

42

The
HERSCHELIAN



No. 42

1967

CONTENTS

	Page
Foreword	3
Staff News	3
Ave Atque Vale	3
Founder's Day, 1967	4
Headmistress's Report	4
Prize-giving	9
School Officers	9
School Chronicle	10
School Leaving Certificates	11
Chapel Report	11
Scholarships, 1967	12
Gifts to the School	12
Confirmations	12
Charity Fund	12
Obituary	12
Original Work	13
Shakespeare Essay	23
Holiday Reading Essay: Seniors	24
Holiday Reading Essay: Middle School	25
House Reports: Jagger	26
Merriman	27
Rolt	27
Club Activities	28
Games Report	31
Preparatory School Notes	36
Original Work	38
Old Herschelians' Association	44
News of Old Herschelians	48
Old Herschelians' Association Directory	57

THE HERSCHELIAN

No. 42

DECEMBER, 1967

THE MAGAZINE

Editorial Committee: Mrs. Boyes.

Jagger: J. Susman, J. Seymour, E. Spilhaus.

Merriman: S. Abbot, J. Faulda, S. Stent.

Rolt: G. Verster, G. Dicey, A. Axelson.

FOREWORD

This year has seen the building and the blessing by His Grace, The Archbishop, of the new Junior Science Laboratory. We hope that it will soon be fully equipped so that it may come into full use.

The three House Magazines were of a very high standard this year, especially that of Merriman, which was adjudged the best. Rolt and Jagger tied for second place. As always, the art was exceptionally good throughout all three magazines.

The various clubs have continued to be active in different spheres of school life, and the Sociological Club, in particular, adds variety, zest and interest to the school week. In an attempt to stimulate hobbies amongst the girls, some members of the staff have volunteered to give lessons in speech-making or to teach the girls bridge, chess or first aid in the afternoons, after school.

This year, an Inter-House Music Competition will take the place of an Inter-House Drama Competition.

For many girls in the Senior School, the hockey tour of Rhodesia in the June holidays was undoubtedly the highlight of the school year. "The Herschelian" contains an account of the events of the tour.

On the Sunday after the Matriculation Dance, the stunned school heard the news of the tragic death of Mrs. Amdurer, the Senior Biology Mistress, on Muizenberg mountain. To her relations and friends we extend our very sincere sympathy. We are glad to hear that Mrs. Himing is slowly recovering from her serious operation, and we look forward to welcoming her back into our midst.

The final examinations loom ahead, and after them the school year will close with the benediction of the Carol Service.

E. J. B.

STAFF NEWS

We would like to extend a cordial welcome to:

Senior School: Mrs. Barker, Madame Bienevitz, Miss Chase, Mrs. Rauch, Mrs. Smits.

We are grateful to Mrs. D. Milne, who took over the Senior Biology when Mrs. Amdurer died, and to Miss M. Dale who took Mrs. Brownell's place (Geography) while she was on overseas leave.

Our warmest congratulations and thanks go to Mrs. Barbara Silberbauer, who, after serving Herschel well for ten years, left to take up a lectureship in Biology at the University of

Cape Town.

Mrs. Barbara McCormick (English and French) also gave much to the life of Herschel for ten years, and left to become Headmistress of Roodean, Johannesburg; our grateful thanks and warm congratulations go to her as well.

Preparatory School: Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Quartermain.

Senior House Staff: Mrs. Nelson (Housekeeper), Miss Walker (Sickbay Matron).

Preparatory House Staff: Miss James, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Stephens.

AVE ATQUE VALE

Kindergarten: Jennifer Anderson, Caroline Austin, Elizabeth Benjamin, Penelope Blaine, Georgina Frater, Charmain Gilmour, Rhonda Johnstone, Linda Jooste, Ingeborg Maier, Julia Mills, Patricia Moni, Suzanne Naude, Ruth Reichman, Robyn Rodney, Rose-Anne Smith, Paula Smith, Karin Thorpe, Tania Townsend, Vivienne Visser, Laura Matthes, Suzanne Naude.

Transition: Elizabeth Scott, Sandra Walsh.

Lower I: Margaret Adam, Sally-Ann Gage, Lindsay van Reenen, Sheila Hacking, Jennifer Park, Lindsay Loggie.

Preparatory: Jocelyn Anstee, Mary Cook, Shona Milton, Daryl Ovenstone, Catherine Oxtoby, Lindsay Torr, Tania Tulloch, Ling Wesemann, Deborah Westcott, Sandra Westcott.

Senior School: Penelope Barnett, Angela Bottomley, Elaine Charnock, Kirsten Evans, Diana Hooper, Gail Jackson, Amanda Leslie, Susan Maggs, Jane Petersen, Jane Philip, Mary Maddocks, Lucinda Suckling, Machteld van Lennep, Caroline Virgin, Louise Virgin, Sally Ann Wells, Helen Watson, Charmain Wills, Diana Willmott, Helen Cook, Janet Burns.

LEFT

Upper V: Carol Bartley, Melanie Baumann, Jane Bennett, Victoria Cronwright, Bryony Culley, Kathrin Droomer, Beverly Ellis, Rosemary Fowkes, Janet Gant, Alison Gow, Kathleen Gregor, Sandra Howell, Shirley Jenner,

Gail Kinlay, Alide Kooy, Margaret MacGregor, Sheila Mackenzie, Jacquelynne Mann, Beverly Moore, Carol Mortera, Carol Newman, Frances Newton, Joy Newton-Thompson, Pamela Pearcey, Dinah Roberts, Johanna Schipper, Janet Slingsby, Diana Spencer, Sandra Strong, Joan Waring, Michele Wells.

Others: Sally Breen, Annabel Caine, Dinah Caine, Barbara Chambers, Debra Champion, Margaret Copeland, Doris Fuller, Beverley Henshilwood, Barbara Hole, Celeste Huber, Robyn Howlett, Nicolette Hutton, Susan Jack, Pauline King, Ailsa Mackenzie, Alice Mather, Karin Michau, Caroline Mills, Penelope Pearson, Miranda Peden, Moring Peden, Marie-Louise Ryman, Shareen Smith.

FOUNDER'S DAY, 3RD FEBRUARY, 1967

At the service in St. Saviour's Church on Founder's Day, the Rev. A. R. Hampson preached the sermon. The text came from St. Matthew, Chapter 41, Verse 5.

Rev. Mr. Hampson said that the shepherd, Nimrod, exhausted after unremitting work, called a boy to take over his duties, and one hot noonday he swung down the path towards his home, where he knew his wife would be awaiting the weary, hungry and thirsty traveller.

At a parting of the ways Nimrod came upon a Roman soldier who ordered him to carry his pack for a mile along the road. With his heart full of anger and bitterness, the shepherd nevertheless resentfully shouldered his burden, and obeyed the order of the imperious Roman.

While he trudged along he remembered the stranger he had entertained at his fire that morning. The stranger had spoken of shepherds and their flocks, and of the work, of the keeping of sheep. He had gone on to speak of God, the Great Shepherd, and of the manner in which He kept His human flocks. The stranger had concluded his discourse with this piece of advice: "Whosoever shall ask you to go one mile, go another one also."

The bitterness left the heart of Nimrod, and when the Roman told him to loose the pack as he had covered one mile, the shepherd replied shyly that he would carry the pack yet another one. The Roman was surprised out of his disdain and doubtless regaled the camp of

the Romans that night with the tale of the simple fellow who had offered to do twice as much as he had been ordered.

On Founder's Day we remember to give glory to God for the founders of Herschel, for those generous donors, wise headmistresses, devoted teachers and distinguished students who have given the school its place in the minds and esteem of others.

All these were "second-milers" too, with other duties and services to render which were their responsibility, but who nevertheless performed double tasks. All great things have been achieved by people who have done more than their duty and the school has attained its position because, in the true Christian spirit, its founders and benefactors have done more than they were asked to do, and have offered their services, money and devotion to the school, as well as their duty.

"Second-milers" are not afraid of laughter or criticism or of being taken advantage of. So that if the pupils have enough humility to be "second-milers", they will be a blessing to the school and to society—and they will be true Christians. Christ did not confine Himself to duty only. He worked till He was exhausted, and to the bitter end.

So the school gave thanks to the "second-milers" on Founder's Day. To be worthy of the school, all who were of it must be "second-milers", so that the school might reflect that quality of light which would give glory to God.

THE HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT

FOUNDER'S DAY, 1967

Professor Brock, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

We are greatly privileged to have Professor Brock as our Guest Speaker this afternoon. He is a distinguished Professor of Medicine and an extraordinarily busy man, but his reply to my request that he should address us was, I felt, typically graceful when he said "I shall regard it as a small service to Herschel in re-

turn for all that my two daughters had in stimulus and inspiration there".

We welcome you, Professor Brock and Mrs. Brock.

In the October vacation last year, the annual Conference of Headmasters and Headmistresses of Independent Schools in the Republic, Rhodesia and South West Africa was held at Herschel. It was a highly stimulating

Conference and I thought you would be interested in some of the practical issues. This Report will therefore be different from those I have given in the past which have been perhaps more philosophical, and on a broader canvas.

For the information of people new to this country I should perhaps explain that at the Standard X level (what we call Upper 5) it is possible to write one of six examinations: The Government Schools write either the Cape, the Transvaal, the Orange Free State or the Natal Senior Certificate, the Technical Colleges usually write the National Senior Certificate, and the Independent Schools on the whole write the examination of the Joint Matriculation Board. Herschel, for example, writes the Joint Matriculation Board.

Since 1959, and even earlier, the question of transition from school to university in this country has been a matter of active concern to schools and universities alike, and much spade work aimed at better preparation for university work has been done by various education bodies in the country. The H.M.C. (short for Headmasters' and Headmistresses' Conference) feels that the present Matric examination is too easy for those going on to a university, and too difficult for those who are not; and that, therefore, one examination should stop serving a dual purpose. They therefore would like to see two separate examinations, possibly on the following lines:

1. A School Certificate in six subjects to be written at the end of Standard IX (Lower V).

2. A University Entrance Examination in four subjects (one to be English or Afrikaans) a year after obtaining the School Leaving Certificate. This would be of a higher standard than the present Matric Exemption level.

You will see that this has much to commend it, since concentration on four subjects makes it possible to introduce university techniques of study. It still is not the ideal, however, for nothing can replace that extra year, or two years, in a Sixth Form. (In England, in fact, candidates taking Scholarship level prefer to spend three years in a Sixth Form.) Further, and this is important, few children are mature enough at 16 or 17 to go to universities, or be faced with the demands of university techniques of study.

I have outlined in probably less than 2 minutes the skeleton of the problem, although it has taken me on various committees all round the country in the last 5 years. And it has taken many other people, from University staffs, the National Advisory Education Council, Committee of University principals, Education departments, pilot committees and the H.M.C. just as far afield, and for much longer than 5 years. Because the problem is not as simple as it looks, and it involves some really hard thinking about the whole nature of the

Matric Examination which inevitably dominates the education provided in the Schools. What matters more than anything else in an examination, even more than the syllabus, is the kind of question that is asked. Boys and girls will be trained to answer questions of the kind that is set, so that the personality inevitably takes one direction rather than another; either it has the ability to form independent judgments, or else it is crammed with judgments it does not understand. Both the universities and the Schools feel the need to be in closer touch with one another, firstly so that in the first year of the university there shall be no unnecessary repetition of what has been done at school, and also so that students at School shall be shown what kind of work is expected at a university. It is of course the practical implementation of this that is difficult, but the movement is, I am glad to say, in that direction.

The next problem, and a very serious one, is the need for reform in Mathematics education in South Africa. The shortage of Maths and Science Teachers is of course only part of a wider problem; we constantly hear of the desperate position regarding the teaching of English and other subjects, for it would seem that the needs of commerce and industry are frequently met at the expense of education, since many prospective teachers are attracted by the higher salaries and greater opportunities offered by Industry. There is, indeed, in the world to-day, a new sort of ruling class—what one might call a technocracy.

This, however, does not cancel out the need to turn out people who can think, whether through the discipline of Mathematics or any other subject. And in a world moving rapidly into the Computer and Space Age it is vital to have not only a New Look in Mathematics but also people to teach it. (Confidentially, as an unmathematical product of an unmathematical family, I must confess that the prospect of this fills me with gloom: though I have been deprived of this elixir of life known as Modern Mathematics, I can add and count with commendable accuracy, and am never outwitted by the Receiver of Revenue. All this after many laborious years. And now the Mathematician creates a mystic freemasonry of Modern Mathematics where, from behind a barricade of involved devices, he weaves his ritualistic spells. As the Elephant's child would say, "This is too butch for be!")

But, like a bird hypnotised by a snake, one cannot but be fascinated by this new approach, which is conceptual rather than computational. At first I wasn't at all sure what this meant, but put in plain English it is something like this: you no longer are asked for instance to reduce miles, furlongs, chains, to yards, feet and inches. (That's all to the good—I could never see why one had to), the point being that such complexity enables you to manipulate numbers, but does not teach you to reason.

Here now is a conceptual problem that does not need compilation at all.

No school teachers are ignorant.

All ignorant people are bores.

Therefore no school teachers are bores.

These problems are worked out by the abracadabra of the "Set" Theory—i.e. little circles. They draw Venn's diagrams. Q.E.D. (I may say I have for years used examples like this to train girls in logical thinking in English. Didn't know that I had been teaching modern Mathematics! But at least they would see the fallacy in that argument.)

It is quite true that a complete new overhaul is needed such as obtains in England and the U.S.A., if we are to keep abreast of the requirements of a modern society, and the reluctance of the J.M.B. to make drastic changes is not because it does not realise the need for improvement, but is the result of a realistic approach to the problem, since there are so few mathematics teachers in the country qualified to teach the "old" syllabus let alone the new.

The facts in this regard may interest you: in 1966 the number of graduates trained (to teach mathematics) at the following English-medium universities was U.C.T. 15; Wits 15; Natal 3; Rhodes 7; Total—40.

Figures for the others were not available, and the Afrikaans-medium figures were only obtained for the U.O.F.S., viz. 1966—15. I have since learned that the Stellenbosch university figure for 1966 is 29, which is apparently about average for that university. The figures, in fact, from 1960-1965 show a distinct reduction in the number of graduate teachers of mathematics qualifying each year, while there certainly is an increase in the numbers of pupils at schools. (I am quoting from a memorandum drawn up by Mr. Ferrandi, Headmaster of St. Andrew's, Bloemfontein, who has made an exhaustive (and exhausting!) study of the problem. He spent a year in the U.S.A. and obtained a degree in Modern Mathematics while he was there. One further outstanding fact he quotes is that in S.A. in 1964 there were 2,600 maths posts vacant, and the number of people qualified to teach them was 721!).

No doubt, therefore, the J.M.B. has acted wisely in delaying the introduction of Modern Mathematics under the circumstances. But it is surely these very circumstances which must be attacked with vigour if our country is not to be starved of adequately trained personnel in the scientific and technological fields. As Mr. Ferrandi says, while other countries, e.g. Britain and the U.S.A. are successfully introducing Maths teaching at the primary school level, we in S.A. are mathematically speaking still at the stage of the Great Trek. There is in fact an impending crisis in the teaching of the subject. When you consider that Maths is now being used in almost every sphere of human activity: biological and medical research,

traffic control, distribution of manufactured and agricultural products, the location of factories, mills, irrigation schemes (not to mention oil rigs!) the planning of industrial developments, quantity control, sales planning, weather forecasting, sociological research, psychometry, as well as in the more obvious fields of engineering and accounting, you have some idea of its importance in the scheme of things. I am told that the need for mathematicians concerned with the introduction of computers in S.A. alone far exceeds the supply.

The National Bureau of Educational and Social Research produced a report last year which indicated that 70% of the teachers of mathematics in S.A. are unqualified to teach the subject. I am thankful that our Mathematics mistress is not only well qualified but a first-rate teacher. At the same time, there is this urgent need to re-train teachers of mathematics to enable them to teach the modern maths.

We do need a climate of opinion aware that up-to-date scientific and technical knowledge is the key to our economic progress, and that the training of this starts at school. A new overhaul is, in fact, badly needed. Without it we may cease to exist as an industrial nation in 10 years' time. The national conscience should indeed be stirred, and it was generally agreed at the Conference that we should aim to set up a Mathematics Foundation in South Africa, as has been done in the United States, England and other countries. It is felt that such a Foundation is the only way to get the reform needed, and that the reform is vital to the future welfare of our country. Some powerful organisation is needed to get this going and to raise the money. It is a national necessity.

I have sketched the problem in the barest outline, with copious help from Mr. Ferrandi's memorandum, but it may serve to underline a state of affairs which many of us were not aware of. Out of the crucible comes the most important thing of all, however, and that is the need for people able to think. Learning is easily tested, but understanding must be trained. A diligent digestion of verbal fodder and its regurgitation, precisely and zealously, at the appointed hour—somewhere about the 23rd of November annually! is a beautiful epitome of bourgeois activity throughout history. Some subjects lend themselves easily to this, of course, but not mathematics. And whatever the subject it is vital for every teacher to recognise the reality of his own teaching situation, and to meet the challenge of squaring his own views and ideals with it.

For there is much muddled thinking in education. What is hailed as fundamental change may be no more than a bewildering set of peripheral fashions barely understood and greeted with naive enthusiasm. In the broad framework of education I could cite several instances of this. The creative ability of a child

in Writing, in Drama, in Art, for instance, is evident at a very early age, and needs to be drawn out. And I think we do this well at Herschel. But as an example of how not to do it let me quote from this lesson on Child Drama which I once saw in England:

A class of 42 children, in the School Hall.
Average age 7 years.

Teacher: "Turn yourselves into big fat frogs."
They leap about silently.

Teacher: "Now little baby frogs."
As soon as there were signs of tiredness:

Teacher: "Now all sleep."
All lie down and relax.

Teacher: "Now show me how your father walks."
The children do so, proudly.

Teacher: "Now your mothers."
(The mothers walk much faster.)

Teacher: "Now a little baby."
They waddle round. Some crawl.

Teacher: "Now show me how you come to School."
Laughter—they walk slowly round.

Teacher: "Now how do you go home?"
A roar of laughter and everyone runs round.

The lesson continues with the children being horses, chariots, wheelbarrows, circus clowns, crocodiles, etc.

Lessons like this, you see, merely establish for the children that the teacher has a constant supply of ideas that they could not possibly match. The teacher has not led the creative activity; he has not really understood how to do so. This is the quality of education which the proper teaching of any subject seeks to obliterate. Mathematics, ancient or modern, is no exception.

I turn now to the work of the past year, 1966.

CHURCH AND CHAPEL. The Chapel has been beautified by gifts from Canon Hodson, from the Chapel of the late Bishop Parker. 18 girls were Confirmed by His Grace the Archbishop on November 2nd in St. Saviour's Church from where in addition Carols from the Annual Carol Service were recorded and broadcast on Christmas Day. A Choir ranging from Lower IV to Lower V combined with Bishops and the Melodic Choir to sing in Haydn's Creation at the City Hall on September 20th.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL. In addition to the gifts already gratefully acknowledged in the Magazine, I should like to add that a Cup was given by Mrs. McCormick for the best Inter-House Magazine; a Kaross and a carved wooden figure of a Voortrekker woman were given by Mrs. Lulu Jonker. A magnificent (marine) bell was given by the 1966 Matrics, and R8,000 has been left to us in the will of the late Mr. Danford Jooste. Mr. Jooste had

been very generous to Herschel during his life and actively interested in it, and we are grateful indeed to be so kindly remembered once again. He was so genuinely interested in the children and in the progress of the School. We shall miss his jovial presence and feel privileged to have known him.

In the Matriculation examinations—31 entered, 31 passed. There were 6 First-Class Matrics, 17 Second-Class Matrics, 2 Third-Class and 6 School Leaving Certificates. The symbols on the whole were good. There was an A for History and 2 potential A's for English as well as 2 for Mathematics.

BEVERLY MOORE was chosen by the Junior Science Development Foundation to take part in a Second National Science Week in Johannesburg. This is both an honour and very useful experience, since the candidates are taken to see the practical application of the work they have been studying in Physical Science.

Georgina Stuttaford and Jane Currie, two of the 1965 Matric Class, were awarded American Field Scholarships and left for the U.S.A. in August last year. The 1966 awards have not yet been made public.

You will doubtless be seeing the Form Rooms and Science Laboratories this afternoon and will be interested to hear that we are to have a Junior Biology Laboratory which should be ready some time this year. This has been made possible through the generosity of the South African Industrial Fund in Johannesburg, which is particularly interested in encouraging Science in the Independent Schools.

HOCKEY FIELD. And through the generosity of parents, who, as I said last year, prefer to remain anonymous, the hockey field has been grassed, and will be ready this winter. It would interest you to see the field now and Herschel should prove the most formidable opponents after this, when you consider how they swept on to complete victory (and very inspired hockey) last year, with only a pocket-handkerchief sized court to train on—and a bumpy pocket-handkerchief at that.

A factor that aroused much interest and enthusiasm last year was the decision of the Herschel Council to award two Scholarships, each to the value of R150-00 a year for five years, to girls entering Upper III (Std. VI). There are also a limited number of Bursaries for people needing assistance in the Senior School. A third Scholarship was offered to the value of R175-00 per year for five years by Mrs. Edith Ovenstone.

The winners of the Herschel Scholarships were:

- 1st Susan Abernethy, and
- 2nd Alexandra Reay.

The Edith Ovenstone Scholarship was won by Amanda Leslie who comes from the Star of the Sea.

Among other matters of general interest I was pleased that in response to the widespread concern among parents throughout the Republic about the inability of their children to concentrate, the University Child Guidance Clinic has begun to investigate the problem. Their Psychologists find it may be because some children are deaf to certain frequencies—not necessarily altogether deaf. They thus lose much of what has been going on in the lesson. Two of the Psychologists started investigating in the Prep. last term, but as the tests for one child take 2 hours, they have not got very far. Unfortunately the present tests are not suited to the Senior School. We are most indebted to this Clinic for the help they give to Herschel. They are an expert body of people which exists, apart from a small university grant, on public donations, and many a child faces the future with confidence instead of despair after having been to them.

Once again the House spirit was well to the fore; and the School was well led by the three Heads of Houses—Beverly Moore, Margaret MacGregor and Michèle Wells. Each House produced a magazine (they were judged by Mrs. Eric Rosenthal) and Rolt's was adjudged the best. The standard was very high this year, both in the Magazine and in the Inter-House Plays, which Mrs. Saffery and I judged. These give scope not only for acting ability, but for artistic gifts in décor and costume, in organising ability as stage-managers, in creative ability as producers or directors. They also initiate people into the mysteries of light—the fixing of lights, the mixing of lights, into dealing with sound effects, etc. And they bring almost every girl in the School into some aspect of drama. Rolt's production of "The Rising of the Moon" by Lady Gregory was an outstanding piece of work, with a real sense of theatre.

In the Preparatory School Mrs. Saffery produced a Nativity play called "The Light of a Star". This was beautifully done, and once more, the whole Preparatory School took part.

Again through its Houses the School takes a lively interest in charities. Last year they collected R299-27 and had pleasure in helping the 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, the Navy League, Our Children's Day, The Peninsula Dispensary for Sick Animals, St. John Ambulance, St. Michael's Orphanage, Raap Kraal Creche.

Contributions to the Peninsula School Feeding Scheme are given from the children's own pocket money. They also knit for C.A.F.D.A., and St. Michael's Home each year, and love to visit these places with their offerings.

The Ruby Porter Service League, with the guidance of Mrs. Alex MacGregor, has decided to take under its wing the Raap Kraal Creche, in place of St. Michael's Orphanage. This is a

new venture and one which the girls are thoroughly enjoying.

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.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB provides great opportunities for girls and I wonder sometimes whether parents are aware of the broad horizons it opens up for them. The very origin of the word of course gives it some latitude of interpretation, so we range from Gregoire Boonzaaier on the history of Art in S.A., and the late Dr. A. H. Jonker on the Reminiscences of an Afrikaans writer, through to Mrs. Hampson's explanation of the World Court decision on S.W.A., Mrs. Brownell on a Stone-Age People, Mrs. Muller on her overseas trip, to Advocate Newton-Thompson on Elections, Professor Guelke of the Department of Electrical Engineering at the University, on careers for women, and Dr. Jaffe of the Dental Association also on careers for women. Dr. Mathias on Volcanoes, Audrey Blignaut on her life and essays, Mr. Ian Heynon on Canada, and a Careers Evening in August, not to mention the film Hamlet (in addition to hundreds of other films used in the normal process of teaching these days)—all this provides, as you will see, a wide and interesting field, and one which could be explored further with profit. We give you the lead.

GAMES. As Mrs. Gibson said in her 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 Hockey Cup outright by beating Rustenburg. I must say it really was a wonderful match—quite inspired hockey—and just showed what Herschel can do when its fighting blood is up. As the final whistle blew the supporters swarmed on to the field and mobbed the team. Mrs. Gibson's experiment in playing against a number of co-educational schools was a good one: it enabled our teams to get more competition and to meet girls from schools other than those in the Peninsula League. Joan Waring and Sandra Strong are to be congratulated on being chosen to represent Western Province at Inter-Provincial Hockey in Natal in July.

The swimming team acquitted itself well and so did the tennis and I think that the three Games Captains, Joan Waring (hockey), Carol Newman (Swimming) and Shella Mackenzie (Tennis) are to be publicly congratulated on their enthusiasm and first-class leadership. It is due to their inspiration and hard work that we had such a successful and happy year of sport.

A word about report cards once again. 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 we can hardly do more than this. As I said last year, it is the parents'

function to let me know if they are worried or want extra lessons for their children, as a weak subject needs to be watched, and strengthened all along the line.

STAFF NEWS: This is fully set out in the Magazine, which was published in December, but I should like to say a particular word about Mrs. Barbara McCormick (Senior French and English), who after ten years at Herschel has left to take over the post of Headmistress of Roodepan (Johannesburg). She has been a most valued member of the staff, and her influence has left its mark on the school. We wish her great success and happiness in her new venture.

With the influx of people from overseas, the numbers taking French have increased considerably and it was therefore necessary last year to appoint an extra person to help out. Mrs. McCormick's work will therefore now be done by Mrs. J. Perring (M.A. Hons. English, Edinburgh) and Madam J. Benewitz (M.A. French and German, Amsterdam). Since the Magazine went to press Mrs. Rennie (Latin) asked to leave suddenly for urgent family reasons. Her place will be taken by Miss Maureen Chase (B.A. Rhodes University) from Rhodesia.

desia. Miss V. Braun (Physical Science) also had to leave suddenly, if it could be arranged, as she had the opportunity of a year's free training overseas as a missionary. I was fortunate in being able to replace her too at short notice, and Mrs. V. Rauch, B.Sc., Stellenbosch, will take over her work.

It only remains for me now to thank the Staff, and this I always do most sincerely. Not only do they and I work together as a team, but I do so appreciate their loyalty and support and their devotion to their work and to your daughters. Their sound assessment of ability and character is of immense importance in appraising a total personality. Not only that, you know, but they are such fun!

My thanks go to the Preparatory Staff, to Mrs. Withers, the Secretary, and Mrs. Duncan Smith, Bursar, and Mrs. T. V. Hill. Also to Mr. Withers, the Matrons, the Housemistresses, and Domestic Staff and Gardeners. And finally, as I have always said in my report, I am grateful indeed to the General Purposes Committee and to the Herschel Council for the invaluable aid and guidance they always give me during the year.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you.

PRIZE-GIVING

The Senior School Prize-Giving took place in the afternoon. After the Chairman's introduction, Mrs. Kittow read her report. The address was given by Prof. Brock, D.M., F.R.C.P.

He told his audience that his address would stress two words and from his descriptions of the great harbours of the world, he hoped that the girls would guess what at least one would be. He wished the pupils to compare and contrast these two words, so similar in sound, yet so different in meaning.

He gave some vivid descriptions of famous ports: those dominated by a great and beautiful mountain, like Cape Town; by a splendid bridge, like Sydney or San Francisco; by a famous statue, like the port of New York; by the word "port" itself, like Oporto or Port Elizabeth. These last two gave the kernel of the two words: "opportunity" and "opportunism".

The port of Rhodes, once dominated by the gigantic Colossus lighthouse, now had a very narrow and difficult entrance, and the navigator had to get several beacons lined up before, at the crucial moment, he could seize his opportunity and safely enter the harbour.

When opportunity knocks at the door, said Prof. Brock, we must seize it, but we must not become opportunists, since opportunists took opportunities without regard for principle.

Opportunities frequently offer themselves to us in the form of decision. Discrimination, discernment and judgment, in association with

right principles would enable us to choose the right opportunity. For Herschel and for pupils of other church schools it should be easy to distinguish between opportunities and to choose those that led in the right direction. People who are lucky usually deserve their luck, for they seize the right opportunity and make the right decision. We, in South Africa, are a privileged community, and Herschel is a privileged school. Privilege brings responsibility—the responsibility of making use of the opportunities offered us, and seizing those that lead us in the right direction.

Prof. Brock concluded his address by wishing these girls good luck who intended to go on to the University, and the ability and discernment to make use of their opportunities.

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1967

Heads of Houses: Jagger, Helen Henderson; Merriman, Elizabeth de Wet; Rolt, Fiona Dicey.

School Prefects: Gillian Baigrie, Lynne Cunningham; Elspeth Mackenzie, Rosalind Ovenstone, Linda Townsend, Elizabeth Trevor-Jones.

Games Captains: Swimming, Cheryl Wale; Hockey, Elspeth Mackenzie, Rosalind Ovenstone; Tennis, Cheryl Warr.

American Field Service International Scholarship: For the year's post-matriculation course in the United States of America: Sheila Mackenzie, Beverly Moore.

SCHOOL CHRONICLE

FIRST TERM

January

- 18—First Quarter began.
Jagger on duty.
House Meetings.
- 28—Tennis vs. St. Mary's.
- 28—Tennis vs. Wynberg.

February

- 2—Holy Communion in Chapel.
- 3—Founder's Day. Prizes presented by Mrs. Brock. Speech by Professor Brock.
- 4—St. Saviour's Fête.
Gala at Rustenburg.
- 8—Merriman on duty.
Sociological Club: Mrs. Hampson on "U Thant".
- 10—Party to Gordon's Gala.
- 11—Tennis vs. Wynberg.
- 13—"Macbeth" at Maynardville.
- 14—Sociological Club: Mrs. Steyaerton
"Oceanography for Women".
- 17—Library Day.
- 18—Tennis vs. San Souci.
- 22—Debate.
- 25—Old Girls' Day.

March

- 1—Roll on Duty.
Sociological Club: Mr. Levy from Cafda
on "Rehabilitation of Disabled".
- 4—Tennis vs. Observatory.
- 8—Sociological Club: Mr. Clarke (Capab) on
"Designing of Stage Sets".
Party to Memorial Recital for Leonard Hill.
- 9—Mrs. Kittow's staff party for Miss McLean.
- 13—Mr. Lichtenveld on "Heart of Europe".
Inter-Schools' Gala (Prep.) at Newlands.
Music and Drama: Recital by Miss Scotcher.
- 16—Lower IV to Shoe Factory.
- 18—Inter-Schools' Tennis.
R.P.S.L. Work Party to Raapkraal.
- 20—Preparatory Gala.
Inter-House Swimming.
- 22—Holy Communion in Chapel.
Inter-House Tennis.
- 23—End of Term.

SECOND TERM

April

- 11—Second Quarter began.
Jagger on duty.
- 12—House Meetings.
- 14—Holy Communion in Chapel.
- 15—Hockey vs. Wykeham.
- 17—Holy Communion in Chapel.
- 18—Sociological Club: Miss Tredgold on
"Iceland".

- 22—Hockey vs. Wynberg.
- 24—Parents' Evening, to meet staff.
- 26—U. IV, L. V and Up. V Art girls to National Gallery.
Debate.
Two Merriman girls to St. Michael's Annual General Meeting.
- 29—Hockey vs. Westerford.

May

- 3—Afrikaans Debate.
- 4—Ascension Day.
- 6—Hockey vs. Sans Souci.
- 8—Merriman on Duty.
Donors hand over newly grassed Hockey field.
Hockey vs. Arundal.
- 10—Matrics visit Parliament.
Traffic Film.
- 12—Debate vs. St. Cyprians.
- 13—Hockey Trials.
- 17—Debate.
- 26—Hockey vs. Springfield.
- 31—Republic Day.

June

- 1—Roll on Duty.
- 3—Hockey vs. Bergvliet and Notre Dame.
- 7—Sociological Club: Mrs. Russell on "Social Science".
- 8—Hockey vs. Sans Souci.
- 14—Girls' Talks on "House Charities" and
"Overseas Trips".
Roll girls to Princess Alice.
- 15—Music and Drama entertainment.
- 16—Holy Communion in the Chapel.
Matrics to visit H.M.S. Kent.
- 17—Hockey vs. Pinelands.
- 19—Party to "Carmen" at Alhambra.
- 21—Hockey Teams leave for Rhodesian Tour.
Senior Art girls to exhibition of Rembrandt Etchings.
Film on Norway.
- 22—R.P.S.L. Party to visit Crèche at Raapkraal.

THIRD TERM

July

- 18—Third Quarter began.
Merriman on Duty.
House Meetings.
Hockey vs. King's Way.
- 19—Debate.
Hockey vs. St. John's.
- 20—Hockey vs. Jim Fouché High School.
- 21—Up. IV, L. V, Up. V Art girls to National Gallery to see film on Rembrandt.
Hockey vs. Mitchell Girls' High.
- 22—Hockey vs. Lansdowne.
- 26—Sociological Club: Miss Audrey Weinlig
on "Beauty Culture".
- 28—Holy Communion in the Chapel.
Inter-Schools' Debate at Springfield.
- 29—Hockey vs. Rustenburg.
Matric Dance.

August

- 2—Sociological Club: Mrs. Mills on S.A. Historical Foundation.
- 4—Hockey vs. Rustenburg.
- 9—Sociological Club: Talk on Rhodesian Hockey Tour by E. Mackenzie and L. Cunningham.
- Hockey vs. Rhenish.
- 10—Hockey vs. Sans Souci.
- 12—Hockey vs. Sans Souci.
- 18—House Magazine Competition.
- 19—Delegates to Conference at Bishop's Court.
- Hockey vs. Fish Hoek.
- 23—Sociological Club: Mr. N. Garlick on "Applied Art".
- 24—Hockey vs. Groote Schuur.
- 26—Hockey vs. Wynberg.
- 29—Inter-House Hockey.
- 30—Sociological Club: Talk on A.P.S. by Gina Stuttaford and Jane Currie.
- Hockey vs. St. Andrew's.
- 31—Inter-House Hockey.

September

- 5—Hockey vs. St. Andrew's.
- 6—Sociological Club: Rev. H. V. Becker on the Civilian Blind.
- 8—Music and Drama Club to see "The Yeoman of the Guard".
- 13—Professional Tennis at Rondebosch.
- 15—Hockey vs. Springfield.
- 3 Delegates leave for Religious Conference at Modderpoort. (These were Lower V girls).
- 16—Hockey vs. Lansdowne and Notre Dame.
- 20—Sociological Club: Miss Sweet, talk on her travels.
- 23—Inter-Schools Hockey.
- 25—Up. V Art to Groot Constantia.
- 26—Staff vs. Girls Hockey.
- 27—Inter-House Volley Ball.
- 28—Holy Communion in the Chapel.
- Inter-House Music Competition.
- Inter-House Netball.
- 29—End of Term.

SCHOOL-LEAVING CERTIFICATES

(M) by the name denotes exemption from Matriculation.

Class I:

- (M) Rosemary Fowkes.
- (M) Kathleen Gregor.
- (M) Shirley Jenner (Distinction in History and Maths).
- (M) Alide Kooy.
- (M) Sheila Mackenzie.
- (M) Michele Wells.

Class II:

- (M) Carol Bartley.
- (M) Melanie Baumann.
- (M) Victoria Cronwright.
- (M) Bryony Culley.
- (M) Kathrin Droomer.
- (M) Beverley Eilla.
- (M) Alison Gow.
- (M) Sandra Howell.
- (M) Gail Kinlay.
- (M) Jacquelynne Mann.
- (M) Margaret MacGregor.
- (M) Beverly Moore.
- (M) Carol Mortera.
- (M) Carol Newman.
- (M) Frances Newton.
- Pamela Pearcey.
- (M) Dinah Roberts.
- (M) Sandra Strong.

Class III:

- Jane Bennett.
- Jane Gant.
- Joy Newton-Thompson.
- (M) Johanna Schipper.
- (M) Janet Slingsby.
- Diana Spencer.
- Joan Waring.

HOUSE AWARDS

- Inter-House Diving: Jagger/Rolt.
- Inter-House Hockey: Rolt.
- Inter-House Magazine: Merriman.
- Inter-House Netball: Merriman.
- Inter-House Squash: Rolt.
- Inter-House Swimming: Rolt.
- Inter-House Tennis: Merriman/Rolt.
- Inter-House Volley Ball: Rolt.
- Inter-House Work: Merriman (1966).
- Efficiency Shield: Rolt (1966).
- Inter-House Music: Jagger.

CHAPEL REPORT

Committee: Mrs. Kiftow, Miss Harsant, Mrs. Withers, F. Dicey, L. Cunningham, G. Dicey, S. Stent.

Regular services have been held in the Chapel throughout the year, and a Holy Communion has been held at the beginning and end of each term.

The Chapel has been looking very attractive this year and we are grateful to the Upper IV's for taking care of it in the evenings and on Sundays.

We should like to thank Helen Henderson and Miss Sweet for improving the standard of the singing of the Chapel choir and the boarders.

We should also like to thank Fiona Dicey for the hard work she has put into the music and all the girls who have played the organ for the daily evening services.

G. DICEY and S. STENT.

SCHOLARSHIPS, 1967

Two Scholarships for day girls entering the Senior School, and tenable for five years, were awarded again by the Herschel Council in 1967.

The winners were: Christian Reid (Herschel Preparatory), Hannalie Muller (Groote Schuur Primary).

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

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

Art Books—Mrs. Cooper.
Arithmetic Trays for the Preparatory from Mr. Jeffrey.

Donation of R180-00 from Mr. Abbott towards a new Projector.

Donation of R50-00 from Mr. Jenkin towards Spot Lights for Music and Drama.

Duplicating Machine from Mr. L. E. Ross.
Legacy from the late Mr. D. G. Jooste, R6,000-00.

Donation of R750-00 from the Ovenstone Family.

Donation of R750-00 from Mr. A. F. Lees towards the All-weather tennis courts.

Donation for R100-00 from Mr. R. Burns, Zambia.

Nethall posts (2) from Mr. Pulsford.

Nethall post (1) from Mr. Hau.

Fruit from Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Dicey, Commander Pettigrew, Dr. K. Brauer.

CONFIRMATIONS

On October 31st, in St. Saviour's Church, the following were Confirmed by the Bishop Suffragan.

Edwina Abbott, Jane Borton, Paula Cunningham, Sandra De Woronin, Patricia Gillanders, Glenda Harris, Susan Abernethy, Susan Maxwell, Louisa Olds, Terry Palmer, Mary-Anne Parry, Jane Petersen, Priscilla Pettigrew, Lynne Reid, Judith Scott, Michele Shimmmin, Deborah Simpson, Deborah Turner-Smith, Miranda van Breda.

CHARITY FUND

An amount of R313-68 was collected by the Three Houses during the year, and the following charities have benefited from these collections:

Animal Welfare.
Bethlehem House.
C.A.P.D.A.
Cape Cerebral Palsy.
Child Life.
Cape Mental Health.
Eacon Group.
Easter Stamp Fund.
Grey Ladies.
Janet Bourhill Institute.
Maitland Cottage Homes.
National Council for the Blind.
Princess Alice Home.

St. John Ambulance.
St. Michael's Orphanage.
Save the Children Fund.
S.P.C.A.
S.H.A.W.CO.
St. Monica's Home.
School Feeding.

OBITUARY

MRS. F. AMDURER, M.Sc.

Mrs. Amdurer's death was a great shock to us all. She was killed on the mountain on July 30th, 1967.

A graduate of the Cape Town University, she had lived and taught in America and England, was a great enthusiast in her subject (Biology), and was conversant with the most up-to-date methods in the teaching of this subject. Although she had been with us only since April, 1966, she had quickly identified herself with the life of Herschel, and her engaging personality had endeared her to everybody.

Her death is a tragic loss not only to us, but to her family, and to the world of science teachers. We shall remember her always with affection and gratitude.

M. D. KITLOW.



EL GALLO

Lino Cut

C. Townsend (Up. V)

Original Work

JOURNEYS AT NIGHT

Journeying at night—a divine and mysterious experience. We see everything in a completely different light, and so much better than during the day. Light shows us the true, straightforward aspect of things—literally and figuratively. But at night all is darkened or distorted, thus giving us a mere impression of reality. The rest is left to our imagination, and we make things as we want them to be—inevitably adding the touch of mystery which gives us that tingling feeling of fear and enjoyment.

Let us first take the literal sense of night travels. It is a beautiful and nostalgic experience to fly at night over a world of sleep. Looking down upon a scintillating city, we cannot help but feel its meekness, so small and gentle beneath us—like a kaleidoscope that would smash into a million tiny pieces if we as much as dropped a stone on it.

We cannot see the continuous life among the lights and our minds immediately open to the exciting and romantic activities of the world of novels and fantasy.

On a ship we look out on to an endless stretch of opaqueness. Here and there the sea is freaked with drops of moonlight. It takes on an air of mystery and our thoughts wander through lost lines of poetry searching for something to match the ecstatic wonder we feel. But our minds are drunk with beauty and will not linger on vain expectations, so that we are left with only a tightness in our throats and vacant ignorance.

We may lie on a bunk in a train and watch the endless stream of stars filing past as we—or is it they?—journey on. Celestial shapes come and then go and we are drugged by the immensity of outer space augmenting our imagination. We think of the mystery behind the sky—one of the most frightening things to visualize—what is hidden from us and where does it end, where, where . . . ?

But at night we travel figuratively as well. Our thoughts wander to almost trivial matters, stopping to expound them till they become like a cancer growth. We feel dissatisfaction and regret as we think of people above us who have done us harm. All the things we should have said come to us and we flinch to think of the tears we shed and the childish answers we gave. At last we are above our enemies and we beat them down with insidious insults. How infantile dreams can make us!

We travel to places we have longed to visit. There we make everything appealing and according to our tastes, until we reach a heavenly and impossible perfection.

Schoolchildren win races; authors gain fame; artists become masters. Our world becomes an

easy place in which to live, devoid of wars and trouble.

Yet, sometimes, conditions seem so much worse than they really are. Problems increase and we try in vain to solve and shake them off. But there is no escape, and we lie sleepless and shaken. A feeling of desperation sweeps over us because there is nothing we can do and we are helpless, and dawn seems to be gone for ever.

At last we come to dreams—the unsurpassable and fascinating means of travelling. We bask in the absurdity of it all: a whorl of colour, shapes—sometimes incredulously mixed with music. We pass from one impossibility to the other, accepting the disjointedness as if it were a commonplace. Dreams can be utterly terrifying—we are unable to move at the crucial moment, we fall somersaulting into interminable blackness. But mostly we stroll through wonderful places and are filled with complete satisfaction—so much satisfaction that to awake is to regret, and the thought that this is another day that forces us to face life alone, without the beauty and smoothness of the dreams of our night travels, oppresses us like a dead weight.

CHERYL WALE, Upper V.

MAGIC

Magic is a word which fills us with wonder and awe. Our bodies tingle at the thought of it and our minds become tangled centres of confusion. We live in a fairyland of magic and we are the fairies and gnomes who inhabit it.

Magic can be found everywhere on earth and it is not necessary to look for it; it comes to us wherever we live and journey. Are not the plants of nature the magic inhabitants of the earth? A seedling pushes its way through the hard crust of the soil and grows there into a plant. Its leaves are the colour of a sunny morning in Spring and the shapely petals which develop into slender bulbs and cups bear the colours of a rainbow. Tiny seedlings grow into the tall trees of our land. Branches and clusters of leaves which seem so fantastical have suddenly developed and are now the homes of many squirrels and nest the many varieties of birds.

As we grope our way amongst the woodland, we see, perhaps, a perfect spider's web, each silver thread meticulously woven to form a wheel of delicate network. We come upon a woodland buck feeding its young one. And then, by magic, the sun's rays filter through the trees and dazzling lights are given off by the

web. The air is dappled from the shadows and the sun, and our ears are filled with the music of the woods.

Seasons are the magical changes in nature. Spring is the re-awakening of life after the death-like winter. Where once the earth was bare and cold, thousands of plants push their way to develop, nourish and feed. The gnarled trees in the orchards which looked old and dead, are now pictures of youth, and the branches are covered in soft, fragile leaves and pure white blossoms. Where once there was a deathly silence, now there is a constant humming of bees and chirping of birds as they happily and joyfully burst forth in the praise of the Spring.

And then, by magic, time passes, slowly, but surely, and now the heat of summer settles on to the earth. The ovaries of the plants and trees now develop into golden-cheeked peaches, into bunches of grapes and to the other products we enjoy eating.

Yet another magic hour passes, and now definite changes take place and the crisp autumn winds sweep down from the sky. As if painted, the leaves change their colours from deep green to yellow, brown and rusty red. Vineyards stretch for miles to reveal their colours to the world to admire. Yes, indeed, it is a season of "mists and mellow fruitfulness". A sudden gush of wind sweeps up the leaves

which lie in the garden path and blows them into the face of the desperate gardener who once more attempts to rake the dead leaves into a neat pile.

Winter has arrived. The trees are cold and bare. Gnarled branches stretch up to Heaven, like the arms of a beggar asking for food. It is deathly quiet and death is about. Is not magic involved in the change of seasons?

The magic of birth in Spring is also the magic of birth in man. A cell which matured and grew, developed at last into a being, into a human with pulsing heart and a working brain. A baby's cry when it comes into the sinful world is pure magic.

The magic of death in the winter brings us to death in man. That breath which was brought about by birth is fought for to the bitter end until it is released by a peaceful sigh and Death descends to take away the soul on flying wings of angels.

Magic is indeed part of our life and although so many of us do not believe that this is true, we must look around and we shall see it in the things around us, in the cry of a newborn baby, in the sigh of a tree, in the light of the moon and in the magic of all the world. Although magic is but a fantasy, is not life on earth an even greater wonder?

E. de WET, Upper V.

OUT IN THE NOON-DAY SUN

Geography books give notes on the dam, such as: "This is an important source of hydro-electric power. It lies on the Zambesi River." You look at the map and imagine a small dam of economic importance, yet you ought to know about that world of the noon-day sun.

From the dry surrounding countryside you see a pale blue on the horizon, like the blue of the ocean. Motoring into a hot valley, you see the shining water stretching out before you.

Here is the land of the noon-day sun, always hot, always humid. The great dam wall curves its back on thousands of tons of blue water. Running down the curve on the inside wall are brown, yellow and green stains, brilliant streaks. Far below, a small stream winds a muddy way out to distant Portuguese East Africa.

Behind the wall lies the sweltering heat of the Kariba Valley. Along the shores, trees spring to green life. The lake is unbelievable. Three hundred miles long, they say—but distance is tangible; this is not. The water laps at the banks, sucking. The little, green cabbage-like plants float loosely, part of the swells, sickly; they seem to be evil; quite clean but a strange, pale colour. They multiply so rapidly that there appears to be a green carpet. If there were not that slight dipping and the ones breaking off at the edges, you would be tempted to walk over them for they seem solid.

Everything is steaming; not a visible steam, just a wetness like unpleasant warm water. The only thing the sun beautifies is the blue expanse; each fleck on the surface catches some of the brilliant light until the glare is too much, and you lower your eyes to the shore.

Half submerged trees, their grotesquely growing leaves above and in the water, have been covered with the slowly swelling waters of the rising dam. Some have rotted now at the roots, and hold only grey-silver arms up for help.

The whole valley has a strange atmosphere. You yourself are thrown off balance. The heat oppresses you, makes you languid yet you cannot rest; your body is cumbersome, sickly. No wonder the plants are so strange, not so much treacherous as diseased, not evil but sick. Along the roads a small bush grows. It is the size of a bush but is woody like a minute baobab. With no leaves and smooth, living, grey branches it bears pink stars. Pink — a soft feminine colour in this undergrowth! But it is not so out of place here after all, where everything is distorted! A tropical wonderland abounds: red hibiscus and long tubular waxy moon flowers, cerise and orange and shining green leaves flourish in the heat like those in a Tahitian landscape: banana palms with long wide leaves and bunches of pendulous fruit—all types of parasitic vegetation flourishes. The whole shore has been painted by an artist with

metallic tints. The sun, using noonday light and soaking up moisture from the lake, has turned a dry valley into an insect-buzzing, languid basin.

Bright through the leaves is the white-washed wall of a building; its stained glass windows hold their own against the flowers. It stands like a small tropical shrine fitting

the scenery so well that it could almost take to the whirring flight of a locust. Yet it is a church. Inside, cool marble makes a solid floor. Strewn over it are cane mats. A white Madonna stands to one side. Here is the shade, the answer to the noon-day sun.

H. BURNS, Upper V.

IS OVER-POPULATION A GREATER THREAT TO OUR CIVILIZATION THAN WAR?

Is over-population a greater threat to our civilization than war? It depends upon what one calls a threat. While it is true to say that over-population is inevitable unless drastic steps are taken immediately, is it not as true to say that war is inevitable, whether we take steps to prevent it or not? And when war occurs, the threat of over-population would be vanquished for a while, for war is nature's answer to over-population. The present crisis has arisen solely because there has not been a large internecine conflict within the last twenty years.

The world, say those who know, will have, if the present rate of birth continues, too many people on it by the year 2300 A.D. If every possible place were to be inhabited, the time-limit could be staved off to 2500 A.D. However, people are attempting to vanquish the threat of over-population by means of birth-control. Never before have so many pills to prevent pregnancy been available and there is the promise of many more to come. If it could be established that the maximum number of children any one couple could have would be two, the threat would soon vanish. Is this possible? At the moment birth-control clinics are being set up all over the world and, in educated countries, the clinics have achieved vast success. However, it is not in these countries that the threat lies. It is in tropical countries where girls mature and die early—girls whose only purpose in life is to have babies—that the threat lies. While women who are civilized by Western standards would shudder at the thought of having five children every four years, these women believe that it is their mission in life to propagate their kind. Birth-control clinics do not have great success in these places, but it has been reported that in Japan and China people are not regarding contraceptives with as great suspicion as formerly.

It is notable that the number of children born to each family decreases in direct proportion to the literacy of the country. In Central Africa, Central America and the Far East, where the birth rate is highest, the literacy rate is the lowest in the world. Is it perhaps coincidence that the higher the literacy rate of a country is, the lower the birth rate is? Surely not! And for this reason, perhaps, over-population could be combated by education. However—can the peoples of the earth be educated in time to stop over-population? It is a highly

problematical and debatable question. And even if they could, would not the world be plagued by under-population? I think not, for if every couple were to have two children, the world population would neither increase nor decrease, but would stay static. If the population showed signs of decreasing the quota of children per couple could be increased. Perhaps after a woman had borne her quota she could be sterilized, thus making sure that no more children would be born than necessary. In the meantime, to educate the illiterate masses, the American Peace Corps and the British U.E.S.O. are doing all they can to send teachers and doctors to the under-developed nations.

Is war a threat to our civilization? We have had two world wars this century and although at the time, it was thought to be almost impossible for civilization to recover from the shock, we of the present generation have seen only too well how capable the world is of recovering.

If a World War were to develop now it is thought that the whole world would be destroyed. Many comic strips show the President of the United States pressing a button, the head of the U.S.S.R. pressing one in return, and the whole world going up in flames. Is this realistic? Of course not. If a war were to be declared between Russia and America, both heads of states would realize only too well the consequences of the use of the hydrogen bomb and therefore would not be so foolish as to use one. Perhaps a war would be a good idea, for it would clear the air and mankind could progress, for a while, without the constant fear of being blown up. This fear of war has made civilization progress rapidly in the sciences, but has made it regress irredeemably in the arts. To-day one has just to look at the tortured abstractions of modern art to realize how much the constant fear of a nuclear war has injured the arts. One has just to read a book by a modern author, to listen to the jangled harmonies of modern symphonies to know without doubt that, however far mankind has progressed in the sciences, he has gone back to the Dark Ages and before for his arts.

War would not disrupt civilization permanently, for all the while there are minor wars occurring over the world. If there were to be a war between capitalism and communism, should we be injured greatly—more than by all the bickering that takes place now? And

is it inevitable that war will come? Yes, it is, for it is a man's nature to fight. Man will always want to be stronger than his neighbour and therefore there will always be war.

However, over-population, I think, is a greater threat than war for wars have taken place since time began. When there were but four people on the earth Cain killed Abel because he was jealous. Man will never stop being jealous and therefore he will go on killing his nearest neighbour and causing some slight damage to his other neighbours. Whether this fighting takes place on a large scale or a small scale civilization will go on

developing and maturing but if over-population were to occur, starvation would be a natural result and thus war would occur again. Either that, or civilization would retrogress completely, with man living from day to day. Among the starving nations, civilization is at its lowest ebb and it would be at its lowest ebb in the world as a whole if over-population were to occur. I think that over-population would cause war and therefore it constitutes a far greater threat to civilization than the mere possibility of war.

C. VAUGHAN, Upper V.

WAYSIDE BRAZIER

It is five o'clock in the morning, and the dead of winter. Numbers of Native labourers make their way along rough paths to the various groups waiting for transport to the factories.

Crouched forms huddle round braziers, shrouded in cast-off garments, and with heads swathed in woollen caps drawn low down. The men sit staring into the blessed kilns of warmth, absorbing the mild heat, a losing opponent against the bitter cold, the blanket of dew and the mist of dawn. Some are talking subduedly among themselves while others sit silently rubbing their calloused hands or stretching them over the braziers.

To the onlooker, it is a picturesque scene and an impressive one, of forest and luxuriant green countryside rendered indistinct and hazy by the dawn and morning mist, and of men standing, sitting or tramping along the otherwise deserted wayside. Outwardly, life seems to have a distinct freshness and simplicity to it, but these labourers, despite the fact that some probably have an inborn policy of living from day to day, might even at this moment be harbouring in their minds their problems, sorrows or dissatisfactions as they sit round the braziers. Others, on the other hand, may be thinking of nothing except the present moment, of the beginning of a new day, of the fires and of their friends. One might even be thinking of the past which was perhaps happier than the present, when he was sitting outside a rondavel in the twilight, round a similar brazier with the cattle lowing, a mother feeding her child and a dog lying at her feet, as he contentedly sucked his pipe.

Whatever thoughts pass through the men's minds, these are only to be absorbed into the red coals, never to be voiced, never to materialize. At this time the braziers are the centre of their comfort and pleasure and they draw them together in a united bond with a common feeling—a seeking for warmth. Later, as the sun rises in the sky and warms the atmosphere, and the men are at work, the braziers will be temporarily discarded, and either taken away or left standing, devoid of warmth and glowing coals—but they will be used again and

again later, for they are immortal vehicles of warmth and comfort.

Braziers are like the things in life, the attractive things, to which we are all inevitably drawn — friendship, love, kindness, sympathy and all those warm emotions and abstract feelings. They, too, might be temporarily discarded on the road of life by people who, in their ambition and seeking for self-promotion in society, might eliminate them; but eventually these folk will be drawn back, by their essential need for more worthwhile things — to the wayside braziers of life along the cold way.

SUSAN STENT, Lower V.

ESCAPE

She stood at the top of the stairs,
Thinking.
He had been gone for five hours.
He had said he would be only two.
Should she go and look for him
Or would that endanger them both?
She slipped quietly down the back stairs
So as not to disturb the billeted soldiers—
Through the back door
Into the snow-embedded street.
The curfew had rung three hours ago.
So she kept close to the wall
Praying he had safely got their passes.
She slipped past the army headquarters
Heard harsh, guttural tones rapping out
orders.
Did they have a prisoner?
Cautiously she peered through the frosted
window-pane;
There was a man there
Being beaten.
His face and head were torn.
He wasn't David.
He was stronger-built
And they kept on whipping him
Across the face;
But he said nothing.
Maybe they'd done that to David
Maybe he had died
For her.
"Rachel."

She turned round to find the source of
 the low whisper
 "Come on; I've got the passes."
 Meekly she followed David
 To freedom
 But thinking
 How the other was suffering;
 How her friends might suffer.
 But David said when they were out
 They could tell the world about Belsen,
 About the other horrors
 And the world would listen
 And help.
 They shrank back into the shadows
 At the cruel sound of soldiers laughing
 As they came running round the corner
 Dragging a rabbi
 Practically naked
 Through the snow—
 By his beard.
 "Oh God," she prayed, "It's Your people."

Your own.
 Do something.
 Save them."
 "Come On."
 David tugged her thin coat
 "We can do nothing for him now
 He's probably dead, anyway.
 Beyond suffering."
 At the gates of the city they muffled their
 faces.
 David spoke in the harsh guttural tongue
 He had mastered so well
 And showed their passes:
 A German officer
 Going on leave with his wife.
 About twenty-four hours left before the alarm
 would sound.
 But by then they would be well on their way
 To the Promised Land.

JENNIE SUSMAN, Lower V.

A CRITICAL REPORT ON THE STAGE PLAY, OEDIPUS REX, B.C. 473

Once again this year, to mark the lengthening of the days after midwinter and to laud the sun god, the giver of life and warmth and the patron of all the shining arts, our prominent actors have produced outstanding and heart-stirring performances of both tragedy and comedy. Deserving of special mention, is the tragedy, "Oedipus Rex", written by Sophocles, who has already earned himself great success as a playwright.

The Protagonist, who played the part of the accursed Oedipus, has been adjudged the best actor Athens has ever known. He carried out his part with the grace of a widely-experienced actor, and as he slowly found himself subject to the wrath of the gods, and bound to enter upon the exile he had unwittingly brought upon himself, he became so fittingly overwrought and distracted, that the audience was quite at one with him as it watched how the mighty had fallen, from the heights of a glittering fame to the infernal depths of desolation and misery.

The judges felt that the Deuteragonist, who took the parts of Jocasta, mother and wife of Oedipus, the priest, and the shepherd and messenger, although an actor with evident promise, was not adequately matched to his great parts, so that he was unable to excel to the same extent as the Protagonist, Oedipus. His words and movements were timed to perfection, but he seemed to lack expression and feeling for the part. I, personally, feel that the Deuteragonist would have been more suited to a part where he was required to play one character only, for example, that of the Protagonist, as perhaps the strain of carrying out too many roles weakened his performance.

Tiresias, the blind prophet, indeed showed his power of accurate insight into the future, and, but for his mask disengaging itself at a very crucial moment, would assuredly have been able to convince the judges as well as the

audience that he was more justly entitled to the award for the best actor than the Protagonist himself. It is increasingly apparent that the chorus is losing its significance, but the judges are still of the opinion that the choral odes, accompanied by the flute and the traditional grave and rhythmical movements, provide the necessary relaxing of tension, especially in a play as serious and heart-rending as "Oedipus Rex". The entire play is written with such depth and splendour that the downfall and destruction of the great and mighty Oedipus, on whom the very gods take revenge through the medium of fate, is rendered even more impressive and memorable.

Fellow-Athenians, we have proved ourselves righteous in the sight of the gods; the might of the Persian Empire is ours; in fact, we are in the midst of a Golden Age of an unparalleled prosperity. Never before have we had such opportunities in the fields of Mathematics, Philosophy, the Arts and Sciences, Architecture, Athletics, and Drama—I implore you to study and be wise, to make contributions, that in time to come, future generations may look back with pride, and say, "These were the works and discoveries of the Golden Age of Greece". To-night we have seen how the mighty Oedipus fell from a throne higher than any to which mortal has ever before attained. Take this as a moral lesson, for the years of the Golden Age will not be ours forever.

MAUREEN HARRIS, Lower V.

WATER

The heat is suffocating. The black rocks blister my bare feet. Above me is a tarred road along which cars are speeding, their windows flashing as the sun catches them; down below me is the sea twinkling and sparkling with blue and gold. As I kneel down to watch a trail of ants creeping speedily between two

stones, I can hear a steady dripping. On following the sound of the water, I arrive at a place where this small subterranean stream pours out of a cleft rock, dashes over a flat one below it, and disappears underground again.

The road is out of sight, and the only sound is the cool trickling of the little stream and the swishing of the sea as it washes back over the shingle. These sounds are timeless as water itself. Water was moving on its continuous cycle, long before it gave birth to the first plants and animals from which all living things have come. Without water there would be no life or movement.

This little trickle of water which I now watch, had evaporated off the skins of dinosaurs as they wallowed in a saltless sea. It had watered man's first crops; it had fallen as hail-stones upon the ancient Britons.

How beautiful this water had looked as it played in the fountains of ancient Rome! The water had travelled round the world in waves and clouds, and had arrived purified to wash Christ's feet. This crystal stream knew the squalor of the Dark Ages and had boiled the cannibal's grisly meal. On its eternal cycle, this water had caused many people to die, and had given life to many more.

Water has so many lovely forms. It falls softly in pure white crystals of snow, or sails along as the pink clouds at dawn. It forms lakes and fantasies of icicles. The sparkling blue sea may become heaving, roaring and black with fury. Water may flatter any face mirrored in it; and it can split the light to display the colours of the spectrum in dazzling beauty. The waterfall contains glorious power as it plunges.

Now, in these modern times, we find water, one of the first three elements, more important than ever before, as it is used in all types of industry. Yet water is always at its most beautiful when it is freely tripping down to the sea.

Water is a thing of great beauty. Water is indispensable. Water is life.

SUZANNE MILTON, Upper IV.

THE AVENUE

As I stand on this rock, intent on watching a ball of fire setting in the West, my gaze becomes attracted towards the Avenue. It lies beneath me, stretched out like a brown rope thrown over the sunburned shoulder of the hill. Along its sides grow countless gum trees, each one now touched with a golden light. This avenue has character. Down the ages, many cart horses have plodded its length, grinding the dust into finer particles. Many sheep and cattle have trodden its softness, and weary travellers have slept on its grassy banks.

By day, the avenue is used by foot-travellers, herds of animals, carts, and wanderers, and it is alive with movement. At mid-day, when the noon heat descends upon it, it grows lethargic

and still. At night, after the hubbub of the day and the stillness of the noon, it becomes alive with the silent activity of, perhaps, a small boy, intent on raiding a farmer's orchard, or a tortoise or mole trundling across it. The moon throws silver shadows down its length in silent peace.

In winter, when the rains come, the avenue is a river of red water, and swirls and gurgles about the feet of the gum trees. After the rain, when the water has disappeared into the ground, it becomes an avenue of red mud, delightful to slide on, but treacherous to travellers.

It is old, this avenue, so old that it seems eternal, and I realize that if, in a hundred years' time, my bones become part of the red dust of the avenue, I, too, shall still be alive.

PIPPA McCORMICK, Upper IV.

I HAD TWELVE HOURS TO LIVE

I remember very clearly the whole frightening chapter in my life when I had only twelve hours in which to live.

I had just finished typing the last few letters for my employer, and was busy collecting them together and putting them on his desk, when old Mrs. Weatherby, the office cleaner, walked in with her bucket and mop held before her as she manoeuvred her large circumference into the room. She greeted me with a cheerful, "Allo ducks," and proceeded to the cupboard in the corner where she kept all her other "equipment". I often met her as I was just leaving the office, and as she was coming in to clean it, and we were quite friendly and never failed to stop and chat about this and that.

It was not long before we were deep in conversation. I asked her why she still worked; for I knew for a fact that she was really too old. She replied that it was for the money that she still worked and that the one great wish she had in life was to win the "pools" or something just as spectacular. Then she suddenly said: "What would you wish for, Miss?" I really did not know what to say, so after a moment's reflection I told her that I would wish for to-morrow's newspaper—after all, I could then see the pools and racing results beforehand; and make an easy fortune. She just smiled and went on working and suddenly I realized what the time was and left in a hurry.

The next morning, when I walked into the office, a buzz of conversation greeted me. I asked what was happening and one of the girls turned round and said: "Oh! Haven't you heard? Mrs. Weatherby's died!"

I was shocked. I asked when and where she had died, and was told that she had died at home the previous morning and not put in an appearance at the office that night!

"Yesterday morning!" I whispered. I was dumbfounded, as I went into my office and sat down on my chair—stunned. A few minutes

later, I woke up to the fact that there, on the desk before me, lay—to-morrow's newspaper.

I picked it up, made quite sure that it was to-morrow's newspaper, and then read it right through. Eventually I turned to the back page and there, staring me in the face, was a picture of myself! More surprising still was the heading below it: "FATAL ROAD ACCIDENT". I read through the article with a trembling heart and discovered that at exactly ten o'clock to-morrow I was to die, because the article revealed that I had been found run over in Highgate Road. The car which had run me over, had then swerved and hit a tree and all the occupants had been killed instantly.

All this news was too much for me and I fainted. When I came round, I found about six girls crowding around me asking what the matter was. I told them I was feeling really ill and somebody very kindly drove me home. As I was about to leave the office, I saw that there was no sign of the fateful newspaper.

The next day on waking up, I looked straight at the clock beside my bed; it was half-past nine! I broke out in a cold sweat and clutched on to my bed. Wild horses could not have dragged me to within five miles of Highgate Road! The minutes ticked by endlessly as I watched the hand of the clock moving nearer and nearer to ten o'clock.

Then suddenly, I remembered that the paper had stated 10 p.m. at night and not ten a.m. the next morning.

And it was with absurd relief that I learnt later, when I had returned to the office, that I had left my handbag at the office and a woman, who already had a jail-sentence and who had taken advantage of Mrs. Weatherby's absence, had stolen it, and she was the one who had been run over. Then I discovered why she had been identified as me. She had on a suit which was very similar to one of mine, and because of my identity card in my handbag, which she was carrying, friends had certified me as dead—and gone to join Mrs. Weatherby.

H. NOTCUTT, Upper IV.

ROCK POOLS

At the mention of rock pools, a vision of the sea-shore springs immediately into my mind. The beach may stretch for miles and at certain places near the sea's edge there are pools among the rocks, so naturally exquisite that the same effect could never be achieved by artifice. Playing in rock pools is thought a child's occupation, but no adult can help wondering at the tiny creatures that live in these pools.

Starfish, brightly coloured as reflections of the sun, slowly make their way round the pool, or rest among the fine, dazzling white sand at the bottom. An eel darts from rock to rock, so fast that the eye can only glimpse it. It reminds one of a snake, that is, I think, the reason why humans cringe from eels; though it is true that the larger species can be harm-

ful. Small fish with delicate, transparent fins, streaming like floating banners behind them, swim in and out of crevices in the rocks.

Shells abound on the beach, each one delicately formed, and on close study, an outstanding example of nature's infinite beauty. A hermit crab, living in his "second-hand" house, ambles along the water-front, retiring into his humble dwelling as soon as anything touches him.

Seaweed grows abundantly in the rock pools and occurs in every colour of the rainbow. So dense are the clumps of weed that up to twenty small fish can hide in one clump. Crabs are also a part of rock-pool life, from small ones an inch across, to large ones eight inches wide. They burrow in the sand if they notice anyone approaching, but can be dug up—at the expense of one's fingers if one is not careful—for their pincers are used without hesitation, in time of danger. Their protruding eyes give me a tingling sensation in my scalp; perhaps because they give the impression that they can see right through me.

When playing at the sea-side, a child will almost certainly head for the rock pools: "To explore." We explore for we do not know much about the sea and its creatures; and what little we do know just makes us more curious. Adults, too, find things to wonder about at the sea's edge. As Gavin Maxwell said in "Ring of Bright Water"—"man stands here at the brink of his own unconscious." This means he is standing at the edge of the unknown, for the sea seems to go on for ever, and symbolises all that is far away and all that he has not yet seen.

M. A. PARRY, Lower IV.

ROCK POOLS

I stood on the edge of the unknown while I watched the frolicking white horses of the sea. The shore was covered in shells, some intricately designed and others plain. I came across a broken whelk and as I looked more closely, I saw the wonderful spiral that was concealed when the shell was whole. Then I saw a piece of wood, now green and slimy from all the years it had been in the sea, and my imagination began to work. Perhaps it had drifted for many many years on the Pacific. It could once have been part of a stately Spanish galleon dipping her graceful bows into the swishing, serene sea.

Now, I began to run. The sea breeze whipped against my skin and the wind whistled through the caves. At last I was approaching the rock pools where I spent many hours of pleasant leisure. The sun was casting her golden and most beautiful rays and the sky was splashed with rich colour. The rippling rock pools were tinged with light and they shone like burnished gold. Each rock pool possessed its own world of sea-life which was peaceful and serene. The soft, green fronds of sea-weed quavered gently to the rhythm of the ripples.

Upon the rock there were limpets which clung hard. I wondered how many times these hardy creatures had been crashed rudely upon by the cataracting sea as it cascaded into tumbling, flecking foam. A grotesque crab appeared. It was black and its eyes held a menacing look which seemed to threaten everything surrounding it. Of all the creatures of the sea, I despise the uncouth crab because it appears to be sly and underhand. A small but beautiful fish, striped with vivid orange and black, peeped furtively from under a rock. With one easy swish of its streamlined body, it dashed forward, gobbled down a bread-crumm and then dashed back.

Fish are one of God's greatest creations. I had seen colourful fish many times and the different shades of vivid hues enchanted me. Fish, to me, are like floating jewels which flash their wonderful colours and seem to draw me like a magnet.

Coral is one of the beauties of the sea. Like fish, coral has many different shades. On sunny days, when the sea is calm and innocent, the coral floats near the surface of the water and the sea appears to look like an ornamental pond. Some corals were gaudy, and others were soft pinks, ringed with lemon yellow. The fish intermingle with the coral so that a rock pool is sometimes a world of startling colours which dazzle the eye. Sea anemones, I imagine, are the flowers of the sea. They wave their sinuous tentacles while preying on the unsuspecting smaller sea-creatures.

I gazed deep down into the colourful depths of the rock pool and saw infinite small shells, and even though they were minute they possessed beautiful colours.

The sun had just sunk sleepily behind the horizon and it seemed as if a dark curtain had been drawn across the sky. The sky was studded with twinkling stars and I ran home by the silvery light of the moon.

Y. LABIA, Lower IV.

THE HUNT

Even though every one of the men hated the deed they were about to perform, it had to be done. Fred, the new assistant game warden, was the youngest, and yet his love for animals surpassed that of any of his older companions.

It was too late now if he felt he wanted to turn back, because they were miles from anywhere, searching for "the Brute", a legend among some of the African village people, but a cause of much sorrow to others. He was well known as "the Brute" to all wardens and rangers in that district for he was a killer-lion. Now, instead of his killing human beings, they were going to kill him.

The weary hunters trudged through the bush. The heat was terrible, and the men were wearing khaki clothes and large boots, which made it worse. A few birds in the tree-tops squawked as the men approached, and then flew off to warn others of the coming of man.

The heat was almost unbearable now. It was Fred's first taste of the long life of endurance he had ahead of him, and he did not like it. Suddenly, across their path, about two-hundred yards ahead, a whole herd of the most graceful buck galloped. They were the beautiful impala. A few minutes later, a herd of zebra passed the men. These zebra were being pursued by two full-grown lions. At first Fred thought the lion in the rear was "the Brute"; but he soon found that he was mistaken. This lion was old enough only to have had one mate, yet it had the same long scar across its snout.

Fortunately, in the circumstances, Fred's shot missed its target. The rangers were all very pleased because none of the other men liked to kill unnecessarily. Soon all was still, except for the occasional rustle in the bushes, and the screech of a bird.

Ahead, the landscape was shimmering in the midday sunlight, and the hunters were disillusioned and tired, when out of the bush, and across the road, trotted a lion. He was about four hundred yards ahead of the men, and luckily for his captors, the wind was blowing away from him. He was "the Brute"!

When the men were about fifty yards from the place where he had entered the bush, they stopped, not daring to venture too close, in case the wind changed, and "the Brute" smelt man.

Two shots rang out; the huge body which had been basking in the filtering sunlight writhed, and then lay still. The body was not that of a true king of the beasts, but of a lone lion; one that had been chased out of his pride and was now too old to hunt and fight in the correct way. Instead, he had turned to the slower means of catching food—and that had been man. His fur was mangy and his whole body was scarred.

Neither of the fatal shots had been Fred's, and when Fred saw this great ugly body, he realized that he would always feel sorry for any animal that had been wounded, but he also knew that he would gladly shoot when necessary.

MEA MCGREGOR, Lower IV.

THE TREE

Outside my window there is a tree. I think it is an interesting tree because there seems to be so much going on in it.

I am looking at it now. A small wind has just risen and the leaves are rustling. Now and then a twig snaps off and falls on to the ground with a plop. A few acorns fall off, for it is an oak tree, and a family of squirrels excitedly collect them together.

Slowly making their descent are a party of ants carrying a pretty, dead butterfly between them. Poor thing! How awful, when you die, to be carried by ants in order to be eaten by their fat queen or to crumble away to dust! A humble-bee buzzes around for a while and

then decides that a flower would be nicer than a meat course.

At the top of the tree sit two doves making love to each other. Near them sit the family of squirrels now happily eating and cracking nuts. A thrush flies down and inquisitively watches a big juicy caterpillar crawling along the branch. All of a sudden, unable to wait any longer, the thrush takes a grab at it and then lets out a horrified squawk as he gets a faceful of pungent green froth. Hastily he lets go the caterpillar and sits drooping on the branch, uttering sad little squawks. A cricket in amongst the leaves begins to sing, and the whole tree seems to stop and listen.

Suddenly there is a large BANG as a car backfires. The birds fly away, the cricket stops singing, the ants reach the ground. Once more the leaves rustle, once more a twig snaps. Then everything is quiet.

JANE PHILIP, Upper III.

THE TASK AHEAD

He looked down at it on the table. It was an unforgettable sight. A South African may well have said, "Sis!" or even "Siestog!" But he just looked. He knew the task ahead of him. He picked up the silver instrument lying near, and plunged it into the pink and whiteness before him. A red, sticky liquid oozed out. It was a sight to behold. He plunged the silver instrument again and again. Then he scooped up the sticky, red liquid and swallowed it. Yes, this ice-cream and strawberry sauce sure did taste good!

PENNY BARNETT, Upper III.

MUSIEK

Musiek — die sagte note van die musiek kom van alle kante aangesweef uit die hemel, uit die natuur en uit die alledaagse woelige aarde. Dit word harder en harder totdat die oorverdwende geluid hard om jou klink en dan word dit sagter en fyner, en die silwer note sing saggies en duidelik, totdat net die geheimsinnigheid agterbly. Musiek—die woord is so onheilspellend en vol emosie, en tog is dit die gelukkigste en mooiste klank ter wêreld.

Ons kan musiek orals hoor, maar al, daar op die plaas waar 'n mens weg is van die gewoel van die stad, — daar waar alles so stil is, kan mens musiek die mooiste hoor en leer liefkry.

Soggens vroeg kan die „klip-klip" van die perdewaentjie gehoor word as die melk na die dorp geneem word. Die gedraai van die wiele deur die drifte as die water soos 'n waterval an allekante gesprei word. En dan weer die „geswies" van Poon se stert as hy 'n lastige vlieg probeer wegslaan.

Onder by die dam, neurie die oggendwindjie saggies deur die wilgerboomtakke en die laatste padda kwaak nog sy nagliedjie vir oulaas.

Die wind het alweer effens begin waai en by die bloekomboomlaan kan die gesing van duisende stemmetjies gehoor word, soos die wind deur die takke stoot.

By die riviertjie wat stadig deur ons plaas vloei, is daar 'n aanhoudende klank van musiek. Die watertjies wat kabbelend en lustig verby loop en dan klots teen die wit rivier-klippe. 'n Dun straaltjie wat met moeite verby twee klippe syfer en dan „drip-drip" in die waterpoeletjies val. In die bessies wat welig op die kant van die rivier groei, tjilp die mossies aanhoudend terwyl die gul vinke kwetterend vir mekaar vertel van die lieflike dag. Nou en dan vlieg 'n grysbloou tortelduif na die hoogste takke van die akkerboom, om daar sy maat met 'n „koer-koer" in te wag.

En as ons verder stap tot waar die volkies singend te saam werk, kan ons kyk en hoor hoe hulle die koring sny. Die silwer lem van die sekel wat met 'n „girts-girts" die ryp, geel graankorrels afsny en dan laat val op die aarde waar dit later met 'n vinnige beweging opgetel word en in bondels gebind word, wat dan met 'n „plof" op die hoop aan die end van die ry gegooi word.

As die laatste sonstraal nog speel op die aarde kan ons die „getjor" van die melk in die emmers hoor en op die lande biër 'n lammetjie of runnik 'n vullietjie wat die warmte en veiligheid van sy moeder soek. Met 'n „tenge-lenge" ly die klok in die verte en die volkies staak hul werk om te gaan rus vir die nag.

Dit is donker en die paddas begin hul aand-konsert sing, terwyl die krikies lustig op hul viooltjies speel. Die sterretjies vonkel en as 'n mens mooi luister kan die silwer gelag van Oupa Maan gehoor word.

Ja, musiek is orals te kry, nie net in die eenvoudige deuntjie wat oor en weer op die klavier gespeel word nie, maar ook in die gesing van die sonbesies, die gehuil van die wind en die „geritsel" van die blare op 'n herfsdag.

JEANNE DE WET, Upper V

DIE SEE

Gewoonlik as 'n mens aan die see dink, dink u aan 'n kalm see, 'n blou hemel, en die goue seesand. Dit is onbelooflik mooi, en mien dink u ook aan die voëls wat 'n mens by die see kry.

Wanneer ek aan die see dink, dink ek aan 'n groot, magtige dam wat party maal stil is, maar dan weer wild en ontembaar word. As 'n mens al langs die strand loop sien jy hoe die branders aanrol, ver oor die stand speel en dan suisend weer terug rol. Die see is nooit stil nie, al is hy kalm. Die kalmte van die see is 'n rustelose kalmte. Soos die branders breek word bietjies skuim in die lug geskiet, en die see word deur 'n wit skuim bedek. Die skuim word dikwels al langs die droë sand agtergelaat, maar dit gebeur gewoonlik wanneer die see baie onstuimig is.

Daar is niks so lekker as om warm en veilig in 'n huis langs die see te wees nie, terwyl 'n verwoestende storm buite aan die gang is. Daar veilig in die huis kan jy sien hoe wreed en magtig die see werklik is. Die branders wat vroeër so klein en mooi was, is nou reusagtig. Die branders dreun soos hulle met oorverdowende lawaai 'n aanslag op die rotse maak, dan trek die watermassa weer terug, om weer met hernude geweld 'n aanslag te begin. Die rotse wat hier en daar uit die see uitstek is heeltemal bedek deur die onstuimige water.

As 'n kind aan die see dink, dink hy sekerlik aan die lang dse wat op die strand deurgebring word. Die skulpies en snaakse see-goed wat 'n mens in die rotspeeltjies vind word altyd deur kinders bewonder, en hulle kan vir ure na die goed kyk. Party maal sien hulle 'n klein vissie of 'n krap daar in die water en dan probeer hulle hulle vang, en word gewoonlik deur die krap gebyt. Dan is daar natuurlik die skulpe wat bymekaar gemaak word. Ek kan onthou dat toe ek klein was het ek altyd al die skulpe wat ek gesien het opgetel al was hulle stukkend.

Natuurlik is daar baie van die see wat 'n mens nie kan sien nie as jy op die land is. Daar is niks so lekker as om onder in die see te gaan swem nie. Daar kan jy miljoene soorte visse sien — die mooi kleure en hulle snaakse bygamsbou. Daar is ook die seelange, krappe, en see-anemone met hulle helder rooi kleure. Soos 'n mens verby swem hardloop die krappe al skuins weg, en daar is 'n snaakse huiweringsewende atmosfeer. As 'n mens weer op die droë land sit, is dit asof jy in 'n heeltemal ander wêreld gewees het.

Die see is iets wat my aan 'n onvertrooubare mens laat dink. Een minuut is dit kalm, stil en vriendelik en die volgende minuut is dit wreed en vyand'g. Vir my is die see 'n d'ng waarvoor ek altyd bang sal wees.

GAIL DICEY, Lower V

'N LES OOR BYE

Een warm somerdag het ons Natuurstudie onderwyseres, Mev. Arens, besluit dat ons ons laaste les van die dag buite in die park sou hê. Sonder kommer het ons ewe vrolik daarteen gestap.

Die kleurvolle blomme het die lug met hul geur gevul en die blaartjies het sagges in die wind geritsel. Ons het rondom „Juffrou" gaan lê en na nog een van haar interessante lesse geluister.

Dié een was oor 'n vaal voëltjie wat die natuurlike die „heuningsgids" noem, want oeslank het hierdie klein voëltjie hulle na die heuningneste toe gelei.

„Volgens die Afrikaanse inboorlingstamme, hou die voëltjie nie van die bye nie, maar van die heuning. Daarom lei hulle die natuurlike na die byeneste toe. Die Soeloes noem hul „heuninggids" met die geklap van twee kleries en 'n bromgeluid. Die voëltjie is gou om op

die geroep te antwoord, en wanneer hulle dan by die nes aankom, steek die natuurlike 'n brandende stok in die bek van die nes en krap die bye opsy. Dan haal hulle hulle deel van die heuning uit. Die orige is vir die voëltjies, wat die byewas en larwas ook eet."

Toe Mev. Arens met haar verhaaltjie klaar was, het ons haar hartlik toegejuig. Dit was seker dié onverwagte lawaai wat veroorsaak het dat die bye ons stormgeloop het.

'n Hele swerm het skielik uit 'n boom uitgeborrel en reguit op ons afgepyl. Paniekbevange het ons op die vlug geslaan, maar ek het ongelukkig oor 'n klip gestruikel. Voordat ek nog kon opspring, het die bye my begin piets. Dit het geweldig gebrand, maar hoe meer ek met my arms geswaai het, hoe kwaler het die bye geword en hoe geniepsiger het hulle my gesteek.

Toe ek weer bykom, was ek in my bed, die angels al uitgetrek, maar my arme ou gesig windskeef opgeswel.

„Nou weet jy nog meer van bye!" het mev. Arens met 'n glimlag uitgeroep toe ek twee dae later weer by die skool opdaag.

JANET GRAAFF Laer IV

LE SOLEIL

Tout le monde s'éveille chaque jour au premier soleil. Le soleil marque notre jour, notre temps, nos saisons et notre existence. Il fait possible la vie. Avec sa chaleur douce il commence le printemps et provoque la nature à fleurir. Pendant l'été il devient de plus en plus chaud, jour après jour. La pluie d'été tombe et elle apporte un soulagement qui disparaît si vite, comme la chaleur remonte dans l'après-midi.

S'il y a des montagnes, la pluie tombe sur les pins toujours verts; aux jungles il pleut à verse sur le sol noir et dur, sur les feuilles ruisselantes et sur les lambrouches. Le sous-bois fume lorsque le soleil évapore l'eau.

Au-dessus des déserts ça devient comme un fourneau. Les orages secs se forment, de gros nuages gris montent et des coups de tonnerre retentissent à travers l'espace vide et des éclairages brillent, mais il n'y a pas de pluie.

Puis l'automne vient avec ses couleurs de cuivre et les feuilles tombent comme des pièces d'or; mais le soleil disparaît et l'hiver avec sa neige ou de la glace est arrivé. Mais le cycle tourne et tourne et la terre se rajeunit au printemps sous l'œil gardant du soleil.

HILARY BURNS, Upper V.

UN GRAND JOUR

Une porte se ferma avec un coup sonore, puis une autre et une autre. Il pencha hors de la fenêtre et cria encore à ses parents, "Au revoir, je vous verrai bientôt." Puis le train se mit à bouger et il fit signe de la main, essayant tout le temps de ne pas pleurer et d'

apparaitre très courageux et pas effrayé devant ses parents. Mais quand il ne pouvait plus les voir, il s'assit dans son compartiment et ne sentait pas le grand garçon qu'il voulait être.

Seul dans ce monde énorme pour la première fois, sauf pendant les unes ou deux semaines lorsque ses parents étaient allés en vacances, il se sentait très timide et pas du tout le garçon le plus important de la famille, parce qu'il s'en allait à l'école. Qu'est-ce qu'il allait faire sans sa mère et son père? Il regarda par la fenêtre. Des arbres, des champs, de petits villages, entourés de montagnes se passaient, remplacés par des églises, des vaches, un champ jauni des plantes moutardes, ou un étang sec — mais en pensant aux petites choses, il regardait tout cela sans le voyant.

Il pensait à l'avenir, quand, comme son père, il serait un grand homme. Mais tout ça était à l'avenir, et à ce moment-ci, il ne connaissait personne encore, ne savait pas ce qu'il devait faire et il s'inquiétait. Le conducteur demanda son billet et puis le garçon dit que le thé était prêt dans la salle à manger. Il ne voulait rien avoir et donc il s'assit sur sa chaise et regarda fixement le plancher. La nuit tombait et il commençait à pleuvoir. Il pensait à ce que faisait sa famille. Son petit frère jouait avec ses amis, sa sœur travaillait, maman préparait le dîner et son père n'était pas encore retourné de son bureau.

Subitement il aperçut que le train s'arrêta et vite il ramassa sa valise et sortit du compartiment. Il descendit du train et chercha quelqu'un de son école. Il n'y avait personne. Puis un

homme s'approcha; il parut pressé. F: Il vint à lui et dit „Je regrette que je suis si tard. Vous êtes Brown, n'est ce pas? Je m'appelle M. Rogers, suivez moi!" Le garçon le suivit, s'étonnant de sa vie nouvelle.

KIRSTEN EVANS, Lower V.

ARGENTARIAE PORCORUM

Porcus qui in dorso rima habet est locus dilectus ad peculia et multi hoc utentes mirantur quare Agulus vas nummorum eorum forma tam nova fecerit. Canes ossa humant et cameli aquam recondunt sed porci numquam ob frugalitatem laudati sunt. Scripta Sancta nos monent concitare margaritas his animalibus esse inane.

Culpa vere est nostra—nulla vicinitas germana est inter porcum argentarium et verum porcum. Similitudines omnes omnino fortuitae sunt. Fabri Medii Aetatibus metallo ad fabricanda instrumenta domestica raro uni sunt quod pretiosum erat, cum genere argillae flexibilibus, nomine "pygg" uti mallerent, hoc nomen brevi omnibus feticulis datum est. Matres familias frugae quibus parcere poterant in vas huius "pygg" ponebant. Itaque nomen aerarii familiae fiebant.

De saeculo undevicensimo Aguli Britannii significationem veram "pygg" obliti erant et falso emptoribus dederunt arcam cum forma porci. Errores, tamen, semper prosperant et haud multo post hanc notionem homines ceperunt.

MAUREEN HARRIS, Lower V

THE MAYNARDVILLE SHAKESPEARE COMPETITION

THE WINNING ESSAY

TRAGEDY OR COMEDY MY PREFERENCE

What is tragedy or comedy? A tragedy is a form of serious drama in which the hero suffers and often dies, but it is in a context which leaves the audience with feelings of exultation rather than despair. Some of us may feel or sense the despair in the heart or mind of the tragic hero, but the moral lesson that his fate impresses upon us and the human sympathy he arouses in us, leaves us, too, with a wonderful feeling of purification.

In the Western World, Aristotle based his criticism of tragedy on the great 5th century B.C. tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides. Aristotle defined a tragedy as "a representation of an action—which through arousing pity and fear, achieves the catharsis of such emotions".

A person in an audience, in watching a tragedy, may feel that the hero's weakness may be his own weakness, and so it is a warning, or moral lesson for him. Othello's great weakness was his jealousy and the spectator may feel that just as Othello's jealousy brought his downfall, so will his own jealousy end in dis-

aster, not necessarily tragedy. In fact, a spectator of a play or film that is a tragedy may even be watching his own tragedy. Although he may not realize it, the significance of the tragedy has a tremendous impact upon him. But although Aristotle's definition of a tragedy explains the "peculiar pleasures" and the value of tragedy, the definition is limited by his concentration on Greek examples. The Greek tragedy developed from ritual and it derives its plots from myths, behind many of which lies the idea of redemptive suffering most concretely symbolized in the widespread myths of a dying god. A tragedy is not really one unless it has some significance. We shall hardly ever find one that has a superficial meaning.

Perhaps the best tragedies of all were born in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. Tragedy re-emerged in Europe out of the medieval drama (Miracle Plays) and reached its peak in Shakespeare in the late Elizabethan and early Jacobean periods. Religious, popular and academic streams flowed into the Elizabethan

tragedy; though, in these plays, the ritualistic and mythical elements are not always as obvious as they are in the Greek tragedies—they are deeply embedded and modern criticism, interested in symbols, located them in Shakespeare's tragedies, e.g. *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*.

Shakespeare's tragedies are perhaps the most beautifully-written tragedies of all time. They are full of poetic verse as well as prose. The fact that they have both prose and poetry in them often alters the significance of the plot. The poetic verse is usually written for the heroes or more important characters, whereas the prose is reserved for the villain or common plebeian. Shakespearian tragedy with its deep humanist interest in psychological-moral problems, its profoundly exploratory use of language and its combination of popular entertainment with great subtlety and individuality of technique and insight, provides the spectator and, even more, the reader with an almost infinite richness of meaning. All of Shakespeare's tragic heroes begin with a weakness which gradually develops and becomes not a mere weakness but a major fault and which results in their final downfall or disaster. For example, Othello's weakness was his jealousy, King Lear's was his arrogance, *Macbeth's* weakness was his overmastering ambition and *Hamlet's* was his indecision. Each one of these weaknesses brought about the final downfall of these heroes. The moral significance of these plots in which the hero begins as an ordinary man of the people, not necessarily with rank or title, is portrayed by Shakespeare who feels that these faults can bring about the downfall of anyone with or without rank.

Modern tragedy owes much to Ibsen, modern dramatists having learned much from him of how to investigate problems of social morality and to employ conscious symbolism in both plots and language. No great tragedy, in the classic sense, has appeared in the 20th century. O'Neill's attempt in "Mourning becomes Elec-

tra" to write tragedy on the Greek model was unsuccessful but Miller's "Death of a Salesman" has perhaps been the closest to greatness. Tragedy really arises from the conflict between two forces in which the stronger, the more evil one, wins.

The term "comedy" can be limited to plays which are light and humorous in character. It is work less boisterous than farce, less exalted than tragedy and more realistic than either—since its starting point is the actuality of life, however it may distort that actuality. It has included political satire (Aristophanes), moral satire (Ben Jonson), social comedy (Shaw, Molière) and comedy of manners (Terence, Wilde) amongst others. Its view of human conduct varies from genial irony ("Twelfth Night") to bitter cynicism (Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*). The 18th century was an age of great comedy, e.g. Sheridan (England), Marivaux (France) and Goldoni (Italy).

Comedy is based in contrast. It is when we see the unexpected happening that we are amused. It, too, like tragedy has a symbolical significance. There is, however, one ironical factor in both tragedy and comedy. Comedy is tragedy, and tragedy—comedy. The fool that usually comes into Shakespeare's comedies seems comic to us but the fact that he cannot help himself and is often rather pathetic is tragic. Tragedy can become comedy if it is over-acted. In *Hamlet*, the masque performed by the players is a tragic one but because they are over-acting it, it sometimes amuses us.

In conclusion, I feel that I, like many others of my age, enjoy tragedy more than comedy. This may be because tragedy is more moving than comedy, and that comedy is too sophisticated and subtle for us to interpret and appreciate properly as yet. Maybe, as we become older and more mature so shall we learn how to appreciate comedy more.

ROSALIND OVENSTONE, Upper V.

SENIOR HOLIDAY READING ESSAY "RING OF BRIGHT WATER"

Some of the creatures at and round about Camustearna.

From the first page of this book we are taken gently, but nevertheless firmly, by the hand, and are led into an enchanted world of lush greenness beside clear waters and are introduced to a variety of unusual creatures. We are also made aware of the existence of several creatures of the human variety whose brief descriptions delight and amuse us. One of these is Margot Mackinnon, the gentle wife of Callum Mackinnon who has a strange, almost magical power over all kinds of animals and who can nurse those in need of human attention but unwilling to be held by less gentle hands than her own. We also, in a lesser way, briefly catch a glimpse of St. Cuthbert, the

patron saint of otters and eider ducks who is observed by a monk kneeling on the sand while otters dry his feet—"an extremely wet and uncomfortable procedure" remarks the author wryly, and adds that he well deserves his halo and harp.

The chief characters are, however, the animals themselves and of these the three pet otters are foremost. Nevertheless Chahala, the first otter was not the writer's first pet for Jonnie occupied this position.

Jonnie was a dog, and a good dog, too, who would accompany the writer at all times and was never far from his side. Indeed, that first night in the empty cottage Mr. Maxwell fell

asleep leaning against Jonnie with his cheek against the soft fur and their muted breathing merged together. The writer felt a great affection which was enthusiastically returned, and dog and master shared a wonderful companionship together, interrupted only when Jonnie developed cancer. This was tragic, but nothing could be done to cure him, and, after several efforts by the author to ease the pain, the faithful pet felt the sharp coolness of the key-like needle, and slipped through the door, leaving his once-proud body, limp and heavy, in Margot's arms.

There were many interesting creatures around Camusfearna and the writer was very happy amongst them. He would look up at the sky and see the great gulls and then gaze down at the waters and they were full of fish. Once the Mackinnon twins drew his attention to the water almost solid with tiny silvery fish which they threw up in the air and caught again, happy and laughing.

Chahala, the first otter, died early and was replaced by the irresistibly lively and mischievous Mijbil who was, after a very happy life with the writer in various parts of the world, clubbed to death at Camusfearna. The ignorant peasant would not admit to the killing when questioned by Mr. Maxwell who had hurried down to investigate the disappearance of his beloved pet, and declared stubbornly that all he had done was to kill a wild otter whose pelt had not even been worth selling and which he had tossed away. At last, the dejected writer, miserable and feeling lost and incomplete without his happy companion of many months, learnt the truth from another man and felt very sad at the thought of Mij's death.

Edal, a rather timid and delicately beautiful female otter, was miraculously discovered by the writer outside an hotel where he was visiting and as her owners had decided she would have to be sold to a zoo, she was handed to Mr. Maxwell with great rejoicing and was taken home to the cottage. After Mij she was rather quiet and, for an otter, amazingly afraid of water. As a small creature, her first owners,

Pauline and her husband, found that it was necessary to coax her into basins and baths. Pauline had even held her gently while she slowly manipulated her little limbs and discovered, apparently to her surprise, that she could swim. By the time she came to live with the writer, she enjoyed water as long as it was reasonably shallow, and when deposited in a couple of feet of the stuff, was even more nimble than Mij had been at rolls and turns.

In the quiet of evening, Gavin Maxwell is sitting in his quaint little cottage, attractively furnished with furniture made from flotsam and jetsam washed up on his doorstep. He is writing the last few sentences of his book and is thinking of all that has happened since he came to this place which has made him so happy. He is dreaming about all the creatures he has met, of all the stories he has heard. There was a man who lived in a cave with his wife and who was no ordinary cave-dweller. He was tidy and orderly, but alas, he drank, and one night he and the Pelican, a fiddler, drank too much and people found his wife's body the next day out at sea in the bottom of a boat.

It is quiet, and now Maxwell is thinking of the otters: of the frail Chahala whose little body was with him once as they rowed in the boat, but whose spirit never reached the shore; of Mij who was his and who hit him only once and then only when he tried to take his fish away from him, and of the beautiful Edal who is with him still. He may even be thinking of the wild creature he could not tame and who nearly killed him with her sharp teeth. If he is, it will make him feel closer to Edal and the two who are not there.

The book is finished but not the author of the book. Chahala and Mij are dead but Edal is still there. There is still much to be done, much to be seen. The ring of bright water glistens about his home and the friendship of the place binds him closer to it and slips an invisible ring on to one finger.

E. SPILHAUS, Lower V.

MIDDLE SCHOOL HOLIDAY READING ESSAY

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

The episode I enjoyed reading most.

For the past few weeks, Mrs. Bennet had been very agitated. It was a very disturbing factor to have five daughters, because a mother is always anxious to secure suitable sons-in-law. Therefore, when a young gentleman named Bingley decided to live in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Bennet did everything which her precarious nerves could stand in order to make friends with Mr. Bingley. Mr. Bennet invited him to dinner, and he became an immediate success.

Soon afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Bennet and their five daughters, Jane, Elizabeth, Mary,

Lydia and Catherine (Kitty was her nickname), were invited to attend a dance held by Sir William and Lady Lucas. Mrs. Bennet and the girls were thrilled. What better chance could there possibly be of meeting eligible young men? The approaching dance was the main topic of talk in the Bennet household for days.

At last, the exciting evening arrived. Many people had been invited, including Mr. Bingley. Accompanying him were his two sisters, his brother-in-law, and a friend. Mr. Bingley was a very presentable young man. He was attrac-

tive in appearance and manners; he was unmarried and reasonably wealthy. His estate, Netherfield, was surely a home worthy of hopeful young ladies' dreams.

However, Bingley's friend, Mr. Fitzwilliam Darcy, was even more striking. He had an exceedingly handsome countenance, and he was known to be wealthy. Most feminine gazes were directed towards him, but any attempt that was made to attract his attention for very long was made in vain. When spoken to, he usually answered in monosyllables. He showed no desire to make friends with anyone in the room. Eventually, the Misses Bennet came to the conclusion that Mr. Darcy was the most disagreeable man that they had ever met.

When the dancing began, Mr. Bingley politely asked Miss Jane Bennet if she would care to dance with him. Jane was the eldest of the Bennet girls, and in her mother's eyes, the loveliest. They danced together many times, and everybody observed that Mr. Bingley paid great attention to the eldest Miss Bennet. The two young people liked each other very much and Mrs. Bennet was very satisfied with the proceedings.

There were more ladies present than there were men, and as a result, Miss Elizabeth Bennet was obliged to sit down for two dances. Elizabeth was the second Bennet daughter, and she was her father's favourite. Bingley's friend, Darcy, had not been dancing, so Bingley mentioned to him that he did not wish to see his friend not taking part in the enjoyment of

everyone else. He told Darcy to dance, but Darcy's reply was not very encouraging. He told Bingley that Bingley was dancing with the handsomest woman in the room, meaning Jane Bennet, and that he, Darcy, could not find another girl who would appeal to his taste.

Bingley, astounded, asked Darcy why he did not offer to dance with Miss Elizabeth Bennet, who was both attractive and charming. Elizabeth was sitting nearby, and she could hear this conversation. Darcy coldly replied that Miss Bennet did not appeal to him, and that he did not fancy dancing with a girl who had been shunned by other men so that she did not possess a partner. Bingley shrugged and returned to dance with Jane.

Elizabeth was shocked when she heard Darcy's reply. From that moment she began to think badly of him. How could such a man possibly behave in such a way! She was positive that even if Mr. Fitzwilliam Darcy were the last man in the world, she would wish to have nothing more to do with him.

Eventually, the evening came to an end. The Bennets returned home contented. They had all enjoyed themselves very much. After Darcy's remark, Elizabeth had danced again, and the rest of the evening had passed away uneventfully. Jane and Bingley were near to falling in love, so Mrs. Bennet was sure that, very soon, she would have only four daughters to find suitors for.

JANE HARAM, Upper IV.

HOUSE REPORTS

JAGGER

Staff: Mrs. Scott-Shaw, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Griffiths, Miss Sweet, Miss Chase.

Head of House: Helen Henderson.

Prefect: Gillian Baigrie.

Firstly, we should like to congratulate Mrs. Brownell on being appointed Vice-Principal of the School. We are, however, sorry to lose her as Head of Jagger but wish her the best of luck in the future. In her place we should like to welcome Mrs. Scott-Shaw, who will be assuming her duties.

For family reasons, Mrs. Rennie was compelled to leave us. In her place we welcome Miss Chase, and with her, Mrs. Griffiths.

After a long illness and a serious operation, Mrs. Himing is now recuperating and well on her way to recovery. We hope she will soon be with us again.

On Founder's Day, Jagger proudly received one cup—for volley ball. Our congratulations to the members of the teams, as to the other Houses, on their victories!

Our congratulations go to Rolt who beat us to it in the Inter-House Swimming this year; we are glad to share the Diving Shield with them. Both Merriman and Rolt tied for the tennis cup; but though our teams played well,

they did not distinguish themselves, and we wish them better luck next year.

Several more Inter-House events are still to take place: the usual games matches, and this year, in place of the House Plays, we are to have an Inter-House Music Competition. We hope that Miss Sweet, who has returned from her holiday in Europe, will guide us.

As usual, many colourful warm jerseys and blankets were knitted by the girls and sent to the poor at Cafda. Later in the year we hope to arrange for several girls to visit Cafda.

The standard of Jagger's work has been steadily improving, and we hope it will continue to do so. Our thanks go to A. Caine, D. Willmott and K. Evans for their outstanding work. Last, but by no means least, I want to thank Jane Seymour, Jenny Susman and Elizabeth Spilhaus for all their hard work in producing the House Magazine. We all hope their work is successful.

And now it only remains for me to say how sad we were to hear of Mrs. Amdurer's tragic death. While she was acting Head of Jagger her help was invaluable not only to us, but to the whole School. Not only was she a friend of ours but, as Biology mistress, well known and very important to the whole School, as well as to many people outside School. Our

deepest sympathies go to her family and to all those to whom she was closest.

HELEN HENDERSON, Upper V.
(Head of Jagger).

MERRIMAN

Staff: Mrs. M. Muller, Mrs. Petro Muller, Mrs. Rauch.

Head of House: Jeanne de Wet.

Prefects: R. Ovenstone, E. Trevor-Jones.

At the beginning of the year we welcomed Mrs. Rauch to Merriman. She took the place of Miss Braun in the Science Department and her help has been very much appreciated by all. This term Mrs. Scott-Shaw, who has been with Merriman for many years, was appointed Head of Jagger and we hope that Jagger appreciates its good fortune in acquiring her. Although we are sorry to lose her, we wish her all the best in her new House and hope she will not completely forget Merriman. In her place we should like to welcome Mrs. Petro Muller and hope that she will be happy with us. We should also like to thank Mrs. Muller, Head of Merriman, for her invaluable help, encouragement and interest.

The first Inter-House competition was the swimming gala which was held in the first term. Merriman started well, but unfortunately, ultimately came third, with Rolt first and Jagger second. However, I should like to congratulate all the swimmers, especially Liz Trevor-Jones, on their stout efforts, and also the girls of Merriman who kept up the House spirit by their cheerful and encouraging songs.

The next Inter-House match was the tennis one. In an exciting finish, Merriman tied with Rolt to win the cup. Our Middle School and Junior players showed keen interest and ability.

In the December holidays, Mrs. Muller, Rosalind Ovenstone and Pat Brailey had great fun buying toys for St. Michael's Home with the money we had collected for two years. These were later parcelled up and taken to the Home, where they were most gratefully received by the children.

In the first term, the Merriman prefects attended the St. Michael's Home annual general meeting. Most of the time for the discussion of new projects, was allotted to the possibility of establishing a hostel for young girls who have left school and have nowhere to stay. The charity money collected at the beginning of each term was sent to this home.

The work this year has not been, I am sorry to say, of such a good standard as in 1966. Last year, because of the determination of every Merriman member, we achieved the Work Cup, but we shall lose it if each and every girl does not pull up her socks and double the marks.

As the third term has just begun, we have not played the Inter-House Hockey, Netball or Volley-ball matches yet, but I should like to wish the teams the best of luck. Remember,

we must keep the Hockey Cup and gain more cups to fill the shelf.

I should also like to thank the producers and editors of the House Magazine, namely Joanne Faulds, Sally Abbott and Susan Stent for their enthusiasm and valuable help. Last, but not least, I thank all Merriman Matrics, and especially the prefects, for their wonderful assistance during the year.

Best of luck to all Merriman members and thank you for working together as you have done.

JEANNE DE WET (Upper V).
(Head of Merriman).

ROLT

Staff: Mrs. Hampson, Mrs. Perring, Mrs. Turley.

Head of House: Fiona Dicey.

Prefects: Elspeth Mackenzie, Lynne Cunningham, Linda Townsend.

Once again, this year, much to the delight of all Rolt members, we were awarded the Efficiency Shield on Founder's Day. Our congratulations and thanks go to Beverly Moore for all she put into her position as Head of our House; her hard work was rewarded when we retained the Shield. I hope that in years to come this Shield will constantly be seen on Rolt's shelf. In addition, Rolt received the Diving Shield, the Netball, the Drama and the Magazine Cups. The Hockey Cup we shared with Merriman, and we lost the tennis and swimming to Merriman and Jagger respectively. Congratulations to you both from us, Merriman and Jagger!

The Inter-House Swimming Gala, held in the first term, was won by Rolt and this was, I think, due to our swimming captain, Cheryl Wale's determination, and her interest in this sport. Our sincere thanks go to her for helping us to regain the swimming cup.

After some excellent diving, the diving shield for 1967 went to Rolt and Jagger together. The day of the gala this year was sunny—quite different from that of the previous year—and the spirits of all three Houses were high. Each House had songs which were sung with zest, and the singing gave rise to a gay atmosphere which remained happy throughout the afternoon.

We share the tennis cup this year with Merriman. The Rolt Under-14 couples played especially well, winning all their matches, and with Merriman senior couple playing better, the match resulted in a draw.

After a tremendously exciting afternoon's play Rolt won the hockey cup. Spirits were high, once again, on the afternoon of the hockey. In the open section all three Houses drew but with a fantastic effort on their part, the Under-15 team won their section. Thus the hockey, over-all, was won by Rolt. Well done, everyone!

The Inter-House Netball, Squash and Volley-ball are yet to be played. We hope that we

shall be as successful as we have been in the hockey.

Merriman won the Work Cup last year. It is in this sphere that Rolt lacks effort and determination, although there are a few girls who do extremely well, but the marks these girls attain for the House are so often lost by the failures. A greater effort is needed from everyone to improve the marks in Rolt. Only hard work will achieve the Work Cup.

Our congratulations go to Lynne Cunningham who has been appointed a School Prefect, and to Linda Townsend on her appointment as a Boarding House Prefect.

The Princess Alice Home, still very much a part of Rolt, has been visited as usual. I should like to thank Mrs. Hampson, who has filled Mrs. McCormick's place, for all the encouragement and guidance she has given me this year. My thanks go also to the other mistresses in our House, Mrs. Turley and Mrs. Perring. I hope Rolt continues to be the House it always has been, and I wish all Rolt members the best of luck in the future.

FIONA DICEY (Upper V).
(Head of Rolt)

SCHOOL MUSIC

In the examinations held by the Royal Schools of Music there were 25 candidates, 23 of whom passed, 2 gained distinctions.

RESULTS:

Grade I: Gail Pettigrew (Merit), Gillian Reay (Merit).

Grade II: Gillian Austin, Bridgit Borton, Louise Brailey, Susan Cunningham, Susan Fuller, Victoria Hau, Carol Jenkin, Gael Jooste, Heather Kinlay.

Grade III: Susan Dowdle (Distinction), Janet Pettigrew (Merit).

Grade IV: Ann Carlos, Jill Golding (Merit), Hilary Henderson, Susan Jenkin (Merit).

Grade V: Angela Bottomley, Helen Brauer, Morna Cooke, Paula Cunningham.

CLUB ACTIVITIES

LIBRARY REPORT

Chairwoman: Mrs. Mulliner.

Committee: Carlotta Vaughan, Maureen Harris, Joanne Paulds, Jane Haram, Suzanne Milton.

This year the library's birthday was celebrated by a number of people giving books to the library. These people were: Mrs. Kittow, S. Abernethy, Lynn Harris, D. Simpson, M. Resnekov, A. Keller, J. Borton, P. Borton, J. Susman, J. Haram, J. Philip, A. Leverton, S. Simpson, Mrs. Boyes, S. Abbott, D. Beck, G. Verster, D. Lees, Mrs. P. Muller, Mrs. Perring, Mrs. English, Mrs. Alyce Steyn and Mr. Brian

Hamford. The school also contributed a number of books.

The Afrikaans section has been greatly improved by Mrs. P. Muller. Many new books have been bought and there is an entirely new look about the section. The Divinity section has been enlarged by Miss Playne.

The library is much quieter now that only Matrics are allowed to use it during breaks, but the lower classes have developed the habit of taking magazines, such as "Seventeen", off the shelves and not returning them. It would be greatly appreciated if this were stopped.

This year the English Association met in the library again, and Mrs. Kittow read some excerpts of poetry. We are grateful to the Diocesan College, St. Cyprian's, St. Mary's, the D.S.G. Grahamstown, for sending us their magazines.

CARLOTTA VAUGHAN (Upper V).

SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB

President: Mrs. Brownell, Miss Chase.

Committee: D. Lees, S. Abbott, S. Nosworthy, T. Brailey, G. Gain, A. Burns, A. Fiddian-Green.

Secretary: G. Verster.

This year, the Sociological Club has enjoyed a very interesting and worthwhile programme. The topics discussed at the meetings have been greatly varied, yet each one has been fascinating and most enjoyable.

At our first meeting this year, Mrs. Hampson gave us a most interesting and informative talk on the Secretary-General of the United Nations Organisation, U. Thant. This proved very helpful to us all.

Mrs. Stuyart, wife of the Chief Oceanographer of Belgium, spoke to us on Oceanography, which interested us all very much.

In the artistic field, Mr. Clarke spoke to us on designing sets for stage productions, and Mr. Garlick on Commercial Art. Not many of us had previously realised how many positions there are for women in these fields to-day. Mr. Garlick showed us many examples of how commercial art is used all around us.

Mr. Levy spoke to us about the Rehabilitation of the Disabled, and Mrs. Russell gave a talk on the Rehabilitation of Prisoners. Both these topics were very interesting, and we all realised how beneficial this type of work is. Later in the year, Mr. Becker, Head of the Cape Town Civilian Blind Society, spoke to us about this work among the blind people, and showed us some slides.

Jennifer Emslie, Elspeth Mackenzie and Jennifer Newman spoke to us about their travels overseas. These talks were very interesting and amusing. Carlotta Vaughan and Linda Townsend gave us very informative talks on the Cape Town Museum and Art Gallery respectively. After the mid-year holidays, Elspeth Mackenzie and Lynn Cunningham spoke to us about the hockey tour, which had been very successful as well as enjoyable.

Miss Tredgold gave us a very interesting talk on Iceland and showed us some beautiful slides. We were all surprised to find out how wrong our ideas about Iceland were. Mr. von Lichtenfeld showed us some beautiful colour slides on the heart of Europe.

Jayne Currie and Georgina Stuttaford, who had both been awarded American Field Service Scholarships the previous year, spoke to us about their year in America. We all found the comparison between our schools and American schools very interesting and amusing.

Mrs. Gwen Mills came to give us a very informative talk on the Simon van der Stel Foundation, and showed us an excellent film on the Castle, which was most enjoyable. Miss Audrey Weinlig spoke to us on Beauty Culture, and this proved a very popular topic.

In conclusion, I should like to thank Mrs. Hampson and Mrs. Brownell for all the help that they have given us, and Mrs. Kittow and the staff for attending our meetings with such enthusiasm. I should also like to thank Miss Chase for taking over from Mrs. Brownell so efficiently this term, while Mrs. Brownell is overseas.

I hope that the Sociological Club will be just as successful next year as it has been this year.

G. VERSTER, Secretary.
Sociological Club

DEBATING SOCIETY

Chairman: Mrs. Perring.

Committee: Hilary Burns, Suzanne Nosworthy, Chloë Knight, Lindsay Unite, Pip Broadbent, Jeanne de Wet, Gail Dicey.

Although some of the debates this year have been amusing, in all our debates it has been painfully obvious that the speaking from the floor needs to improve. Many members seem to have the absurd idea that work for debates is to be left entirely to the specified speakers. It is hoped that this attitude will change.

St. Cyprian's invited us to debate with them the motion "Youth of To-day have Lost the Initiative to Amuse Themselves", which motion was fortunately defeated.

In the Inter-Schools' Debate we were represented by Gillian Verster and Joanne Foulds who debated against Wynberg Girls' High on the motion that "Society has erred greatly in allowing Adolescents to form an exaggerated estimate of their own importance". They were placed third among the schools competing.

JOANNE FAULDS (Lower V).

THE SENIOR CHOIR

This has been a fairly quiet year for the choir. We have sung at only two weddings; the first was that of Elizabeth Robb in December and the second was Jill Phillip's, in January.

Our Carol Service was recorded by the S.A.B.C. and broadcast on Christmas morning at 7 o'clock in the programme "Christians

Awake!" It was a great thrill to hear ourselves on the air!

The anthem chosen for Founder's Day this year was "Lift Thine Eyes" by Mendelssohn.

In the second term we had a most enjoyable Music and Drama meeting. Both the senior and middle school choirs sang three songs each, after which there was community singing accompanied by Mrs. Noise. It was great fun.

The recording of secular songs by the senior, middle and junior school choirs was most successful and it will serve to remind us of a happy year.

Senior Choir: Sally Abbott, Marjorie Aitchison, Jane Borton, Pru Borton, Patricia Brailey, Pip Broadbent, Alison Burns, Lynn Cunningham, Paula Cunningham, Jeanne de Wet, Fiona Dicey, Gail Dicey, Jennifer Emalie, Kirsten Evans, Joanne Foulds, Ann Fiddian-Green, Lindsay Gasson, Pauline Gilbert, Lynn Harris, Helen Henderson, Chloë Knight, Devon Lees, Angela Leverton, Carol Newton-Thompson, Rosalind Ovenstone, Jane Petersen, Jeanette Ross, Deborah Simpson, Carlotta Vaughan, Cheryl Warr, Diana Willmot, Teresa Clerke.

Middle School Choir: Edwina Abbott, Susan Abernethy, Maya Albrecht, Fiona Baigrie, Angela Bottomley, Helen Brauer, Kim Broadbent, Elizabeth Burns, Sue Borton, Susan Campbell, Morag Cooke, Beth Dicey, Lesley Foulds, Mary Foot, Gill Golding, Glenda Harris, Hilary Henderson, Diane Hooper, Anita Maeder, Tessa Mallett, Susan Maxwell, Priscilla Pettigrew, Lynn Reid, Egonne Roth, Gillian Taylor, Deborah Turner-Smith, Mary Whittaker.

28 examination candidates. 2 distinctions.

PATRICIA BRAILEY (Upper V).

THE MATRIC DANCE

The 29th July was a memorable night for the Matrics as we held our Matric dance then. Weeks of preparation went into making the evening enjoyable. The theme decided upon was "The Cat-Walk", which depicted a scene in a Parisian street. The dining-room was decorated with red and white streamers down the walls, along with artistic murals depicting various French scenes and landmarks, for example the Eiffel Tower, which was painted against a shocking pink background!

The ceiling of the dining-room was lowered with a roof of black streamers and a row of coloured balloons ran the full length of the room. Small round tables surrounded by six or eight chairs were covered with red-and-white checked cloths and the only illuminations were the lights above the black ceiling. Each table was supplied with an empty wine bottle plugged with a candle. Light snacks, comprising chips, nuts and sausage-rolls, which the Domestic Science Classes made for us, and diced crawfish which Mrs. Turley prepared with a most delicious sauce, were supplied. The drinks were Punch and Pippin.

Finally, the night arrived. At 8.15 p.m. everyone arrived and all were received at the door by Mrs. Kittow and her partner. The evening was passed in dancing to an excellent band. Photographs were taken and the food was eagerly consumed. Finally the evening ended with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne". Linda Townsend thanked Mrs Kittow and Mr. and Mrs. Withers for their help and the dance was over.

FOOTNOTE: Sunday morning was probably the best scene of all—22 exhausted Matrics, asleep on their feet, trying to attempt a great clean up of the dining-room!

LYNN HARRIS.

MUSIC AND DRAMA CLUB

Chairwomen: Mrs. Popham-Smith, Mrs. Saffery.

Committee: Chloë Knight, Pauline Gilbert, Helen Brauer, Elizabeth Spilhaus, Susan Jenkins, Pru Borton, Hillary Gasson.

This year the Music and Drama Club was larger than it has even been, with a grand total of one hundred and sixteen members.

The first meeting on 14th March was held in

the afternoon, not the evening, when a guest artist, Joyce Scotcher, sang a selection of songs ranging from Italian works to better-known English songs. As Mrs. Saffery was away for the first term, there was only one item to represent the dramatic section of the club in the items produced by the members.

In the second term we held a meeting on Wednesday, 15th June. Every section of the club produced items and there were two short but very professional ballets.

Towards the end of the term we were taken to see the opera "Carmen" at the Alhambra, produced by Capab. Everybody enjoyed the performance and for days afterwards we were humming the "March of the Toreadors".

This term we have been to see the famous operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan "The Yeomen of the Guard".

JOANNE FAULDS, Secretary.

THE RUBY PORTER SERVICE LEAGUE

Vice-President: Miss Harsant.

Committee: Mrs. Himing, Mrs. Muller, Mrs. Roth, Mrs. Turley, F. Dicey, P. Gilbert, J. Haran, S. Jenkins, F. Baigrie.

Our first visit to the Raaphraal Crèche, which is, at present, our chief interest, was in the fourth term in 1966. We went by bus to the crèche which we reached after passing many dilapidated and miserable-looking houses in the bushes. We stopped at a clearing where there were three buildings near to one another. One building was the place where hungry children come for their only meal of the day. Another building was used as a school. The third building houses a clinic where the sick of the neighbourhood can receive medical attention. Mothers also receive advice about their babies.

We went into a fourth, the crèche, to find about thirty little children from three to six years of age, sitting around tables making plasticine models and paper chains. The parents of these children pay a few cents to enable them to be cared for while they are away at work.

We helped the children to amuse themselves for a while. At first they were rather shy but we tried to speak to them in Afrikaans and then they became more accustomed to us and more friendly. Later they sang very sweetly for us and did various actions while they sang. They had also learnt various games and showed us one or two.

Then they again gathered around the tables and each was served with a plate of stew. After their lunch we laid down stretchers for the children in rows, and each had a blanket and there they had their afternoon sleep.

In this crèche, they are very well cared for, fed and trained. The crèche started with practically nothing but by the time we visited there, it looked a very charming little place.

As we left the building quite a number of filthy children were lounging around the road, intrigued to see the bus and all of us. They



BASUTO PIPE

Lino Cut

C. Wale (Up. V)

looked pitiful and bored. If their parents would only pay a few cents to the crèche, they would be just as happy as the children we had seen. On the other hand, the crèche is not large enough to cope with many more, so we are all helping to collect money to enable them to expand.

This year, on the 18th March, a work-party of five went to Raapkraal to paint the furniture vivid reds, greens and blues. Some of the girls took paints and brushes—and did not forget the turps—which was desperately needed! The crèche was hardly recognizable when they had completed their task.

On June 22nd, eight new members were taken to visit the crèche and tickets were later sold for a demonstration of flower arrangements held at the Barn Theatre in aid of crèche funds. At the end of August, our boxes were handed in and the money collected will be sent to the crèche to help the little children.

P. GILBERT.

ART EVENTS

This year has been one of great activity in Herschel's art world, with a variety of interesting outings and projects.

The first outing of the year was to an exhibition on April 26th at the National Gallery. This was called "Exposition '87" and took the form of a competition by South African artists. The works were essentially modern in style and very fascinating, especially when their significance, not always apparent at first, was pointed out or explained.

On June 21st, the senior art girls went to the Michaelis Gallery where we were given the opportunity of seeing much-cherished etchings by Rembrandt. These were of special interest to those of us who had been studying Rembrandt. We are very much indebted to Mrs. Sandra Eastwood and Mrs. de Villiers, the education officers at the National Gallery, for their invaluable help in showing us these exhibitions and making them intelligible to us.

Two excellent films on Frans Hals' and Rembrandt's work were shown to the senior art girls at the National Gallery on July 21st. This film definitely broadened our conception of these Dutch artists' masterpieces and had it not been for the film, some of us might never have had the opportunity of seeing these paintings in such detail or in such a realistic manner, which reproductions in books cannot achieve.

On August 16th we attended Gladys Mquidundo's exhibition at the Rodin Gallery. The medium she used was oil and gouache, and birds and Eastern Province landscapes played a prominent part in her subject matter.

On August 23rd we were privileged to have Mr. Neil Garlick to speak to us on Commercial Art. He showed us that Commercial Art is used in every business and commercial enterprise and consists of designing, drawing or printing for general advertising and publicity as well as providing the basis for almost every article made. Many of us, before his talk, did not realise what a wide sphere commercial art embraces nor what a large opening there is for South Africa's own young, developing industries.

In the near future the Upper V's hope to visit Groot Constantia, having studied Cape Dutch architecture.

The School entered for three public competitions this year, something that has not been done before. "My Hobby" was one organised by Santam; another was "My Town", organized by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, in which Linda Townsend, Lynn Harris and Joanne Faulds had their paintings hung. The third competition was for a new emblem for S.A.W.G.K.A. The organisers were kind enough to say that this was a very good group of work, but at the time of going to press we have not heard whether one of our emblems has been chosen.

SUSAN STENT (Lower V).

GAMES REPORT

The most important event of the year was the tour of Rhodesia, which took place during the June holidays and lasted two weeks. Twenty-five players left Cape Town on the 21st June and returned on the 5th July having spent a really eventful and successful hockey holiday. 10 matches were played, 4 won, 3 drawn, and 3 lost. Every game was hard fought and the standard of play was good.

I wish to express my thanks and appreciation to Mrs. G. Currie of Salisbury for doing so much to make our stay there so unforgettable. Our thanks are also due to Mrs. E. Gilbert and Mrs. Abbott for so kindly making 6 attractive pennants which were given as souvenirs to each school we played in Salisbury.

There has been a general improvement in the standard of hockey throughout the eight

teams we fielded this season. The two Under-15 teams particularly had very good records — the Under-15 B did not lose a match and the Under-15 A lost by a narrow margin to Rustenburg.

There was a very pleasing improvement in the standard of swimming. At the Inter-House Gala, which was a most enjoyable event, no fewer than 18 records were broken. Rolt regained the trophy, after some very exciting and closely-contested races. The swimming captain, Cheryl Wale, won the Championship Trophy.

At the Inter-Schools Gala, Herschel was placed 4th in the Open Section, 3rd in the Under 15 and 2nd in the Under 14 Section — a great improvement on last year's results.

Maira Little was awarded her colours for winning her event at this gala and Hilary

Gasson received hers for winning the Under 14 Diving event.

Good progress has also been made at tennis. At the Inter-Schools, the school tied for 2nd place in the Open and Under-16 Section and 4th in the Under-15 and Under-14 Sections. Cheryl Warr and F. Dicey did very well to reach the Finals of their Section, but were beaten by Rustenburg.

Owing to a very wet second term, the tennis championships could not be played and had to be postponed to the last term.

In the fourth term of last year a very successful Sports Day was staged. This was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Merriman won the event and Elizabeth Trevor-Jones won the Victrix Ludorum. We hope that this will become an annual event.

The Squash Club continues to flourish under the able guidance of Mrs. M. van Zyl, Mrs. J. Eckstein and Mrs. P. Ayres.

Gilbert Cup, for the Swimmer of the year: C. Wale.

I wish to thank sincerely Mrs. B. Robinson who has assisted me with hockey and tennis and also the games captains, for their untiring efforts during the year.

Y. GIBSON, (Games Mistress).

DEPARTMENT AWARDS

Edwina Abbott.
Karin Jones.
Helen Henderson.
Devon Lees.
Delia Beck.
Gillian Verster.

TENNIS REPORT

Tennis matches were held almost every Saturday against various other schools. These matches we usually managed to win. The team was very fortunate in that several members of



TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: Elspeth Mackenzie, Devon Lees, Lynne Cunningham, Gillian Baigrie, Sally Abbott, Nicola Currie.

Second Row: Jill Golding, Miranda van Breda, Deborah Turner-Smith, Moira Little, Louise Bralley, Janis Parley, Paula Reid, Gillian Taylor.

Front Row: Cheryl Warr (Captain), Mrs. Y. Gibson, Fiona Baigrie.

the staff and a few mothers gave up some of their free time to give the team practice. This benefited the team greatly and we should all like to thank them very much.

At the end of the first term, the Inter-Schools Tennis was held. Members of the team were very keen and many came to early morning practices before school. The Junior Inter-Schools tennis was held one Saturday morning. Two couples Under-15 and two Under-14 played. The standard of tennis was very high, so that unfortunately none of our teams reached the finals, most of them winning three matches and losing one.

The Senior Inter-Schools was held the following Saturday. Two couples Under-16 and two Open played. Only the Open A couple managed to reach the finals where they were unfortunately beaten by Rustenburg, who won the cup. We managed to come second, tying with two other schools.

The School Tennis Championships were won by:

Senior Singles: D. Lees.

Senior Doubles: Fiona Dicey and Cheryl Warr.

Under-15 Singles: Deborah Turner-Smith.

Under-15 Doubles: D. Turner-Smith and E. Abbott.

13 and Under Singles: Edwina Abbott.

13 and Under Doubles: D. Turner-Smith and E. Abbott.

The matrices would just like to take the opportunity of wishing the tennis team the best of luck for next year, and we all hope to see our name back on the cup.

CHERYL WARR, Upper V.
(Tennis Captain).

SWIMMING REPORT

The most wonderful thing about the swimming season was that everyone showed such enthusiasm. Although the swimmers were committed to hard training almost every day, morning and afternoon, there were never any complaints—only a keen dedication that made me feel extremely grateful.

The standard has shown a remarkable improvement owing to the introduction of harder training. As time went by, swimmers became accustomed to the more strenuous programme which began almost too early in the season!

We did not take part in as many small Galas as before, but we did enter for the Gordon's Gala where we just missed retaining the cup by a touch. The Inter-Schools' Gala was our main goal and we managed to do better than we had for many years. Herschel, over-all came second to Rustenburg. Moira Little excelled herself by winning the Under-15 Free-style for which she was awarded her swimming colours. Tessa Mallet, Fiona Baigrie and Gill Taylor won their medley team race, setting a

record. Well done to all those who took part. I cannot express my gratitude adequately to you for the unfailing support you gave me throughout the season.

One highlight was the Inter-House Gala which was, as always, great fun. It was won by Rolt.

The standard of diving has risen considerably and Hilary Gasson was awarded colours for winning her section of the Inter-Schools Diving.

Lastly, I should like to thank Mrs. Gibson for the leadership she invariably offers and for helping us through all the training which made our pleasing success possible.

CHERYL WARR, Upper V.
(Swimming Captain).

HOCKEY REPORT

The hockey season this year was a very eventful one. Firstly the newly grassed field was ready for use by the end of April. This meant that every girl in the school was able to get two full practices a week, and we were able to play many matches at home, something we could not do the whole of the season before.

Secondly we entertained at least six touring teams from Natal, Orange Free State and the Transvaal. These teams provided really strong opposition for our first team and some very good matches were played.

Thirdly, a tour of Rhodesia was undertaken by the first two teams and a thoroughly enjoyable two weeks were spent playing hockey and sight-seeing in Rhodesia. Our hosts, the Franklin D. Roosevelt School, were responsible for arranging our matches and entertainments and their wonderful hospitality was greatly appreciated by us all. The teams played 10 matches during the tour — 4 were won, 3 drawn and 3 lost.

A very pleasing aspect of this year was the progress made by the younger players of the School. The enthusiasm here was most heartening and there are a number of very promising players in the lower forms. Both the Under 15 teams had very good records. The Under 15 A lost only one match, while the Under 15 B remained unbeaten during the season.

At the Inter-School tournament, the Under 15 A drew for top position with Rustenburg.

The first team acquitted itself very well and played some fine games. The defence players were consistently good but unfortunately the forwards could not finish in the circle. A number of matches were lost because the forwards could not shoot goals.

At the Inter-Schools the first team played four matches — won two and drew two and finished one point behind Rustenburg in their Section.

The Inter-House matches provided some very exciting games and the spirit with which these matches were played was excellent. In the



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: Pauline Gilbert, Lindsay Unite, Moira Little, Mrs. Y. Gibson, Perry-Anne Johnson, Deborah Turner-Smith, Jeanette Ross, Inset: Cheryl Wale (Captain).

Third Row: Vanessa Weinlig, Tessa Mallett, Helen Brauer, Fiona Baigrie, Jennifer Simpson, Yolanda Labia.

Second Row: Elaine Charneck, Suzanne Noosworthy, Jenny Newman, Gillian Verster, Hilary Henderson.

Front Row: Jill Golding, Hilary Gasson, Elizabeth Trevor-Jones, Susan Jenkin, Jill Taylor.

Senior Section, all the games were drawn so that the three houses tied with two points each. The Under 15 section was won by Rolt, so the trophy was regained by Rolt for this year.

I hope that the teams next year will have an even more successful season. My best wishes to the 1968 captain.

E. MACKENZIE.

THE HOCKEY TOUR

The team find it difficult to express their thanks adequately to Mrs. Gibson for organising the hockey tour to Rhodesia for us. We appreciated all the work and trouble she put into it and all the time she devoted to us.

After much practice and perseverance the first and second hockey teams left Cape Town on 21st June, 1967, by train for Rhodesia. Great

excitement reigned as the bus drove away from school, and as the train pulled out of the station we sang our war cry. Everyone was very excited and for some it was their first train journey.

Our first main stop was Kimberley, the next morning. Those of us who had not been there before, went, during our forty-minute stay to visit the Big Hole. In the evening we arrived at Mafeking and were confronted on the station by a host of boys, who were meeting the train. When we decided to play hockey there, they joined in and thus we had a Herschel versus Mafeking match. Journeying into Botswana, we encountered many curio-sellers who came up to the train with their fascinating goods. On Friday afternoon we reached Bulawayo and were met by Townsend School who

took us back to their hostel to have a bath, of which we were all much in need, and supper, and to watch television. As it was the first time a great many of us had seen "T.V." we were very intrigued by it. That night we caught the train to the Victoria Falls.

Arriving late at the Victoria Falls, we went to a restaurant to have breakfast and then walked down to the Falls. They were really beautiful and indescribable, and the amount of water plunging over them was unbelievable. We obtained permission to go half-way across the bridge and on the way back we managed to cadge lifts on great coal lorries, which were filthy dirty — but that did not worry us. It was a lift! After lunch we begged another lift down to the launch-club from where we set off up the Zambezi River, tying up at an island for tea. Usually everyone is allowed off the launch,

but the previous day a man had been killed by a hippopotamus and investigations were still being carried out, so we were obliged to remain on board. When we returned, we were invited to have supper with a young man, whom we had met that day and who had helped to transport us to the launch. I think he was a bit overcome by the numbers to start with — twenty-seven of us! Later that night we left by train on our return journey to Bulawayo.

The following morning in Bulawayo, Dr. York met us, and, clambering into waiting cars, we were driven to the Matopos. First we went up the World's View, but unfortunately the weather was not very pleasant and the view was not at its best. Then we visited some Bushmen paintings which were very interesting and ended by having a picnic-lunch on the banks of the Malewe Dam. After lunch we



HOCKEY TOUR

Back Row: Cheryl Warr, Jennifer Emslie, Moira Little, Mrs. Y. Gibson, Louise Bralley, Helen Brauer, Jenny Newman.

Third Row: Nicola Currie, Elizabeth Trevor-Jones, Sally Abbott, Jeanette Ross, Fiona Dacey, Devon Lees.

Second Row: Judy Scott-Shaw, Janis Farley, Anne Axelson, Jeanne de Wet, Gillian Baigrie, Helen Henderson, Shelley Stephens, Carol Newton-Thompson, Lindsay Unite, Pauline Gilbert.

Front Row: Lynne Cunningham, Elspeth Mackenzie, Rosalind Ovenstone.

were shown over a very large cave which also contained Bushman paintings and were then taken back to town, where we visited the museum before being dropped at the station. We remained there until the train for Salisbury left.

On Monday morning we arrived in Salisbury and Roosevelt School met us, as they were our hostesses, and we were to stay with different girls who attended the school. It really was such a relief to reach Salisbury after five nights on the train and six in a compartment! That afternoon we played our first match against Roosevelt, which was very tough for both teams. The first team drew 1-1 and the second team won 2-1.

A very tight programme was arranged for us. On the Tuesday morning we met at Roosevelt and went by bus to industrial sites to see a cigarette factory called B.A.T. This was very interesting and there was a big tea provided afterwards. As if we had not had enough to eat! We were then taken to the Willard's Food Factory. That afternoon we played Arundel. The first team match was a very exciting one because we were held to a draw 1-1, until the last few minutes, then Arundel scored again. The second team won 3-1.

On Wednesday we were supposed to go on the daily flight to the Kariba Dam, but as there was a misunderstanding about the bookings, our trip was cancelled. Instead, we were invited out to Linda Townsend's farm. On arriving there by lorry, we were shown all over the farm and then we had an enormous lunch. After we had recovered we went to Mazoe and saw the dam and citrus orchards there.

On Tuesday a tour of the city was arranged. We went up the Kopje and saw a magnificent view of the whole of Salisbury. Then we went to the State Lottery, where its operation was explained to us, and just outside Salisbury we saw the balancing rocks, which were quite remarkable. That afternoon we played the Girls High School. This was a very tough match and we had to battle to keep the ball away from the goal. Both our teams lost.

On Friday we went to the Museum and when shown behind the scenes, we found it very interesting to watch the taxidermists at work. The rest of the morning we were free to go shopping. In the afternoon we played Oriel School. These matches everyone enjoyed and both teams drew 2-2. That night we were in-

vited to see "Tom Sawyer" which was put on by the Junior drama club at Roosevelt.

On Saturday morning we played Chisipite. Both teams won—a fitting way to end our last official match. On Saturday night we attended a dance which had been arranged by the Churchill Boys' School for Herschel, Roosevelt and Queen's College, a touring rugby team, who were staying with Churchill. This dance was enjoyed by everyone and very much appreciated.

On Sunday morning we arranged to have a hockey match against Churchill. This was very amusing. The second team had a six-goal lead and won 8-2! The first team, however, was badly beaten. That night we left Salisbury and it really was sad to part from newly-made friends!

Our hockey tour was great fun and such a success that everyone seems determined to return to Rhodesia at some time in the future.

We should like to thank Mrs. Gibson again very much for the tour. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed it.

NICOLA CURRIE

SQUASH REPORT

All members of the Squash Club have shown a keen interest in Squash this season. Only one external match was played during the second term. It was against the Old Girls, but, unfortunately, the matches were rather one-sided and the Old Girls won by 5 games to 0. It was a great help to our squash to play against different people and to learn new shots. We hope to arrange a match against Bishops later this year.

During the third term, when Mrs. van Zyl was on leave, we were coached by Mrs. Eckstein, a western Province champion and Old Girl and we benefited greatly by this.

The Inter-House Squash championships are still to be played. All the Houses have good players and there ought to be quite a struggle for the cup. The internal championships are in progress at the moment.

I should like to thank Mrs. van Zyl, Mrs. Ayres and Mrs. Eckstein for all the help and encouragement they have given us during the season and I should like to wish the club best of luck for next year.

HELEN HENDERSON, Upper V.
(Squash Captain).

PREPARATORY SCHOOL NOTES

PREPARATORY SCHOOL LIBRARY

This year there have been many books added to the shelves, both Fiction and Reference. Some have been given by girls and some were passed on from the Senior School Library by Miss Mulliner, for which we are grateful.

The work of covering and preparing books

for distribution has been carried out under the kind supervision of Mrs. Abernethy. This is a big task, and we thank her for giving so much time to help us.

There has been a different arrangement of the duties this year. Mrs. Brown is in control

of the distribution and replacement of books and each form now has a fixed Library day. Under Mrs. Brown there are Library Prefects who are trained to help. These Prefects are culled from Lower III and Upper II, and share the duties.

The Library is run as much as possible on the lines of the Public Libraries, and everything seems to be working smoothly.

Next year we hope to add a Record Library of Poetry, Plays and any other good records. These will be played to the pupils during Literature, Needlework and Art lessons.

L. G. MONTGOMERY.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL CHOIR

Last year was the first occasion on which the Preparatory School Choir took part in the school's annual Carol Service. Not only did we sing with the Seniors but also rendered some of the carols by ourselves. When selected carols were broadcast on Christmas morning, we were delighted to hear our solo items among those chosen. We hope we shall be able to combine with the Seniors again this year.

C. E. SWEET.

SPEECH AND DRAMA

The highlight of our activities during the past year was the production of a Nativity Play in the last term of 1966.

"The Light of a Star" was an unusual and exceptionally well-written play. It told the Christmas story in all its familiar beauty and simplicity, but introduced an arresting note of asstringency in the characters of "The Girl" and "The Boy" — two modern children who provided a running commentary and artistically satisfying climax.

Our thanks are due to Canon Hodson for allowing us to use the St. Saviour's Church Hall for our production; also to Mr. Hillier, the Secretary and Mr. Wileman, the Verger.

Costumes were designed by Mrs. Louw, and those of the principal characters were beautifully made by Mrs. Westoby. Mrs. Hagen and her daughter kindly came to our rescue by making the very numerous costumes for the Choir.

We have to thank Mrs. Mary Muller of the Senior School for the décor and Mr. Withers for all his invaluable practical help.

A special word of thanks and praise goes to Bishops. The school lent us their equipment and the boys were ingenious and painstaking in creating the lovely lighting effects.

The girls gave a very sincere, satisfying performance and the singing, under the direction of Miss Sweet, was all that one wished it to be.

Mrs. Roth, as always, organised and co-ordinated everybody's efforts and was her usual tower of strength to us all.

G. L. SAFFERY.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL PHYSICAL EDUCATION REPORT, 1967

We have been very active this year and with the completion of the hockey field in May, our curriculum became more varied. As well as playing more hockey the girls had an ideal surface for rounders and sprinting.

SWIMMING

All girls swam regularly and the teams trained together three times a week. There has been a noticeable improvement in the swimming times of other Junior Schools and towards the end of the season Herschel's extra training was showing pleasing results.

In the Inter-Schools' Gala held at Newlands, Herschel came fifth in the swimming and a very close third to Wynberg and Rustenburg in the diving.

Nearly every girl competed in the Inter-House Gala and after an exciting finish Merri-man gained a one-point win over Jagger, with Rolt in third place.

Swimming badges were awarded to team members who had trained particularly hard and who had been successful, namely, Barbara Parry (Captain), Jennifer Hearn and Gillian Austin.

TENNIS AND TENNISLETTE

All girls up to Standard Three enjoyed tennislette this year and several played in friendly matches. Two Singles Tournaments were held, Gillian Austin defeating Gillian Reay in Lower II and Susan Batho defeating Terry Lloyd-Roberts in Upper I.

The Tennis Teams were not very successful and won only one match in the Inter-Schools' Tournament. We must try to devote more time to doubles practice in the fourth term.

The couples representing the School were Fiona MacSymon (Captain), Perdita Newman Jocelyn Taylor and Sally Brimble.

NETBALL

Many girls had a chance to represent Herschel in friendly matches during the season. A highlight of this third term was a match against Standard Six which although it was lost, was well fought.

Neither of our teams qualified for the final of the Inter-Schools' Netball Tournament, held at Rustenburg. The larger schools seem to have an advantage here.

Great enthusiasm accompanied the Inter-House Netball Tournament in which two teams from each House competed. Rolt won the A and B sections.

I should like to thank Mr. Pulsford and Mr. Hau who very kindly presented new netball posts to the school.

HOCKEY

This game is now well established in the Preparatory School and is extremely popular. Several practice matches were played against the Seniors and these helped to prepare our team for the Inter-Schools' matches against Standard Six teams. Two matches were won, two were drawn and one match was lost.

Jagger were the jubilant winners of the Inter-House Hockey Tournament.

DEPORTMENT

The following girls were awarded Deportment Badges during the year: Clementine Robinson, Susan Brownlie, Susan Fuller, Hazel Kinlay, Robyn Howlett, Lynda Storch-Nielsen, Lynne Brailey, Fiona MacSymon, Janet Pettigrew, Fiona Ross, Bridget Twentyman-Jones and Terry Lloyd-Roberts.

K. M. QUARTERMAIN.
Games Mistress.

ORIGINAL WORK

WHY SOME CATS HAVE GOT STRIPES

Many years ago all cats were grey. This, however, doesn't mean that there was not any rivalry. Two of the greatest rivals were the Ladies Thomasina and Angelina. All the other cats followed one or other of these ladies, even though there were many petty quarrels among themselves.

Each side had an advantage. The Lady Thomasina was enormously wealthy and never hesitated to flout her wealth before the opposing party. However, Lady Angelina's side numbered among its ranks an amazingly clever cat, named Claude, the Clever.

Now the Lady Thomasina's latest acquisition was a beautiful tiger-skin fur coat. Of course Lady Angelina was very jealous, so she consulted Claude, the Clever.

"Mum - - -," he mused, "most difficult."

Presently, however, his face cleared and he clapped his little, furry paws. Then he whispered his plan into her Ladyship's delighted ear.

The result of this consultation was that a meeting was called of all the Angelinians. Her Ladyship made a speech, at the end of which, by common consent, she knighted Claude.

"And now," she concluded, "will all those who are willing to participate in our dear friend's," she indicated the smirking Claude,

"plan, please raise their tails and call out." At these words fifty tails were raised, and fifty cats, as one cat, emitted a blood-curdling screech.

"Very well then, will you all please step into line?"

Once more, as one cat, the cats obeyed. Sir Claude then set to work on each of the cats in turn, painting them in the most beautiful tiger-stripes. He then painted Lady Angelina, who, in turn, painted him.

"Well," she said, surveying her band with pride, "I defy anybody to tell the difference between this and real fur coats! Come on!"

The cats all marched down the street till they encountered the rival group. Lady Thomasina and her followers got such a fright, to think that Lady Angelina had enough money to buy real tiger-skin fur coats for her whole band, that they ran and ran, and when they reached the sea they had got up so much speed that they couldn't stop, and they ran straight onto a ship, and were taken to Japan.

This left their rivals heir to all their possessions, among which they found a box of pills for immortality. Therefore striped cats never die, and as Claude had overlooked paint-remover, they are striped to this day.

CATHERINE OXTOBY, Lower III

EMERGENCY

The passengers at Jan Smuts airport rustled their belongings, as the loudspeaker announced, "Passengers for flight 217 B.O.A.C. to Leopoldville at Exit 1. Thank you." The smiling stewardess checked their passes and then led the way to the huge aircraft. She stood at the cockpit door, ticking off the passengers. When they were safely inside, she signalled to the ground helpers, who wheeled away the steps, and she shut the door.

The aircraft started moving slowly towards the runway, then it gathered speed and raced along the tarmac. The passengers sat silent enjoying the exhilarating experience. The plane rose in the air and the passengers settled down to enjoy the trip. The first half of the journey was uneventful and almost monotonous.

Suddenly the loudspeaker crackled and the captain announced "Ladies and gentlemen, we have just run into a spot of bad weather, which we hope will not last long. Please fasten your seat-belts."

For the next hour the airplane pitched and tossed in the stormy sky, like a frail bird. The passengers sat silent, the dim light showing up their greyish-green faces. Then the captain announced, "We will have to attempt a crash landing. Prepare for impact." At this, the passengers buried their heads between their knees and one girl began to say her prayers. An old lady had hysterics, while her husband unsuccessfully tried to soothe her.

The plane zoomed down from the sky at a frightening angle, and the pressure was so great that it seemed almost unbearable. The

passengers' faces looked devoid of emotion. Suddenly there was a terrible splash, and they were jolted violently from their seats.

The passengers quickly recovered from the impact, and the stewardess opened up the emergency exit to show them a great expanse of water! Everybody donned life-jackets, and clambered out to drop into the cold water. Everybody was calm, as they surveyed the slowly sinking plane. The men helped the helpless people into their life-jackets, while the captain sent a radio-signal to Nairobi, informing them of the disastrous crash and of their position. Then he joined the other passengers in the water, just as the plane sank out of view.

An hour later, a seaplane came into view. It landed a mile away from them and came skimming up, churning the water into white foam in its wake. The passengers were quickly helped into the seaplane, which made three trips. An efficient young woman wrapped the exhausted passengers in blankets, and gave them flasks of hot coffee to drink.

They were flown to Stanleyville where kindly residents took charge of them for the night. The next morning, the amazing rescue occupied the headlines of many international newspapers, and the passengers discovered that they had landed on Lake Edward!

The next week, all the occupants of the plane were flown back to Johannesburg where they were the centre of publicity for a week. But never again did any of the victims of the crash venture on an airplane until they were sure that it had an abundance of petrol!

LISA STEINMUELLER, Lower III

THE HIGHWAYMAN CAME RIDING

The sun was setting on the horizon — it was a beautiful sunset, one which I shall not easily forget. My father, several of his friends and I, Peter, were on our way to Yorkshire. I leaned back in the comfortable seat of the carriage with satisfaction.

We were all weary after the day's journey, but it was not far to the village where we were to spend the night. All was silent, except the clip-clop of the horses' hooves on the cobbled highway, and the rushing of a nearby river.

Suddenly the peace was disturbed by a shout which echoed through the valley and we then heard the galloping of horses as they rushed along the highway towards us. They were highwaymen, wicked highwaymen, the characters I had often dreamt of, and they were going to rob and manhandle us. Little had I known that I would ever come into contact with these infamous characters. We all sat motionless in the carriage and the same thought repeated itself in our minds, the thought that it would be hopeless to try to escape.

The highwayman at the head of the gang ordered our horseman to halt the carriage and then told us to step out. We stood in a row

before the gang, with our hands up. The leader, a sinister-looking character, with a scar down his left cheek and a black mask over his eyes, dismounted and pointing his gun at us, said, "Hand over y' purses or die". At that my father and his friends threw their purses on to the ground.

Just then someone caught my eye. There, amongst that gang of rogues, sat Jack Curtis, a young man whom I had befriended in London. I had not expected Jack to be a highwayman — he had seemed an honest and respectable young fellow.

My thoughts were interrupted by the highwayman's harsh voice. "Com'n boy, where's the money? Hand it over, now." I tried to tell him that I had no money, but he would not listen. "Hand over y' money or I'll kill y'," he shouted, shaking me roughly.

Suddenly Jack Curtis, the young man who had astonished me so, jumped down from his horse and pointed his gun at the wicked highwayman's broad back. Before the leader could do anything Jack fired and soon the villain was stretched out on the ground, dead. At that, the rest of the gang fled, for without their leader they were helpless. They scattered in all directions and were never seen again.

Then we all turned to the dead highwayman and Jack spoke. "I hate killin'," he said slowly "but this one was well rid of. It's Richard Hardy, the infamous an' feared highwayman, y' know. Give me a hand with 'is body, will y' We'll throw it in the river."

We obeyed and I then said, "But Jack, what were you doing . . . ?" "I know, I know," he interrupted me, "I was goin' to explain all that, Peter. First pick up y' purses an' then we'll all sit in the carriage an' I'll explain." We made ourselves comfortable and then Jack began, "After my parents' death, I was left wi' no money, no relations, nothin'. So I made my way to London t' seek my fortune, but on the way I was held up by Richard Hardy an' his highwaymen. They told me t' hand over money and when they found I ha' none they ordered me t' become one o' their gang or die. So y' see, I ha' no option an' ever since I've been a highwayman. Today, when I saw Hardy was jus' 'bout t' kill young Peter, I acted mighty quick and . . . well, luck was on my side."

On hearing Jack's story, we continued our journey to the village, Jack following on his horse. I shall never forget that terrible experience, how I was at death's door and how, at the last moment, my life had been saved by a highwayman himself.

HILARY BROWN, Lower III

I WISHED TO BE TALL

I am a pine tree and I live in the middle of a large forest. I had always wished to be tall and the other trees would laugh at me when I tried to open my branches and look bigger.

On the 21st December the snow lay deep on the ground and I knew people would come and chop trees down for Christmas. The people came and soon most of the trees were cut down. Then they walked up to me, I felt very proud until I heard one man say, "This tree is too small to cut down" and they walked on. I was very sad.

The day before Christmas two children came up to me and the little boy said, "Let's not chop this little tree down, let's dig the roots out and plant it in our garden. I felt very pleased when I heard the girl say, "We can hang a tray up and put seed and water out for the birds."

When they had finished they carried me to a little garden and they planted me and hung up a tray with seed and water on it. The birds came and they had lots of fun and I was very happy. When I told them how I wanted to be tall they just smiled and now, of course, they all laugh at me every time I even try to look tall.

JENNIFER HEARN, Upper II

BIRD SONGS

Now that Spring is here we start to notice the birds and hear their songs. When I wake up in the morning I hear the *Piet-My-Vrou*. This is a peculiar bird because in the early spring it cannot give its proper call, but later in Mid summer this call is wonderful.

Sometimes when I listen to the doves softly cooing I hear the birds whistling to each other. This usually happens when the male bird whistles to its mate and the mate answers back. You can also hear the Yellow Weaver chirping in the trees.

One afternoon I went to an aviary to see the birds. Sitting on a branch was a Nightingale singing softly and sweetly. There are many other birds such as the Bokmekerie and the Parrot. I think the best bird is the Nightingale.

L. BRAILEY, Upper II

MY RABBIT

My rabbit has a little white nose,
And four pairs of bright pink toes.
He has a pure white cotton tail,
Which fluffs and puffs up in a gale.
He has two long ears which he twitches
When he thinks of dragons or witches
He hops around his roomy cage
Whenever he's in a frightful rage.

C. MURRAY, Upper II

THE BLACK PIRATE

The night was dark and stormy, the wind rattled the window panes and the doors banged. Florence shuddered and pulled the bed clothes over her head as the lightning flashed. The boat rolled, fairly dancing a jig, thought

Florence. She went to sleep again in a few minutes.

The dawn had broken and Florence was up and putting on the lovely pink, full-skirted dress. Just as she had finished her father burst into the room. "Quick, Florence," he cried, "The Spanish Fleet. WAR!" He could hardly get the words out; he loved Florence, and he could not bear to break the bad news.

Boom!, a cannon ball shot and missed by a yard. Florence screamed and hid in a cupboard.

Boom! another was fired and this time went right through the frail wooden walls where Florence was hiding. Alas, it struck her on the head and she fell to the floor, dead. Her Father mourned and named the Spanish pirate, "The Black Pirate".

J. PALEY, Lower II.

GUY FAWKES NIGHT

"Bang! Bang! woosh!" I woke up with a jump. What was that? Then I remembered. Of course, it was Guy Fawkes night and I had been resting, and fallen asleep.

I jumped off my bed, put my shoes and jersey on and raced outside. Daddy was letting off the bangs and rockets. The bonfire was burning merrily and the Guy was burning too. The Guy was big and he had a shirt and long pants on.

I had a packet of sparklers and I used four of them. The fireworks were lovely and when they were finished I was not at all tired because I had fallen asleep that afternoon, so I stayed up a little while later than usual.

GILLIAN AUSTIN, Lower II

ADVENTURE IN THE NIGHT

It was midnight. Jack crept out of bed and shook his brother. "Bob! Bob!" he whispered. "Wake up! there's someone at the window!" Bob heaved himself and gave a little groan. "You're imagining things", he said. But just then a rattle at the window and a muffled cry was heard. In a minute he had sprung out of bed. He tiptoed to the window and was surprised to find a little fairy stuck on the vine that reached up to his room. "Help me, please help me, Bob!" she pleaded, half sobbing. "The hobgoblin has stolen my wand and I'm useless without it". Gently Jack freed the poor fairy. The fairy produced a tiny box of flying belts.

"My name is Gay," she told them putting on a belt. "Put on a belt and come with me and we will soon catch the nasty brute".

Soon they were flying in the dark night. Bob was thrilled. He had never flown before and he pretended he was superboy. Soon they came to a hollow oak tree. They landed and Bob's big foot trod on something. He lifted it up only to find a little hobgoblin wriggling and squirming. "The hobgoblin!" cried Gay flying up to Bob who was a giant beside her. "Tell

me where Gay's wand is", thundered Bob, enjoying everything thoroughly. The hobgoblin trembled, "It's in m-my p-p-pocket," he stammered, Gay put her tiny hand into the hobgoblin's pocket. Then she whispered something waved her wand and immediately the hobgoblin disappeared. "He's gone forever!" sighed Gay happily. And suddenly Bob and Jack found themselves back in their beds.

The next morning they woke up and under each of their pillows was a flying belt with a note saying, "For two good boys with love, Gay."

SUSAN STEINMUELLER, Lower II

WE THREE CAVE MEN

We three cave men
Look at the stars,
We three cave men
Worship Mars.

We three cave men
Like our home,
We three cave men
Haven't a comb.

We three cave men
Are in a good mood
We three cave men
Love our food.

We three cave men
Feel very grand,
We three cave men
Play in the sand.

We three cave men
Don't go to school,
We three cave men
Swim in the pool.

We three cave men
Haven't a pen,
We three cave men
Can count up to ten.

We three cave men
Use our drum,
We three cave men
Like to hum.

We three cave men
Don't wear a shoe,
We three cave men
Get meat to chew.

ELIZABETH WILSON, Upper I

CLOUDS

Clouds which have the strangest shapes,
Chase around the sky and Capes.
Sometimes above I see a fountain,
Sometimes even a great big mountain.

Horses, dragons,
Carts and wagons,
Drifting in a pearly sky.

MORAG CURRIE, Upper I

WATER

Shona desired to write an essay on "Water" when she saw her sister doing so.

Water is transparent likewid that runs in rivers, streams and in dams like the Steenbras dam and other dams and lakes.

Hale is lsted water and so is snow and frost. We would not have water if we did not have rane and also we code not live very long if we had no water. We wood be very derty if there was no water to bath with. It is wonderfull what water can do; mist and fog. They are also water but is called water-vaper. Water looks so nice in a waterfall and in lakes where it shins and sparkles in the sun.

There would be no fish on the earth if not for water. I am glad that there is water to swim in and drink—An't you?

SHONA MILTON (aged 9), Upper I.

THINGS I LOVE

I love the sky
So bright and high,
Scents of cosmetics,
Speed of athletics.

I love noisy streams
With their twinkling bright green beams,
I love cutlery clattering,
And the sound of monkeys chattering.

I love soft feathers
And the hills of purple beathers.
I love all the rivers
With their dazzling shiny silvers.

I love the spring
When church bells ring,
But most of all, Herschel girls
I love them more than pearls.

F. ROSS, Upper I

A DREAM

One cold wintery night, I lay in bed, listening to the roaring thunder and thinking of the clouds hovering over my room. I could hear the pelting of the rain too.

Then I heard a tinkling, a very soft tinkling sound that was very near. I jumped out of my bed and on the windowsill was a light in the misty night. It said to me "I am a fairy and I have come to take you to my land." There was silence in the dark night.

Nothing could be heard except the tapping of the rain on my window.

Before I could answer, I was whirling through the sky and dodging through the stars. I felt a bump and I was in fairy-land. It was a beautiful place with flowers all round me. I ran to the first shop I saw. I opened the door and I saw a musty old counter with a rather mean man behind it and he had twisty eyebrows. I suddenly felt jittery but I plucked up my courage and asked for some sweets. I tasted one. At once I was in the sunshine again. I suddenly felt myself shrinking, and lo, and behold I was a fairy. I flew everywhere,

(showing off, I suppose). I suddenly saw in front of me a bed, and I lay down on it. I must have overslept because when I woke up I was in my own room, and mother was saying, "Hurry up, you must have overslept."

CAMILLA WHITE, Upper I

THE ADVENTURES HORSE

Long ago there lived a big white horse. He romed the country in surch for mares. The big horse broke through a fence, and there in a field he saw another band of mares. The two stallions vied and began to strike at each other with their hoofs. In the end the white stallion won, and took the mares.

MARGARET ADAM, Lower I

THE MAGICAL WOOD

Near Brownie-Town there was a lonely dark spooky wood, in this wood there was a witch. This wood was a magical wood, and if you stepped into to the wood you fell down a hole. One day on Saturday, a little fairy went for a picnic in the wood. When she stepped out of the coach that was pulled by the mouse, she fell in to a hole. In the hole there was a witch. The witch laghed and said, another little fairy to eat, I am getting fat and rich, I'm going to eat you. Oh no! said the fairy, her name was Susan. Oh yes I am she said, don't boss me around. Now come along to the kitchen. Mean while the little brownies cried and cried. What shall we do? asked one of the brownies. I've got an idea said one of them I'll go to the wood and fetch her. But you will get caught. I know away to get out again he said. So off he went. He stood on the ground and down he went.

When he got down he saw the fairy. Come up before the witch sees you, quickly so up they went. When they reached the top their mouse was waiting for them. Oh how are you mousey? When they got to Brownie - Town every one was happy again. Then they all had a great feast and lived happily ever after.

JENNIFER PARK, Lower I

THE NAUGHTY GIRL

One day a naughty girl's Mother and Father had a party. The name of the naughty girl was Paddy. That night Paddy could not sleep because the guests were chatting so loudly Paddy thought why should I stay here when I can't even go to sleep? So she crept out of bed and put a coat on and when Paddy crept down the stairs she almost got caught by the maid. Down the road She went and akros the street and up the side-walk until she came to the house where the people say its haunted. As she went into the house the door slammed and scellinens and ghosts came running at her and as they were going to bouns on her she woke up and she was amayed to see no ghosts around her. That dream tote her never to be naughty again.

AMY STEINMUELLER, Lower I

THE LITTLE NATIVE GIRL

One day there was a little native girl, and she had a brother and a Father and Mother. One day when she was playing in the sand near the sea, she saw a ship come to the village. One of the men came up to her and said, here is a doll for you. He brought a lovely doll that had a long blue silk dress on, and beaiful bright red shoes on. Then Nory went to show her Mother and Father. Mother said, where did you get it? So Nory said, I got it from one of the men of the ship. Then she went too play with her new doll from the man in the sand.

DIAANE DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, Lower I

DIE LANG DROOGTE

Maande lank was dit baie droog en ons piasse het daaronder gely. Dit het baie skade aangerig.

Dit was Vrydag en die son het soos 'n boesuur aan die hemel gebrand. Die songloed was baie warm en dit was 'n snikhete dag. Vader het gesê dat ons nie kon bad nie, want daar was te min water. Sweetdruppels het op my voorkop gepepel. Die weer was maande lank droog en warm en ons skape en koeie het begin maer word. Dit was nie lekker om te sien nie.

Al die damme en spruite was leeg en ons het tot God gebed om uitkoma. Meer as twintig van ons skape het gesterwe en die diere het na water gesmag. Daar was nie gras en blomme in die tuin nie, maar droë Karooosse, die kaalveld en dorre, gebarste aarde.

Die koeie se oë was ingevalle en smekend en ons kon net die hêrende skape hoor. Die son het alles verskroei en verskrompel en dit was 'n drukkende tyd. Die weer was bedompig en die huis het soos 'n bakoond gevoel.

Die droogte het tien maande lenke geduur, maar na die lang droogte, het ons 'n groot donderstorm gehad en was baie bly.

CHRISTINE REID, Lower III

GELUK

Toe hy die leeu sien kom, het hy gebuk, maar die leeu het gesprong en hom gegryp. Daarna het die leeu die man na sy lê-plek gedra.

Hierdie man, Dirk, was nie dood nie, ook nie dom nie en terwyl die leeu hom verder gesleep het, het die man sy doek stadig en stiltejies gegryp. Skielik het hy dit in die leeu se hart gestee en die leeu het op die grond geval.

Toe het Dirk in 'n boom geklim en sy lyfband om die boom en sy maag vasgebind sodat hy nie sal doodbloei en die diere hom nie sal opeet nie.

Die volgende dag het hy in die verte sy vriende en die boswagter gesien. Toe het hulle Dirk op 'n draagbaar gelê en na die dokter in Mnlia gebring. 'n Paar dae later het hy gesond geword en alles was reg.

FIONA MACSYMON, Lower III

DIE ONTDEKING VAN TOET-ENK-AMEN SE GRAF

"Wat sien jy?" het mnr. Carnarvon vir sy vennoot gevra. "Ek sien wonderlike dinge," het mnr. Howard Carter geantwoord. Hierdie twee mense het die graf van Toet-enk-Amen ontdek. Die graf is in die Vallei van die konings in Egipte.

Daar is baie kamers met baie wonders van goud; goue standbeelde, klere, kos, skatte en baie ander dinge. Daar is drie doodsiste oor die mummie van Toet-enk-Amen. Die eerste was van hout, oorgeblaas met 'n lagie goud. Die tweede is van goud, een duim dik, en die derde is ook van goud en hout.

Die mummie is oordek met skatte. Op sy kop is daar 'n goue masker met klein blommetjies. Dit was 'n groot ontdekking en ons kan die dinge in die Kaïro museum in Egipte sien.

KATHLEEN CARADOC-DAVIES, Upper II.

DIE SOMERVAKANSIE IN DARLING

Gedurende die somervakansie het ons na Darling toe gegaan. Ons het per bus gery en uit die vensters na die blomme gekyk. Dit was wonderlik om te sien hoe die voëltjies en konyne in die pragtige blomme speel.

Toe ons by die hotel gekom het, het Moeder gesê dat ons 'n picknik uit in die veld sou hê. Toe die mandjie gepak was, het ons na die veld gestap.

Om in die veld te speel en eet, was vir my baie mooi. Ek het baie soorte blomme daar gesien en Moeder het 'n paar gepluk. Ons het daar gespeel en ek het in die blomme weggekrul en my twee broers moes my vind, maar hulle kon nie.

Omtrent vyf-uur het ons weer na die hotel gestap en aandete gehad. Toe ek klaar was, het ek gaan bad en daarna bed toe gegaan. Ek het lekker geslaap en omtrent nege-uur het ek wakker geword.

Die man in die hotel het gesê dat al die mense wat hier kom kuier na buite moet gaan omdat die bus daar wag. Ons het gou ons reissakke in die bus gepak en toe het ons weer huis toe gegaan.

VICTORIA HAU, Upper II

SEBRAS

'n Sebra is swart en wit. Hulle het lang swart strepe. Die sebras eet gras, blare, geelwortels en appels. Hulle lyk soos 'n perd, maar hulle het strepe en 'n perd het nie strepe nie. Die sebra se mane is kort en die perd se mane is lank.

Die leeu hou baie van die vleis van die sebra en vang hulle by die duisende. Die luiperd, die rooikat en die jakkals eet ook die vleis van die sebra.

Die sebra is baie bedees, maar hulle kan hard skop enbyt. Dieretuine vang sebras, sodat die mense hulle kan sien. Mense vang hulle vir die leeu om in die dieretuin te eet.

Mense skiet sebras vir matte, omdat hulle so mooi is. Ons is baie gelukkig om sebras in die wêreld te hê.

SUSAN BROWNLIE, Lower II

MY HOND

Ek het 'n koffie-hond en haar naam is Lassie. Lassie is wit en tofflekleur. Sy is baie slim. Lassie is ook 'n goeie wag hond. In die môre eet Lassie twee eiers, brood en melk. Sy eet die oorblyfsels van ons middagete en in die aand eet sy vleis, hondekos en melk.

Elke dag loop ons twee in die veld en as ons huis toe kom, gee ek vir Lassie water in 'n bord. Sy kan sit, wag en alles doen. Lassie sal Saterdag babas hê en ek is baie opgewonde.

Ek moet Lassie goed ondersoek. In die nag slaap sy op my bed en in die môre gaan sy in die tuin. Lassie het ook 'n mandjie as sy nie op my bed wil slaap nie. As dit warm is, slaap sy in haar mandjie.

SUSAN HAWKINS, Lower II

PLAS, DIE REENDRUPPEL

Plas is 'n reëndruppel en hy woon in die berge. Eendag het die reën gekom en Plas val af van die berge en rol ver na die rivier.

Hy hui want die dorings steek hom en hy kan die berge nie sien nie. 'n Bietjie later het die reënprinses gekom en vir Plas gehelp.

Sy vlieg met hom tot by die berge. Plas sê "Dankie Reënprinses, o dankie, dankie!"

LUCINDA DE VILLIERS, Upper I

DIE TWEE VOËLS

Eendag was daar 'n voël. Haar naam was Tinkie. Sy was 'n mooi voël, en sy het 'n man. Sy naam was Rooi. Hy was nie so mooi nie.

Eendag het Tinkie drie babas gekry. Sy het wurms vir haar babas gekry. Een more het sy rond en rond gevlieg met 'n wurm in haar bek. Die klein voëls het probeer om te vlieg maar hulle kon nie.

Toe die klein voëls kon vlieg, vlieg hulle weg. Nou is almal dood.

PENELOPE MORRELL, Upper I

DIE DWERGIE

In die bos sien ek 'n dwergie. Die dwergie sê kom en eet vanaand by my, daar is brood en melk. Ek stap met die dwergie. Die dwergie gaan stap na die bos.

Ek eet die brood en drink die melk met die dwergie.

M. MESSARIS, Lower I

DIE HOND

Eendag sien ek 'n hond. Die hond blaf en sy blaf. Ek lag en ek lag vir die hond. Ek gee die hond 'n been. Die hond eet die been so gou. Die hond is bruin en wit. Sy behoort aan Juffrou van-Heerden.

DIANNE RHODES-HARRISON, Lower I

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

COMMITTEE, 1967

President: Mrs Kittow

Chairman: Adele Fouché (Jooste) (71-5374)

Hon. Secretary: Anne Russell (Kipps) (69-1769)

Hon. Treasurer: Ruth Withiel (71-6341)

Magazine Editor: Adele Fouché (Jooste)

Games Secretaries: Alison Boyes (77-7357) Jill Eckstein (Phillip) (65-2293)

CIRCLE SECRETARIES

Group 1

A-G—Fancila Douglas, Haughley, Chippenham Road, Kenilworth, Cape (77-4631).

H—Nicolette Knight (De Villiers), Hawthorns, Mains Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (77-7860).

Group 2

I, J & K—Nicolette Knight (De Villiers), Hawthorns, Mains Avenue, Kenilworth Cape (77-7860).

L & M—Ruth Withiel, 1, Jayreen Court, Mains Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (71-6341).

N—Adele Fouché (Jooste), 23, Lovers Walk, Kenilworth, Cape (71-5374).

O, P & Q—Maureen McLennan (Bourke), 20, Silwood Road, Rondebosch, Cape (6-4142).

Group 3

R & S—Reve Reilly, Pleasant Acre, Milner Road, Rondebosch, Cape (6-2465).

T & U—Anita Gilmour (Lockwood), Anmour, 6, Wraybury Close, Newlands, Cape (69-1732).

Group 4

V—Anita Gilmour (Lockwood), Anmour, 6, Wraybury Close, Newlands, Cape (69-1732).

W & X—Anne Russell (Kipps), Akkerdak, Apple Lane, off Palmboom Road, Newlands, Cape (69-1769).

Y—Paddy Howes (Goble), Paddyfields, Roderick Way off Ladies' Mile Ext., Constantia, Cape (77-8493).

Z—Jennifer Wynne (Brimble), 21, Monte Vino, Rosmead Ave., Kenilworth, Cape.

Group 5

AA & BB—Anne Steens, 3, Devon Close, Rouwkoop Avenue, Rondebosch, Cape (65-1096).

CC—Jill Eckstein (Phillip) B204 Devonshire Hill, Grotto Road, Rondebosch, Cape (65-2293).

DD—Pam Dyke-Poynter, Long Cottage, Newlands Avenue, Newlands, Cape (6-2035).

EE—Angela Gilbert, The Linny, Carbrook Avenue, Claremont, Cape (77-3555).

FF—Gail Kinlay, Kylemore, Aberdeen Road, Rondebosch, Cape (6-6735).

LONDON COMMITTEE

Miss C. McLean, 8 Amber Cottages, Coleshill, near Amersham, Bucks (Telephone Amersham 3361); in London during the week: Y.W.C.A. Headquarters, 2, Weymouth Street, London, W.1. (Phone: 01-636-8922).

Mrs. E. MacPherson (Nicolette van der Bijl), 14, Phillimore Place, Kensington, London, W.8. (Phone: WEStern 4433).

Mrs. D. Yassukovich (Diana Townsend), 74, Oakwood Court, Kensington, London W.4. (Phone: WEStern 2669).

Mrs. G. van den Berg (Jean Stoddart), 2, Knighton Close, South Croydon, Surrey. (Phone: Bywood 4302).

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

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

Miss Fiona Noble, Alexandra Club, 13, Lloyd Square, London, W.C.1.

Mrs. H. Wells (Heather Kelly), 22 Maunsel Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

LONDON MEETING OF OLD HERSCHELIANS AT THE GUIDE CLUB, 46, BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.1. ON TUESDAY, 9TH MAY, 1967

A letter from Miss McLean:

"The day once again was a glorious sunny one and again we had a most enjoyable gathering at the Guide Club, where we were welcomed as always.

During the afternoon and evening we welcomed some 50 Old Herschelians, we had received letters from another 40, who were unable to come, and there were 38 from whom we received no reply; perhaps we had incorrect addresses, so please let us know if you have moved.

All of the Committee were there to welcome the others except Diana Yassukovich (Townsend), who was prevented from coming by her newest baby. We were so glad to have Mrs. Payne (Miss Elcome) and Fenella Douglas with us again this year and the number of earlier Old Girls was remarkable, including Margaret Regnier (Geber), who came from Belgium, Joyce Windle (Abbott), Moira Abbott (Black) with Lucinda Abbott; how nice to have families with us. I should like to mention so many more but I will just list them at the end of this account and say how much we look forward to meeting them again next year.

Our meeting followed the usual pattern of tea about 4 p.m., with sherry later on, and supper for Staff afterwards, and conversation flowed freely all the time and I think we were all loathe to break up the Meeting.

We agreed that it would be wise to change the Officers of the Committee every three years and as this time has come since the first Committee was formed, we made the change now; it was also agreed that it would be simpler to combine the office of Secretary and Treasurer as the latter's work was so closely associated with the former's. The Meeting expressed great appreciation for the work done by Diana Yassukovich, (Townsend) as Treasurer, and by Nicolette MacPherson (van der Bijl) as Secretary. The setting up of the filing system and careful card indexing, with Minutes of all the Meetings, has made for a firm foundation for this London group and we are all most grateful to Nicolette for all she has done.

Claire Russell has now taken over the two offices for the coming three years, so do please contact her if you are here or want news of anyone.

Fiona Noble joined the Committee, as representing the younger Old Girls and those who "come and go", and Heather Wells (Kelly), now living in London, has filled the place of Felicity Todd (Thorne), who no longer lives in London.

We have once again enjoyed our meetings, with suppers, to arrange the annual gathering and very much appreciated the Committee's continued hospitality".

Present at the Meeting:

Mrs. Payne (Miss Elcome).

The Committee:

Pauline Brodie (Thorne), Stephanie Hoppen (Shub), Nicolette MacPherson (van der Bijl), Fiona Noble, Claire Russell, Jean van den Berg (Stoddart), Heather Wells (Kelly).

Staff:

Miss Bailey, Mrs. Turner (Botha-Reid), Mrs. Whitaker (Burder), Miss Millward, Mrs. Stobie.

Joyce Windle (Abbott), Lucinda Abbott, Myrtle Robertson (Arbuthnot), Carol Baker, Moira Abbott (Black), Diana Burns (Dicey), Fenella Douglas, Roné Finch, Marguerite Fischer, Margaret Garlick, Margaret Regnier (Geber), Lorna Harris, Patricia Hill, Peg Furlonge (Hill), Auriel Jackson (Hollebone), Sonia Bouvier (Hollebone), Pauline Laws (Holt White), Shona Jackson, Susan Kennedy, Astrid Landsberg, Gail Lomborg, Della Lloyd, Margaret Howlett (Lord), Susan MacGregor, Beatrice Elliott (McLachlan), Diane Marshall, Shirley Marx, Anne Turnbull (Montgomery), Myfanwy James (Parry), Joan Rylands (Payne), Elizabeth Robertson, Phoebe Woollam (Scrivenor), Joanna Smith, Betty Collings (Starck), Jennifer Thal, Mary Blount (van der Bijl), Pauline Vogelpoel, Philippa Ward.

Accepted but were prevented from coming:

Caroline Arbuthnot, Felicity Corbin (Gill), Susan Macfarlane (Sly), Jean Withers (Sprott), Diana Yassukovich (Townsend).

LONDON BRANCH OF THE OLD HERSCHELIAN'S ASSOCIATION

Receipts and Payments for the year ending 30th June, 1967.

Receipts		Payments	
Subscriptions:			£ s. d.
Life	5 5 0	Annual Gathering Nett	4 11 6
Annual	1 2 6	Stamps and Stationery	2 4 1
Old Herschelians,		In Hand	18 12 9
Cape Town	15 0 0		
In hand at 30th June 1966	4 0 10		
	125 8 4		125 8 4

MINUTES OF THE 41ST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD ON SATURDAY,
25TH FEBRUARY, 1967, IN THE LIBRARY AT HERSCHEL SCHOOL,
CLAREMONT

Present:

Mrs. Kittow, Ann Jolly, M. Ward-Able, Jean Steyn, Elizabeth Coward, Sheila Henderson, Jean Withers, Sheila Bales, Maureen McLennan, Amanda Waring, Di Catell, Jill Eckstein, Viki Cronwright, Alison Gow, Mrs. Withers, Di Austin, Lynne Watson, A. Versveld, Diana Reed, H. Harsant, M. Himing, C. Payne, H. Brownell, L. Blackman, A. Payne, Jean Henderson, Sandy Strong, Joan Waring, R. Bennett, V. Pierce-Jones, Josephine Dean, Pam Dyke Poynter, Angela Gilbert, Pauline Pringle, Alison Boyes, Fenella Douglas, Nancy Morris, Shen Attwell, Dawn Minty, Bobby Mantell, Lavinia Ellis, Brenda-Lynne Hoffman, Jenny Wynne, M. Muller, Susan McGregor, Caroline Kingdon, Rosemary de Waal, B. Silberbauer, V. M. Scott Shaw, Pauline Vogelpoel, Anita Gilmour, Revel Reilly, Ruth Withiel, Adele Fouché, Anne Russell.

Welcome:

The Chairman welcomed the new members and thanked Mrs. Kittow for allowing us to come to the school and giving us lunch. *R. Reilly* standing in for *Nicky Knight* as Chairman. *Nicky* sent best wishes but could not be present as she was overseas.

Apologies:

There were many apologies and they were not read out.

Minutes:

The minutes of the 40th Annual General Meeting were printed in the magazine. The adoption of the minutes was proposed by *Fenella Douglas* and seconded by *Rosemary de Waal*. The minutes were signed by the acting Chairman.

Election of Chairman:

Nicky Knight will not be able to continue as Chairman. Nominations were called for. *Anne Russell* nominated *Adele Fouché*. *Ruth Withiel* seconded this nomination. *Adele* kindly agreed to become Chairman.

Treasurer: *Anne Steens* had been the treasurer for the past year but would like to resign. At the last Committee meeting *Ruth Withiel* had kindly agreed to take over the finances again. She was thanked by the Chairman.

Secretary: During the year *Anne Russell* took over from *Revel Reilly*.

Circle FF: The Chairman welcomed the new member from this Circle and asked for nominations for a Circle secretary. *Alison Gow* was proposed and agreed to act as circle secretary.

Circle CC: *Ann Alexander* will be attending Stellenbosch University this year and *Jill Eckstein* has agreed to take over this Circle.

Executive Committee:

At the last Committee meeting it was agreed that an executive should be formed from the general committee, which was becoming too unwieldy. This executive would be responsible for the administrative, financial and business side of the Association. The Chairman would be empowered to call meetings of the Executive and the Secretary would arrange meetings of the full committee when necessary. Five members were elected to the Executive by the Committee of Circle Secretaries, namely: the three office bearers, *Anita Gilmour* and *Angela Gilbert*.

Finance:

Owing to unforeseen circumstances the financial statement was not included in the Magazine. *Ruth Withiel* had tried to create order out of chaos at very short notice and read out the following:

Subscriptions received 1966	—	—	R143-40
Paid out, magazines, etc	—	—	R257-52

So we will have to take out the R100-00 which we put into the Credit Corporation last year to pay this year's expenses. Mrs. de Waal proposed that this money be withdrawn. *Susan McGregor* seconded. A full balance sheet would be included in the next Magazine. In the Standard Bank we have R59-22. In the Good Hope Savings Bank R82-81 and R200-00 in the Credit Corporation. After removing the R100-00, *Susan McGregor* proposed and *Revel Reilly* seconded that the Chairman, the Treasurer and *Anita Gilmour* be signing powers.

Games Secretaries' Report:

A hockey match was played against the School and a squash match against St. Cyprians Old Girls. *Anson Boyes* and *Jill Eckstein* agreed to act as Games Secretaries for the next year.

Shen Attwell suggested that an Old Girls hockey team be formed which could join the local league and play regularly. It was agreed that this was an excellent idea and that the games secretaries should go into this matter so that the team could be submitted for league next season.

Honorary Staff Presentation:

Mrs. Silberbauer was presented with a book taken from the O.H.A. in appreciation of everything she did for the school.

Old Girl's Prize:

The prize for 1966 was won by *Beverley Moore*. Congratulations to her.

London Committee:

Miss McLean and the Committee of the London Branch sent their good wishes for Old Girls' Day. The London gathering took place on Tuesday, 9th May, from 4-7 p.m. at the

Guide Club. Any Old Girls going over to England should get in touch with a Committee member if they wish to attend this year's meeting. *Heather Wells (Kelly)* and *Fiona Noble* are new members of the London Committee. They would like to have a R50.00 float to work with. If they get subscriptions in they will keep them and notify us and then we will not have to send them the full amount.

Miss McLean's Visit:

Miss McLean arrived in South Africa today and would be coming to Cape Town. It was felt that we should arrange a sherry party for her. *Mrs. de Waal* kindly offered to ask her mother (*Mrs. Robb*) if we could use her house for the gathering. Invitations would be sent out by the Committee and the costs would come out of funds.

Talk:

Pauline Vogelpoel, Organising Secretary of the Contemporary Arts Society in London, gave us an interesting account of her work and recent trips abroad.

Any Other Business:

Mrs. Kittow suggested that (1) we should consider having a President chosen from among the Old Girls.

(2) That perhaps branches of the O.H.A. could be formed in Johannesburg and Salisbury.

(3) That the O.H.A. might like to do something definite for the school.

(4) That the Executive should meet the school leavers and explain the workings of an Old Girls' Association.

Herschel's 50th Birthday:

There are still some years to go, but *Mrs. Kittow* would like the O.H.A. to collect information on prominent Old Girls in a sort of archives, as something must be produced along these lines for the 50th Birthday.

Thanks:

Susan McGregor thanked *Mrs. Kittow* for having the Old Girls to lunch and to the Meeting. *Adele Fouché* thanked *Mrs. Withers* for all she does for the Old Girls' Association.

There being no other business the meeting was adjourned at 3.25 p.m.

OLD HERSCHELIAN ASSOCIATION

Receipts and Payments for the period 21st February to 18th September, 1967.

	R	R		R
Receipts			Payments	
Membership Subscriptions:			School Magazine	257-40
Annual	18-25		Honours Board	4-65
Life	159-75		Scrap Book	8-00
		178-00	Printing, Stationery and Stamps	21-85
Interest—Credit Corporation of South Africa Limited		18-11	Bank Charges	1-87
EXCESS OF PAYMENTS OVER RECEIPTS	26-23		Presentation	20-00
Add: Investment withdrawn (including accrued interest)	91-43			
		117-66		
		R313-77		R313-77
			R	
			Standard Bank of S.A. Ltd. (Current Account)	
			Balance at 18th September, 1965	32-99
			Credit Corporation of S.A. Ltd.	300-00
				R332-99

I have to report that I have prepared the above statements from the books and information supplied and that to the best of my knowledge and belief they are a true record.

404, Pier House, Cape Town.
28th September, 1967.

J. MURRAY WILSON,
C.A. (S.A.): A.C.A.

NEWS OF OLD HERSCHELIANS

ENGAGEMENTS

Attwell-Brockwell. In March, 1967, Shenton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. I. G. Attwell of Betty's Bay, formerly of Lusaka, to Derek, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Brockwell of Lusaka, Zambia.

Barrett-Edwards. In February, 1967, Priscilla, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Barrett of Rondebosch, to Peter, son of Mrs. G. Glazewski, of Durbanville, and the late Mr. L. P. Edwards.

Brauer-Houba. Leslie, daughter of Dr. K. Brauer of Constantia, to Jara, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Houba of Cape Town.

Bryant-Thompson. In September, 1967, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bryant, of Constantia, to Anthony James, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thompson, of Kenilworth.

Dowie Dunn-Botts. Jean, daughter of Mrs. B. Dowie Dunn, of Wynberg, and the late Mr. D. Dowie Dunn, to John Chester, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Botts, of New York.

Faull-Wilkinson. Alicia, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. Faull, of Rondebosch, to John Kenneth, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. K. F. D. Wilkinson, of Rondebosch.

Fauville-Amm. In April, 1967, Claire, daughter of Mrs. U. Fauville, of Constantia, to Bernard, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Amm, of Alpha Estate, Ladybrand.

Georgeu-Struck van Schyndel. In September, 1967, Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Georgeu, of Newlands, to Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. J. Struck van Schyndel, of Sandhurst, Johannesburg.

Halls-Chorlton. Felicity, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. S. V. Halls, of Parel Vallei, Somerset West, to Cecil, only son of Mrs. Chorlton, and the late Mr. J. T. Chorlton, M.C., of Kingswood, Parel Vallei Road, Somerset West.

Nitoslawski-Romocki. In September, 1967, Janina Vanora, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Nitoslawski, of Newlands, to Jillian, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Romocki, of Kalisz, Poland.

Kipps-Hennessy. In December, 1966, Deborah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Kipps, of Rondebosch, to Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hennessy, of Rondebosch.

Seymour-Hodge. In December, 1966, Diana, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Seymour, of Rondebosch, to Christopher Hodge, of Rondebosch.

Silberbauer-Albertyn. In September, 1967, Ann, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Silberbauer, of Constantia, to Pieter, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Albertyn, of "Zeekoevlei", Bredasdorp.

Vertue-Bennett. In July, 1967, Marion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Vertue, of Newlands, to Christopher, son of Mr. H. W. Bennett and Dr. M. B. Bennett, of Camps Bay.

Walker-Huisamen. Heather, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Walker of Vryburg, to Leon

son of Mrs. M. S. Wyness of Bellville, and the late Mr. J. C. Huisamen.

Wood-Van Zyl. In January, 1967, Carolyn, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Wood, of Kenilworth, to Gerhard, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. van Zyl of Constantia.

MARRIAGES

Barrett-Edwards. In May, 1967, at St. Michael's Church, Rondebosch, Priscilla, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Barrett, of Rondebosch, to Peter, son of Mrs. G. Glazewski, of Durbanville, and the late Mr. L. P. Edwards.

Behnsen-van Doorn. On September 12th, 1967, Christa Behnsen to Karl van Doorn of Windhoek.

Butters-Murray. In March in Johannesburg, Juliet, daughter of Mrs. R. Gatehouse, of Constantia, and Mr. P. R. Butters, of Johannesburg, to Hugh, son of Mr. L. G. Murray, M.P., of Kenilworth, and the late Mrs. Murray.

Cowley-Schonborn. 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.

Diamond-Sifus. In May, in Kitwe, Zambia, Maxine, only daughter of Mrs. M. Diamond, of Kitwe, and the late Mr. S. Diamond, to Tom, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sifus of Coles, Greece.

Dowie Dunn-Botts. In December, 1966, at Kolbe House, Rondebosch, Jean, daughter of Mrs. J. C. Dowie Dunn, of Kenilworth, and the late Mr. D. Dowie Dunn, to John Chester, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Botts, of New York.

Faull-Wilkinson. On 7th April, 1967, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Alicia, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Faull, of Rondebosch, to John Kenneth, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. F. D. Wilkinson, also of Rondebosch.

Kipps-Hennessy. In April, 1967, at St. Thomas's Church, Rondebosch, Deborah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Kipps, of Rondebosch, to Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hennessy, of Rondebosch.

McGregor-Pembroke. At Princes Risborough Margaret Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. McGregor, of Newlands, to Charles Pembroke, only son of the late Captain C. G. Stratton and Mrs. K. Stratton, of Princes Risborough Bucks, England.

Mackenzie-Heathcote Farrant. In September, 1966, in Johannesburg, Rosemary Mackenzie to David Heathcote Farrant.

Philip-Eckstein. On 28th January, 1967, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Jill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Philip, of Kenilworth, to Paul, son of Mrs. G. Eckstein and the late Mr. Eckstein, of Green Point.

Ratcliffe-Marklew. On 6th May, 1967, in Durban, Lynette Mavens Ratcliffe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holmes, of Claremont, to Edward Dudley, son of Mr. E. J. Marklew, of Johannesburg, and the late Mrs. Marklew.

Robb—Ardington. On 17th December, 1966, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Elisabeth Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Robb, of Wynberg, to Anthony John, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ardington, of Cranburn, Mandini, Zululand.

Robertson—Dipple. On 4th February, 1967, at Newport, Monmouthshire, England, Rosemary, younger daughter of Prof. and Mrs. H. M. Robertson, of Constantia to Dr. Edward Dipple of Newport, England.

Small—Bertish. On 27th January, 1967, at the Presbyterian Church, Wynberg, Frances, daughter of Mrs. L. F. Small, of Kenilworth, and the late Mr. E. A. Small, to Keith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bertish, of Mowbray.

Thal—Watson. On 2nd April, 1966, at St. Peters, Burnham, Bucks, England, Philippa Jane Thal to Bjorn Hugh Henry Watson.

Van Kalker—Rogl. In July, 1967, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Barabrs, daughter of Mrs. I. van Kalker and the late Mr. W. G. Van Kalker, of Wynberg, to Karl, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rogl, of St. Valentin, Austria.

White—Bonner. In December, 1966, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Denise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Campbell White, of Namaqualand, to William Douglas, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bonner, of West Kilbride, Scotland.

Seymour—Hodge. In January, 1967, Diana, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Seymour, of Rondebosch, to Christopher Hodge, of Rondebosch.

BIRTHS

Aronson. To Felicity (née Shub) and Meyer, a daughter and sister to Anthony and Gillian, on 11th December, 1966.

Brown. To Amelia (née Cronwright) and David, a daughter, on 11th December, 1966.

Bryant. To Heather (née Marr) and Kit, a son (Ian) and brother for Sue, on 24th January, 1967.

Celiars. To Sally (née Pyott) and Ken, a son in January, 1967.

Diemont. To Paddy (née Mannion) and Bucky, a son, on 19th May, 1967.

Duly. To Iona (née Mathias) and Bryan, a son, on 13th June, 1967.

Du Toit. To Jose (née Lombardi) and Brian, a daughter, on 29th September, 1967.

Heathcote Farrant. To Rosemary (née Mackenzie) and David, a daughter Caroline, on 13th June, 1967, in Johannesburg.

Faber. To Rosemary (née Roberts) and Henry, a son, on 7th September, 1967.

Hoberman. To Gail (née Shawzin) and Tony, a daughter on 17th September, 1967.

Hooes. To Patricia (née Goble) and Graham, a daughter, on 7th February, 1967.

Keen. To Rosemary (née Hollingdale) and Anthony, a daughter, on 18th May, 1967.

Levitt. To Libby (née Hennessy) and Leon, a daughter, Theresa, on 25th February, 1967.

Luke. To Jose (née Finch) and Anthony, a daughter, in May, in England.

Masters. To Shelagh (née Jackson) and Peter, a daughter, on 5th March, 1967, at Stellenbosch.

McCarthy. To Elizabeth (née Holmes) and Neil, a son, Sean Peter, on 1st April, 1967.

McMaster. To Gill (née Paver) and Michael, a son, (Andrew Alastair) and brother for Shaun and Susan, on 4th May, in Johannesburg.

Morkel. To Diana (née Matthews) and John, twin sons, in July, 1967.

Oster. To Biddy (née Dicey) and George, a daughter, Louise.

Tett. To Jennifer (née Barry) and Michael, a son, on February 28th, in Rhodesia.

Watson. To Lynette (née Sumner) and Neil, a daughter, on 21st August, 1967.

Williams. To Jill (née Gurney) and Christopher, a son, on 17th June, 1967, in Edmonton, Canada.

Wray. To Suzanne (née Elliot) and Marc, a son (Andrew Elliot) and brother for Mark Thomas, on 21st December, 1966, in New York.

OBITUARY

Joyce Lewis.—It was with much regret that we heard of the death of *Joyce Lewis* at Kenilworth on 11th April, 1967, as the result of a coronary thrombosis. Although her health had not been good for some time, her sudden passing came as a very great shock and our deepest sympathy goes out to her mother, Mrs. Lewis, and to the other members of her family.

Joyce was studious, hard-working, kind and gentle in manner, extremely loyal to her friends and to Herschel, and ever ready to do more than her fair share in helping with anything that had to be done. Many will remember *Joyce* at school as the star pupil in Miss Wilson's botany class and her talent as a member of Miss Graham-Browne's sketching class. Those were the days when there were still paintable subjects among the buildings, woods and fields of Claremont. She was a keen supporter of the Old Herschelians' Association and was usually among those present on Old Girls' Day.

Joyce was one of Herschel's most distinguished Old Girls. She gained the degrees of B.A. and Ph.D. at the University of Cape Town and was first associated with the Kirstenbosch Botanical Gardens when she was awarded the Edward Muspratt Solly Scholarship in 1932/1933. She was Curator of the South African Museum Herbarium in Cape Town for eighteen years and moved with the Herbarium when it was transferred to Kirstenbosch in 1958. She also travelled a great deal overseas, doing research at Kew and at the British Museum, and in

1965 toured the botanical institutions of Europe and the United Kingdom, where she amassed much information from old literature not available in this country. Among the many invaluable botanical contributions she made were monographs on the Iridaceae and Babiana families. At the time of her death she had nearly completed a monograph on the family Gladiolus and was recognised as the South African authority in her field of research. It is hoped to be able to publish this work posthumously.

Joyce held the post of Botanical Research Officer at Kirstenbosch and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of South Africa in recognition of her contributions to botanical science. Her death is thus a loss not only to her family and many friends but to South Africa — a loss which will be shared by innumerable botanists all over the world.

NEWS

Towards the beginning of this year Miss McLean visited South Africa. She flew, via Las Palmas and Salisbury, to Johannesburg where she spent two days at Rosdenn with Mrs. McCormick. From there she went to Grahamstown to visit Pam and John Aubrey and, during her week's stay with them, met a number of Old Herschelians. In Cape Town Miss McLean stayed mainly with Mrs. Lennox Gordon during which time she had a full programme which included a visit to Herschel, a Staff gathering there, a Council Meeting at Mrs. Small's, an Old Girl's gathering at Mrs. Robb's a meeting with Mrs. Withers to see her grandchildren, a visit to Miss Harsant and her Mother, a meeting with Donnie at Herschel and with Jack at the Hill, and the Guide Garden Party at Admiralty House. While in Knysna Miss McLean met Miss Goodacre, Mary Fiddian-Green (Baxter) and Mrs. Buckman, Osycynne's mother. Wherever she went it was a great joy to Miss McLean to see so many Old Girls—from the eldest to the youngest.

Immediately on her return from South Africa Miss McLean attended the World Guide Finance Committee Meetings, followed by the Y.W.C.A. move to their new Headquarters at 2, Weymouth Street, W.I. These offices, although smaller than their previous ones, are more compact and very much more comfortable and attractive.

During the Summer Miss McLean spent a week in Germany, visiting the four Y.W.C.A. centres for work with H. M. Forces at Rhine-dahlan, Herford, Fallingbomel and Cologne. This new department of work for her in the Y.W.C.A. will also take her to Cyprus next month.

It is quite evident that with all this travelling, Miss McLean does not spend a great deal of time at Coleshill, but it is a great joy to her to have a cottage and home of her own, not to mention the beauty of an English garden during the summer months.

Mrs. Peter Payne (Miss Elcome) and her husband are living near Stowmarket in Suffolk. Their son, John, aged 14, is at his father's old public school and was recently chosen to play the leading role in a film being made about the school.

Fenella Douglas was in London at the time of the Old Herschelians' Annual Reunion in May and was very pleased to be able to be present. She said it was a great pleasure to see so many of the Group I Old Girls there and that there is no doubt that these re-unions are an excellent opportunity for those who live far apart to meet and renew old friendships. Also what fun it was to see so many familiar faces, Margaret Regnier, (Geber) who lives in a charming home in the country near Ghent, had flown over from Belgium with her husband that morning. Moira Abbott (Black) and Myfanwy James (Parry) were there from South Africa and Joan Rylands (Payne), Beatrice Elliott (McLachlan), Pauline Brodie (Thorne), Peg Furlonge (Hill) and Betty Collings (Stark) among those whose homes are in England. Moira Abbott brought her sister-in-law, Joyce Windle, whom many will remember in the early days at Herschel. Joyce is married to a doctor and lives in Hove and has a son and daughter. Myfanwy James had brought her daughter to England so that she could take a course at a Constance Spry School. The eldest of her three sons is married and Myfanwy was thrilled at the prospect of becoming a grandmother very shortly. Joan Rylands was looking forward to meeting her younger daughter, Elizabeth, the following day on the latter's return from a holiday visit to her uncles, Kenneth and Colin Payne, and their families, which was followed by a trip through Rhodesia to Kenya. Beatrice Elliott's news was that she will be coming out to the Cape at the end of the year as she and her husband have bought an old Dutch homestead called Molenvliet House at Mowbray and plan to settle there permanently in 1969. Their son, Ian, and his wife and two sons have returned to England after living in Durban for some years. Pauline Brodie's family are somewhat scattered at present as her eldest son, James, is working for an airways company in the Far East and her daughter, Margaret, is in Canada. Margaret had recently been spending a holiday in Maine, Rhode Island, near Boston and had met a number of families whose ancestors had come over to America in the Mayflower. She was very thrilled with the lovely scenery in New England and the beautiful homes there. Andrew, her younger son, will be leaving school shortly.

Many South Africans watched television the day that Virginia Wade (Canon Wade's younger daughter) won the singles, ladies' doubles and mixed doubles at the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth.

Edith Pargiter (Bryant) had an extended holiday for seven months in England while

her husband was working at his London office. They had a cottage in Kent and finished off with a Grand European tour before returning to Cape Town on the Edinburgh Castle.

"We are pleased to welcome as a new member to the Old Herschelians *Constance Bovid* (Rouse) who was a pupil at Herschel from 1930-1936 while her parents were living in this country. She then left for England before returning to Australia, where she now lives. She has a son of 24 and a daughter of 20.

Margaret Regnier writes from her home near Ghent in Belgium that she would be very pleased to see any Old Girls passing through their part of the world, whether they be their contemporaries or not. Her daughter, *Jacqueline*, is working for I.C.I. in Brussels and finds it most interesting.

Mexico, Cambodia, Russia, Japan, Guatemala, Scotland and possibly India — you may wonder what these places have in common. *Pauline Vogelpoel* would answer "Art", and she should know because she has travelled to each with parties of art lovers, and with them studied whatever these countries have had to show. Pauline, who has been in charge of the Contemporary Arts Society, with its headquarters in the Tate Gallery, for ten years, arrived in Cape Town in February of this year on a three-week visit to her family — the first for four years. Pauline's knowledge of countries has increased vastly during the past five years, during which she has arranged art-seeing trips for members of the society. When she is not travelling, Pauline loves seeing friends in her new London flat in Little Boltons, Kensington. Larger than her former London home, this one has a sitting room with black and white tiled floor, a white carpet, chocolate brown coverings with splashes of colour lent by jars and cushions and pictures. To get away from it all at the week-ends in summer she has a cottage near Oxford. We were most fortunate to have Pauline with us at Herschel on Old Girls' Day, when she gave us a most interesting talk.

When in Johannesburg in July, *Nicolette Knight* (de Villiers) had lunch with Pam Haddon (Hockley), *Dew Barry* (Warren) and *Eve Edggar-Jones* (Robins). It was a very pleasant reunion and the first occasion they had all been together since they were at Herschel. Pam, Dew and Eve are all living in Johannesburg.

Val Gasson (Kingham) organised a party to celebrate the return for a week in August of *Glendyr Pucker* (Orr). She and her husband, Peter, brought their four sons with them from Perth, Australia, where they are now living, to see Lady Pucker, who has not been well. The Puckers emigrated to Australia six years ago and regard themselves as New Australians. Ron, aged 16, Chris 14, Tony 12, and William 7, are all at Christ Church Grammar School in Perth, and will make careers for themselves in Australia after school. Ron may possibly

follow in his father's footsteps by studying medicine.

Rosamond Lindbergh (Kirk), who has recently joined the Old Herschelians, writes from her home at Maquassi in the Western Transvaal, that she hopes their two daughters, Sharon, aged 13, and Diana, aged 10, will be coming to Herschel next year as their son, Shaun, aged 11, will be starting at Bishops then. The Lindberghs have a Cattle Ranch where they breed Hereford Cattle. They have their own game reserve on the farm, which at present only has Springbok, Blesbuck and Impala in it — about 1,000 buck altogether — but in time they plan to have giraffe, zebra and possibly a couple of lions. They have a Cessna Skylane, which is very useful for flying themselves around the country.

Ruth Withiel is leaving for overseas in February and plans to be away for about seven months. She will stay with Mrs. Mitchell (*Margaret Haigh* and *Ellen Thomas'* mother) in Sevenoaks, Kent and then go on a trip to Scandinavia with her. She then plans to visit Mrs. Holt-White (*Pauline Law's* mother) in Portugal, followed by a visit to Spain and Ireland. Pauline Law's husband works for Unilevers and they will shortly be leaving for India, where he is taking a post for two years. They hope to come via the Cape in December, now that the Suez Canal is closed.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to *Trish de Kock*, (Dicey) whose husband, Pieter, was tragically drowned at Plettenberg Bay in January.

Since her marriage *Pat Harper* (Lindsay) has been living in Mufulira, Zambia. At the end of this year she and her family will be returning to live in Cape Town. *Priscilla de Toit* (Waterson) leads a busy and very active life in Cradock. To quote her, she says that "in her old age she has taken to journalism". She reports for the local newspaper and recently had a most interesting interview with an American Professor of English who was spending his vacation retracing the tour by Mark Twain in 1896. He had passed through Cradock but they could find no trace of lectures given there by Mark Twain; the last lecture given in this country by him was in the Claremont Town Hall.

Yvonne Doudie (Roux) and family returned to Cape Town during the year, after having spent about eight months in London where her husband was on study leave at St. Mary's Hospital. While there she saw *Georgina Bryson* (Hart) and *Angela Prew* (Barry). Georgina's husband is an orthopaedic surgeon, working in Ilford and they have two sons and one daughter. Angela lives in Suffolk and has four children. *Val Taylor* (King) was down in Cape Town from Rhodesia earlier in the year and *Di Asatix* (Douglas Hamilton) arranged a party for her and her husband one evening with some of their classmates and their husbands; namely, *Yvonne Doudie* (Roux), *Maureen*

McLennan (Bourke), *Margaret Ward-Able* (Impey), *Celia Jonast* (Norgarb) and *Anne Jolly* (Phillips).

Denise O'Connell has rented the Lions View Hotel in White River and started running it in May this year. *Jean Withers* (Sprot) has been in London for the past three years and is now back in Connecticut, U.S.A. *Ann Millons* (Robertson) has returned from America and is at present lecturing at Witwatersrand University.

Mary Loggie (de Villiers) visited Cape Town with her husband and three children last Christmas on long leave from Zambia. She left her eldest child, *Lindsay*, as a boarder at Herschel Preparatory School before returning to Lusaka. She hopes that her family will return to the Cape permanently towards the end of next year.

Stephanie Hoppen (Shub), living in London watched her nine-year-old son, *Michael*, go off to his boarding-school years and her daughter, *Kelly*, start day-school, and wondered what she should do now the children didn't need her so much. She turned to collecting African specimens in all old maps of Africa but particularly searching for South African and Peninsula specimens. In a year she has built up a reputation with something like forty private collectors and what started out as a modest idea has become a full-time job. She thinks her interest in the subject stems from the remarkably graphic teaching of geography at Herschel. Dealing in nothing later than 1800 she issues three catalogues a month, fine-combs and cross-checks everything for accuracy, with always at hand the map-collector's "bible" — R. V. Tooley's "Maps and Map Makers". She also collects old water colours and sure-fire sellers are any Cape Town views.

In a letter from *Jennifer Tett* (Barry) who has four sons and lives in Salisbury, she gave us news of some of her contemporaries, also living in Rhodesia. *Janet Kemp* (King) lives in Bulawayo and has two children, *Helen* and *Andrew*. *Mary Lou Cumming* (Hyde Jones) lives near Jennifer and has four children, two boys and two girls. Her sister, *Linda Armstrong*, is now living in Kenya. *Rebecca Burrell* (Pearce) has left Rhodesia and gone to live in Australia, where they are very happy.

Janet Bayly (Simpson) and her husband were farming in Beaufort West, but found the drought too much for them, and have now moved to Nottingham Road, where they have bought a farm. Janet is hoping to start a riding school on the farm.

Rosemary Roberts (Faber) enjoys farm-life in Rhodesia. She and her husband do timber and maize farming and run a Hereford breeding herd. They have two small sons. Rosemary sees *Didi Perry* (Edmonds) from time to time. The latter has two children.

Pat Norgarb (McCarthy), now living in Johannesburg, has gone into the Estate Agency

business and is doing very well. She has recently returned from a big game hunting expedition in Rhodesia. While there, they captured a terrorist and reported another, who was later captured.

Moira Crookes (Woolford) was unfortunate to have a bad fall recently and injured her ankle which meant being in plaster for over eight weeks. She has recently seen *Ripley Coom* (Goddard), *Alice Mathews* (Hofmeyr), *Pippin Pfaff* (Frith) and *Pam Jones*.

Chloe Dobree (Baumann) has recently been in London on a visit from Beirut, where her husband is running a school of English and Advanced Studies. Chloe has two children.

Sue Ritch is working for *Clare Russell* in her flower shop in New Bond Street, London.

After her marriage in Cape Town just before Christmas, *Jean Botts* (Dowie-Dunn) left for New York to meet her new in-laws and from there went to Montreal for three months, where she saw a great deal of Expo '67. She and her husband are now in Casablanca where they will be for about two years. Jean is busy brushing up her French and thoroughly enjoying life there.

Sylvia Sauerma (Wilson) has moved to the Knysna district.

Diana Burns (Dicey) is thoroughly enjoying her stay in Oxford, where her husband is working at the Radcliffe Infirmary. They have a daughter of 4½ and a son of 18 months. Living about 23 miles away from Oxford is *Sue Macfarlane* (Sly). They have a lovely old-world cottage, centuries old and full of atmosphere, which they have had great fun furnishing.

Anne Pembroke (McGregor), who was married earlier in the year in England, is Secretary of the International Horse Society at White City and travels all over Europe in her job.

Margaret de Villiers (Diemont) is living at Hermanus, where her husband is the Town Clerk.

Barbara Brown (Sandell) at one stage of the troubles in Hong Kong had to move to Australia for a few weeks. She has now returned to Hong Kong and is coming with her family to Cape Town on a visit to her parents at the beginning of next year.

Jean Raubenheimer (Ratcliffe) and her husband recently returned from a four months trip to England and the Continent. Also over in Europe this year on holiday were *Felicity Wassenaar* (Waring) and her husband. They saw the major motor races including Le Mans. Felicity is currently both Transvaal and Western Province Golf Champion.

On a long holiday to South America is *Gill de Kock* (Downing), and her family. Her husband, *Brian*, has a term's leave from Bishops.

Betty Caselati (Rudland) is now living in Johannesburg, where her husband is with one of the large chain store groups.

Next to diamonds, mink must surely be a girl's best friend. Right here in Constantia Valley are real, live mink. One of these mink farms is owned by Dick and Diana Reed (Verreld). Breeding mink is exacting work, for the mink require great care. They are easily disturbed by loud and unexpected noises, and distemper and botulism are the diseases that worry them most. The natural colour of mink is brown, but mutations and cross-breeding have produced many exciting colours which follow the whole spectrum of the rainbow. The Reeds have recently imported from Scotland mink of the most glorious shades, including violet, topaz and blue sapphire. These came by air to Johannesburg and from there were brought down by road. With the help of only one labourer the Reeds are now farming 670 mink.

Susan Macgregor, until she left for Britain in April to gain more experience, was editor of the S.A.B.C.'s popular Women's World Programme—a position she had held for 5 years. She is now one of a quite strong contingent of South Africans working for the BBC in London. She is working on the south-east feature of Radio Newsreel, a daily evening programme. It specializes in news from that area of the Home Counties. She is the only girl in a team of four reporters, an editor and a deputy editor. She has interviewed Cliff Richard, who never forgets his big South African fan following, Sheila Scott, and pop singer Marianne Faithfull's mother, a baroness. Susan has visited Pauline Vogelpool at her cottage in Oxfordshire.

Barbara Cleave (Nel) is now permanently living in California where her husband is at Stanford University. Barbara's mother, Sheila Caldwell (McIntyre), has returned to live in Uganda. Living further south in California is Hilary Hansen (Simpson) who is married to an American. She has recently been on a trip to Australia and the Fiji Islands.

At the moment Anne Porter has two jobs; one with the Provincial Libraries, which is full time, and the other, a part time job, with the Mobil Show. She travels twice a year for about ten days to different parts of the country recording the show.

After only six months in the earring business, Lynne Duncan-Taylor reached the peak, in London, where peak climbing is the local game, and casualties are many. After designing and making a large sample range of earrings, which were fabulous in the strict sense of the word, she trotted off to London with two bags full to try out the market. A few short weeks later she was back, with two bags empty and several gross of orders. Lynne and the workers in her Cape Town factory, aided by her parents who were helping to finance the business, had barely got under way with production of the first orders, when the samples appeared on the cover of the March 1st edition of "Queen" magazine.

Christa van Doorn (Behnsen) came down from Windhoek in September to get married in Cape Town. Her husband is the Secretary of the S.W.A. Breweries and they will be living in Windhoek. Also in S.W.A. at the moment is Virginia Lester (Owen-Smith) whose husband, Mark, having completed his B.Sc. at Cape Town at the end of last year, is now working for Ovenstones in Walvis Bay. Both her children are now going to school there. She writes that she loves the desert and the flamingoes on the lagoon, but otherwise longs to return to Cape Town.

Rosemary de Waal (Robb) paid a short visit to Natal this year with her daughter, Lindy, and husband who attended a course at the University of Natal. While up there she stayed with her sister, Libby Ardington (Robb) who is living on a farm in Zululand and lecturing part-time at the University of Zululand. Rosemary is still working part-time for the Department of Sociology at Cape Town University. On her way up to Natal by ship she visited Audrey Hoyle (Williams) who is now living in Port Elizabeth, where her husband is the head of Price Waterhouse. They are very happy and they have two lovely children.

Deborah Hennessy (Kippe) completed her course for a Diploma in Public Health Nursing last year, and has been working on the Educational side of Public Health nursing. Her husband, a lecturer in Applied Mathematics at the University of Cape Town, has very varied interests. He is very keen on skin diving and he and Deborah went diving up the West coast on their honeymoon. Deborah has seen quite a lot of Kathy Norris who has a wonderful job as Consultant, demonstrator and teacher of demonstrators, for a firm selling hair products. Her job takes her all over the Republic and to Rhodesia, where she is in charge of the training of sales personnel and has also to arrange advertising campaigns, etc.

Belinda Paterson (Maister) and her husband bought a lovely old house in Newlands and have spent most of the year renovating it themselves. It is looking beautiful and Belinda has now given up work as a Technician at the Medical School in order to give all her time to her new home. She and her husband are active yachtsmen.

Elizabeth Roberts recently spent eighteen months in Teheran where her father is in charge of the S.A.O. Development Scheme. She had a secretarial job there and altogether had a wonderful time and led a very gay social life. During her stay she managed to see a lot of the country, skiing once a week, only ten miles from Teheran, in the winter, going on numerous swimming parties in the summer, when the temperature is 110 degrees and over, and seeing how Persian carpets are made. In May she crossed the Caspian Sea, took a train to Moscow, where she spent two days seeing the sights and the ballet, and then flew to Leningrad, where she boarded a ship that took

her to England. There she had a temporary job, and has now just sailed on the "United States" for America. She will soon be starting work in the World Bank in Washington.

Francis Bertish (Small) and her husband went on a holiday up the East Coast to Paradise Island and Beira. They took their speed boat with them as her husband is a keen water skier and surfer. Since her return she has been working for an Estate Agent in Constantia.

Anne Russell (Kipps) received a Masters degree in Sociology last year and has since returned to work for the Prisoners' Aid Society. In April this year she visited Virginia Lester (Owen-Smith) in Walvis Bay for a short holiday. In October she is going to Durban as delegate to the Annual Meeting of Social Services Association.

Juliet Hackett (Windham) and her husband are still in London where her husband has recently completed his legal studies. Juliet is studying Sociology at University.

Suzanne Wray (Elliott), now living in New York, will be coming to Cape Town with her husband and two small sons on December 15th. They plan to be here for about a month.

Now living in Tzaneen is Val Bird (van der Bijl) who has two little girls. In her spare time she does script writing for wall hangings. Carol Tooley (Miller) saw Val when she was on holiday up there. Carol is living on a farm at Banthoek and many Old Girls spend the day with her, one in particular being Inky Hudson (Van Winsen), who was recently down at the Cape for three weeks with her two children, Eve and Simon, while her husband was overseas.

Jenny Barrett (Baker) has moved back to Cape Town and has one little daughter, Joslynn.

Rosa Douie-Dunn, Diana McGiffin and Jenny Dicey are all sharing a flat in Johannesburg. Jenny has recently become engaged and plans to be married in Johannesburg in December. Rosa and Di are both physiotherapists and Jenny is teaching.

Shirley Marx and Gay Bereafoord shared a flat in London for a time. Shirley is teaching music and Gay still modelling. The latter was one of the models who went to Russia, modelling English clothes.

Brenda-Lynne Hoffman (Tyers) is back at Herschel — teaching. Paddy Howes (Goble) has a small daughter, Karyn, and still paints and does batik work.

Judy Olivier (Norton) is busy writing for magazines and newspapers, as well as helping her photographer husband. They have two children, as do Heather Wells (Kelly), now settled in England, and Paddy Diamond (Mannion).

Anne Sass (Stewart) is looking forward to a lovely overseas trip she and her husband have planned. She always looks forward to visits from various Old Girls who pass through George.

Unfortunately, Libby Plumbly has been very ill this year, but is now well on the road to recovery. She has a flat in Cape Town.

Lorna Harris was out here for a five week holiday and has now gone back to Canterbury to finish her architectural studies, which are due to end next year.

Juwina Nitoshanska has been working in Montreal, Canada for over two years. She is Secretary for the Personnel Manager of Alcan Tin Foil. Originally she went on a visit to relations, but decided to stay, and took out immigration papers. She has also been doing a course of photographic modelling.

Since September, Fiona Noble has been working in a Public Library in London and finding the work both absorbing and great fun. She plans to return to Cape Town in about August next year. So far this year she has managed to see quite a bit of England and Scotland, ranging from touring Scotland in a car, to cycling and hitch-hiking in Cornwall. Also working in London are Pam Ferguson and Patricia Hill.

Sheana Hollingdale was married to Peter Roberts in October of last year, she and her husband spent a year getting their Teaching Diplomas in London and have now gone to Canada for a year, where they are teaching.

Sally Baxter is at present in the United States, revisiting the family with whom she stayed while on the A.F.S. in 1961. She plans to work in America for some time and then holiday on the Continent.

Lesley Burns (Wares) and her husband have recently returned to settle in Cape Town, after having been in Edinburgh for eighteen months. Also back in Cape Town, after being in Saldanha Bay for about two years, is Sally Sparks (Stuttaford). She has a small son, John.

Lynn Rowand (Parker) and her husband went up to Johannesburg in August and will probably be living there for about two years. Louise Greeniculd (McDonald) and her husband had a wonderful trip to London earlier in the year. Veronica Culley is working on the Continent and has been away for about two years.

The wedding of the year in Zambia was that of Maxine Diamond and Tom Sifus. Her flowers were flown up from Cape Town and the celebration was relayed on T.V. They later plan to settle in Greece, but are at present living in Kitwe.

In various other parts of the world are Terry Henstra, who is working in Canada, Miranda Blackett who is in England, Anne Fawcille who has toured North and South America and spent the last year in Sweden, and Shona Jackson and Saeie Robb, both of whom are in London. A little nearer to home are Christine Huxson (Godfrey) who is living in Durban, Ekonne Morrison who works as a Radiographer in Pretoria, Pam Murray who is still working

as a receptionist at the Hawthorndene Hotel in George, and *Marion Brown* (van der Bijl) who is in Johannesburg.

Priscilla Edwards (Barrett), married recently in Cape Town to Dr. Peter Edwards, is until the end of the year living in the Doctors' Bungalows at Groote Schuur Hospital, and next year plans to go to South West Africa, where her husband has applied for a post. *Sandy v. d. Vliet* (Buchanan) and *Jenny Williams* (Meiring) were bridesmaids to Priscilla. Sandy, after spending a few months in South West Africa, where her husband is working for an engineering firm, will be going to live and work in London for a year. Jenny Williams and her husband are leaving soon for Canada, where they will be for two years.

Leslie Brauer, *Nicky Cloete* and *Anne Steens* are all soon to be married. The latter has little spare time while supervising her florist in Rondebosch and also teaching Standard 4 at the Non-European Night School.

Lesley returned to South Africa in March after fourteen months of travelling in Europe and the Middle East. During that time she spent seven months doing Auditory Training with Deaf Children at Nuffield Speech and Hearing Centre in Greys Inn Road, London.

Elizabeth Leith, *Judy Williams* and *Lavinia Ellis* are all continuing with their work in Cape Town. *Anne Richards* (Hacking) has almost completed her medical studies. *Hilary Dempers* recently returned from an extensive tour of Europe and is now working in Cape Town. *Biddy Osler* (Dicey) has a little daughter Louise, and is living on a farm outside Stellenbosch.

Rene Finch is at present working in Sardinia but will be back in London, where she stays with her mother, at the end of October. Rene's elder sister, *Jose Luke*, has two children and lives in Berkshire.

After completing the Constance Spry course for flower arrangement, with a diploma, in London, *Rosemary Heathcote Farrant* (MacKenzie) is now freelancing in Johannesburg.

After qualifying as an Occupational Therapist at the London School, *Philippa Thal* was married last year in London to Bjorn Watson, who is a Civil Engineer. They were both working in London until the beginning of April this year when they set out in an old converted ambulance, heading for the Cape. The ambulance served as their home for nearly four months. Owing to the war in the Middle East, which broke out while they were in North Africa, they had to return to Europe and their original plans were somewhat disrupted. After driving through Italy and Greece their old ambulance broke down and they had to abandon it and continue, by various means, to Iran, from where they flew to Kenya and on to Cape Town. The Watsons plan to remain in

Cape Town for about a year before returning to London, where they hope to make their home.

Corinne Symons (Dicey) has moved back to Orchard, in the Hex River Valley, where her husband is grape-farming. They are expecting their first baby in December and are eagerly awaiting the completion of alterations to their house. Corinne hears from *Sarchen Burrell* who has been in London for a couple of months. Her letters are very interesting, telling of her jaunts to the Continent and Ireland. She has seen and met some interesting people, one of them being Mrs. Jackie Kennedy.

Grace Maritz (Reid) graduated from U.C.T. with a Bachelor of Social Science Degree. Owing to a shortage of social workers' posts, she is now part of the Anti-Submarine Warfare Tactical Teacher Unit at Seaforth. The whole system is controlled by a computer and Grace finds the work extremely interesting.

Georgina Clark is leading a very busy life as a photographic model in Cape Town. She often appears in local magazines.

Anne Schonborn (Cowley) is now living in the United States.

Josephine Dean has gone to Rhodes University to do her final year, while *Anne Alexander* has joined *Judy Twentymen-Jones* at Stellenbosch University, where they are both doing final B.A. Anne hopes to teach in London next year.

Continuing their studies at U.C.T. are *Claire Fawcille*, *Susan Hacking* (B.Sc.), *Marion Verue*, *Anne White* (Chemical Engineering), *Denise Bonner* (White) (Medicine), *Karin Attwell*, *Dawn Minty*, *Diana Harris* and *Biddy Swabey*. Diana Harris went on a six week trip to London in February and, while there saw *Sue Kennedy*, now back in Cape Town. *Joan George*, who previously shared a flat with Diana in Rondebosch, went over to London in June and is now travelling around France and Spain — returning home only when her money runs out. *Carol Phillips* and *Penny Easft* are back once again in Cape Town after a trip to England.

Jasmine Stephens is due to write her final nursing exams at the end of this year. She has already done her practical and obtained "honours". Throughout her nursing exams she has always passed with very high marks.

Anne Welsh left for England in June and is going to work at the Hammersmith Hospital.

There was a time when *Jill Eckstein* — then *Jill Philip* — was headlined wherever W.P. tennis was given newspaper coverage. Now she has been making the sports headlines throughout the Republic in another sport — squash. She won the S.A. Women's Squash Championships in Port Elizabeth. Apart from winning the championship, Jill is the only one of the

team chosen to represent S.A. in England next year who comes from the Western Province. The S.A. Squash team will play test matches against England, Scotland, Wales and the U.S. They will also take part in the British Open Squash Championships. As it will be Jiff's first overseas trip, she and her husband, Paul, who will go along to give her the same kind of moral support as he did during the S.A. Championships, plan to visit the Continent for five weeks once the tight schedule of matches is over.

After leaving the finishing school she was at near Lausanne, *Astrid Landsberg* spent fifteen months at Hartwell House — otherwise known as the House of Citizenship — in Aylesbury in England. Having completed a secretarial course there she then worked as a temporary secretary with a welfare organization in London. Astrid has now been back in Cape Town for three months and is working for a legal firm.

Before doing a secretarial course at the Lucy Clayton Secretarial College in London, *Vanessa Marais* last year spent four months in both Florence and Paris. During the Easter vacation from Florence University she did a motoring trip of 1,500 miles in Italy and also had a lovely holiday in Greece. In August she went to St. Tropez for ten days and is now back in London and will be there until she sails for Cape Town in November.

Jayne Currie returned from Kansas City, U.S.A., in July and is now back at U.C.T. finishing the last six months of her course (B.A., B.Sc.).

Lucinda Abbott is staying with Mrs. Walford in London while doing a secretarial course at Miss Judson's. She has just spent a few weeks in France and Scotland. *Margaret Garlick* and *Gail Lomborg* both returned during the year after doing secretarial courses in London. *Jennifer Richardson* spent nine months in London doing a course at Look and Learn in Knightsbridge.

From Circle FF, those who left Herschel at the end of 1966, the following are at U.C.T.: *Gail Kislay* (B.A. Law), *Carol Newman* (B.A. Law), *Shirley Jenner* (Ballet), *Melanie Bauman* (B.A.), *Michele Wells* (B.Sc.) and *Sandra Russell* (B.Sc.). At Stellenbosch University, studying art is *Kathrin Droomer*.

Sandra Strong and *Joy Newton-Thompson* are nursing in Cape Town. *Jane Bennett* is studying Radiography at Groote Schuur.

Jackie Mann, *Pam Percy* and *Joan Waring* are doing secretarial courses, the latter also doing a course in modelling. Joan took part in the Western Province Golf Championships.

Sheila Mackenzie was at Natal University for the first six months of the year and has recently left for America on the American Field Scholarship, as has *Beverley Moore*, who did extremely well in modelling before she left.

SPORT

On the last Old Girls' Day tennis was once again played against the present Herschel Girls. This was thoroughly enjoyed by all concerned, but it was felt that it was rather a rush to fit in the tennis on Old Girls' Day. A Saturday afternoon of tennis has, therefore, been suggested for another match against the School, namely, 21st October, 1967.

A squash match was played against the Herschel girls during the first half of the season. The Old Girls, represented by *Marion Jesse*, *Diana Cuttill*, *Elizabeth Dowie-Dunn*, *Pam Dyke-Poynter* and *Alison Boyes*, after exciting matches managed to beat the Herschel girls 4-1.

The next Old Girls' Day will be held on Saturday, 24th February, 1968. 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 *Mrs. Anne Russell*, "Akkerdak", Apple Lane, off Palmboom Road, Newlands. (Telephone: 69-1769).

In order to keep the Directory up-to-date and accurate, it would be much appreciated if any inaccuracy or change in address, or marital status could be made known to the Magazine Editor. Unbeknown to us each year, many magazines must go astray and never be received by the subscribers, merely because they have been sent to old addresses. This can only be rectified if the Old Girl herself will let the Editor know of any change in address. There are, too, quite a number of names, listed in the Directory, with addresses unknown. Should anyone be able to supply any of these missing addresses, would she please do so. Each year we have complaints from Life Members who have not received their magazine and, in most cases, the reason for this is that they have moved to a new address.

The last page in this Magazine has been inserted, with a perforated edge to facilitate removal, for the above purpose.

September, 1967.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY

*Life Members.

†Subscriber for 1967.

Names in Capitals Indicate Head Girls.

A.N.K. Address not known.

Headmistresses:

- Hon. *Miss B. Elcome (Mrs. Peter Payne), Whitehouse Cottage, Harleston, near Stowmarket, Suffolk, England.
 Hon. *Miss H. C. McLean, 8, Amber Cottage, Coleshill, near Amersham, Buck., England.

Staff:

- (Miss Bailey,
 †Miss Botha-Reid (Mrs. Turner), The Rookery, Yeylands, Hoddesden, 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, The Coach House, Rathfelder Ave., Constantia, Cape.

Group I (Circles A to H)

- *Appleyard, Elizabeth (Mrs. J. Coward), Good Hope Cottage, Durban Road, Wynberg, Cape. (H).

- Back, Kitty (Mrs. Purser), Edgemount, Russ Hill, Charlwood, Surrey (A).
 *Baxter, Jean (Mrs. M. Gant), Lourensford, Somerset West, Cape (C).
 *Baxter, Sheila (Mrs. A. R. Henderson) Arieskraal, 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 Nezar), A.N.K. (G).
 *Brown, Betty (Mrs. B. Muirgrove), 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, Voëlklip, Hermanus, C.P. (A).
 *Burmeister, Lolie (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), 37, 2nd Avenue, Illovo, Johannesburg. (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), Moorookyle, Terrara Road, Vermont, Vic. N.E. Australia (A).

- *Douglass, Fenella, Haughley, Chippenham Road, Kenilworth, Cape (A).
 *Drennan, Suzanne (Mrs. Ronald Wiltshire), 2 Oak Avenue, Hadison Park, Kimberley (H).

- *Ethelston, Isobel (Lady Fawcus), Dockart House, Killin, Perth, Scotland (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), Kilmalcom, Highwick Drive, Kenilworth, Cape (D).

- *Geber, Margaret (Mrs. C. F. E. Regnier), Firgrove, 24 Burgemeesterstraat, Laethem, St. Martin, (Fl-Or), Belgium (D).

- *Gibson, Dorothea (Mrs. Hewitt), 20, Hartington Road, Chiswick, London, W.4 (H).

- *Gohl, Jean, La Maisonette, Mountain Road, Claremont, C.P. (F).

- Hawley, Pam (Lady Walker), 6, Bathwick Hill, Bath, Somerset, England (D).
 *Herud, Vera, 97 Main Road, Voëlklip, Hermanus, C.P. (A).
 *Hill, Miss E. K. (Mrs. Stanley Wood), c/o S.A. Association, 6 Church Square, Cape Town.

- *HILL, PATRICIA (Mrs. King), P.O. Box 596, Salisbury, Rhodesia (F).

- *Hill Joan (Mrs. Donald McEwan), Delamere, Pathfields Close, Haslemere, Surrey, England (D).
- *HILL, PEG (Mrs. T. Furlonge), 36, Walkwood Rise, Beaconsfield, 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 280, Bergvlei, 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).
- *Long, Una (Mrs. Una Long Hodson), 23, Dionis Road, Parsons Green, London, S.W.6 (A).
- *Martin, Jean (Mrs. G. R. Holden), River Street, New Canaan, Conn., U.S.A. (A).
- *Martin, Orcilla (Mrs. H. Lauch), 25 Valley Road, Parktown, Johannesburg (A).
- *MILLS, MARIEL (Mrs. Miller), 25 Pendarves Road, Camborne, Cornwall, England (H).
- *McKinlay, Carine, 4, Cassino Mansions, Paul Kruger Street, Southfield, Cape (G).
- *McLachlan, Beatrice (Mrs. S. L. Elliott), 11 Plymouth Road, Barnt Green, Worcs., England (A).
- *Osler, Joy (Mrs. Arthur Luyt), 18, Elm Avenue, Thornhill, Modderfontein, P.O. North Rand, Transvaal (F).
- *Pargiter, Edith (Mrs. W. S. Bryant), Distant Waters, Dawn Avenue, Constantia, C.P. (A).
- *Parry, Myfanwy (Mrs. Andrew James), Upton Hall, 16, Eastbourne Road, Durban, Natal (C).
- *Paterson, Molly (Mrs. J. F. Robinson), St. George's Hill, Easton-in-Gordano, near Bristol, Gloucs., England (B).
- *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).
- *Rouse, Constance (Mrs. John Bovill), 36 Drumalbyn Road, Bellevue Hill, Sydney, Australia (C).
- *ROSE, PAM, A.N.K.
- *SANDES, SYLVIA (Mrs. Hugh White), Hunter's Moon, Exeter Avenue, Bishopscourt, 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), Bokkruaal, Melssetter, Rhodesia (D).
- *STUTTAFORD, JOY (Mrs. G. Grove), Rocklands, P.O. Rocky Ridge, Uitenhage, E.P. (A).
- *Taylor, Mavis (Mrs. A. Matthews), Fairgreen, 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 Cottage, 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 Resnekov), Protea Hill, Canterbury Drive, Bishopscourt, Claremont, Cape (O).
- *Barry, Jennifer (Mrs. Michael Tett), Dadrea, Addington Lane, Highlands, Salisbury, Rhodesia (Q).
- *Bennett, Molly (Mrs. Tim Spring), 111 Campell Court, Church Street, Proclamation Hill, Pretoria (N).
- *Bergh, Thelma (Mrs. Denbigh Davies), 15 Buchholtz Street, East London (N).
- *Bourke, Maureen (Mrs. David McLennan), "Selati", Silwood Road, Rondebosch, Cape (O).
- *Brandt, Barbara (Mrs. Michael Moir), 6 Churton Avenue, Sale, Cheshire (N).
- *Brown, Rosanne (Mrs. R. R. Bicker Caarten), 788, van Alkemadeaan, The Hague, Holland (Q).
- *Buchanan, Oswynne (Mrs. Keith Jordan), Bonifatiusstrasse 2, 49 Herford, Germany (N).
- *Cantley, Shelagh (Mrs. P. Masters), c/o Cantleys (Pty.) Ltd., Glamis House, Marine Street, Cape Town (Q).
- *Daughish, 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 Austin), 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).
- *Gie, Lois (Mrs. Douglas Gardener), Warwickford, Alexandria, Cape (P).
- *Guicherit, Tanis (Mrs. John Robins), 33 Arundel Road, Rondebosch, Cape (Q).
- *Hall, Anne (Mrs. Chappell), Box 2, Borrowdale, Salisbury, Rhodesia (M).
- *Halls, Felicity, (Mrs. C. Chorlton), c/o Parel Valler, Somerset West (J).
- *Harris, Mary Jane (Mrs. John Duckworth), Old Bakehouse, Elton, near Peterborough, England (L).
- *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), 3 Piennar Street, Somerset-West, Cape (O).
- *Israel, Shirlye (Mrs. Roy Lewis), 18 Retief Street, Potchefstroom, Transvaal (I).
- *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.
- *Kingham, Valeria (Mrs. John Gasson), Kings Ride, Boshof Avenue, Newlands, Cape (J).
- *Kirk, Rosamond (Mrs. M. Lindbergh), Vanboschfontein, P.O. Box 82, Maquassi, W. Transvaal.
- *Knight, Robin (Mrs. R. Robins), (M), A.N.K.
- *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 (L).

- *MACHANIK, PAULINE (Mrs. Friedman), 42, Jameson Avenue, Melrose, Johannesburg (M).
- *Marka, Zekla (Mrs. Gerry Goddard), A.N.K. (I).
- *Marshall, June (Mrs. D. R. Norman), Pelele, Bag 546, Sinoia, Rhodesia (P).
- *Mellish, Margaret (Lady Robinson), St. Marks, Selwyn Road, Kenilworth, Cape (I).
- *Mitchell, Margaret (Mrs. Haigh), 3, Peckarmanswood, London-26 (K).
- *Norgarb, Celia (Mrs. Douglas Jooste), Meadow House, Constantia Road, Constantia Cape (O).
- O'Connell Denise, Lions View Hotel, Box 439, White River, E. Transvaal (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. (J).
- *Paver, Gillian (Mrs. McMaster), "Endor", Short Street, 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. Millions), 91, Barnato Court, Catherine St., Hillbrow, Johannesburg (P).
- *Rocher, Lucille (Mrs. J. B. Harding), P.O. Box 24, Port Nolloth (L).
- *Roux, Yvonne (Mrs. E. Dowdle), "Annalong", Norwich Drive Bishopsclere, 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. Umkomas, South Coast, Natal (P).
- *St. Leger, Elizabeth (Mrs. S. P. Fry), Kroonkloof, Elgin, C.P. (K).
- *Stobie, Margaret Joan (Mrs. Stephen Haskell), Manor House, Park Vista, Greenwich, London, S.E.10, England (J).
- *Stoddart, Jean (Mrs. G. van den Berg), 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), St. James House, Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, Berks, England (L).
- *Van der Bijl, Nicolette (Mrs. Ewan MacPherson), 14 Phillimore Place, London, W.8, England (N).
- *Vogelsoel, Pauline, 33 The Little Boltons, London, S.W.10 (I).
- *Walton, Elizabeth (Mrs. J. L. Jones), 315 Main Road, Pon'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), 49, Park St., Oaklands, Johannesburg (R).
- *Brelsford, Erica (Mrs. Telfa Buchanan), P.O. Box 8140, Causeway, Salisbury, Rhodesia (R).
- *Burton, Jean (Mrs. C. Kytel), P.O. Box 54, Randburg, Transvaal (S).
- *Burton, Roberta (Mrs. D. Mantell), c/o Mrs. Burton, M. Exeter Park, Indian Road, Kenilworth, Cape (U).

- *Crafoord, Caroline (Mrs. Winquist), Valevagen 45, Djursholm, Sweden (U).
- *Day, Vivienne (Mrs. Brian Wilson), Box 1133, Rusapi, Rhodesia (R).
- *Dicey, Diana (Mrs. D. Burns), c/o Dr. D. G. Burns, Nuffield Dept. of Medicine, Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, England (T).
- *Dowie-Dunn, Jean (Mrs. J. C. Bott), Box 362, Casablanca (U).
- *Downing, Gillian (Mrs. B. de Kock), Vliethof, Avenue Bougainville, Newlands, Cape (T).
- *Elliott, Nanette (Mrs. D. Mills), 3 Manitoca Avenue, Pinelands, Cape (S).
- *Faure, Christine (Mrs. G. Boucher), 7 Braemar Road, Cowies Hill, Nr. Durban (S).
- *Faed, Anne (Mrs. Foss), Box 4, Malkerua, 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), 14, Maclear Road, Claremont (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. E. Marklew), c/o Sonnenschein Monmouth Ave., Claremont (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. Pat Norgarh), 5a Chadrien Place, West St., Sandown, Johannesburg (S).
- *Mair, Ann (Mrs. Goyen Hart), 6 Banksia Avenue, Oriel, Bedford View, Transvaal (S).
- *Marshall, Diane, 42, Courtfield Gardens, London S.W.5. (S).
- *Megloughlin, 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. Laws), 6 Berkley House, Charlotte Street, Bristol, England (T).
- Owen-Smith, Virginia (Mrs. M. A. Lester), P.O. Box 3, Walvis Bay, S.W.A. (U).
- *Penn-Hughes, Severine, Spring Hare Farm, P.O. Box 2155, Bulawayo, Rhodesia (T).
- *Ratcliffe, Jean (Mrs. A. Raubenheimer), Stellenberg Avenue, Kenilworth (U).
- *Reilly, Meriel (Mrs. P. du Toit), 15 Altana, 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).
- *Robertson, Rosemary (Mrs. Edward Dipple), Forest Gate, 7, Seymour Ave., Parc Seymour, Kenhow, near Newport, Monmouthshire, England (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), CI, Tao Loon Villa, Lot 329, Clear Water Bay Road, New Territories, Hong Kong (S).
- *SCHUMER, INGRID (Mrs. Perlman), 1302 Earls Court, Rivera Road, Killarney, Johannesburg (R).
- *Simons, Margaret, A.N.K.
- *Skea, Elaine (Mrs. Alan Curtis), P.O. Box 962, Salisbury, Rhodesia (T).

- *Sly Susan (Mrs. Alec MacFarlane), Orchard Cottage, Herton, Nr. Chinner, Oxon., U.K. (T).
 *Spence, Rosalind (Mrs. Osmond), 18, Ponsonby Terrace, London, S.W.1. (T).
 *Steens, Helen (Mrs. J. Livingstone), "Jabula", Lichfield Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape (U).
 *Stobie, Christine (Mrs. Hurst), 21, Gloucester Circus, London, S.E.10. (S).
 *Sumner, Lynette (Mrs. N. C. Watson), 14 Pineleigh, 18 Cape Rd., Port Elizabeth (S).
 *Thompson, Virginia, 3 Bibury, 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. Radden Reed), Norton Dingle, Constantia, Cape (T).
 *Wadman, Frances (Mrs. Richard Prior), 4 Moor Street, Kenilworth, Cape (U).
 *Warburton, Sheila (Mrs. East), c/o Amoseas, P.O. Box 693, Tripoli, Libya (U).
 *White, Janet Thornton, 2 Balfour Place, London, W.1. (T).
 *Wilson, Sylvia (Mrs. P. Sauermann), A.N.K. (U).
 *Windham, Elizabeth (Mrs. George Bakewell), 31 Hazel Road, Mandara, Salisbury, Rhodesia (R).
 *Woolford, Moira (Mrs. B. Crookes), c/o Salaita, Shirley Road, Claremont, Cape (S).

Group 4 (Circles V to Z)

- *Bain, Sally, P.O. Box 34, Upington (X).
 *Behnsen, Christa, P.O. Box 239, Windhoek, S.W.A. (W).
 *Brimble, Jennifer (Mrs. Anthony Wynne), 21, Monte Vito, Rosmead Ave., Kenilworth, Cape (Z).
 Berresford, 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, "Rippling Waters", Zeekoeivlei (Z).
 *Diemont, Margaret (Mrs. De Villiers), c/o Bosheuvel, Bishopscourt Estate, Claremont (V).
 *Dowie-Dunn, Rosemary, Powers Court, Central Ave., Athol, Johannesburg (Y).
 *Elliott, Suzanne (Mrs. Marc Wray), 140 East 56th St., New York City, N.Y., U.S.A. (X).
 *Ferguson, Pamela, A.N.K. (Z).
 *Finch, José (Mrs. A. Luke), Cheyne House, St. Mary's Hill, South Ascot, Berkshire.
 Fischer, Marguerite, Top of Grace Road, Claremont, Cape (X).
 *Frith, Theima (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, Lorna, Constantia Rise, Constantia, Cape (Y).
 *Hawson, Pamela, P.O. Box 1190, Cape Town (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, Sheana (Mrs. Peter Roberts), P.O. Box 171, Choceland, Saskatchewan, Canada (Y).
 *Holmes, Elizabeth (Mrs. N. McCarthy), Giocca Morro, Coniston Way, Constantia (X).
 *Jeffrey, June (Mrs. F. Guerrini), 312 York Ave., Ferndale, Johannesburg (W).
 Jordan, Angela, 43 Smits Road, Dunkeld, Johannesburg (V).
 *Kelly, Heather (Mrs. Wells), 22, Maunsell St., Vincent Square, London S.W.1. (Y).
 *Kipps, Anne (Mrs. M. Russell), Akkerdak, Palmboom Road, Newlands (W).
 Kipps, Deborah (Mrs. T. R. Hennessy), c/o Etherson, Muir Road, Rondebosch, Cape (W).
 *Lee, Bridget Buchanan-Knowsley, Blair Road, Camps Bay, Cape (Z).
 *Lockwood, Gail (Mrs. B. Simon), 302, Canterbury Hall, Central Ave., Illovo, Johannesburg (X).
 *Lomas-Walker, Lindsay (Mrs. R. Olivier), Belombrie Road, Bergvlei, Cape (Y).

- *Mannion, Paddy (Mrs. M. Diemont), 119, 1st Ave., Kenilworth (Y).
 *Macgregor, Susan, c/o "Farthings", Syfret Rd., Rondebosch (W).
 *McDonald, Louisa (Mrs. N. Groenewald), 8 Protea Rd., Bergvliet, Cape (Z).
 *Maister, Belinda (Mrs. Paterson), Apple Lane, off Palmboom Rd., Newlands (V).
 Matthews, Diana (Mrs. J. Morkel), 202, Rosemark, Cavalcade Rd., Green Point (X).
 *Mathais, Iona (Mrs. B. Duly), No. 5 Newall Ave., Kumala North, Bulawayo Rhodesia (X).
 *McGaffin, Diana, Powers Court, Central Ave., Athol, Johannesburg (Y).
 *Nel, Barbara (Mrs. J. Cleave), 424 French Court, Menlo Park, California, U.S.A. (Y).
 *Nitoslawski, Janina, Monorgan, Camp Ground Road, Newlands, Cape (Y).
 Noble, Fiona, Alexandra Club, 13, Lloyd Square, London W.C.1 (Z).
 *Norris, Kathleen, 1, Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape (X).
 *Norton, Judy (Mrs. S. Olivier), Chatenay, Murray Road, Kenilworth, Cape (Y).
 *Parker, Lynn (Mrs. Don Rowand), The Sun House, 46a, 7th Ave., Parktown N., Johannesburg (Z).
 *Porter, Anne, Mariow, Kenmar Cres., Claremont (Y).
 *Pyott, Sally (Mrs. K. Cilliers), c/o Oosterzee, Oosterzee Heights, Wynberg (X).
 *Regnier, Jaqueline, Firgrove, 24 Burgemeesterstraat, Laethen, St. Martin, near Ghent, Belgium (X).
 *ROBB, ELISABETH, (Mrs. A. J. Ardington), Cranburn, Mandini, Zululand (Y).
 *Robb, Rosemary (Mrs. L. de Waal), Oak Lodge, off Newton Drive, Meadowridge, Lower Constantia (W).
 *Roberts, Elizabeth, c/o Mrs. H. Faber, Home Park Estates, P.O. Macheke, Rhodesia (X).
 Robertson, Elizabeth, 2, Scarth Road, Barnes, Middlesex, England.
 Robertson, Jennifer (Mrs. C. Purdon), Capers, P.O. Box 31, Mtoko, Rhodesia (V).
 *Shawzin, Gail (Mrs. A. Hoberman), 57, Dean Street, Newlands, Cape (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 (Mrs. K. Bertish), c/o Rosehill, Hillwood Road, Kenilworth, Cape (X).
 *Syfret, Caroline (Mrs. R. Kingdon), 11, Weltevreden Ave., Rondebosch, Cape (W).
 *Tyers, Brendalynne (Mrs. Eric Hoffman), 7, Abbotsford Place, Claremont, Cape (Y).
 Ward, Philippa, 31 Mountain Road, Claremont, Cape (Z).
 *Ware, Lesley (Mrs. A. N. Burns), c/o Harden, Tennant Road, Kenilworth, Cape (Z).
 *Waring, Felicity (Mrs. A. M. Wassenaar), P.O. Box 9859, Johannesburg (X).
 *Williams, Audrey (Mrs. G. Hoyle), 42 Thomas Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth (W).
 *Windham, Juliet (Mrs. Hackett), 54, Wimpole Street, London, W.1. (V).

Group 5 (Circles AA-EE).

- *Abbott, Lucinda, The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth (EE).
 *Alexander, Ann, Longacre, Midhurst Way, Constantia, Cape (CC).
 *Attwell, Anne Shenton, 27, Arundate School Rd., Mount Pleasant, Salisbury Rhodesia (CC).
 *Attwell, Karin, 3 Castle Combe, The Cotswolds, Indian Road, Kenilworth, Cape (CC).
 *Aubrey, Heather, A.N.K. (AA).
 *Barrett, Priscilla (Mrs. P. Edwards), "Randclyde" Highstead Road, Rondebosch, Cape (AA).
 *Blackett, Miranda, 20 St. Joan's Road, Plumstead, Cape (AA).
 *Blackman, Linda, P.O. Box 1389, Cape Town (DD).
 *Bothner, Suzanne, 43, Eden Road, Claremont, Cape (CC).
 *Brauer, Lesley, Trellis, Hout Bay Road, Constantia, Cape (AA).
 *Brown, Leslie, 3, Orchard Street, Newlands (DD).
 Butters, Juliet (Mrs. Hugh Murray) "Hala Safari", Upper Orchard St., Newlands, Cape (CC).
 *Cattell, Diana, "Alfreton", Kirstenbosch Drive, Claremont (DD).
 Chiappini, Vivienne, Slieve Oonard, Melbourne Road, Kenilworth (DD).
 *Clark, Georgina, Rock House, Hout Bay, Cape (BB).
 Clayton, Susan, 25, Luyt St., Hermanus (EE).
 *Cloete, Nicolette, c/o Alphen, Constantia, Cape (AA).
 *Cooper, Ann, Shoebury Heights, Southern Cross Drive, Constantia (CC).
 *Cowley, Anne (Mrs. C. Shonhorn), 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, 7 Valdora House, 31 Grove Ave., Claremont (CC).
- *Dempers, Hilary, Vale Side, Birkett Road, Rondebosch, Cape (AA).
- *Diamond, Maxine (Mrs. T. Sifus), P.O. Box 666, Kitwe, Zambia (AA).
- *Dicey, Corinne (Mrs. M. Symons), Heatherdale, Orchards Cape (BB).
- *Dicey, Susan, P.O. Orchards, Cape Province (DD).
- *Dicey, Biddy (Mrs. G. Osler), c/o S. Dicey Orchards, Cape (AA).
- *Doveton-Kay, Diana, Belford, Melbourne Road, Kenilworth, Cape (EE).
- *Dowie-Dunn, Elizabeth, The Red Cottage, Toloni Road, Kenilworth (EE).
- *Dyke-Poynter, Pam, Long Cottage, Newlands Ave., Newlands (EE).
- Ellis, Lavinia, Merchester Cottage, Swanswyk Road, Tokai (AA).
- Emslie, Kathleen, 5 Gibson Road, Kenilworth, Cape (CC).
- *Faull, Alicia (Mrs. J. K. Wilkinson), 4, Koornboop, Dixon Road, Mowbray (BB).
- Fauville, Claire, Sillery Cellars, Sillery Ave., Constantia, Cape (BB).
- *Finch, Rene, 25, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1.
- *Garlick, Margaret, The Chilterns, Wynberg (EE).
- *Gilbert, Angela, The Linney, Carbrook Ave., Claremont (EE).
- Gray, Marian, 20 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, 26, Groote Schuur Flats, Main Road, Rondebosch, Cape (CC).
- *Harris, Jean, Constantia Rise, Constantia, Cape (CC).
- *Harris, Marian, Constantia Rise, Constantia (DD).
- *Harris, Pamela, "Waverley", Primrose Ave., Wynberg, Cape (CC).
- *Hawson, Christine (Mrs. Graham Godfrey), 56, Puntans Hill, Durban, Natal (AA).
- *Henderson, Jean, P.O. Box 52, Grabouw, Cape (EE).
- *Henderson, Elspeth, Cranborne, Robinson Road, Kenilworth (DD).
- *Hennessey, Moira, 15 Edinburgh Drive, Claremont (DD).
- *Henstra, Terry, Fairview, Struben Road, Claremont, Cape (AA).
- *Hugo, Diana, Rose Street, Newlands.
- *Hugo, Diana, Rose Street, Newlands, Cape.
- *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 (Mrs. D. Heathcote Farrant), 1a, Sandown Mews, Pine Ave., Sandown, 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, 97, Argyle Ave., Hurlingham, Johannesburg, Tvl. (EE).
- *Murray, Pamela, Hawthorndene Hotel, George, Cape (AA).
- *Noakes, Amanda, Serenite, Swanswyk Rd., Tokai (BB).
- *Ovenstone, Diana (Mrs. C. Venn), Stellenberg, Stellenberg Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (AA).
- *Payne, Allison, 4, Bishops court Road, Claremont (EE).
- *Payne, Carol, 4, Bishops court Road, Claremont (DD).
- *Persse, Melissa, 3, Zion Road, Claremont, Cape (DD).
- *Phillip, Jill (Mrs. P. Eckstein), E294 Devonshire Hill, Grotto Road, Rondebosch (CC).
- *Phillips, Carol, Brownlow, Montrose Avenue, Claremont, Cape (CC).
- *Pickering, Rosemary, Marlow, Dunkeld Avenue, Bishops court, Cape (CC).
- *Pringle, Pauline, B11 Bergendal, Main Road, Wynberg, Cape (CC).

- *Raath, Penelope, Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape (CC).
 *Raath, Susan, Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont (DD).
 Rows, Elizabeth, Cavenwood, Lock Road, Kalk Bay (CC).
 *Reid, Grace (Mrs. F. Maritz), "Beulah", Highway, Fish Hoek, Cape (BB).
 *Rhodes, Jennifer, Cranborne, Robinson Road, Kenilworth (DD).
 *Richardson, Jennifer, The Old Brewery, Newlands Ave. Newlands (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, Huis-in-bos, Klein Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape (CC).
 *Silberbauer, Ann, The Coach House, Rathfelder Ave., Constantia, C.P. (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).
 *Steen, Anne, 3 Devon Close, Rouwkoop Avenue, Rondebosch, Cape (AA).
 *Stephens, Jasmine, Bergendal Flats, Main Road, Wynberg, Cape (CC).
 *Stuttaford, Melanie, Corran, Torquay Ave., Claremont (DD).
 *Swabey Bridget, Plough Hill, Hermina Ave., Southern Cross Drive, Constantia (CC).
 *Thal, Philippa (Mrs. Watson), 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 (Mrs. Karl Rogl), 305 Oakdale, Main Road, Plumstead (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, c/o Helena Club, 32, Lancaster Gate, London, W.2 (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).

Group 6 (Circle FF).

- *Bartley, Carol, Bonny Rigg, Strawberry Hill, Constantia, Cape (FF).
 *Bennett, Jane, 28 St. Andrews Road, Newlands, Cape (FF).
 *Baumann, Melanie, "Voelgesang", Glen Avenue, Orangezicht, Cape (FF).
 *Cronwright, Victoria, Exeter Lodge, Exeter Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape (FF).
 *Culley, Bryony, Rippling Waters, Peninsula Road, Zeekovlei, Cape (FF).
 *Droemer, Kathrin, c/o Droemers Garage, Paarl, Cape (FF).
 *Ellis, Beverley, Talkoo, 40, Ringwood Drive, Pinelands, Cape (FF).
 *Fowkes, Rosemary-Anne, Willows, Braeside Road, Kenilworth, Cape (FF).
 *Gant, Janet, Lourensford, Somerset West, Cape (FF).
 *Gow, Alison, 301, Ashbourne, Main Road, Kenilworth, Cape (FF).
 *Howell, Sandra, Dennebos Farm, Private Bag, Elgin, Cape (FF).
 *Jenner, Shirley, 10, Hunter Avenue, Park Drive, Port Elizabeth (FF).
 *Kinlay, Gail, Kylemore, Aberdeen Road, Rondebosch, Cape (FF).
 *Mackenzie, Derrows, 18, Bishopscourt Road, Claremont, Cape (FF).
 *Mann, Jackie, c/o Mr. W. E. Greenwood, P.O. Box 1043, Johannesburg, Tvl. (FF).
 *Moore, Beverley, White Cottage, Sylvia Road, Claremont, Cape (FF).

*Newman, Carol, Bergvliet Farm, Homestead Avenue, Bergvliet, Cape (FF).

†Newton, Frances, 1, Sunningdale Road, Kenilworth, Cape (FF).

*Newton-Thompson, Joy, Gwelo Lodge, Newlands Avenue, Newlands, Cape (FF).

*Percy, Pamela, Rosyth, Highwick Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (FF).

*Schipper, Joan, Macistade, off Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, Cape (FF).

†Spencer, Diana, La Napoule, 21, The Cheviots, Camps Bay, Cape (FF).

†Strong, Sandra, Greenways, Linkoping Road, Rondebosch, Cape (FF).

*Waring, Joan, 18, Uitvlugt, Pinelands, Cape (FF).

*Wells, Michèle, A40 Albion Mill, Rondebosch, Cape (FF).

The Old Herschelians' Association welcomes to Circle GG the following:

As Life Members:

Gillian Baigrie, Fiona Dicey, Jennifer Emslie, Lynn Harris, Helen Henderson, Angela Macris, Rosalind Ovenstone, Susan Simpson, Rosemary Taylor.

As Annual Subscribers:

Carlotta Bowman-Vaughan, Patricia Brailey, Jeanne de Wet, Virginia Galbraith, Elspeth Mackenzie, Jeanette Ross, Linda Townsend, Elizabeth Trevor-Jones, Cheryl Wale.

The Secretary of this Circle will be: Susan Simpson.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Magazine Editor,
Old Herschelians' Association,
23, Lovers Walk,
Kenilworth,
Cape.

Please note the following new address with effect from.....

NAME (Maiden and Married).....

CIRCLE OR YEAR LEFT HERSCHEL.....

ADDRESS

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.....

NOTE: Please write in block capitals.



