sang Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens" and Benjamin Britten's setting of Psalm 150. We were accompanied by the City Hall organ, and Dr. Claude Brown conducted.

The Lower V, Upper IV and Lower IV girls in the choir, together with the Bishops and Melodic choirs, sang Haydn's "Creation" in the City Hall on 20th September. They were conducted by Mr. Badminton with the Cape Town City orchestra.

The choir will be making a record on October 25th this year, the first side comprising songs from the senior, middle and preparatory school choirs, and the second, carols from the annual Carol Service at St. Saviour's church.

The Carol Service is to be recorded by the S.A.B.C. this year for broadcasting on Christmas morning. This is a great honour, and we hope to do justice to it.

The very best of luck to the choir for 1967!

DINAH ROBERTS and JACKIE MANN, Choir Leaders.

MIDDLE SCHOOL CHOIR

The Middle School choir consists this year, of fewer girls than previously and this appears to have been very profitable. We have worked hard together and as a result of this, have performed at one Music and Drama Evening and have assisted the Senior choir at a wedding.

During the third term, part of the choir had the wonderful experience of singing with the Cape Town orchestra in the City Hall. We joined forces with the melodic and Bishops choirs to sing the "Creation" by Haydn.

This year we are all hoping to equal the high standard and fine performance of last year's carol service.

MARILYN SIMPSON, Lower IV.

MATRICULATION DANCE, 1966

The date was the 29th July; the place our Dining room; the time 2 p.m. "Well," you might ask, "and what of it?" The answer, as any Matric. would feverishly reply, was inevitably "The Matric Dance is tomorrow!" The long-awaited day was now fast approaching, and on that particular Friday we were very kindly allowed to begin decorating the hall at 2 p.m.

Our theme was Egyptian, worked in batiks, with Nefertiti taking top position. All credit should go to the art girls, who drew the figures on the sheets, and to those who spent their week-ends melting the wax, putting it on the batiks—at great risk of being burnt—and then crinkling the batiks when the wax was inclined to go everywhere.

The idea was to have the batiks to picture-rail level, then string black and gold streamers convexly across the room. There Mr. Withers was in his element, and very efficiently strung a stout string along the length of the dining room, to which we could attach the streamers.

The "cubby hole" for the staff was to be decorated with black pillars, painted with gold, and black and gold streamers attached to a hoop suspended from the ceiling round a yellow light bulb (again thanks to Mr. Withers!).

Our "floral" arrangements were to consist mainly of leaves, sprayed gold and copper—very kindly done for us by a professional florist.

Well, at 2 p.m. we set to work, all at our respective tasks. By 4 p.m. the theme began to show great promise; nearly all the batiks were up; the strip-lights behind them were switched on, and the lovely rich colours—maroon, gold, orange, blue—glowed in the light.

Feeling pleased with ourselves, we worked on; the streamers were finished and pinned up, chairs and tables were carried to and fro, till finally, at about 6 p.m., only the finishing touches remained to be done.

The next morning, in between all the hair-do's, many of us brought admiring parents—surprised, too, at the changes in the former dining-room—to have a look—and of course, to take photographs.

That Saturday went very quickly; indeed, before we knew it, we were at Herschel, having the most marvellous time, and then, suddenly, our Matric Dance was over.

Not quite, however! Sunday morning came, and we staggered out of bed to clear up! People began arriving at 7.45 a.m., and by 11.30 a.m. we had finished, and the dining room looked stripped and lonely.

In conclusion, our thanks go to Mrs. Kittow for allowing the dance, to those who helped and admired, and to all the long-suffering staff who must have been bored with the dance three weeks beforehand!

ALISON GOW, Upper V.

REPORT ON HOUSE PLAYS

The House plays were held on the afternoon of Saturday, 24th September. Most of the school attended, as well as the staff, a few of the parents and the children from St. Michael's Orphanage.

Rolt's play was "The Rising of the Moon" by Lady Gregory, produced by Cheryl Wale with the aid of Linda Townsend, who also painted the very lovely set. Cheryl and Linda introduced the one-act drama by singing the Irish folk-song with the same title, accompanied by Cheryl playing her guitar. They earned a well-deserved round of applause.

There are only four characters in the play: a fugitive from the law played by Gillian Verster; a sergeant, Linda Townsend, and two policemen played very ably by Suzanne Neworthy and Susan Jenkins.

The tension was sustained throughout the whole play until its surprising climax, and the cast maintained their Irish accents admirably. Gillian was a very versatile ballad-singer, and Linda, despite her size, managed to convince us in her rôle of a burly Irish sergeant.

The plays were judged by Mrs. Kittow and Mrs. Saffery, and great was our delight when it was announced that Rolt had won. The cast and producer certainly deserved all the praise they received.

JACQUELYNNE MANN, Upper V.

The Merriman play, which came second, was called "The Dear Departed" and was written by Stanley Houghton. It has a lower middle-class Victorian setting. The plot deals with the actions of a Victorian lower middle class family after the supposed death of their grandfather, and his subsequent return to life. Produced by Lynne Harris, the cast, consisting of Carol Reid—the mother, Shelley Stephens—her husband (Henry), Julia Mortera—their daughter (Victoria), Patricia Cowan and Patricia Bralley (the sister and her husband), Carlotta Vaughn, the "char", Sally Abbott (Aunt Emily), and Joanne Faulds, the grandfather, acquitted themselves very ably.

The set was excellent, giving a real impression of a cluttered Victorian living room. The backdrop and chest of drawers were both very convincingly painted by Joanne Faulds and Hilary Burns. There were two pieces of music in the play. It began majestically and tragically with Beethoven's "Heroica" and ended frivolously with "Get me to the church on time", from "My Fair Lady".

The other two plays in the competition were "Antigone"—Jagger and "The Rising of the moon"—Rolt. We should like to congratulate both Houses on their excellent acting and Rolt on their well-deserved win.

SHIRLEY JENNER, Upper V.

Jagger decided on ancient Greek tragedy this year and chose Sophocles's Antigone, written about the period of the Homeric heroes, 1000 B.C.

The producers, Helen Henderson and Cheryl Warr, decided on a simple and straightforward interpretation of this difficult play. Elizabeth Spilhaus was cast in the title rôle, nobly supported by Susan Jack as her sister, Ismene. The supporting cast was strong, with a very good and most effective chorus, among whom were Gillian Balgrie, Hilary Henderson and Chloë Knight.

The essential clarity and simplicity of the play was preserved, and it was obviously understood and enjoyed by all concerned in it. Jagger may not have been placed first, but it was a brave and a good effort. We congratulate Rolt on their victory.

ALIDA KOOP, Upper V.

ART OF THE SPACE AGE

It is of interest to note that artists since the Renaissance, including Leonardo da Vinci and Hans Holbein, have experimented with optical art, as can be seen in Holbein's "Two Ambassadors". Today there are many artists who devote themselves entirely to this type of art in our modern age, and the three senior classes of the school were fortunate enough to see many examples when they visited an exhibition of "Art of the Space Age", on view at the National Gallery, at the end of last term.

Since there were so many works on view, I feel it necessary to distinguish between two groups: firstly, the group which consisted of works which were static in themselves but by being observed at different viewpoints, or by optical effects, implied movement. The second group consisted of works which did actually move, being mechanically or electrically motivated.

The first group caused much interest and many headaches, but what most people found especially intriguing were the objects which moved. My general impression was that Tinguely's "Sunflower" was most fascinating—a weird metal structure which moved slowly backwards and forwards, like a miniature crane. Also much appreciated was "Circular Structure" by the Italian, Gianni Colombo, a steel spring which pushed itself into beautiful snake-like shapes; for a long while, a group of girls watched, hypnotised, a huge turning wheel on which were irregularly-spaced black dots. This was "Stroboscope"—a work by a group of unknown artists in Milan—the Gruppo Ulid.

From this display we moved into a darkened room which contained—I thought for everyone—the most fantastic works of all. Here light was the main factor. Accompanied by the sound of eerie "space" music, machine-motivated objects whirled and buzzed. Of primary interest were Alberto Biasi's "Grande Cineretico Spettroale" and Gregorio Vardanega's "Disintegration of Rays of Light". It would take a whole book to describe each of these works. I can only say that everyone, art-minded, mechanically-minded, or neither, was deeply impressed.

But—the most important question is: is it art? It may well be, but to my mind art is an expression of the emotions, something spontaneous, something which is not calculated. Maybe this type of art is an expression of the artist's emotion, but surely it is carefully thought out and constructed, more scientific than of old.

I think I should point out what Neville Dubow, art critic of the "Cape Argus" stresses, that art of this kind does not threaten traditional art, but challenges it.

MELANIE BAUMANN, Upper V.

MUSIC AND DRAMA CLUB

Committee: Mrs. Popham Smith, Mrs. Saffery, C. Wale, F. Dicey, H. Henderson, R. Ovenstone, M. Simpson.

The music and Drama Club have had two meetings this year. Unfortunately, we were unable to meet during the third term owing to the House plays and other activities.

The House plays were an important event in the year for everyone. Each House produced a one-act play and Mrs. Saffery and Mrs. Kittow very kindly judged. All the plays were of a very high standard and were all so different that they must have been very hard to judge.

In the first term the club met to hear a record recital by Hans Kramer. The different types of music we heard were both fascinating and most interesting. The second meeting gave the girls an opportunity to perform themselves, in drama and music. Two plays were put on, "A Visit to Newgate", by the Senior drama class, and "The Burghers of Calais", by the Middle School drama class. Both classes acquitted themselves extremely well. The Senior and Middle School choirs each sang two songs and there were numerous piano pieces played by different girls. This was followed by more drama. The whole evening was most successful and the parents attended and appeared to enjoy the occasion.

We hope to arrange another meeting at the end of the fourth term. It will be more informal than and, we hope, as enjoyable as, former meetings have been.

F. DICEY and C. WALE, Lower V.

THE RUBY PORTER SERVICE LEAGUE

Committee: Mrs. Garlick, Mrs. Kittow, Mrs. Roth, Mrs. Muller, Mrs. Himing, Miss Har-sant, S. Howell, F. Dicey, S. Breen, M. Simpson, P. Cunningham, H. Brauer.

The Ruby Porter Service League was founded in October 1964 and since then the members, in the Preparatory and Senior School, have collected a sum of R357.90.

This money was given to the St. Michael's Home in Plumstead to be used for Agnes and Mary Kooymans as the home sees fit, and for clothing for the girls when they leave school. Last year a large number of music books and clothes were collected by the League and given to the Home, and some of the Senior girls were able to spend an afternoon at Herschel playing tennis.

Unfortunately, the members of the Service League were unable to come in contact with Agnes and Mary very often and therefore the members tended to lose interest. The need to serve in a more practical way was then realised.

The committee eventually decided to support the Raapkraal Crèche which is situated a short distance from Retreat and which is run by Mrs. A. McGregor of Tokai. This crèche cares for Coloured children mainly of pre-school age and we hope to be able to donate gifts of clothing, toys and blankets, which the members of the League are making, and the money, which is being collected. Our first gift to the crèche was 50 lbs. of modelling clay to be used by the children.

In the near future members of the Service League will be taken to Raapkraal to visit the crèche and the girls will also take the children down to the beach and for visits to the zoo.

This is a very worthwhile cause which will help many underprivileged children, and we sincerely hope that this work will be carried on enthusiastically.

SANDRA HOWELL, Upper V.

GAMES REPORT

1966 will be a year to be remembered by the hockey players. For the first time in its history, Herschel won the Inter-Schools Trophy outright by beating Rustenburg in the finals.

It was an exciting match in which the team showed great fighting spirit and played good hockey, to overcome their old rivals. As the final whistle blew, the supporters swarmed on the field with jubilation.

As an experiment this year, we played against a number of Co-ed Schools. This enabled the teams to get more competition as well as to have the opportunity of meeting girls from different schools. Visits to Rhenish High School in Stellenbosch and the Hottentots Holland in Somerset West were thoroughly enjoyed.

We entertained the Franklin D. Roosevelt School from Salisbury for a week in August. Our grateful thanks go to the parents who so kindly gave hospitality to our guests. During the September holidays we played Pearson High School and Victoria Park High School, from Port Elizabeth.

Congratulations to the 2nd and the Town IV teams who were unbeaten during the season. The 1st team also had a very good record, as they were beaten only once.

We also congratulate Joan Waring and Sandra Strong who were chosen to represent Western Province at hockey at the Annual Inter-Provincial Schools' Tournament held in Estcourt during July. They were the first two girls to be awarded the new honours scrolls.

The swimming team acquitted itself very well, although the Open Trophy, which has been on our shelf for 18 months was lost to Rustenburg. The swimmers trained hard and improved considerably under the excellent leadership of the captain, Carol Newman. The standard of swimming in the Western Province has improved a great deal and the competition has become keener, so we shall have to do very much more training.

There is also need for greater improvement in the standard of our tennis. We must try to develop the same spirit of determination as the hockey players showed this year. The tennis championships drew a large number of entries and every match was keenly contested. We also introduced an Under-13 Championship which was highly successful.

The following were the results of the School Championships:

Senior Singles: Sheila Mackenzie.

Senior Doubles: S. Mackenzie and Joy Newton-Thompson.

Under 15 Singles: G. Baigrie.

Under 15 Doubles: D. Lees and C. Newton-Thompson.

Under 13 Singles: E. Abbott.

Under 13 Doubles: M. van Breda and P. Reid.

The Squash Club flourished under the able guidance of Mrs. N. van Zyl and Mrs. P. Ayres. We should like to express our appreciation to them for their interest and excellent coaching. For the first time, Squash Championships were held and Miss J. Philip very kindly awarded a floating trophy for the event. We thank Miss Philip most sincerely for her generous gesture. The trophy was won by Sheila Mackenzie.

This year we decided not to play netball in the Senior School. While this was welcomed by many of the Seniors, others were sorry not to be playing this game and it is likely that netball will be reinstated next season. However, the Inter-House Netball Cup was competed for and after some exciting matches, Roit retained the trophy.

Volley ball was introduced this year and proved popular. An Inter-House Competition was played at the end of the third term and Jagger won the trophy. This game could be of great benefit to the girls, as it requires skill, agility and stamina if it is to be played well.

New sports trophies were presented to the school by three of last year's Matrices:

Georgina Stuttford gave a cup for the best all round sport.

Vicki Storch-Neilson presented a cup for sportsmanship.

Angela Gilbert gave a trophy for the swimmer of the year.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to these girls for their generosity.

The trophies were won by the following girls:

Stuttford Cup: Margaret McGregor.

Storch-Neilson Cup: Dinah Roberts, Joan Waring.

Gilbert Cup: C. Newman.

In conclusion I should like to express my sincere thanks and appreciation to the three games captains, J. Mackenzie, C. Newman and J. Waring for their enthusiasm and splendid leadership. It was due to their inspiration and hard work that we have had such a successful and happy year of sport.

Y. GIBSON, Games Mistress.

DEPARTMENT BADGES

The following girls were awarded Department Badges during the year:

M. McGregor, F. Dicey, H. Moore, S. Howell, S. Abbott, A. Ovenstone, H. Robertson, M. Harris, J. Bennett.

TENNIS REPORT

The tennis teams this year underwent many changes in games schedules and team practices, but everyone tried very hard and the results were good. Several extra matches were played to help us in gaining much-needed experience, and two practices were

arranged on the Rondebosch Association Courts to give us experience in playing on the different surface.

During the season Herschel beat Springfield, Star of Sea Convent, Ellerslie, Loreto; drew with Wynberg and lost to Good Hope and Sans Souci. All these matches were played on Saturday mornings and provided much enjoyment, as well as tension, for the players.

The Intermediate Inter-Schools Championships were held on the 5th March. All couples except the Under 14A reached the semi-finals, where the Under 15B couple were beaten by Sans Souci and the Under 14B couple by Rustenburg, while the Under 15A couple beat Sans Souci. In the final they played well, but were beaten by Rustenburg.

The final result:

1st: Rustenburg — 32 points.

2nd: Herschel, Sans Souci — 16 points.

3rd: St. Cyprian's — 12 points.

The following Saturday we competed in the Senior Inter-Schools with rather disappointing results. No couple were on their best form, and each lost and won one match. Unfortunately no one reached the standard required for tennis colours.

The Inter-House Tennis this year was won by Merriman, who had an exceptionally strong junior team. Most matches were keenly contested, with Rolt second and Jagger third.

The School Tennis Championships were played in the second term and, after many delays for injury and illness, the finals were played at the end of the term. This year a new Under 13 age group was included and proved very popular. Mrs. Gibson very kindly presented cups for the winners in all three age groups.

I should like to thank Miss Allchurch for all the encouragement and help she gave us, and for all the extra coaching she fitted in while Mrs. Gibson was away. We are also very grateful to Mrs. Gibson for all her encouragement and organisation after her return from overseas. Joy and I wish the next tennis captain and teams the very best of luck, and thank you all for your support during the year.

Teams:

Open A: S. Mackenzie, J. Newton-Thompson.

Open B: M. McGregor, P. Brailey.

Under 16A: F. Dacey, C. Warr.

Under 16B: J. Mann, J. Waring.

Under 15A: D. Lees, C. Newton-Thompson.

Under 15B: G. Baigrie, L. Cunningham.

Under 14A: L. Brailey, M. Little.

Under 14B: J. Farley, P. Gilbert.

Under 13A: P. Jesse, E. Abbott.

Under 13B: P. Reid, M. van Breda.

SHIRAZ MACKENZIE, Tennis Captain.

SWIMMING REPORT

Although we did not do as well as we usually do, Herschel swam well throughout this season and were never easily beaten. The standard of swimming among the Peninsula schools has risen considerably. The teams trained very hard for the Inter-Schools, with many early morning practices, and the spirit and co-operation of the team were most encouraging. S. Nosworthy, C. Wale, H. Henderson and J. Ross swam well during the season and special mention must be made of the Upper III's who loyally came to practices every afternoon and showed much enthusiasm.

We were placed in the Inter-Schools Gala held at Newlands and won many of the smaller galas here at school. As usual, we entered the Gordons' Gala and several individual galas in which we did well in the open events. Competition is very strong indeed among the Junior swimmers and next year I hope the Under 14's and Under 15's come to the forefront. More regular, concentrated training by the whole team right from the beginning is essential for success.

A very high standard of swimming was displayed at the Inter-House Gala and the cup was won by Jagger. Many new events were introduced and we are extremely grateful to Mrs. Gibson for so kindly donating the cups for the three individual open events.

We were very privileged and lucky to obtain the expert assistance of Mrs. Kooy for diving. She did much to improve the standard before the Inter-Schools Diving.

Our sincerest thanks are extended to Mrs. Nicolson and Mrs. Gibson for all their invaluable coaching and help. Without Mrs. Gibson we should have been unable to have our innumerable early morning practices.

In conclusion, I should like to thank the whole team for the wonderful support they gave me. I only hope that next year you give your captain the same support and that you win the Inter-Schools without any trouble. I know you can do it!

CAROL NEWMAN, Swimming Captain.

HOCKEY REPORT

This has been a great year in hockey for Herschel. The hockey players have shown wonderful enthusiasm and have really worked well right from the beginning, building up a strong team. This was well rewarded when we beat Rustenburg in the finals of the Inter-Schools Tournament.

We were very downhearted when we drew with St. Cyprian's in our first match of the day, but our morale was soon boosted when we beat Observatory 7-0. Herschel then surprised everyone when they beat Wynberg 1-0 in a very exciting match and then Ellerslie, but the best match of all was that against Rustenburg. The whole team played with great determination and with much encouragement from the side line. The whole school really showed a fantastic spirit and helped us to win the cup.

For the first time an Under 15 team was included in the Inter-Schools Tournament. The Herschel team played very well and nearly made the finals. These Standard VI and Standard VII players have really worked hard this season to improve their hockey and have won most of their matches.



1st HOCKEY XI, 1966

Back row: D. Roberts, J. Mann, C. Warr, B. Culley, M. McGregor, E. Mackenzie, L. Unite.

Front row: G. Kinlay, J. Waring (Captain), Mrs. Y. Gibson, S. Strong, C. Newman.

Not only has the first team been successful but also all our other teams, especially the second team who were unbeaten during the season. As a result of this they were chosen to play in the Inter-Schools Tournament and came second in their section. This successful season has been largely due to the fact that we not only played the few girls' schools but also the co-educational schools. The matches against the Staff and the Old Girls rounded off our very successful season when we drew with both teams.

Last, but by no means least, our most sincere thanks go to Mrs. Gibson for the wonderful way in which she has coached and encouraged us in our hockey. There is no doubt that she played the most prominent part in leading us to our great victory, and we hope Herschel will have her for many more years to come.

Good luck to the teams next year, and to the future captain. Remember to keep your forwards rushing in the circle!

JOAN WARING, Hockey Captain.

SQUASH REPORT

No external matches were played during this season but, instead, an internal squash championship was arranged. This new idea was greeted with much enthusiasm, especially as a beautiful cup had been presented to the school for this event by Jill Philip. Unfortunately, many players had difficulty in finding time to play their matches, with the result that the finals had to be played during "mock Matric" examinations, with no teacher present. The squash was of a high standard throughout with many long and exciting battles in each round. The eventual winner was S. Mackenzie who beat J. Waring in a three-set final.

The Inter-House Squash was, this year again, very one-sided, with Rolt not losing a match as it romped to victory. Jagger and Merriman battled for second place. Merriman eventually obtaining the position.

I should like to thank Mrs. Van Zyl and Mrs. Ayres for all the help and encouragement they have given us during the season. I feel that it is certainly due to their knowledge of squash that the standard of this sport has risen considerably at Herschel during this last season.

SUELLA MACKENZIE, Upper V.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL NOTES

The year has been full and completely satisfying, and the variety of our experiences pleasing, enjoyable, and instructive.

Founder's Day fell on February 4th, when the guest speaker was Mrs. L. C. V. Walker, B.A. Mrs. Walker is one of our parents, and we were grateful to her for coming as well as for the most amusing address which she gave.

During the first term we did well in the Junior Inter-Schools Tennis — Jill Golding and Tessa Mallett reaching the Under 12 finals. The Junior Inter-Schools Swimming Gala was held at Newlands and for the first time the whole school was able to attend. Our Parents' Evening was well attended and much enjoyed. The highlight of the term was perhaps the ballet at Maynardville with Phyllis Spiro and Gary Burns.

In the second term, in addition to consistent hard work and examinations, three enthusiastic pupils organised a puppet show in aid of the Ruby Porter League. There were two other efforts by pupils of Upper II in aid of charity. The first was a fête held at one of the children's homes and the second a play produced at the school. In both cases the children are to be congratulated on their efforts. They raised about R56.

The Lower II, Upper II and Lower III pupils attended Capab's production of "This, That and the Other". This performance was at the Hofmeyr Theatre and the first of its kind for primary schools. It was much enjoyed by the children.

A day before we broke up for the June vacation the whole school went on an all-day excursion by bus — two groups going in different directions. Places of interest such as the Castle, St. George's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, the Museum, and the Planetarium were visited. The excursion was instructive and at the same time a happy outing, with our own sandwiches and a good deal of cheerfulness.

On the first Friday of the third term Mr. Hurly, a member of the Moon Watching Team, visited the school and showed three films on Space Travel. The Senior School

kindly lent us their hall for the occasion and there was a full attendance of children as well as parents. The films were most interesting and enlightening and Mr. Hurly's visit was much appreciated.

In July, the Upper II's and Lower III's were fortunate in being able to attend very special hockey between the visiting Netherlands team and Western Province at Green Point Stadium.

Considering that we commenced playing hockey only last year, it is commendable that we have lost only one match this year. The teams have worked hard, and they play extremely well. In netball the standard of play has improved considerably. This is largely the result of the thorough coaching and keen enthusiasm of the games mistresses.

During the third term the whole school went to the Capab-Pac production of the ballet, Cinderella, at the Alhambra Theatre, and greatly enjoyed the performance.

Later in the term the Inter-House Art Competition was held and the girls are to be congratulated on a quite magnificent display of work. The cup was won by Merriman. We are grateful to Mrs. Muller of the Senior School for consenting to do the judging.

Mrs. Crighton was once again the adjudicator at the Annual Music Eisteddfod. She complimented the percussion bands on the marked improvement in the standard of play. Honours were awarded to the Upper I Percussion Band, Lower III Choir, Morag Cooke, Jill Golding and Carol Jenkin. Miss Harwood arranged the Eisteddfod and we are particularly grateful to her for doing so considering that she retired last year and is now no longer on the Staff.

Lastly the Upper II's and Lower III's attended an exhibition of Art of the Space Age at the National Gallery. The nature of this exhibition is something entirely new and the children were fortunate in being taken on a conducted tour by Mrs. Eastwood, who is attached to the gallery. This lasted for more than an hour and the children found it an exciting and stimulating experience.

There have been a few Staff changes: Miss Chambers joined us as the new Games Mistress in January and Mrs. Hoffman arrived in July as the new Upper I Form Mistress. Mrs. Hagen joined us as Music Teacher in the place of Miss Harwood. Mrs. Marshall left at the end of the third term and we wish her every happiness in her new sphere. Mrs. Johnson, who was formerly at the Senior School, has taken Mrs. Marshall's place as Matron and we hope she will be very happy with us.

In concluding this resumé of the year's work and activities I should like to place on record my appreciation of the magnificent co-operation I received from the Staff members throughout. As a team they worked together extremely well and gave generously of their time and enthusiasm.

I must also thank Mrs. Himing, the Boarding House Staff, and Mrs. Robinson for the efficient handling of affairs in their domain, also Mrs. Withers and Mrs. Duncan-Smith, whose indispensable services will always be appreciated.

I am also indebted to Mrs. Kittow for her guidance in all matters and for her encouragement in whatever we have tried to do for the school.

I. ROTH, Head of the Preparatory.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL LIBRARY

The Library is now finally in its own room, which allows us more space for new books.

Mrs. Roth requested the girls to donate any spare books and they have responded very well, so that many new books have been added to the shelves in consequence.

There were so many books given that it was decided to have an Inter-House competition. For every book given or for every ten books covered, a mark is given to the girl's House.

There have been special sessions on Friday afternoons after school, or on Saturday mornings, for the covering and preparing of books to go into the Library. This has been organised by Mrs. Abernethy.

We wish to thank her for all her help.

EGONNE ROTH and MORAG COOKE, Library Prefects.

On behalf of the girls of the Preparatory School, I wish to thank all those who have given books so generously, and for staying after school and giving up their Saturday mornings to cover books.

All the books are being covered in plastic to protect them and prolong their lives, and it has been a big task dealing with them all.

There are now three Library Prefects who are responsible for the care of the Library. This year they are Egonne Roth, Morag Cooke and Pauline King, and much praise must be given to them for the hard work they have put in tidying the shelves and sorting and covering the books.

L. G. MONTGOMERY.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL PHYSICAL EDUCATION REPORT

The determination and enthusiasm the girls display has certainly been rewarded with success. In all physical education activities our aim has been to improve the standard of the group as a whole. We have increased the number of participants in the various Inter-House competitions, so that each girl has the opportunity of contributing.

SWIMMING

The swimming team trained hard and the season reached a climax at the Inter-Schools Gala held at Newlands. Herschel were placed 2nd with Rustenburg 1st and Wynberg 3rd. In the Inter-House Gala, Rolt narrowly won the cup from Jagger with Merriman close behind.

Swimming team badges were awarded to:

G. Taylor (captain), T. Mallett, G. Austin, S. Brimble, P. Brownlie, D. Champion, M. Cooke, J. Dickie-Clark, J. Golding, J. Hearn, H. Kinlay, A. Lloyd, F. MacSymon, J. Palmer, B. Parry, A. Reay, E. Roth, J. Simpson, D. Susman, J. Taylor and D. Watson.

TENNIS AND TENNISETTE

Tennisette is introduced at Kindergarten level. Upper II and Lower III play tennis. The tennis team played four friendly matches of which they won three. In the Inter-Schools Tennis Tournament our Under 12 couple, Jill Golding and Tessa Mallett, won their way through to the finals which they unfortunately lost to Rustenburg. The Inter-House Tennis Cup was won by Rolt and Merriman.

This year a Tennisette Singles Championship was held. An exciting finals match was played between Ann Carlos and Hazel Kinlay; Hazel won 5-6, 6-3, 6-4.

Tennis team badges were awarded to:

M. Cooke (captain), J. Golding, M. Foot, T. Mallett, P. Newman, R. Newman, A. Reay, E. Roth and G. Taylor.

I should like to thank Mr. P. H. Taylor for presenting a new tennis net to the school.

NETBALL

All classes have enjoyed friendly matches against other schools. In the Inter-Schools Tournament both our teams came second in their section. Mr. John Newman presented a cup for Inter-Form Netball. Lower IIA team played Lower IIIA team in the final round; Lower III were the winners. Three teams represented each House in the Inter-House Netball matches. Jagger and Rolt were joint winners.

Netball team badges were awarded to:

T. Mallett (captain), V. Weinlig, J. Golding, G. Taylor, R. Newman, D. Champion, M. Cooke, F. MacSymon, B. Blaine, P. Newman, H. Kinlay, S. Abernethy, A. Reay and E. Roth.

HOCKEY

The introduction of hockey at the Prep. inspired such enthusiasm last year, that hockey is now considered one of the most important sporting activities by the Lower III's and Upper II's. It was most rewarding to see these determined players chasing the ball with an inexhaustible supply of energy. In the second half of the season there was a notable improvement in positional play. Our 1st XI can be congratulated on playing



UNDER 15 HOCKEY XI

Back row: S. Abbott, S. Stephens, C. Newton-Thompson, J. Newman, H. Brauer, J. Farley, A. Fiddian-Green.

Front row: S. Duncan, G. Baigrie, Mrs. Y. Gibson, M. Little, S. Breen.

well. They were led by a competent captain, Rosemary Newman. We won three matches, completely overwhelming our opposition! The Inter-House Hockey Cup was won by Rolt and Jagger.

ROUNDERS

There was keen competition for the Inter-House Rounders Cup, which was won by Jagger.

The Ann Jago Physical Education Award for Sportsmanship was shared by Jill Golding and Gillian Taylor.

J. CHAMBERS.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL CHOIR

The Preparatory School Choir has an ambitious programme on hand this year and we are working hard to complete our schedule in a short time.

We are joining with the Senior Choirs in the Carol Service on December 8th and this will be a wonderful experience for us.

On October 25th we are recording three songs, two of which are two-part songs and one is a unison.

At the Elsteddfod in September we sang "The Dancers" and were awarded an A. With this result and with the coming events we feel sure that this will be our most successful year.

C. SWEET.

SPEECH AND DRAMA

In our Speech and Drama classes this year we have, as usual, spent a considerable amount of time doing creative drama, as well as movement and choral verse speaking.

It may be of interest to say a few words on our reason for the emphasis on this aspect of the work. It is not, as might be thought, done in order to produce dozens of little actresses. We do it because creative drama is recognised as one of the best approaches to good oral communication. If a child becomes able to express her thoughts verbally in a flow of lively and suitable words, she is well on her way to being able to do this as an adult.

The reason why we use dramatic situations rather than, say, speech-making to achieve this end, is that in a dramatic situation the child is not *herself* but some imaginary character. This releases her to a large extent from self-consciousness and allows her to speak freely and easily.

At the half-year we gave a concert just for our own amusement. Upper I recorded a radio play on tape, there were improvisations by Lower III, mimes to music by Upper II, picture "stills" by Lower I, choral verse speaking by Lower II, and monologues, dialogues and poetry-speaking by individual speech pupils.

Twelve girls entered for Speech Examinations this year but unfortunately, because of illness, four of them had to fall out. The results for the remaining eight candidates should be out in a few weeks' time, and we are hopefully looking forward to some good passes.

At the end of last year we did not undertake a full-scale production, but on Open Day Lower III, with the assistance of individual speech pupils, presented "A Wonderland of Words". The theme of this programme was the inexhaustable richness and variety of the English language, and it ended with the incomparable Twenty-third Psalm, spoken chorally by Lower III.

M. L. SAFFERY.

ORIGINAL WORK

SURFING

A swell mounts behind you, seen from over your shoulder,
You see the wave breaking and then crash like a boulder,
Eventually you come up after losing all your breath,
And wondering how close you were to death,
But that's just how the surfing life goes,
Trying to hang fire with all your toes.

GILLIAN TAYLOR, Lower III.

THE SPEECH THAT WAS NEVER SAID

Poor Mr. Thistle van Weed had spent nearly every hour of the last week preparing a speech. This speech was to the voters in the area, thanking them for electing him as their Member of Parliament.

Every night after dinner his weary family, who longed to listen to the radio, were forced to sit quietly and listen to the newly-written part of his speech. They yawned, giggled and fidgeted but, undeterred, Mr. Thistle van Weed would clear his throat, throw out his chest, smooth his red hair and stroke his beard and moustache. He would then say "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am overcome with gratitude to you for electing me to be your Member of Parliament. I do thank you all very much."

That is the way in which he would ramble on and on, stopping every now and then to ask the family if they thought it good enough.

At last the great day dawned and Mr. Thistle van Weed stood outside the voters' hall welcoming everyone with a broad smile. He even greeted his opponent and said "Bad luck my friend, better luck next time."

The day drew on and finally the result was announced. Mr. Thistle van Weed was utterly astonished when he heard the announcement that he had lost and Mr. Archibald Winner was elected the new Member of Parliament for Vetmansdorp.

Poor Mr. Thistle van Weed had counted his chickens before they were hatched.

JILL GOLDSIE, Lower III.

"LINNETS AND VALERIANS"

During the last holidays we were asked to read a set book and out of three I chose "Linnets and Valerians", by Elizabeth Goudge and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

"Linnets and Valerians" was full of delightful characters who seemed to live in a mysterious second world. The people were all entirely different and it was difficult to choose the one whom I liked most.

Emma Cobby's little book of spells, which Nan found in the secret cupboard in her parlour, sent chills down my spine, and I felt quite glad that she did not try them out.

Robert was a likeable, brave show-off, whereas Timothy was quiet and clever. Betsy, who looked very like Uncle Ambrose, was the youngest, and had a fiery temper.

Hector, Uncle Ambrose's pet *owls*, had the habit of spitting out undissolved food at anyone who annoyed him, especially the dog, Absalom.

My favourite character was Uncle Ambrose, who was the children's uncle. He was about six feet tall, with white hair and wise eyes. He had a very startling appearance which made everyone obey him instantly. He had a quick temper, but was very fair.

His lessons were very interesting; but the most interesting were those when he would tell about Greece. Greece was his favourite country and the children were always ready to listen, for he was a wonderful story-teller.

He had once been a teacher and knew the likes and dislikes of children, and knew how to benefit by using them. He had preferred the country to the city and had come to the hills for peace.

He had two brothers. One was the children's father, who was an explorer, and the other was a bossy gentleman who hated children.

When Uncle Ambrose came to the village he gave up teaching and became the parson. He lived with Ezra, who was the servant, cook and handyman, in the Parish house near the Anglican Church.

I enjoyed this book immensely, and I think that I liked it best of all Elizabeth's books. I have read many of them and she is one of my favourite authors.

MICHAEL REDNEKOV, Lower III.

A COUNTRY IN MOURNING

A nation was leaderless,
Her power was gone,
He was Hendrik Verwoerd,
A Republic he'd won.

He died like a hero,
From a killer's cruel knife.
On Tuesday the sixth
He ended his life.

The man who had ruled her,
This world did depart,
It shocked the whole world,
Broke many a heart.

A nineteen-gun salute
To him homage did pay
On September the tenth,
That awful day.

In Heroes' Acre
His grave was to be,
Under the shade
Of a jacaranda tree.

We shall never forget
His name evermore,
May he rest in peace
At God's heavenly door.

SUSAN ABERNETHY, Lower III.

MY BABY BROTHER

I like my brother when he smiles,
 I walk him in the park for miles,
 But when he shouts and when he cries
 The tears stick in his little eyes;
 He winks so hard as if to say
 "Oh take that nasty tear away!"
 He gobbels up his food each day
 in his own peculiar way,
 He is so very small and sweet
 and to our family, he's a treat.

DAISY SUGMAN, Upper II.

THE OLD CLOCK

The old brown clock,
 With its tick-tick-tock,
 It stands in the hall,
 Against the wall.
 It chimes every hour,
 With all its power,
 It calls us to school,
 And a swim in the pool,
 And when it wants me out of sight,
 It says to me,
 Good night, Good night.

SUSAN BENTLEY, Upper II.

THE MAN WITH THE WOODEN LEG

Down the street from where we live, there is an old deserted house. My sister and I call it the "Ghosts' Abode" and we never go near it.

One day, a furniture van drew up near the house and started to unload the most peculiar-looking pieces of furniture: old-fashioned beds, and other things. The van-men unlocked the door and carried everything inside. Then they left two hours later.

The next day, a taxi drove up to the house and a middle-aged man got out. He had a wooden leg and he went inside the house. I decided to creep around the back of the house and look into the window. Just as I was peering in, a face looked out and saw me. It was an ugly face, grotesque in shape and I fled, but not before I had seen something that sent shivers down my spine. Behind the face there was a gagged and bound young man, striving desperately to get free.

I decided against telling anybody about what I had seen, and I made up my mind to get into the house and free the captive.

It seemed years before my parents went to bed. I put on warm clothes and tiptoed out of the house. I made my way down the street and crept behind the "Ghosts' Abode". I found a window open and climbed in. There was the man lying on the floor, unable to move. I untied him and then we heard a noise. We jumped out of the window and ran to my house, where he told me the whole story.

The man with the wooden leg was a gold smuggler. He stored bars of gold in his wooden leg and went to India four times a year where he sold the gold at a very high price. He had caught the young man (who was a detective) prowling around his house and kept him prisoner because he knew too much about the gold.

I awakened my parents and he told them the story again. They telephoned the police and the police caught the wooden-legged man trying to escape. They retrieved the gold bars and put him in jail for ten years.

That was a real mystery adventure and I received \$50.00 for my part in catching the man with the wooden leg, the gold smuggler!

LESA STERNMULLER, Upper II.

MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms are fungus plants, which means that they do not flower. We usually find mushrooms growing in forests or gardens in the Autumn when the ground is damp and there are plenty of decaying leaves.

Some mushrooms are edible and are greatly sought-after by gourmets. In the Autumn it is not unusual to see a whole family in the woods gathering mushrooms, as they are delicious in soups, with steaks, and even with some fish dishes.

It is best however, to buy specially grown mushrooms from dealers, as some kinds are highly poisonous.

Among the poisonous varieties there are some truly beautiful ones. It is easy to see why mushrooms occur so often in fairy tales, as one can imagine naughty little elves using them as stools to sit on, while dainty fairies like to cluster underneath the umbrella-like top when it rains.

The reverse side of a mushroom usually has a pleated look. In between the pleats are spores or seeds, which are shed when conditions prove favourable, and soon a new crop of mushrooms appears.

CURA-SUR HOMEN, Upper IL

MY PALE PINK HORSE

When we were in Venice we visited a glass factory. We were picked up at our hotel in a speed boat and in no time at all we were at the island where the factory was.

Outside the factory were piles of coloured glass. We were led into a dimly lit room. By a table an old man sat blowing glass. He asked me if I would like a little glass horse. He took some reddish-pink molten glass on a long pipe. With tweezers he first pulled out the legs, then he made the head, then he notched the neck so that it looked like a mane and then he made a tail. He told me to go and look at the show-room and by the time I was ready to come back, my horse would be complete. In the showrooms there were glasses, fountains, cups, saucers, plates, bowls, dishes and other ornaments. Rooms and rooms of nothing but glittering glass. Green, red, blue, yellow, purple, pink and some mixed colours like bluey-pink, greeny-yellow, brown and black and purple and red.

When I went back into the glass blower's room, my little horse was quite ready. It was a beautiful pale pink. I thanked the glass blower and went back to the boat. Soon we were speeding back to our hotel. That was how I got my little pink horse.

JACINTA HOLMES, Upper IL

SELINA

In a warm hollow in the ground there lived a family of foxes: the mother, Selina, the father, Fred, and their three cubs, Katie, Baba and Waxie.

One day, Fred went off on a hunting expedition with a few of his friends. He was away for a week and during this time Selina, the heroine of this story, was left to look after the cubs.

Two days after her husband had left, Selina and her cubs ran short of food. "I'll have to go out and hunt for food, or else the children will starve," she thought to herself. "Babs! Waxie! Katie!" she called. The three little ones appeared from the kitchen, their coats were untidy as they had been playing rough games outside. Selina told the cubs that she would have to go hunting and made them promise that they would not leave the house while she was away. Then she set off, her head held high in the air and her long, bushy tail almost trailing along the ground. Her little ones looked proudly after their dear, beautiful mother, not guessing that this was the last time they would be able to gaze at her. The poor little things would be motherless in less than an hour.

Selina had difficulty in finding rabbits that day as most of them were at the "Rabbit Town City Hall", where their king was making a speech. At last, after travelling through fields and forests, without spotting any rabbits, Selina caught sight of a little round tail disappearing behind a bush. It was a rabbit! Selina raced round the bush, her tail between her legs and her ears swept back by the breeze. She pounced on the rabbit and just then a nearby gun was fired at her and she fell dead to the ground, loosening her grip of the rabbit.

Then a man's voice said, "We shot a fox instead of the rabbit!" Obviously the man had been just about to shoot the rabbit but when Selina got in the way of the bullet,

she was the one that was shot. The hunters who had killed Selina did not carry her body away, but left it on the spot on which she was killed.

Through the forest gossip, Fred got to hear of his dear wife's death. He returned immediately to his hollow, where he told the cubs of the tragedy. At once the four went to the spot where Selina lay dead on the ground. One by one, they bent over her body and kissed it and then they covered it with wild Spring buttercups, for those had always been her favourite flowers.

To this day, the animals in the forest remember Selina, even the rabbits who had counted her as an enemy. Since the death of Selina, there has been a closer relationship between fox and rabbit, for Selina, you might say, died for a rabbit.

HILARY BROWN, Upper II.

FLOWERS

Some flowers are pink,
Others are red,
But I like the ones
That are next to my bed.
The pink ones are pretty,
The red ones are bright,
But I like to see those
That are near me at night.

BENNET BOSTON, Lower II.

?

My teacher told me to make up a rhyme,
I sat and thought for a long, long time.
What should I write about, kittens or dogs?
Flowers, mountains, rivers or frogs?
I just couldn't get an idea at all
I sat and stared at the bedroom wall.
Not a single thought would come into my head,
So I turned out the light and went to bed.

TINA PILGRIM, Lower II.

A HOLIDAY WITH ALI

At last I arrived at Kuala Lumpur airport. I had received a letter from my pen-friend, Ali, who had asked me to spend the Christmas holidays with him. I waited a few minutes; then up came a little Malay boy, about seven, who said he was Ali.

We drove in a bus to his village, called a kampong, where he lived in a little hut with a plaited roof.

Early in the morning I watched them "tap" the rubber trees. First his father made a cut in the bark and then he put half a coconut at the lower end of the cut where milky white sap trickled into the cup. He then took it to a shed where he poured it into a tray and it became solid. After that his father put it through the mangle many, many times until it became thin sheets. When it had dried, we sold it to a Chinese rubber-dealer.

The days went quickly and soon I had to go home. The night before I left Ali's father had a party for me. At twelve o'clock all sorts of crackers were let off. The jungle near their hut was lit up with pink, blue and yellow lanterns. What a glorious sight it was!

The next day when I left I gave Ali a mouth-organ and a box of chocolates.

JENNIFER HEARN, Lower II.

OBEDIENCE

Whenever we are naughty and disobedient our mother always tells us the story about a little boy named Peter, who lived with his parents in a game reserve.

One day Peter's mother went into their garden to look for him. She got a terrible fright when he did not answer her call. She ran down a path which led from the house into the bush. Several yards in front of her she saw Peter standing with a lion cub in his arms. She was terrified when she saw a lioness creeping up towards him.

She prayed quietly to herself that Peter would be obedient. She said, "Peter, put that cub down on the ground." Luckily, Peter did as he was told. Then his mother said, "Now Peter walk slowly towards me." During all this time the lioness was creeping up closer to Peter. Once more Peter obeyed his mother, who grabbed him in her arms and cried with joy that her son was safe. The lioness picked up her cub and walked back into the bush, happy that her baby was safe too.

VICTORIA HALL, Lower II.

MY HOLIDAY OVERSEAS

Because of an airline strike our flight from Johannesburg called at Luanda, Las Palmas and Rome. This was a long and roundabout way of flying to Athens and on arrival at the Greek capital, Mummy and I were hot and very tired. We visited many interesting places—including the famous Acropolis. We also went for a weekend cruise round the Greek islands, visiting Hydra, Mykonos and Delos and sailed through the Straits of Poros.

Then came the most interesting part of my trip. We went aboard a coaster and sailed along the Dalmatian coast, calling at several Jugoslavian ports, before arriving at Trieste, after seven days at sea. From Trieste we went by train to Venice which was very hot and very smelly. On the fourth and last day we went on a gondola through the canals, and saw the house where Marco Polo was born. Our hotel was very near St. Mark's Square where we visited The Doge's Palace and from there we went over the Bridge of Sighs into the dungeons.

At Vienna we went to see the horses at the Spanish Riding School. From Vienna we flew to London where I went to stay with my Aunt Anna in Suffolk and helped her with her goats and other animals. It was a wonderful holiday and I shall always remember it.

LYNDA-JANE PATERSON, Lower II.

MY FAVOURITE THINGS

I love the mornings when the dew is cold,
And the flowers are crisp,
And very fresh.
Running, running in the cool air,
Jumping, jumping into the air.

I love the early sunset when it's cool, lonely and fresh,
Lonely and fresh.
I tell you, I tell you
I love sunset.
Running, running in the cool air,
Jumping, jumping into the cool air.

I love my hair streaming back,
And the sound of trickling streams,
And water falls crashing against the rocks,
And waves splashing against the ships in the Docks.
Running, running in the cool air,
Jumping, jumping into the air.

ALBA LARA, Upper I.

MY FAVOURITE THINGS

I like sun, I like snow, and wax candles that so nicely glow.
I like clouds. I like rain, rain beating on the window pane.
I like my father. I like my mother. I like my sister and my brother.
I like girls. I like boys. I like dolls and my toys.
I like everything. Everything so nice. Up to to kings, down to mice.

SURAN STEINMUELLER, Upper I.

MY DREAM

I was lying in my bed and it was a calm night and suddenly I heard a tapping noise on the window. I went to the window and opened the curtains and I saw an owl on the window-sill. He said, "Would you like to come to the Fairy Ball?" As soon as he had stopped speaking, I woke up.

PENILOPE MORRELL, Lower I.

THE LITTLE ELF

One day Gavin and I went into the wood. We each had a basket of fruit and a loaf of brown bread. Gavin saw a little elf coming to him and the little elf said, "What are you and your sister doing here?" "We came to have a picnic in the wood," Gavin said. "May I share your picnic?" "Yes you may have some of our food." "Thank-you," said the little elf man. "You are very kind to me and you may come and play with me," and we did.

TERESA DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, Lower I.

THE FAIRY'S PRESENT

Pipery was making a bamboo musical pipe. She stood leaning against the wall when she heard the postman. She ran down to see the post. She found an invitation to go to a fairy's party. She was very pleased and wrote back and said, "I can come". Then she wondered what to give the Fairy for her present. Then she remembered her pipe that she had made. So she quickly wrapped it up and so she gave it to her.

SUSAN BATHO, Lower I.

THE PICNIC

One day in the holidays Mummy said, "We will go for a picnic." I said, "Why? Why are we going for a picnic?" Then Mummy made some sandwiches, and I rushed round the house looking for things. At last we got in the car, and drove off. First we looked at old farm houses, and grape vines. We saw big barns where they make wine. At last we came to French Hoek. Daddy drove slowly until I cried, "Look, there's the Swiss Chalet!" All of us jumped out and we gazed at the Hotel which is so exactly like a Chalet in Switzerland. It had window-boxes with flowers in them and a steep roof. The mountains towered behind it, and the clouds on the peaks looked like snow. Later we found a picnic spot on a high hill. We enjoyed our lunch and we took photos of the view. We got home for supper. Mummy and Daddy were pleased to be home again.

CAMILIA WHITE, Lower I.

HOLIDAYS

In the holidays I went to a farm in George. When we arrived in George we saw a big group of sheep running along the road. So when we got to the farm we asked them why the sheep were on the road. So at once they said the sheep were theirs and they went to fetch them. We were very pleased we had found them. The next morning I fed the cats, and then I rode the pony and then we travelled home.

JUDY KNUTZEN, Lower I.

THE LOST DOG

One day early on Saturday morning someone must have come and picked up my dog, because Penny will not go out of the yard alone. Very late in the afternoon, the lady next door came and spoke to us. She said, "I am sorry your dog is lost". Then she turned around and she saw Penny running up the road, and she said, "Isn't that your dog?" I said, "Yes, it is". Then I ran down the road. Penny was all wet and tired. She had been gone seven hours.

AMY STEINMUELLER, Lower I.

MY MOEDER

My moeder se naam is Linda. Haar oë is so blou soos die berge en haar hare is ligbruin. Haar vel is so glad soos seep en lyk baie pragtig. Haar verjaarsdag is in Junie en dan kry sy baie pragtige presentie.

Elke dag ry my moeder of sy swem. Sy het 'n perd met die naam van Ratification en sy hou baie van hom. Hy is swart en het lang bruin maanhare en stert. Soms spring sy met Ratification maar sy hou nie soveel daarvan nie.

Gedurende die vakansie gaan sy na die strand om te swem, om branders te ry of om te loop. Soms gaan sy met my vader na die bioskoop om 'n rolprent te sien. Sy hou baie van lekker kos en gaan na baie plekke om die kos te sien.

Toe ons in Walvisbaai gewoon het, het sy na Swakopmund gegaan om haar klere te koop maar nou koop sy haar klere in Kaapstad.

Sy het baie van hokkie, nethal en tennis gehou, maar nou speel sy net 'n bietjie tennis en hokkie met ons.

ROSEMARY NEWMAN, Lower III.

'N BESOEK AAN DIE SIRKUS

Gedurende die vakansie het my ma vir my suster en ek gesê dat ons na Chipperfields se Sirkus kan gaan. Ons het my pa vir geld gevra, en toe het ons daarnatoe gestap.

Toe ons by die sirkus was, het ons ons kaartjies gekoop en in die tent gegaan.

Eerste het die sjimpansee en sy afrigter ingekom en die sjimpansee was baie slim. Toe het die wit perde ingekom en ek dink dat hulle die mooiste van al die diere was. Aan die einde van die perde se toertjies het hulle op hulle agterbene gestaan en hulle het baie pragtige gelyk.

Na die perde was die leeu, maar ek is jammer vir hulle omdat hulle wilde diere is en hulle moet in 'n koutjie vir hulle hele lewe bly.

Die leeu se afrigter was Dickie Chipperfield. Dickie het sy kop in 'n leeu se bek gesit en almal was baie stil gedurende daardie toertjie. Daar was 'n baie groot applous toe hy daarmee klaar was.

Daar was baie ander items soos die olifante, die sterk man en sy vrou, die goelaar en die nar.

Ek en my suster het baie van die sirkus gehou en ons hoop dat ons weer na die sirkus kan gaan.

VANESSA WEINIG, Lower III.

'N ONGELUK WAT 'N DROOM GEBRING HET

Op my verjaarsdag het ek 'n pragtige nuwe fiets gekry. Daardie more het ek daarop na Wynberg gery maar ek het baie vinnig gery. Toe ek by die hoek van 'n straat gekom het, het my fiets in die modder gegly en ek het afgeval.

Die volgende ding wat ek onthou het, was dat ek deur die lugruim gevlieg het. Skielik het ek op 'n helder ster geval. Toe was daar ses duiwels rondom my. Hulle het nie gepraat nie, maar hulle het hul drie tande na my gewys. Skielik het die ster begin val. 'n Bietjie later het dit op die grond geval en met 'n slag op die sand en rotse geland.

Toe het ek rondgekyk, maar ek kon die duiwels nie sien nie. Skielik was daar 'n groot geraas. Al die sterre het op die grond op my geval. Ek het geskree toe ek baie duiwels en geraamtes op die vallende sterre sien. Toe het die geraas weggegaan en ek het my oë oopgemaak. Dit was 'n droom. Ek het onthou wat gebeur het. Ek het van skok my bewussyn verloor, maar gelukkig was ek nie beseer nie.

Toe ek opstaan, bekyk ek my splinternuwe fiets wat lelik verbuig langs die pad lê. „Ek sal darem meer versigtig moet wees,” dink ek.

HILARY BROWN, Upper II.

'N SNEEUGEVEG IN DIE BERGE

Verlede wintervakansie het ons na die Drakensberge gegaan. Ons het in die Sani Pass Hotel gebly en dit was baie koud want daar was sneeu op die berge.

Gedurende die vakansie het ons op die Sani Pass gegaan en geski. Na middagete het ons in die sneeu gespeel en my Ma en ek het 'n sneeugeveg gehad. Ek het sneeu na my ma gegooi en sy het die sneeu na my gegooi. Ons het vinniger en vinniger gegooi. Ek het my ma in die sneeu toegemaak en sy was baie nat en ons het so hard gelag, dat ons mae baie seer was. Ons het aangegaan totdat ons weer na die hotel moes gaan.

Ons was baie nat en koud en ons het ons aandete gehad en bed toe gegaan. Ons het die dag baie geniet.

BARBARA PARRY, Hoër II.

BLAF

Blaf is die naam van 'n stoute hondjie. Die hondjie behoort aan Marie. Blaf het eendag koppies en pierings van die kombuistafel afgestoot en ook Maria se ma se gordyne stukkend getrek. Daarvoor was sy baie kwaad.

Eendag het dit baie hard gereën en Marie het vir Blaf gesê: „Blaf, jy moet nie buite in die reën gaan speel nie.” Blaf wou buitentoe gaan maar hy kon nie, want al die deure en vensters was toe. Net een venster was oop. Dit was die venster in die kombuis. Hy het rondgekyk om te sien of iemand daar was. Toe het hy op die tafel gespring en deur die venster.

Blaf het in die straat in die water gaan speel. Toe het 'n groot motor gekom, maar Blaf het die motor nie gesien nie en die man in die motor het hom ook nie gesien nie. Die motor het hom omgery en hom doodgemaak. Marie het dit gesien en gehuil. Toe sê sy: “Waarom het Blaf in die straat gaan speel?”

VICTORIA HAU, Lower II.

DIE SLEGTE FEE

In feiland was daar 'n groot fee. Hy was nie 'n goeie fee nie, maar 'n slegte fee. Hy het die ander fee geterg en hy het die klein fees se kos gesteel.

Eendag het die slegte fee die feekoningin se kleintjie seergemaak en hy het dadelik uit feiland geloop. Die koningin het haar soldaat gestuur om die slegte fee te vang.

Die soldaat het die slegte fee gevang en hom na die paleis gebring. Die feekoningin het met hom gepraat.

Sy het haar kroon op sy kop gesit en hom 'n goeie fee gemaak. Al die fee het hom vergewe en hy het gelukkig gelewe.

MURIEL PIRREN, Lower II.

'N KLEIN MUISIE

Daar was eendag 'n klein muisie wat in 'n klein huisie in die hoek van 'n tuin gewoon het.

Eendag het die kat gekom en aan die deur gekrap. Die muis was in die kombuis. Sy het haar hande gewas en na die deur toe gegaan en geluister, maar sy het nie die deur oopgemaak nie.

Sy het saggies by die agterdeur uitgegaan en gesien die kat was daar. Sy het in die huis gekruip en gedink en gedink. Toe dink sy as sy twee visse op die agtertrappe sit en uit die agterdeur na die voordeur gaan, sal die kat haar sien en haar probeer vang. Dan sal sy by die agterdeur inkom en die kat sal agter na kom. Hy sal die visse sien en hulle eet. Terwyl hy die visse eet, sal sy uit die voordeur gaan en die hond gaan roep.

Sy het dit gedoen. Toe die hond kom het die kat gesê: „Ek sal nooit weer die muis probeer vang nie.”

BARBARA BARNALL, Lower II.

DIE KRUGER WILDTUIN

Die Kruger Wildtuin is na Paul Kruger, een van ons beroemdste leidsmanne, vernoem. Dit is die grootste van sy soort en word deur mense van orals in die wêreld besoek.

Die wildtuin is geleë in die noord-ooste van die Transvaal en grens aan die Limpopo. Daar vloei ook in takrivier van die Limpopo, die Olifantsrivier, wat 'n dig beboste kloof deur die wildtuin vorm. Die park, waarin daar baie moderne kampe is vir die toeriste, is maar half die grootte van Switserland. Die vernaamstes van die veertien ruskampe is Letaba, Satara en Skukuza. Alhoewel daar kampe en paaie is, is die park heeltemal natuurlik en onbederf soos enige ander deel van Wilde Afrika.

Buiten die wilde diere, vind 'n mens ontelbaar verskillende voorbeelde van voëls en blomme, almal met helder kleure wat help om die park te versier. Van die bekendste van die diere hier is die leeu, olifante, kameelperde, seekoeie, jagluiperds, luiperds, hiënas en die wêreld se grootste voël, die volstruis.

Die Kruger Wildtuin behoort deur almal besoek te word en is 'n ideale vakansie-oord.

EGONNE ROTH, Lower III.

OP PAD NA KAAPPUNT

Eendag het ons besluit om na Kaappunt te gaan. Ons het al ons goed in die motor gesit.

Toe ons halfpad na Kaappunt was, het sommige bobbejane op die motor gespring.

Vader het die motor afgeskakel en piesangs vir hulle gegee. Ons het ook 'n wyfie bobbejaan met 'n baba gesien.

Skielik het al die bobbejane gekom en op die motor gesit.

Later het 'n ander motor gekom en die bobbejane het van ons motor afgespring en op die ander motor gesit.

Ons het by Kaappunt gekom en 'n pieknik gebou.

Toe die son ondergaan, het ons huis toe gegaan, en daardie aand het ek lekker van ons uitstappte gedroom.

P. BROWNIE, Lower II.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

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LONDON COMMITTEE

Miss C. McLean, 8, Amber Cottages, Coleshill, near Amersham, Buckinghamshire (Phone Amersham 3361; In London, WELbeck 6591).

Mrs. E. MacPherson (Nicky van der Bijl), 14, Philimore Place, Kensington, London, W.8. (Phone WESTern 4433).

Mrs. D. Yassukovitch (Diana Townsend), 74, Oakwood Court, Kensington, London, W.14. (Phone WESTern 2669).

Mrs. G. van den Berg (Jean Stoddard), 2, Knighton Close, South Croydon (Phone BYwood 4302).

Miss Claire Russell, 8, Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1 (Phone BEK-gravia 6710).

Mrs. Seymour Hoppen (Stephanie Shub), 8, Sheridan Court, Barkston Court, South Kensington, London, S.W.5 (Phone obtainable at Regent 2425/650).

Mrs. Brodie (Pauline Thorne), The Keeper's Cottage, Langshott, Horley, Surrey (Phone Horley 3980).

Noble, Pauline Pringle, Elizabeth Robertson, Phoebe Scrivenor (Mrs. Woollam), Susan Sly, Fleur Smith, Joanna Smith, Jean Sprott (Mrs. Withers), Felicity Thorne (Mrs. Todd), Molly Thorne (Mrs. Sellar), Juliet Windham (Mrs. Hackett).

Expected but were unable to come:

Elizabeth Appleyard (Mrs. Coward), Miss Burder (Mrs. Whitaker), Miss Elcome (Mrs. Payne), Sibella Fierz, Sonia Hollebome (Mrs. Bouvier), Hesta Lenton (Mrs. Dumas), Fay Osborne (Mrs. Croxton), Mary van der Bijl (Mrs. Blount), Pauline Vogelsoel.

MINUTES OF THE 40TH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD ON SATURDAY, 26TH FEBRUARY, 1966, IN THE LIBRARY AT HERSCHEL SCHOOL, CLAREMONT

Present:

Mrs. Kittow, N. Morris (in the Chair), Mrs. V. Pierce-Jones, Mrs. B. McCormick, Mrs. E. Sacha, Miss W. Mulliner, Mrs. M. Himing, Miss H. Harsant, Mrs. B. Silberbauer, V. Lester, D. Burns, M. du Toit, B. Mantell, C. Schonfeld, M. Woolford, S. Clayton, A. Boyes, G. Mortimer, L. Abbott, A. Gilbert, J. Currie, P. Barrett, H. Dempers, S. Jackson, J. Small, V. Storch-Nielson, P. Dyke-Poynter, M. Hennessy, A. Silberbauer, H. Robb, D. Cattell, A. Waring, P. Ismay, L. Blackman, W. Whitehead, J. Harris, M. Harris, A. Versveld, J. Dean, J. Philip, P. Howes, L. Robb, E. McCarthy, F. Aronson, C. Behnsen, C. Kingdon, A. Russell, R. de Waal, F. Douglas, N. Knight, M. Abbott, J. Steyn, A. Fouché, M. McLennan, D. Austin, M. Ward-Able, N. Cloete, B. van Kalker, G. Clark, C. Symons, M. Noakes, Y. Dowdle, A. Gilmour, A. Alexander, K. Atwell, S. Atwell, R. Reilly, A. Steens.

Welcome:

The Chairman welcomed all new members particularly those in Circle EE which will have *Angela Gilbert* as its Circle Secretary.

Minutes:

As the Minutes of the 39th Annual General Meeting were published in the magazine they were not read but were accepted as correct, proposed by *A. Fouché*, seconded by *F. Douglas*.

O.H.A., London:

A letter of good wishes for Old Girls' Day from *Miss McLeas* was read and the meeting was advised that the Annual Gathering of the Association in London would be held on two days, namely May 10th and May 12th, 1966. Anyone belonging to the Association would be welcome to attend the gathering.

O.H.A. Prize:

On behalf of the O.H.A. the Chairman extended congratulations to *Lucinda Abbott* on being awarded the fourth O.H.A. Annual Prize.

Thanks:

A vote of thanks to *Mrs. Withers* for all her hard work on the Associations' behalf was proposed, also to *Miss Harsant* for her unflagging interest in the Old Herschelians Association and her wonderful job in keeping the scrapbooks up to date, and last but by no means least, sincere thanks to *Mr. Traill-Wood* who each year audits our books and for which we are most grateful.

Finance:

The Financial Report as published in the magazine was accepted as correct, proposed by *D. Austin*, seconded by *M. Harris*.

Subscribers:

The Chairman confirmed that in terms of the Constitution, annual subscribers who do not pay their subscriptions for two consecutive years will have their names removed from the Directory.

Committee:

Resignations as Circle Secretaries were accepted from *J. Steyn* (O-P), *L. Harris* (Y) and *M. Harris* (DD). *M. McLellan* was welcomed as the new Circle Secretary for Circle O-P, *P. Hancox* as Circle Secretary for Circle Y and *P. Dyke-Poynter* as Circle Secretary for Circle DD. *Alison Boyes* was welcomed as a new Games Secretary replacing *A. Russell*.

Chairman:

N. Morris tendered her resignation as Chairman which was accepted with regret and in her place *N. Knight* was elected, proposed by *F. Douglas*, seconded by *A. Steens*.

General:

Mrs. Kittow welcomed everybody to the meeting and said how welcome any children of Old Herschelians would be to tea in the afternoon. Members were urged to visit the new Kindergarten Block and we were advised that a sum of R3,800 had been donated for the purpose of grassing the hockey field. *Mrs. Kittow* further advised that *Mrs. Jonker* (Herschel Staff) would be leaving and *Mrs. Muller* would take her place. *Mrs. Silberbauer* would also be leaving as also *Mrs. McCormick* to take up her new appointment as head of Roodean School.

Shew Atwell, recently returned from the United States where she spent some time as a Field Scholar, gave us a talk on her experiences over there which was most enjoyable.

A vote of thanks was proposed by *F. Douglas* to the retiring Chairman and the Committee, whereafter *N. Morris*, as retiring Chairman thanked her Committee and the members of the Association for their co-operation and assistance during her period of office.

There being no further business the meeting closed at 3.00 p.m. with a vote of thanks to *Mrs. Kittow* for her hospitality.

NEWS OF OLD HERSCHELIANS

ENGAGEMENTS

Arbuthnot-Wingfield. Caroline, younger daughter of Mr. David Arbuthnot of Newlands and the Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Vincent of Setubal, Portugal, to John, younger son of the late Col. Merwyn Wingfield and Mrs. Wingfield of Barrington Park, Burford, Oxford.

Cloete-Hopkins. In April, Nicolette, daughter of Mr. H. A. C. Bairnsfather-Cloete of Alphen, Constantia, and Mrs. Shirley Bairnsfather-Cloete of Morgenster, Somerset West, to Dudley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Mitchell Hopkins of Fallowfield, Constantia.

Cowley-Schonborn. In October, Anne, daughter of Dr. J. G. Cowley and of Mrs. N. Cowley, both of Johannesburg, to Carl, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Schonborn of Kroonstad.

Day-Wilson. In May, Vivienne, only daughter of Mr. Richard Day and the late Mrs. Gladys Day of Kenilworth, to Brian, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Wilson of Dulwich, London.

Diamond-Sissus. Maxine, daughter of Mrs. M. Diamond and the late Mr. S. Diamond, of Kitwe, Zambia, to Tom, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sissus of Greece.

Kipps-Hausford. Pamela, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Kipps of Rondebosch, to Geoffrey, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Hausford of Camps Bay.

Ovenstone-Venn. Diana, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ovenstone of Stellenberg, Kenilworth, to Christopher, son of Dr. R. Dorrien Venn of Boston, Massachusetts, and Mrs. C. R. Arkwright, of Jersey, Channel Islands.

Parker-Rowand. In December, Lynn, daughter of Mrs. Doreen Parker of Constantia, and the late Mr. R. H. Parker, to Don, son of Mrs. Julia Rowand of Constantia, and the late Mr. A. R. (Jock) Rowand.

Philip-Eckstein. Jill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Philip of Kenilworth, to Paul, son of Mrs. E. G. Eckstein of Green Point, and the late Mr. C. P. Eckstein.

Robb-Ardington. In December, 1965, Elisabeth, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Robb of Wynberg, to Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ardington of Mandeni, Zululand.

Russell-Hale. Jill Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hamilton-Russell of Constantia, to Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Hale of Cardiff, Wales.

Simpson-Hansen. In January, Hilary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Simpson, of Kenilworth, to Christian, son of the late Mr and Mrs. H. M. Hansen, of San Francisco.

Small-Bertish. In April, Frances, elder daughter of Mrs. L. F. Small and the late Mr. E. A. Small of Kenilworth, to Keith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bertish of Mowbray.

Steens—Snyders. In June, Anne, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. E. Steens of Holland and the late Mr. L. A. Steens, to Jack, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Snyders of Newlands.

Van Kalker—Rogl. In September, Barbara, daughter of Mrs. I. van Kalker, of Cape Town, and the late Mr. W. G. van Kalker, to Karl, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rogl, of St. Valentin, Austria.

Vertue—Evans. In June, Marion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Vertue, of Newlands, to Garth Ashton, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Evans, of Kenilworth.

Woolford—Crookes. Moira, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. H. Woolford, of Claremont, to Basil, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Crookes, of Park Rynie, Natal.

MARRIAGES

Brock—Lubbe. In December, 1965, at St. Saviour's, Claremont, Bridget, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Brock of Bishopscourt, to Johan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lubbe of Port Elizabeth.

Macdonald—Groenewald. In December, 1965, in the Wynberg Presbyterian Church, Louisa, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Macdonald, to Nicky, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Groenewald of Newlands.

Nel—Cleave. In December, 1965, in Kampala, Uganda, Barbara, daughter of Mr. J. Nel of Kenilworth, and Mrs. J. R. Caldwell of Kampala, to John, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cleave of Sussex, England.

Osborne—Buchanan. On February 11th, in Cape Town, Chloë, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Osborne of Kenilworth, to Praser, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Buchanan of Rondebosch.

Parker—Rowand. In March in the Diocesan College Chapel, Lynn, daughter of Mrs. D. Parker of Constantia, and the late Mr. R. H. Parker, to Don, son of Mrs. J. Rowand, of Constantia, and the late Mr. A. R. Rowand.

Reid—Maritz. In January in Christ Church, Constantia, Grace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Reid of Fish Hoek, to Frans, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. J. Maritz of Green Point.

Russell—Hall. On December 18th, 1965, at Llanduff Cathedral, Cardiff, Jill, daughter of Mr. J. Hamilton-Russell and the Hon. Mrs. Russell of Constantia, to Mr. Anthony Hall of Cardiff.

Shawzin—Hobermann. In December, 1965, Gail, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Shawzin of Tokai, to Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hobermann of Oranjericht.

Tyers—Hoffman. On February 19th, in St. Saviour's, Claremont, Brenda-Lynne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Tyers of Ottery, to Eric, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hoffman, of Green Point.

Wares—Burns. On February 26th, in the Wynberg Presbyterian Church, Lesley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wares of Kenilworth, to Andrew Neil, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Burns of Kilconquhar, Fife, Scotland.

Woolford—Crookes. In April, Moira, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. H. Woolford of Claremont, to Basil, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Crookes, of Park Rynie, Natal.

BIRTHS

Bales.—To Sheila (née Kirkpatrick) and David, a son, on September 25th, 1965, in Cape Town.

Barrett.—To Jenny (née Baker) and Richard, a daughter.

Bower.—To Tania (née Kramer) and John, a son, on April 1st.

Burns.—To Diana (née Dicey) and Derrick, a son, on April 6th, in Cape Town.

Christie.—To Carol (née Simpson) and Michael, a daughter, in Cape Town.

Corbis.—To Felicity (née Gill) and Alan, a daughter, Camilla Rose, on July 29th, in London.

Coulter.—To Heather (née McLeod) and Jeremy, a second daughter on 30th June, in England.

De Waal.—To Rosemary (née Robb) and Louis, a daughter on 11th September in Cape Town.

Diemont.—To Paddy (née Mannion) and Bucky, a son on January 18th, in Windhoek.

Doyle.—To Audrey (née Williams) and Graham, a daughter on April 1st, 1965.

Duffy.—To Iona (née Mathias) and Brian, a son, in October, 1965.

Duncan.—To Shirley (née Himing) and Ken, a daughter in July, in Cape Town.

De Toit. — To José (née Lombardi) and Brian, a daughter on June 9th, in Cape Town.

Du Toit. — To Meriel (née Reilly) and Piet, a son, on June 4th.

Garthwaite. — To Trish (née Hogsett) and Peter, a daughter on April 7th, in Cape Town.

Harding. — To Lu (née Rocher) and John, a son in June, in Iquique, Chile, South America.

Hoyle. — To Audrey (née Williams) and Graham, a daughter in April, in Johannesburg.

Hudson. — To Inky (née Van Winsen) and Ken, a son in Johannesburg, on October 12th.

Ivey. — To Elspeth (née Grant) and Richard, a daughter on July 23rd, in Cape Town.

Jones. — To Buntie (née Walton) and Jonah, a son on July 22nd, in Cape Town.

Kingdon. — To Caroline (née Syfret) a daughter on November 25th, 1965, in Cape Town.

Kirkpatrick. — To Topsy (née Thresher) and John, a son on April 28th, in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Livingstone. — To Helen (née Steena) and John, a fourth son on June 13th, in Cape Town.

McKisack. — To Louise (née Barron) a daughter in May, 1965.

Norgarb. — To Sue (née Graaff) and Leon, a son on August 31st, in Cape Town.

Rowland. — To Gail (née Meglaughlin) and Rodger, a daughter on October 1st, 1965, in Cape Town.

Sparks. — To Sally-Anne (née Stuttford) and Jock, a son, John, in September 1966, in Cape Town.

Steyn. — To Jean (née Pollard) and Johan, a son, Deon, on 31st January (by adoption).

Sandell. — To Barbara (née Brown) a daughter in August, 1965.

Wassenaar. — To Felicity (née Waring) and Andreas, a son in May, in Johannesburg.

Wray. — To Suzanne (née Elliott) and Marc, a son on December 22nd, 1965, in New York.

Wright. — To Jill (née Jeffrey) and Mike, a son on February 12th, in Cape Town.

DEATHS

Fairbairn. — At Hermanus on June 6th, 1966, after a long illness, Bettie (Robertson) wife of David Fairbairn and sister of Jean Godbold.

NEWS

A letter recently received from Miss McLean in London:

My dear Old Girls,

Another year has passed, flown I should say this time, and as usual this letter comes at a very late date for the Magazine (but I am sure Mr. Hodgekiss will fit it in now), but it also seems to come at a very busy time for me for which I am sorry as I must now write in a hurry, so forgive me if I should omit some meetings and there have been many again this year, much work and also much pleasure.

This second year in the cottage has been good. I have had many visitors, including Diana Cattel and Susan Raath who came for tea one Saturday afternoon when Miss Burder (Mrs. Whitaker) joined us and drove Diana and Susan back to the station, going to her house for a while when the original train was missed; Mrs. Small and Miss Bont-Alys came for lunch on New Year's Sunday; Miss Grant for a day in February; Pamela Ferguson for coffee one Sunday morning in March and Miss Lansdale with Miss Stevenson for supper in September. I had my first overnight guest early in the New Year and all seemed to be well so there have been others since, including Miss Currie. I have made improvements in the house, re-hanging a door, putting up more shelves, "sealing" the floor in the sitting-room (finished only yesterday) and making a garden which really has been quite good, some grass, with flower beds on each side, both of which have been most colourful and still are but I am sure the frost will come quite soon and kill the last of the flowers.

Work this year has been mainly in London, but I have visited centres in Bristol, Birmingham, Cheltenham, Chester, Altrincham, Warrington and St. Helena (Lancs.) and I have been at the openings of three new Youth Clubs—Harlow Newtown, Eastbourne and Menai Bridge, Anglesey, and to the laying of the foundation stone of a new hostel at Windsor, which is now ready for occupation.

But if I have not travelled in connection with my work I have done so otherwise, spending Christmas this time just outside Maidstone with friends at their house at Boxley, part of which was a Pilgrim's Rest House and the parties were held in this lovely old room. Other visitors included one each from Australia, New Zealand and the U.S.A., so with me, we were very international. The weather was cold and frosty but fine all the time. At Easter I spent two weeks in France driving via Rouen and Chartres to the Loire where we visited many of the Châteaux, then went further south to the Dordogne, over Le Mont D'Or in the Auvergne and north again through Rheims to Calais. We had good weather on the whole, sun every day but not all day. The modern stained glass interested me greatly, larger panes and softer colours than the older ones, but so very effective. At the end of July I went north to Scotland, by train this time, and stayed a fortnight, mainly on Deeside with a few days in Brechin. Scotland was at its very best, good weather, with all its gifts of fruits and flowers, the countryside was abundant in honey-suckle, bluebells, bell-heather and roses. I then spent a few days sorting things, both in the Office and at the cottage before joining friends for a week in Cornwall, on the North Coast near Padstow and this was my weather, windy, mist and exhilarating. We walked over the headlands and bathed every day, then for the last two days the sun shone brilliantly and I, of course, was sunburnt! but a very good holiday. I have, too, spent weekends in Dorset, Denbigh, Maidstone, with Miss Currie at her house in Sussex and at Tunbridge Wells with Canon and Mrs. Wade when I met Gillian Davis on Charing Cross Station on her way to stay with the Spencer Shapinans in Sussex. This was in November and we went to Frant Church for the Armistice Service, visited Judith (now Mrs. Shepley) at her very nice cottage on the village green at Fordcombe and then on to Brighton with Virginia to a concert in the Pavilion and tea in her flat afterwards.

In London, I went to Queen's College, Harley Street for an afternoon gathering and saw and spoke with Mrs. Fierz; to a special service in the Queen's Chapel at Marlborough House; to the private view of the Royal Academy where the fashions both old and new, were as interesting as the pictures; to the Royal Tournament where the Royal Artillery, celebrating their 250th anniversary, made it particularly spectacular; to the first of the Garden Parties in July at Buckingham Palace which I enjoyed very much, so unhurried and uncrowded, a striking oasis in the centre of London; to the Wightman Tennis Cup matches at Wimbledon where I saw Virginia Wade play and sat with Canon and Mrs. Wade, Anthony and Christopher and Mr. Gill; to the exhibition of Treasures at Westminster Abbey one Saturday morning and called to see Dr. Joost de Blank when he and Miss De Blank were most welcoming in their busy day. At that time they were anticipating their move to Hongkong but he is now unable to make this move.

In October of last year I drove to Oxford to the luncheon held for Mary Gibbs before she left for Rhodesia for her marriage to Maurice Carver. It was most enjoyable to see Mrs. Gibbs, Bridget and many members of the family on this occasion and to meet some of them again at Susan Sly's wedding in Chelsea Old Church on 4th June. Here were many friends—Mr. and Mrs. Sly, Susan's cousins known to me long ago at Bishop's, Diana Townsend (Mrs. Yussakovitch) whose small daughter was a flower girl, Claire Russell, Angela Barry (Mrs. Prew) with her mother Mrs. Sawyer, Carol Hyde Jones (Mrs. Fergus Russell), Mrs. Macleod (Heather's mother) who drove me back to Devonshire Close afterwards when I heard news of Heather and I hope to see her when she has time from her children. Mr. and Mrs. Thal were there, too, and I was at Philippa's wedding on 2nd April at St. Peter's Church, Burnham. Jennifer was a bridesmaid and Amanda Noakes was there (and my friends from Maidstone). I enjoyed so very much being at these three special occasions. I had had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Thal and Philippa and met her fiancé, Bjorn. They were living again then at Burnham which is not far from Colleshill and I was sorry that we did not find time when they could come to the cottage. I have missed two weddings at which I should so like to have been present. Stephanie Hausses's in May at Leicester (but I liked having some of her cake sent to me instead), and Sheana Holliday's on the 1st October at St. Andrews, Scotland, but the distance made both of these impossible for me. Lesley Wares (now Mrs. Burns) was Matron of Honour to Sheana and Rosemary flew from Cape Town with her small daughter for it, so I missed three Old Herschelians then.

Lunch time has proved helpful and enjoyable for meeting people. In October I had lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Soaks and we had much to talk of. Then Mrs. Crafoord (Care-Ann's mother) was in London on her way to meet Major Crafoord who had arrived in Dover in their yacht from Sweden and I was sorry not to be able to join them there for lunch and see it finished, for I had seen it half built in Stockholm when I was there. Just after Christmas I had lunch with Mrs. Small and in January with Mrs. Pollard (Jean's mother) when I had news of Jean and Johan Steyn. Mrs. Muller joined me for lunch early in February and I was most interested to hear all that she had been doing. Miss Grant and I met in London for lunch and at long last Janet Thornton-White had lunch with me. We had tried to arrange this for some time. Janet was working near Baker Street and we sometimes met in the street, but had no time to talk. She gave me news of Mrs. Thornton-White and of Linda and she was planning to go to the Bahamas, but I have not heard if she has left yet. In June Mrs. Ballantine, the mother of Elspeth Grant (Mrs. Ivey), gave me lunch with news of Elspeth and of Cape Town. I so enjoyed seeing her again and Mrs. Hollingsdale had lunch with me when she was in London to meet Shesha on her return from her year's V.S.O. work in Africa. I heard news of Rosemary and of Robert and their children and of course plans for the wedding.

There have been other meetings, too: tea with Gillian Lieberman before she left for South Africa last year, coffee with Louise Barron one morning and I was so sorry she was prevented, for family reasons, from bringing her husband to see me at the cottage; supper with Judith Makin at her house at Hampden when Mrs. Makin was staying with her and I met Judith's husband and her small daughter. A most enjoyable evening. Mrs. Makin and Judith have changed not at all. Sir John Maud I met on an interviewing panel one evening in November; I had supper with Mrs. Cowan-Douglas twice during her stay for the World Committee Meeting of the Girl Guides and with Mrs. Douglas Murray during the meeting of the Finance Committee (G-G). At an evening party at Baden-Powell House during this time I met Mrs. Lykladopoulos, Chairman of the World Committee, who gave me messages from Mrs. Spoulas, Maria and Helen. I had supper with Mrs. Small, Frances and Jean before going on to see "An Ideal Husband" and just before they left for the Continent. I met Miss Currie for supper soon after her return from South Africa and heard much news from her. I visited Janet Humphrey in her flat one evening, having had lunch with her previously and I was most interested to hear her news and all that she is doing now. Until the Old Girls meeting in May, I had not seen her since she left South Africa with her grandmother, Mrs. Clifford Knight quite some 15 or 16 years ago.

The suppers we had to prepare for the Old Girls Gathering were again most enjoyable. The first at Nicky van der Bijl's in February, when we worked on the card index, then with Diana Townsend to prepare the invitations, with Stephanie Shub on the evening before the meeting, to check that all was in order and again with Nicky the week afterwards for addresses, membership and accounts. Mary van der Bijl joined us at the end of the first evening and helped with some of the cards. All these meetings were most pleasant and to be looked forward to again.

Carol Baker came to see me at Baker Street, having telephoned almost as soon as she arrived in London. She is teaching near London and was enjoying it when I saw her in May. Fiona Noble came to Baker Street on two occasions, once with her mother just before they left for Scotland and I have seen Fiona again briefly in a bus queue but with no time to talk. Shona Jackson has written saying she is sharing a flat with Susan Riley but I have not seen either of them yet. I hear that Lorraine Abrahamse is at St. Helens, Northwood, as a boarder for her last year and "A" levels, as Mrs. Abrahamse is now in Holland. Lorraine was a day girl at Elsher until now. I met Sheila Baxter (Mrs. Henderson) with Jean at the theatre one evening and we spent the interval talking together. Jean was then due back at St. Swithins for her last term and had grown so tall and so had Duncan.

I have been to a great many theatres this year (I am almost ashamed of how many) and they have included many varied ones, from National Theatre productions and that of the Greek National Theatre Company, to the current type of modern ones and an outrageously poor musical one. The theatre seems to be divided between the avant-garde and the revivals, both of writers and of plays, with translations of others. Almost all of Shaw's have been put on and extremely good they have been. Coward has been writing "again," "Arsenic and Old Lace" has been revived, "The Rivals," "The Importance of Being Earnest" and so on. All of these seem to attract the experienced and well-known actors and actresses and are booked out all the time. On the other side there are those involved with modern youth and their ways and morals. If it is modern or just youth as it was

and always will be—nevertheless I walked out of one at the interval for the first time in my life. There are, of course as well, some new and most excellent productions with strong and forceful acting and many of the ones at the Mermald, a theatre I always enjoy, have been very good. I took two young friends to see "Born Free" and enjoyed it and thought Virginia McKenna most courageous!

We have just experienced the Amersham Fair when the street in the old town is completely filled with roundabouts, stalls and side-shows, lively and gay and a fast disappearing event in the country now.

In April I changed my car so I now have a dark blue Austin Mini instead of a green one, but the grey one which stood outside my door and had its portrait painted by you remains my first love!

Now I must really stop; my love and good wishes to you all.

CAROLINE McLEAN.

Canon Aubrey and Pam (St. Leger) and their children came down from Grahams-town to the Cape in August to see the St. Andrew's College Rugby 1st XV play against Bishops, Rondebosch Boys' High and Paul Roos, and spent the rest of their holiday with Stephen and Betty Fry (St. Leger) at the farm at Elgin. The Stephen Fry's two children, Juliet (13) and Mark (10) go to school at the Renish and Somerset House, respectively. Pam writes, "In Grahamstown I see a fair amount of Jean Branford (Gordon-Brown), Her daughter, Penelope, and our Caroline at the D.S.G. in the same form. Jean's husband is professor of English Language at Rhodes and she is a most versatile person, lecturing in the English Department at Rhodes from time to time, and kindly came to our rescue at St. Andrews for a short while to teach Afrikans. Jean also excels herself in the culinary arts. Then we have Barbara Nicholson's (Hunt) son at St. Andrews, which makes me feel very old as he is in Matric! I saw her in Johannesburg last year, when we went up to meet parents and Old Andreans. Anne Browne (Denniston) and her husband spent a day with us a short while back as their son, Simon, comes to us next year. They brought him to see over the school. When in Johannesburg, I also saw Trish de Kock (Dicey) and her family. She and her husband, Pieter, were just off on a business trip to Europe for two months. They have three daughters and a son." The Aubrey children are growing up! Simon (11) is at school at St. Andrews Prep, and Caroline (9) and Catherine (7) are both at the D.S.G. Pam said she found the Cape so gloriously green and gay with spring flowers after a particularly dry winter at Grahams-town, and she and John enjoyed seeing all their old friends.

Mrs. Sachs and her husband have bought a house near Milner Road in Rondebosch. Mrs. Sachs is not letting her retirement from the Staff at Herschel make her idle and has been giving cooking lessons to some of the parents and Old Girls. These have been greatly enjoyed.

Felicity Todd (Thorne) was out at the Cape earlier in the year and saw a lot of people whom she knew on the day of the General Election, when she helped at one of the polling booths.

Molly Robinson (Paterson) had her first granddaughter when her son's wife had a baby in July.

In July Fay Croxton (Osborne) returned with her husband and three sons to live in South Africa. For the past fifteen years they have been living in Richmond, Surrey, and have now gone to settle in Port Elizabeth. They spent a fortnight in Cape Town with Fay's mother before leaving for Port Elizabeth. Her twin sister, Chloe Buchanan, was married in February of this year and is living in Cape Town. Denis Knight, the twins' older sister has moved to Kimberley where her husband is in the Standard Bank. Also living in Kimberley is Nicolette van Zyl (Louw).

Her father's illness brought Pamela Haddon (Hockly) to the Cape twice this year. Our sympathy goes out to her on his death. Mr. Hockly served on the Herschel for a number of years, while Pamela was at school.

Alison Good (Lomax) writes that they have recently moved to Sussex from Newcastle-on-Tyne. In spite of having four children to look after she still finds the time to do part-time medical work.

Maureen Lilk (O'Connell) lives in Pinelands with her family. She is Chairman of her church's Ladies' Auxiliary and has recently had to organise the catering for 70 people for the duration of the church synod. Her sister, Denise, has now left Mafeking, having sold her hotel business there, and is now Assistant Manageress at Rhodesia-by-the-Sea Hotel at Simonstown.

Pauline Friedman (Machanick) is married to an attorney in Johannesburg and has two children, a son and a daughter. Pauline studied law after leaving school and was admitted as an attorney, but has not practised since her marriage. She accompanies her husband on many business trips all over the world.

Ruth Withiel is going on a South American cruise this coming December and will be visiting Brazil, the Argentine and Uruguay.

Pat Harper (Lindsay) has two sons and lives in Mafulira on the Copper Belt. She and her husband spent two months on holiday in England and the Continent this year. While in London they stayed with *Jessy Peters* (Johnstone), *Topsy Kirkpatrick* (Thresher) and her husband spent three days in Cape Town from Rhodesia in October. The purpose of their very brief visit was to show their baby son to his grandmother. *Priscilla du Toit* (Waterson) has three daughters and is living in Cradock. She has become greatly attached to life in a smallish town and enters into many of its social and cultural activities, amongst these being a reporter for a weekly newspaper. Another person who does much charitable work—in Johannesburg—is *Gill McMaster* (Paver). She and her husband have recently built a very lovely home for themselves on what was part of her parents' garden. *Gill* has two children, Shaun, aged 6, and Susan, aged 4. *Gill's* husband travels overseas on business quite frequently and she has accompanied him on a few occasions. *Bunty Jones* (Walton) husband has recently retired from being Secretary at Kelvin Grove, and they have now gone to live at Hermannus, where they have bought an Estate Agency. They have two children, a daughter of two and a son of three months.

Robin Robins (Knight) and her mother have sold their house in Kenilworth and are going to live in Madeira. *Sandra Browallie* (Fisher) recently returned from a month's holiday in England.

Yvonne Douville (Roux), her husband and two daughters left Cape Town in September for Great Britain. Her husband, who works at the Department of Medicine at the University of Cape Town, is on eight months' study leave and will spend most of this period at St. Mary's Hospital, London, in the Department of Chemical Pathology, extending his local research in porphyria. He will probably also visit centres in the United States and Europe, where similar research is in progress.

Jill Hamilton-Russell was married to Anthony Hall in Llanduff Cathedral last December. *Jill*, who acts in London under the stage name of Lynn Russell, studied at the Central School of Speech and Drama, London, from 1956 to 1958 and gained two gold medals, including the school's premier award for the best work of the year. She had a season in South Africa while on holiday, under the direction of Leonard Schach, playing with Flora Robson in "The Corn is Green" and taking the part of Miss Ronberry. Her main work in England has been with the Arena Theatre Company under the direction of John English in a variety of parts and leads. She also worked at Brighton for the Forbes Russell Company, where she played the lead in Agatha Christie's "Spider's Web". Prior to her marriage she had just completed six months with the Lincoln Repertory Company. *Jill's* husband, studied at the Cardiff Drama School and has played in various repertory theatres. He first met *Jill* in the Perth Repertory Theatre in 1959. He has played in the West End and is at present under contract to the B.B.C. in London, where they are now living.

Anne Millos (Robertson) returned to Cornell University from Canada last year. She is writing an economics thesis, as well as being an instructor. She spent part of the summer vacation exploring New York with her mother, who came over from Oxford.

Our congratulations go to *Felicity Wassenaar* (Waring), who this year was the winner of the Western Province Women's Golf Championship.

Heather Whiting came to the Cape last Christmas from Johannesburg for two months and plans to be here again this Christmas. *Nicolette Babbie* has almost finished building her new house in Constantia and will have moved in by Christmas.

Hilary Simpson now married to Chris Hansen of San Francisco is on her way to Hawaii and plans a trip to New Zealand and Australia in January. During a trip to San Diego she bumped into Anne Rough who looks extremely well.

Susan Sly was married in London in June, to Alec MacFarlane. *Diana Townsend's* four-year-old daughter was a flower girl. Susan was particularly pleased that Miss McLean was present. They spent a delightful honeymoon in Majorca where they were lent a flat with a "Surrey" and a lovely villa in the southern, as yet unspoiled, part.

Diana Dicey (Burn) is living at Bombay where her husband is doing a post-graduate course. They are living in a complex where everybody is doing post-graduate study from all corners of the world—the facilities are excellent including a wonderful nursery.

Betty Casciati (Rudland) is now living in Johannesburg. *Lynette Ratcliffe* (Holmes) has returned from Johannesburg and has now settled happily in Kenilworth.

Amelia Crowswright and her husband, David Brown, came to spend last Christmas in the Peninsula with her parents. Her sister *Victoria* has gone to join her in London for a few months. *Amelia* has been picture editor of "Life" magazine—her husband is now in Johannesburg with Anglo-American and she is expecting a baby in December which she hopes to have in Cape Town.

Anne Mair (Mrs. Hert) paid a visit to Cape Town in February. *Barbara Liefeld* (Williams) has moved from Meadowridge to a lovely thatched house in Bergvliet. She is expecting her second child in December.

Christine Faure (Mrs. Boucher) and her family were transferred to Durban at ten days' notice—fortunately her son was born just in time.

Victoria Laughton-Carter (Mrs. E. C. Paterson) after a long stay in Cape Town with her parents, has now returned to Malaysia where her husband is an agricultural consultant. She is very happy, especially now that the fighting has ceased and is playing a lot of bridge. She is living in the Amfang Road.

Louise McKisack (Barron) now lives in Salisbury and had a daughter last May. *Isobel Frith* (Pfaff) is enjoying life in Durban. She saw *Wendy Hofmeyer* at a party in Durban. She is now living in Kloof. *Gail Menlaughlin* (Mrs. R. Roland) is pleased to be back in Cape Town after a long spell in the N.-W. Cape. They have a cottage in Kenilworth.

Carol Shonfeld (Papworth) is busy building a "Spanish-type" house in Hohenhort which she hopes to move into before Christmas.

After her marriage *Moira Crookes* (Woolford) left for Natal to become a farmer's wife. She was delighted to have the Herschel Choir sing at the wedding and many of her guests complimented her on their beautiful singing. *Moira* finds life on a farm very interesting but very hard work, part of which is cooking for those who have been out all day. At the time of writing she had had *Pam Jones* to stay and had seen *Pipper Pfaff* (Frith) in the distance at the Michaelhouse/Hilton rugby match.

Lynette Watson (née Sumner) having taught for a year at the Port Elizabeth Technical College was asked to teach at the New Brighton Location—Stds. VI, VII and VIII. She finds it very rewarding work. A while back she saw *Jennifer Hoslem* (Forsyth) when they were in Port Elizabeth for the weekend. *Jennifer* and her husband were at St. Andrews, Grahamstown, last year, where he was a housemaster.

Judy Corder (Smuts) has moved to Johannesburg and has an interesting job as Secretary to an executive of a large advertising company. *Jane Guerrini* (Jeffrey) has moved from Johannesburg to Cape Town. *Deborah Kippa* has completed her course in Health Visiting and is now back working with the C.T.C.C. as a District Nurse.

Elizabeth Welsh went overseas earlier this year and worked in Leiden, Holland and is now staying in Ibiza in Spain. She plans to move on to Switzerland later in the year, where she will work and hopes to have lots of opportunity for skiing.

Susan McGregor who is still working for the S.A.B.C. went overseas this year and had some most interesting interviews, some of which have been broadcast over her programme—*Woman's World*. She interviewed *Enid Blyton*, the *Beatles* Press Secretary, *Mary Stewart* the author, and *Pauline Vogel* who has been awarded the M.B.E. and is now Organising Secretary of the Contemporary Art Society.

Margaret Stedman (Barron) now has two small daughters and she and her husband are coming down to the Cape on an extended holiday. Her husband will be taking up a new teaching post in Rhodesia in the new year.

Christa Behrman came down to Cape Town from Windhoek for Old Girls' Day this year. It was the first time she had been able to attend since leaving school. She is now working in Windhoek.

Frances Small is now working for an Estate Agency after returning from a Christmas holiday in Europe.

Jenny Barrett (Baker) and her husband Richard recently moved to Johannesburg. She now has a baby daughter born in July. *Paddy Diemont* (Mannion) recently returned to Cape Town after living in S.W.A. for over a year, and is very pleased to be back. She and her husband Buckle, have just bought a cottage in Kenilworth.

Carol Tooley (Miller) arrived back in Cape Town in September, and is busy renovating an ancient farm cottage at Banhoek where she and her husband Tony, are living. *Carol* hopes to start teaching again next year. *Gay Beresford* is still modelling in Lon-

don and appears periodically in our newspapers in some gorgeous garb. She has also been to Paris to model this year. *Rosa Dowie-Dana* is now in Johannesburg and shares a flat with her sister Jean. Rosa is a physiotherapist.

Anne Sass (Stewart) is still doing a lot of good work in Knysna for Child Life and sees many of the Old Girls on their way up and down the garden route. *Barbara Nel* was married this year, her husband studying at one of the big universities in America. Back from her architectural studies in England is *Lorna Harris*. *Sally Celliers* (Pyott) is living in Newlands, and is expecting a baby in January.

Jenny Dicey is teaching at St. Peter's Boys' School in Johannesburg and saw a lot of *Carol Tooley* (Miller) as they were both teaching at the same school. Jenny is sharing a flat with three other girls. *Lucky Hudson* (Van Winsen) taught speech and drama in her spare time and is about to be a mother for the second time.

Back this year from about two years' travelling and working through England and Canada is *Diana McGiffin*. She shared a flat with *Libby Robb* in Canada, and they both saw as much of Canada and the U.S.A. as they could. She is now working in Pretoria and is moving to Johannesburg soon. *Elizabeth Robb* is very busy lecturing African Law at U.C.T. and is getting married in December to Anthony Ardington. She will then become a farmer's wife and live in Zululand. *Elizabeth Plumby* is a very competent secretary for a big firm in Cape Town, and *Brenda-Lynne Hoffman* (Tyers) is living in a cute little cottage in Kenilworth and is still busy teaching.

Rosemary Hellingas has recently moved up to Johannesburg and is staying in a hotel and working for I.C.I. as a secretary. *Heather Wells* (Kelly) had a son in February and saw a lot of *Libby* and *Di* when they were working in London. Heather is fortunate enough to have a house in London and one in the country.

Val Bird (V. d. Byl) moved recently to the Northern Transvaal and is now the mother of two children. *Pam Hanson* is working in Cape Town and *Paddy Howes* is busy with pottery and painting and is going to have a child in February.

Hilary Hansen (Simpson) went to work in Welkom at the beginning of the year, but after her engagement returned to Cape Town for a short while, and then left for England and America at the end of April. She was married in London and is now living in California.

Lesley Burns (Wares) and her husband are living in Scotland. Lesley is keeping up her job as a physiotherapist. *Diana Morkel* (Matthews), *Biddy Lubbe* (Brock) and *Jenny Wynne* (Brimble) are still in Cape Town. Diana and Jenny are working for firms in town; Biddy has a teaching post.

Sally Baxter has been working in Durban for some time now. She plans to return to Cape Town at the end of 1966. *Sally Sparks* (Stuttaford) and her husband are staying in Vredenburg. They have just become the proud parents of a son—John.

Veronica Culley has been overseas for about 18 months on a working holiday. She is having a wonderful time and has visited many countries. *Fiona Noble* is also overseas—she left for London earlier this year.

Louisa Groenewald (MacDonald) and *Lindsay Olivier* (Lomas-Walker) are both still living in Cape Town. Lindsay is working for a bank in Wynberg.

Lynn Rowland (Parker) and her husband have bought a house in Wynberg which is keeping them busy. *Gail Hoberman* (Shawzin) and a friend have opened up a "boutique" in Claremont. It is a delightful place and caters for the "with-it" girls.

Priscilla Barrett has been teaching since July at Voortrekker Hoër Skool, and is hoping to visit *Sandy van der Vlugt* (Buchanan) soon. Sandy and her husband Reijer are posted in the Maluti Mountains, where Reijer is working on the new irrigation scheme for about nine months.

Lesley Brauer, *Mandy Blackett*, *Shona Jackson* and *Hilary Dempers* are still travelling in Europe, working and on holiday. Mandy is fluent in French. *Terry Henstra* has also become a glob-trotter, but has started in Canada, with periodic visits across the border to America.

Marion Brown (Van der Bijl) is kept busy as a housewife in Johannesburg. They have moved into their own house in one of the suburbs. Marion has just spent a short holiday in Hermanus. *Anne Richards* (Hacking) is continuing her studies in Medicine. *Christine Godfrey* (Hawson) has now settled in Durban.

Working in town are *Elizabeth Leith* and *Anne Steens*. Anne has her own florist in Rondebosch and is doing extremely well. She is planning to get married early in 1967. *Judy Williams* is completing her studies at U.C.T. next month.

Another traveller has been *Susie Robb*, but she will be returning to Cape Town from Canada for her sister Libby's wedding in December. *Kohanne Morrison* is enjoying her work as a Radiographer in the General Hospital in Pretoria. She will be coming to Cape Town next year to be a bridesmaid at Anne Steens' wedding. *Pam Murray* finds her work as receptionist at the Hawthorndene Hotel in George very varied and interesting.

Margie Diamond will be getting married next year in Kitwe, Zambia. She has just spent a while in Greece meeting her future in-laws.

There will be a New York wedding at the end of 1966 for *Anne Coscley*. Her fiancé Carl Schonborn is working there. Also getting married at the end of the year is *Denise Waite* to William Douglas Bonner. They will live in Cape Town and Denise will complete her last three years of Medicine.

Georgina Clark is attending Drama School and does a lot of modelling in town. Also in town is *Amanda Noakes* who has a job as a secretary. *Rosemary Pickering* has just obtained her Degree of Music and *Annette White* is continuing with Chemical Engineering.

Jill Philip has just become the Western Province Squash Champion. Our congratulations to her.

Carol Payne is doing a secretarial course in London after a short tour of the Continent. She plans to return to South Africa at the end of the year. *Melissa Persse* is at St. James College with Carol. *Astrid Langsberg* has been at Mon Fentile in Switzerland for the past year but is now in London doing a secretarial course. *Katherine Riley* is at present at a university in Florence studying languages.

Anne Silberbauer has given up university life and has changed to nursing which she is enjoying very much.

Susie Raath and *Di Cattell* returned from London early this year after attending the Lucy Clayton Course. *Di* is at U.C.T. doing a B.A. and *Susie* is at Rhodes University reading Physical Education.

Lesley Brown, *Suzanne Williams* and *Geraldine van der Bijl* have returned to South Africa after a year in America on the A.P.S. They are all at U.C.T. now after a very enjoyable year.

Moirá Hennessy, *Jean Small*, *Susan Dicey*, *Helen Robb*, *Elspeth Henderson*, and *Susan Lieberman* are all still continuing their studies at the university. *Moirá* has just spent six weeks with her parents on the Continent.

Jayne Currie is on the American Field Scholarship this year and is stationed in Kansas. *Lucinda Abbott* is studying at the Technical College and *Karin Lees* is now doing a typing course at Imperial College, after spending a few months in Natal this year.

Susan Clayton is at the University of Cape Town studying for a B.A., as is *Gail Mortimer*. *Pamela Dyke-Poynter* and *Elizabeth Dawie-Dunn* are studying Social Science.

Angela Gilbert spent six weeks in Britain and Europe in June and is studying Architecture at U.C.T. *Jennifer Richardson* is now at the university at Tours in France, after spending a holiday in Europe.

Margaret Garlick is taking a secretarial course in London. *Allison Payne* is studying Radiography at Groote Schuur. *Jean Henderson* is in London studying at St. Swithins.

Susan Davis is spending the year at home in Port Elizabeth before coming back to Cape Town to university.

Pauline Pringle has returned once more to Cape Town after spending two years in London and a few months in Israel before returning.

SPORT

On the last Old Girl's Day, a tennis match was played against the present Herschel girls and this resulted in a draw 3-3.

This year, due to a limited time factor, the Old Girls were unable to play their annual squash match against the Herschel girls, as they were holding, for the first time ever, a Squash Championship. One of the Old Girls, *Jill Philip*, presented an Annual Squash Trophy, to the winner *Sheila MacKenzie*.

To compensate for this, a similar challenge was issued again, for the second time, against St. Cyprian's Old Girls. Herschel were represented by *Diana Cattell*, *Anne Alexander*, *Jill Philip*, *Anne Welsh*, *Carol Phillips*, *Sue Gibello* and *Amanda Waring*, and

St. Cyprian's by Diana Gray, Marilyn Ayres, Lynne Davis and Pat Woodisse. Unfortunately due to injury Juliet Crittenden and Cynthia Vincent of St. Cyprian's were unable to play, so Herschel loaned Sue Gibello to the St. Cyprian's team. After close and exciting matches St. Cyprian's emerged the winners 3-2.

Finally on Thursday before the end of term an Old Girls' hockey team, consisting of Melanie Stuttaford, Jenny Rhodes, Diana Cattell, Alison Boyes, Alison Payne, Wendy Walker, Shen Attwell, Elsbeth Henderson, Marion Jesse, Elizabeth Dowle-Dunn and Angela Gilbert, played a match against the Herschel team (who won the inter-provincial this year) and this also resulted in a draw 2-2.

The next Old Girls' Day will be held on Saturday, 25th February, 1967. Will any Old Girl normally living away from Cape Town, but who will be here on that date, and would like to be invited, please contact Anne Russell (69-1769).

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY

*Life Members.

*Subscriber for 1966.

Names in Capitals Indicate Head Girls.

A.N.K. Address not known.

Headmistresses:

Hon. *Miss B. Elcome (Mrs. Peter Payne), Red Gables, Lower Bourne, Farnham, Surrey, England.

Hon. *Miss H. C. McLean, c/o Lloyds Bank Ltd., Woking, Surrey, or 8, Amber Cottage, Colleshill, near Amersham, Bucks., England.

Staff:

*Miss Botha-Reid (Mrs. Turner), The Rookery, Yewlands, Hoddesdon, Herts.

Hon. *Miss J. Lansdale, Rose Cottage, Ham Common, Richmond, Surrey, England.

Hon. *Miss W. Mulliner, Thornton House, Kenilworth, Cape.

Hon. *Mrs. A. Pierce-Jones, 4 Osborne Mansions, Gardens, Cape Town.

Hon. *Mrs. E. Sachs, 11, Gambonia Road, Rondebosch, Cape.

Hon. *Mrs. B. Silberbauer, 6 Thelma Road, Claremont, Cape.

Group I (Circles A to H)

*Appleyard, Elizabeth (Mrs. J. Coward), Mere Down Farm, Warminster, Wiltshire, England (H).

*Buck, Kitty (Mrs. Purser), Edgemount, Russ Hill, Charlwood, Surrey (A).

*Baxter, Jean (Mrs. M. Gant), Lourensford, Somerset West, C.P. (C).

*BAXTER, MARY (Mrs. R. Fiddian-Green), P.O. Box 238, Knyasa, C.P. (A).

*Baxter, Sheila (Mrs. A. R. Henderson) Arleskraal, P.O. Grabouw, C.P. (D).

*Black, Moira (Mrs. Ronald Abbott), The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape (C).

*Botha, Yvonne (Mrs. Dmitri Chronis), Bergzicht, Fleetwood Avenue, Claremont, C.P. (D).

*Brooke, Diana (Mrs. Jan Nozar), A.N.K. (G).

*Brown, Betty (Mrs. B. Musgrove), c/o J. W. Jagger & Co. Ltd., Durban (B).

*Brown, Madge (Mrs. Fisher), 16 Avalon Court, Hospital Walk, Queenstown, Cape (H).

*Buchanan, Sheila (Mrs. Ian Williams), The Bungalow, Voëlkop, Hermanus, C.P. (A).

*Burmester, Lollie (Mrs. Roy Garlick), The Homestead, Ley Road, St. James, C.P. (A).

*Clark, Erica (Mrs. R. A. Critchley), Makeni Estate, P.O. Box 10, Lusaka, Zambia (A).

*CLOSE, HEATHER (Mrs. W. S. Mann), 35 Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.1 (A).

*Cross, Joan (Mrs. A. A. Mudd), c/o Nchanga Mines Ltd., Box 63 Chingola, Zambia (E).

*Denniston, Anne (Mrs. A. K. M. Browne), Goldenacre, off Mountain Road, Somerset West, C.P. (G).

*DENNISTON, PATRICIA, Ridgeland, Elgin, C.P. (G).

*DE VILLIERS, THE HON. YVONNE (The Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Hill), Moorookylie, Terrara Road, Vermont, N.E. Australia (A).

*Douglas, Fenella, Haughley, Chippenham Road, Kenilworth, Cape (A).

*Drennan, Suzanne (Mrs. Ronald Wiltshire), 2 Oak Avenue, Hadison Park, Kimberley (H).

*Ethelston, Isobel (Lady Fawcus), The Firs, Claygate, near Esher, Surrey, England. (C).

- *Falconer, Phyllis (Mrs. Harry Raath), Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont, C.P. (A).
 *Fisher, Evelyn, 712 Dumbarton House, Cape Town (H).
 *Frost, Joan (Mrs. Charles Grover), 18 Beckenham Place, Durban North, Natal (H).
 †GARLICK, MARGARET (Mrs. R. O. Boyes), Kilmacomb, Highwick Drive, Kenilworth, Cape (D).
 *Geber, Margaret (Mrs. C. F. E. Regnier), Sandown, Burgemeesterstraat, Latem-St. Martins (Fl-Or), Belgium (D).
 *Gibson, Dorothea (Mrs. Hewitt), Tata-Fison (Private) Ltd., Union Bank Buildings, Dalai St., Fort, Bombay, India (H).
 *Gohl, Jean, La Maisonette, Mountain Road, Claremont, C.P. (F).
 Hawley, Pam (Mrs. Peter Walker), 32B, Warwick Square, London, W.9. (D).
 *Herud, Vera, 97 Main Road, Voelklip, Hermanus, C.P. (A).
 *Hill, Miss E. K. (Mrs. Stanley Wood), c/o S.A. Association, 6 Church Square, Cape Town.
 *HILL, PATRICIA (Mrs. L. Sinclair), P.O. Box 960, Salisbury, Rhodesia (F).
 *Hill Joan (Mrs. Donald McEwan), Delamere, Pathfields Close, Haslemere, Surrey, England (D).
 *HILL, PEG (Mrs. T. Furlonge), Braeside, Miskbourne Avenue, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks, England (G).
 *Howell, Averil (Mrs. Peter Grant), Navarre, Somerset West, C.P. (F).
 *Howes, Dulcie (Mrs. Guy Cronwright), Exeter Lodge, Exeter Avenue, Claremont, C.P. (A).
 *Hubner, Ray (Mrs. R. Swemmer), P.O. Box 5151, Johannesburg. (F).
 *JONES, ELEANOR VAUGHAN (Mrs. Peter Wadlow), Stanton Hill, Priorsfield Road, Godalming, Surrey, England (A).
 *Jooste, Lynette (Mrs. Glynn Croudace), Westwinds, Rowan Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (G).
 *Kidd, Olive (Mrs. A. L. Payne), 108 Milner Road, Rondebosch, C.P. (C).
 *Le Mesurier, Joy (Mrs. N. C. Pollock), 66 Yarrella Hill, Oxford, England (E).
 *Lewis, Joyce (Dr.), Thonten House, Kenilworth, Cape (A).
 *Long, Una (Mrs. Una Long Hodson), 46 Gibson Square, Islington, London, N.1., England (A).
 *Martin, Jean (Mrs. G. R. Holden), River Street, New Canaan, Conn., U.S.A. (A).
 *Martin, Orellia (Mrs. H. Lasch), 25 Valley Road, Parktown, Johannesburg (A).
 *MILLS, MARIEL (Mrs. Miller), 25 Pendarves Road, Camborne, Cornwall, England (H).
 *McKinlay, Carine, "Strathgry", Aberdeen Road, Newlands, Cape (G).
 *McLachlan, Beatrice (Mrs. S. L. Elliott), 11 Plymouth Road, Barnt Green, Worcs., England (A).
 *Osler, Joy (Mrs. Arthur Luyt), 23 Derwent Avenue, Lakeside, Modderfontein, Transvaal (F).
 *Pargiter, Edith (Mrs. W. S. Bryant), Distant Waters, Dawn Avenue, Constantia, C.P. (A).
 *Paterson, Molly (Mrs. J. F. Robinson), St. George's Hill, Easton-in-Gordano, near Bristol, Gloucs., England (B).
 †Payne, Joan (Mrs. H. I. G. Rylands), The Long House, Ramridge Park, Weyhill, near Andover, Hants, England (A).
 *Petree, June (Mrs. J. C. de Beer Louw), 211 Rapallo, Sea Point (G).
 *ROSE, PAM, A.N.K.
 *SANDES, SYLVIA (Mrs. Hugh White), Hunter's Moon, Exeter Drive, Claremont, C.P. (H).
 †SEARLE, JEAN (Mrs. H. G. Lawrence), Greenacre, Murray Road, Kenilworth, Cape (A).
 *Smithers, Joan (Mrs. J. Fraser-Harris), 23 Kinkleway, off Camp Ground Road, Newlands, Cape (A).
 *Starck, Betty (Mrs. P. V. Collings), White Ladies, Burkes Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks, England (G).
 St. Leger, Pam (Mrs. J. W. Aubrey), St. Andrews' College, Grahamstown, E.P. (H).
 Struben, Diana (Mrs. A. G. Davis), 196 Main Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth (F).
 *Stuttaford, Peggy (Mrs. Neil Murray), Bokkraal, Meisetter, Rhodesia (D).

*STUTTAFORD, JOY (Mrs. G. Grove), Rocklands, P.O. Rocky Ridge, Uitenhage, E.P. (A).

Taylor, Mavis (Mrs. A. Matthews), Fairview, Dunkeld Road, Camps Bay, Cape (C).

*Thorne, Felicity (Mrs. Geoffrey Todd), Lime Tree House, Burnham Market, Norfolk, England (D).

*Thorne, Molly (Mrs. K. A. Sellar), Spyways, Hartfield, Sussex, England (A).

*Thorne, Pauline (Mrs. P. L. C. Brodie), The Keeper's Lodge, Langshott, Hurley, Surrey, England (A).

*VAN DER BYL, BETTY (Mrs. E. B. Martino), Four Winds, Itchenor, Chichester, Sussex, England (A).

*Van der Horst, Sheila (Dr.), 21 Rugby Road, Oranjezicht, Cape Town (A).

*White, Irvine (Mrs. J. J. B. Orpen), The Cottage, 26 Hyde Park Estate, Johannesburg (E).

*Williams, Betty, 5 Tudor Gardens, Pine Road, Kenilworth, Cape (C).

Group 2 (Circles I to Q)

*Ashton, Roma (Mrs. Mark Resneckov), Protea Hill, Canterbury Drive, Bishopscourt, Claremont, Cape (O).

*Barry, Jennifer (Mrs. Michael Tett), c/o M. Tett Esq., Harvest House, Baker Avenue, Salisbury, Rhodesia (Q).

*Bennett, Molly (Mrs. Tim Spring), 111 Campbell Court, Church Street, Proclamation Hill, Pretoria (N).

*Bergh, Thelma (Mrs. Denbigh Davies), 15 Buchholtz Street, East London (N).

*Bourke, Maureen (Mrs. David McLennan), Sarnia, Silwood Road, Rondebosch, Cape (O).

*Branfil, Barbara (Mrs. Michael Moir), 6 Churton Avenue, Sale, Cheshire (N).

*Brown Rosanne (Mrs. R. R. Bicker Caarten), Holland, A.N.K. (Q).

*Buchanan, Oswynne (Mrs. Keith Jordan), Bonifatiusstrasse 2, 49 Herford, Germany (N).

*Cantley, Shelagh (Mrs. P. Jackson), c/o Cantleys (Pty.) Ltd., Glamis House, Marine Street, Cape Town (Q).

*Daughlish, Elizabeth Anne (Mrs. F. Millward), 9 Georgia Avenue, Worthing, Sussex, England (O).

*DE VILLIERS, MARY (Mrs. J. A. B. Loggie), P.O. Box R.W. 27, Ridgeway, Lusaka, Zambia (Q).

*De Villiers, Nicolette (Mrs. N. Knight), Hawthorns, Mains Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (J).

*DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, DIANA (Mrs. Ian Austen), Klein Constantia, Constantia (O).

*Elliott, Mary (Mrs. Stanley Cox), 19 Alexander Square, London, S.W.3 (K).

*Ethelston, Jane, c/o Mrs. Abdy, Provost Farm, Rockbourne, Nr. Fordingbridge, Hants, England (M).

*Ethelston, Susan (Mrs. Tony Abdy), Provost Farm, Rockbourne, Nr. Fordingbridge, Hants, England (I).

*Finch, Jill (Mrs. Robert Clough), Four Leys Farm, Tuxford, near Newark, Notts, England (P).

*Gle, Lois (Mrs. Douglas Gardener), Warwickford, Alexandria, Cape (P).

*Gidcherit, Tanis (Mrs. John Robins), 33 Arundel Road, Rondebosch, Cape (Q).

*Hall, Anne (Mrs. Chappel), Houghton, P.O. Banket, Southern Rhodesia (M).

*Halla, Felicity, Parcel Valley, Somerset West (J).

*Harris, Mary Jane (Mrs. John Duckworth), Old Bakehouse, Elton, near Peterborough, England.

*Hedden, Angela (Mrs. D. Brink), 1 Snowden Avenue, Durban (Q).

*Hirschon, Annette (Bunt) (Mrs. Adolph Wood), 15 Woodside Avenue, London, N.I., England (J).

*Hirschon, Brenda (Mrs. Silberman), 91 Houghton Drive, Houghton, Johannesburg (I).

*Hockly, Pamela (Mrs. Temple Haddon), Box 4737, Johannesburg (J).

*Howie, Nancy (Mrs. Oliver Morris), "Hillcote", Harfield Place, off Harfield Road, Claremont, Cape (M).

*Hunt, Barbara (Mrs. R. G. Nicholson), 6 Wallace Street, Waverley, Johannesburg (I).

(Impey, Margaret (Mrs. Neil Ward Able), 2 Pienaar Street, Somerset-West, Cape (O).

- *Israel, Shirlye (Mrs. Roy Lewis), 18 Relief Street, Potchefstroom, Transvaal (D).
- *Johnstone, Jennifer (Mrs. J. Peters), 32 Jacksons Lane, London, N.6, England (N).
- *Jooste, Adele (Mrs. Robin Fouché), 23, Lovers' Walk, Kenilworth, Cape (N).
- *Keeling, Ann (Mrs. M. Pollock), A.N.K.
- *Kinghorn, Valerie (Mrs. John Gasson), Kings Ride, Boshof Avenue, Newlands, Cape (J).
- *Knight, Robin (Mrs. R. Robins), c/o The Hall, Alexandra Road, Kenilworth, Cape (M).
- *Knight, Sally, 4 Mayfair Ave., Newlands (K).
- *Langerman, Karen (Mrs. John Preston), La Corniche, Victoria Road, Clifton, Cape (P).
- *LOMAX, ALISON (Mrs. Christopher Good), Blanchland House, Playden, Rye, Sussex, England (H).
- *MACHANIK, PAULINE (Mrs. Friedman), 42, Jameson Avenue, Melrose, Johannesburg (M).
- *Marks, Zelda (Mrs. Gerry Goddard), A.N.K. (D).
- *Marshall, June (Mrs. D. R. Norman), Pelele, Bag 546, Sinoia, Rhodesia (P).
- *Mellish, Margaret (Lady Robinson), St. Marks, Selwyn Road, Kenilworth, Cape (D).
- *Mitchell, Margaret (Mrs. Haigh), 26 Wrenbeck Drive, Otley, Yorkshire, England (K).
- *Norgarb, Celia (Mrs. Douglas Jooste), Meadow House, Constantia Road, Constantia Cape (O).
- *O'Connell, Denise, Rhodesia-by-the-Sea, Simonstown (O).
- *O'Connell, Maureen (Mrs. A. Lith), Studley, 24 Heron Way, Pinelands, Cape (M).
- *ORR, GLENDYR (Mrs. Peter Packer), 58 Irvine Street, Peppermint Grove, Perth, W. Australia.
- *Paver, Gillian (Mrs. M. McMaster), c/o Marys Garden, Morningside, Johannesburg (N).
- *Petersen, Yasmin (Countess Brandolino Brandolino-d'Adda), Via Melchiorri Gioia 43 Milan, Italy (L).
- *Pollard, Jean (Mrs. Johan Steyn), 9 Links Road, Rondebosch, Cape (P).
- *Rhodes, Sylvia (Mrs. L. D. Vine), A.N.K. (L).
- *Robertson, Anne (Mrs. Millons), 108 Cook Street, Ithaco, New York, U.S.A. (P).
- *Rocher, Lucille (Mrs. J. B. Harding), P.O. Box 24, Port Nolloth (L).
- *Roux, Yvonne (Mrs. S. Dowdle), "Annalong", Norwich Drive Bishopscourt, Cape (O).
- *Shub, Stephanie (Mrs. S. Hoppen), 8, Sheridan Court, Barkston Gardens, London, S.W.5 (Q).
- *Silberbauer, Laura (Mrs. K. Horner), Flat 28, 31 Pretoria Street, Pretoria (Q).
- *Simpson, Angela (Mrs. K. Frater), St. John's House, Waterloo Green, Wynberg, Cape (Q).
- *SMUTS, PAMELA, Priorton Cottage, Kent Road, Newlands (I).
- *Southam, Penelope (Mrs. David Collins), A.N.K. (K).
- *Sprot, Jean (Mrs. John Withers), 88 Sturges Ridge Road, Wilton, Conn., U.S.A. (P).
- *Stansbury, Ann (Mrs. P. J. Hardwick), P.O. Umkomaas, South Coast, Natal (P).
- *St. Leger, Elizabeth (Mrs. S. P. Fry), 205 Haddon Hall, Somerset Strand, Port Elizabeth (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), Lanzerac, 2 Knighton Close, S. Croydon, Surrey, England (N).
- *Thresher, Patricia (Topsy) (Mrs. John Kirkpatrick), Nyakavanga, P.O. Box 10, Sinoia, Rhodesia (N).
- *Van der Bijl, Mary (Mrs. John Blount), The Cottage, Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, Berks., England (L).
- *Van der Bijl, Nicolette (Mrs. Ewan MacPherson), 14 Phillimore Place, London, W.8, England (N).
- *Vogelpoel, Pauline, 15 Earls Terrace, Edwards Square, London, W.8, England (I).
- *Walton, Elizabeth (Mrs. J. L. Jones), 315 Main Road, Poo'e's Bay, Hermanus, Cape (N).
- *Warren, Doreen (Mrs. C. H. Barry), Barrymore, 105 Kinross Avenue, Hurlingham, Johannesburg (I).
- *Waterson, Priscilla (Mrs. Paul du Toit), c/o Metcalfe & Co., Box 64, Cradock, E. Province (N).

*Watson, Clemency (Mrs. Austin Hannay-Robertson), E5 Second Avenue, Oranjemund, S.W.A. (Q).

†Withiel, Ruth, 1 Jayreen Court, Mains Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (M).

*Wylie, Edith Kerr (Mrs. E. G. A. Riddick), 1 Upperton Gardens, Eastbourne, Sussex, England (L).

Group 3 (Circles R to U)

†Arbuthnot, Caroline, c/o Mrs. Robertson, 9, Gypsy Lane, Barnes, London, S.W.15 (S).

†Arbuthnot, Myrtle (Mrs. Robertson), 9, Gypsy Lane, Barnes, London, S.W.15 (R).

*BARRON, LOUINE (Mrs. McKisack), 1, Somerville Close, Off Montgomery Road, Highlands, Salisbury (U).

*Bettison, Norma (Mrs. David Morrell), 138 Innes Road, Durban, Natal (R).

*Brelsford, Erica (Mrs. Telfa Buchanan), P.O. Box 8140, Causeway, Salisbury, Rhodesia (R).

*Burton, Jean (Mrs. C. Kyte), c/o Dalton House, Hiddingh Avenue, Newlands, Cape (S).

*Burton, Roberta (Mrs. D. Mantell), Dalton House, Hiddingh Avenue, Newlands, Cape (U).

†Crafoord, Caroline (Mrs. Winqvist), Föreningsvägen 47, Västerås, Stockholm, Sweden (U).

*Day, Vivienne, Morgenrood, Morgenrood Road, Kenilworth, Cape (R).

*Dicey, Diana (Mrs. D. Burns), 117 Sommerton House, 369 Banbury Road, Oxford (T).

*Dowie-Dunn, Jean, Miskeh, Tennant Road, Kenilworth, C.P. (U).

*Downing, Gillian (Mrs. B. de Kock), Vliethof, Avenue Bougainville, Newlands, Cape (T).

*Elliott, Nanette (Mrs. D. Mills), 3 Manitoa Avenue, Pinelands, Cape (S).

*Faure, Christine (Mrs. G. Boucher), 7 Braemar Road, Cowies Hill, Nr. Durban (S).

*Faed, Anne (Mrs. Pons), Box 4, Malherus, Swaziland (U).

*Forsyth, Jennifer (Mrs. B. D'A. Haslem), Hobbiton, Near Alice, Eastern Province (S).

*Frith, Isobel (Mrs. B. Pfaff), c/o 12A, Burnage, Musgrave Road, Durban (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), c/o Balgowan, Linda 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), 4, 9th Avenue, Parktown North, Johannesburg (S).

*Holmes, Lynette (Mrs. L. Ratcliffe), c/o Sonnenschein, Monmouth Road, Claremont, Cape (S).

*Kneen, Marion (Mrs. B. Marchand), 14, 21st Street, Menlo Park, Pretoria (S).

*Lockwood, Anita (Mrs. Hugh Gilmour), Anmour, 6 Wraybury Close, Newlands, Cape (T).

*McCall, Jean (Mrs. Carlsson), 12 Wendy Avenue, Craighall Park, Johannesburg (T).

*McCarthy, Patricia (Mrs. Leon Nogard), c/o Malelane, Salisbury Road, Kenilworth, Cape (S).

*Mair, Ann (Mrs. Goyen Hart), 6 Bankala Avenue, Oriel, Bedford View, Transvaal (S).

*Marshall, Diane, c/o P.O. Box 1108, Salisbury, Rhodesia (S).

*Meglaughlin, Gail (Mrs. R. Roland), c/o Lavender Farm, Brommersvlei Road, Constantia (U).

*Michelsen, Diana (Mrs. J. G. Coull), 106 Palmyra Road, Newlands, Cape (S).

†Minty, Pamela (Mrs. R. Cohen), 265 Stewart Street, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada (U).

*Murray, Diana (Mrs. John Chalmers), c/o Mrs. Richard Murray, Rondekop, Banhoek, Stellenbosch, Cape (S).

*Murray, Grania (Mrs. Law), 6 Berkley House, Charlotte Street, Bristol, England (T).

†Owen-Smith, Virginia (Mrs. M. A. Lester), 9 Devon Close, Rouwkoop Avenue, Rondebosch (U).

*Penn-Hughes, Severine, Spring Hare Farm, P.O. Box 2159, Bulawayo, Rhodesia (T).

*Ratcliffe, Jean (Mrs. A. Raubenheimer), Stellenberg Avenue, Kenilworth (U).

- *Reilly, Meriel (Mrs. P. du Toit), 15 Altena, Hofmeyer Street, Stellenbosch, Cape (T).
 *REILLY, REVEL, Pleasant Acre, Milner Road, Rondebosch, Cape (T).
 *Roberts, Rosemary (Mrs. H. Faber), Home Park Estates, P.O. Macheke, Rhodesia (S).
 *Rudland, Betty (Mrs. A. Casciati), c/o Mrs. C. Bickle, Dovenby Stud Farm, P.O. Box 154, Bulawayo, Rhodesia (T).
 *Rudland, Jennifer (Mrs. C. Bickle), Dovenby Stud Farm, P.O. Box 154, Bulawayo, Rhodesia (R).
 *Russell, Claire, 8, Wilton Place, London, S.W.1 (S).
 *Russell, Diana Hamilton, Rushmere, Denby Road, Constantia, Cape (R).
 *Russell Jill Hamilton (Mrs. A. Hall), c/o Rushmere, Denby Road, Constantia, Cape (R).
 *Sandell, Barbara (Mrs. D. Brown), Cl. Tao Loon Villa, Lot 329, Clear Water Bay Road, New Territories, Hong Kong.
 *SCHUMER, INGRID (Mrs. Perlman), 1302 Earls Court, Riviera Road, Killarney, Johannesburg (R).
 *Simons, Margaret, A.N.K.
 *Skea, Elaine (Mrs. Alan Curtis), 7 Montcalm, Blakiston Street, Salisbury, Rhodesia (T).
 *Sly Susan (Mrs. Alec MacFarlane), Orchard Cottage, Herton, Nr. Chinner, Oxon., U.K. (T).
 *Spence, Rosalind (Mrs. Osmond) (T), A.N.K.
 *Steens, Helen (Mrs. J. Livingstone), "Jabula", Lichfield Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape (U).
 *Stobie, Christine (Mrs. Hurst), 27 Portland Road, London, W.11, England (S).
 *Sumner, Lynette (Mrs. N. C. Watson), 14 Pineleigh, 18 Cape Rd., Port Elizabeth (S).
 *Thompson, Virginia, 3 Bilbury, The Cotswolds, Indian Road, Kenilworth, Cape (S).
 *Thurburn, Erica, Stroud, P.O. Trelawney, Southern Rhodesia (U).
 *Townsend, Diana (Mrs. Yassukovich), 74, Oakwood Court, London, W.14 (T).
 *Versveld, Diana (Mrs. R. Raddon Reed), Norton Dingle, Constantia, Cape (T).
 *Wadman, Frances (Mrs. Richard Prior), 4 Moor Street, Kenilworth, Cape (U).
 *Warburton, Sheila (Mrs. East), c/o Amosens, P.O. Box 693, Tripoli, Libya (U).
 *White, Janet Thornton, 23 Clifton Gardens, London, W.9, England (T).
 *Wilson, Sylvia (Mrs. P. Sauermann), Oorscroft, Oorscroft Rd., Rondebosch (U).
 *Windham, Elizabeth (Mrs. George Bakewell), 31 Hazel Road, Mandara, Salisbury, Rhodesia (R).
 *Woolford, Moira (Mrs. B. Crookes), Salaita, Shirley Road, Claremont, Cape (S).

Group 4 (Circles V to Z)

- *Bain, Sally, P.O. Box 34, Uppington (X).
 *Behnsen, Christa, P.O. Box 239, Windhoek, S.W.A. (W).
 *Brimble, Jennifer (Mrs. Anthony Wynne), Riverside Cottage, Abion Road, Rondebosch (Z).
 *Beresford, Gay, 6, Elvaston Place, London, S.W.7 (X).
 *CORDER, JUDY (Mrs. Peter Smuts), P.O. Box 270, Bergvlei, Transvaal (W).
 *Corder, Tessa (Mrs. P. L. de la Harpe), 51 Rutland Road, Parkwood, Johannesburg (V).
 *Culley, Veronica, Cringleford, Salisbury Avenue, Claremont, Cape (Z).
 *Diemont, Margaret (Mrs. De Villiers), c/o Bosheuwe, Bishopscourt Estate, Claremont (V).
 *Dowie-Dunn, Rosemary, Miskeh, Tennant Road, Kenilworth, Cape (Y).
 *Elliot, Suzanne (Mrs. Marc Wray), 136 East 55th St., New York, U.S.A. (X).
 *Ferguson, Pamela, 19 Eversley, Grove Avenue, Claremont, Cape (Z).
 *Finch, José (Mrs. A. Luke), c/o Standard Bank (S.A.) Ltd., Northumberland Ave., London.
 *Fischer, Marguerite, Top of Grace Road, Claremont, Cape (X).
 *Frith, Thelma (Mrs. Len Hallam), 12a Burnage, Musgrave Road, Durban (V).
 *Gill, Felicity (Mrs. Corbin), 4 Stanhope Mews East, London, S.W.7, England (Y).
 *Goble, Patricia (Mrs. Graham Howes), Paddyfields, Roderick Way, off Ladies Mile Ext., Constantia (Y).
 *Harris, Lorne, Constantia Rise, Constantia, Cape (Y).
 *Hawson, Pamela, Hillside, Main Road, Retreat, Cape (Y).

- *Hennessy, Elizabeth (Mrs. L. Levitt), D8, Schoongezicht Flats, Kenilworth (X).
- *Hilson, Gaynor, P.O. Box Luanshya, Zambia (X).
- *Hollingdale, Rosemary (Mrs. A. Keen), 4, Astra Court, Bridge Street, Rosebank (V).
- *Hollingdale, Shena, Ghen Ranaid, Sunny Law, Bridge of Allan, Shropshire, Scotland (Y).
- *Holmes, Elizabeth (Mrs. N. McCarthy), Navarra Estate, Constantia (X).
- *Jeffrey, June (Mrs. Guerrini), Valley House, Rathgelden Ave., Constantia (W).
- Jordan, Angela, 43 Smits Road, Dunkeld, Johannesburg (V).
- (Kippa, Anne (Mrs. M. Russell), Akkerdak, Palmboom Road, Newlands.
- (Kippa, Deborah, Etherson, Muir Road, Rondebosch, Cape (W).
- *Lee, Bridget Buchanan-Knowsley, Blair Road, Camps Bay, Cape (Z).
- *Lockwood, Gail (Mrs. B. Simon), c/o Sunningdale, Tennant Road, Kenilworth, Cape (X).
- *Lomas-Walker, Lindsay (Mrs. R. Olivier), Belombre Road, Bergvliet, Cape (Y).
- *Mannion, Paddy (Mrs. M. Diemont), 119, 1st Ave., Kenilworth (Y).
- *Macgregor, Susan, 1, Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape (W).
- *McDonald, Louisa (Mrs. N. Groenewald), Brenton, Greenfield Road, Kenilworth, Cape (Z).
- *Maister, Belinda (Mrs. Paterson), 31 Palmboom Road, Newlands (V).
- †Mathews, Diana (Mrs. J. Morkel), c/o 9, Annesle, Kenilworth Rd., Kenilworth (X).
- *Mathias, Iona (Mrs. B. Duly), No. 5 Newall Ave. Kumala North, Bulawayo (X).
- *McGaffin, Diana, c/o Crown Mount, P.O. Magoebas Kloof, W. Transvaal (Y).
- *Nel, Barabara (Mrs. J. Cleave), c/o J. Cardwell Esq., Uganda Development, Box 442, Kampala, Uganda (Y).
- *Nitoslawa, Janina, Monorgan, Camp Ground Road, Newlands, Cape (Y).
- (Noble, Fiona, Y.W.C.A., Park House, 223, Earls Court Road, London, S.W.5. (Z).
- *Norris, Kathleen, 104 Palmyra Road, Newlands, Cape (X).
- *Norton, Judy (Mrs. S. Olivier), Chatenay, Murray Road, Kenilworth, Cape (Y).
- Papworth, Carole (Mrs. Clive Shonfeld), Wunoke, Willow Road, Newlands (V).
- *Parker, Lynn (Mrs. Don Rowand), 6, Wolfe Street, Wynberg, Cape (Z).
- *Porter, Anne, Marlow, Kenmar Cres., Claremont (Y).
- *Pyott, Sally (Mrs. K. Celliers), Woodbine, Kent Street, Newlands, Cape (X).
- *Regnier, Jacqueline, 9 Reynaert Dreef, St. Martens-Latem, Lez Gand, Belgium (X).
- *ROBB, ELISABETH, Silverhurst, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape (Y).
- *Robb, Rosemary (Mrs. L. de Waal), Oak Lodge, off Newton Drive, Meadowridge, Lower Constantia (W).
- *Roberts, Elizabeth, 27 Kew Drive, Highlands, Salisbury, Rhodesia (X).
- (Robertson, Elizabeth, 66 Radnor Road, Twickenham Road, Middlesex, U.K.
- (Robertson, Jennifer (Mrs. C. Purdon), Capers, P.O. Box 31, Mtoke, Rhodesia (V).
- *Shawzin, Gail (Mrs. A. Hobermann), The Dell, Appian Way, Newlands (Z).
- *Shub, Felicity (Mrs. M. Aronson), Sheridan, Herschel Walk, Claremont (W).
- *Simpson, Hilary (Mrs. Chris Hansen), East Spain Street, Sonoma, California, U.S.A. (Z).
- *Small, Frances, Rosehill, Hillwood Road, Kenilworth, Cape (X).
- *Syfret, Caroline (Mrs. R. Kingdon), 11, Weltevreden Ave. Rondebosch, Cape (W).
- *Tyers, Brendalynne (Mrs. Eric Hoffman), Highways, Plantation Road, Ottery, Cape (Y).
- (Ward, Philippa, 31 Mountain Road, Claremont, Cape (Z).
- *Wares, Leslie (Mrs. A. N. Burns), c/o Harden, Tennant Road, Kenilworth, Cape (Z).
- *Waring, Felicity (Mrs. A. M. Wassenaar), c/o Steinkop, Boshof Ave., Newlands (X).
- *Williams, Audrey (Mrs. G. Doyle), 42 Thomas Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth (W).
- *Wintham, Juliet (Mrs. Hackett), 54, Wimpole Street, London, W.1. (V).

Group 5 (Circles AA-DD).

- *Abbott, Lucinda, The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth (EE).
- *Alexander, Ann, Longacre, Midhurst Way, Constantia, Cape (CC).
- *Attwell, Anne Shenton, 10, Syfret Road, Rondebosch (CC).
- *Attwell, Karin, 3 Castle Combe, The Cotswolds, Indian Road, Kenilworth, Cape (CC).
- *Aubrey, Heather, A.N.K. (AA).

- *Barrett, Priscilla, Frensham, Dumbarton Road, Newlands, Cape (AA).
 *Blackett, Miranda, 20 St. Joan's Road, Plumstead, Cape (AA).
 *Blackman, Linda, P.O. Box 1289, Cape Town (DD).
 *Bothner, Suzanne, 1 Castle Combe, Cotswolds, Indian Road, Kenilworth (CC).
 *Brauer, Leslie, Trellis, Hout Bay Road, Constantia, Cape (AA).
 *Brown, Leslie, 3, Orchard Street, Newlands (DD).
 *Butters, Juliet, 229, Cromwell Mans., Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5 (CC).
 *Cattell, Diana, "Alfreton", Kirstenbosch Drive, Claremont (DD).
 *Chiappini, Vivienne, Slieve Donard, Melbourne Road, Kenilworth (DD).
 *Clark, Georgina, Rock House, Hout Bay, Cape (BB).
 *Clayton, Susan, Shadows, Fernwood Avenue, Newlands (EE).
 *Cloete, Nicolette, c/o Alphen, Constantia, Cape (AA).
 *Cooper, Ann, Shobury Heights, Southern Cross Drive, Constantia (CC).
 *Cowley, Anne, 8 Majestic Mansions, Empire Road, Parktown, Johannesburg (BB).
 *Currie, Jayne, Pelindaba, Doordrift Road, Constantia (EE).
 *Davis, Susan, 196 Main Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth (EE).
 *Dean, Josephine, A-20 Albion Mill, Main Road, Newlands, Cape (CC).
 *Dempers, Hilary, Vale Side, Birkett Road, Rondebosch, Cape (AA).
 *Diamond, Maxine, P.O. Box 666, Kitwe, Zambia (AA).
 *Dicey, Corinne (Mrs. M. Symons), Devonshire Hill, Grotto Rd., Rondebosch (BB).
 *Dicey, Susan, P.O. Orchards, Cape Province (DD).
 *Dicey, Biddy (Mrs. G. Osler), c/o S. Dicey Orchards, Cape (AA).
 *Dowie-Dunn, Elizabeth, The Red Cottage, Toloni Road, Kenilworth (EE).
 *Dyke-Poynter, Pam, Long Cottage, Newlands Ave., Newlands (EE).
 *Ellis, Lavinia, Merchester Cottage, Swaanswyk Road, Tokai (AA).
 *Emslie, Kathleen, 5 Gibson Road, Kenilworth, Cape (CC).
 Fauville, Claire, Silery Cellars, Silery Ave., Constantia, Cape (BB).
 *Finch, Rene, c/o Stand Bank (S.A.) Ltd., Northumberland Ave., London.
 *Garlick, Margaret, The Chiltorns, Wynberg (EE).
 *Gilbert, Angela, The Linney, Carbrook Ave., Claremont (EE).
 *Gray, Marian, 29 Rue Portalis, Aix-en-Provence, France (AA).
 *Hacking, Anne (Mrs. C. Richards), The Old Cellars, Durban Road, Wynberg (AA).
 *Hacking, Susan, Leeming, Alice Road, Claremont (BB).
 *Harris, Diana, Great Bear, Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, Cape (CC).
 *Harris, Jean, Constantia Rise, Constantia, Cape (CC).
 *Harris, Marian, Constantia Rise, Constantia (DD).
 *Hawson, Christine (Mrs. Graham Godfrey), 56, Puntans Hill, Durban (AA).
 *Henderson, Jean, P.O. Box 52, Grabouw, Cape (EE).
 *Henderson, Elspeth, Cranborne, Robinson Road, Kenilworth (DD).
 *Hennessy, Moira, 15 Edinburgh Drive, Claremont (DD).
 *Henstra, Terry, Fairview, Struben Road, Claremont, Cape (AA).
 *Hugo, Diana, Rose Street, Newlands.
 *Hunt, Susan, Ruytelaars, Hout Bay, Cape (CC).
 *Ismay, Penelope, Cuckoo-Cloud, Lovers' Walk, Kenilworth (DD).
 *Jackson, Shona, Peach Lane, off Palmboom Road, Newlands, Cape (AA).
 *Jeffrey, Pat, Valley House, Brommersvlei Road, Constantia, Cape (BB).
 *Jesse, Marion, Coromandel, Klaasens Rd., Wynberg (DD).
 *Kennedy, Susan, Highbury Cottage, Sidmouth Avenue, Claremont, Cape (CC).
 *Landsberg, Astrid, Tatton, Jonkershoek, Stellenbosch (DD).
 *Lees, Karin, Matapuna, Pinewood Road, Newlands (EE).
 *Leith, Elizabeth, Touraine, Constantia, Cape (AA).
 *Liebermann, Susan, Morgenzon, off Southern Cross Drive, Constantia (DD).
 *Lomborg, Gail, Houghton Thorn, Constantia (EE).
 *Mackenzie, Rose, Orgill House, 30 Hume Road, Dunkeld, Johannesburg (BB).
 *McAuley, Moira, Quarry Croft, Swanmore Road, Rondebosch, Cape (CC).
 *Marais, Vanessa, Eersteling, Brommersvlei Road, Constantia, (DD).
 *Minty, Dawn, Camelot, Forest Avenue, Claremont Cape (CC).
 *Morrison, Rohanne, 4 Edward Street, Waterkloof, Pretoria, Transvaal (AA).
 *Mortimer, Gail, Broadway, Broadway Ave., Newlands (EE).
 *Murray, Pamela, Bonsella, Kirstenbosch Drive, Bishopscourt, Cape (AA).

- *Noakes, Amanda, Serenite, Swaanswyk Rd., Tokai (BB).
 *Ovenstone, Diana, Stellenberg, Stellenberg Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (AA).
 *Payne, Allison, Winchfield, Constance Road, Claremont (EE).
 *Payne, Carol, Winchfield, Constance Road, Claremont, Cape (DD).
 *Perase, Melissa, 3, Zion Road, Claremont, Cape (D)).
 †Phillip, Jill, 11 Ascot Road, Kenilworth, Cape (CC).
 †Phillips, Carol, Brownlow, Montrose Avenue, Claremont, Cape (CC).
 *Pickering, Rosemary, Marlow, Dunkeld Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape (CC).
 *Pringle, Pauline, Huntly Glen, P.O. Box 59, Bedford, E. Province (CC).
 *Raath, Penelope, Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape (CC).
 *Raath, Susan, Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont (DD).
 †Rowe, Elizabeth, Cavenwood, Lock Road, Kalk Bay (CC).
 *Reid, Grace (Mrs. F. Maritz), c/o Rose Cottage, De Waal Road, Fish Hoek, Cape (BB).
 *Rhodes, Jennifer, Cranborne, Robinson Road, Kenilworth (DD).
 *Richardson, Jennifer, Box 477, Port Elizabeth (EE).
 †Riley, Susan, 33 Newlands Road, Claremont (BB).
 †Riley, Katherine, 33, Newlands Road, Claremont (DD).
 *Robb, Susan, Silverhurst, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape (AA).
 *Robb, Helen, Silverhurst, Alexandra Road, Wynberg (DD).
 †Sampson, Marion, Kitnocks, Cumner Ave., Kenilworth (DD).
 Seymour, Diana, 18 Great Kimble, Newlands, Cape (CC).
 *Shawzin, Karin, Huie-in-box, Klein Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape (CC).
 *Silberbauer, Ann, 6, Thelma Road, Claremont (DD).
 *Small, Jean, 1, Hillwood Road, Kenilworth (DD).
 *Smith, Fleur, 40, Kenilworth Road, Coventry, Warwickshire, England (BB).
 *Smith, Joanna, 40, Kenilworth Road, Coventry, Warwickshire, England (BB).
 *Steens, Anne, 3 Devon Close, Houwkoop Avenue, Rondebosch, Cape (AA).
 *Stephens, Jasmine, Bergendal Flats, Main Road, Wynberg, Cape (CC).
 *Stuttaford, Melanie, Corran, Torquay Ave., Claremont (DD).
 *Swabey, Bridget, Hoog Eind, Herschel Walk, Claremont, Cape (CC).
 *Thal, Philippa, P.O. Box 59, Constantia (BB).
 *Thal, Jennifer, P.O. Box 59, Constantia (CC).
 *Twentyman-Jones, Judy, 27 Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape (CC).
 *Van der Bijl, Marion (Mrs. P. Brown), c/o Constantia Villa, Linaria Road, Hermanus Cape (AA).
 *Van der Bijl, Geraldine, 4, Linaria Road, Hermanus (DD).
 *Van Kalker, Barbara, Krillingen, Alster Avenue, Newlands, Cape (BB).
 *Versfeld, Annette, Norton Dingle, Belle Ombre Drive, Constantia, Cape (CC).
 *Vertue, Marion, Woodbine, Princess Avenue, Newlands, Cape (BB).
 *Waring, Amanda, 18, Uitvlugt, Pinelands (DD).
 *Watson, Claire, The Pines, Courtral, Zuider Paarl (DD).
 *Walker, Heather, P.O. Box 26, Vryburg, Cape (AA).
 *Welsh, Anne, Crossraguel, 19 Highwick Avenue, Claremont (CC).
 *White, Annette, P.O. Box 48, O'okiep, Namaqualand, Cape (BB).
 *White, Denise (Mrs. Bonner), 205D Forest Hill, Mowbray (BB).
 †Whitehead, Wendy, 8, Rover Road, Rondebosch (DD).
 *Williams, Judy, Bungalow, Main Road, Voëlklip, Hermanus, Cape (AA).
 †Williams, Suzanne, Russet, Rowan Ave., Kenilworth (DD).
 *Wood, Carolyn, 2 Kelston, Greenfield Road, Kenilworth, Cape (CC).

The Old Herschelians' Association welcomes to Circle FF the following:

As Life Members: Carol Bartley, Bryony Culley, Beverley Ellis, Sheila Mackenzie, Jackie Mann, Carol Newman, Joy Newton Thompson, Pamela Pearly, Joan Schipper, Joan Waring, Michele Wells.

As Annual Subscribers: Jane Bennett, Melanie Baumann, Victoria Cronwright, Rosemary Fawkes, Janet Gant, Alison Gow, Sandra Howell, Shirley Jenner, Gail Kinlay, Beverley Moore, Diana Spencer, Sandra Strong.

* * *

If anyone knows of any changes in address, or of any name or address that has been incorrectly listed in this directory, would she please let the Magazine Editor know. This would greatly assist in keeping the directory up-to-date.

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