

The
HERSCHELIAN



No. 43

1968

CLAREMONT PHARMACY

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DISPENSING and FAMILY CHEMISTS



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THE HERSCHELIAN

No. 43

December, 1968

THE MAGAZINE

Editorial Committee: Mrs. Boyes.

Jagger: Diana Willmott, Gillian Gair, Jeannie Newman,

Rolt: Helen Watson, Pip Broadbent, Moira Little,

Merriman: Ethel Hacking, Alison Burns, Sandra de Woronin.

FOREWORD

This year will be different from all other years at Herschel, as it will be distinguished by two Prize-givings, and, indeed, after this year, we shall always have our Prize-giving at the end of the year, and Founder's Day at the beginning.

The three Houses each produced a very good magazine again this year. Merriman magazine was again adjudged the best, while Jagger came second and Rolt third. Some of the articles will appear in "The Herschelian", but we have included only one lino-cut, as most of the pictures painted by the girls were delicate and lovely water-colours which cannot easily be reproduced in printers' ink. The standard of the art in all three magazines, was very high indeed.

During the first term this year, the Drama Class produced "The Trojan Women" in the courtyard outside the school hall. This difficult and moving play was very creditably and poignantly presented by the young cast against a background of white walls, dark cypresses, and "the long ships waiting".

A Photographic Competition produced some lovely photographs, and was won by Jagger, with Merriman a very close second.

The various games teams have been very active this year and have played and won many matches against other schools. This is particularly true of the hockey teams. The Second Team, in fact, has had an unbeaten record!

Mrs. Kittow was granted a British Council Visitorship and spent a very strenuous and interesting second term abroad. On her return, she gave the school a vivid and entertaining account of her impressions and encounters in her old stamping-grounds, and in some fresh ones, too!

Of absorbing interest to the staff was her report of the new methods and new ideas in the teaching of English which are being tried with such spectacular success in many educational institutions and centres in England at present.

Many events will be crowded into the six short weeks of the last term: the final examinations; the Prize-giving, with Mr. Frank Robb as guest-speaker and Mrs. Robb to distribute the prizes; and, finally, that lovely close to the Herschel year, the Herschel Carol Service in St. Saviour's Church on the evening of the 10th December.

E.J.B.

STAFF NEWS, 1968

We would like to extend a cordial welcome to:

Senior School: Mrs. Coetzee, Miss Engels, Mrs. Stuart-Collins, Miss Theron, Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Smits.

Preparatory: Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Van Rensburg, Mrs. Wilson.

Preparatory House Staff: Mrs. Symes (Housekeeper).

Senior House Staff: Mrs. Eastwood (Housekeeper).

AVE ATQUE VALE, 1967

NEWCOMERS:

Kindergarten: Beverly Brockman, Diane Cameron, Janine Clews, Leigh Cluver, Caroline Dowdle, Kathleen Gearing, Vivienne Horwood, Janice Hurst, Caroline Lamb, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Fiona McLennan, Deirdre Mannion, Celia Maud, Leigh Mukheiber, Louise Murdock, Diana Newton, Bodil Norgaard, Christine Pulvermacher, Andrea Raath, Gail Robinson, Bridgette Smith, Leigh Whitefield.

Transition: Slobhan Mannion, Andrea Olivier, Delene Coates, Lisa-Marie Diamond, Janine Kraimer.

Lower I: Miranda von Schwalbach.

Preparatory: Margaret Adama, Catherine Antee, Deborah Constant, Susan Cunningham, Marianne du Toit, Clare Dixon, Vanessa Floyd, Karina Floyd, Gail Friedlander, Sharron Gird, Janet Hanson, Amanda Harding, Amanda Lee,

Diana Lindbergh, Christine Moni, Zenne Reid, Helen Spruce, Shayne Smith, Jennifer Sharp, Georgina Thom.

Senior School: Shân Adams, Carol Appleton, Dominic Blanchaert, Louise Browne, Gail de Beer, Tessa Helfet, Lynne de la Hunt, Jeanine Floyd, Nicola Garroway, Hannale Muller, Jasmine Peel, Susan Maggs, Myra Maastricht, Susan Milne, Jane Whipp.

LEFT, 1967

Upper V: Gillian Baigrie, Patricia Brailley, Hilary Burns, Lynn Cunningham, Elizabeth de Wet, Fiona Dacey, Jennifer Enslie, Virginia Galbraith, Lynn Harris, Helen Henderson,

Anne Lomax, Elspeth McKenzie, Angela Macria, Rosalind Ovenstone, Jeanette Ross, Susan Simpson, Rosemary Taylor, Linda Townsend, Elizabeth Trevor-Jones, Carlotta Vaughan, Cheryl Wale, Cheryl Warr.

Others: Caroline Austin, Susan Bentley, Delina Coats, Lucinda de Villiers, Susan Harris, Barbara Harwood, Jacinth Holmes, Rhonda Johnstone, Ade Marie Keller, Helen Keller, Julia Lipworth, Susan Lipworth, Mia MacGregor, Elizabeth Minott, Julia Paley, Terry Palmer, Jacquelynne Palmer, Jane Petersen, Tina Pilgrim, Paula Reid, Christine Reid, Michele Shimmin, Elizabeth Simpson, Amy Steinmeuller, Susan Steinmeuller, Lisa Steinmeuller, Charmain Willis, Lisa Woodsworth.

FOUNDER'S DAY, 1968

The sermon on Founder's Day was preached by His Grace, the Lord Archbishop of Cape Town, the Most Reverend Robert Selby Taylor.

The Archbishop drew a parallel between the adventures of Alice in Wonderland and the life of an ordinary Christian. The Wonderland in which her adventures occurred is the counterpart of our own exciting world, with its dangers, its difficulties and its trials.

The story begins with a bored Alice sitting with her sister on a green bank beside a stream. She was wondering what she could do to relieve the monotony, when a White Rabbit with pink eyes leaped past her. What aroused her curiosity was the fact that, as it went by, she distinctly heard it say: "Oh dear, oh dear, I shall be late!" and he took out a watch as if to confirm his fears.

To satisfy her curiosity, Alice followed the White Rabbit down a hole, and she did not know what she would find in the hole, and she certainly did not know how she would get out again—but she was determined to gratify her curiosity.

From the moment that she entered the hole she began to fall, and she went on falling. She saw interesting things on the way: shelves and cupboards around the walls of the hole, and maps and pictures, but she could not see the bottom of the hole. When, at last, she reached the bottom of the hole, Alice saw on a shelf a tin labelled "Orange Marmalade"—but the tin was empty.

The fall was quite a pleasant experience, and at the end she touched bottom lightly and gently. A passage ran off the bottom of the hole, and Alice saw the White Rabbit, still murmuring about his lateness, disappearing down it. She now found herself in a lighted hall, with doors all around the walls, but she

tried in vain to open each door in turn, as they all remained locked against her. Then she felt mounting consternation, and in the end she sat down and wept because she did not know how she would escape.

Alice's story begins with a fall in a garden, as does that of man in the Garden of Eden. Man's enemy assumed the guise of a serpent; Alice's enemy, though apparently attractive, soft and fluffy, was the cause of her difficulties, since whenever she saw him, she got into trouble. Evil has many disguises, all seemingly attractive, and we find temptation beguiling. Alice found the Rabbit attractive, and he aroused her curiosity, so that she did not stop to think where her inquisitiveness would lead her, into what difficulties and dangers. To the first man and the first woman the serpent suggested that it would be an exciting experiment to eat the forbidden apple. After all, there was plenty of other delicious fruit for Adam and Eve, so that they did not need to taste the apple. However, they wondered what would happen if they ate it.

Curiosity, rightly used, is one of God's good gifts, but, like all his gifts, it can be misused. The Devil suggested to the first man and the first woman that it would be interesting to find out what would happen if they disobeyed God, and they fell into temptation and sin in order to satisfy the wrong sort of curiosity. To fall is not unpleasant at first; Alice found it exciting, and to Adam and Eve it was easy. The Christian is curious, in the same way, to taste all experience, and at first he finds sin exciting and interesting, as Alice did her fall. Yet, just as Alice could not foresee the dangers that were to befall her later, so he does not realise that the marmalade tin will eventually prove to be empty.

FOUNDER'S DAY REPORT: 1968

Your Excellency, Your Grace, Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is perhaps a good thing to pause sometimes and take stock of ourselves. We are living in the midst of the most radical revolution in the history of mankind: beginning about 200

years ago, it is transforming the human environment and man himself by a technological progress which has now acquired enormous momentum. It is changing the way we live, our work, our houses, our food, our communications, our pleasures, indeed the very chemistry

of the human personality. What is it doing specifically to you, your children, to me?

Let me take some of the things in our immediate orbit. If you are interested in the birth, growth, and sickness of that movement which we know as "modernism", you will remember that one limb of it long ago grew roots which reached deep into tradition. Another and larger limb did not deepen its roots after the First World War but drew them up, rather, seeking sustenance more and more from the present and less and less from the past. Gradually it loosened its connections with the existing social, intellectual, and cultural elite, and by degrees entered into an alliance with the idealistic Leftists on the one hand; and on the other (this is important to this argument) with the smart and advanced operators in the world of getting and spending, selling and advertising, pushing and promoting. This is the limb that has flourished like the green bay tree and that now completely overshadows literature, painting, sculpture, music, architecture—the things in our immediate orbit. It is these smart and advanced operators who manipulate the market pressures, and who condition whole publics into accepting their wares, for art and the arts are no more special than other consumer goods.

Perhaps I could illustrate with something that is common to everybody, such as folksong. This, of course, is very thin ice to tread on in the company of teenagers, and probably very rash of me, but we learn from history that we do not learn! If you will forgive the ubiquitous "I" in a Headmistress's report (it is difficult to avoid it here), I am interested in folksong for the same reasons for which I am interested in children's creative expressions—I cherish the art in it. I value it for its artistic sincerity, since the unconscious output of the human mind, whatever else it may be, is always sincere. This unconscious creative sincerity is found in nursery rhymes, in children's traditional lore, in good children's writing and painting—and in traditional folksong.

That the great folksongs such as the Unquiet Grave, Barbara Allen, or My love is like a red, red rose were preserved for so long and are so beautiful is evidence that, in some conditions, the human soul values highly the discipline of the poetic quest for inner truth. Folksong was disinterested because it was created and sung only for the joy of creative self-expression. It was the song that mattered, not the singer.

But our world has become very different, and so it is inevitable that all the arts now find it harder to concern themselves disinterestedly with the human heart and life's experiences. For with the growth of mass entertainment there seems to have developed an activity of deliberate corruption—the smart operators (dreadful word!) deliberately exploit meretricious feeling and projected personality, even people's deepest anxieties, in the name of "commercial returns". The word "Folksong" itself means something different from what it did ten years ago. For instance, a few years ago a group of

students asked me to one of their folksong evenings, and a young man with a good voice sang "The Foggy Dew" quite well. But then he went on to overthrow that song's directness of joy in natural love by saying: "And now I'm going to sing you a folksong I made up all by myself about Lady Chatterley's lover!" That is like a singer in a recital of Schubert lieder suddenly offering you a snazzy number she'd written over the weekend. It is a confusion of two cultures—and bad taste. The danger seems to lie in the fact that we are not aware of this confusion. Reality and illusion are not the same!

Then there is deliberate conditioning. I remember being first amused and then startled by this blurb, for example, on a record sleeve:

"The irrepressible reality of Bob Dylan is a compound of spontaneity, candour, slicing wit, and an uncommonly perceptive eye and ear for the way many of us constrict our capacities for living, while a few of us don't . . ." This "protest" theme links the young image with the world's successful attempt over the last 20 years to alienate and hive off the teenagers as a separate market, as an exploitable commercial group. (The young image in Pop singers from Elvis Presley to the Beatles have hived off superbly!)

However, let's join the unconstricted few for a moment! (This is the old ad-man's gimmick of appeal—"a book for the few—120th thousand") Bob Dylan, you see, has a message. The blurb goes on: "Throughout everything he writes and says, here is the surge of the young man looking into as many diverse scenes and people as he can find . . ." I'm my own person. I've got basic common rights . . . everything I do and sing comes out of me . . . It is this continuing explosion of a complete individual, a young man growing free rather than absurd."

Nothing could be more repellent than this "build up" of a "free" personality in terms of "sincerity"—when the obvious aim is to project a "persona". Bob Dylan is no more free than the supposedly iconoclastic Beatles. Both are really mere vehicles to project commercial propaganda campaigns. The real intention is given away on another sleeve . . . "It matters less where he has been than where he is going, and that would seem to be straight up," it says. Straight up, that is, to the Top Ten, not to any artistic height of excellence or truth. He is only "free" in so far as he is financially successful. This is very different from the freedom of the true artist, who has nothing to answer to except the creative conscience.

He's not going up at all—he's not growing up either; and that is his main appeal (as it is the appeal of a great deal of commercial entertainment). To grow up is terrible. The Beatles say so. Listen to John Lennon: "The thing I'm afraid of is growing old. I hate that. You get old and you've missed it somehow. The old always resent the young, and vice versa." Listen to Ringo Starr: "OUT are striped watchstraps. I saw a friend's mum wearing one, and that was enough for me."

Despite its apparent realism, this is the essential message of Bob Dylan: under the pretend-worker's hat his "sincere" face shows a self-pitying cowardice about growing up to accept adult responsibility. This is, what for instance "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" is about, not the Cuban missile threat at all. Bob Dylan is the "blue-eyed darling" who is threatened by a nasty world, the new-born baby with wild wolves round it. His message, of course, pretends to be realistic and love-seeking: "I met a girl who gave me a rainbow . . ." In the last war we sang, "Somewhere over the rainbow bluebirds fly" . . . The language, the cheap symbol, the vacant sentimentality, are the same. Only the slant and the headgear have changed, and to them have been added the "folksong" element, with the crypto-sincere "folk" persona produced and projected.

What I find strangest about the more fashionable cults of the young today is just this sloppiness underlying the "tough" cults. Take for instance the words of a recent "top-ten" success:

"We'll build a world of our own
That no one else will share.
All our sorrows we'll leave
Far behind us there.
And I know you'll find
There'll be no peace of mind
When we live in a world of our own."

—Could anything be closer to Patience Strong? Surely even a normal tough child would find this embarrassing?

I've said enough to earn the disapproval of my teenage friends for ever, I'm afraid. And yet I hope not. The one sphere where disinterested principles still hold sway is education; it is the one sphere which does not sell its goods, and the one hope in human society of helping boys and girls to an assessment of values—not in any way denouncing the present but selecting from it. And so education remains our greatest hope for future creativity. Believe me, those who manipulate the market pressures (song of a poet who died in the gutter, "10,000 whispers but no one was listening") are not interested in you, your children, or the poet who died in the gutter. They are interested in their own bank balances.

Those who teach are principally instrumental in passing on the social heritage from one generation to the next; and if, as so happens in our own time, in a fashion and to an extent not known before, that heritage has become doubtful, and if the challenge of our age lies above all in the field of education—not so much education as generally understood but an education in which we all have to learn—how do we set about it? This is an enormous question, and it would require perhaps another Founder's Day to deal with it. It might even be presumptuous to try. But it could perhaps be briefly said that essentially what seems to be needed is a quality of spirit carrying us beyond the ego-centred state, the me-in-the-middle state. The universal affirmation of all the great religions is that there is a life going beyond the ego-centred existence; that in the depths of the

human spirit there is a seed, a spark, an essence, a still point, a deep centre, which can grow, become a fire, permeate the whole man; that there is in us a wholly different kind of being. If and when we go over to this different kind of being we are, as it were, re-born. The life of mortality, *l'homme moyen sensuel*, gives place here and now, in this present world, to what is experienced as the indestructible life. It is this going over to a different kind of being that is the essential basis of religion. And though the process of renewal is in the main a religious discovery it is by no means confined to religion. For Plato this quality of experience was what he meant by his philosophy—not some system of ideas but a fire in the soul. In our own time this self-same discovery has been made in the realm of depth psychology. But it requires an awareness: "Seek", "Know thyself", "Be aware". At any time the intimations of the life may come; sometimes "as a thief in the night". The intersection of the timeless with time, which is the moment of breakthrough, cannot be engineered. It can only be watched for unremittingly, and, when the timeless moment comes, suddenly, or gradually, the vital transition made. And once it has been made you do not confuse reality and illusion. The ineluctable truth is that as man has grown up technologically, he must now grow up morally and spiritually, or perish.

I turn now to the work of the past year, 1967.

CHURCH AND CHAPEL. We were deeply sorry to learn of the death of Canon Joost de Blank in London on January 2nd. He had been Chairman of the Herschel Council when he was Archbishop of Cape Town, and the School owed much to his advice and guidance. On October 31st, 19 girls were confirmed by the Bishop Suffragan of Cape Town, in St. Saviour's Church, where the annual Carol Service also took place on December 7th. Canon Hodson took Communion many times in the Chapel during the year, and it has been pleasing to see so many parents coming to these services. Relatives and friends are always welcome too. Ten girls volunteered to help at Bonteheuwel Church on Sunday mornings and have gained much insight into social conditions by doing so.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL. Many of these have already been acknowledged in the School Magazine, but I would like to thank Mr. Haram for his cheque towards the lights for the Music and Drama. This came after the magazine was printed. And also last year's Matrices for the beautiful notice-board, which you will see outside.

In the Matriculation examinations—22 entered, 21 passed. There was 1 First-class Matric, 12 Second-class Matrics, and 8 School Leaving Certificates. These results were what we expected last year.

AMERICAN FIELD SCHOLARSHIPS. Last year's A.F.S. students, Beverly Moore and Sheila Mackenzie, are still in America and we have had very happy letters from them. This

year Lynne Cunningham has been chosen to go from Herschel.

In the annual Rotary Club essay Competition, Elizabeth Spillhaus gained first place, and Prunella Borton third. Rosalind Ovenstone won the Maynardville trophy for the best essay on "Tragedy or Comedy—my preference", and for the first time in the history of Herschel we entered girls for the Taalbond examinations. 43 wrote the Lower, and 2 wrote the Higher. These results do not come out until the first week in March, I'm told.

In the annual music examinations of the Royal Schools of Music, 25 girls entered and 23 were successful, and 2 gained distinctions.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND BURSARIES. The Herschel Council again awarded two scholarships, each for R150 a year for five years, to girls entering the Senior School at the Upper 3 stage. They were won by Hannale Muller (Groote Schuur Primary School) and Christine Reid (Herschel Preparatory).

In the *Preparatory Department* we have from this year divided the Lower 3 (Standard 5) form into two streams, a larger and a smaller one. In the Senior School there are now two streams for each form from Upper 3 to Upper 5 (Standard 6-10).

As I announced last Founder's Day, through the generosity of the South African Industrial Fund we were able to build a Junior Biology Laboratory, which was blessed by His Grace the Archbishop on August 8th and which now is in full use. You might like to see over it this afternoon.

The new Hockey field, which was grassed last winter, was handed over officially by Mrs. Allan Lees on behalf of the donors to the School on May 8th, and is both a tremendous boon and an aesthetic pleasure.

Also through the generosity of the late Mr. Danfoord Jonste, R6,000 was left to the School and most of this has been used to provide all-weather surfacing for two tennis courts at the Senior School. The Old Girls' Association held a most successful Mannequin Parade in the Hall and raised nearly R3,000. We are indeed grateful to them for the hard work and enthusiasm that went into all this, and the money will be put towards all-weathering the two courts at the Preparatory.

Parents too have come forward with an offer to hold a Morning Market on March 2nd. Mrs. Ian Currie is the convener, and with her quiet efficiency she gets through an outstanding amount of work. We are most grateful to her and to the parents for their interest and willingness to help, and hope that it will thus be possible to all-weather the surface of the two remaining courts at the Senior School.

As it becomes increasingly necessary to equip youth for a world moving rapidly into the Computer and Space age, and therefore to introduce them to the New Mathematics, we were delighted that the Cape Education Department accepted the Herschel Preparatory staff for its intensive course on this. They found it both

illuminating and exhausting. Mrs. Scott-Shaw, also, attended the Course for Senior teachers. Mothers and fathers of Preparatory children were invited to a course of lectures on the New Mathematics, sponsored by the Cape Home and School Council, but we heard yesterday that there had been more applicants than could be accommodated.

HOUSE ACTIVITIES. The School was fortunate once again in its three good Heads—Helen Henderson, Fiona Diezy, and Jeanne de Wet, who carried out their duties efficiently and with dignity. The standard of the House Magazines was high, the Art being particularly good, and Merriman well deserved the first place, which Mrs. Pierce-Jones, the adjudicator, gave it. The Inter-house Music competition was a most delightful experience, and Mrs. Prim Crighton, who judged it, awarded the cup to Roit.

Through its Houses, too, the School takes a great interest and pleasure in helping the Eoan Group, the Grey Ladies, and many other charities which you will have seen mentioned in the School Magazine. The girls of the Ruby Porter Service League are much enjoying their visits to the Raapkraal crèche where, under the guidance of Mrs. Alex McGregor and Mrs. Mary Muller, they help to amuse the children whose ages range from three to six, paint the furniture of the crèche, serve lunches, etc. On the day they were to have taken the children to the beach it rained too hard for the outing.

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.

Mrs. Saffery was away for the first term and Miss Sweet for the second. We thought it better not to have the School Play during 1967, but it will be presented on March 14th, 15th and 16th this year, when Mrs. Saffery will produce that great Greek tragedy, *The Trojan Women*.

GAMES. As Mrs. Gibson said in her report, the most important event of the year was the tour of Rhodesia, which took place during the June holidays. Twenty-five players left Cape Town on June 21st and returned on July 5th, 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.

There has been a general improvement in the standard of hockey throughout the eight teams fielded this season, and now that the new field is in proper working order Herschel should acquit itself very well indeed. In swimming too there has been improvement in the standard; Yolanda Labia won the Under 16 Western Province Championship and Hilary Gasson won the Under 14 Inter-Schools Diving Championship; good progress has also been made at tennis, though two courts were completely out of action in the fourth term. The enthusiasm evident for these three games is a delight to witness, and once all the tennis courts have their all-weather surfaces it will be possible to

play throughout the winter as well. Such surfacing will also reduce the cost of maintenance. The Squash Club continues to flourish, with similar enthusiasm, but it is a senior privilege and limited to girls in Lower V and Upper V. You will have noticed since Mrs. Gibson joined us that girls are divided into groups for games according to their ability. This is a very sound principle as it gives every girl the right kind of chance, and (even though the timetable is a headache), she moves from group B to group A as her performance warrants.

STAFF NEWS. Mrs. Brownell who had been on long leave in the July term, returned as vice-Principal and I am most grateful for her help. Her quiet efficiency, thoroughness, and courtesy are appreciated by everybody.

The School suffered a great loss in the death of Mrs. Amdurer (Biology Mistress), who was killed on the mountain on July 31st, 1967. This was a severe shock to us all. Although she had been with us only since April, 1966, she had quickly identified herself with the life of Herschel, was an excellent teacher, and her engaging personality had endeared her to everybody. We shall remember her always with affection and gratitude. We were fortunate indeed that Mrs. D. Milne was able to take over

straight away. She agreed to stay until December, 1967, and gave the girls that sense of security which threatened to be badly shaken. In Mrs. Amdurer's place, therefore, we welcome Miss Lynette Theron, B.A.(UCT). Mrs. Petro Muller, Senior Afrikaans Mistress, felt that her children were too young to leave and Mrs. Schutz, part-time Afrikaans Mistress, needed a rest. We thank them for their services, and in their places welcome Mrs. Williams, B.A.(Stellenbosch) and Mrs. Coetzee, B.A.(Stellenbosch). Also a warm welcome to Miss Carroll Robertson, B.A. of Cape Town University, who is doing part-time French, and Mrs. Smith.

Lastly, as Mrs. Perring's husband is returning to England this year, she too has left, after being with us for one year. We thank her for her services, and in her place welcome Miss G. Engels, B.A. (Hons. English), of Natal University.

May I now, in conclusion, thank all the Staff for their unflinching help and support during the year, and Mr. and Mrs. Withers, and likewise the General Purposes Committee and the Herschel Council for the invaluable help and guidance they always give me. It is a great privilege to work with men and women of their calibre.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you.

HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT

SPEECH DAY, DECEMBER 9th, 1968

Mr. Robb, Your Grace, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I was very proud to be present on the night that Mr. Robb and twelve other distinguished citizens were given honorary degrees by the University of Cape Town in recognition of their services to this country. I don't know whether Mr. Robb realised that this earmarked him to be our Guest Speaker today, but it is for us a happy culmination of the 25 years he spent as a valuable mentor on the Herschel Council, and it is good to have him and Mrs. Robb here today, when they conclude their long association with Herschel.

This is the second "Headmistress's Report" which I shall have delivered this year, since Speech Day will in future be at the end of the year, and Founder's Day a separate ceremony combined with Old Girls' Day in February. As a rule I have tried to indicate general trends in education, linked as they are with overseas developments which sooner or later have their bearing on methods and policy in this country. Since I know parents and friends are interested in the investigations I made overseas this year, I shall deal with some of them, at the risk of boring the Staff, to whom I talked for nearly three hours on the subject, and my colleagues on the Headmasters' and Headmistresses' Conference in October. (These poor souls were not only presented with a bulky Report, which was circulated throughout the country, but had to listen to me in Durban as well.)

There are always times when life and work call for a stimulus, a fresh approach perhaps,

an illumination, something different; and so it was that I went to find out whether there had been any significant changes in the teaching of English at senior school level of recent years. I left England 19 years ago, and had taught English (both overseas and in this country) to students whose ages have ranged from 15 to 60! By and large most changes, visual and audio-visual over the last 70 years, have benefited the primary departments of schools. The senior are necessarily attuned to examination requirements and therefore less able to experiment. English is perhaps a way of life rather than a subject, and so much depends on the personality of the teacher that what will stimulate one teacher will leave another stone cold. It is also possible to resist change because years of practice in a method have been successful. But nothing stands still, and we live in a Space Age, an age based on heavy industry, not on the agricultural tradition of the Renaissance.

Britain has recognised the need to reform the school curriculum, to bring it more in line with the changes implicit in the Space Age. In fact in 1962 the Crowther Report established that the curriculum was outdated, and in 1964 the Schools Council was set up by the Secretary of State for Education and Science for just this reason.

So it was interesting to me that from a great number of schools of all types, training colleges, universities, one thing stood out: there was very little change in the Grammar, Independent, and Public schools, who still teach much

as we do in South Africa. This is understandable, since the universities put a high value on academic disciplines. (The English education system is vast, complex, old, and very class-conscious.)

The interesting area of change is in the Secondary Modern and Comprehensive schools. These are not subject to the same rigours of university entrance as the others, and what is in fact taking place is the logical outcome of a movement which started some 70 years ago. Briefly, the approach ceased to be authoritarian, i.e. "from me to you", and became "from the child, outwards". That simple statement is fundamental, and is nothing short of revolution. This revolution has already taken place in the infant schools, is slowly permeating the junior schools and is spilling over in to the Secondary Modern and even into some Grammar Schools. This last point is important, since the Grammar Schools are conservative, and much bound by university requirements.

What has been the cause of this, you may ask. Well, it was quite obvious that recently many younger teachers have been deeply influenced by the American philosopher, Marshall McLuhan, and press for a total involvement in the communications revolution of this 20th century — an extension of the personality through sight and sound rather than print. Writing, they say, is linear, manuscripts slowly deciphered, whereas oral and visual media are polysynthetic, the response and articulation immediate. We no longer live in a print-dominated society. McLuhan is difficult, extreme, and highly individual, but he is interesting and has, as I say, caught the imagination of the younger generation of teachers. The medium, he says, is the message, and the message of any medium or technology is the change of pace, or scale, or pattern that it introduces into human affairs.

One must remember here that England and America have lived with and adapted to change to a far greater extent than we have in South Africa, so that television, radio, dance-drama, socio-linguistics are common currency — and at a level of familiarity which would be strange to us. Nevertheless it seemed to me that those pressing for total involvement in the new media had not altogether understood McLuhan: his constant theme is that modern means of communication, "electric circuitry" as he calls it, are ultimately *destructive* not only of Art but of civilisation itself, as that word has always been understood. And here he has, surprisingly enough, a good deal in common with Professors of Education, rooted as these are in the Middle Ages and not in heavy industry. McLuhan's thesis might be clearer if I quoted the case of the young architect from Harvard who said to his professor: "You see, my generation does not have goals. We are not goal-orientated. We just want to know what's going on." Now that means not a point of view, but a total ecological awareness. He is like the types in beatnik cafes, who just stand there, looking — nonchalant — the offensive style of

those who are not so much *for* anything in particular, as "with it" in general.

Television has, of course, been the chief instrument of change. The printed word created the Public. The Public consists of separate individuals, each with his own point of view. Electric circuitry does not create a Public. It creates the Mass. The Mass does not consist of separate individuals but of individuals profoundly involved in one another. Here in short is a total ecological awareness, i.e. the mutual relations between organisms and their environment, which until the advent of "electric circuitry" was enjoyed only by the most primitive of societies. In other words our cultural gradient is overwhelmingly towards the primitive, or, if you like, the involvement of all the senses. (If you want to see an embodiment of this thesis, go to the Shaftesbury Theatre in London and buy a ticket, if you can get one, for that entertainment/ritual called "Hair".)

That is why in education it seems imperative to strike a balance between the old and the new, between those who press for academic disciplines and separate identities, and those who press for total involvement in the communications revolution of this 20th century. Somewhere between those two angles of approach the reality would lie, I felt, and so it was that I was most interested in an experiment, now in its fourth year, being conducted by 10 schools in the Leeds and York area. It seemed to me to strike the necessary balance. This experiment is sanctioned by the Joint Matriculation Board of the Northern Universities, in English Language at "O" level (plus-minus 1 year behind our Matric) and no examination is imposed at the end of the year. Briefly, the English staff take Literature as a growing-point, a starter for writing and creative work. Now this has been done by individuals in this country, and by such ventures as "English Alive" with great success. It is new in that for the first time in history this method has been shaped to meet the requirements of a redoubtable examining body like the Northern Universities.

They go about it this way: each school has a series of projects ("beginning with the child and working outwards"), and one perhaps would start with a book like "Sons and Lovers" or "Romeo and Juliet", followed by discussion hinging on the child-parent relationship: the children's own parents, homes, environment, and then as a natural follow-on, parental control and control in general. War, Peace, etc., etc. The object is to make them talk. This provides ideas and vocabulary. Grammar and idiom are taken incidentally. Further situations are taken from Literature and worked out by discussion, the children often suggesting their own projects, which may take 1-2 or 3-4 weeks. (The new timetabling thus becomes in terms of days and weeks in the subject-activity, not in terms of periods.)

The child is then asked to write on what he has discussed or discovered, and may do so (a) imaginatively, (b) factually, (c) in debating

form, (d) descriptively, (e) by a poem or by a piece of criticism.

At the end of the year each student's work is graded by the English staff, and each must have produced five pieces of writing, one in each of the above styles. A moderator then takes the two top sets in a group, the two middle, two bottom. (Schools moderate one another's, for standard). The Heads of English Departments in the area then meet on a fixed date, together with a Research officer from the Institute of Education. If they are agreed that the standard is right, the moderated scripts are sent to the Central Supervisor, who conveys them to the J.M.B. If all are agreed, all get "O" level passes.

This really does take away the heat and tension of the old system—the "Stand and deliver, once and for all" method. I should add that during the year these projects are helped out with radio, television, films, dance drama or spontaneous drama, as the timetable allows. They mean a great deal of correcting for the English Staff since the children find they have something to say, and want to say it, not only orally but in writing as well. Nevertheless it does liberate the personality, which tends to shrink with a feeling of inadequacy when told "Write an essay on Vietnam", for instance! This is writing cold and in a vacuum. But the power and ease with which children write under the Leeds approach is astounding, and it is found that they gain in increased activity and confidence. Since this is the age of the business conference, the dictated letter, the long-distance telephone call, a social competence in both speaking and writing is a great asset.

It is interesting to note that this system I have outlined, which began in Secondary Modern Schools, is spilling over into Grammar Schools, which are far more conservative in their methods, and bound by conditions for university entrance. But the experiment is in the fifth forms only at the moment, so that the necessary skills in punctuation, grammar, and spelling have been acquired over some years, and therefore safeguarded, as it were.

The juxtaposition of two different approaches to teaching thus becomes apparent, and while it is natural that people should ask whether the Leeds experiment can ensure the high standard of excellence which the universities expect, it is also fair to assume that it can.

There were individual lessons, or rather projects, within this framework that I found fascinating in the way they were handled, but this would take too long to expound here; and a Speech Day platform is hardly the place for

a detailed lecture on methods of teaching. But the Staff and I have discussed them, and we mean to try some of them at Herschel next year.

On the lighter side, of course, it is amazing what quirks these methods can bring forth. How do you like this, for instance, on Creative Writing?

Mrs. Bennet's Creative Writing class assignment. Write one paragraph, asking a probing question on any topic you wish. Give it a suitable title. Remember what you've learned about the use of imagery to convey emotion:

Response No. 1. Spring Remembered.

I remember Spring, the Lilacs and the stars, the rose and the dew. You and the night. I remember. I remember holding hands beneath the moon which was suspended like a silver locket upon a chain of stars from the neckline of a cloud. I remember the leaves whispering like lacy gossips in the trees. I remember the lake lapping. I remember how sharp like a thorn was love. Why do I not remember your Name?

Response No. 2. Snow.

The snow lies on mountains and dale like a naked woman exposing its glistening white body voluptuously and proud of her nakedness under the warm snow. Soon the warm sun will melt it. What then?

Response No. 3. What shall I compare thee to?

You are to me a Sunday morning smelling of frying bacon and promises of more. You are to me a racing car at 95 miles an hour that no one else has. You are to me a lazy courtesan in her feminine bedroom with ostrich feathers fanning her brow. You are to me a fresh meadowland. You are to me the sounds of the City that spell a band of gypsies with tumblers, or the hot beat of Rock 'n Roll that jerks a thousand feet. You are to me the end of the line. But what am I to you?

And lastly. Response No. 4. The Murderer.

I saw him scuttling like a crook, making his fearful way, among the dirty dishes crusted with grease in the sink, bearing a morsel of food to his secret sons behind the drainboard. How fearful were his eyes. Shall I kill him? (Mrs. Bennet—Is it clear I am talking about a cockroach?)

The foregoing is the first half of my Report. The second, on the life of the School from January to December, 1968, could not be concluded at the time of going to Press, but most of this information is to be found in the pages of this Magazine.

M. C. KITTO.

PRIZE-GIVING

The Prize-giving took place on the afternoon of Founder's Day. His Excellency, Sir John Nicholls, the British Ambassador gave the address and Lady Nicholls distributed the prizes.

Sir John disclosed that he regarded it as a privilege to be invited to address the school, but added that he was scared stiff of his predominantly female audience. The last time he had addressed an audience of that nature was the

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occasion in England when he had to persuade the N.C.W. that Britain could not have female diplomats but, as always, women had won the day, and he was about to acquire a lady diplomat on his staff. Sir John informed Mrs. Kittow that he also feared headmistresses — and if she were to order him to sit down and see her afterwards he would do so.

He found it difficult to have something to say of equal interest to all the elements in an audience of parents, staff and children. He had tried to recall his own Speech Days at school. The speakers had usually been important people like retired admirals or generals, but he could not remember anything that they had said, except the remark that they all made: that your schooldays were the happiest days of your life. This was nonsense, of course, as these words implied that when you leave school each day will be unhappier than the one before.

Perhaps the speakers had meant that schooldays were happy for you because they were a time of irresponsibility as far as you were concerned. Yet that idea, too, was not true, since irresponsibility did not imply happiness. He thought happiness came through accepting responsibilities and carrying them out to the best of your ability. Schooldays are a preparation for life afterwards, and the most useful thing you can learn at school is to want to learn, and then how to learn — and a good teacher will give you both.

For life to be enjoyed to the full, you must learn to develop a sense of curiosity and an enquiring mind. A baby is taught to accustom itself to routine, and it learns to acquire good and useful habits. Then the child reaches the stage of asking endless questions, which could be quite maddening, so that Nanny would say unsatisfactory things like, "Ask no questions and you'll hear no lies", or Father would murmur, "Ask your mother, dear, I'm trying to read". But these questions ought nevertheless to be answered, and the enquirer taken seriously.

Then follows the period of organised education for the child, when it, in turn, has to an-

swer questions set by teachers and examination papers. This is a time for putting knowledge into the heads of children, and they find that there is little time now for asking questions, yet they must try to keep their curiosity going, and continue to look for questions to ask. If they did not do so, they might lead good lives, but they would be very dull, for those who had open and enquiring minds made the best students, the best citizens, the best parents and the best people. Yet they must not question everything. Something of what the wise people before them had discovered must be accepted without question, e.g. the fact that twice times two equals four. They must now decide what questions are worth asking, and so develop a sense of judgment.

Sir John suggested finally that there was a way in which South Africa could learn from England, where it was the custom for a visiting speaker on Speech Day to suggest a half-holiday for the school. It only remained for him to ask Mrs. Kittow, "What about it?"

ASCENSION DAY, 23rd MAY, 1968

The service was a sung Eucharist in St. Saviour's Church, and included the Liturgy for Africa. The school took part in the service, Sally Abbott reading the first lesson, Helen Robertson the second, and Gail Dicey reciting a portion of the prayers. Both Senior and Preparatory girls helped as servers.

SCHOOL OFFICERS FOR 1968

Heads of Houses: Jagger, Jennifer Susan; Merriman, Sally Abbott; Reil, Gail Dicey.

School Prefects: Delia Beck, Nicola Currie, Devon Lees, Helen Robertson, Susan Stent, Gillian Verster.

Games Captains: Hockey, Nicola Currie; Tennis, Devon Lees; Swimming, Suzanne Neworthy; Squash, Devon Lees.

American Field Service International Scholarship: For the year's post-matriculation course in the United States of America: Lynne Cunningham.

SCHOOL-LEAVING CERTIFICATES, 1967

(M) by the name denotes exemption from Matriculation.

Class I:

Hilary Burns.

Class II:

(M) Lynne Cunningham.

(M) Elizabeth de Wet.

(M) Fiona Dicey.

(M) Jennifer Emalie.

(M) Helen Henderson.

(M) Anne Lomax

(M) Rosalind Ovenstone.

(M) Jeanette Ross.

(M) Linda Townsend.

(M) Elizabeth Trevor-Jones.

(M) Carlotta Vaughan.

(M) Cheryl Wale.

(M) Cheryl Warr.

Class III:

Gillian Baigrie.

Patricia Brailley.

Virginia Galbraith.

Elspeth Mackenzie.

Angela Macris.

Susan Simpson.

SCHOOL CHRONICLE, 1968

FIRST TERM

January

- 23—First Quarter began.
- Jagger on duty.
- House Meetings.
- 24—Debating and Sociological Club Meetings.
- 26—Holy Communion in School Chapel.

February

- 3—Tennis vs. Springfield.
- Old Girls' Day.
- 7—Afrikaans Debate.
- 9—Gordon's Gala.
- 10—School Swimming Gala at Herschel.
- Tennis vs. Wynberg.
- 16—Founder's Day.
- 17—Tennis vs. St. Cyprian's.
- 19—Merriman on duty.
- Richard II at Maynardville.
- 21—Sociological Club: Bishop Cabal on Lebombo.
- 28—Sociological Club: Springbok Stampede Musical.

March

- 2—Morning Market.
- Tennis vs. Good Hope, Middle School Tennis.
- 6—Sociological Club: Mr. Oxtoby on Orchestras.
- 9—Inter-School Gala.
- 11—Party to "Peer Gynt" at Little Theatre.
- 13—English Debate.
- 14—Presentation of "The Trojan Women".
- 15—Presentation of "The Trojan Women".
- 16—Presentation of "The Trojan Women".
- Inter-Schools Tennis (Senior).
- 18—Rolt on duty.
- 20—Sociological Club: Mr. Smits on Diamonds.
- Party to Opera at Claremont Civic Centre.
- Swimming Team vs. Rhenish School.
- 21—Inter-House Tennis: Middle School.
- Inter-House Tennis: Senior School.
- 27—Sociological Club: Film—"Sandefjord".
- 28—Inter-House Swimming.
- 29—End of Term.

SECOND TERM

April

- 17—Second Quarter began.
- Rolt on duty.
- House Meetings.
- 24—Merriman Girls to St. Michael's Annual General Meeting.
- Sociological Club: Mr. Bromley on "Nature Reserves".
- 25—Holy Communion in School Chapel.
- 29—Parents to meet the Staff.

May

- 8—Merriman on duty.
- Matrics to visit Parliament.
- English Debate.
- 11—Hockey Tournament.
- 15—Afrikaans Debate.
- Talk to Art Girls on Silk Screen Printing by Mr. R. Guernsey.

18—P.G.S.G.Y. Hockey Trials.

20—Examinations.

23—Ascension Day, Service at St. Saviour's.

25—W.P. Hockey Trials.

30—Boarders' Parents to meet Staff.

June

- 3—Jagger on duty.
- 5—Sociological Club: Mr. E. Vertue on Photography.
- 6—Holy Communion in Chapel.
- 7—Rotarians' Careers Evening.
- 12—Sociological Club: Dr. Watson on "The body and disease".
- 13—Music and Drama Evening.
- 14—Squash vs. Bishops.
- 15—Hockey vs. Rhenish.
- 17—Squash vs. Old Girls.
- Party to the National Gallery.
- Debate vs. St. Cyprian's.
- Party to Opera: "Carmen" at Alhambra.
- 18—Inter-House Hockey.
- 19—Afrikaans Debate.
- 20—Party to visit Raap Kraal Crèche.
- 21—End of Term.

THIRD TERM

July

- 16—Third Quarter began.
- Merriman on duty.
- House Meetings.
- 17—English Debate.
- 19—Holy Communion in School Chapel.
- Inter-Schools Forum Discussion at Wynberg Girls' High.
- 23—Boarders to film: "Romeo and Juliet".
- 24—Sociological Club: Mrs. Hampson on Vietnam.
- 27—Hockey vs. Wynberg.
- Matriculation Dance.
- 31—Sociological Club: Talk by students on S.H.A.W.C.O.

August

- 7—Pianoforte Recital by Stephen de Groot.
- 12—Rolt on duty.
- 14—English Debate.
- Party to finals of Jaycee Debates.
- 15—Debate vs. Springfield.
- 17—Hockey vs. Rustenburg.
- 21—Sociological Club: Mrs. Kittow on her travels.
- 26—Matric Art Class to Irma Stern's Memorial Exhibition.
- 28—Sociological Club: Mr. Frank Spears on "The Magic of Poetry".

September

- 3—Jagger on duty.
- Inter-House Photographic Competition.
- 4—Sociological Club: Mrs. Brownell on South West Africa.
- 11—English Debate.
- 14—Inter-Schools Hockey.
- 18—Talk on A.F.S. by an American girl and her hostesses and Mr. Rowan.
- Afrikaans Debate.
- 19—Party to Henry IV at Little Theatre.

- 21—Inter-Schools Hockey.
Inter-Schools Dab-Chick race at Zeekoe-vlei.
- 26—Abe Bailey Competition: Afrikaans Speech.
Holy Communion in School Chapel.
Road Safety Competition at S.A.C.S.

FOURTH TERM

October

- 8—Fourth Term began.
Jagger on duty.
House Meetings.
Party to Jaycee Inter-Provincial Schools' Debate.
- 9—English Debate.
- 10—Kruger Day.
- 11—Tennis Professionals at Association Courts.
- 12—Matrics, to Royal Observatory.
- 15—Music and Drama Evening.
Ethel Hocking at Public Speaking Competition.
- 16—Mrs. Kittow's report on her studies overseas.
Sociological Club: Beverley Moore on A.P.S.
- 18—Confirmation Service at St. Saviour's Church.
- 19—Party to the Vienna Boys' Choir.
- 23—Film: "High Wind in Jamaica."
Tennis vs. Loreto.
- 26—Five Matrics to Mount Nelson at Yardley's invitation.
- 30—Merriman on duty.
Sociological Club: Mrs. Perring on Dietetics.

November

- 2—Tennis vs. Star of Sea.
- 6—Sociological Club: Talk on Handicapped Children.
- 8—Matric farewell Lunch.
- 9—Tennis vs. Rustenburg.
- 11—Examinations begin.
- 18—Matriculation Examination begin.
- 20—Rolt on duty.
Sociological Club: Dr. Robinson on Libraries.
- 23—Tennis vs. Wynberg.
- 27—Sociological Club: Mr. Frank Spears on "Being a good looker at Painting".
- 28—Inter-House Athletics.
- 29—Visit to Silvermine Reserve.
Piano Recital by Virginia Fortescue.

December

- 2—Visit to Factories.
Rev. Mr. Swart on Moslems.
- 3—Visit to Museums.
Mr. Eric Vertue on "Old Cape Dutch Houses".
Visit to Met. Station at D. F. Malan and to Groote Constantia.
- 4—Mrs. Clarke on Deportment.
- 5—National Gallery.
Cultural History Museum.
Col. Limbach on Vietnam.
Preparatory Play at St. Saviour's.

- 6—Matric Tea Party for Staff.
Preparatory Play at St. Saviour's.
- 9—Speech Day. Speaker: Mr. Frank Robb.
- 10—Preparatory Sports Day.
Carol Service.
- 11—End of Term.

CHAPEL REPORT

Committee: Mrs. Kittow, Miss Harsant, Mrs. Withers, Gail Dicey, Susan Stent, Gillian Gaggins, Deborah Simpson.

Music: Paula Cunningham, Marilyn Simpson.
Services have been held regularly in the Chapel and also Communion 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 the care they have taken of it every evening and on Sundays.

We should like to thank Miss Sweet and Marilyn Simpson for improving the standard of the singing of the Chapel Choir and boarders. This year, the Preparatory School boarders have attended Chapel service practices, and this has helped to improve the singing.

We should also like to thank all the girls who have played the organ for the services.

GILLIAN GAGGINS and
DEBORAH SIMPSON.
(Chapel Committee).

SCHOLARSHIPS

Two Scholarships for girls entering the Senior School, and tenable for five years, were awarded again by the Herschel Council in 1968, for 1969.

The winners were: Jennifer Hearn (Herschel Preparatory), Fiona McLachlan (Durbanville Primary School).

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL, 1967

Donation: R40.00 from Mrs. A. M. Dicey towards All-weather Tennis Courts.

Donation: R50.00 from Mr. Stewart Harem towards Lights for Music and Drama.

Donation: R3261.26 from Old Herschellians towards All-weather Tennis Courts at the Preparatory.

Bowler and De Meillon prints from Mr. Eric Vertue.

CONFIRMATIONS, 1968

On October 18th, in St. Saviour's Church the following were Confirmed by His Grace, the Archbishop of Cape Town.

Belinda Blaine, Helen Brauer, Elizabeth Burns, Janet Burns, Elaine Charnock, Morag Cook, Gail de Beer, Mary Foot, Hilary Gasson, Jill Golding, Jane Harem, Hilary Henderson, Yolanda Labia, Amanda Leslie, Sharon Lindbergh, Susan Magga, Tessa Mallett, Rosemary Newman, Jane Philip, Anne Spruce, Lucinda Suckling, Gillian Taylor, Vanessa Taylor, Vanessa Weinlig, Jane Whipp, Mary Whitaker.

CHARITY FUND, 1967

An amount of R344.96 was collected by the Three Houses during the year, and the following charities have benefited from these collections:

Janet Bourhill.
Cape Mental Health.
Child Life.
Grey Ladies.
Lepers.
Maitland Cottage Homes.
St. Michael's Home.
Save the Children Fund.
S.H.A.W.C.O.
School Feeding.

An amount of R96.84 was contributed by the girls during the year from their pocket money towards the Peninsula School Feeding Scheme.

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

Grade I: Suzette Anderson, Mary-Ann Cardases, Moraig Currie, Elizabeth Jeffrey.
Grade II: Gail Pettigrew, Gillian Reay.
Grade III: Fiona Baigrie, Susan Cunningham, Carol Jenkin.
Grade IV: Susan Dowdle, Hannalie Muller, Janet Pettigrew.
Grade V: Jill Golding, Hilary Henderson.
Grade VI: Helen Brauer, Angela Bottomley.

CAKE AND CANDY SALE

A very successful Cake and Candy Sale was held on Friday, November 1, in aid of Library Funds. The sum of R133 was raised. I should like to thank parents and children for their generosity and enthusiasm.

W. MULLINER.

SONIA BECK ESSAY

(We regret that there was not space for the essays of Joanne Faulds and Suzanne Milton, both of whom received prizes.)

"WE'RE INTERESTING PEOPLE WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW US, ONLY YOU NEVER WILL"

Is this a fair assessment of the relationship between the teenager and society?

A rather brash and self-centred statement this appears to be, the smug attitude of "Nobody loves me; I'm special; Oh you wouldn't understand". On the other hand it may well be, to a certain extent, a very candid summing-up of the situation today, because teenagers think in such a different way; but before I go any further, we must not be carried away by the statement, "the relationship between the teenager and society", for they are really an integral part of society as a whole although not perhaps of adult society specifically.

The general trend over the last few years seems to be a tremendous stress on "youth". Society is becoming more and more conscious of the teenager and student. Oddly enough, it is the older generation who appears to be placing the emphasis on youth, through the press, and the commercial world which caters almost exclusively for them in the way of clothes, amusement and consumer goods. Everyone talks so much about teenagers and the shocking "youth of today" that it is difficult not to be too dramatic about the whole affair. They are a comparatively new invention. Gone are the days when the young remained unobtrusively in the background until they emerged from their sheltered chrysalises at about the age of twenty. A good deal of the more conservative older members of society, perhaps even in their heart of hearts jealous of teenagers' greatest asset, their youth, remain sceptical, amused, shocked or even bewildered by this new enigma — their offspring. They usually wax strongly on the subject in no uncertain terms and not always in dulcet, complimentary tones

(I know from experience), but I am now referring to teenagers as a whole, for we cannot make broad judgements using the delightful, charming young individuals we know, as examples. We must regard them as a foreboding whole!

Besides begin a comparatively new invention, officially speaking, teenagers are fundamentally the same as those of past generations. The young world will always be the same in so far as it admits within its realms, immediate wisdom, and naivete, the attitude of anything is possible — a world of a thousand todays, infinite tomorrows and so few pasts. There is the same intensity of feeling, impatience with the elderly, high-minded idealism, self-confidence, enthusiasm and verbal hate of "the Establishment". I do not think that society in the main, admits that they were exactly the same — once. They must also recognise the fact that over the past two decades, children have been given greater benefits and consideration than ever before, until the point has been reached, according to psychologists, where adults have been given too little in return. Because of this, the teenager today reflects different influences owing to a different upbringing compared with that of the parent.

One of the major problems these days is the ever-growing emphasis on the material aspects of life, with less and less regard for moral and spiritual values. We are living in what may be called the Permissive Age; a phrase that can be freely interpreted as meaning "anything goes".

The heading of this essay may reflect a true assessment of the relationship between the teenager and adult society in that there seems to be almost a cold war between the conservative older generation and the unconventional younger one. This widening gulf is caused by the swift, ceaseless changes in society. The teenager must admit though, that it is the "fuddy-duddies" who supply the necessary stability and experience and who act as the backbone of society, preventing anarchy.

The tone of youthful voices spouting forth on world affairs, strident and self-confident, proud and sometimes contemptuous, must grate on the ears of their elders. Let us put in a good word for them, however. There is often a great feeling of integrity among young people, an utter disgust of hypocrisy. The worldly-wise older generation are more hypocritical in their eyes, deceitful and weaker in character. This sounds like a crashing statement, but think of all the shady dealings in business and politics, particularly American politics at the moment. They accept lies from public leaders, propaganda through the wireless, press and literature, that the young are more likely to question. The willingness to sacrifice moral and ethical values for materialistic gains is, as I have said, a serious problem. I do not think adults are always aware of the teenagers' razor sharp eyes and this disillusionment with their elders; but then of course, they themselves must realise that they are still dependent on parents and do not have to strive and think in order to make a living. I wonder too, if adults realise that the teenagers often see them as slightly ridiculous and generally needing to re-examine their own standards!

The pill, affluence, rebellion against established acceptances, "soul" music, pop art, the Vietnam war, drugs, the Bomb and racial upsets all add to the general upheaval in this modern world. These things are not helping the relationship between the two generations. Adults have also to contend with teenagers' basic immaturity. Because of this permissive age, many young people feel they have automatic rights, which clearly shows their immaturity, irresponsibility and devaluation of others' judgement. They feel angry about authority, the discipline imposed on them and react in a childish way.

We must admit, blood flows quicker in the veins of the young. They are not yet trapped by habits that wear out spontaneously, but they do lack responsibility (and how parents harp on this), as well as experience that makes others more cautious and controlled. Teenagers are definitely inclined to speak too glibly (take the heading of this essay for example) and inclined to attribute all the world's faults to their elders. I am referring throughout this discussion to the older teenagers, as it is they who are making their impact on society, while the very young ones are still fairly nebulous in their ideas.

The middle-aged can justifiably turn round and accuse the older teenagers of faults too.

Consider the dying, but not extinct cult of the hippies, the "drop-out", long-haired parasite and "won't-work" existentialist who have rebelled against society. Perhaps they have been condemned too harshly. They love one another, supposedly. They even think they are the only ones who do, but society proclaims that they search for "love" by quitting school, running away from home, smoking "pot", pushing L.S.D., skipping baths and the barber, as well as living communally, revering Buddha and encouraging sex. What kind of a beneficial cult is this after all? The adults may well ask, but at least they tried to produce a happier way of life, I suppose, even if hopelessly unsuccessfully.

The teenager is also often a "student". The word "student", I have heard people jokingly say, has become almost a dirty word. Without doubt, this is the year of student power. Their enthusiasm to look at old, possibly calcified, situations in a new way is healthy, but not the way they have gone about it. Young people, often, are not so keen on going to University to learn, but rather to talk of God, life, war and philosophy. They crave to express themselves as they become more and more engulfed by the material and technical world. I think they are often wrapped up with their immediate senses and emotions and tend to ignore cold facts. Adults realise this too well and grow highly exasperated, especially when it is they who are more far-seeing and are subscribing to this education at the universities, through taxes.

In their fervour for so-called reform of "the Establishment", the students have become carried away. We hear of "Students riots in Mexico City, 40 killed". It is this resulting violence that is so shocking and an apparent antithesis to their ideals. Taking to the streets to engage in bloody combat with police, students have triggered off crises for the Fifth Republic of France, contributed to the liberalisation movement of Czechoslovakia, challenged the authority of Spain, and assailed the sluggish social institutions of West Germany. They have held massive, unruly protests against the Vietnam war and here in Cape Town, on a minor scale, have staged futile protests against the government. Admittedly a good deal of the revolt is not mere teenagers but they are responsible for stirring them up to this fever pitch.

The prevailing ethics of youth seem to place justice above the need for order, social welfare above personal comforts, compassion above coercion, people above institutions. Does society realise this? If they do, they must wonder at the way the young go about upholding these ideals. Despite scepticism on both sides, the cutting edge of today's youth culture does include some of the most conscious-stricken moralists and most promising graduates of tomorrow.

Let us shortly review the violence eminent today. Psychologists talk about "pro-social aggression" which is a healthy type that asserts itself through professional rivalry, competitiveness in work and the presentation of our own

views. They feel that young people, in carrying violence into the streets and universities, will compel our social and educational structures to become more resilient and elastic to prevent this aggression becoming anti-social. We are told that we must distinguish between negative violence and healthy adolescent self-assertion. It is expected in the best of families that the teenager will earn his right to be considered as an adult. Normally he does this by challenging and defying adult standards and values. Adults understand this often better than they do as they can view this process objectively, though sometimes they tend to judge adolescents by the standards that apply to children on the one hand and to adults on the other. This double standard confuses the teenager who is going through conflicting emotional

changes. The period of teenage rebellion is often very painful for both teenager and parent, but in fortunate cases, each emerges with new respect for each other's views—we hope so, anyway.

Every generation has to deal with this generation conflict, as succinctly summed up by Alexander Pope:

We think our fathers fools, so
Wise we grow.
Our wiser sons, no doubt will
Think us so.

In conclusion, I feel that today's society has more opportunity of getting to know the teenager, as long as it remains broad-minded enough to accept them, long hair and all.

SUSAN STENT, Upper V.

Original Work

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

"I don't believe in angels," Patric says wistfully. "This is the first Christmas I haven't believed in angels."

Outside a jackal creeps through the long grass, his shadow black on the whitewashed walls. "Now one's dead," Alison says. "When you don't believe, one is always dead."

The jackal turns at the corner and creeps towards the hen run.

"That's fairies," Kirsten says. "You always muddle fairies with angels, Allie."

"Anyway, one's dead," Alison says.

The jackal finds the hole, scrapes the dust and feels wire on thick fur.

"I wish I did believe," Patric says. "But Father Christmas isn't—is he, Kirsty?"

"No," Kirsten says. "Ma' gives us presents."

"Mummy used to," Alison says.

The jackal finds the hole again and crawls out, a struggling chicken in his mouth.

"Where's Mummy now?" Alison says.

"Yes," Patric says. "Where's Mummy?"

The jackal kills the chicken and starts to eat, blood-jawed.

"Mummy is dead," Kirsten says. "She is with God, I think."

"Oh," Alison says. "Is it Christmas yet?"

"No," Kirsten says. "I am going to switch off the light now and you must try to go to sleep."

The jackal finishes the chicken and licks his lips.

"I hope I believe in God," Patric says sleepily.

ELIZABETH SPILHAUS, Upper V.

THE UNDERTAKER'S DEATH

The undertaker died last month—
and his hearse only just paid for
too, they say.
At least he lay in it and went his
way in peace
with none to curse him here or up in
heaven—
there's that at least—
he went his way in peace
and they were there all standing
round his grave
"So now he goes; I thought he'd
bury me"
I felt lace on my arm
and turned and smiled.
She saw me and she nodded
"Yes, I'd swear by God
that those he buried will be here today."

ELIZABETH SPILHAUS, Upper V.

TO MYSELF, SIX MONTHS, THREE DAYS AGO: A SONNET

To each of us there comes a
certain day
When, walking in the morning
with a sigh,
We know that something new has
come our way
That we must take—or watch it
pass us by.
Strangers we wait, and feel its new-
born glow,
The tingling of the breasts, the
gentle beat
Hard in our bodies, and we rise
and go

Eager to seek its source with quickening feet.
 But with its warmth there also comes a fear,
 A shuddering of the flesh, for we are weak;
 Where wisdom waits, there, questions hover near,
 And we must ask, and, asking, probe to seek.
 Somewhere, someone moves upon the shore . . .
 Soft, child, go slowly forward as before.

ELIZABETH SPILHAUS, Upper V.

BLUE MONDAY

Blue Monday is the day that follows Golden Sunday. It is full of hockey-sticks, saga, splinters, and unfinished French homework. It is easily recognised by an expert.

The rain-clouds which have been causing hopeful smiles on the faces of farmers in the Hex River Valley make a bee-line for Cape Town and do their best to make up for having allowed us a sunny week-end. The rain drips, the frogs croak and your knicker elastic snaps. Searching the classroom for the cache of emergency equipment which you had hidden for just such an occasion as this, you remember Helen's borrowing the elastic to fasten her suitcase on to her bicycle-carrier. How could you have been so generous? The lesson is obvious: look after yourself! No one else will. It's Blue Monday. Everyone is dodging anyone with a problem. First things first—new knickers . . .

Physical discomforts apart, Blue Monday tends to knock anyone's morale off-balance and sends you into a depression that resembles a bottomless pit. Arriving at school bright and early to wrestle with physics problems, your skirt held together with a safety pin (the button popped off in the train—all those carbohydrates catching up with you—no one bothered to tell you there was clothes inspection, either) you drift lazily back over the events of a pleasant week-end, when suddenly the comments round you make you realise that your social life, far from scintillating, is positively non-existent, and you are not "in with the in-crowd" at all; in fact, you might as well be in Timbuctoo for all you see of Cape Town's gay night life. This has an instantaneously detrimental effect, throwing you into the state of mind of a manic-depressive. Blue Monday strikes again!

Once well into the Blue Mondayish frame of mind events go from bad to worse with an almost satisfying rapidity. Just as you are beginning to enjoy it, slouching round corners saying, "I want to be alone," like some lesser Garbo, along comes the female who with much efficiency is running the Inter-House leaf-pressing competition to ask you to print the Latin names of each leaf under it: "in Olde Englishe lettering, please. It looks so professional." This is Blue Monday, however, and the interested

audience surrounding you does not even permit you to give vent to your true feelings. Oh woe!

Blue Monday is often on a Tuesday. Or a Wednesday, or a Thursday, for that matter. Funnily enough, it likes Thursdays—and next to Mondays that is when it comes most often. At least you can wake up on Fridays and say "T.G.I.F.", but on Thursday—never. All the week's troubles pile up and crush you. It is often on a Thursday that you wake up and realise that life stretches before you in all its length, containing simply hundreds of Blue Mondays. Go back to sleep—if you can; you may wake up and discover you've got Thursday back, but I doubt it.

Blue Monday is the day you get disillusioned about love. There, in black and white in the letter you have just opened, is the proof that love does not by any manner of means last forever, and it can be a case of all give and no get. If you are selfish, this will irk you.

It is also the day when your new trouser-suit arrives from the dressmakers—and doesn't fit, when you realise that your fat is not just puppy fat and that eyelashes don't grow curly overnight. Blue Monday is a day of hard facts.

It's all psychological. This is an attitude which many people adopt towards Blue Monday—I've never known it to work. Doubtless there are people who can, by thinking happy thoughts, rise above the mundane troubles of a Blue Monday but for the ordinary, run-of-the-mill, you-and-me, sort of people there is no cure for this natural phenomenon. We have to grin and bear it.

The best idea is to make the most of it. Spend every other day of the week being sweet, kind, tactful and sympathetic. On a Blue Monday, get some of it back from others, indulge in a great deal of self-pity, don't worry about things. Look, if a bottle of permanent blue-black ink spills on your new white skirt—so what? Don't rush for milk or some other gimmick which you've heard removes stains—relax, this is Blue Monday, remember? Let it stain, you can always dye it blue-black tomorrow and maybe navy will be next season's "in" colour. Don't waste precious energy chasing after those loose sheets of paper which are your art notes. Think how much more you'll learn if you write them out from memory tomorrow night. That's the secret of Blue Monday—procrastinate—why do it today when tomorrow will do just as well? Of course, you have to limit the procrastination or tomorrow will be a Blue Monday, too!

But just remember to make the most of it, be a martyr and slowly, without realising it you'll begin to enjoy Blue Mondays. They become pale pink at the edges. They might eventually become your favourite type of day. Who knows—you may even be married on one!

JOANNE PAULDS, Upper V.

MODERN FASHIONS

We are living in a decade of the "Swinging Sixties" and no doubt this name will go down in history just as the "Naughty Nineties" or the "Gay Twenties" did.

In the clothes world, fashions are becoming more flamboyant and extreme every day. Are you wearing the latest "Bonnie and Clyde" outfits and the make-up and looks of the '20's and '30's, or are you dressing tastefully, but unobtrusively in beige with a neat string of pearls? If you are wearing the latter, you are definitely not "with-it", but I think very lucky not to have been swayed by the mad, "mod" world of the "Pink Panther", "What's Happening" and "Go-Go Girls". Boutiques, where you wade through a rather musty jungle of the weirdest of weird outfits—proliferate everywhere. With more money and leisure at the teenagers' disposal than ever before, they are always ready to buy anything different and respond to novelty in a big way. This new horrible "mod" fashion is riddled with gimmicks and the desire to overstress, whether it be with purple, orange and red tent-dresses like sailing-boats in full rig, golf-ball earrings, maxi-skirts and frills, or dresses twelve inches above knobby knees and legs resembling inverted bottles.

Linked up with modern fashions is the "pop" world. Pop has become so familiar that we take it for granted nowadays. It is very much a reflection of a new generation's way of life, standards, attitudes and aspirations. As a trend-setter it has shown a marked influence in many fields of entertainment, modern design, fashion and beauty. ("Pop" music, to the composers, means to be alive, right now and to have a good time at all costs.) It is the cutting edge of today's youth culture, the beat of the 'sixties, the new language of the contemporary state of mind which seems to be in the control of the "under-twenty-fives" at the present moment. It "digs" so-called freedom, "love", community, energy, sensuality and rebellion against conventions. The "lyric" expresses the problems of modern society and strengthens the feeling of teenage separateness. It is both a mixture of superficial values and materialism, as well as a social consciousness that springs from genuine feeling or sheer commercialism. All the time "pop" music is finding more "way-out" directions in Baroque, Indian, electronic, psychedelic and "occult" music. Where is it leading young people? What is it doing to them? It is producing a nightmare of temporary euphoria, strange emotions and idyllic dreams, where "love" in the current misused sense of the word, is predominant. Yet it is also part and parcel of growing up today, and maybe a favourable factor is that it is a means of expression and a release for frustrations and tensions formed by modern living. It will not last, however. In England, the cities seem to be seething with youths in rebellion: in rebellion against parents, who can often be blamed for it, against authority, against teachers, and against society itself. This results in the "Hippie"-bohemianism, the "drop-out", long-haired social parasite who takes drugs, and the "won't-work" existentialist, all with their basic irresponsibility.

"Pop" music and its trends have become popular with the young because of the growing independence of teenage society and the

desire for freedom. Yet surely these gullible followers of the trend-setters of unconventionality are not finding freedom, but are simply conformists of a non-conformity, where they are really seeking security as well as sensation and recognition.

In the art world, originality and experimentation seem most important. Modern artists are continually looking for new forms and new meanings so that they reach out first in one direction then in another. We note less and less interest in subject matter of a traditional kind. In this present time, where the concern of our age with the deep, psychological motivations of human actions is found, artists are finding many forms of expression in art at different levels. It is a world of the imagination and the subconscious.

Architecture reveals yet another aspect of modern trends. Social changes and the rapid advancement in the technological "Machine Age" world have made architecture progress radically to fit in with modes of contemporary living in which it plays such a vital rôle. The modern style in architecture is evidence of new directions in a new and changing world. Art, architecture and sculpture can be linked together nowadays, and in these spheres, great development and possibilities lie ahead which we cannot clearly foresee, but which will inevitably happen.

Let me not forget to mention the literary field. Undoubtedly we know there are still a great many authors producing fine books of a high standard, but if you go into any Central News Agency and run your eyes over the rows of books, you will be affronted by hundreds of garish paper-backs with lewd covers to attract the inquisitive buyer looking for a little modern pornography. More and more often we find these cheap novels, many of which I would not think fit for a combustion stove, being churned out to the unsuspecting public. We find sordid "Romances" set either in idyllic conditions or in depressing slums; we find bad murder stories, "James Bond" espionage novels, or racy, sophisticated novels which often reveal rather a shattering reflection of a pathetic modern society, swept along by a tidal wave of progress and not able to find a firm footing. What has happened to the current state of English fiction? You begin to wonder what possible point there is in publishing these books, let alone writing them—I suppose they appear because that is where the money lies—in fooling the gullible middle-class public into believing that they are keeping up with significant new books and authors.

Time is a valuable commodity, but the general tempo of living has increased to such a degree that there is never enough time for deep thought, the exchanging of ideas, or the full enjoyment of anything. The majority of people seem to be caught up in the rat race of trying to succeed in the material sense, striving, striving all the time for more and more as if they can never be content or happy with their lot in life.

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On the moral side, integrity, chastity, reliability and unselfishness do not seem to fit into this new world of today. As well as this, the things that matter—the things of the spirit—seem to be fighting a losing battle, and the art of leisure is indeed a lost art.

Modern fashions are merely springboards to something else, something new, renewed, modified or different, but although, to us, they are impermanent, they also seem inevitable—and yet the older generation ask of the spinning world—"Quo Vadis?"

SUSAN STENT, Upper V.

A DISCUSSION OF THE TITLE:

"HEART OF DARKNESS"

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

The title, "Heart of Darkness", symbolises the evil that is ever present in the core of all things, but is exposed only when the environment changes or is a suitable one in which evil can thrive.

Conrad creates an ominous atmosphere throughout the book by his use of environmental features. Marlow begins to tell his story as darkness is falling, saying that Britain, too, was once a heart of darkness, until it was civilised by the Romans, who merely made use of the weakness of their opponents. This theme is retained when Marlow speaks of the "civilisation" of the Belgian Congo by the white intruders.

Marlow was attracted by the sight of a coiling, snakelike river, dominating the empty centre of a continent, on a map. The fact that the river appeared snake-like shows that it was evil, and held an evil fascination. This threatening atmosphere was present when Marlow was interviewed by the manager of the trading concern and the two women secretaries, both wearing black and knitting black wool, eyed him and other applicants with the same dispassionate glances, as if they knew that they would never return.

Conrad stresses the fact that uncivilised or unknown countries are presumed to be centres of darkness and evil, but in reality they are innocent owing to their ignorance. It is those who civilise them that expose the real evil, with their selfish, greedy intentions, masked by hypocrisy and self-righteousness.

The forest is the focal point of the story. It is constantly present, and wildly exuberant, yet it seems silent and foreboding, with an aura of evil. It is itself the heart of darkness. When Marlow speaks of the conquest of Britain, he shows how the Roman intruders at first hated the wild, forested country. Gradually they were indefinably attracted, and held there by this attraction. Although the forest repulsed them, it fascinated them, and gained control of their minds. It is this that has happened to Kurtz, who has become a part of the evil and darkness of the primeval forest, in his surrender to its influence. He refuses to accept its control, as is shown in his persistent use of the adjective "my", whenever he speaks of his sur-

roundings. It seems, however, as though the forest is laughing at him, mocking his attempts to assert his own personality, for the forest knows it can advance, stifle and control everything with its aura of evil and darkness. It is the enigmatic forest that fascinates men new to these surroundings.

Evil is present not only in the primeval forests of Africa. Marlow feels the prevalent evil in the city of Brussels, which he compares to a whitened sepulchre. Its inhabitants mask their dark intentions of obtaining monetary gain from these "hearts of darkness" with a hypocritical show of concern for the natives, who remain happy in their uncivilised and natural state.

NICOLA GARROWAY, Lower V.

HAS COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE DONE MORE TO PROMOTE PEACE OR TO PROMOTE WAR BETWEEN NATIONS?

The nations of the world have certainly been employing commercial enterprise, i.e. basically trade, for some considerable time to their own ends. These "friendship" ties have been established either by genuine, outright necessity for development of commercial enterprise or for underhand means of exploiting underdeveloped nations. The irony of certain policies is subtly shown up in many instances. For example, Britain makes arms which, it has been proved, have been supplied to the North Vietnamese. This direct, or indirect, example takes up literally the question of whether commercial enterprise has done more to promote peace or to promote war between nations.

The world today is ideologically rent between two very different dogmas. This new trend of my argument will show how the two resulting societies use commercial enterprise to further their own principles and policies among weaker nations. On one hand is the "free" society of the capitalists and on the other, the "policed" camp of the communists. The capitalist economy of the free world's great nations usually extends the hand of friendship with two basic considerations in mind—to stem the Red tide and to make a profit. For years the great powers have exploited the underdeveloped nations, draining them of all possible resources for their own economic gain. They take everything out of the region for the furthering of their capitalist commercial enterprises and do not give much in return—except, perhaps, the privilege of having their political system based on that of the mother country.

However, the emergent nations of today are setting an example which makes the underdeveloped countries sit up. They begin to see for themselves what they could be, had they the financial and economical standing. This is where the communists step in, with their very-much-disguised lucrative ends. The com-

peting of one camp against the other brings commercial enterprise into various lights for these exploited nations. Their distrust is roused by the sudden amicability of the communists who, after the trade agreements have been established, bring with them their many "advisors and technological assistants". This distrust becomes hostility; and uneasy tension may do more to promote rebellion and violence than simply the presence of the alien nation.

On the other hand, the West brings a more sophisticated, but underhand, type of trade. Whereas the communists are quite eager to sow the seeds of their doctrines by promising all aid for commercial enterprise—the powerful freedom of the West, although attractive, tends to set up in no time huge amalgamations, corporations and company chains which snatch up the bulk of the profits for their own country, and "free" men. Granted, one hears of "common benefits" and "goodwill trade delegations", but one begins to wonder at the lucrative motivation behind these ventures. With such great stakes as a nation's economy in the balance, the aims of developing commercial enterprise seem all too snug and compact to be very sincere. Distrust and suspicion mount so that the apparent goodwill seems to be a direct bid at exploiting the welfare of the weaker nations. Thus a cry of "Workers of the World Unite!" will grow, from a lone cry in the wilderness, to the muttering mumble of frustrated crowds, ready to rebel at any cost against the terrible injustice wrought by the greed for private gain through commercial enterprise. For enterprise to promote peace there must be trust; distrust is the first stage of outright war. Both kinds of enterprise today have promoted distrust rather than trust.

DIANA WILLMOTT, *Lower V.*

CRITIQUE ON RICHARD II

Shakespeare's historical play, "Richard II", is being produced at Maynardville, an open-air theatre which is set in a glade and is perfect for Shakespearian drama.

Bernard Brown, an English actor, plays the title role. He is completely absorbed in his part and really is Richard II, and therefore acts the part movingly and dramatically. He acts the difficult abdication scene particularly well. Peter Curtis plays the part of Henry Bolingbroke very well, bringing out his strong character. There are no weak actors; every one plays his part to the full, though I think that Leslie French would have made more of the comic role of the gardener.

The scenery, this year, is of modern design. The most important prop is the palace of the reigning king. A few steps lead up to the king's throne. Above this is a balcony, and by walking down from this, in the second half of the play, Richard's fall from power is symbolised. Hanging from an archway behind the balcony is a triangular-shaped structure, which has a hole in the centre, and beams radiating to the frame. The beams leading to the apices of the triangle

are thickened, and undoubtedly represent the Holy Trinity, because the symbol hangs directly over the King, who, the Elizabethans believed, was divinely appointed. The symbol may also represent the sun, as Richard II's fall from power is compared to the descent of "fiery Helios", the sun-god. When Bolingbroke usurps the throne, a spoked, wheel-shaped figure is placed over the triangle. This wheel has yellow, red and blue spokes, perhaps implying that Bolingbroke had taken over the kingdom and people of Richard's reign (Richard's heraldic colours are red and blue) and added them to his own (Bolingbroke's colours are yellow and black). To me, this wheel represents an eye, which could mean that while Richard II relied on the fact that he had been divinely appointed, Bolingbroke, although believing this of himself, too, was more observant, and was able to rule his people more wisely. The circle is a perfect figure which shows that Henry IV, Bolingbroke, is a good king, whereas the triangle is a very irregular figure, symbolising Richard's inadequacy.

Besides the palace, there is a watch-tower which serves both as a platform from which the Lord Marshall announces the king's orders, and as a castle for the banished Bolingbroke on his return to England.

The costumes are all magnificent. There are very few women in the play, and they all have fairly insignificant roles, but their gowns are beautiful. The men are clad in richly coloured robes or armour. The colours are used symbolically. Richard II and his court wear gay turquoises, reds, greens and blues, as Richard encouraged gaiety and was a patron of the arts. John of Gaunt, in the play, wears black or purple, as he was old and sad. When Richard II, having lost everything, is on his way to the Tower, and meets his banished queen at night, in an avenue of torches, they are both wearing garments of sombre black and brown. The whole scene is one of great beauty, and very moving. Bolingbroke's heraldic colours are yellow and black which are sharp and contrasting, and very representative of his strong character.

I really enjoyed this play. I had never seen an historical play before, and had imagined that "Richard II" would be dull. How wrong I was, for this play is real life—full of feeling and drama, interesting and absorbing! I have seen it twice, and I enjoyed this wonderful production far more the second time, when I understood the plot, and could concentrate more on the general effect and outstanding acting.

SUZANNE MILTON, *Lower V.*

DIVING

Poised, on the three-metre,
eyes fixed on water
reflecting Apollo's fire,
I took my position
and with a slow but sure stride
started the pliable board swaying
in rhythm.

One, two three . . . hurdle,
stretch,
Now, airborne,
the sky momentarily before me,
and I in "A" position,
a star of the noon-day sun
Slowly pivoting,
every sinew tense suddenly.
The water enfolds me,
and the magic of the dive is over.

PATRICIA GILLANDERS, Upper IV.

COLOURS

Colours are a complex of the imagination; I do not think any two people have identical ideas in their minds of the same colour. Some people interpret gay, vivid colours as harsh and loud in their minds, while to others they look sunny and bright and happy. In the world, colour is becoming more and more important. Even in the making of foods, an attractive colour tempts a person more than a dull appearance. Labels are a good example of how attractive, and often bright, colours catch a person's eye. Posters advertising various events are usually bold in colour, with strong contrasts to attract attention.

Colour plays a very important part in interior decoration. Certain colours, mostly pale, give an impression of space and airiness; whereas dark, dull colours give a solid dark atmosphere. The matching of coloured designs and plain colours also needs to be carefully considered. Furniture must be matched with the colour scheme of the room. One could not, for instance, successfully place an antique mahogany dining suite in a room furnished in neon orange, turquoise and yellow. A modern white table could not be lightly fitted into a dark room with an olive green and deep red colour scheme, and dark panelling.

A room furnished in lime-green, yellow and touches of orange, with a dark carpet, of, for instance, deep turquoise, gives an appearance of sunniness and gaiety. If a room is decorated in pink with pastel green, it is inclined to look very soft and feminine.

White is the basis of all colours, being a combination of every colour. It is a pure, clean and spacious-looking colour. There is nothing more unpleasant than a dirty white; and white is a colour which gets dirty very easily; although when clean it is lovely and makes one think of the sparkling, crisp, white snow lying on the skiing slopes in Austria. White is pure—that is why angels are supposed to wear white.

The colours of the sun are yellow, orange and red. Yellow is a clear colour, and denotes happiness. It reminds one of spring and light-heartedness. It is not a warm colour, unless it is a gold-yellow, but it is not a cold colour either. Orange is a vibrating colour, full of expression. Some oranges are dusty and tired-looking, but to my mind orange shouts with boldness. It is a powerful colour; full of vivacity, warmth and gaiety. Yellow and orange are my favourite colours, as well as certain shades of green. The last colour of the sun is

red. It is a hot colour, ranging from a deep pink to a pillarbox red. Red makes one think of a sun setting at sea, a glowing ball of fire surrounded by a crimson sky and crimson-tinted water.

Blue is the colour of so many things. The sky and sea, although not always blue, are imagined by most people as being blue, but the blue that strikes me most is the blue of a Siamese cat's eyes. From blues and yellows come green. It is a very versatile colour, ranging from rich deep shades of olive to lime-green. It is abundant in nature, being the colour of most of the foliage of our plants. The shades found are innumerable; and my favourite is lime-green. Lime is a refreshing colour, and sparkles with life.

The dark colours, black, brown and grey, are incomparably dull; although brown and grey range greatly in shade, and some pale shades are quite attractive. A pale shade of brown or grey can be attractive only if it is a background for other more startling colours; otherwise it loses its character, and becomes a dull wash. Black brings out other colours lighter and brighter than itself; but it is nevertheless the colour of eternal darkness.

The contemporary world is using colour as never before; to enliven our senses and to alter the appearance of buildings and designs. Colour plays a most imperative part in our lives; without it we should be lost in a neutral world of shapes.

MARY-ANNE PARRY, Upper IV.

FISHING-BOATS

The moon played softly on the water as we headed towards the open sea. The captain shouted muted commands to the men and the tasks were wordlessly fulfilled. Lights flashed between the boats as we glided towards the shoals of sardines. The waters played with the gull, and the nets with the water.

The sailors slowly let out the lines between the boats, and the nets were lowered into the quiet depths which held the story of the fishermen, their families and their lives. Lights shone into the depths, a shaft penetrating their mysterious region. A silver back flashed through the light, only to turn back in the face of the net; the oncoming threat which trapped them all.

There was a fire on deck when we joined the fishermen after the catch had been brought in. The smell of sardines and tomatoes frying on a grill scented the air. The warmth of the coffee filled our hands as we gripped our mugs, savouring before drinking. The sardines that night became a dish of the few, an Epicurean feast.

As I looked at the faces of this dying race, a race of today and not of the countless tomorrows I wondered which is better: to live for today or for tomorrow, to think for today or for tomorrow.

The nets were dragged for two more hours while we huddled against the foredeck, the wind in our faces. The moon blacked out and

then reappeared once more, lighting our course to Lagos as our prow beat the tide upon the morning swell.

The Lagos market was alive with gesticulating figures haggling over an escudo. The fish, piled high on the glistening slabs of marble, the fresh fruits and vegetables grouped carefully in an array of colours, in baskets, or hanging from the stall ceilings, were evidence of a busy night. Toothless smiles greeted customers. Happiness suffused a wrinkled face as an escudo changed hands. Men lingered over cups of coffee or a lighted cigarette as life walked by: a weathered face supported by a thin, tubercular body; a young, plump woman wreathed in smiles, and with the inevitable straw hat on her head.

The sun swooped to its rest, throwing darts of gold across the sea to meet the shore as they wandered across to the secluded bay, a meeting place for the dhow-shaped boats of the fleet. A striking scene of simplicity and colour was caught and held by the eye as the gaily painted and bedecked boats, framed by a stark cliff, neared. The signs of the boats became visible: two eyes on either side of the prow to ward off evil spirits; a crab or a sardine in the hope of a larger catch; a guardian of the sea, Prince Henry the Navigator.

The echoes which had died so happily rebounded once more with sombre urgency, adding poignancy to the group of huddled wives and widows in deep black. A young face framed in mourning returned home alone.

TESSA HELFET, Upper IV.

PEOPLE IN MY LIFE

Mrs. Harvey bounced down the aisle into the pew in front of mine. She swivelled herself round and whispered, "Morning dears," to me and my brothers in her usual happy way, her dumpling face beaming like the rays of the sun and her round eyes bubbling with laughter. It seemed as though she were continuously surrounded by a halo of gaiety.

If you were ever in difficulty, Mrs. Harvey was the neighbour to visit, for even if she could not lend a hand, she could still cheer you and make you optimistic. She lived alone with her Pekingese dog who accompanied his mistress as often as he could contrive to do so, not on foot, however, but at the bottom left-hand corner of her shopping basket.

The sounds of suppressed laughter came from my little brothers who had been forced, in fact, almost dragged, to church. They might have looked like angels in their Sunday suits, but were known, quite rightly, as "the demon twins". It was obvious that they had been up to their tricks again, and, turning round, I saw them trying to encourage a little black caterpillar down the back of some poor woman. I snatched at the caterpillar and the boys immediately cried out in protest. Within a few seconds, I could feel the eyes of the whole congregation turned on us . . .

All of a sudden, the tapping of a walking stick on the wooden church floor was heard,

and all eyes turned in the direction of the sound. Old Mr. Wodehouse hobbled up the aisle with as much ceremony as if he were the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. This procedure was one of the few great pleasures left in his life. Mr. Wodehouse had been a valetudinarian all his life, and although he was loved everywhere because of his friendliness and kind temper he could not be recommended as an interesting companion because of failing faculties, both mental and physical. Because of his state, his habits and ways of life were really those of an older man, and he gave the appearance of being at least fifteen years older than he was.

I thought, as I watched the old man walk down the aisle and lower himself gently on to his seat, that that man had probably played an important part in almost every life of the congregation present. He had most certainly affected mine!

JANET GRAAFF, Upper IV.

UNDER THE STREETLIGHT

Across the street from my bedroom window is a sombre lamppost. At night there is nothing more beautiful than the heavenly pool of light surrounding it—perhaps, because one feels that it is a refuge from worries—and is this not our heaven? We, of course, can create our own heaven, with enough will power, but very few of us have will power to that extent.

It is a shimmering pool of gold, with an indefinable boundary. Yet one can definitely see the difference between light and dark. It is like all great human misdoings. We know what is right and what is wrong, but where is the boundary line? That is one of the strangest things about this light and this life.

Sometimes a stray dog enters this golden dome and is entirely lit up. Then, sitting on the edge at this pool, as on the precipice of the known and the unknown, he will howl deep into the night, as though warning us all of something ominous ahead. It is a noise which shatters all quietness of thought and which makes one shiver with the suddenness of it.

Often, a contented couple walk beneath the light and are lit up in such a way that you wish they would stay there and not leave that encircling glory to tread so assuredly and positively into the unknown. Something within me wants to shout out: "Take care!" But what would be the use, when so many others say the same thing, yet heed it not themselves? Sometimes they pause, leaning against the post and whispering sweet things to each other while their faces are cast in a mould of glorious gold.

Then, of course, one sees the lonely drunkard flounder along and enter that small paradise to lie down and sleep. It is then that I think those golden pools were especially created for the despised, to obtain sweet relief. Soon he is up again, always restless, leaving that comforting warmth to enter the treacherous black world

of reality. For him, I am almost sure, the world is black, or, if not black, then a fog; a dim disillusionment. He can obtain no real reward from his battle of wine and none, seemingly, from a sober, guided life. Probably the reason that he can find nothing in a guided life is purely that he thinks that sort of life will profit him nothing—for the simple reason that he has never experienced it fully.

I always feel very sorry for those harmless old rogues—unless, of course, self-destruction is harm? They depress me endlessly; but, as with all human problems, the only persons who can help them in their grievous misery, are they themselves.

So it is that so many enter a hopefulness, discard it, and hope to find an even simpler and better solution beyond it on their way. But nothing that is satisfying to the heart is ever easy to find.

MEA MCGREGOR, Upper IV.

THE MAORIS

The Maoris—which means "natives"—are the original Polynesian inhabitants of New Zealand. They came in seven large canoes from islands in the Pacific to Aotearoa, Land of the Long White Cloud, in the middle of the 14th century, and settled mainly in the warmer northern districts and along the northern coasts.

The groups of tribes descended from the captains and crews of these canoes formed loose political units called "waka". Each of these tribes consisted of several chief clans, or "hapu", which were made up of about 1,000 fighting men. These were sub-divided into lesser hapu and then into "whanau"—family groups of close relations often living together.

The Maoris lived in low-wind-proof houses, with large porches facing the sun, in villages called "kaingas", usually with a fort, or "pa", close at hand.

The highest chief was the "ariki", the eldest son of a long line of men of rank. He was followed by the family chiefs, then by the "rangatira", or gentlemen, and finally by the commonalty or "ware". Thus all could claim some connection with nobility and this link of common descent strengthened the unity of the tribe. The slaves, "taurekareta", were usually prisoners-of-war and did most of the menial tasks.

In the north the "kumara", or sweet potato, was grown, but, in the less fertile areas, forest products and the edible roots of bracken, ground to make meal and then baked, formed the staple diet. Birds and rats were caught and preserved by inland tribes while eels were caught at weirs on the River Whanganui. Crayfish and fresh water mussels were caught on Rotunua and other lakes and the main food of the coast dwellers was fish.

An elementary division of labour was practised by these early Maoris—the men doing the harder work of tree-climbing; ploughing; fishing etc. while the women weeded the crops and made clothes from woven flax and the

feathers of the kiwi and other birds.

The Maoris were the fiercest people in the South Pacific and warfare was frequent. All men were taught to use weapons, although unarmed combat was preferred. In the later wars against the Europeans the Maoris were found to be amazingly proficient in military art.

They are a tall people with light brunette to medium-brown skins, straight, thick dark hair and dark eyes. Their noses and cheekbones are prominent and their war-like appearance was greatly helped by their custom of tattooing the face and body by cutting grooves in the skin and rubbing in a coloured pigment.

During peacetime, social life was developed. Feasts were held at which the guests were entertained by dart-throwing; wrestling; top-spinning and posture, "poi" and "haka" dances. The latter is a particularly vigorous and dramatic dance performed by the men, while the poi is danced by the women.

"Tangi"—the traditional wailing for dead relations—was held in the "marae", the temple enclosure in the centre of the village. The coffin was covered with finely-woven cloaks, surrounded by family heirlooms and placed in the house porch. The women dressed in black with wreaths of green leaves round their heads, and lamented the death of the relation. Speeches were made by the village elders who wore traditional cloaks and flourished either a "mare" or a "talaha"—ancient weapons—in honour of the dead person.

The early Maoris believed in a number of gods, among whom were Tane Mahutu, the guardian of forests, trees and birds, and Tangaroa, the Polynesian Neptune. The higher chiefs and priests believed in Io, a supreme god, to whom appeals were made in birth and at baptism—and marriage—ceremonies. All believed in minor "atua", who provided omens and banished breaches of "tapu" (the idea of prohibition or taboo) e.g. the person of the chief, his goods, his place by the fire, the remnants of his meal, all things connected with the gods or a new house or canoe. Thus things of social importance were protected from improper interference.

They believed that man was endowed with several spirits: the "wairua" (the soul or spirit that wanders abroad in dreams); the "mauri" and the "hau" (representing the vitality of the person). At death the wairua went to Te Reinga or Te Po, the world beneath the sea, where, they believed, it carried on with its earthly occupations.

The Maoris, a highly intelligent and physically strong race, are now respected throughout New Zealand. They fought in Europe in both the First and Second World Wars and enjoy full political rights. Although the majority are farmers, several Maoris have become prominent doctors, lawyers and cabinet ministers. Others work in the cities, where their manual skill, seen in the delicate carving of the posts and planks of their houses, is put to use in work in factories, schools and hospitals.

However, the Maoris, who form about 10% of the population of New Zealand, are gradually losing their identity through inter-marriage and their language is being heard less in the land of which they are the forefathers—the Land of the Long White Cloud.

JEANINE FLOYD, Lower IV.

WINDOW-SHOPPING

Window-shopping is one of my favourite pastimes in town, especially when my monthly allowance has disappeared.

As this is usually the case, I often find myself surveying the scenes in the windows, artfully designed to lure the customers into the shop.

I am not usually susceptible to this form of sales promotion. But sometimes, when I am persuaded by some artistically-draped display, and go inside to try on that "heavenly" dress with its astronomical price, I mostly find that, somehow, it just does not look, on me, as it did on the emaciated model in the window.

Yet, after one has been window-shopping a whole morning, one finds that, all of a sudden, one needs a complete list of articles one has not thought necessary before. After all, one could not possibly go without one of those new, imported hats that will soon be the rage, and one could really do with a new lampshade.

Some of my happiest memories of window-shopping, are of a time when we went overseas to the Netherlands. It was during the week before St. Nicholas—an event which is even more intensely celebrated than Christmas.

In the little town where my grandmother lives, the shops would close late because of the festival, and I would saunter down the narrow streets, gazing at all the decorations and people.

My favourite shop, as well as that of all the children, was the confectionery shop. Small children, bundled up in scarves, gloves and mufflers, would press their noses against its steamy panes, behind which the traditional sweets and marzipan figures, gilded and chocolate-coated, "peppernuts", gingerbread and chocolate letters were stacked.

The atmosphere of St. Nicholas had permeated even into the shoe shops, where cardboard "Sinter Klase" and their black Peters, presided among the latest imports from France. Along the roads, lights, warmth and voices radiated out on to the cold scene and the glistening black tarmac. In one road, large loudspeakers had been installed, and music was carried out into the street.

For me, window-shopping will stay fun forever.

MAGTELD VAN LENNEP, Lower IV.

THINGS THAT I LOVE

All my life I have been fascinated by the sea—anything which is in the sea, anything on the sea, and anything surrounding the sea.

In the early mornings, when the sun is rising and the air is crisp, I love running across the snow-white beach to welcome the fishermen, in their wet clothes, pulling their boats up on to the beach. I think fishermen are among the happiest people in the world. They are never rich and, in fact, they are usually very poor! They often get caught by bad weather and have gigantic battles against huge waves and dangerous currents. Every now and then a boat is lost with all hands. Yet they are very friendly and gay, and are always telling the strangest yarns which are very hard to believe but fascinating to listen to.

How lucky they are to spend their days and nights on the sea with the smell of the salt in their nostrils and with spray on their faces. I am sure that they would not change their lives for any other, however great the dangers are, and however small the amount of money they earn.

I can never be lonely when I am at the sea because I can spend hours gazing into rock pools. Sometimes I imagine that I am an inch high and going for a ride on the back of a striped zebra-fish, round and round a pool, exploring the dark caves underneath the rocks.

A lazy rock cod peers around the corner of a rock, stares at me and then idly swims on. Shoals of little silver-fish swim past me and a crab glides sideways along the sandy bottom of the pool.

On our journey round the pool, we pass through forests of sea-weed, gently swaying in the current. All colours of the rainbow are found in these pools—salmon pink, corals, purple anemones and brightly-coloured starfish.

All too soon my day-dream comes to an end but I still have many other parts of the beach to explore.

My favourite hobby is collecting shells, and I have a cabinet filled with a tremendous variety of shells. These do not come from only the beaches in our country, as I have written to people all over the world who have exchanged shells with me. I can spend hours sitting on the sand, looking for a new shell to add to my collection.

I love eating, and nothing can be more delicious than freshly-caught sea food—an oyster, straight off the rocks, cracked open and swallowed on the spot, or crayfish, with their horny backs and long antennae, still pink from the sea—above all catching a fish off the rocks, cleaning it, cooking it on the spot and eating it there and then. Perhaps the thrill of hooking the fish makes a difference, but no other food can ever taste quite as good to me.

Most of all, I love swimming in the sea: diving under a wave, swimming out to the next one, diving over that one and eventually choosing the right one of surf back to the shore. Yet I have learnt to respect the sea as well as to love it, because while the sea cools me, refreshes me, feeds me and thrills me, I have come to realise how mighty is its strength and power, and how weak I am in comparison.

JILL GOLDING, Lower IV.

BEFORE THE DAWN

Before the sun shows his face in the morning, a transformation comes about in the world, for it would not do to let people of the day-world peep and pry into the lives of the nocturnal folk. Their world is very different from ours; theirs is the world of animals.

Under the hazy moonlight the deer prance and run. Where the moon reflects in the mirror of a still lake, the deer come to drink. They sip the cool, clear water and then plunge silently back to the trees and the shadows.

The sleepy squirrels stretch and yawn, and then set about having fun; chasing one another up and down trees; sliding down moonbeams; and tearing shadows apart to form new moonbeams on which to swing.

All the while, below, in the long, lush grass the snakes slither and slide, silent as death. Some are harmless, some are deadly, but almost all are deadly to the moles or tiny creatures of the forest's floor. Mice play with the shadows, but seldom with the moonbeams, for the owls are always watchful and are ready to swoop down on any unsuspecting creature.

Down by the lake-side, frogs serenade the moon as they sit or swim in the shallow water. Tadpoles wriggle and squirm in among the rushes, and dive for cover if any innocent duck paddles past. If they are not eating too hard, the frogs might notice when a flock of swans glide noiselessly past. Like six mournful, but proud, ghosts, they float, barely touching the surface of the lake.

In the shuttered houses, the pets of the household sleep, as they have been domesticated and have to sleep when man sleeps, and rise when man rises.

Soon the dew settles and forms a haze of glistening drops over everything—like a mantle. But the moon is not reflected in the dewdrops for she is leaving the sky.

The deer creep back into hiding and the squirrels curl up under their bushy tails, so that they do not witness the miraculous spectacle when the sun rises, and peeps over the horizon. The sky blazes first with pink, then darker pink, and finally bursts into flame.

A new day has been born.

PENNY BARNETT, *Lower IV.*

THE SEASHORE

The sea and the seashore are now very much part of my life, as we have a small seaside cottage near Hanglip. We go there many times and I have had a good chance to study the seashore and the life around it.

The atmosphere of the seashore depends largely on the weather and the mood of the sea. On cold days, when the sea is grey and the sky dark, the shore is dull and desolate and the gulls wheeling about one's head seem to echo the extreme loneliness of it in their haunting screams. Even the shells and the seaweed, brought up by the tide, look cold and dirty on the deserted shore.

On the other hand, when the sun is shining and the sea is blue and sparkling, the shore is crowded with picnickers and small children and dogs and birds hop gaily among the leftovers and bits of burnt chop or biscuits, chirping and calling merrily to one another. Later in the afternoon, when the picnickers have gone, there is time to notice the lovely little bright shells and the white, white sand washed clean by every high tide. Somehow, I always prefer the seashore without the people on these beautiful days, for there is so much more to see and listen for when it is quiet.

The best time to look for the unbroken, perfect shells is at low tide when the waves are not quite so fierce and lap gently on to the shore. As each wave saunters in, you can hear the dull, rhythmic swish-swish of the shells as they roll over the sand. Shells look most beautiful when they have just come out of the water and are all lying together, for the colours come up beautifully with the water and they glisten and twinkle as the sun shines on them.

There are many strange shells and small sea animals washed up on the shore. One of the commonest is the sea-egg, the skeletal form of the sea-urchin. These green, mushroom-like objects can be found in dozens among the rocks and along the tide-line. The Venus-ear, especially very tiny ones, are also commonly found here, and the beautiful mother-of-pearl insides make me fonder of them every time I pick one up.

Seaweed, too, litters the beaches and the fresh seaweed, just brought up by the tide, gives a bright green or brown colour to the sometimes drab shore. There are animals and birds in plenty on the shore and on the rocks. The cormorants are very common and there is seldom a time when one cannot see them perched on the rocks with their heads tucked snugly into their feathers, or flying with legs trailing and neck stretched out across the beach.

Penguins, too, are common and, since the wreck of the tanker *Esso-Essen*, we have found and cleaned many an oil-covered penguin on our shore. Seals are commonly seen basking on rocks near the shore or drying themselves out on a sheltered, hidden strip of sand.

Little grey plovers, artfully camouflaged on the beach, lay their tiny, speckled eggs in little hollows in the sand. These nests can quite easily be found if you follow carefully the little freshly made footprints leading to the many nests all around. During the breeding-time, these plovers, as soon as you get anywhere near their nest, will hop worriedly in the other direction, hoping to lead you on a wild goose chase.

These little birds, and many others, hop about on the shore, picking up titbits here and there or leading fluffy little babies and scolding them occasionally if they do not attend to the lesson.

Rock pools, all along the shore, are a great fascination to me. I can sit for hours, just looking into one of them, picking out with my eyes all the tiny minutiae and sea-life com-

tained in them. There are the ugly, purple, venomous-looking sea-urchins and the soft, rubbery sea-anemones that grasp your finger when you stick it into their sucking mouths. Starfish there are in plenty and also shoals of tiny, silver fish which dart in and out among the rock pools. Most of the very tiny shells are found in these pools, because they are sheltered from the battering waves which break them into tiny pieces, and it is fascinating to plunge one's hands into the layers of sand in the pools and bring them up full of the tiniest shells imaginable.

The gulls, part of every beach, wheel about me as I look at this seashore now. There are the common grey and white gulls, the huge black-backed gulls and the southern black-backed gulls. While I watch them, scavenging for food amongst the shells and rocks, and the constantly changing tide-line and the things brought up with it, I realise how much I love the seashore and the things around it.

JANE PHILIPS, Lower IV.

THE "KING"

It is a grey world,
The one we mention so freely
in our speech.
It is a grey, colourless world,
The home of doom
And despair.
It is a world of
Fleeting visions,
Where no glimpse of colour
or sparkle can be spied,
A world of cold misery
Spun in a web of
Silence . . .
It is a world of ice,
Possessed with every conceivable
Tragedy of the past.
Yet, there is no past and
no future,
But there is a
"King".
Whom you'll no doubt meet
one day
When you visit his kingdom.
His subjects are a race of
Spirits,
Who glide motionlessly,
Taking large, fleeting strides
Across this land
Visited only by
Misery.
No angel or brave intruder
has dared to
Step over the boundary and
Trespass into the territory
Of this dark, silent land,
Which is known as
Hell,
With its "King",
Known to us as
Death.

HILARY BROWN, Upper III.

I.D.B.

The day was hot, and most of the people leaving Oranjemund had abandoned their cars and were picnicking by the wayside, while awaiting police inspection. My mongrel, Flash, and I were no exception, but it took all my self-control to force the sandwiches down my throat and to drink the coffee which I had in my hamper. It is rather unnerving to be a diamond smuggler.

The particular diamond in question was at present carefully concealed in the centre of a salad sandwich, completely above suspicion. As the officer approached my car, I found myself beginning to tremble, and it was with great trepidation that I waited while my belongings were examined.

With a feeling compounded of relief and self-congratulation, I turned to collect my hamper. There, swooping away from it with a sandwich in its mouth, was a hawk. With a yell in which fear, anger and concentrated malignancy mingled, I leapt at it. However, it was hopeless, and my frenzied gesticulations were all in vain. People turned to stare at me.

"Well, really, what a fuss about an unimportant thing like a sandwich—there's a miser for you!"

I felt too angry to care what people thought of me. In any case, I could hardly have explained to the owner of that supercilious voice, that that "unimportant sandwich" contained a diamond worth approximately R20,000.

I dashed to my car, regardless of the impatient hooting of the cars that I was holding up, and grabbed a pair of binoculars. Only when I was certain that I should be able to find the hawk's nest did I deign to drive on.

The day was fairly well advanced but I was determined to lose no time in regaining my "unimportant sandwich". I found lodgings at a small inn just over the border, and set off with Flash to find the hawk. I was certain that I should be able to locate the bird's nest.

It must have been a very self-effacing hawk, for though we spent the rest of the day searching we were unable to find the modest retreat which it inhabited. By seven o'clock I was just about to call it a day, Flash seeming to be developing signs of an imminent bout of hysterics, when my retreat was cut off by a heavy mist, and I was forced to spend the night on the mountain, without food or adequate clothing, but with a highly indignant dog. Really, I think that any cat's choir would have unhesitatingly accepted him into their ranks if they could have heard the demonstration he gave that night!

The next day we struggled back to the "dorp" where we were staying, and consumed a large breakfast. After that, by mutual consent, we packed our bags and set off back to Oranjemund. So much for my visions of a life cushioned by my ill-gotten gains!

I had heard sundry groans from the back seat, where Flash reclined, but I must admit, to my shame, that I was too angry to be very sympathetic. We passed the control-point that I had been at such pains to get through on

the previous day, and were about five hundred yards beyond it, when it happened. The poor animal that I had been mentally classing as a hypochondriac, or at least a victim of its own greed, was sick all over the back seat.

The last two days had been Jonah days, and this was the last straw. With the calm of desperation I braked, climbed out and opened the door.

Then I saw it. Lying on the floor in front of the poor animal, and glinting mockingly up at me was the diamond.

"Flash," I cried, flinging my arms round the bewildered animal, regardless alike of his state, and the fact that it was his own wretched fault in the first place. What had persuaded him to thieve that particular sandwich, goodness only knows.

In two more minutes we were back at the police base, the diamond carefully concealed. The officer stared at me as though I were mad — my face was beginning to be familiar.

"Have you anything to declare?" he demanded.

"Nothing," I replied gaily, and the next minute I was speeding on my way to Windhoek. After all, my first venture into I.D.B. had been a success.

CATHY OXTOBY, Upper III.

'N BLADSY UIT MY DAGBOEK

Foeitog, Etienne! Jy maak my tog so kwaad! Ek is seker dat jy nie meer verlief op my is nie! Jy sê nooit meer dat jy my lief het nie! Ek weet, ek weet . . ."

My stem klim hoër, en ek verstik. Etienne kyk na my; sy gesig is hard en stil. Hy sê niks nie. Skielik loop hy na die agterdeur, maak dit vinnig oop, en gaan weg.

Ek is alleen; die trane spring na my oë, en nou hardloop hulle oor my wange. Ek is seker verkeerd nie! Dit is Etienne se fout. Ons is net een jaar getroud, en nou alreeds is daar moelikhed. Waarom kan hy nie sê dat hy my lief het nie? Wat kan ek doen? My bene voel swak, en ek sit haastig op 'n stoel. Ek voel siek, siek, en my hart is so seer en swaar van die treurigheid.

Ek weet wat ek sal doen! Nou besef ek dat ek na Mamie sal gaan. Mamie verstaan my; sy sal my help, en my raad gee. Ek moet vinnig gaan, voor Etienne terugkom; maar sal hy terugkom? Sal hy? O Hemel, sal hy?

In my kamer begin ek om my kiere in te pak. Ek weet nie hoe lank ek sal wegbly nie; ek het geen idee nie. Skielik, in die laai, sien ek my ou dagboek. Gedwing deur 'n onsigbare krag, sit ek op my bed en begin lees.

"Saterdag, 25 November 1971." My hart begin klop-klop. Waarom het ek die boek op daardie datum oopgemaak? Ek onthou daardie dag — Ja, ek onthou dit. Dit was die dag toe Etienne gevra het om met my te trou. Ek lees verder:

Liewe Dagboek,

Vanaand is ek so bly! Dit is die wonderlikste dag van my lewe! Vanaand het liewe Etienne gevra of ek met hom sal trou! O, natuurlik was my antwoord "Ja". Ons het buite in die tuin ge-

sit, en alles was so pragtig. Die lug was 'n mooi pienk met die son se ondergang, en ons kon die voëltye hoor toe hulle hulle pragtige nagliedjies gesing het. Ek is seker dat hulle ons goeie nag! gewens het. Voëls en diere, hulle weet wanneer mens verlief is. Arme Etienne, hy was so skaam! Toe het ons na Mamie en Pappie gegaan, en hulle het vir ons hulle verlof gegee. Ons sal nie lank wag tot die huwelik nie. O, ek is so verlief op dié man. Ek is so bly, bly, bly!"

Ek maak die dagboek toe, en met dowwe oë staar ek na die muur van die kamer. My keel druk saam; dit is seer. My oë brand met trane. Ek werp myself op die bed, en begin huil — huil soos ek nooit tevore gehuil het nie.

Ek was neëntien jaar oud toe ek getroud is. Was dit te jonk, of wat? Wat het ek verkeerd gedoen? Dit is my fout, ek besef dit nou. Nie Etienne s'n nie. Ek het Etienne weggejaag, en ek is verlief op hom. Ek snik. Alles is hopeloos; hy sal nie terugkom nie. Ek huil weer.

Skielik voel ek iemand se arms om my skouers. "Janie! Janie!" ek hoor 'n stem, 'n liefdevolle stem — "Etienne!" Ek is in sy arms, en hy fluister teen my gesig: "Liefste, waarom huil jy so? Weet jy nie dat ek jou so lief het nie? Ek kan dit nie altyd, die hele tyd sê nie, maar dis waar, en jy moet dit glo." Etienne, moenie weggaan nie! Ek is so jammer, smeek ek. "Ek sal nooit van jou weggaan nie, my vrou," kom sy antwoord. Ek weet dat dit waar is.

Dankie, my dagboek, want jy het my laat besef dat ek nie van my man kan weggaan nie. Ons sal altyd saam bly. Miskien sal ons soms ruste maak, maar dit maak nie saak nie. Ons liefste sal daardie rustes doodmaak. Dankie, weer, dagboek.

JANE HARAM, Lower V.

Die volgende briewe van 'n baie radelose meisie en 'n seun het in 'n dagblad verskyn:

Tadhill,
Ventsnorweg,
Kenilworth,
15 Augustus 1968.

Liewe Sandra,

Ek is smoorverlief op 'n baie aantreklike kêrel. Jy sien, ek en die kêrel gaan al vir langer as twee jaar pal uit en al die ander meisies is jaloers op my.

Daar is egter 'n probleem met Fanie, dis my kêrel en dit is as hy soet woordjies in my oor fluister, sing sy asem 'n ander deuntjie. Die woordjies wat hy fluister kan so stroopsoet wees, maar dis alles tevergeefs as sy asem nie volkome suiwer en fris is nie. Wat kan ek doen? Ek is te skaam om vir hom te sê om Signal tandepasta te gebruik, want dit hou jou asem ure lank fris. Hy sal dan miskien dink

dat ek 'n baie onbeskofte meisie is en nie meer met my uitgaan nie! Asseblief Sandra jy moet my help en my raadgee want ek is so bekommerd.

Beste groete,
„HEKOMMERD.”
(LOUISE BRAILEY, Lower V.)

Moretons,
Alphenheuvel,
Wynberg,
Kaap.
15 Augustus 1968.

Liewe Sandra,

O Sandra jy moet my help. Ek het so 'n vreeslike probleem en niemand kan my help nie.

Gee my asseblief goeie raad en dan sal ek weer 'n gelukkige seun wees.

Ek is in st. 7 in 'n gemengde skool. In st. 9 is daar die wonderlike meisie wat ek al oit gesien het. Sandra ek is regtig verlief op hierdie meisie met haar lang, geel hare en haar slanke figuur. Maar die groot probleem is dit: sy is drie jaar ouer as ek. Wat kan ek doen? Ek kan haar nie uitvra nie want al die ander mense sal lag. En ek is so jonk en lelik met puisties en baie kort en sy is lank. Sandra wat kan ek doen? Ek kan nie met haar praat nie want dan voel ek skaam. As ek nie iets aan die saak doen nie sal ek regtig oor 'n afgrond spring.

O Sandra, help my asseblief anders kan ek nie leef nie. Ek kan nie eet nie, ek kan nie slaap nie en ek kan nie werk nie. Ek kan net aan hierdie goddelike meisie dink.

„SMOORVERLIEF.”
Jaap van der Merwe.
(SARAH LESLIE, Lower V.)

DIE MENIGTE

Ek gaan wandel.
Ek gaan wandel deur die lewe,
Vol mense,
Haastig, ernstig, ywerig
Om te bestaan.
Interessantes, oninteressantes,
Mooies ook,
Skreuelikes.
Teruggetrokkes, party voorbarig
U weet,
So baie.
Elke dag nog meer.
Die meeste
Vol bekommernisse, hul
Inhibisies, siektes, selfsug, bedrog.
So fyngevoelig, kwesbaar.
Soms ook beginselloos maar
Mislief hulself
Herhaaldelik.
Dis eintlik jammer.
Arme mense,
Iemand het jou lief miskien
Ook ek.

SUSAN STENT, Upper V.

SENIOR HOLIDAY READING ESSAY

“FEET ON THE GROUND” BY MARGARET J. O'DONNELL

It has been the difficult task of poets throughout the ages, to produce poetry which has a fairly universal appeal. Perhaps it is the sub-ordinating of their own principles in poetry to the task of the majority, which has led to the success of many poets, but brought about the downfall of others, who in defiance of artistic principles pursue their own esoteric thoughts, leaving us far behind. However, although today many poets are breaking away from the rigid confines of classical poetry, the characteristics of poetry do not change. For it is true that, in most cases, a poet can be admired if he delves deeper and finds new outlets for the characteristics of poetry.

A poem is basically the result of inspiration. The poet is usually either giving a description, a piece of advice or telling a story, but a poem can be about anything. Perhaps one of the main characteristics of poetry is imagery, whereby the poet builds up his picture with words, carefully chosen and well considered. For instance in “Mrs. Thomson Goes Shopping”, by Siegfried Sassoon we are given a picture of an old lady who is out on a rare shopping spree and in our minds we build up a picture of what we expect Mrs. Thomson to be. As

she enters each shop we picture each scene, from that in the chemist shop to the bustle of the fishmongery.

In her book, Miss O'Donnell has shown imagery to be a major characteristic of poetry, giving as another example, “Silver”, by Walter de la Mare in which, within a few lines we are given the picture of the almost unearthly brilliance and colour of the moon, as it brings about the transformation of the lake and trees with its silvery rays. As far as the rest of the picture goes, poetry can transmit sounds, tastes and smells. However, this is mainly through another major characteristic of poetry, that of figures of speech or poetic devices. By the use of assonance and alliteration, sounds are created and throughout her book we are made aware by Miss O'Donnell of the significance of these figures of speech. Other figures of speech such as simile and metaphor are often found, for instance, in “Squirrel” — “Like a small grey coffee pot”, occurs.

Thus, with the use of imagery and figures of speech we are able to conjure up in our minds, if it is necessary, the picture which the poet is describing. However, in alliance with these two characteristics, we have the charac-

teristic in poetry, especially modern poetry which has no name, but is often attained by the use of figures of speech. It is the hidden meaning which makes poetry and is so often found. For, by concealing his meaning the poet often arouses our interest and demands a deeper consideration for his work.

All poetry has rhythm and this is another major characteristic. Whether it be blank verse or a poem written in strict observance to metrical rules, it will have rhythm. The poet must choose a rhythm which suits both his subject and his aim. For instance, the metre in "Skimbleshanks, the Railway Cat" is very suitable as it is so like the monotonous, but vibrating rhythm of a train as it wends its way along the railway tracks.

Rhyme is another characteristic of poetry, whereby two identical sounds are repeated at regular or irregular intervals. There are, of

course, many different types of rhyme and whether the rhyming sounds occur in every line, or every second line, or if it is half-rhyme, it serves the purpose of linking up the poet's thoughts, or, if necessary, breaking them off, by discontinuing the rhyme.

Poetry, according to Miss O'Donnell, is for the consumer and must be able to appeal to most of the poet's customers. In her book, "Feet on the Ground", Miss O'Donnell has pointed out the various characteristics of poetry, illustrating them with modern verse. I believe that the major characteristics, of which I am aware in poetry, are imagery, figures of speech, rhyme, rhythm and their various counterparts. However, I agree with her that a good poet is one who makes the best use of and finds new opportunities to practise his art, in the basic characteristics of poetry.

KIRSTEN EVANS, Upper V.

MIDDLE SCHOOL HOLIDAY READING ESSAY CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA

Flatasteeta was a very domineering woman. George Bernard Shaw conveys this with great emphasis. Before Cleopatra met Caesar, Flatasteeta dominated Cleopatra's life completely. Cleopatra, in the beginning of the play, was obviously intimidated by Flatasteeta, who could beat Cleopatra and order her about as if she herself were queen and not Cleopatra. She liked to tell Cleopatra what to do and Cleopatra, who was but a child, meekly followed the instructions of this haughty woman. She had no human feeling and would gladly cut a man's throat if she thought it would bring her favour and high position. She seemed, to me, to be a subtle, crafty woman.

Cleopatra meets Caesar while sitting between the paws of the Sphinx and waiting to sacrifice a cat who has run away. Cleopatra does not know the strange man is Caesar. The strange man, who is in reality Caesar, tells her that Caesar eats women who are not mature and wise. Cleopatra is very worried and promises to try to act as a queen should when she meets Caesar, who she knows is coming.

When she arrives, Flatasteeta, accustomed to getting her own way, orders Cleopatra around and is very surprised at the manner in which Cleopatra uses her queenly powers. She is forced to obey, Caesar and Cleopatra then often meet and have dinner together. It is obvious that Flatasteeta dislikes Caesar intensely, and she does not like the way in which he has taught Cleopatra to use her authority on her subordinates, or the fact that Cleopatra has grown up and no longer goes to Flatasteeta for advice. Flatasteeta no longer has such power over Cleopatra, who in spite of Flatasteeta's domination, still is fond of her.

Flatasteeta is Cleopatra's first lady-in-waiting and accompanies her wherever she goes. As I

have said before, she is a woman to be feared because she is easily capable of murder.

Cleopatra and Ptolemy, Cleopatra's younger brother, are at war because they each desire possession of the crown. Pothinus, who is Ptolemy's guardian, wants to speak to Cleopatra. (She hears of this because her maids were saying that Pothinus was trying to bribe Flatasteeta into allowing him into the presence of the queen.) Flatasteeta is summoned and commanded to bring Pothinus to her presence. Pothinus is brought in and states he had heard from Cleopatra's own lips that she was only using Caesar to gain the throne for her, and then intended to send him away. Cleopatra had said this but she did not mean it. She dismissed him.

That afternoon Caesar, Cleopatra, Rufio, Caesar's general, Britannus, Caesar's secretary, and Appollodorus, a Sicilian, are to have lunch together. Pothinus arrives to tell Caesar of Cleopatra's evil plan. Caesar is about to hear Pothinus when Cleopatra walks in. Pothinus did not wish to say his speech in front of the queen but Caesar insists that if he has something to say it should be said in front of everyone. Pothinus is about to leave, but at the last minute he tells Caesar about Cleopatra. Cleopatra is furious and humiliated and summons Flatasteeta to kill this evil man, Pothinus. Flatasteeta, only too eager to please Cleopatra, murders him in cold blood. A scream is heard while they are eating lunch and, rushing over to the edge of the balcony, they see a great crowd of people gathered around a dead body. Caesar suspects Cleopatra but she pleads innocence and states that she could not have committed the murder because she had been with him during lunch.

Etatateeta is praying next to the idol of Ra, the sun-god, and Rufio, who knows how to murder a person without the victim's giving forth a scream, cuts her throat in revenge, and she dies, after having committed her last folly.

Etatateeta was a very haughty woman who desired riches and liked to get her own way. She came to a violent end.

YOLANDA LABIA, Upper IV.

AFRIKAANS EKSAMEN-OPSTEL 'N KARAKTERSKETS

Vol geesdrif en eiksheid is ons bediende Lena, wat lag-lag deur die lewe trippel. Sy is 'n ou Kleurlingvrou, karaktervol en vet, baie vet, maar sy hou daarvan as ons haar liever „mollig" noem. Laat ek 'n bietjie van haar vertel.

As sy lag in haar diep keelstem (en die dikwels) horrel dit van diep uit haar maagholte uit totdat haar hele lyf skud en haar ogies word tot skreefles toegemaak. Soms probeer sy om op dieet te gaan of nie te rook nie, maar dis nie lank nie voordat sy my in 'n soetstemmetjie smekend kom vra om 'n „stompie" vir haar te vind. 'n Bietjie ydel is ons Lena ook en sy is nie bietjie trots oor daardie donker streek in haar bloed of haar krullerige hare nie. Op die besigste oggend van die week soebat sy my ma, effentjies verleë, met haar kop aan die een kant, of sy nie 'n bietjie „Karoo Freckle Cream" of spesiale soort haarwaasmiddel by die apteker wil koop nie.

Die luidrugtige Lena is altyd bekommerd oor die feit van „Wot will the peoples think, Merrem", en as sy na enige begrafnis of so iets gaan, sit sy haar tande met die gous vulsels in, haar bril op, om „intelligent" te lyk, trek die kleurvolste rooi jas wat jy ooit gesien het aan en die hoogste lakleerskoene in Kaapstad —

dan is sy gereed om die sosiale wêreld in te gaan.

Sy is ook maar rêrig 'n ou doring. Soggens ligdag is sy op die been en saans tienuur se kant vind jy haar nog in die kombuis, gewoonlik besig met wasgoedstryk. Daarby, as 'n aantal mense onverwags vir ete opdaag, word sy nooit kwaad nie, veral as 'n behoorlike jong kêrel 'n paar „stompies" en „a few bob" geheimsinnig in haar hand steek!

Nou kom ek by die belangrikste deel. Lena het ook haar slenterlae, haar nukke en grille, maar haar kyk op die wêreld is oorspronklik en verfrissend. Vir haar is die lewe nie vol komplikasies, met paigiaters om moeilike probleme van die siel te verklaar nie. Sy is nie geldgierig nie, en bekijk alles nie met 'n verdoemde kyk soos baie mense vandag nie. Dit is die klein, eenvoudige dingetjies in die lewe wat vir haar tel en blydskap gee. Die beste raad wat ek ooit gekry het, was van hierdie wonderlike ou vrou en dit is: „Lag my kind, en geniet die lewe ten volle." Ek sal dit nooit vergeet nie of die kleurvolle karakter wat dit vir my geleer het nie.

SUSAN STENT, Upper V.

HOUSE REPORT

JAGGER

House Mistresses: Mrs. Scot-Shaw, Mrs. Boyes, Miss Chase, Mrs. Himing.
Head of House: Jenny Susman.
House Prefect: Helen Robertson.

I should like, first of all, to thank Mrs. Scott-Shaw and the other House Mistresses for their help and guidance.

This year started off extremely well for Jagger. We tied with Rolt for the much-coveted Efficiency Shield. We then won the Swimming Gala. Congratulations to Perry-Anne Johnson and Jenny Newman for doing so well and also to Yolanda Labia, who excelled in the diving.

Jenny Newman once more brought credit to the House, this time in the hockey — she was chosen for the Western Province Schools team.

Kirsten Evans and Hilary Brown are to be congratulated on their extremely high standard of work this year. Many Jagger girls have excelled in the literary field, especially Elizabeth Spilhaus, whose many diplomas and the "English Alive" Prize deserve special note.

We also won the photographic competition organised by Sarah Leslie.

Everyone knitted a jersey for C.A.F.D.A. at the beginning of the year and Miss Theron was kind enough to take four of us down there to deliver them and to be shown around.

Mrs. Scot-Shaw went overseas in July and Mrs. Boyes was kind enough to take her place in the house during that time.

Miss Chase we shall miss very much but should like to wish her the very best of happiness in her marriage.

Many other girls whose names have not been mentioned above have contributed to the welfare of the House. Thank you all very much indeed. I should like to wish Jagger the very best of luck in the future and know that you all will continue to do as well as, if not better, than, you have in the past.

JENNIE SUSMAN, Upper V.

(Head of Jagger).

MERRIMAN

House Mistresses: Mrs. Muller, Mrs. Rauch, Miss Theron, Mrs. Williams.

Head of House: Sally Abbott.

Prefects: Devon Lees, Nicola Currie.

First, may we thank Mrs. Muller and the other House Mistresses for all their help and enthusiasm this year.

Then, may we extend a warm welcome to all the new staff and girls who have joined the House this year, especially Mrs. Williams who replaced Mrs. P. Muller as Senior Afrikaans Mistress and Miss Theron who took the place of the late Mrs. Amdurer. We should also like to thank Mrs. Muller who, as Head of Merriman, has given us continual guidance and encouragement.

On Founder's Day Merriman received the Nethall and Magazine Cups for 1967 and also the Tennis Cup which was shared with Rolt. This year, however, the Tennis Cup was not shared but won with an overwhelming victory and I should like to congratulate the entire team on this wonderful feat.

The swimming gala was, as usual, a very exciting event. Although Merriman came third in both the swimming and the diving, I should like to congratulate the House on their house spirit; the way in which they encouraged the team with their songs and different types of instrumental backing, such as tin plates and spoons, was wonderful. I should also like to congratulate Vanessa Weinlig on being awarded the "Swimmer of the Year" Cup. Well done, Jagger, for winning the swimming, and well done, Rolt, for winning the diving.

The Inter-House hockey was held in the second term, earlier than usual, this year. Right from the start there was a tight tussle between Rolt and Merriman, but Rolt eventually triumphed and our congratulations go to them. The Merriman teams, however, must not go unpraised, for they worked very hard, and long before the match most of them had voluntarily been practising in their spare time.

The Inter-House Magazine was won by Merriman and I do thank Ethel Hacking and Alison Burns for all their hard work and congratulate them on producing a magazine of so high a standard. In the Inter-House Photographic Competition we came second to Jagger by the narrow margin of one point. We won the Inter-House Squash with the loss of only one match. The Inter-House volleyball and athletics have still to take place and I wish all those participating the best of luck.

At the beginning of the second term Merriman, as usual, gave jerseys, knitted by each respective member, to the St. Michael's Home. The superintendent praised their quality and said that they were invaluable. Three of the Merriman Matrics attended St. Michael's Annual General Meeting for 1968 and found it most interesting.

The standard of work this year has not always been as good as it might be, but I hope this will improve. Susan Stent, Julia Mortera,

Machteld van Lennep and Alexander Reay, however, must be congratulated for they have gained high marks throughout the year.

Last, but not least, I do thank Devon Lees and Nicky Currie for the support that they, as fellow prefects in Merriman, have given me this year.

Best of luck to all you Merriman members for next year.

SALLY ABBOTT, Upper V.

(Head of Merriman).

ROLT

House Staff: Mrs. Hampson, Mrs. Turley, Mrs. Coetzee, Mrs. Stewart-Collins, Miss Engels. Head of House: G. Dicey.

First, may we thank Mrs. Hampson and the other House Mistresses for all they have done for Rolt.

Then we should like to welcome the new members of staff, Mrs. Coetzee, Mrs. Stewart-Collins and Miss Engels. We hope that they enjoy being in Rolt House, and we should like to thank Fiona Dicey, too, for all she did for Rolt last year.

We started the year on an excellent note, having tied with Jagger to win the Efficiency Shield. This somehow always gives a house that extra encouragement so necessary at the beginning of the year.

This year has been one of surprises, successes and failures. The House spirit has grown keener and this could be seen in the Inter-House hockey match. The final game between Merriman and Rolt was the most exciting and tense game we have had for a long time. Everybody gave of their best, and I should like to thank, and congratulate the hockey team for winning.

The swimming was also very exciting, and we congratulate Jagger on winning. We won the diving cup, and we congratulate Hilary Gasson on her exquisite performance. Unfortunately, we lost the tennis to Merriman, who deserved to win, and we congratulate them on this victory, as well as for winning the squash. Our Rolt team put up an excellent fight, and played very well.

Special thanks go to the editors of the Rolt Magazine and to those who organised the photographic competition. Well done!

There is still a great deal of room for improvement as far as work is concerned. Every girl must do her share, and not leave all the hard work to the few. However, special congratulations on consistently good and hard work to Louise Virgin, Janet Graaff and Jill Golding.

During the winter term donations were given by each girl to the Protea School Feeding Scheme, and to S.H.A.W.C.O. We have now decided to visit the Princess Alice Homes twice a year, and to give every child a gift on each occasion.

Last, but not least, we should like to thank Mrs. Hampson and the other House Mistresses again for the valuable help and advice they have given us during the year.

The Rolt Upper V and I wish you all the best of luck and success for the coming year. Keep up the good sportsmanship, work hard, and Rolt will flourish.

GAIL DICEY, Upper V.
(Head of Rolt).

CLUB ACTIVITIES

LIBRARY REPORT, 1968

Chairwoman: Mrs. Mulliner.

Committee: Joanne Faulda, Maureen Harris (Upper V), Suzanne Milton (Lower V), Janet Graaff and Kiri Broadbent (Upper IV), Jane Phillip (Lower IV), Jane Whipp (Upper III).

During this year the library has continued playing its part in School life, providing a wide range of both reference books and general reading matter. The Herschel Council and the English Association have held their meetings in the dignified atmosphere of the library and the Debating Society and Sociological Club have gathered here for stimulating discussions and lectures.

The library's birthday on February 19th was thoughtfully remembered by Mrs. Withers, Mrs. English, Miss Engels, the girls and Jane Phillip. The Committee would also like to thank Mrs. H. E. Hacking for her donation. This was used to purchase "Art Through the Ages", a valuable and much-used work.

The subject mistresses have very kindly co-operated in advising us on the selection of reference books, and there has been a marked improvement in the standard of the books. Many new paperbacks have been added. Magazines from fellow-schools are always eagerly read and we were happy to receive these from the Diocesan College, Rondebosch; Michael Oak School, Queen's Park High School, Woodstock, Roosevelt School, Bulawayo, St. Anne's Diocesan College, St. Barnabas College, St. Cyprian's, St. Mary's D.S.G., Pretoria, St. Michael's School, Bloemfontein, Westerford and Wynberg Girls' High School, and the Cape Town Training College.

We are extremely grateful to Miss Mulliner for her keen interest in the library and we do wish to thank her for all the enthusiasm she has put into her work. The Committee, too, has been very helpful in running the library smoothly and efficiently.

MAUREEN HARRIS, Upper V.

SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB REPORT

President: Mrs. Scott-Shaw.

Committee: Kirsten Evans, Judy Scott-Shaw, Pip Broadbent, Lindsay Unite, Janet Graaff, Lynne Reid.

Secretary: Gillian Gain.

Treasurer: Susan Milne.

At the beginning of the year Mrs. Scott-Shaw succeeded Mrs. Brownell as President of the Sociological Club and, on behalf of all, the mem-

bers would like to thank our former President for all the hard work she put into the Club and to welcome Mrs. Scott-Shaw in her place.

The Sociological Club opened its very instructive talks this year with a visit from Bishop Cabral of the Diocese of Lemombo. He succeeded in conveying to us the desperate need of his people and won our sympathy for his cause.

During the following week members of the Moral Rearmament Association presented their travelling show called "Springbok Stampede". It is at present the only group of its kind in South Africa and the performance was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

On Wednesday, 6th March, Mr. Oxtoby, accompanied by six other musical enthusiasts, gave us a very successful demonstration of the uses of various instruments of the orchestra.

Mr. Smits very kindly came to give us a talk on diamonds, their uses and the various methods employed to procure them. To most of us this was completely new and very informative.

Among the more unusual of the lectures we attended was that of Mrs. Bromley who, together with a number of enterprising friends, has started the Silvermine Nature Reserve in an attempt to preserve a small section of the Cape's natural beauty.

On Wednesday, May 1st, an informal talk was given by the Jagger C.A.F.D.A. representatives together with Mrs. Muller on the aims and achievements of the charity.

Mr. Vertue, an enthusiastic amateur photographer, talked to us about photography and in particular the composition of photographs, all of which we found extremely interesting, especially as the following term we were to have an Inter-House photographic competition. Mr. Vertue very kindly returned to Herschel to judge it for us.

We had a very enlightening lecture by Mrs. Hampson on Vietnam, a subject upon which many of us had very muddled views. However, we now know the facts leading up to the present position in Vietnam and are very grateful to Mrs. Hampson.

Miss Broster, a Shawco representative, came to discuss the functions of the organisation and gave a very lively and sometimes amusing account of the work carried out by the university students.

We were very fortunate to be given an opportunity of hearing a recital by Stephen de Groot, the talented young concert pianist, who played a wide selection of pieces for us. Everyone was very impressed and we all wish him luck for the future.

On Wednesday, August 21st, Mrs. Kittow gave us an account of her recent trip overseas in connection with the British Council Visitorship. She also illustrated her talk with pictures on the epidiascope. Altogether she had a fascinating time—and we enjoyed her talk.

One of our most successful meetings of the year was held when Mr. Frank Spears very kindly agreed to read several poems, especially

selected from the Matriculation network, to us. He really instilled life into them and we hope he will return soon.

Mrs. Brownell gave us a most informative talk, illustrated by a film, on the background history and geographical factors of S.W.A. This was intended especially for the benefit of the History and Geography girls but was greatly appreciated by all.

Altogether, we have had a number of extremely enlightening and beneficial talks this year, and on behalf of the members of the Sociological Club, I should like to thank Mrs. Scott-Shaw for her enthusiastic support. We are grateful, too, to Mrs. Kittow and other members of staff who have given up their time to attend our meetings.

GILJIAN GAIN, Secretary,
Sociological Club.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

President: Miss Engels.
Chairman: Joanne Faulds.
Secretary: Helen Watson.

A higher standard of debating has been reached this year, though there is still much room for improvement in the speaking from the floor. As more emphasis has been placed on public speaking during the past year, a greater number of debates have been held both in English and Afrikaans and, on two occasions, teams of five from each form held forum discussions on various controversial topics. Our internal debating came to an exciting and hilarious climax when the Matrics spoke on the topic, "Marriage is an outmoded institution".

At the end of the second term we invited St. Cyprian's to hold a debate with us in the Library. One member from each school spoke for the proposition and the same applied in the case of the opposition. The motion was that "Prosperity is a better test of character than adversity" and it was defeated.

In the third term, Springfield Convent joined us in debating the motion that "The United Nations has defeated its aims". This motion was also defeated.

Two teams of five represented Herschel in the Inter-Schools Forum Discussions and considering that it was their first attempt at this form of debating, they did not fare too badly.

Joanne Faulds and Shelley Stevens represented Herschel at the Junior Chamber of Commerce Inter-Schools' Debate. They debated the motion that "Modern fashions show the sheep-like mentality of the youth of today". Groups of girls also attended the semi-finals and the finals of these exciting debates.

The final external competition which Herschel entered was the Public Speaking Competition organised by the Road Safety Association. We warmly congratulate our representative, Ethel Hacking, on coming third in the competition.

May our improved standard this year encourage us to do even better next year.

HELEN WATSON, Secretary,
Debating Society.

CHOIR REPORT

The Senior and Middle School Choirs amalgamated at the beginning of this year so that there could be more efficient training within the Senior School. This eventually will result in the choir's achieving a higher standard of performance. The anthem, "God is a Spirit", by S. Bennett, was sung with great sincerity by a small choir on Founder's Day.

Earlier this year we were delighted to sing at both Veronica Payne's and Carol Philip's weddings as we all knew them very well. On September 21st a small choir sang at Lorna Harris's wedding at Christ Church, Constantia.

We do not have many opportunities of singing at a member of staff's wedding but in the third term we were thrilled to be invited to sing at the wedding of our Latin Mistress, Miss Chase. On the 11th October we formed the choir for Susan Kennedy's wedding in St. Saviour's Church. We are really looking forward to the 7th December when we shall sing at the weddings of Annette Versveld, in Christ Church, Constantia, and Susan Robb in St. Saviour's.

The following are the member of the choir: Sally Abbott, Edwina Abbott, Marjorie Aitchison, Maya Albrecht, Jocelyn Anstey, Fiona Balgrie, Pru Borton, Jane Borton, Susan Borton, Penelope Broadbent, Kim Broadbent, Helen Brauer, Hilary Brown, Angela Bottomley, Alison Burns, Eulalie Botha, Paula Cunningham, Gail Dicey, Beth Dicey, Mary Foot, Lindsay Gasson, Pauline Gilbert, Jill Golding, Susan Jenkin, Glenda Harris, Jane Haram, Hilary Henderson, Eleanor Hooper, Chloë Knight, Devon Lees, Sharon Lindberg, Carol Newton-Thompson, Kate Nettleingham, Tessa Mallett, Hanneli Muller, Fiona McSymon, Lynne Reid, Marilyn Simpson, Jennifer Simpson, Deborah Turner-Smith, Magteld van Lennep, Helen Watson, Vanessa Weinlig and Jane Whipp.

A chamber choir was established during the third term and is proving a great success. The requirements are a good voice, enthusiasm and exemplary conduct. They are being trained very intensely and we all hope that they will soon reach a high standard of singing. There are a maximum of twelve voices. The present members are Paula Cunningham, Susan Borton, Angela Bottomley, Jill Golding, Susan Jenkin, Fiona MacSymon, Tessa Mallett, Marilyn Simpson, Magteld van Lennep and Vanessa Weinlig.

The Carol Service will be held on the 10th December in St. Saviour's Church.

PAULINE GILBERT,
(Choir Leader).

S.A.F.U.E.S.' WINTER SCHOOL FOR MATRICULANTS

The South African Federation of University Engineering Students decided to hold a one-week course for Matriculants. The entire course was arranged and run by final-year students, most of whom were in the middle of writing

their theses, so it was very good of them to give up so much time.

We stayed at Driekoppen Residence—fifty-eight boys and two girls. Each of the four days was planned with a tour of some place of engineering importance in the morning, and a lecture in the afternoon, but the evenings were more social.

We went to Caltex Oil Refinery and the Athlone Power Station. Both these places are run on a highly complex scale with rooms upon rooms of huge, frightening and impressive machinery, whose functions were explained to us in detail, as was the position of the various types of engineers in plants such as these.

We had lectures on the mining, chemical and civil aspects of engineering and were shown many interesting films. A civil engineer showed us a fascinating one on the problems of water pollution and a chemical engineer, among other films, showed us an extremely interesting one on the various types of glass-making.

On our last day we were guests of the South African Railways. This, I think, was the most interesting of our tours. First, we went to their workshops in Salt River. The noise was deafening but the slickness and speed with which everything was made there—from screws to railway carriages—was very impressive. We were then taken round the station and the Post Office tunnel. After a sumptuous meal our hosts took us on to the communications centre in the Paul Sauer Building and we also went over the telephone exchange.

On the final evening we had an official dinner, attended by the Dean of the Faculty of Engineering, various professors of the Faculty, the Head of S.A.F.U.E.S., our various organisers and Sir Richard Luyt himself who gave a charming speech.

The theme of the course was, "The Role of the Future Engineer in South Africa", and after it was finished we all had to write an essay on this.

The week was very informative, enjoyable, and, I think, extremely worthwhile. It certainly succeeded in its aims of giving the student a detailed insight into the vast field of Engineering. I do hope S.A.F.U.E.S. make this Winter School a regular occurrence.

JENNIE SUSMAN, Upper V.

SPEECH AND DRAMA REPORT

It might be thought by the faint-hearted that Greek tragedy was slightly outside the scope of a girls' school, but Mrs. Kittow, to whom the impossible is only something that takes a little longer, gave the idea her blessing. So we started work on the Gilbert Murray translation of Euripides' "The Trojan Women".

It did take "a little longer", too, for though we began work on the play in the second term of 1967, it was not performed until the first term of this year. This was partly because I had set my heart on an out-of-doors production in the little, acoustically-perfect garden

outside the hall, and I wanted Maynardville weather.

My first task was to reduce the play to a length manageable by a cast of young girls, and I was much encouraged when Mrs. Kittow approved of the result of my ruthless pruning, and thought that the story and dramatic impact were still intact.

Casting was never any difficulty. I had enough promising drama pupils for two sets of principals, and it was very interesting to see how, in the event, the two performances evened out, there being some excellent acting in both.

The chorus, made up of the younger girls, was the same throughout, and I was very proud of their polished verse-speaking and graceful movement.

Given an all-girl cast acting in close proximity to the audience, I decided to sacrifice stark realism to glamour, and Elizabeth Westoby created colourful and graceful costumes for us.

The decor was imaginatively and expertly handled by Mrs. Muller and her Art department, and the scene was beautifully lit by our new spotlights and floodlight (the gift of Messrs. Haram and Jenkin) under the control of Graham van der Spuy of Bishops.

As always, Mr. Withers helped us in every possible way with his skill and ever-ready co-operation.

In the Preparatory School, on Open Day, we presented a concert with music (Miss Sweet, of course!), poetry, and extracts from prose works and plays. Some items were performed by classes and some by individuals or groups of speech pupils. The result was a pleasant, well-balanced programme which, with Mrs. Roth's guiding hand over all, ran very smoothly.

Ten children entered for the Speech Examinations held by the South African Guild of Speech Teachers. They were: Marlene Tennyson, Peta Brownlie, Lynne Brailey, Barbara Gordon-Bagnall, Susan Cunningham, Barbara van Alphen Stahl, Camilla White, Terry Lloyd-Roberts, Moraig Currie and Christie Moni.

All were successful and the two Barbaras, and Terry and Camilla, achieved a "merit" grade, which is between 75% and 85%. They are all to be congratulated, as the standard in these examinations is high.

MARGARET SAFFERY.

RUBY PORTER SERVICE LEAGUE

President: Mrs. Kittow.
Vice-President: Miss Harant.
Staff: Mrs. Himing, Mrs. Muller, Mrs. Roth.
Committee: P. Gilbert, J. Haram (Secretary), S. Jenkin, F. Baigrie.

Many girls are very interested in the Ruby Porter Service League, and we now have a keen group of enthusiasts. The collecting-boxes were distributed to all members during the first term of this year, and it is hoped that they will be full when returned this term.

There have been several new members this year, and we welcome them to the League. On Thursday, 26th June, Mrs. Muller and the new members visited Raapkraal Crèche, which the League helps in every possible way.

During the September holidays, Mrs. Muller, Jane Whipp, Sally Brimble, Catherine Oxtoby and Daphne Susman went to the Crèche, ostensibly to paint the jungle gym. On reaching the Crèche, they discovered that the jungle gym had disintegrated, so they spent the morning painting the benches in the School Feeding Room instead.

Mrs. MacGregor has arranged a Talent Contest, in which we hope many girls will enter. It is in aid of the Crèche and it will provide much pleasure and hard work, and there is a prize of R25. Then, too, we are holding a cake-and-sweet-stall in aid of the Crèche, after the examinations. We feel sure that all the cakes and sweets will be sold!

The Ruby Porter Service League is a very worthwhile charity, and we feel proud to support it.

JANE HARAM.

MUSIC AND DRAMA CLUB

Chairman: Mrs. Popham-Smith.

Vice-Chairman: Mrs. Saffrey.

Committee: Pip Broadbent, Alison Burns, Marilyn Simpson, Helen Brauer, Susan Jenkin, Pru Borton.

"The Trojan Women" was produced during the second term and rehearsals for this production took the place of Music and Drama meetings for the first term.

On the 13th June we held a meeting at school. There were no choral items but there was a good deal of acting, piano-playing and ballet. "Spirit of the Tower of London" and "The Death of the Torrey Canyon" were performed by the Senior Drama Class. The Middle School offered "We are not Amused".

Jane Haram recited a monologue, and Kim and Pip Broadbent a duologue from the "Importance of Being Earnest". Five items of ballet were offered by Pru Borton and Jane Whipp. This term on the 15th October we held another meeting in the hall. After much hard work, this proved to be a really worthwhile evening of entertainment.

Two choral items, "The Song of Shadows", and "I Know Where I'm Goin'" were sung by the choir. A group of contemporary pianoforte pieces were played by J. Pettigrew ("The Fair"), J. Colding ("Out of Step"), H. Brauer ("The Child that was born on the Sabbath Day") and A. Bottomley ("Sonata in D"). Paula Cunningham played a Chopin prelude.

There were many Drama performances: two scenes from "Quality Street", a fragment of Farce, "The Policeman's Serenade", a scene from "George and Margaret" and a scene from "The Lady with a Lamp".

Three poems were recited: "The Soldier's Wife", "The Yak" and "Tarantella".

An item of ballet, "Study in Black and White", was offered by J. Whipp and H. Gas-

son and a Spanish Dance was offered by P. Borton and J. Mortena. The Special Choir sang two songs, and these brought to end a really delightful evening.

PIP BROADBENT,
(Secretary).

ART ACTIVITIES

The first item of interest this year was Mr. Vertue's visit to the Sociological Club. He is an amateur photographer of high repute and he gave us a very interesting and instructive talk with special regard to composition that applies to both art and photography. He illustrated his points with the most superb black and white photographs of landscapes and old Dutch homes. This was primarily with a view to helping us when it came to taking our own photographs for the photographic competition, later in the year.

Mr. Vertue also gave the school a valuable gift of Bowler and De Meillon prints, depicting topographical scenes of the Cape Province. For these we are most grateful.

In the same term we paid a visit to the National Gallery where we saw paintings and sculptures done by the avant-garde among South African artists whose works had been entered in a competition sponsored by a large firm. We were given a comprehensive explanation on many of these exhibits that otherwise might have seemed rather outlandish and beyond the limits of our understanding.

In the third term the Matrics were taken to see the most fascinating Memorial Exhibition of the late Irma Stern's works. Before seeing her paintings we were shown a film on the German Expressionists who influenced her early style, for example, Max Pechstein. Then we saw how Irma Stern's irresistible creative urge found a motif in everything: in man, whether as a native of Africa or any other part of the world; in flowers and in still life, nature and cities, ships and harbours. She was a born colourist and used a variety of media with tremendous verve.

After studying Cape Dutch Architecture, the Matrics were taken over Groot Constantia. The simplicity and beauty of this stately old home was apparent to all of us. It has such a sense of atmosphere that we did not realise that it is not the original home but was rebuilt after a devastating fire not so long ago.

The Photographic Competition took place in the third term. The girls put a great deal of enthusiasm into it, producing a well-laid-out and lively exhibition, which Mr. Vertue kindly judged. Jagger came first, with Merriman and Roit close behind. The Inter-House Magazines were completed and were judged by Mrs. Pierce-Jones, Merriman, with its neatness and over-all effect of good taste and conservatism won the competition, although the other two magazines were also highly commendable, showing a good deal of potential talent.

In the fourth term we are hoping to have a talk on Old Cape Dutch houses by Mr. Vertue, and we look forward to this very much.

SUSAN STENT, Upper V.

MATRICULATION DANCE, 1968

Months of hard labour were rewarded on Saturday, 27th July, when we held our Matriculation Dance. The cream of South African manhood was carefully scrutinised before partners were finally selected. Once the problem of partners had been solved, work went ahead with the decorations. By more or less general agreement the chosen theme was, "Magical Mystery Tour", but by the time of the dance this had deteriorated into "If not . . . why not?" and on the murals round the room we let our imagination run riot.

Work also went ahead on the dresses. It may only be a case of "fine feathers make fine birds", but in our opinion everyone looked lovely that night. The catering was organised by a dedicated few and the food went down well. In fact, the evening was a great success and we shall remember it all our lives.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Kittow for making this happy evening possible.

SALLY ABBOTT, Upper V.

GAMES REPORT

This has been a year of steady progress and in all the games there has been a very rewarding improvement throughout the school. We finished the year with two Inter-Schools awards, namely, the Diving Competition and the Under-15 Hockey Tournament.

The members of the swimming team under the able leadership of their captain, Suzanne Nosworthy, acquitted themselves very well, gaining a position in the first three places in the Open, Under-15 and Under-14 Sections. The swimmers all showed great enthusiasm and all practices were well attended. Even the early morning practices at Newlands were attended regularly by at least 30 girls. Tessa Mallet was awarded colours for breaking a record in the Under-14 Backstroke.

Congratulations to the diving team which won the Diving Competition. Hilary Gasson won the Under-15 Section and was awarded her colours for this achievement.

The Inter-House Gala was once again the highlight of the season and fourteen school records were broken. Jagger won this event with a grand total of 149 points. The "Swimmer of the Year" trophy was won by Vanessa Weinlig. This is the first time that this coveted trophy has been won by a girl in Lower IV. Well done, Vanessa!

The Inter-House Diving Competition produced the best diving we have seen at Herschel for many years. Rolt won the event and Yolanda Labia won the Individual Diving Trophy.

There is room for more improvement in the standard of our Tennis. This is a game at which everyone should try to attain a good average standard by the time she leaves school. Unfortunately the facilities at school are not adequate and most girls only have one hour a week for practice, which is not sufficient.

It would be pleasing to see more players

joining outside clubs and playing during the week-ends.

Herschel managed to gain only fourth place at the Inter-Schools Tournament. Louise Bralley and Moira Little won the finals of their section and were awarded their colours.

Our hockey results have been particularly pleasing this season. Altogether 40 matches were played by the teams and only 7 were lost. The second team had an unbeaten record.

At the Inter-Schools, the Senior team was unbeaten but were placed only second in their section, and did not qualify for the finals. We congratulate Wynberg for winning this event for the first time for many years.

The Under-15 team had a very proud record, winning nine of their eleven matches and ending the season by beating Rustenburg in the finals at the Inter-Schools.

The Squash Club flourished this year under the enthusiastic guidance of Mrs. Jill Eckstein. 40 girls joined the Club and for the first time Herschel took part in the Western Province Squash League. Merriman won the Inter-House Squash Tournament and Devon Lees became the 1968 Champion by beating Nicki Currie in the finals of the school championships.

For the third consecutive year, Herschel took part in the Annual Inter-Schools Dabchick Race at Zeekoewiel. We were represented by Lindsay Unite, Pippa Broadbent, Kim Broadbent, P. A. Johnson and Sally Wells. 27 schools took part and we did well to get 9th place.

In conclusion I should like to express my appreciation to the three games captains, Devon Lees (Tennis), Nicki Currie (Hockey) and S. Nosworthy (Swimming) for their invaluable assistance during the year. They were at all times enthusiastic and untiring in their efforts to encourage the school teams.

Y. GIBSON, Games Mistress.

DEPARTMENT BADGES

Five Department Badges have been awarded this year to:

Gillian Gain (Lower V).
Jenny Newman (Lower V).
Marilyn Simpson (Lower V).
Shelley Stephens (Upper V).
Susan Milne (Lower V).

SWIMMING REPORT

The first term began with the swimming team training in the early morning and late afternoon, as the Inter-Schools Swimming Gala took place unusually early. Although time was limited, the swimmers showed a keen spirit and all worked extremely hard and as a result the standard of the swimming has greatly improved.

Gordons' Gala helped to prepare us for the Inter-Schools which followed soon after. At the Inter-Schools Gala we came third in the Open, third in the Under-15 and second in the Under-14 sections. Everyone swam extremely well. Tessa Mallet was awarded her swimming colours as she proved herself worthy of this honour.

SWIMMING TEAM



Back Row: J. Newman, T. Mallett, V. Weinlig.

Middle Row: E. Charnock, F. Baigrie, K. Nettleingham, P. Gilbert, H. Henderson, Mrs. Gibson, L. Unitt, S. Nosworthy, M. Little, B. Parry, M. Johnson.

Front Row: L. Reid, F. McSymon, S. Adams, G. Taylor, H. Gasson.

Fiona McSymon and Jennifer Simpson also swam outstandingly for their school.

In the Inter-Schools Diving competition, the Under-15 section was won by Hilary Gasson. Yolanda Labia also dived well.

Here I should like to take the opportunity of thanking the team for their determined effort in swimming and the wonderful spirit that they showed throughout the season.

The Inter-House Gala, won by Jagger, was most entertaining. Rolt won the Diving Competition. Vanessa Weinlig swam well and was awarded the cup for the Simmer of the Year.

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

SUZANNE NOSWORTHY,
(Swimming Captain).

SQUASH REPORT

There has been a very great improvement in the standard of squash this year. Many of the Standard IX's are now playing and the majority of the Matrices have carried on very keenly with their squash.

This great improvement in the squash is due to two factors: firstly, we are being coached by a Springbok, Jill Eckstein, who has shown unceasing interest in our squash; secondly, this year, for the first time, Herschel joined the Second Squash League. This was arranged for us by Jill Eckstein. We have played many matches and lost most of them, which, I think, is due mainly to lack of experience.

As well as the league matches we have played Bishops and the Old Girls. These matches also helped us to gain experience, although we were beaten.

The Inter-House Squash was held at the end of the third term and was won by Merriman.

The Squash Championship was won by Devon Lees and the Standard IX Championship was won by Patricia Cowan.

On behalf of the Squash Club, I should like to thank Jill Eckstein very much for coaching us with such willingness and also for arranging for Herschel to play in the league. I should also like to wish the Squash Club the best of luck for next year.

DEVON LEES,
(Squash Captain).

TENNIS REPORT

The tennis this year has been of a very good standard, both in the junior and senior

sections. Matches were held nearly every Saturday of the first term against various schools. Many of these matches we managed to win, although a few were lost.

During the December holidays last year, and at the beginning of this year, two tennis courts were re-surfaced and made into all-weather courts. This has helped our tennis considerably and I should like to thank all the people who made these courts available for us to use.

Towards the end of the first term the Inter-Schools Tennis was held. The Junior Inter-Schools was held the Saturday before the Senior Inter-Schools and the standard of tennis was very high. However, we did not manage

DIVING TEAM



Left to Right: P. Gillanders, H. Ganson, Mrs. Gibson, F. Baigrie, Y. Labia.

TENNIS



Back Row: P. Gilbert, S. Abbott, J. Burns, D. Lees, Mrs. Gibson, N. Currie, L. Bralley, C. Newton-Thompson, M. Little.

Front Row: P. Reid, P. Jesse, M. van Breda, J. Golding, S. Campbell, D. Turner-Smith, E. Abbott, G. Taylor.

to win although the girls played very hard and well. The following Saturday the Senior Inter-Schools was held and was a very enjoyable morning's tennis. The Under-16B couple, Moira Little and Louise Bralley, were the only ones who reached the finals. In the finals they played Springfield and beat them. Moira and Louise were awarded their colours.

The Inter-House Tennis was held at the end of the first term and was great fun and of a very high standard. It was won by Merriman. The School Tennis Championships are still in progress and the finals will be played at the end of the fourth term.

I should like to thank Mrs. Gibson very sincerely for the coaching and help she gave us with our tennis during the first term.

On behalf of the Matrices I should like to take this opportunity of wishing the tennis team the best of luck for next year.

DEVON LEES,
(Tennis Captain).

HOCKEY REPORT

The most wonderful thing about the hockey season this year was the enthusiasm which was shown by everyone. We managed to play hockey matches every Saturday, but we were very unfortunate in the first term with the weather which wiped out a number of matches.

The standard of hockey in all the teams has been high on the whole. The senior teams particularly have shown a great improvement in their standard. There are a large number of juniors, too, who are very promising for next season. Both the teams have a good record. The majority of the games were won or drawn.

The Inter-Schools Tournament was, as usual, very exciting. The first team played four matches of which they won one and drew three. The defence players acquitted themselves well, but the forwards unfortunately lost their heads in the circle and could not shoot goals. The first team was placed second in their section.

At the Inter-Schools Tournament the Under-15A team also played very well. They have played good, constructive hockey the entire season and this standard was attained in the finals, when they managed to beat Rustenburg. This was a great thrill for them. They won all the four matches which they played.

The Inter-House matches were very exciting again and the spirit in these matches was excellent. In the senior section there were some very exciting matches, particularly the match between Merriman and Roit who, after

a great battle, regained the trophy. The Under-15 section hockey was also very close.

I hope that next season will be just as exciting as this one has been. Next year I hope we shall bring home both the trophies from the Inter-Schools Tournament!

Finally, I should like to thank Mrs. Gibson very much indeed for her leadership and for the training and devotion she has given the teams. My best wishes go to the 1969 captain.

NICOLA CURRIE,
(Hockey Captain).

1ST HOCKEY TEAM



Back Row: S. Abbott, J. Newman, Mrs. Gibson, L. Unitie, M. Little, G. Taylor.
Front Row: M. van Breda, H. Brauer, P. Gilbert, N. Currie, D. Lees, C. Newton-Thompson.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL NOTES

FOUNDER'S DAY, 1968

The Prize-giving at the Preparatory School took place after the Church service and the prizes were presented by Mrs. Molra Henderson. After welcoming Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Kittow called on Mrs. Roth to read her report: Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Kittow, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I recently met an American, now living in London, who said that the thing that struck her most about the British was the way they never stopped talking about education. Go out to dinner, she said, and you get nursery schools with the soup, prep. schools with the fish, and the merits and demerits of the public school system from the meat to the coffee. I

had to smile, wondering whether she was going to find herself at the sort of dinner party I've been to (and enjoyed!) where we managed—from soup to the coffee—to discuss only one topic: The New Maths!

Needless to say we were both exaggerating a little, but there is no doubt that the revolution which is reforming Mathematics' teaching in both primary and secondary schools, has left many parents (and I may add teachers) with the question: Just what is the New Maths? I have no intention of trying to answer that question in so short a space of time, but

I should like to clarify one or two points and correct one or two misconceptions.

Firstly, I should like to point out that the New Maths is not really new at all—actually it is nearly a hundred years old. Many and varied are the aspects of modern mathematics but its main claim to fame rests on sets, and George Cantor, the Danish Russian genius, published his theory of sets as far back as 1874.

Modern or New Maths, as taught in schools, stands on the twin rocks of set language and the idea of an operation. Set cannot possibly

UNDER 15 HOCKEY TEAM



Back Row: Y. Labia, V. Weinlig, H. Gasson, T. Mallet, F. Baigre.
Front Row: J. Golding, S. Campbell, Mrs. Gibson, E. Abbott, P. Jesse.

be explained in a few words but for the moment it is sufficient to say that most obviously sets are related to patterns and deductive reasoning. By an operation I mean adding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing, etc.—all traditional enough arithmetical activities. Where modern maths departs from the traditional is in focusing on the structural similarities of these operations. It stresses the understanding of concepts and, where possible, the discovery of patterns and relationships rather than just rote learning. As Evelyn Rosenthal in her book, "Understanding The New Mathematics", says: "Mathematics is essentially a logical structure full of beautiful patterns. Why not enjoy discovering them?"

So much for the new mathematics generally. Let us look at what is happening in the preparatory schools specifically and correct some misconceptions. Too many parents think that everything we now teach in Arithmetic is Modern Mathematics. Admittedly topics that used to be reserved for senior school courses are now started in a very simple way in junior schools. But it is completely wrong to think that, because 8 and 9 year olds are taught simple algebra or geometry, they are learning New Maths.

I should like to stress that the new trends in junior-school mathematics are more in method than content, i.e. much of the change in junior schools has been an improvement in methods of teaching Arithmetic rather than a change in actual content.

So if you were to visit one of our Arithmetic classes and find it very different from what it used to be, it might be because of the new teaching methods, it might be because of the subject matter—it's likely to be some of both. Naturally school mathematics has not changed completely, but our approach has.

So please, preparatory parents, don't feel ignorant because it all sounds so different. If you were to strip what we are teaching your children in Maths today of the "Mod" symbols, you are bound to find much of the good old "Trad" maths underneath!

I turn now to the activities of the year: Looking back over 1967 I feel that the work produced by the children during the term, as well as at examination times, was of a very high standard. Probably the main reasons for this are the interest shown by parents in the supervision of their children's homework and the fact that under our new examination system we no longer give the test dates for the different subjects until the day preceding the tests. This means that the children are forced to do their revision well in advance and the senseless last-minute cramming is largely eliminated.

I shall not go into detail on the subject of sport—it has been fully reported in the *Herschelian*. One event I should like to mention, though, is the Inter-House Swimming Gala held in March—for the girls, probably the most important sporting event of the year! The teams did very well, with Merriman the winner, but the highlight of the day was un-

doubtedly the parents' race and here I must once again thank the sporting parents who consented to take part in this quite hilarious event. There were the customary visits to the theatres, the ballet, etc. I mention but a few. During the first term the children saw "The Silver Curlew", by Eleanor Farjeon, a gay musical fairy-tale based on the old story of Rumpelstiltskin, at the Little Theatre. They were also taken to the ballet at Maynardville and were once again fortunate to see the talented dancers, Gary Burns and Phyllis Spira. Later in the year there was the excellent puppet show, "James Bond and Kook van der Merwe in Jamaica". This was presented at school and was much enjoyed by all. The proceeds went to the School Feeding Scheme.

Other events of interest: The Library had a birthday in February. It was an important day and the Library Committee was present, also Mrs. Abernethy, our Honorary Chairman. The children were served ice cream on the lawns and lined up, each one with a gift in the form of a book or book-tokens to present to the Committee. Once again our very sincere thanks to the parents for this spontaneous response.

In September there was our visit by bus to the Durling Wild Flower Show. We were slightly disappointed, as the hall in which the flowers were exhibited was very small and crowded. As the children soon became restless we decided simply to drive through the wild-flower fields and have a picnic instead. By this time some parents had joined us, coming in their own cars, and we went to the charming Mission Station nearby where the children romped and played and we all joined in and walked under the trees and sang songs and the day was lovely and we were all happy.

In the third term the girls all worked very hard for the Inter-House Art Competition. The work was displayed in the hall and judged by Miss Marion Lange from the Child Art Centre. We were pleased at the many parents who came to view the exhibition. Rolt gained the victory by a very narrow margin.

In the last term the school was a veritable beehive of activity. Preparations were being made for the Carol Service, in which some of our girls took part, and for Open Day, at which the children presented an old-fashioned concert, which was delightful and in good taste. Designing Christmas cards was a new venture last year and we were most pleased with the results. Christine Reid (Lower III) and Shona Milton (Upper I) are to be congratulated on their really delightful designs. Another matter of interest was our contribution to the Deep Street Children's Art Competition. The second Prize of R5 was won by Diana Longmore. As well as the prize-winning entry there were many other contributions judged of a high standard. Of the ten entries chosen by the Red Cross for display in other countries, five were from the Preparatory—these were by Diana Longmore, Nicola Fouché, Jacque Hunt, Janet Pettigrew and Shona Milton.

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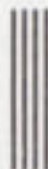
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STAFF NEWS. In June we were very sad to lose Mrs. Himing as Head of the Boarding House. Her serious illness made it impossible for her to continue. I cannot pay sufficient tribute to the able, conscientious and loving way in which Mrs. Himing had handled the children during the many years she was attached to the Boarding House. Her place was taken by Miss James, formerly our study-mistress. We were fortunate that Miss James was willing to take over at such short notice, and appreciate the sincere interest she has shown in all her boarders. The new study-mistress is Mrs. Stephens.

At the end of the year Mrs. Quartermain decided to give up teaching—we shall miss her quiet helpfulness in the staffroom. In her place as Games Mistress we welcome Mrs. Carter and as Form Mistress to the additional Lower III class, Mrs. Wilson.

In conclusion I should like to thank Mrs. Kittow on behalf of all of us at the Preparatory for her help and guidance during the past year. Our thanks also to the office staff, Mrs. Withers and Mrs. Duncan-Smith. A special word of thanks to the ever-willing Mr. Withers for the many things he does for us. The Boarding House Staff: Miss James, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Stephens, also our house-keeper, Mrs. Robinson, are to be thanked for their help in creating a smooth-running establishment.

To the teaching staff I say thank you for a wonderful year: the hard work, the loyalty, the interchange of ideas, the enthusiasm to try something new—in short—the tremendous team spirit.

My final thanks go to the parents. We appreciate your co-operation and generosity. Last year I stressed the importance of sharing in your children's preparation—I stressed that the time you spent together could do much to strengthen the bond between parent and child. May I ask you to continue the good work and may I plead with you to do so in a spirit of enjoyment and not of drudgery.

As Kahlil Gibran in the "Prophet" says:

Work is love made visible,
And if you cannot work with love
but only with distaste, it is
better that you should leave
your work and sit at the gate
of the temple and take alms
of those who work with joy.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL GAMES REPORT, 1968

This has been an interesting and busy year for the girls, who have worked hard and accepted both victory and defeat equally well.

SWIMMING

Most of the first term was devoted to swimming, and it was evident that the time devoted to extra tuition in the early mornings

both at the school pool and at Newlands was very well spent.

In the Inter-Schools' Gala held at Newlands, Herschel came third in the swimming and fourth in the diving. This was a rewarding result for the team as they had worked extremely hard. Gillian Austin was awarded her colours for breaking an Inter-Schools' record in her age group and the relay team, for the same age group, broke the freestyle record. L. J. Paterson, J. Hearn and H. Kinlay were awarded their swimming colours for outstanding performance and hard work.

Every girl was encouraged to participate in the Inter-House gala which was enjoyed by both participants and spectators. The parents' race was the highlight of the morning, and the results of their race made the final totals very close, Rolt having 111½ and Merriman 111. Jagger was third with 90½ points.

TENNIS AND TENNISETTE

The all-weathering of the tennis and netball courts has recently been completed and we are greatly looking forward to using them. Our sincere thanks to all those whose hard work made it possible for us to have these lovely courts.

Friendly matches were held against several schools throughout the first term, and play slowly improved with practice. The Open and Under-12 couples did fairly well in the Inter-Schools Tennis tournament and came second in their respective sections. The couples representing the school were: G. Thom (Capt.) and H. Kinlay; A. Carlos and C. Moni.

The Inter-House matches were enjoyed by all the girls who took part. Each age group had an A and B section. Jagger won this tournament by a considerable margin, with Merriman second and Rolt third.

The standard of Tennisette is improving and the girls seem to enjoy the game. An Inter-House tournament was held at the end of the first term and resulted in victory for Merriman, with Rolt and Jagger coming second and third respectively.

NETBALL

This netball season has been a hard one. The girls have had to practise without any facilities barring four netball posts, and it is to their credit that they maintained, throughout the season, a keen and determined spirit. During the season we played several friendly matches against other schools, the results of which were often disappointing. However, the two teams chosen to represent the school at the Inter-Schools tournament played well enough to win a match each, out of their allotted two.

The netball courts were ready only a week before the Inter-Schools tournament, but they were finished in time for the girls to prepare for the Inter-House tournament, which was enjoyed by all, and resulted in a win for Rolt, Merriman coming second and Jagger third.

HOCKEY

This is an extremely popular game enjoyed by the Upper II's and Lower III's. The weekly practice has improved the standard of play, and it is encouraging to see how the girls apply the basic skills taught them.

The two matches played against the Senior School were enjoyed, and though the teams lost the first match, they had improved enough to beat the Senior School in one game at a later date. When Sans Souci brought two teams and were beaten in both matches, the teams were delighted with their prowess.

The Inter-House matches were close and resulted in a tie between Jagger and Rolt, with Merriman not far behind.

DEPORTMENT

The following girls have been awarded badges during the year: J. Hearn, J. Bettison, M. Maastrecht, G. Pettigrew. Awards that have been retained: C. White, S. Fuller, S. Brownlie, L. Bradley, T. Lloyd-Roberts and B. Twyman-Jones.

M. CARTER,
Games Mistress.

ORIGINAL WORK

TO THE BARBERS

Once a month with
a hop, hop, hop,
Off I go to the barber's shop
once a month with
a snip, snip, snip,
He cuts my hair,
and home I skip.

TESSA HANDLEY (8 years), Upper I.

THE PAIR OF SHOES

There were once two children. They were called Betty and John. John called Betty, Bet's for short but of course Betty couldn't call John anything for short.

One day John said, "Bets come with me for a walk in the woods. Then Bets said, "Let's play on-on around the trees." While they were playing John said, "Look here, what's this?" What do you think there was, a tiny pair of shoes, just outside a tiny little door. The door was in a trunk of a big tree. "Let's take them home," said John. So they took them home and put it on the windowsill.

That night John and Betty were sitting up in bed watching at the windowsill, when suddenly they saw a little shadow appear and then a little elf popped his head up and said, "How dare you take my shoes I'm taking them back."

So that night they both dreamt of the elf and the shoes.

DIANNE DOUGLAS-HAMILTON (9 years),
Upper I.

LIBRARY REPORT

In the library this year we have done many successful things, with the help of Mrs. Wilson. Recently we have begun a series of weekly quizzes, and many people have shown a great interest in these. We have also received many books of different categories. At regular intervals we put up displays of the latest books, of which one was a display of Medical History.

We had to say goodbye to a very helpful Library Prefect, Susan Harries.

We should like to express our thanks to Mrs. Wilson, the Library Mistress, for all her encouragement and for introducing many new ideas into the Library.

K. CARADOC-DAVIES,
P. BROWNIE.

On behalf of the Library-users, I wish to extend our most grateful thanks to the Library Prefects, K. Caradoc-Davies and P. Brownlie, also their two assistants, E. Jeffery and S. Harries for the unremitting and valuable work they have done during the year. They have given much time and thought to the arrangement and attractiveness of the room, and have been most successful in their efforts.

Our thanks are also due to Mrs. Wilson for her guidance and advice.

I. G. MONTGOMERY.

DIE SELF-HELP

Hierdie das is amper elke winkel waarin U stap 'n self-help. In die self-help is al die goedere bo-op mekaar gepak soos klein berge. Daar is blikkies vis, pere, konfyt, boontjies, ertjies en baie ander soote goed wat in blikkies kom. Die mense koop groot mandjies vol eet goed. Wat hulle in een plek sien, koop hulle altyd te veel. So onthou as U volgende keer self-help toe gaan. Moenie te veel koop nie. Hou 'n paar pennies vir die arm kinders.

MARY MESSARIS (9 years), Upper I.

REINET HOUSE

Reinet House is set back among shady oaks in the little town of Graff Reinet. It is built like a Town House with a high steep and plain gables. It used to be the Landdroots house about 300 years ago, and is now a kind of museum with antique furniture collected from all the neighbouring farms.

But when, in the holidays, I walked through the big, old front door I felt as if I was in an old home, not a museum. It was rather fascinating. First I went into the high, dark Voorkamer and then into the Agterkamer. The rooms on one side were the livingrooms, and the ones on the other side, the bedrooms. They were all high and square and rather small, and the floors were bare and shiny. The bedrooms were pretty, with high four poster beds, with draped curtains hanging around. The quilts were patchwork and looked cosy and

gay. Next to the beds were babies' cots, easy to rock to and fro, and made of stinkwood.

The kitchen was my favourite room with copper pots and pans gleaming gold against the black chimney. I could easily picture a fat cook in a snowy-white apron cooking at the big, coal stove.

Outside in the garden were very old trees and old-fashioned scented flowers. The courtyard was covered by a vine which has the biggest stem in the world. It was crusty and old. Under the vine was an old ox wagon. It looked as if it was just waiting to go on a trek. I wished I could have travelled in the old wagon with the oxen pulling it, instead of going back to Cape Town by car.

CAMILLA WHITE (10 years), Lower II.

THE SHOP

There is an Indian shop up the road, and it sells all sorts of things. Mummy sometimes sends me there to get bread and Daddy sends me on Sundays to get his paper.

I know all the boys there. In the shop they sell Samosas and curry, bread, ice creams, ribbons, fireworks, newspapers, fruit and vegetables. The owner of the shop is called Mr. Ali and he has so many relations and children, that he can sit and watch them all work because he is very old. I feel sorry for him because there is another shop next door that competes with him.

There is a lovely smell of spices when you go in. They have a wireless which plays Indian music all day long, and I can hear such funny singing when I walk past his shop.

Every one goes to Ali's shop, old people, nannies and babies and black people and dogs too. You can buy everything at Ali's.

SHONA MILTON (10 years), Lower II.

THE TRAIN

I was sitting in a tall pine tree, watching the station awaiting the trains arrival. The porters were leaning on their trucks waiting for the train coming from Cape Town. There was a man sitting on a stump holding a red and green flag. I had never seen a train from Cape Town before and was just as excited as the porters and the man holding the flag seemed to be. People were standing on the platform waiting impatiently.

Just then, out of the distance, came a throb of an engine and round the corner came an express which slowed down and then came to a stop as the man sitting on the stump waved the red flag. Soon after I was glad to be in my pine tree away from the bustle and crowds of people talking and laughing. The porters were busy taking luggage here and there. When the crowds had gone in and the train getting ready to leave, the station was much quieter. The train started up and before long it was out of sight. The man was still on the stump and the porters were still in their places waiting for the next train.

ALEXANDRA DUNN (9 years), Lower II.

GEOGRAPHY

Geography lessons can be fun,
For through the world we take a run,
Highlands, lowlands, deserts and swamps,
We see them all while on our romps.

Mountains, oceans, rivers and lakes,
Savannah, zebras—jungles, snakes,
Lovely sounding names we hear,
Malagasy, Guinea, Tanzania.

From maps and books we learn a lot,
Of climates cold and climates hot.
But when I leave school I'd like to see,
All I've learned in Geography.

JOANNE PULSFORD (11 years), Upper II.

DAUGHTER DANE

"Dangerous Dane" was a dangerous dog. His eyes glinted like steel. His ridge on his back stood up like a fighter in a rage.

Every night he slunk out of his cosy kennel into the dark.

When the cats heard his fearsome bark, they hid in ditches and in hedges, in houses and huts and wherever they could find refuge. They feared him as a man fears a lion. The birds kept silent when they heard him pass. Snakes even crept back to their holes in the ground with their poisonous-looking tongues. Even other dogs crept back to their kennels with a petrified expression on their gentle faces.

He was their leader. He was "Dangerous Dane, the King of Animals".

SUSAN BROWNLIE (10 years), Upper II.

BRU

Eendag het 'n klein beertjie in 'n grot wakker geword. Sy naam was Bru. Hy kon niks sien of hoor nie. Hy kan net warm melk proe en warm vel voel.

'n Paar dae later het hy geweet dat daar twee ander klein bese met hom was. Hulle name was Shu en Tri. Hulle was sy broer en suster. Twee maande het verbygegaan en hy het met sy broer en suster gespeel. Sy ma se naam was Hra, maar hy het net "Ma" gesê.

Drie dae later het hulle ma na 'n groot gat in die deur gemaak en uitgegaan. Bru het gekyk en gekyk. Hy het gedink hy kon die hele wêreld sien! Maar dit was net een myl! Bru en sy suster en broer en ma het die hele somer in die bos en gras rond gestap, gespeel en geëet.

Die volgende winter het hui weer in dieselfde grot geslaap. Nou was Bru een jaar oud.

GILLIAN AUSTIN (11 years), Upper II.

SOMER

Sonnige dae,
Duisende blomme,
Nuwe blare,
DIS SOMER!

Kinders speel,
Voëls kweel,
Maak 'n kring
en laat ons sing.
DIS SOMER!

SUSAN BROWNLIE (10 years), Upper II.

INTENSIVE WRITING — FEAR

Fear of war.
Terrified,
Perhaps we should tell them what we want!
Oh no! it would start a war,
Streets deserted,
Smalls pools of dry blood,

Men walking to and fro, sneaking
from building to building,
I think we should tell them
next year,

Or the year after,
Let's not worry now, but go on
living miserably,
Hoping!

PETA BROWNLIE (12 years), Lower III.

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OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

COMMITTEE, 1968

President: Mrs. Kittow

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

Hon. Secretary: Anne Russell (Kipps)

Hon. Treasurer: Nancy Morris (Howie) (77-2496)

Magazine Editor: Adele Fouché (Jooste)

Games Secretary: Jill Eckstein (Philip)

CIRCLE SECRETARIES

Group 1

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

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

Group 2

I, J & K—Ruth Withiel, 102 Montebello, Montrose Street, Newlands, Cape.

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—Revel Reilly, Pleasant Acre, Milner Road, Rondebosch, Cape (6-2465).

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

Group 4

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

W—Anne Russell (Kipps), 2 Upper Thistle Street, Newlands, Cape

X—Elizabeth McCarthy (Holmes), Giocca Morra, Coniston Way, Constantia, Cape (71-3575).

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

Z—Jennifer Wynne (Brimble), 21, Monte Vito, Rosmead Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape.

Group 5

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

CC—Jill Eckstein (Philip), 13 Keurboom Road, Newlands, Cape.

DD—Pam Dyke-Poynter, Archie Street, off Robinson Road, Kenilworth, Cape.

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. (Tel. 01-636-8922).

; Mrs. E. MacPherson (Nicolette van der Bijl), 10 Hamilton House, Vicarage Gate, London, W.8.

Mrs. P. L. C. Brodie (Pauline Thorne), The Keepers Cottage, Langshott, Horley, Surrey (Tel. Horley 3980).

Mrs. S. Hoppen (Stephanie Shub), 8 Sheridan Court, Barkston Gardens, London, S.W.5. (Tel. FRO 5317).

Mrs. Redmand (Fiona Noble), 222 Cavendish Road, London, S.W.10. (Tel. 673-3115).

Miss Claire Russell, 21 Chepstow Villas, London, W.11.

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

Miss Pauline Vogelposel, 33 Little Boltons, London, S.W.10. (Tel. 373-5082).

Mrs. D. Yassukovich (Diana Townsend), 74 Oakwood Court, Kensington, London, W.4. (Tel. WES 2669).

Mrs. Wells (Heather Kelly), Ickwell Cottage, 28 Ickwell Green, Near Biggleswade, Beds, England.

LONDON MEETING OF OLD HERSCHELIANS' AT THE GUIDE CLUB, 46 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.1 ON TUESDAY, 14th MAY, 1968

A letter from Miss McLean:

"As usual the weather was fine and sunny, having cleared miraculously from the previous day, and, while the meeting was smaller than usual, it was most enjoyable and rather important on account of those who were present, among them being: *Betty Martiso* (Van der Bijl), one of the original members of the School at its founding in 1922, *Canon Eustace Wade*, Chaplain and member of the School Council from 1948 to 1951, *Mrs. Payne* (Miss Elcome), Headmistress from 1945 to 1947, and *Mrs. Kittow*, Headmistress since 1962. We appreciated having them with us very much.

London University and London traffic prevented Mrs. Kittow from arriving until later in the evening and there were many who were disappointed in having to leave before she arrived but, for some quite considerable time, *Mrs. Payne*, *Mrs. Kittow* and I were there together. This must surely be something of a re-

cord and one which we all three enjoyed thoroughly.

We were glad to have with us again the following: *Miss Lansdale*, *Mrs. Hyde* (Miss Hebditch), *Mrs. Turner* (Miss Botha-Reid), *Miss Bailey*, all members of the Committee (except for *Fiona Redmand* (Noble) and *Jean van den Berg* (Stoddart)), *Lucinda Abbott*, *Oswynne Jordan* (Buchanan), *Gillian Dowson*, *Diana Burns* (Dicey), *Rosemary Dougherty* (Dowie-Dunn), *Patricia Lusty* (Dukes), *Felicity Corbin* (Gill), *Susan MacGregor*, *Judith Hodgson* (Makin), *Dianne Marshall*, *Elizabeth Robertson*, *Susan Macfarlane* (Sly), *Fleur Smith*, *Joanna Smith*, *Felicity Todd* (Thorne) and *Pauline Vogelpoel*.

We welcome: As Life Members: *Judith Hodgson* (Makin) and *Fiona Redmand* (Noble).

As Annual Members: *Miss Bailey*, *Mrs. Hyde* (Miss Hebditch) and *Mrs. Stobie* (Hon.).

LONDON BRANCH OF THE OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION Receipts and Payments for the year ending 30th June, 1968

Receipts			Payments		
Subscriptions:					
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Annual	1	10 0	Annual Gathering Nett	6	4 6
Life	12	15 0	Stamps	1	14 6
Old Herschelians, Cape Town ..	6	5 0	Stationery	2	7 0
In Hand at 30th June, 1967 ..	18	12 9	Block for Invitations	1	1 3
			In Hand	27	15 6
	£39	2 9		£39	2 9

MINUTES OF THE 42nd ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD ON SATURDAY, 3rd FEBRUARY, 1968, IN THE LIBRARY AT HERSCHEL SCHOOL, CLAREMONT

Present:

Mrs. Kittow, *N. Knight*, *S. White*, *A. Fouché*, *P. Brailley*, *J. Ross*, *R. Ovenstone*, *S. Simpson*, *V. Galbraith*, *P. Harpur*, *H. L. Brownell*, *W. Mulliner*, *E. Sachs*, *J. M. Stuttaford*, *J. Currie*, *S. Baxter*, *J. Wynne*, *B. L. Hoffman*, *P. Howes*, *M. Stuttaford*, *J. Waring*, *G. Kinlay*, *J. Richardson*, *D. Doveton-Kay*, *P. Dyke-Poynter*, *A. Gilbert*, *V. Marais*, *Y. Dowdle*, *M. Ward-Abble*, *M. McLennan*, *D. Austin*, *C. Jooste*, *V. Pierce-Jones*, *M. Hinding*, *H. Harsant*, *R. Withiel*, *A. Gilmour*, *A. Russell*.

Welcome:

The Chairman, *Adele Fouché*, thanked *Mrs. Kittow* for allowing the Old Girls to meet at the school and for the luncheon.

Apologies:

There were a large number of apologies. The meeting is being held earlier this year and probably accounts for the fact that so many people were unable to come.

Minutes:

The adoption of the Minutes of the 41st Annual General Meeting was proposed by *N. Morris* and seconded by *N. Knight*, after one alteration had been made. (Subs. raised in 1967 from 75 cents to R1.00 for annual subscribers and from R10.00 to R15.00 for Life Members.) It was proposed that the Minutes of the Meeting should be printed in the Magazine.

Election:

The present Committee were willing to stand for another year. *N. Morris* will take over the Treasury for another year. *Elizabeth McCarthy* agreed to serve as Secretary for Circle X. *Susan Simpson*, the Circle Secretary for Circle GG, was welcomed.

Finance:

R. Withiel read the Financial Report. There is not enough money to cover the cost of the magazines for 1968. It was agreed that R50.00 should be withdrawn from the Credit Corporation. Proposed by *S. White* and seconded by *N. Morris*.

Fundraising:

Efforts made by the Old Girls towards the re-surfacing (all-weathering) of the tennis courts raised just short of R3,000, made up as follows:

Mannequin Parade	R1,617
Donations	1,045
Sale of Tennis Tickets	234
Sale of Coca Colas	108
	R2,994

Anita Lockwood announced that she was organising a mannequin parade on Tuesday, 19th March, and asked for volunteers to help on the Committee.

Games Secretary's Report:

The Games Secretary was overseas and no report was available. A tennis match had been played against the school.

Old Girls' Prize:

Heleen Henderson won the Old Girls' Prize in 1967.

London Committee:

The Report of the London Committee was included in the Magazine. They are to be sent their usual annual float of R40.00.

General:

Mrs. Kittow thanked the Old Girls for their fund-raising efforts of the past year. The parents are to hold a Morning Market on March 2nd in order to raise money towards the all-weathering of the tennis courts.

Magazines:

It was agreed that the Magazine would contain advertising, if the Herschel Council consented, as it would help to defray expenses. It was also agreed that the Directory should be included in the Magazine each year, as well as a list of Old Girls' children attending the school.

Uniforms:

New uniforms were discussed.

Sally Baxter and Georgina Stuttaford spoke briefly on their recent visits to America.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

Receipts and Payments for the Period 19th September, 1967 to 30th September, 1968

	R	R		R
Receipts:			Payments:	
Membership Subscriptions—			School Magazine	247.00
Annual	22.50		Honours Board	12.50
Life	190.50		Printing, Stationery and Stamps ..	20.97
		213.00	Bank Charges	3.18
Excess of Payments over			London Association Expenses ..	13.00
Receipts:				
Deposit Investments realised	100.00			
Less: Increase in Cash on				
Current Account	16.35			
		83.65		
		R296.65		R296.65

The Standard Bank of S.A. Ltd.	
(Current Account):	
Balance at 30th September, 1968 ..	49.34
Credit Corporation of S.A. Ltd.	
(Deposit Investment)	200.00
	R249.34

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.

464 Pier House, Cape Town.

1st November, 1968.

J. MURRAY WILSON,

C.A.(S.A.): A.C.A.

NEWS OF OLD HERSCHELIANS**ENGAGEMENTS:**

Bothner—Beele. In December, 1967, Suzanne, daughter of Mrs. M. G. Bothner and Mr. P. C. Bothner, to Johannes, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Beele, of Zeekoevlei.

De Villiers—Beck. In December, 1967, Celia, daughter of Lord and Lady De Villiers, to

Robin, son of Mr. Hastings Beck, of Kalk Bay and Mrs. A. M. A. Struben, of Rondebosch.

Ellis—Protheroe. June, daughter of Mrs. S. B. Ellis, of Kenilworth, and the late Commander A. B. Ellis, to Michael, son of Mrs. R. C. Protheroe, of Surbiton, Surrey, and the late Mr. G. Protheroe.

Henstra—Van Eck. Kari-ann, daughter of Mr. S. H. Henstra, of Constantia, and Mrs. E. Mocke, to Peter, son of Mrs. C. P. van Eck of Tokai, and the late Mr. Van Eck.

Jackson—Sturgeon. In October, 1968, Shona, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jackson, of Newlands, to Kenneth, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Sturgeon, of Durbanville.

Kennedy—Mahlmann. In August, 1968, Susan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Kennedy, of Claremont, to Hans Mahlmann, of Hermanus, formerly of Wiesbaden, Germany.

Leith—Fourie. Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Leith, of Constantia, to Ernest, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fourie, of Cape Town.

Lloyd—Gwynne-Evans. In October, 1967, Della, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. D. Lloyd, of Kloof Nek, to Richard William, son of Mrs. Bettina Gwynne-Evans, of Kensington, London.

Morrison—Verrips. Robanne, daughter of Commandant and Mrs. R. Morrison, of Pretoria, to Henri, son of Mr. Verrips, of Pretoria, and the late Mrs. Verrips.

Murray—Balchin. In May, 1968, Pamela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murray, of Bishopscourt, to the Rev. Michael Balchin, son of Mrs. Balchin, of England, and the late Mr. Balchin.

Noakes—Ruysch van Dugteren. In January, 1968, Amanda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Noakes, of Tokai, to George, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Ruysch van Dugteren, of Amsterdamhoek, Port Elizabeth.

Noble—Redmond. In January, 1968, Fiona, only daughter of Dr. A. E. B. Noble, of London formerly of Cape Town, and Mrs. R. P. Noble, to Terrence, only son of Mr. J. F. Redmond, of Auckland, and Mrs. M. E. Pases, of Benoni.

Payne—Nicol. In January, 1968, Veronica, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Payne, of Bishopscourt, to Kenneth Vere, son of Colonel and Mrs. H. M. V. Nicol, of Ludlow, Shropshire, England.

Perase—Jesse. In September, 1968, Melissa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Perase, of Kenilworth, to Richard Iain Kenneth, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. M. R. Jesse, of Wynberg.

Phillips—Steen-Nielsen. Carol, daughter of Mrs. Colin Kisch, of Claremont, and the late Mr. G. O. Bryan Phillips, to Erik, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Steen-Nielsen, of Plumstead.

Raath—Taylor. In August, 1968, Penny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Raath, of Claremont, to Julian (Nicky), son of Mr. Claude Taylor, of Tokai, and Mrs. Molly Taylor, of Hermanus.

Robb—Power. In August, 1968, Susan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Robb, of Wynberg, to David, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Power, of Putney, England.

Spencer—Schmid. In July, 1968, Diana, daughter of Mr. H. Spencer and Mrs. P. Spencer, of Mouille Point, to Max, son of Mr. A. Schmid and Mrs. E. Schmid, of Zurich, Switzerland.

Stephens—Turnbull. In February, 1968, Jasmine, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Stephens, of Kenilworth, to Stuart, only son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Turnbull, of Camps Bay.

Versfeld—Slingsby. Annette, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. E. S. F. Versfeld, of Constantia, to David, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Slingsby, of Kenilworth.

Welsh—MacLeod. In November, 1967, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Welsh, of Claremont, to Bryan, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. MacLeod, of Tokai.

MARRIAGES

Barlow—Hartley. In April, at St. Mary's Church, Stellenbosch, Teana, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Barlow, of Rustenburg, Stellenbosch, to David, son of Mrs. M. F. Hartley, of St. James.

Baxter—Wood. In January, at Christ Church, Constantia, Bridget, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Duncan Baxter, of Constantia, to Patrick, son of Mrs. M. Wood, of England, and the late Mr. G. A. Wood.

Bothner—Beele. In August, Suzanne, daughter of Mr. Paul Bothner, of Claremont, and Mrs. Marjorie Bothner, of Rosebank, to Johannes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Adrianus Beele, of Zeekoevlei.

Brauer—Houba. On 16th December, 1967, Lesley, daughter of Dr. Brauer, of Constantia, to Jaro, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Houba, of Rondebosch.

Bryant—Thompson. On 24th February, 1968, at Christ Church, Constantia, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bryant, of Constantia, to Anthony James, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thompson, of Kenilworth.

De Villiers—Beck. In March at St. Thomas' Church, Rondebosch, Celia, daughter of Lord and Lady De Villiers, of Cape Town, to Robin, son of Mrs. A. M. A. Struben, of Rondebosch, and Mr. H. H. Beck, of Kalk Bay.

Dowie-Dunn—Dougherty. In March, at St. Martin's in the Veld, Johannesburg, Rosa, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Dowie-Dunn of Kenilworth, and the late Mr. D. Dowie-Dunn, to Simon Martin, son of Mrs. L. Dougherty, of Durban, and the late Dr. F. M. B. Dougherty.

Fauville—Amm. On the 28th October, 1967, at Christ Church, Constantia, Claire, daughter of Mr. H. Fauville, of Grenoble, France, and Mrs. U. Fauville, of Sillery Cellars, Constantia, to Bernard Alex, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Amm, of Alpha Estate, Ladybrand.

Georgou—Strack van Schyndel. In November, 1967, at St. Michael's Church, Rondebosch, Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Georgou, of Newlands, to Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. J. Strack van Schyndel, of Sandhurst, Johannesburg.

Glendinning—Sommers. In March, 1968, in the Chapel of Queen's Avenue United Church, New Westminster, British Columbia, Canada, Jane, daughter of Mrs. P. Glendinning, of New

Westminster, and the late Mr. Andrew McVicar Glendinning, to Michael James, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sommers, of Victoria, British Columbia.

Henstra—*Van Eck*. In August, 1968, at Christ Church, Constantia, Karl-Ann, daughter of Mr. S. H. Henstra, of Constantia, and Mrs. E. Moeke, to Peter, son of Mrs. C. P. van Eck of Tokai, and the late Mr. Van Eck.

Kennedy—*Mahmann*. In October, 1968, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Susan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Kennedy, of Claremont, to Hans-Joachim Mahmann, of Hermannus.

Knight—*Flower*. Sally Knight to Dr. J. M. Flower, in England.

Lloyd—*Gwynne-Evans*. On 24th February, 1968, in St. Cyprian's School Chapel, Oranjezicht, Della, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. D. Lloyd, of Kloof Nek, to Richard William, son of Mrs. Bettina Gwynne-Evans, of Kensington, London.

Murray—*Balchin*. On 12th September, 1968, in Burley, England, Pamela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murray, of Bishopscourt, to the Rev. Michael Balchin, son of Mrs. Balchin, of England, and the late Mr. Balchin.

Noble—*Redmond*. In August, 1968, in London, Fiona, only daughter of Dr. A. E. B. Noble, of London, and Mrs. R. P. Noble, of Cape Town, to Terrence, only son of Mr. J. F. Redmond, of Auckland, and Mrs. M. E. Posen, of Benoni.

Nitoslawski—*Romoch*. On 16th March, 1968, at St. Michael's Church, Rondebosch, Janina, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Nitoslawski, of Newlands, to Julian, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Romoch of Kalisz, Poland.

Pare—*Wolf*. In March, 1968, at Christ Church, Constantia, Jennifer, daughter of Mrs. Joan Pare, of Constantia, and the late Mr. David Pare, to Leslie, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wolf, of Wynberg.

Payne—*Nicoll*. In June, 1968, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Veronica, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Payne, of Bishopscourt, to Kenneth Vere, son of Colonel and Mrs. H. M. V. Nicoll, of Ludlow, Shropshire, England.

Phillips—*Steen-Nielsen*. In June, 1968, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Carol Mary, daughter of Mrs. Collin Kisch, of Claremont, and the late Mr. G. O. B. Phillips, to Erik, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Steen-Nielsen, of Plumstead.

Russell—*Ekman*. On 20th July, 1968, in San Francisco, Diana Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. K. M. Hamilton Russell, of Constantia, to Dr. Paul Ekman, of San Francisco.

Silberbauer—*Albertyn*. On 20th April, 1968, in the Diocesan College Chapel, Rondebosch, Ann Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Silberbauer, of Constantia, to Pieter, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Albertyn, of "Zeekoevlei", Bredasdorp.

Steen—*Snyders*. In October, 1968, in Cape Town, Anne, daughter of Mrs. M. E. Steen and the late Mr. L. A. Steen, to Jack, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Snyders, of Newlands.

Stephens—*Turnbull*. On 17th April, 1968, at St. Thomas' Church, Rondebosch, Jasmine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Stephens, of Kenilworth, to Matthew Stuart, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Turnbull, of Camps Bay.

Van der Bijl—*Clarke*. On 10th May, 1968, at St. Thomas' Church, Rondebosch, Geraldine, daughter of Mrs. E. van der Bijl, of Hermannus, and the late Dr. H. S. van der Bijl, to Anthony, son of Mrs. N. D. Clarke, of Newlands, and the late Mr. A. R. Clarke.

Vertue—*Bennett*. In December, 1967 in St. George's Cathedral, Cape Town, Marion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Vertue, of Newlands, to Christopher, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. D. Bennett, of Camps Bay.

Welsh—*MacLeod*. In May, 1968, at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Welsh, of Bishopscourt, to Bryan Keith, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. MacLeod, of Tokai.

Wood—*Van Zyl*—*Karolyn*, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Wood, of Kenilworth, to Gerrit, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. van Zyl, of Constantia.

BIRTHS

Ardington.—To Libby (née Robb) and Tony, a daughter (Sally), in Durban, in January, 1968.

Botts.—To Jean (née Dowle-Dunn) and John, a daughter, on 26th April, 1968, in Casablanca.

Burns.—To Lesley (née Wares) and Neil, a son, Andrew, on 9th May, 1968, in Cape Town.

Christie.—To Coral (née Simpson) and Michael, a daughter, in November, 1967.

Frater.—To Angela (née Simpson) and Kenneth, a son, on 7th April, 1968, in Cape Town.

Groenewald.—To Louisa (née McDonald) and Nick, a son, in February, 1968.

Guerrini.—To June (née Jeffrey) and Franco, a son, on 20th November, 1967, in Cape Town.

Hardy.—To Heather (née Melrose) and Sam, a daughter (Allison), on 21st April, 1968, in Rhodesia.

Howes.—To Paddy (née Goble), a daughter, and sister for Karyn, on 3rd October, 1968, in Cape Town.

Joey.—To Elspeth (née Grant) and Richard, a daughter, on 11th October, 1968, in Cape Town.

Kingsdon.—To Caroline (née Syfret) and Bob, a daughter, on 19th October, 1967, in Cape Town.

Lester.—To Virginia (née Owen-Smith) and Mark, a daughter, on 24th September, 1968, in Walvis Bay, S.W.A.

Masters.—To Shelagh (née Cantley) and Pieter, a daughter, on 24th October, 1968, at Stellenbosch.

Murray.—To Juliet (née Butters) and Hugh, a daughter, on 9th October, 1967.

Norgarb.—To Sue (née Graaff) and Leon, a daughter, in February, 1968, in Cape Town.

Oliver.—To Lindsay (née Lomas-Walker) and Robin, a son, on 29th January, 1968, in Cape Town.

Racfliffe.—To Bobbie (née Grenfell) and Jeremy, a sixth daughter, on 8th November, 1967.

Rowland.—To Lynn (née Parker) and Don, a son (Mark), on 10th February, 1968, in Johannesburg.

Sparks.—To Sally (née Stuttaford) and Jock, a daughter, on 23rd August, 1968, in Cape Town.

Steyn.—To Jean (née Pollard) and Johan, a daughter (Linda), and sister for Martin and Deon, on 26th March, 1968 (by adoption).

Symons.—To Corinne (née Dacey) and Martin, a son, in January, 1968.

Van der Vlugt.—To Sandy (née Buchanan) and Reijer, a son (Graeme) in October, 1968, in Usk, Monmouthshire.

Van Doorn.—To Christa (née Behnssen) and Klaus, a son (Mark), in Windhoek, S.W.A.

Van Keenen.—To Maureen (née Brockman) and Michael, a daughter, on 1st November, 1967, in Cape Town.

Venn.—To Diana (née Ovenstone) and Chris, a son, on 3rd August, 1968, in Cape Town.

Wilkinson.—To Alicia (née Fauli) and John, a son, in 1968.

Wilson.—To Vivienne (née Day) and Brian, a son, in November, 1967, in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Withers.—To Jean (née Sprott) and John, a son and brother for Emma and Polly, on 31st July, 1968, in Wilton, Connecticut, U.S.A.

Wyne.—To Jennifer (née Brimble) and Anthony, a son, on 7th October, 1967, in Cape Town.

NEWS

Pam Walker (Hawley) and her husband, Admiral Sir Peter Walker, paid a visit to the Cape early this year. They stayed with Rosemary Sturgis (Wilks) and her mother, Mrs. Wilks, for part of the time and then joined the *Andrew James* (Myfanwy Parry) at their holiday house at Pieterberg Bay, later travelling back to England in the same ship as the *James*. Congratulations to *Myfanwy* on the arrival of her granddaughter.

Margaret Boyes (Garlick) and her husband returned recently from a trip to the Far East, travelling to Japan in the *Boisvaine* on her last voyage.

Pauline Brodie (Thorne) writes that her younger son, Andrew, is now at Manchester University reading Chemistry. Her daughter, Margaret, who has a job in Montreal, came over in March to spend a holiday with her parents in Surrey.

Alice Mertens, who has made a name for herself in the photographic world, and whose pictures frequently appear in various magazines and newspapers, is lecturing in photography at Stellenbosch University.

Of particular interest to the older Old Girls was the announcement in September of the engagement of *Orcillia*, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. *Helmut Lasch* (*Orcillia Martin*) to *Nicholas*, only son of Mr. and Mrs. *Harry Oppenheimer* of Johannesburg. They plan to have a quiet wedding at St. George's Church, Parktown, Johannesburg in November and will make their home at Inanda. Both are keen golfers and have played together frequently in this country and overseas—in fact it was on the golf course that they first met about ten years ago. *Orcillia* was educated at Kingsmead School, Johannesburg and then spent two years at the Sorbonne in Paris. Her one sister, *Katherine* (*Madame Aubertin*) lives in France and the other, *Susan*, lives at home.

It was with much regret that we heard of the deaths during this last year of: Mr. R. C. Garlick, father of *Margaret Boyes*, Dr. Vaughan-Jones, father of *Eleanor Wadlow*, Mr. Eustace Thorne, brother of *Molly Sellar* and *Felicity Todd*, Colonel W. H. A. Webster, father of *Elizabeth Peers*, and Dr. Nora Roux, mother of *Yvonne Dowdle*.

Just before Christmas last year Air-Commodore John Blount, who was Captain of the Queen's Flight, was killed when the helicopter in which he and three other officers were travelling plunged into a field near Newbury in Berkshire. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his wife, *Mary* (Van der Bijl), and to her daughter and son, both of whom are now at boarding school. *Mary* will continue to live in her home in Berkshire.

Not having heard from *Patricia Dolan* (Layard) since she left Herschel and went back to Ceylon just after the war, contact has been made again with her. She is married to an engineer and is living in Knutsford in Cheshire and has four children. She and her husband were hoping to visit *Sheila Greenwood* (Duncan) when they were in the South of England some weeks ago. *Pat's* sister, *Kat*, is married and living in Canada. The latter has two small daughters.

Margaret Haigh (Mitchell) is now doing heart research in London.

Pauline Laws (Holt White) and her husband arrived in Cape Town on Christmas morning on their way to Bombay. *Pauline* was very interested in seeing all her old haunts as she had not been here since 1945. They were accompanied by their two blue Persian cats.

In a letter received from *Helen Turner* (Miss Botha-Reid) she gave us news of *Danila Adzemoic* who was a pupil at Herschel during the war. Her father was in the Yugoslav Diplomatic Service and she had come to Cape Town with her parents from Cairo. Incidentally during her time at Herschel she won the English prize. The Adzemoics now live in the United States but last year *Danila* spent in Vietnam, Saigon where she was on an assignment for the International Social Service Adoption Division to explore the possibilities of opening up an I.S.S. branch there. Conditions were very bad there and she was faced with

many problems but hoped her efforts would prove worth while. *Heleen Turner* has two children, a boy of 13 and a girl of 10.

Dore Barry (Warren), living in Johannesburg, has three children, two daughters aged 19 and 17, and a son of 12. Dore is still fairly active in the amateur dramatic world but writes that she now seems to be cast in more elderly character parts! Her one daughter is also interested in dramatic art and had the lead in the Roedean School play last year.

In May of this year *Rita Keston* (Levitan), described in the newspaper as "the powerhouse of South African women's golf", once again became the holder of the Royal Cape Championship, beating the holder. *Rita* had won this championship no fewer than six times before she turned professional. She was reinstated as an amateur about two years ago.

Ann Pollock (Keeling) is living in East London where her husband owns a sports shop. She has four children, three sons and one daughter.

Sonia Bourcier (Hollebone) and her husband spent two weeks in Malta, where they found a little sun, which Sonia said was bliss after the English winter.

Ruth Withiel went to England in February and stayed with *Margaret Haigh* (Mitchell) and her sister, *Eileen*. In April she went on a five-day cruise on the Staffordshire and Worcestershire canals with friends. They went through twenty-four locks which they managed to handle themselves. *Ruth* then flew to Barcelona and did a coach tour of Spain and Portugal. Whilst in Lisbon she stayed with Mrs. Holt White, *Pauline's* mother.

Last December *Pat Harpur* (Lindsay) and her family returned to Cape Town to live permanently. For the past eleven years the Harpurs had been living in Zambia, where *Pat's* husband was a Personnel Officer on the Mufulira Mine. Also having returned to Cape Town is *Thelma Davies* (Bergh) who, since her marriage, has been living in East London. *Thelma* has two small sons.

Pam Kemsley (Swart), at present living in Pretoria, hopes to be moving to Johannesburg shortly as her husband is now working there.

Gill McMaster (Paver) and family were transferred to Port Elizabeth at the beginning of this year. Her husband has been made Managing Director of a large subsidiary company of Anglo-Vaal, based at Uitenhage. At present *Gill* and her husband are overseas on an extensive business trip which includes Britain, the Continent, the United States and Canada.

Topsy (Thresher) and *John Kirkpatrick* are no longer farming in Rhodesia, but have moved to the Orange Free State where *John* is going to continue farming with *Topsy's* father.

Jisty Kirk, who left Herschel shortly after the war to return to England, will be arriving in Cape Town on Christmas Day on a four month holiday.

Margaret Ward Able (Impey) is still in Somerset West and is very happy living there.

Having lived all her married life in Zambia,

Mary Loggie (De Villiers), and her family plan to settle in the Cape in December. Before coming down permanently, *Mary* and her husband are having a month's holiday in the East and will then bring their sons down to Cape Town to join *Lindsay*, their daughter, who is a boarder at the Preparatory School.

Heather Hardy (Melrose) had a daughter, *Allison*, in April of this year. She and her husband *Sam*, who is in the army, and son *Michael John*, have moved into a new house which they have built outside Salisbury in Rhodesia.

Anne Jolly (Phillips) recently returned from a holiday overseas, during which she saw *Georgina Bryson* (Hart).

Rosanne Bicker Coates (Brown) and her husband and two sons have come out from Holland to settle in Johannesburg. They have bought a house in Bryanston and will be moving into it at the end of the year.

Hilary Dampers has joined a Market Research firm which necessitates her travelling all over the country.

In July of this year *Diana Hamilton Russell* was married to Dr. Paul Ekman, director of psychological research at the University of California, in San Francisco. After graduating at U.C.T. and taking Psychology as a major subject, *Diana* took a post-graduate Diploma in Social Science at the London School of Economics, passing with Distinction. She was accepted as a candidate for a Ph.D. in Social Psychology at Harvard University, has completed all the necessary examinations and is busy on her Thesis: "The social psychology of mass movements." *Diana* has been Research Assistant to Professor Townsend of the London School of Economics, to Professor Raymond Firth, Department of Social Anthropology, and also for a short time to Dr. L. Gillis at the Department of Psychiatry at Groote Schuur Hospital.

At the end of last year *Jennifer Haslem* (Forsyth) sailed for England with her family. Previously the Haslems had been living in Grahamstown where her husband, *Brian*, was teaching at St. Andrew's Prep. He is now Warden of Students at Dartington College of Arts in Totnes, Devon.

Diana Venn (Ovenstone) is back in Cape Town as her husband has been transferred down here. They have bought a house in Constantia.

Amelia Broen (Cronwright) is the Secretary of the P.E.N. Club in Johannesburg, and is also doing private teaching.

Recently moved from Port Elizabeth to East London is *Virginia Meerburg* (Brock) and her family.

Revel Reilly left for England in July with the idea of working there for a while.

Living very near to each other in Johannesburg are the Corder sisters, *Tessa de la Harpe* and *Judy Smuts*. Recently they both were in Cape Town to attend the graduation of their father, who had an Honorary Doctorate of Law conferred upon him at U.C.T.

Barbara Brown (Sandell) and her family spent about four months in Cape Town with her parents earlier in the year. The Browns have now left Hong Kong permanently and are living in Australia where *Barbara's* husband, Don, is running a Marina for Yachts at Newport.

Gill de Kock's (Downing) husband, Brian, has been made House Master of Founder's House at Bishops as from January, 1969.

Betty Casciati (Rudland) flew to Cape Town from Rhodesia recently to visit her father, a Rhodesian Minister, who was admitted to hospital here. Whilst here she lunched with *Wendy Hofmeyr* (Hartford).

Diana Burns (Dicey) and family will be returning to South Africa from England early in January.

Susan MacGregor is broadcasting for the B.B.C. in London. One of the two women reporters in the Radio News Features department, she works on two hour-long "News-and-People" programmes—"The World at One" and "The World This Week-end". Personalities she interviews range from politicians to pop stars, but she specialises in film and show-business people. She has interviewed Sir Alec Guinness, Rita Tushingham, Charlton Heston, Tommy Steele and Cliff Richard. One of the interviews she found most interesting was with the late Sir Malcolm Sargent, two weeks before he died. "British radio technique is completely different from that used in South Africa," she says. "In Britain, the reporter is expected to be more aggressive—never letting his subject off the hook, whereas in South Africa, I think the interviews are longer, more leisurely and certainly handled in a gentler manner." At present on a long-term contract with the B.B.C., Susan hopes eventually to return to South Africa and the S.A.B.C. She is planning to come back for three months at the end of next year. Susan has recently spent a holiday in Italy with her parents and her sister, Kirsty, who is now at Hartwell College. Susan often sees *Felicity Corbin* (Gill) in London. The latter has a lovely house in London, right next door to her parents.

Barbara Beck (Wiltshire) has just returned from a three week holiday in Europe. Her husband looked after the children in her absence. While in London *Barbara* telephoned *Heather Cudde* (McLeod) whose husband has now left the Marines and is working in London. *Heather* has two daughters, Alexandra and Fiona. They are living near Basingstoke.

Deborah Hennessy (Kipps) went back to the University this year and started to do a B.A. degree. Last year she finished her Diploma in Public Health Nursing. She and her husband

are keen skin divers and recently bought a boat.

Tania Bower (Kramer) has been overseas with her husband this year on an extended holiday. They are now back with their children in Johannesburg.

Christa van Doorn (Behnen) is settled in Windhoek with her husband and son, Marc.

Congratulations to *Felicity Wassenaar* (Waring) for obtaining Springbok golf colours this year. She is one of the three lady golfers selected to represent South Africa at the Championships at Melbourne in October.

Sally Cilliers (Pyott) has moved back to Johannesburg. She was recently down at the Cape visiting her parents with her two children, Dallas and Scott.

Iona Daly (Mathias) has moved from Bulawayo to Gatooma. She visited her parents in Newlands with her husband and two sons in February.

Jacqueline Regnier was out here for a hectic three-week holiday in April, returning to South Africa for the first time in seven years. *Heather Bryant*, *Libby Levitt* (Hennessy), *Rosemary de Waal* (Robb) and *Sally Sparks* (Stuttaford) met at *Elizabeth McCarthy's* (Holmes) home one morning to see her and catch up on news of some of her contemporaries also living overseas.

Frances Bertish (Small) has given up her job with an estate agent and is now working for her husband's firm.

Kathleen Norris has a very interesting job in England working as a demonstrator for a firm of manufacturing chemists. She produced a film illustrating the training which the demonstrators receive for British television.

Marguerite Fischer has returned from England where she had an interesting job specialising in graphic designs for book productions, mainly for educational purposes. She is now free-lancing in Cape Town.

Gail Simon (Lockwood) is living in Johannesburg and often sees other Old Herschelians also living in the Transvaal.

Soon after her marriage in March in Johannesburg *Rosa Dougherty* (Dowie-Dunn) and her husband, Simon, left for London where they rented a flat in Kensington. *Rosa* filled in her time doing physiotherapy at one of the hospitals. They returned to South Africa in September. *Heather Wells* (Kelly) entertained the Doughertys for a weekend while they were in England.

Phillipa McGregor and *Elizabeth Robertson* are both in London. *Phillipa* is working at the Queen Elizabeth College and is enjoying doing pottery in her spare time. *Elizabeth* is working for a large publishing firm. *Shirley Marx* is now back in Cape Town after a successful stay in London as a music teacher.

Jenny Barrett (Baker) and family have been staying in her mother's home in Bishops-court, after the birth of her second daughter

Elizabeth, while their new home is being built in Tokai. She has been busy organising the decorating and planning the house, which they hope to move into shortly.

Jasina Komocki (Nitoslawski) was married in March this year in Cape Town. She and her husband have returned to Canada where they have an apartment. *Jasina* is back at her previous job as secretary in the Alcan Tin Foil Company. *Julian*, her husband, is an electrical engineer.

Barbara Cleave (Nel) is also living in Canada and had a son earlier this year.

Carol Tooley (Miller) and her husband have moved from their delightful cottage at Banhoek back to Johannesburg. Unfortunately she had a car accident in August and was in hospital for a few days with a fractured knee cap. *Jenny Dicey* was travelling in the car with *Carol*, but, luckily, was not hurt.

Anne Sans (Stewart) is still living in Knysna and is expecting her first baby in January.

Brenda-Lynn Hoffman (Tyers) has moved from Kenilworth to a cottage in Plumstead which she and *Eric*, her husband, have worked hard at re-decorating and renovating, and they are also busy renovating and selling old Cape furniture in their spare time. It was a sad day for her pupils at the Herschel Preparatory when she resigned from the staff.

Paddy Diemont (Mannion) and *Judy Olivier* (Norton) are living near one another in Kenilworth. *Judy* is still busy writing amusing and interesting articles for newspapers and magazines. She and her husband went to South West Africa to photograph wild game in September. *Paddy* has two sons.

Paddy Howes (Goble) is living in Constantia and is still painting. She has two small daughters.

Lorna Harris is back in Cape Town and will be here for six months before returning to London. She recently married *John Ramsden*, whom she met in England while obtaining her Architectural diploma. *John* is also an architect and both have one final exam to write.

Libby Ardington (Robb) and her husband, *Anthony*, were able to attend *Rosie Dougherty's* (Dowie-Dunn) wedding in Johannesburg, after which they came to the Cape for a holiday, bringing with them their baby daughter, *Sally*, who was born in January.

Rosemary Hellings, *Diana McGiffin*, *Jenny Dicey*, *Anne Faron* (Smith) and *Inky Hudson* (Van Winsen) are all living in Johannesburg. *Rosemary* is thinking of returning to the Cape at the end of the year.

Elizabeth Plumbly has a flat in Newlands and is working in Cape Town.

After a visit to America last year, which included a stop with her A.F.S. family, followed by some time spent on the Continent, *Sally Baxter* returned to Cape Town in time for her sister, *Bridget's* wedding. *Sally* is now working at Groote Schuur in the Social Work Department.

Lynn Rowand (Parker) and her husband and son are still in Johannesburg and expect to remain there for some time yet.

Hilary Hansen (Simpson) and her husband, who are living in California, plan to visit her family in Cape Town in December.

Also living overseas at present—in England—is *Fiona Reidman* (Noble) but she and her husband hope to return to live in South Africa within about eighteen months time. *Miss McLean* was present at *Fiona's* wedding earlier in the year.

Pat Hill is having a marvellous time in Florence where she has been attending University. During this last summer vacation, she has been teaching English to the children of a family in Milan. She returns to Florence to do a course in art and is expected back in Cape Town in time for Christmas.

Bridget Labbe (Brock) is teaching at St. Cyprians. She and her husband, *Johan*, have bought a house in Newlands next door to *Mark* and *Anne Russell* (Kippes).

Louisa Groenewald (McDonald), *Gail Hoberman* (Shawzin), *Diana Morkel* (Matthews), *Lindsay Oliver* (Lomas-Walker), *Lesley Burns* (Wares), *Carol Christie* (Simpson), *Sally Sparks* (Stuttaford) and *Jennifer Wynne* (Brimble) are all staying in Cape Town and see each other quite regularly, particularly at childrens' parties.

Most of Circle AA are still very much in contact with one another. A number of them have done quite a bit of travelling, such as *Jenny Williams* (Meiring) who is at present in Canada with her husband. While in the United Kingdom, before going to Canada, they visited *Sandy van der Vliet* (Buchanan) and her husband who stay in a delightful gate-house near to Monmouth in Wales. *Sandy's* husband, *Reijer*, has been working on a new motorway which is being built in the area. Another visitor of *Sandy's* was *Anne Snyder* (Steen) who managed to get away from her thriving florist in Rondebosch. *Anne* also spent a marvellous week with *Anne Jones* (Russell), twin sister of *Claire Russell*, in Bishopswood, a short distance from Birmingham. *Anne Jones* and *Claire* have both settled in England.

Susan Robb has recently become engaged in London and will be returning to Cape Town to be married in December. Her fiance, who has just completed his medical studies, will be doing his housemanship in Cape Town.

A typical English country wedding was that of *Pam Murray* and the Rev. *Michael Balchin* in Burley, near Bournemouth. Unfortunately *Miss McLean* was not able to be present, but *Anne Snyder* (Steen) was able to be there. The day was perfect for the bride and groom who travelled in an open landau pulled by white horses. Proteas were specially flown from Cape Town to decorate the church and *Pam* carried a lovely bouquet of blushing brides combined with blush pink roses. *Pam's* husband is now senior curate at St. Mary's Church, Redcliffe, Bristol.

Priscilla Edwards (Barrett) and her doctor husband, Peter, have started on a series of travels. They are at present in South West Africa and hope to leave for England early next year.

In Johannesburg and Pretoria, respectively, are *Christine Godfrey* (Hawson) and *Rohanne Morrison*. The latter has recently become engaged to *Henri Verrips* and is to be married in February. She is still practising Radiography.

In Cape Town *Lesley Brauer* was married to *Jaro Houba*, as was *Cecilia de Villiers* to *Robin Beck*. *Celia* and *Robin* have a lovely cottage in the Stellenbosch area.

Maxine Sifus (Diamond) and her husband, Tom, are still in Kitwe, Zambia and nearby. In Rhodesia, is *Janeen Kipps*, who is working there.

Judy Williams is working in Cape Town, as is *Hilary Beck*, who has recently completed her studies at the Michaelis.

Vera Turner is doing extremely well for herself as the lay-out artist for "Fairlady" and hopes to go to Europe for a short holiday next year.

Georgina Clark is kept extremely busy in her modelling career.

Susan Hacking is doing post-graduate work at U.C.T.

Amanda Noakes, who recently announced her engagement to *George Ruysch van Dugteren*, is at present in Europe, as is *Sarehen Burrell*.

Philippa Watson (Thal) has moved to Plumstead and is working at Groote Schuur Hospital as an Occupational Therapist.

Annette White will shortly complete her Chemical Engineering studies, while her sister, *Denise Bonner*, hopes to complete her Medical studies next year. Her husband qualified this year.

Dawn Minty, after graduating with a B.A., B.Sc. from U.C.T., left for England at the beginning of this year. She works for I.C.I. in London and shares a flat with four other girls, one of whom is *Kathy Emalte*, who is working for the Standard Bank in London. *Ann Alexander* and *Biddy Swobey* are also overseas. *Ann* is teaching for a year at a boys' grammar school.

Anne Welsh has recently been transferred, by the firm for which she is working, from London to Edinburgh.

Josephine Dean is teaching Latin at Wynberg Girls' High and is going overseas in December.

Jill Ekstein (Phillip) travelled overseas with the Springbok Squash Team in January and February of this year. She toured all over Great Britain and saw *Anne Welsh* in London and *Diana Burns* (Dicey) in Oxford.

Karolyn van Zyl (Wood) is teaching at Barkly House and *Penny Rautk* at the Cerebral Palsy Nursery School.

Karin Attwell and *Juliet Murray* (Butters) are both living in Johannesburg.

Chosen as Cape Town University's debutantes of the year were *Helen Robb* and *Elspeth Henderson*. Their prize, as joint winners of the university title, was a free trip to Great Britain in the "Oranje", and was won by them on account of their having collected more money for charity for coloured people than anyone else at the University.

Marion Jesse had her twenty-first birthday in Vienna and quite a number of Old Herschellians, including *Di Cattell*, *Moira Hennessy*, *Helen Robb* and *Elspeth Henderson* were at her party.

Laciada Abbott, after having completed her secretarial course at Miss Judson's in London, is now working for an Estate Agent off Berkeley Square, and shares a flat with three other girls. *Vanessa Marais* has returned to London after a visit of six months to Cape Town.

Vicky Storck Nielsen is back in Cape Town, doing a secretarial course, having recently returned from Germany, where she studied music for two and a half years.

Jennifer Richardson, after completing a secretarial course in Cape Town, has gone to work in Johannesburg.

Veronica Nicol (Payne), after her marriage in Cape Town in June of this year, followed by a honeymoon in Italy, has now settled down to live in England.

Jean Henderson is at U.C.T. and finishes her second year B.Sc. course this December and intends majoring in Bio-Chemistry.

Carol Mortera and *Carol Bartley* spent a good deal of last year at Perugia where they were furthering their studies. In September of last year, *Carol Mortera* went to Rome University to study languages. She is still there. After leaving Perugia, *Carol Bartley* went to England and attended the School of Citizenship in Aylesbury and is now completing her course in London.

Beverley Moore and *Sheila Mackenzie* returned from the United States, where they were American Field Scholars, in July. *Beverley* went to Corvallis, Oregon, where she attended an integrated school, but only a small percentage of the pupils were Negroes. Among other A.F.S. students in her area, whom she met regularly at racially mixed meetings, were students from South Vietnam, Thailand, Ethiopia and the Philippines. *Sheila* is now back at Natal University, finishing the last six months of her B.Sc. course.

Joan Waring and *Jane Bennett* are both doing Radiography in a private practice at Medical Centre.

Continuing their studies at U.C.T. are: *Michelle Wells*, *Randy Howell*, *Shirley Jenner* (all taking their B.Sc.), *Rosemary Foxoke* (Physiotherapy), *Disak Roberts* (Architecture) and *Gail Kinlay* (B.A.). *Carol Newman* is studying for her B.A., LL.B. Last year she was on the Rag Committee and worked extremely

hard. She is to be congratulated on being elected a member of the S.R.C. in August and, subsequently, being unanimously chosen as Head Woman Student.

At Stellenbosch University, *Kathy Droomer* is continuing with Art and *Melanie Baumann* with B.A. (Drama).

Frances Newton spent six months at the Technical College doing Medical Technology and is now working at Groote Schuur.

From Circle GG, those who left Herschel at the end of 1967, the following are at U.C.T.: *Jennifer Essie* (B.A. Teachers), *Anne Lomax* (B.A.), *Elizabeth Trevor-Jones* (B.A.) and *Cheryl Warr* (B.A. Music). *Hilary Burns* is studying Art at the Michals in Cape Town.

Pat Bralley, *Lynn Harris* and *Susan Simpson* are all training to be Nursery School teachers at Barkly House Training College in Claremont.

Jean Dacey, staying at Spes Bona Residence, is completing her secretarial course in Cape Town. Doing likewise in Salisbury, Rhodesia is *Linda Townsend*.

At Rhodes University are *Rosalind Owenstone* (Languages and Music) and *Carlotta Vaughan* (B.Com.). *Rosalind* will be going to Hartwell House—or otherwise known as The House of Citizenship—in England next year. *Cheryl Wade* is also planning to go overseas next year to study art and, in the meantime, is doing part-time work here in Cape Town.

Jeanne de Wet is doing Nursing at Groote Schuur Hospital, and *Elspeth Mackenzie* is

doing likewise at the Middlessex Hospital in London. *Jeanette Ross* is doing Orthoptics in Cardiff, Wales.

Quite a number of girls from this Circle are overseas. *Angela Macris* is travelling in Greece. *Rosemary Taylor* is studying at Wingfield in England. *Gillian Blair* is studying in Brussels, Belgium and *Lynne Cunningham* is on an American Field Scholarship and is staying near Los Angeles in California.

Virginia Galbreath returned to the United States when her parents went on long leave. She is now studying at a New York secretarial college and staying with relatives for a year while doing so.

Heleen Henderson is having an extremely interesting year overseas. She spent the first six months at the Ladies' College of English at Eastbourne, studying French, German and Shorthand and Typing. She was the only English-speaking girl amongst sixty foreigners and now has contacts all over the world, from such countries as Japan, Vietnam, Thailand, South America and many others. *Heleen* spent September staying with college friends in Zurich and Holland, and travelled down the Rhine from Rotterdam to Basel, and is now in Lausanne doing the Foreigners' French Course. She will be back in Cape Town at the end of February in time to start doing a B.A. Course at U.C.T. *Heleen's* mother, *Sheila Henderson* (Baxter) went over to England during this year and they had a lovely week together in Scotland.

CHILDREN OF OLD GIRLS WHO ARE ATTENDING HERSCHEL THIS YEAR

Pupil's Name	Standard	Mother's Maiden Name
Sally Abbott	Matric	Molra Black
Edwina Abbott	Upper IV	
Gillian Austin	Upper II	Diana Douglas-Hamilton
Louise Browne	Upper III	Anne Denniston
Susan Dowdle	Upper II	Yvonne Roux
Caroline Dowdle	K.G.	
Ann Fiddian-Green	Lower V	Mary Baxter
Susan Brownlie	Upper II	Sandra Fisher
Peta Brownlie	Lower III	
Chloe Fouche	Lower I	Adele Jooste
Nicola Fouche	Lower II	
Hilary Gasson	Upper IV	Valerie Kinghorn
Lindsay Gasson	Matric	
Charmain Gilmour	Trans.	Anita Lockwood
Hilary Henderson	Upper IV	Sheila Baxter
Gayle Jooste	Upper II	Celia Norgarb
Linda Jooste	Trans.	
Lindsay Loggie	Lower II	Mary de Villiers
Jennifer Park	Upper I	Nan Normand (deceased)
Karin Reenekov	Upper III	Roma Ashton
Michele Reenekov	Lower IV	
Katherine Shiell	Lower I	Karin Bakke
Piona McLennan	K.G.	Maureen Bourke
Sharon Lindbergh	Lower IV	Rosamond Kirk
Diana Lindbergh	Lower III	
Clementine Robinson	Upper II	Margaret Mellish

Josephine Frater	..	..	..	..	..	Lower II	..	..	Angela Simpson
Georgina Frater	..	..	..	..	..	Trans.	..	..	
Amanda Harding	..	..	..	..	..	Lower III	..	..	Lucille Rocher
Georgina Thom	..	..	..	..	..	Lower III	..	..	Annette Foot
Camilla White	..	..	..	..	..	Lower II	..	..	Sylvia Sandes
Katherine Anstee	..	..	..	..	..	Lower II	..	..	Jean Williams-Freeman
Jocelyn Anstee	..	..	..	..	..	Upper III	..	..	

SPORT

A social game of tennis between the Old Girls and Herschel was organised during the fourth term of 1967. The Old Girls were represented by *Peiny* and *Susan Raath*, *Gail Mortimer*, *Angela Gilbert*, *Di Cattell*, *Celka Jooste* (Norgarby), *Adele Fouché* (Jooste), *Alison Boyes* and *Gina Stuttaford*. The result was an honourable draw.

This year, due to the Herschel Girls playing in Women's Squash League, only one match was organised against the Old Girls. This match resulted in a 4-1 win for the Old Girls, who proved to be far more experienced than their younger opponents. The results were as follows (Old Girls mentioned first):

- D. Cattell beat N. Currie, 2/0.
- E. Dowie-Dunn beat D. Lees, 2/0.
- A. Boyes beat C. Newton-Thompson, 2/1.
- C. Jooste beat P. Gilbert, 2/1.
- P. Dyke-Poynter lost to S. Abbott 0/2.

There will be a tennis match played against

the School on Old Girls' Day, commencing at 3.00 p.m.

The next Old Girls' Day will be held on Saturday, 15th February, 1969. 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*, 2 Upper Thistle Street, Newlands, Cape.

Once again, in order to keep the Directory up-to-date and accurate, it would be much appreciated if any inaccuracy in spelling, address or marital status could be made known to the Magazine Editor. For the first time last year the last page in this Magazine was inserted, with a perforated edge to facilitate easy removal, for the above purpose. The response was excellent and the Magazine Editor would like to thank all those people who took the trouble to complete the form and return it to her. It is greatly hoped that a similar response will occur this year.

October, 1968.

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OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY

*Life Members.

†Subscriber for 1968.

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, Colleshill, near Amersham, Buck., England.

Staff:

*Miss E. K. Hill (Mrs. Stanley Wood), c/o S.A. Association, 6 Church Square, Cape

†Miss Hebditch (Mrs. Hyde), The Orchard, Stoke St. Mary, Taunton, Devon, England.

†Miss Bailey, 40 Court Royal, Carlton Drive, Putney, London, S.W.15, England.

†Miss Botha-Reid (Mrs. Turner), The Rookery, Yeylands, Hoddesden, Herts.

Hon. *Miss J. Lansdale, The Royal Naval School, Farnham Lane, Haslemere, Surrey, England.

Hon. *Miss W. Mulliner, Thornton House, Kenilworth, Cape.

Hon. *Mrs. A. Pierce-Jones, 4 Osborne Mansions, Gardens, Cape Town.

Hon. *Mrs. E. Sacha, 11 Gambonia Road, Rondebosch, Cape.

Hon. *Mrs. B. Silberbauer, The Coach House, Rathfelder Ave., Constantia, Cape.

Hon. *Mrs. M. Stobie, Manor House, Park Vista, London, S.E.10, England.

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, MARY (Mrs. R. Fiddian Green), Bahati, Leisure Isle (P.O. Box 368), Knysna, Cape (A).

*Baxter, Sheila (Mrs. A. R. Henderson), Arleskraal, P.O. Grabouw, C.P. (D).

*Black, Moira (Mrs. Ronald Abbott), The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape (C).

†Botha, Yvonne (Mrs. Dmitri Chronis), Bergzicht, Fleetwood Avenue, Claremont, C.P. (D).

*Brooke, Diana (Mrs. Jan Nezar), A.N.K. (G).

*Brown, Betty (Mrs. B. Musgrove), c/o J. W. Jagger & Co. Ltd., Durban (B).

*Brown, Madge (Mrs. D. H. Fisher), 34 Crookit Avenue, Westridge, Durban, Natal (H).

*Buchanan, Sheila (Mrs. Ian Williams), The Bungalow, Voëklip, Hermanus, C.P. (A).

*Burmester, 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), The River House, Elgin, Cape (G).

*DENNISTON, PATRICIA, Ridgeland, Elgin, C.P. (G).

*DE VILLIERS, THE HON. YVONNE (The Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Hill), Moorookyle, Terraza Road, Vermont, Vic., Australia (A).

†Douglas, Fenella, Haughley, Chippenham Road, Kenilworth, Cape (A).

*Drennan, Suzanne (Mrs. Ronald Wiltshire), 2 Oak Avenue, Hadison Park, Kimberley (H).

*Ethelston, Isobel (Lady Fawcus), Dochart 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), Brookfield Coach House, Wepton Lane, Bath, Somerset, England (D).
- *Herud, Vera, 97 Main Road, Voëlkop, Hermanus, C.P. (A).
- *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. Svennum), 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 Yartells Hill, Oxford, England (E).
- *Long, Una (Mrs. Hodson), 46 Gibson Square, Islington, London, N.I., England (A).
- *Martin, Jean (Mrs. G. R. Holden), River Street, New Canaan, Conn., U.S.A. (A).
- *Martin, Ocellia (Mrs. H. Lasch), 25 Valley Road, Parktown, Johannesburg (A).
- *MILLS, MARIEL (Mrs. Miller), Lillenden School, Hawkhurst, Kent, England (H).
- *McKinlay, Carine, 4 Casino 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 Layt), 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, Glouce., 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), 1 Castlecombe, The Cotswolds, Indian Road, Kenilworth, Cape (A).
- *Smithers, Joan (Mrs. J. Fraser-Harris), 23 Kinkieway, off Camp Ground Road, Newlands, Cape (A).
- *Starch, 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).
- *Suttard, Peggy (Mrs. Neil Murray), Bokknaal, Melsetter, Rhodesia (D).
- *STUTTAFORD, JOY (Mrs. G. Grove), Rocklands, P.O. Rocky Ridge, Uitenhage, E.P. (A).
- Taylor, Mavis (Mrs. A. Matthews), Faureen, 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. I. Orpen), Rustvenne, Coronation Avenue, Somerset West, Cape (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 Campbell Court, Church Street, Proclamation Hill, Pretoria (N).
- *Bergh, Thelma (Mrs. Denbigh Davies), "Tara", Nirvana Way, Constantia, Cape (N).
- *Bourke, Maureen (Mrs. David McLennan), "Selati", Silwood Road, Rondebosch, Cape (O).
- *Branfill, Barbara (Mrs. Michael Moir), 6 Churton Avenue, Sale, Cheshire (N).
- *Brown, Rosanne (Mrs. R. R. Bicker Caarten), c/o Mrs. Brown, 3 Herschel Court, Claremont, Cape (Q).
- *Buchanan, Owynne (Mrs. Keith Jordan), Vincent House, Pembroke Square, London, W.2, England (N).
- *Cantley, Shelagh (Mrs. P. Masters), Private Bag 5020, Stellenbosch, Cape (Q).
- *Daughlish, Elizabeth Anne (Mrs. F. Millward), 9 Georgia Avenue, Worthing, Sussex, England (O).
- *DE VILLIERS, MARY (Mrs. J. A. B. Loggie), c/o Mrs. N. Knight, Hawthorne, Mains Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (Q).
- *De Villiers, Nicolette (Mrs. N. Knight), Hawthorne, 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, 297 Down Road, near Portishead, Somerset, England (M).
- *Ethelston, Susan (Mrs. Tony Abdy), Provost Farm, Rockbourne, Nr. Fordingbridge, Hants, England (I).
- *Finch, Jill (Mrs. Robert Clough), Far Leys Farm, Tuxford, near Newark, Notts, England (P).
- Fisher, Sandra (Mrs. J. Brownlie), Stanford Road, Kenilworth, Cape (Q).
- *Gie, Lois (Mrs. Douglas Gardener), Warwickford, Alexandria, Cape (P).
- *Guicherit, Tanis (Mrs. John Robins), 33 Arundel Road, Rondebosch, Cape (Q).
- *Hall, Anne (Mrs. Chappel), Box 2, Borrowdale, Salisbury, Rhodesia (M).
- *Halls, Felicity (Mrs. C. Chorlton), c/o Parel Valley, Somerset West (J).
- *Harris, Mary Jane (Mrs. John Duckworth), Old Bakehouse, Elton, near Peterborough, England (L).
- *Heddon, Angela (Mrs. D. Brink), 1 Snowden Avenue, Durban (Q).
- *Hirschon, Annette (Bunt) (Mrs. Adolph Wood), 15 Woodside Avenue, London, N.1, 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), "Hillicote", 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 Pienaar Street, Somerset West, Cape (O).
- *Israel, Shirley (Mrs. Roy Lewis), 18 Relief 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), 4 Tainton Avenue, Bonnie Doone, East London (K).
- *Kinghorn, Valerie (Mrs. John Gasson), Kings Ride, Boshof Avenue, Newlands, Cape (J).
- *Kirk, Rosamond (Mrs. M. Lindbergh), Vaalboschfontein, P.O. Box 82, Maquasi, W. Transvaal.
- *Knight, Robin (Mrs. B. Robins), (M), A.N.K.
- Knight, Sally (Mrs. J. M. Flower), Dove Cottage, Honey Hill, Fenstanton, Hunts, England (K).
- *Langerman, Karen (Mrs. John Preston), La Corniche, Victoria Road, Clifton, Cape (P).
- *Lindsay, Patricia (Mrs. N. G. Harpur), "Edzell", Sheerness Road, Kenilworth, Cape (N).

- *LOMAX, ALISON (Mrs. Christopher Good), Blanchland House, Playden, Rye, Sussex, England (L).
- *MACHANICK, PAULINE (Mrs. Friedman), 42 Jameson Avenue, Melrose, Johannesburg (M).
- *Makin, Judith (Mrs. Hodgson), Chalky Lane Cottage, Chrisball, near Royston, Herts., England (N).
- *Marks, Zaida (Mrs. Gerry Goddard), A.N.K. (I).
- *Marshall, June (Mrs. D. R. Norman), Pelele, Bag 546, Sinoia, Rhodesia (P).
- *Meilish, Margaret (Lady Robinson), 44 Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape (I).
- *Mitchell, Margaret (Mrs. Haigh), 3 Peckarmanwood, 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. M. A. McMaster), Wilton House, 73 Church Street, Walmer, Port Elizabeth (N).
- *Petersen, Yamin (Countess Brandolino Brandolini d'Adda), Via Palestro 24, Milan, Italy (L).
- *Pollard, Jean (Mrs. Johan Steyn), 9 Links Road, Rondebosch, Cape (P).
- *Rhodes, Sylvia (Mrs. L. D. Vine), A.N.K. (L).
- *Robertson, Anne (Mrs. Millons), 91 Barnato Court, Catherine Street, Hillbrow, Johannesburg (P).
- *Rocher, Lucille (Mrs. J. B. Harding), 27 Duckitt Avenue, Constantia, Cape (L).
- *Roux, Yvonne (Mrs. E. Dowdle), "Annalong", Norwich Drive, Bishopscourt, Cape (O).
- *Shub, Stephanie (Mrs. S. Hoppen), 8 Sheridan Court, Barkston Gardens, London, S.W.5 (Q).
- *Silberbauer, Laura (Mrs. K. Horner), Flat 28, 31 Pretoria Street, Pretoria (Q).
- *Simpson, Angela (Mrs. K. Prater), 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 Sturgess Ridge Road, Wilton, Conn., U.S.A. (P).
- *Stansbury, Ann (Mrs. P. J. Hardwick), P.O. Box 200, Chirezde, Rhodesia (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).
- *Stratford, Sally (Married name not known), A.N.K. (M).
- *Thresher, Patricia (Topsy) (Mrs. John Kirkpatrick), Klein Thaba Bosiga, Fouriesburg Rail, Orange Free State (N).
- *Van der Bijl, Mary (Mrs. John Blount), St. James House, Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, Berks, England (L).
- *Van der Bijl, Nicolette (Mrs. Ewan MacPherson), 10 Hamilton House, Vicarage Gate, London, W.8., England (N).
- *Vogelpoel, Pauline, 33 The Little Boltons, London, S.W.10 (I).
- *Walton, Elizabeth (Mrs. J. L. Jones), 64 Westcliff Road, Hermanus, Cape (N).
- *Warren, Doreen (Mrs. C. H. Barry), Barrymore, 105 Kinross Avenue, Hurlingham, Johannesburg (I).
- *Waterson, Priscilla (Mrs. Paul du Toit), 7 Ireland Road, Cradock, E. Province (N).
- *Watson, Clemency (Mrs. Austin Hannay-Robertson), E5 Second Avenue, Oranjemund, S.W.A. (Q).
- *Withiel, Ruth, 102 Montebello, Montrose Street, Newlands, Cape (M).
- *Wylie, Edith Kerr (Mrs. E. G. A. Riddick), 11 Selwyn Road, 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 Street, Oaklands, Johannesburg (R).
 *Brelsford, Erica (Mrs. E. Telfer), P.O. Box 8098, Belmont, Bulawayo, Rhodesia (R).
 *Burton, Jean (Mrs. C. Kyte), 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 La Plaisante, Wolsley, Cape (T).
 *Dowie-Dunn, Jean (Mrs. J. C. Botts), Box 362, Casablanca (U).
 *Downing, Gillian (Mrs. B. de Kock), Diocesan College, Rondebosch, Cape (T).
 *Dukes, Patricia (Mrs. M. Lusty), Pollards, Little Saling, near Braintree, England (S).
- *Elliott, Nanette (Mrs. D. Mills), 3 Manioca Avenue, Pinelands, Cape (S).
- *Faure, Christine (Mrs. G. Boucher), 7 Braemar Road, Cowies Hill, Nr. Durban (S).
 *Faed, Anne (Mrs. Foss), Box 4, Malkerus, Swaziland (U).
 *Forsyth, Jennifer (Mrs. B. D'A. Haslem), c/o Dartington College of Arts, Totnes, Devon, England (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, Keovil, 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), 6 Trent Place, Westville, Durban, Natal (S).
- *Kneen, Marion (Mrs. B. Marchand), 14 21st Street, Menlo Park, Pretoria (S).
- *Lockwood, Anita (Mrs. Hugh Gilmour), Annour, 6 Wrayshbury Close, Newlands, Cape (T).
- *McCall, Jean (Mrs. Carlsson), 12 Wendy Avenue, Craighall Park, Johannesburg (T).
 *McCarthy, Patricia (Mrs. Pat Norgarb), 11 Chadrien Place, West Street, Sandown, Johannesburg (S).
 *Mair, Ann (Mrs. Goyen Hart), 6 Banksia Avenue, Oriel, Bedford View, Transvaal (S).
 *Marshall, Dianne, 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), 740 Hopkins Avenue, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada (U).
- *Murray, Diana (Mrs. John Chalmers), 1 Mosta Road, St. Paul's Bay, Malta (S).
 *Murray, Grania (Mrs. Laws), 6 Berkeley House, Charlotte Street, Bristol, England (T).
 *Murray, Yolande (Married name not known) A.N.K. (U).
- *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 2159, Bulawayo, Rhodesia (T).
 *Ratcliffe, Jean (Mrs. A. Raubenheimer), Stellenberg Avenue, Kenilworth (U).
 *Reilly, Meriel (Mrs. P. du Toit), 20 Plettenberg Street, Welgemoed, Bellville, Cape (U).
 *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, Kenilworth, near Newport, Monmouthshire, England (S).
 *Rudland, Betty (Mrs. A. Casciati), 659 Homestead Avenue, Bryanston, Johannesburg, Transvaal (T).

- *Rudland, Jennifer (Mrs. C. Bickle), Dovenby Stud Farm, P.O. Box 154, Bulawayo, Rhodesia (R).
- *Russell, Claire, 21 Chepstow Villas, London, W.11, England (S).
- *Russell, Diana Hamilton- (Mrs. Paul Ekman), c/o 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), 29 Rednal Street, Monavale, N.S. Wales, Australia (S).
- *SCHUMER, INGRID (Mrs. Perlman), 16 Sandown Mews, Pine Avenue, Sandown, Johannesburg, Transvaal (R).
- *Simons, Margaret (Mrs. Barrie), 26 Howard Avenue, Glenwood, Durban, Natal (U).
- *Skea, Elaine (Mrs. Alan Curtis), P.O. Box 962, Salisbury, Rhodesia (T).
- *Sly, Susan (Mrs. Alec MacFarlane), Orchard Cottage, Henton, Nr. Chinner, Oxon., U.K. (T).
- *Spence, Rosalind (Mrs. Osmond), 18 Pensonby Terrace, London, S.W.1. (T).
- *Steens, Helen (Mrs. J. Livingstone), "Jabula", Lichfield Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape (U).
- *Stohle, Christine (Mrs. Hurst), 14 Croome Hill Grove, Greenwich, London, S.E.10, England (S).
- *Sumner, Lynette (Mrs. N. C. Watson), 14 Pineleigh, 18 Cape Rd., Port Elizabeth (S).
- *Thompson, Virginia, 3 Burford, The Cotswolds, Indian Road, Kenilworth, Cape (S).
- *Thurburn, Erica, Stroud, P.O. Trelawney, Rhodesia (U).
- *Townsend, Diana (Mrs. Yassukovich), 74 Oakwood Court, London, W.14 (T).
- *Versveld, Diana (Mrs. R. Raddon Reed), Norton Dingle, Constantia, Cape (T).
- *Wadman, Frances (Mrs. Richard Prior), 4 Moor Street, Kenilworth, Cape (U).
- *Warburton, Sheila (Mrs. East), c/o Amosens, P.O. Box 693, Tupoli, Libya (U).
- *White, Janet Thornton-, 2 Balfour Place, London, W.1. (T).
- *Wilson, Sylvia (Mrs. P. Sauermann), 9 Forest Road, George, Cape (U).
- *Windham, Elizabeth (Mrs. George Bakewell), 31 Hazel Road, Mandara, Salisbury, Rhodesia (R).
- *Woolford, Moira (Mrs. B. Crookes), Mt. Ashley, P.O. Box 14, Merrivale, Natal (S).

Group 4 (Circles V to Z)

- *Bain, Sally (Mrs. S. Linzell), 1384 Cambridge Road, Bryanston, Transvaal (X).
- *Baxter, Sally, Davlyn, Rhodes Drive, Constantia, Cape (Z).
- *Behnsen, Christa (Mrs. K. van Doorn), P.O. Box 229, Windhoek, S.W.A. (W).
- *Brimble, Jennifer (Mrs. Anthony Wynne), 21 Monte Vito, Rosmead Ave., Kenilworth, Cape (Z).
- Beresford, Gay, 6 Elvaston Place, London, S.W.7. (X).
- *CORDER, JUDY (Mrs. Peter Smuts), 63 Lancaster Avenue, Craighall Park, Johannesburg, Transvaal (W).
- *Corder, Tessie (Mrs. P. L. de la Harpe), 41 Buckingham Avenue, Craighall Park, Johannesburg, Transvaal (V).
- *Culley, Veronica, "Rippling Waters", Zeekoewiel, Cape (Z).
- *Diemont, Margaret (Mrs. De Villiers), c/o Bosheuvel, Bishopscourt Estate, Claremont, Cape (V).
- *Dowie-Duna, Rosemary (Mrs. Simon Dougherty), c/o The Red Cottage, Toloni Road, Kenilworth, Cape (Y).
- *Elliott, Suzanne (Mrs. Marc Wray), 140 East 56th St., New York City, N.Y., U.S.A. (X).
- *Ferguson, Pamela, 41 Lexham Gardens, London, W.8, England (Z).
- *Finch, Jose (Mrs. A. Luke), 25 Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1, England.
- *FISCHER, MARGUERITE, Top of Grace Road, Claremont, Cape (X).
- *Frith, Thelma (Mrs. Len Hallam), 12a Burnage, Musgrave Road, Durban, Natal (V).
- *Gill, Felicity (Mrs. Alan Corbin), 5 Stanhope Gardens, London, S.W.7, England (Y).
- Goble, Patricia (Mrs. Graham Howes), Paddyfields, Roderick Way, off Ladies Mile Ext., Constantia, Cape (Y).
- *Grenfell, Barbara (Bobby) (Mrs. J. Racliffe), 3 Auburn Road, Kenilworth, Cape (V).
- *Harris, Lorna, Constantia Rise, Constantia, Cape (Y).
- *Hawson, Pamela, P.O. Box 1190, Cape Town (Y).

- *Hennessy, Elizabeth (Mrs. L. Levitt), c/o 15 Edinburgh Drive, Claremont, Cape (X).
- *Helling, Rosemary, A.N.K. (Y).
- *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, Chociceland, Saskatchewan, Canada (Y).
- *Holmes, Elizabeth (Mrs. N. McCarthy), Glocca Morro, Coniston Way, Constantia (X).
- *Jeffrey, June (Mrs. F. Guerrini), Rosedale Farm, P.O. Durbanville, Cape (W).
- *Jordan, Angela, 43 Smits Road, Dunkeld, Johannesburg (V).
- *Kelly, Heather (Mrs. Wells), Ickwell Cottage, 28 Ickwell Green, near Biggleswade, Beds, England (Y).
- *Kipps, Anne (Mrs. M. Russell), 2 Upper Thistle Street, Newlands, Cape (W).
- *Kipps, Deborah (Mrs. T. R. Hennessy), Priory Park Mansions, Priory Park Road, Mowbray, Cape (W).
- *Lee, Bridget Buchanan-Knowlsey, Blair Road, Camps Bay, Cape (Z).
- *Lockwood, Gail (Mrs. B. Simon), 302 Canterbury Hall, Central Ave., Illovo, Johannesburg (X).
- *Lomas-Walker, Lindsay (Mrs. B. Oliver), Belombre Road, Bergvliet, Cape (Y).
- *Mannion, Paddy (Mrs. M. Diemont), A.N.K. (Y).
- *MacGregor, Susan, 7 Stafford Terrace, London, W.8, England (W).
- *McDonald, Louisa (Mrs. N. Groenewald), 8 Protea Road, Bergvliet, Cape (Z).
- *Maister, Belinda (Mrs. Paterson), Apple Lane, off Palmboom Road, Newlands, Cape (V).
- *Matthews, Diana (Mrs. J. Morkel), 202 Rosemark, Cavalcade Road, Green Point, Cape (X).
- *Mathais, Iona (Mrs. B. Duly), 2 Second Avenue, Westview, Gatooma, Rhodesia (X).
- *McGaffin, Diana, Powers Court, Central Avenue, Athol, Johannesburg (Y).
- *Nel, Barbara (Mrs. J. Cleave), 424 French Court, Menlo Park, California, U.S.A. (Y).
- *Nitolsawska, Janina (Mrs. J. Romocki), 15 St. Silvester, Apt. 12, Longueuil, Quebec, Canada (Y).
- *Noble, Fiona (Mrs. T. Redmond), 222 Cavendish Road, London, S.W.10., England (Z).
- *Norris, Kathleen, Hihopes, Westbury Court, Hedge End, Southampton, England (X).
- *Norton, Judy (Mrs. S. Olivier), Chateauf, Murray Road, Kenilworth, Cape (Y).
- *Parker, Lynn (Mrs. Don Rowand), The Sun House, 46a 7th Avenue, Parktown N., Johannesburg (Z).
- *Porter, Anne, Marlow, Kenmar Crescent, Claremont, Cape (Y).
- *Pyott, Sally (Mrs. K. Cilliers), 19, Sandown Mews, Pine Avenue, Sandown, Johannesburg, Transvaal (X).
- *Regnier, Jacqueline, Firgrove, 24 Burgemeesterstraat, Laethem, St. Martin, near Ghent, Belgium (X).
- *ROBB, ELIZABETH (Mrs. A. J. Ardington), Cranburn, Mandini, Zululand (Y).
- *Robb, Rosemary (Mrs. L. de Waal), Oak Lodge, off Newton Drive, Meadowridge, Lower Constantia, Cape (W).
- *Roberts, Elizabeth, 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. Pardon), 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, Cape (W).
- *Simpson, Hilary (Mrs. Chris Hansen), East Spain Street, Sonoma, California, U.S.A. (Z).
- *Small, Frances (Mrs. K. Bertish), 20 Heronwater, Clifton, Cape (X).
- *Syfret, Caroline (Mrs. R. Kingdon), 11 Weltevreden Avenue, Rondebosch, Cape (W).
- *Tyers, Brendalynne (Mrs. Eric Hoffman), "The Lodge", Dawlish Road, Plumstead Cape (Y).
- Ward, Philippa, 31 Mountain Road, Claremont, Cape (Z).
- *Wares, Lesley (Mrs. A. N. Burns), "Akkerdak", off Palmboom Road, Newlands, Cape (Z).
- *Waring, Felicity (Mrs. A. M. Wessenaar), P.O. Box 9859, Johannesburg (X).
- *Williams, Audrey (Mrs. G. Hoyle), 42 Thomas Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth (W).
- *Windham, Juliet (Mrs. Hackett), 34 Wimpole Street, London, W.1. (V).

Group 5 (Circles AA—EE)

- *Abbott, Lucinda, The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape (EE).
- *Alexander, Ann, Longacre, Midhurst Way, Constantia, Cape (CC).
- *Attwell, Anne Shenton, 27 Arendate School Road, 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), c/o "Transvalia", Harcourt Road, Claremont, Cape (AA).
- *Blackett, Miranda, 20 St. Joan's Road, Plumstead, Cape (AA).
- *Blackman, Linda, P.O. Box 1289, Cape Town (DD).
- *Bothner, Suzanne (Mrs. J. Beele), c/o 43 Eden Road, Claremont, Cape (CC).
- *Brauer, Lesley (Mrs. J. Houba), c/o "Trellis", Hout Bay Road, Constantia, Cape (AA).
- *Brown, Leslie, 3 Orchard Street, Newlands, Cape (DD).
- *Butters, Juliet (Mrs. Hugh Murray), 68 2nd Avenue, Inanda, Johannesburg, Transvaal (CC).
- *Cattell, Diana, Jevington, Brommersvlei Road, Constantia, Cape (DD).
- *Chiappini, Vivienne, Slave Ouard, Melbourne Road, Kenilworth, Cape (DD).
- *Clark, Georgina, Rock House, Hout Bay, Cape (BB).
- *Clayton, Susan, 25 Luyt Street, Hermanus, Cape (EE).
- *Cloete, Nicolette, c/o Alphen, Constantia, Cape (AA).
- *Cooper, Ann (Mrs. Sam), A.N.K. (CC).
- *Cowley, Anne (Mrs. C. Shonborn), 8 Majestic Mansions, Empire Road, Parktown, Johannesburg (BB).
- *Currie, Jayne, Pelindaba, Doerdrift Road, Constantia, Cape (EE).
- *Davis, Susan, 196 Main Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth (EE).
- *Dean, Josephine, 7 Valdora House, 31 Grove Avenue, Claremont, Cape (CC).
- *Depers, 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. Osler), Spier, Lyndoch, Cape (AA).
- *Doveton-Kay, Diana, Belford, Melbourne Road, Kenilworth, Cape (EE).
- *Dowie-Dunn, Elizabeth, The Red Cottage, Toleni Road, Kenilworth, Cape (EE).
- *Dyke-Poynter, Pam, Archie Street, off Robinson Road, Kenilworth, Cape (EE).
- Ellis, Lavinia (Married name not known), A.N.K. (AA).
- Emilie, Kathleen, 5 Gibson Road, Kenilworth, Cape (CC).
- *Faul, Alicia (Mrs. J. K. Wilkinson), 131 Second Avenue, Claremont, Cape (BB).
- *Fauville, Claire (Mrs. B. Amm), c/o Sillery Cellars, Sillery Avenue, Constantia, Cape (BB).
- *Finch, Rene, c/o Mrs. A. Luke, 25 Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1, England.
- *Garlick, Margaret, The Chilterns, Wynberg, Cape (EE).
- *Gilbert, Angela, The Linney, Carbrook Avenue, Claremont, Cape (EE).
- Gray, Marian, 20 Rue Portails, Aix-en-Provence, France (AA).
- *Hacking, Anne (Mrs. C. Richards), The Old Cellars, Durban Road, Wynberg, Cape (AA).
- *Hacking, Susan, Leeming, Alice Road, Claremont, Cape (BB).
- *Harris, Diana, 26 Groote Schuur Flats, Main Road, Rondebosch, Cape (CC).
- *Harris, Jean, Constantia Rise, Constantia, Cape (CC).
- *Harris, Marian, Constantia Rise, Constantia, Cape (DD).
- *Harris, Pamela, "Waverley", Primrose Avenue, Wynberg, Cape (CC).
- *Hawson, Christine (Mrs. Graham Godfrey), Tokai, Tweed Road, Westville, Durban, Natal (AA).
- *Henderson, Jean, P.O. Box 52, Grabouw, Cape (EE).
- *Henderson, Elspeth, Cranborne, Robinson Road, Kenilworth, Cape (DD).
- *Hennessy, Moira, 15 Edinburgh Drive, Claremont, Cape (DD).
- *Henstra, Terry (Mrs. Van Eck), A.N.K. (AA).
- *Hugo, Diana, Rose Street, Newlands, Cape (EE).
- *Hunt, Susan, Ruytpleats, Hout Bay, Cape (CC).
- *Imray, Penelope, Cuckoo-Cloud, Lovers' Walk, Kenilworth, Cape (DD).
- *Jackson, Shona, Peach Lane, off Palmboom Road, Newlands, Cape (AA).
- *Jeffrey, Pat, Valley House, Brommersvlei Road, Constantia, Cape (BB).
- *Jesse, Marion, Coromandel, Klaassens Road, Wynberg (DD).

- *Kennedy, Susan (Mrs. H. J. Mahlmann), c/o Highbury Cottage, Sidmouth Avenue, Claremont, Cape (CC).
- *Landsberg, Astrid, Tatton, Jonkershoek, Stellenbosch, Cape (DD).
- *Lea, Karin, Matapuna, Pinewood Road, Newlands, Cape (EE).
- *Leith, Elizabeth, Touraine, Constantia, Cape (AA).
- Liebermann, Susan, Morgenson, off Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, Cape (DD).
- *Lomborg, Gail, Haughton Thorn, Constantia, Cape (EE).
- *Mackenzie, Rose (Mrs. D. Heathcote Farrant), 1a Sandown Mews, Pine Avenue, Sandown, Johannesburg (BB).
- *McAuley, Moira, Quarry Croft, Swanmore Road, Rondebosch, Cape (CC).
- *Marnia, Vanessa, Bersteling, Brommerivlei Road, Constantia, Cape (DD).
- *Minty, Dawn, Camelon, Forest Avenue, Claremont, Cape (CC).
- *Morrison, Rohanne, 4 Edward Street, Waterkloof, Pretoria, Transvaal (AA).
- Mortimer, Gail, 97 Argyle Avenue, Hurlingham, Johannesburg, Tvl. (EE).
- *Murray, Pamela (Mrs. M. Balchin), The Glebe House, 40 St. John's Road, Redruster, Bristol 2, England (AA).
- *Noakes, Amanda, Serenite, Swanswyk Road, Tokai, Cape (BB).
- *Ovenstone, Diana (Mrs. C. Venn), c/o Stellenberg, Stellenberg Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (AA).
- *Payne, Allison, 4 Bishopscourt Road, Claremont, Cape (EE).
- *Payne, Carol, 4 Bishopscourt Road, Claremont, Cape (DD).
- *Perse, Melissa, corner Ascot and Gibson Roads, Kenilworth, Cape (DD).
- *Philip, Jill (Mrs. P. Eckstein), 13 Keurboom Road, Newlands, Cape (CC).
- Phillips, Carol (Mrs. E. Steen-Nielsen), c/o Brownlow, Montrose Avenue, Claremont, Cape (CC).
- *Pickering, Rosemary, Marlow, Dunkeld Avenue, Bishopscourt, 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, Cape (DD).
- Rowe, Elizabeth, Cavenwood, Lock Road, Kalk Bay, Cape (CC).
- *Reid, Grace (Mrs. F. Maritz), "Beulah", Highway, Fish Hoek, Cape (BB).
- *Rhodes, Jennifer, Cranborne, Robinson Road, Kenilworth, Cape (DD).
- *Richardson, Jennifer, The Old Brewery, Newlands Avenue, Newlands, Cape (EE).
- Riley, Susan, 33 Newlands Road, Claremont, Cape (BB).
- Riley, Katherine, 33 Newlands Road, Claremont, Cape (DD).
- *Robb, Susan, Silverhurst, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape (AA).
- *Robb, Helen, Silverhurst, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape (DD).
- Sampson, Marion, Kitnoeks, Camnor Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (DD).
- Seymour, Diana (Mrs. C. Hodge), c/o 18 Great Kimble, Newlands, Cape (CC).
- *Shawzin, Karin, Huis-in-hos, Klein Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape (CC).
- *Silberbauer, Ann (Mrs. P. Albertyn), Zeekoovlei, Bredandorp, Cape (DD).
- *Small, Jean, 1 Hillwood Road, Kenilworth, Cape (DD).
- *Smith, Fleur, 40 Kenilworth Road, Coventry, Warwickshire, England (BB).
- *Smith, Joanna, 40 Kenilworth Road, Coventry, Warwickshire, England (BB).
- *Steens, Anne (Mrs. Jack Snyders), 3 Devon Close, Rouwkoop Avenue, Rondebosch, Cape (AA).
- *Stephens, Jasmine (Mrs. S. Turnbull), c/o Mrs. P. Stephens, B-41 Bergendal, Kenilworth, Cape (CC).
- *Stuttaford, Melanie, Corran, Torquay Avenue, Claremont, Cape (DD).
- *Swabey, Bridget, Plough Hill, Hermina Avenue, Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, Cape (CC).
- *Thal, Philippa (Mrs. Watson), P.O. Box 59, Constantia, Cape (BB).
- *Thal, Jennifer, P.O. Box 59, Constantia, Cape (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 (Mrs. A. Clarke), 4 Linaria Road, Hermanus, Cape (DD).
- *Van Kalker, Barbara (Mrs. Karl Rogl), 305 Oakdale, Main Road, Plumstead, Cape (BB).
- *Versfeld, Annette, Norton Dingle, Belle Ombre Drive, Constantia, Cape (CC).
- *Vertue, Marion (Mrs. C. Bennett), c/o Woodbine, Princess Avenue, Newlands, Cape (BB).

- *Waring, Amanda, 18 Uitvlugt, Pinelands, Cape (DD).
- *Watson, Claire, The Pines, Courtral, Zuider Paarl, Cape (DD).
- *Walker, Heather, P.O. Box 26, Vryburg, Cape (AA).
- *Welsh, Anne, c/o Helena Club, 82 Lancaster Gate, London, W.2. (CC).
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- *White, Denise (Mrs. Bonner), 265D Forest Hill, Mowbray, Cape (BB).
- *Whitehead, Wendy, 8 Rover Road, Rondebosch, Cape (DD).
- *Williams, Judy, Bungalow, Main Road, Voelklip, Hermanus, Cape (AA).
- *Williams, Suzanne, Russet, Rowan Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (DD).
- *Wood, Carolyn (Mrs. G. J. van Zyl), 4 Swansea Street, Newlands, Cape (CC).

Group 6 (Circle FF—GG)

- *Baigrie, Gillian, Mountain Eyrie, 3 Mount Pleasant Road, Rondebosch, Cape (GG).
- *Bartley, Carol, Bonny Rigg, Strawberry Hill, Constantia, Cape (FF).
- *Bennett, Jane, 28 St. Andrews Road, Newlands, Cape (FF).
- *Baumann, Melanie, "Voelgessing", Glen Avenue, Oranjezicht, Cape (FF).
- *Bradley, Patricia, Tadhil, Ventnor Road, Kenilworth, Cape (GG).
- *Cronwright, Victoria, Exeter Lodge, Exeter Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape (FF).
- *Culley, Bryony, Hipping Waters, Peninsula Road, Zeekovlei, Cape (FF).
- *De Wet, Jeanne, Zandvliet, Ashton, Cape Province (GG).
- *Dicey, Jean, P.O. Orchard, Cape Province (GG).
- *Droomer, Kathrin, c/o Droomer's Garage, Paarl, Cape (FF).
- *Ellis, Beverley, Talkoo, 46 Ringwood Drive, Pinelands, Cape (FF).
- *Emalle, Jennifer, Chilbolton, Hillwood Road, Claremont, Cape (GG).
- *Fowkes, Rosemary-Anne, Willows, Braeside Road, Kenilworth, Cape (FF).
- *Galbraith, Virginia, 84-01, Main Street, Briarwood, New York, U.S.A. (GG).
- *Gant, Janet, Laurensford, Somerset West, Cape (FF).
- *Gow, Alison, 301 Ashbourne, Main Road, Kenilworth, Cape (FF).
- *Harris, Lynn, Whispering Trees, 29 Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape (GG).
- *Henderson, Helen, Arieskraal, P.O. Box 52, Grabouw, Cape (GG).
- *Howell, Sandra, Dennebos Farm, Private Bag, Elgin, Cape (FF).
- *Jenner, Shirley, 26 Stanford Road, Rondebosch, Cape (FF).
- *Kinlay, Gail, Kylesmore, Aberdeen Road, Newlands, Cape (FF).
- *Mackenzie, Elspeth, Orgill House, 30 Hume Road, Dunkeld, Johannesburg, Transvaal (GG).
- *Mackenzie, Derrows, 18 Bishopscourt Road, Claremont, Cape (FF).
- *Marria, Angela, 239 Main Road, Three Anchor Bay, Cape Town (GG).
- *Mann, Jackie, 9 Ravenswood Avenue, Birdhaven, Johannesburg, Transvaal (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, Cape (FF).
- *Ovenstone, Rosalind, Villa Berg, Exeter Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape (GG).
- *Pearcy, Pamela, Rosyth, Highwick Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (FF).
- *Ross, Jeanette, 201 Newport Road, Cardiff, Wales (GG).
- *Schipper, Joan, Maelstede, off Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, Cape (FF).
- *Simpson, Elizabeth, c/o Chubb & Sons Lock & Safe Co. (S.A.) (Pty.) Ltd., P.O. Box 5038, Johannesburg, Transvaal (GG).
- *Simpson, Susan, Penatton, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape (GG).
- *Spencer, Diana, 806 Henley Manor, Beach Road, Mouille Point, Cape (FF).
- *Strong, Sandra, 1 Van Courtland Park, Devonshire Hill Road, Rondebosch, Cape (FF).
- *Taylor, Rosemary, Dilton, 6 Cuminor Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (GG).
- *Townsend, Linda, P.O. Box 1125, Salisbury, Rhodesia (GG).
- *Trevor-Jones, Elizabeth, University House, Rhodes Avenue, Mowbray, Cape (GG).
- *Vaughan, Carlotta Bowman, 16 Bangay Court, Main Road, Wynberg, Cape (GG).
- *Wale, Cheryl, Cherry Hill, Primrose Avenue, Wynberg, Cape (GG).
- *Waring, Joan, 18 Uitvlugt, Pinelands, Cape (FF).
- *Wells, Michele, 120 Campground Road, Rondebosch, Cape (FF).

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