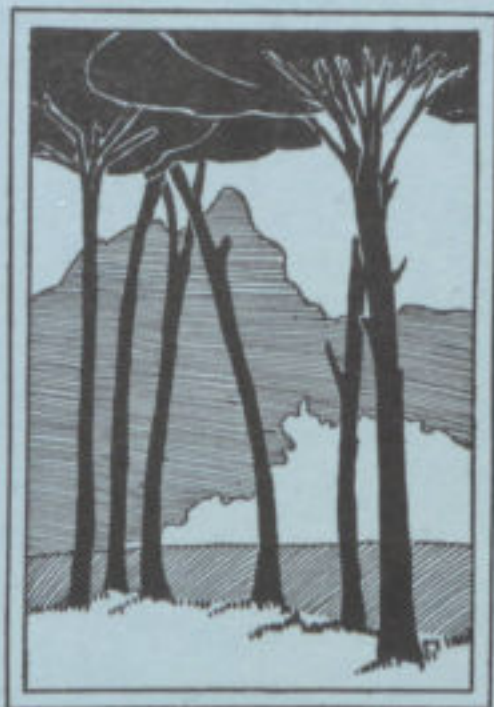


48(9)

The
HERSCHELIAN



No. 48

1973

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THE HERSCHELIAN

No. 48

DECEMBER, 1973

FOREWORD

By comparison with the first term of last year, our Jubilee year, the first term of 1973 started quietly. It gathered momentum, however, as the summer games held away and the many school activities began to fill the school days. M.I.X. held regular meetings, and the Sociological Club provided interesting speakers and films each Wednesday afternoon. These speakers came from many parts of the world and their interests covered a wide range of subjects. The films, too, though of an educational nature, varied greatly in content and theme. The choir took part in a service broadcast from St. Saviour's, and in the presentation of "The Pirates of Penzance" at Bishops. The Inter-House tennis was won by Jagger, with Rolt second and Merriman third. The Inter-House Swimming produced the same result, and the results of the Diving were: Jagger first, Merriman second, Rolt third.

Mrs Kowen left us at the end of the First Term, after two and a quarter years at Herschel. We thank her for her vivid, interesting and thoroughly competent work, and wish her, her husband and baby daughter every happiness in their new home. We all miss her lively presence.

This year the very enjoyable Matriculation Dance took place early in the Second Term. As always, the girls had decorated the Hall most beautifully, and the staff and the girls and their partners greatly enjoyed the delicious supper provided for everyone. The theme was "Tahiti", and the walls were covered with paintings of Pacific islands or large Gauguin-esque figures. Even at supper, the theme was continued in the main dish of chicken and pineapple.

There were debates at school and at S.A.C.B. and the choir sang at weddings as far afield as Elgin and Stellenbosch, and appeared during the lunch hour at the Nico Malan Theatre. Two of our girls were chosen to play hockey for the Western Province, and Rolt won the Inter-House Hockey, with Jagger second and Merriman third. Merriman won the Inter-House Netball, with Jagger second and Rolt third.

In the Music and Drama Evening, the main event was a "workshop" presentation of "A Narrow Squeak for Humpelberg" in which Std. VI played the major parts. For the first time, too, art entries from the girls were on display.

An innovation in the Third Term was the Centres of Interest Competition. This competi-

tion was suggested by the S.A. Council for English Education, and the girls were given the theme of "The Desert", which they illustrated with extracts from English Literature, in both poetry and prose. Herschel won the competition. The Inter-House Speech Evening was won by Jagger, with Merriman second and Rolt third. The speeches varied in type: some were prepared and some were impromptu.

The girls also brought home the Hockey cup this term, after defeating Rustenburg. The staff are therefore to be congratulated on defeating the girls in an exciting end-of-term match! The fathers and mothers also challenged the First and Second Hockey Teams. The mothers looked very charming in their maids' uniforms, and were compassionately escorted from the field by their daughters.

A very delightful and successful evening of Music and Drama concluded the term. The items presented included a set of charming English songs by the choir, piano solos, an amusing one-act play and a clever song which brought the house down. One of the girls played her own piano and violin compositions. Once again, a display of the girls' art brightened the wall of the hall.

At the end of the Third Term Mrs Stracey said good-bye to us all. She came to Herschel in January, 1970, as Biology Mistress, and immediately became very much part of Herschel, taking a great interest not only in her own special work, but attending all functions and supporting the girls at all their matches with unflagging enthusiasm. As an outstanding Biology mistress, she brought to the teaching of her subject not only her own vital interest but also a very wide, accurate and detailed knowledge of it. We wish her every happiness in the new house that she is soon to occupy at Durbanville, and we hope that she will visit us when she can.

On the first Saturday afternoon of the Fourth Term, the Inter-House Music Competition was held. Each House produced two very competent choirs, and conducted them themselves. The competition was won by Rolt, with Merriman second and Jagger third.

The summer games have replaced the winter ones, and there is a long programme of games events ahead. There is also a heavy programme of work ahead, for the examinations loom before us. These will be followed by Prize-Giving and our lovely Carol Service, which is a moving and fitting conclusion to our school year.

SPEECH DAY

PRIZE-GIVING, 4th DECEMBER, 1972

Guest Speaker: Mrs Joan Kantey.

Mrs Kantey is known to all the girls as she had given them a talk on Pollution, and she is known to the rest of the audience as a public figure and a fighter for many causes.

Mrs Kantey said that, in listening to Dr Silberbauer's address, she realised how privileged Herschel girls are, and she thought at once that privilege brings with it great responsibility. Therefore she intended to present the girls with two opposing ideas: tolerance and prejudice.

In the course of her life she had met prejudice, and had come to realise that it diminishes the person who indulges in it as well as the recipient. She firstly really encountered intolerance and prejudice when people who had thought her of English descent found that she had so many Afrikaans-speaking relations. They seemed almost to consider her a rene-

gade!

She had been christened in the Dutch Reformed Church and then her family had moved to a remote area of the Transvaal where the community was not only English-speaking but almost more English than the English. As a result, her family was completely at home in both official languages.

It is a fine thing to be proud of one's origins, but one must also allow others to show pride in their own race and traditions. She felt that she could speak from experience since, born into an Afrikaans family, she had been confirmed in the English Church, had married a Jew, and had three Jewish sons. She told the girls that name-calling, putting people into categories, and even ethnic jokes can be hurtful, and suggested that their response to privilege should be to show tolerance towards all races at all times.

DR SILBERBAUER'S REPORT

Mrs Lello, Your Grace, Ladies and Gentlemen,

On behalf of Herschel I welcome you here this afternoon.

For the past two years I have given, in my report, the factual aspects of the year's achievements and activities at Herschel. Once again, it gives me great pleasure to present this chronicle of events to you, interspersed this time with some of my own ideas on education.

1972 Matriculation Examination and Academic Achievements

The 1972 Matriculation results were good, for out of the 21 girls writing the J.M.B. examinations, one third of the class were placed in the first class. Hilary Brown obtained distinctions in English, Physical Science and Latin, and Hannell Muller, our first candidate to write both English Higher and Afrikaans Higher, also achieved a distinction in Latin.

Literary contributions this year have been considerable and an essay entered for the Navy League Competition by Gail Anderson was highly commended, while a literary contribution by Gwen Makepeace was published in the 1973 edition of "English Alive".

Last term four Standard 8's, Elizabeth Hartnell-Beavis, Terry Lloyd-Roberts, Camilla White and Barbara van Alphen Stahl, entered an Inter-schools' Centres of Interest Competition organised by the S.A. Council of English Education and were awarded first place. They gave their own rendering of "Deserts" in words, mime and music!

In the Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers' examinations seven entrants gained honours (over 85%) and 12 pupils attained merit awards—there were no failures.

In the examinations of the Associated Board of Royal Schools of Music, nine girls passed, eleven received Merit awards and five girls gained Distinctions. Those girls who entered the English and Afrikaans Eisteddfods this year were most successful in both the piano and vocal sections.

We were delighted with the results of our Royal Association School's Ballet examinations. Of the six candidates who entered, all were commended.

Twenty-five candidates passed the Lower Taalbond examination last year and twenty seven passed the Higher Taalbond—of these four were placed in the higher grade.

All these extra-mural examinations require additional effort from both girls and the Staff over and above their normal curricula and I do congratulate all those in these departments for their enthusiasm and hard work.

This year we welcomed back Fiona Baigrie (Rotary scholar) and more recently Mary Foot (A.F.S.) from the States and were convinced by what they had to tell us that both the Rotary and American Field Service Scholarships are indeed well worth striving for. Eight girls have applied this year for American Field Service Scholarships and we have yet to hear who have been selected. We heard earlier this year that Fiona McLachlan has been awarded a Rotary Scholarship which will take her next year to Salt Lake City. Our very best wishes to you, Fiona. As Head Girl you have given of yourself unstintingly to Herschel this year and you richly deserve this award.

We are deeply concerned with the implementation of Differentiated Education in Stand-

ard 8 next January. In this respect we have had little direction in regard to subject syllabuses from the Joint Matriculation Board, which has not eased our task.

At the moment, for University entrance, a pupil must pass in both official languages (one at least in the higher grade). Two other subjects should also be offered on the higher grade and most South African Universities have notified us that they also have their own standards for acceptance into certain faculties.

It is thus vitally important for a pupil to choose her six or seven matriculation subjects with care, making certain that they fall into her own range of ability and will be of use to her in her chosen career.

We have all at some time or another observed a girl at work at something she is intensely interested in doing. Absorption is complete and time seems to stand still for her. She does not hear voices calling and meal times are forgotten. If elsewhere in the house one may wonder what she is up to, though one need not assume that she is up to no good—as Lord Montgomery quotes in his autobiography, whenever he was quiet his mother would say to the nanny “Find out what Bernard’s doing and tell him to stop it”.

Contrast this with the way so many tackle their homework. The first five minutes is spent in deciding what to do first. Then a start is possibly made but in a very short time the pencil has to be sharpened or the radio turned up. The books are rearranged on the table and a few more lines are done. Then some doubt as to what has been set arises, necessitating a rapid phone call to a friend in the same class. The piece of information takes one minute to be given, but the phone call takes ten minutes. A little more work and exhaustion sets in, which necessitates a five minute break extended to ten or more because it’s coffee time—and so it goes on. The difference between the two cases is one of intent and motivation.

Now the matriculation examination which appears as a wisp of a cloud on the horizon in Standard 8, but looms overhead as a thundercloud when going through Standard 10, is partly responsible for this. Matriculation is probably the most difficult examination one has to take, as out of six or seven subjects there must be two or three which the pupil cannot raise much enthusiasm for. I am speaking of course for the average girl and not the born scholar. At the University one normally selects disciplines one is interested in and concentration is much easier. As not all examination candidates at school intend to go to a place of higher learning when they leave, much of the work may seem to them to have no future use and there is a further absence of motivation other than a desire to be successful in the examination. It is hardly to be expected that a person of school going age realises that everything learnt is of value and that furthermore throughout their lives

after school they will be called on to work at things which bore them or are difficult. The earlier they face up to this and overcome it the better.

The last twenty years have seen great advances to study in the way of interesting educational films, language laboratories and so on, but valuable as they are, particularly in specific cases, progress is still dependent on the personal effort of the pupil. The young find concentration difficult and it is an effort and an unfamiliar and painful effort at that. But it is something that must be learnt by the later stages of a pupil’s school career and if possible before.

With this fact in mind, Mrs Brown, Senior Mistress at the Prep., and our Remedial Teacher, Mrs Gillham, are striving to ensure that not only does the gifted pupil receive her due meed of attention, but the “under-achievers” too are being given special help. We aim to find and correct as far as possible all learning difficulties at the pre-school level. At the same time we aim to make certain that every pupil learns to “concentrate in order to learn”, thus laying as early as possible the firmest foundation for sound learning.

I thank Mrs Muller, our Vice-Principal and the academic Staff at the Senior School most sincerely for their hard work and enthusiastic teaching this year. Not only have they made their lessons interesting and informative but they have encouraged discussion and a critical attitude towards all learning. During school hours there is an air of quiet industry emanating from the class-room block and some good fun too, judging from the bursts of genuine laughter which I hear from time to time in my study.

In the Office, Mrs Dorothy Smith and Mrs Elizabeth Taylor have worked with tireless energy, while in the Boarding Houses Mrs Bond-Smith and Mrs Johnson have been a tower of strength and have done much to make the boarders’ lot a happy one. Miss Way too has organised the meals at both the schools most efficiently. Her task is not an easy one in these days of spiralling food costs.

Numbers for 1974

These are anticipated as follows:

Senior School	227
Preparatory School	151
Sub A & Sub B	68
The Hill Nursery School	84
	530

There are no vacancies in the Nursery School, nor in several classes at both the Preparatory and Senior Schools, while both Boarding Houses are full. The numbers for 1974 show an overall increase of approximately thirty pupils over our enrolment for 1973.

How big is Herschel to be? We are limited by space in this respect, but we also realise that Herschel should remain a small school to

Seventeen.



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Principal :

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Exclusively for Girls

retain its individuality. We aim to have two streams of ± 24 in each standard throughout the School. This has already been achieved in the Senior School and some Prep. classes are fast reaching saturation point. It would seem, therefore, that continuity in numbers is ensured for 1974 and the following years.

Sport

When we welcomed Miss Kable to our Staff at the beginning of the year I don't think we realised just how she would revolutionise and raise the standard of our sport as well as our School and House spirit. Not only has she transferred her enthusiasm and vitality to the girls, but she has restored gymnastics to its rightful place in the school curriculum and has re-started netball as an alternative winter sport to hockey and squash.

New apparatus has been acquired and an interesting display of new gymnastics was given one evening last term by girls of the Gym Club.

Alex Adams has been a most enthusiastic Captain of swimming and a strong team spirit was reflected at the Inter-schools' Swimming Gala when Herschel won the senior section and the junior diving. At the Inter-schools' Hockey tournament the first team, captained by Margie Minogue, reached the finals and managed to pull off an exciting 1:0 win against Rustenburg. This season Margie Minogue and Margot McLachlan were selected to play for the Western Province Schools' hockey team.

Our tennis and netball is improving and our squash team, coached by Jill Eckstein, was placed second in an exciting Inter-schools' tournament. Susan Batho and Margot McLachlan were selected for special coaching.

This year the Herschel Judo team brought back the unusual trophy which was presented for Inter-schools' competition by our coach, Mr Butcher. We now have five Western Province Judo champions at Herschel!

Table tennis has become most popular and we are delighted with our match size table presented by Mrs Neville Louw and her helpers, bought from the profits of the Second Hand Shop.

Extra Mural Activities

The societies continue to flourish and two new ones have been started this year—a Mountain Club and a Historical Society, the latter ably organised by Mrs Stockwell.

The Music, Art and Drama Club has presented some delightful evenings of entertainment under the guidance of Mrs Saffery, Mrs Popham-Smith, Miss Brown and their Committee.

The Sociological Club organised by Mrs McCormick continues to provide interesting speakers on a variety of subjects on Wednesday afternoons. This time is also used for English or Afrikaans debates or for Forum and Panel

discussions—a very interesting meeting was held a few weeks ago when girls discussed the situation in the Middle East.

The Social Responsibility Club continues to be supported by many senior school pupils and a successful evening of entertainment was given for the Woodstock Seniors last term. During the last week of this term the girls gave a concert at St. George's Orphanage.

Apart from debates with many local schools, we have tried to maintain social contact with our brother school in many ways. Girls in the Choir were invited to take part in the "Pirates of Penzance", produced by School House at Bishops. Some girls were invited to attend a meeting of the Foreign Affairs Society there, and members of their Friday night club came to Herschel for a Beetle drive and M.I.X. meeting, while on yet another occasion the Bishops Magic Circle entertained an enthusiastic audience in our main hall.

Chapel

The Chapel continues to be the heart of the school and many chapel and communion services have been held here during the year. Great pride is taken in its appearance by the Committee. Reverend Eve, our Chaplain, takes our Communion and Sunday services and we appreciate the personal interest he takes in all that we do. The M.I.X. Society has been active this year and bible studies have been held in the Chapel and lunch-hour speakers and films have been organised.

Choir

Miss Sweet and Mrs Dowdie, our accompanist, work tirelessly to maintain the high standard of singing that is now expected of our Choir. Two lunch-hour concerts were given at the Nico Malan Theatre this year and the Choir have sung at the Here XVII Club, for the Nine Club, and at innumerable weddings. Last Friday they recorded carols for an Xmas broadcast and we look forward to hearing them sing this evening at our annual Carol Service at St. Saviour's. This service always so beautifully and suitably concludes our school year.

Inter-house Competitions

Each year we have an Inter-house Magazine competition and this year a most successful Inter-house Music competition was held which revealed much musical talent. We congratulate Rolt on winning this competition—their choir coached by Fiona McLachlan sang well and were a credit to her.

The three heads of Houses, Alex Adams (Jagger) and Head of the Boarding House, Lynn Brailey (Merriman) and Fiona McLachlan (Rolt) and Head of the School, are to be commended for their loyalty and sound leadership throughout the year. They have been ably supported by a strong band of prefects and the Matric class has been a united one.

Building Projects and Capital Development

This year Herschel received two bequests of R10 000 each. One was designated to be used for "the improvement of English communication and for Music, especially choral singing". Miss Sweet now has a carpeted and curtained music room large enough to take two grand pianos, approximately 40 chairs and other necessary musical equipment. Miss Sweet and her Music Staff hope to hold musical "noirées" for small groups of girls and parents.

Some of the money from this bequest has been used to purchase new books for our Library which has been completely re-organised and improved by Mrs Cohen, our Librarian.

Our second bequest we hope to put into bricks and mortar and in the New Year we are building five much needed new classrooms at the Preparatory School.

Next February the parents are organising a morning Fête, the proceeds of which they have decided to give towards the establishment of an audio visual room filled with the latest teaching and language aids. Towards this project Herschel has been offered the proceeds of a premiere of Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet" presented by Carousel Productions at the Hofmeyr Theatre—we do hope that many of you will come to this on January 30th.

Minor projects this year have included painting the outside of the Senior School and Preparatory establishments and maintenance work at both the Preparatory and Senior Schools, and the reorganisation of the gardens at both Schools. All those who know and love Herschel will be aware of the removal of a fair number of oak trees because of their age and moribund condition—they have been replaced by plane trees and pin-oaks, which are growing well.

This year has been a successful one with a considerable variety of activity. I have omitted much that has been achieved but what I must not omit is recognition of the interest shown by the General Purposes Committee and the School Council, who watch over the interests of Herschel. May I say, your Grace, how much we have appreciated your able Chairmanship of the School Council for so many years. Your presence shall indeed be missed when you retire in March.

In the wake of our Jubilee Celebrations last year a community spirit has developed at Herschel which is encouraging all connected with the School to achieve better and greater things.

Ad Dei Gloriam,

Ladies and gentlemen,

I thank you.

FOUNDER'S DAY, 1973

The address was given by the Rev. Ian Eve. He told us about two people he had known. The first was a young man, who, at school, had been good at games, and who had excelled at rugby and boxing. But also possessed an excellent brain, and afterwards became a first-class doctor. Yet, after practising for a couple of years, he took himself off to a mission in a remote and undeveloped area, and when he was not busy in the hospital wards, he drove a truck along rutted, rough roads, or, when that was impossible, he rode on horseback. To help them, he even taught the Africans to build. Then he cracked up. He had driven himself too hard, and he had to leave the mission. But within a couple of years he was back at the mission and leading his life of constant service to others once more.

The second person that the Rev. Ian Eve told us about was a young woman who had been happily married for a few years when she was struck down by illness. She was often in great pain, but she was always cheerful and uncomplaining, and it was a tonic to visit her. She wrote many letters to those who were ill or in trouble, to cheer and encourage them. She also prayed daily for those who could not pray for themselves. In this way she sought to serve others until her death a few years later.

These two people were different in many ways, but in one way they were the same: they used all their strength to the glory of God in serving others, one actively in a truck, on horseback, in a hospital, the other from a bed of sickness. Both cared for and served humanity as best they could.

The Rev. Mr Eve reminded the girls that they must think of their plans for the future, when they would leave school behind them. Each must ask herself what her future implied. Was there an "I" in the centre of the plans: the desire to work for the sake of a fat salary; to go to university to qualify for a well-paid job; or to marry a rich man because he could give them a luxurious home with a swimming-pool and a tennis court?

Someone has pointed out that a cross is an "I" crossed out. Christ crossed out the "I" in his life. The Rev. Mr Eve challenged the girls to follow his example. The world needs people with skill, scientific, medical, commercial, and educational, to dedicate themselves to others without reserve. There was, he said, not one girl who did not have a great deal to offer if she wanted to.

When he thought of Herschel, he said he involuntarily remembered services he gave to the African labourers on a farm. They sat in the sand under a tree and listened with rapt

attention. He watched an African drawing letters in the sand, teaching others to read. In the mission school there were sixty children crowded into a small room where one wall was dangerously cracked. He put the teacher at that end and the children at the other!

Then he remembered Herschel again, with its pleasant surroundings and fine buildings. There great care was taken of all the children, so that they could form fine characters and have opportunities of high academic achievements. Each child should ask herself "Can I take all this privilege just for my own selfish ends?" The girls should use their opportunities and themselves to help others. Children are inclined to try to grab what they want in the materialistic world of to-day. The hope of the world lies in this coming generation, and Herschelians must go out to help and rectify.

Christ said, "I am among you as one who serves." The school motto emphasises service to the glory of God. The doctor and the sick woman gave their lives to the glory of God in the service of others, and as we give thanks for our Founders, we should do so, not only with our lips but with our hearts, so that, like them, we may serve our generation.

NEW STAFF

Senior: Miss Brown; Mrs Carter; Mrs Cohen; Mrs Davey; Mrs Gillham; Miss Grieve; Mrs Heynika; Miss Kable; Mrs Mallet; Mrs Mustart; Mrs Stain; Mrs Stockwell.

Preparatory: Mrs Bray; Miss Elmes; Miss Helm; Mrs Kottler; Mrs Moser.

Senior House Staff: Miss Anderson; Mrs Arton; Mrs Kingston.

Preparatory House Staff: Mrs Davis.

Office: Mrs Neaves; Mrs Paice.

STAFF WHO HAVE LEFT

Senior: Miss Currie; Mrs Davey; Mrs Durnell; Mrs Jocheim; Mrs Kowen; Mrs Newton; Miss Scorey; Mrs Stracey; Mrs Whitehead.

Preparatory: Miss Fransen; Miss Harsant; Mrs Winter.

Senior House Staff: Miss Anderson; Mrs Arton; Mrs Gordon-Lennox; Mrs Kingston.

Preparatory House Staff: Mrs O'Connor.

Office: Mrs Paice.

AVETE

Sub A: Susan Aronson, Jocelyn Barrett, Lisa Beer, Caroline Black, Wilhemina Bray, Elizabeth Carson, Christine Duncley, Tracy Friedman, Susan Gatt, Vanessa Green, Paula Hauptfleisch, Sonya Herman, Karen Hershon, Nicole Hoberman, Amelia Johnson, Jacqueline Joubert, Gina Lyne, Sheila Malone, Clodagh Mannion, Sandra Newton-Thompson, Felicity

Pelle, Colleen Pelt, Miranda Penny, Margaretha Plum, Juliet Postlethwaite, Kyra Pratt, Ilse Richter, Hildegard Schubert, Nicola Sevel, Catherine Shub, Jane Stokes, Louisa Squire, Dorothy Thornton, Anabel Villet.

Sub B: Fiona Ayerst, Elizabeth Baker, Genevieve Fairbrother, Jo-Ann Garner, Tracey Major, Veronica Reed.

Std. 1: Cheryl-Ann Hemingway, Louise Knight, Sandra Line, Paula Major, Janine Quibell, Helen Savage, Kristen Stevenson.

Std. 2: Ceridwen Davies, Mary Jooste, Helen O'Leary, Carole Roberts, Tracey Scott, Cecile van der Merwe.

Std. 3: Jennifer Gray.

Std. 4: Ruth Butters, Marjorie Filmer, Rhonda Johnstone, Patricia Line, Susan Peterson, Jane Pope.

Std. 5: Julianne Allsop, Catherine Baker, Susan Justice, Marilyn Knudsen, Fiona Lawson, Gabrielle Maastricht, Amanda Metcalfe.

Std. 6: Kathryn Ackerman, Dawn Beasley, Carolyn Beer, Jean Bergh, Victoria Farquhar, Alexandra Gant, Doune Hannay-Robertson, Susan Harris, Barbara Jearey, Belinda Lyne, Malva Marine, Rosemary Meynell, Lindsay Quibell, Amanda Rose, Jane Stubbs, Linda Swanepoel, Susan Ward-Able.

Std. 7: Jeanne Marie Franck, Susan Howes, Clare Harvey-Kelly, Debra Maastricht, Linda Mayer, Margaret Philpott, Mary-Anne Silingsby, Susan Watermeyer, Judith Wilson.

Std. 8: Gail Anderson, Susan Batho, Fiona Campbell-Ross, Hilary Day, Dawn Garisch, Fiona Naude, Miranda Peden, Jennifer Pentz, Helen Stubbings, Judith Swanepoel, Glynnis Underhill, Karen Wessels, Astrid Winberg.

Std. 9: Verity Bosman, Desiree Cathcart-James, Jean Napier, Isabel Smit.

Std. 10: Giselle Hardy, Ingrid Winberg.

VALETE

Std. 10: Susan Abrahamse, Shan Adams, Jocelyn Anstee, Dominique Blanckaert, Hilary Brown, Louisa Browne, Valerie Carter, Gail de Beer, Philippa Gough, Pamela Johnson, Fiona MacSymon, Marion Makepeace, Hannell Muller, Perdita Newman, Barbara Parry, Janet Pettigrew, Virginia Sleigh, Daphne Susman, Jocelyn Taylor, Janine Tompsett, Amanda Webb, Ling Weseman, Robin Wrentmore.

Others: Elizabeth Benjamin, Adrienne Bing, Erica Bult, Rosslyn Dean, Jacqueline Fitzner, Janet Fry, Elona Geldenhuys, Heather Gray, Janet Hansen, Nicole Hoberman, Catherine Hund, Amelia Johnson, Joy Johnson, Myra Maastricht, Sheila Malone, Clare Marshall, Anne Meesman, Helen Needham, Helen O'Leary, Phebe O'Neill, Annabel Penny, Miranda Penny, Louise Peter, Pamela Platt, Judith Sergel, Catherine Walker, Francesca Welbore-Ker, Jane Welbore-Ker.



PREFECTS

Back Row: Diane Longmore, Claire Dixon, Peta-Anne Brownlie, Marianne Du Toit, Margaret Minogue.

Centre Row: Georgina Thom, Kathleen Caradoc Davies, Mary Newell, Susan Cunningham, Christina Murray.

Seated: Lynne Brailey, Fiona McLachlan (Head Prefect), Dr. B. L. Silberbauer, Alex Adams, Sally Brimble.

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1973

Head of School: F. McLachlan.

Jagger: A. Adams (Head of House), G. Thom, M. du Toit, D. Longmore, C. Dixon.

Merriman: L. Brailey (Head of House), P. Brownlie, S. Brimble, M. Newell.

Roit: F. McLachlan (Head of House), M. Minogue, C. Murray, K. Caradoc-Davies, S. Cunningham.

Head of Boarding House: A. Adams.

Deputy Head of Boarding House: S. Brimble.

Boarding House Prefects: J. Hearn, L. Torr, Z. Reid.

SCHOLARSHIPS

One Scholarship for a girl entering the Senior School, and tenable for five years, was awarded by the Herschel Council this year for 1974 to Jane Coombe (Micklefield).

CONFIRMATIONS

On the 24th October, 1973, in St. Saviour's Church the following girls were confirmed by Bishop Wade:

Suzette Anderson, Susan Batho, Fiona Campbell Ross, Susan Dowdle, Nicola Fouche, Josephine Frater, Gillian Friedlander, Elizabeth Hope-Robertson, Juliet McGregor, Erica Prain, Lucy Walker, Judith Wilson.

CHARITY FUND

An amount of R285.00 was collected by the three Houses during the year, and the following charities have benefited from these collections:

Maitland Cottage Homes.

St. Mary's Mission.

Mannenberg Pre-School Centre.

Tanda Bantu Crèche.

Janet Bourhill Institute.
Nysanga Welfare Centre.
Nondzame Private Crèche.
Quaker Relief.
Jan Kriel School for Epileptics.
Cape Mental Health Society.
St. Giles Association.
National Cancer Association of South Africa.
S.A.N.T.A.
Peoples Dispensary for Sick Animals.

An amount of R550.00 was collected by the girls during the year towards the Peninsula School Feeding Scheme.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Bequests of R10 000 each have been received from the Molleno Trust and the late Mrs D. Austin.

R1 000 has been received from the anonymous donor who established a Bursary Fund last year.

R1 000 has been received from Mr and Mrs J. Mudge of Elgin.

Mr K. Anderson has donated a gas stove, 5 heaters and other kitchen equipment to the school.

Mrs D. Schulze has donated a record player and records for the Kindergarten Department.

Mrs A. Stracey donated a fish tank to the school and Mr D. Jooste trees and shrubs for the gardens.

Miss I. Way has donated altar rails for the chapel.

We are grateful to have received gifts of fresh fruit from parents.

Slide Projector from the 1972 Matriculation Class.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION RESULTS 1972

(M) by the name denotes exemption from Matriculation.

Class I:

- (M) S. Adams.
- (M) H. F. Brown (Distinctions in English, Latin, and Physical Science).
- (M) L. A. Browne.
- (M) P. J. Gough.
- (M) J. S. S. Muller (Distinction in Latin).
- (M) R. L. Parry.
- (M) V. L. Wesemann.

Class II:

- (M) E. J. Anstee.
- (M) V. P. Carter.
- (M) G. G. de Beer.
- (M) P. A. Johnson.
- (M) F. M. MacSymon.
- (M) M. R. Makepeace.
- (M) P. Newman.
- (M) J. M. Pettigrew.
- (M) D. Susan.
- (M) A. D. Webb.

Class III:

- (M) V. M. Sleigh.
- J. M. Taylor.
- (M) J. Tompsett.
- R. S. Wrentmore.

TAALBONDEKSAMEN, 1972

Hoër Afrikaanse Taaleksamen: Pass—27.
(40%—59%).

Laer Afrikaanse Taaleksamen: Pass—21.
(40%—59%).

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

Written Examinations:

November, 1972. Grade V: Gail Pettigrew, Clare Stuart-Findlay.

Practical Examinations:

Grade I: S. Binedell (Merit), J. Breen (Merit), P. Leighton-Davies (Distinction), C. Moll (Distinction), A. v.d. Merwe (Merit), J. v.d. Merwe.

Grade II: J. Anderson (Merit), S. Lloyd-Roberts (Merit), B. Longmore, A. Mathieson (Merit), A. Metcalfe (Distinction), S. Sparks.

Grade III: G. Browne, T. Cooper, S. Harris, A. Raath, R. Smith (Merit), M. van Rooyen (Merit).

Grade IV: P. Oliver.

Grade V: G. Anderson (Distinction), S. Ward-Able (Merit).

Grade VI: S. Anderson (Merit).

Grade VII: S. Dowdle (Merit), P. Harris.

THE GUILD OF SPEECH AND DRAMA TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS

Junior B: Jane Johnson (Honours).

Junior C: Alexandra Bonthron (Honours), Claire Grootendorst (Honours), Louise Muddock (Honours), Philippa Leighton-Davies (Merit), Susan Lloyd-Roberts (Merit), Abigail Mathieson (Merit), Susan Petterson (Merit), Karen Smith (Merit), Anina van der Merwe (Merit).

Junior D: Vivienne Vlasar (Honours), Georgina Frater (Merit), Siobhan Mannion (Merit), Shelley Mills (Pass), Jennifer Anderson (Pass).

Senior I: Irene Modlin (Merit), Lucy Walker (Merit), Stacey Smith-Chandler (Merit).

Senior II: Sharron Gird (Honours), Josephine Frater (Merit).

Senior III: Lindsay Loggie (Honours).

HOLIDAY READING AWARDS

Senior: Sharon Bosma.

Middle School: Elizabeth Hartnell-Beavis, Elizabeth Murray.

SONIA BECK AWARD

Mary Newell.

SCHOOL CHRONICLE

FIRST TERM

January

- 17—Term Begins, House Meetings.
- 20—Tennis vs. Springfield.
- 23—M.I.X. Meeting, Rev. P. Rayner.
- 24—Debating Society Meeting, Forum Discussions.
- 27—Tennis vs. St. Cyprian's, Pinelands, Sans Souci, Herzlia.
- 31—M.I.X. at 8 a.m.
Sociological Club, Mr Van Lichtenveld on Botswana, Swaziland and Lesotho.

February

- 3—Tennis vs. Rustenburg, Voortrekker High and Holy Cross.
- 4—Chapel—7.00 p.m. Broadcast Service at St. Saviour's (Choir).
- 5—"The Tempest" at Maynardville, 6.00 p.m.—9.00 p.m.
- 6—M.I.X. Meeting, 5.00 p.m. Miss Joyce Scott from Kenya.
- 7—Sociological Club, Suzanne Williams on her travels.
- 9—FOUNDER'S DAY, 9.00 a.m. Church Service at St. Saviour's.
EXEAT WEEKEND.
Gordon's Gala—Newlands, 7.00 p.m.
- 10—Tennis vs. Wynberg and Zwaanswyk.
- 14—Sociological Club, Mr Limpie Basson on "Theatre".
- 16—Gala vs. St. Cyprian's.
- 17—OLD GIRLS' DAY, Luncheon 12.30 p.m. Meeting 2.30 p.m.
Tennis vs. Bergvliet, Jan Van Riebeeck, Rustenburg.
- 19—Debate at Wynberg Boys' High.
- 20—M.I.X. Meeting, 5.00 p.m.
- 21—Sociological Club, 2.00 p.m.—3.00 p.m. Fiona Baigrie on her American year.
- 23—Holy Communion in School Chapel at 8.00 a.m.
Two Girls to Rotary Adventure into Leadership Course.
- 24—Tennis vs. Sans Souci, Good Hope, St. Cyprian's, Holy Cross.
- 25—Chapel—7.00 p.m.
- 28—Sociological Club, Tunstall Film on Tutankamen.

March

- 2—EXEAT WEEKEND.
- 3—Inter-Schools Tennis Under-15.
- 6—M.I.X. Meeting, Bernard Auditore and Johnny Webber.
- 7—Inter-House Tennis.
- 10—Inter-Schools Tennis Open.
- 14—M.I.X. at 8 a.m.
Sociological Club, 2.00 p.m.—3.00 p.m.
- 15—Inter-House Swimming Gala, 2.00 p.m.
Debate at Herschel vs. Bishops at 8 p.m.
- 16—EXEAT WEEKEND.

17—

- 21—Sociological Club, Mrs McCormick, Reading of French Stories.
- 23—Holy Communion in School Chapel at 8.00 a.m.
"Pirates of Penzance" at Bishops at 8.00 p.m.
- 24—Inter-Schools Swimming Gala.
Inter-Schools Show-Jumping.
"Pirates of Penzance" at Bishops at 8.00 p.m.
- 25—Choir at St. Saviour's Broadcast Service, Chapel—7.00 p.m.
- 28—M.I.X.—8 a.m.
Sociological Club.
- 30—Term Ends.

SECOND TERM

April

- 10—Term Begins.
- 11—House Meetings.
- 13—Choir to sing at funeral at St. Saviour's.
- 14—Hockey vs. Plumstead,
Matric Dance.
- 16—Second-Hand Shop.
- 18—Sociological Club—English Debate.
- 19—Easter Weekend.
- 24—Jaycee Debate at SACS, 7.30 p.m.
- 25—Sociological Club, Martin West—Film and talk on "Independent African Churches".
- 27—Holy Communion, 8.00 a.m.
Music, Art and Drama Evening, 7.45 p.m.
- 28—1st Team Hockey vs. Pinelands at Green Point, 8.30 a.m.
Choir to sing at wedding (1) at Elgin, (2) at Stellenbosch.

May

- 2—Sociological Club, "The Classical Guitar"—Julian Mudge.
- 5—1st Team Hockey vs. Rustenburg at Green Point, 8.30 a.m.
Choir to sing at wedding at St. Saviour's.
- 8—Parents to meet the Staff, 6.00 p.m.
- 9—Sociological Club, Matrics to Parliament, Std. 8: Reading, Std. 9: To the Argus.
- 12—1st Team Hockey vs. Fish Hook at Green Point, 9.30 a.m.
Scholarship Examinations.
- 16—Sociological Club, CAPAB Demonstration of Orchestra.
- 19—Hockey Trials for Western Province at Green Point, 8.30 a.m.
- 21—Science Examinations, 2—4.30 p.m.
- 22—Choir to sing at Nico Malan, 8.00 p.m.
- 23—Sociological Club, Art Film.
- 24—Maths Olympiad, 2—5 p.m.
- 26—Final Hockey Trials for Western Province at Green Point, 8.30 a.m.
- 28—Examinations begin.
- 30—Exeat Weekend, 1.00 p.m.
- 31—Ascension Day.

June

- 1—Public Holiday.
- 8—Holy Communion. 8.00 a.m.
M.I.X. Party.
- 11—Second-Hand Shop.
Rotary Careers Evening. 7.45 p.m.
- 13—TERM ENDS.

THIRD TERM

July

- 11—School opens. House Meetings.
- 14—Hockey vs. St. Mary's, Natal.
- 18—Sociological Club. Miss Brown—Slides on Impressionists.
- 21—Hockey vs. Wynberg.
- 25—Debate.

August

- 1—Matrics—Dramatised Readings from *Pride and Prejudice*. 2 p.m.
- 2—Social Responsibility Club to Woodstock Seniors' Club.
- 3—Holy Communion in Chapel. 8.00 a.m.
EXEAT WEEKEND.
- 4—Hockey vs. Springfield.
- 8—Sociological Club. Slides on Galapagos Islands. 2 p.m.
- 11—Hockey vs. Mothers and Fathers.
- 15—Sociological Club. Apollo Film. 2 p.m.
- 16—Choir to sing at Nico Malan Lunch Hour Concert.
- 17—Inter-House Speech Evening. Jagger, Merriman, Rolt.
- 18—Hockey vs. Old Girls.
- 21—Centre of Interest Competition. Stds. 7 and 8. 7.45 p.m. at Herschel.
- 22—Centre of Interest Competition. Finals. 7.45 p.m. Sans Souci.
- 24—Nursery School Ball and Banquet at Mount Nelson.
- 28—1st and 2nd Hockey vs. St. Andrew's.
- 29—Sociological Club. 2 p.m. Slides on the Gilbert Islands.
- 30—Great Barrier Reef at Three Arts.
Inter-House Squash. 3 p.m.
M.I.X. members to see film at Rustenburg. 7.45—9.30 p.m.
- 31—EXEAT WEEKEND.

September

- 1—Inter-Schools Hockey.
- 4—House Magazines to be in.
1st Hockey XI vs. Voortrekker 1st XI.
- 5—Sociological Club. 2 p.m.
- 6—U.15B Hockey XI vs. Voortrekker U.15A XI.
- 7—Holy Communion in Chapel. 8.00 a.m.
- 8—Inter-Schools Hockey at Rustenburg.
Inter-Schools Netball at Sans Souci.
- 10—Music Examinations.
Matriculation Trials.

- 11—Nursery School Flower Demonstration by Joan Pare at Senior School Hall. 10.30 a.m.—11.30 a.m.
- 12—Sociological Club. 2 p.m. Mr Victor Norton.
Inter-House Music Competition. 2 p.m.
- 13—Social Responsibility Club to Woodstock Seniors Club—7.30—9.30 p.m.
- 14—Bishop's Magic Circle. 8—9 p.m.
- 15—Inter-Schools Hockey at Green Point.
- 19—Nursery School Interior Decorating Demonstration by Bobbie Mantell at Senior School Hall. 10.30 a.m.—11.30 a.m.
- Sociological Club. 2 p.m. Mary Foot on her Rotary Scholarship travels.
Inter-Schools Squash. 2.30 p.m.
Music, Art and Drama Evening. 7.30 p.m.
- 20—Inter-Schools Squash Finals.
Sonia Beck Essays to be in.
Abe Bailey Competition.
Film "Huckleberry Finn".
- 21—TERM ENDS. 9.15 a.m. Day Girls.
9.30 a.m. Boarders.

FOURTH TERM

October

- 3—Term Begins. House Meetings.
- 4—Debating Society—Forum discussions with Notre Dame, Bergvliet High, Springfield, S.A.C.S. 7.45 p.m.
- 5—Abe Bailey Afrikaans Competition. 11 a.m.
- 6—Inter-House Music Competition. 2 p.m.
- 11—Historical Society. Mr Newell and Mary Newell—slides on the Vatican City and Italian Churches. 7.45—9 p.m.
- 12—Matric Afrikaans Oral examinations.
M.I.X. A beetle Drive with Bishops' Friday Club.
- 13—Tennis matches.
- 17—Sociological Club. Mary Holm—a Hawaiian Rotarian Student.
- 18—Debating Society vs. Rondebosch Boys' High. 7.45 p.m.
- 19—Choir singing at Nine Club. 8 p.m.
Boarders Exeat weekend.
- 24—Confirmation Service at St. Saviour's Church. 8 p.m.
English Association Meeting in Library. 8 p.m.
- Sociological Club. Mrs Sindi Sayedwa—The African Woman in Society.
- 25—M.I.X. Lunch hour "Fact and Faith" Film.
- 26—Taalkond Examination. 9—12 p.m.
Swimming Gala. 3 p.m.
- 31—Sociological Club. Mr Hardy on Madagascar.

November

- 2—Holy Communion in Chapel. 8 a.m.
Voting for Prefects.
- 3—Tennis matches.
- 5—Open Singles and Doubles Tennis Championships.

- 7—Afrikaans Debate.
Historical Society, Mr Frater on English Cathedrals and European Castles. 7.45 p.m.
- 8—M.I.X. Lunch hour—Devotional talk to encourage Bible reading.
- 9—Matric's Last Day.
Boarders Ekeat Weekend.
- 12—S.A. Teach Guild of Speech Teachers at Prep. School 9 a.m.
Senior School 11.30 a.m. (Stds. 5, 6, and 7).
- 13—Std. VII Parents' Meeting. 3.15 p.m.
- 14—English Debate.
- 15—General Knowledge Test.
- 16—Swimming Gala. 3 p.m.
- 19—Matriculation Exams. begin.
Under-15 Teams' Championships.
- 21—Sociological Club.

- 22—School Examinations begin.
- 30—Holy Communion in Chapel. 8 a.m.
Full Council Meeting. 5 p.m.
Music and Drama Evening.

December

- 2—7 M.I.X. Bookstall Week.
- 5—Inter-House Quiz.
- 6—Open Day at Preparatory School. 9.45 a.m.
- 7—Rehearsals for Carol Service and Prize-Giving.
Ballet and Music at Preparatory School. 2 p.m.
- 10—Preparatory Prize-Giving. 10 a.m.
Senior Prize-Giving. 3 p.m.
Carol Service in St. Saviour's Church. 8 p.m.
- 11—TERM ENDS. Assembly 8.30 a.m. Home 10.30 a.m.

CHAPEL REPORT

Committee: Dr Silberbauer, Mrs Muller, Miss Harsant, M. du Toit, L. Torr, L. Bralley, K. Caradoc-Davies, S. Cunningham, G. Pettigrew, J. Frater, P. King.

"Do you mean to say that 70 boarders fit in here at a time? It must be like a sardine can!"

Many have thus expressed their incredulity, yet we do all manage to fit in. Our tiny chapel, located almost underground, was built for a smaller school, but it continues to be the nucleus of our worship.

This year, Miss Harsant left Herschel to enjoy a well-deserved retirement. We were very sorry to lose her from the Chapel Committee, and only now do we realise how much she did for us, so quietly and with such apparent ease. We look forward to seeing her at our early-morning Communion Services.

Several Communion Services have been held this year, before school, conducted by either Rev. I. Eve or Rev. R. Cummings. In the third term, we used the new liturgy as an experiment, and we hope to use it again

soon. The M.I.X. (Movement in Christ) group met in the Chapel every Wednesday morning for Bible studies with Miss Browne.

We should like to thank the Std. 8 and 9 boarders who have faithfully carried out their chapel duties. These duties involve flower-arranging and the appearance of the chapel in general. We should also like to thank those girls who have played the organ for the evening services.

Because the day school is so big, the chapel is more remote to most day girls. The boarders have a more personal involvement in its activities, so perhaps it means more to them. We have services every Tuesday and Thursday evenings, conducted by Dr Silberbauer.

To the boarders, the end of the school year comes with "Chapel by Candlelight". This service of carols is really beautiful, and we look forward to it immensely.

MARIANNE DU TOIT.
SUSAN CUNNINGHAM.

LIBRARY REPORT

Chairman: Mrs Cohen.

Committee: M. du Toit, E. Jeffery, S. Bosma, J. Frater, J. Torr, J. Bergh.

As always the Library remains the focal point of the school. Boarders and day girls alike enjoy the easy chairs, sunny corners, magazines, newspapers, etcetera. Confirmation classes have also been held there every Monday afternoon.

In the April holidays, "Operation clean-up and throw-out" took place in the Library, under the guidance of Mrs Cohen who is now in the Library every day from 1.15 p.m. to 4.00 p.m. Approximately 200-300 books were discarded; and the remainder were sorted out and carried to different parts of the Library so that it could function under the Dewey sys-

tem. A more efficient issue system, too, has been introduced; girls are now being fined for not returning books by the date stamped and are charged for lost books. The proceeds are used to buy new books. New fiction paperbacks now have plastic covers and most of the books in the Library have labels in the spine indicating their position in the Library.

Much attention has been devoted to the Standard 6 and 7 girls to teach them how to use a Library; to encourage them to use the Library more frequently than in the past and also to encourage them to read. A special section has been set aside for them and many new books have been bought. They now have an organized Library period and their work is marked and results entered in their report cards.

During the third term, Mrs Staia was offered nearly 250 Afrikaans books by Jutas for the price of R56. The Standard 9 class held a cake-sale and with the help of Library funds, enough money was raised to pay for them.

On behalf of the committee, and indeed the whole school, I should like to thank Mrs Cohen very much for the tremendous amount of work she has put into the Library and for all the help she has given us this year.

E. JEFFERY.

CHOIR REPORT

"We see them here
We see them there
Herschel Choir's been everywhere!"

From "The Pirates of Penzance" to the approaching Carol Service, 1973 has been a very active and worthwhile year. We began the year by singing Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" at the annual Founder's Day Service at St. Saviour's. Thereafter several members of the choir joined with the St. Saviour's Choir to sing at two services which were directly recorded over the S.A.B.C.

A Chamber Choir was formed early in the year with a maximum number of 15 voices. This choir has been intensively trained in the technique of voice production.

Every member of the choir undoubtedly feels that the highlight of the first term was "The Pirates of Penzance" produced by Mr David Slater. Herschel joined with School House, Bishop's in perhaps the most memorable, exciting and hilarious production in the history of Gilbert and Sullivan. Kathy Caradoc-Davies, Sara Knight, Fiona McLachlan and Lindsey Parr were soloists and the body of the choir formed the chorus of girls.

In the second term we were honoured to sing at the funeral of the late Mr Harry Lawrence, husband of one of Herschel's foundation members.

The choir had the exciting experience in May of singing at the Nico Malan Theatre, accompanied by the Capab Orchestra. We sang "La Demoiselle Elue" by Debussy and were conducted by Mr David Tidbald. This experience was particularly enjoyed by all the contralto members of the choir, who regarded the French horn players with more than a passing glance! In the third term we gave a lunch-hour performance of singing at the Nico Malan.

The choir has sung at meetings of the Music and Drama Club during the year. A performance one evening in the Woodstock Town Hall for the Seniors' Club turned out to be entertaining for both choir and audience. To our delight and dismay we found a few broken strings in the piano and, as we wheeled it on to the stage, a leg fell off! Flower festivals at Christ Church, Constantia (which was recorded by the S.A.B.C. and later broadcast) and at St. Michael and All Angels in Elgin, provid-

ed a welcome diversion from the normal activities of the choir.

During the third term, three girls entered the vocal section of the Afrikaans Elateddod. Congratulations to Lindsey Parr who obtained a diploma, Sara Knight, Honours, and Elizabeth Aitchison, Merit.

The choir has sung at several weddings during the year and these include those of Rob Turner-Smith, Peter Bairnsfather Cloete, Gillian Verster, Jean Henderson, Lynne Reid, Tish Kowen, Sandra Howell and Gill Engels. We look forward to singing at the weddings of Michelle Wells, Rosemary Fowkes and Marjorie Aitchison later this year.

The choir will be singing at the Nine Club in October. The rest of the term will be spent in preparation for the Carol Service which will be held on the 10th December.

To Mrs Dowdle a very big "thank you" for all her sensitive, imaginative and brilliant accompanying. Thank you to all our long-suffering parents who have so willingly given up their time to transport us to practices and to our various arrangements. Thank you also to the choir for making this such an enjoyable year—and good luck to the choir and choir leaders of 1974.

KATHY CARADOC-DAVIES.
DIANA LONGMORE.

SPEECH AND DRAMA REPORT

During this year in the Preparatory School the girls, particularly in Standards IV and V, have created a number of effective short acted stories, which they have performed for their schoolmates.

Apart from any dramatic merit these essays in creativity might possess, they are a very useful exercise in logical thinking. The plots of these stories must make sense, there must be cause and effect and time sequences must be observed. Even in minor points, a staircase that was climbed in mime one moment cannot turn into a straight passage the next! This sharpens observation, particularly on the part of the onlookers, who are not slow to point out lapses of this kind, generally at the tops of their voices. As well as inventing their own, the girls have used tales from "Stories for Improvisation", "Aesop's Fables" and short narrative poems, for these acting exercises.

Their work, of course, is done in small groups, each group working on its own. As might be expected, the various personalities begin to carry out the roles that suit them best. The "stars", the directors, the artists, (they rush off and paint scenery) the organisers, the back-stage workers, the leaders and the led, all emerge. We have found the results of their efforts so entertaining that we propose to share some of them with the parents at the end of the year, on the understanding that this is the children's own work, done with the minimum of coaching and interference from me.

In the Senior School at the end of the first term the M.A.D. Club held a "Workshop" evening at which several girls performed. The members of the Wednesday Drama Class presented "A Narrow Squeak for Humpelberg," an amusing one-act play, in which they all acquitted themselves well. Mostly Standard VI girls, this was really their first attempt at a scripted play, and some promising young actresses emerged.

In the third term we were invited to take part in a "Centres of Interest" Inter-Schools Competition, sponsored by the South African Council for English Education. Various themes for these fifteen-minute programmes were suggested. We chose "Deserts" as our theme and our four-girl team, Camilla, Barbara, Terry and Elizabeth, got to work. We are very glad to be able to place on record that we won—and against some very stiff opposition. Dawn Salmon's Sana Souci team, in particular, was outstanding. But a combination of the material chosen and blended into a satisfying whole, excellent performance and that subtle quality that one can only call "Style,"—just gave us the edge over our competitors.

Parents and friends had an opportunity of seeing this programme as well as some other very good items, a one-act play, short scenes and variety acts, on the last Wednesday of the third term, when the M.A.D. held its meeting.

The South African Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers held their usual yearly examinations on the second-last day of the term. Our examiner this year was Mrs Kathleen Welch of Johannesburg, and our results were very good.

Jane Johnson, Alexandra Bonthron, Claire Grootendorst, Louise Murdock, Vivien Visser, Sharon Gird and Lindsay Laggie all achieved *Honours*. Merit marks were gained by Philippa Leighton-Davies, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Abigail Mathieson, Susan Petterson, Karin Smith, Anina van der Merwe, Georgina Frater, Siobhan Mannion, Irene Modlin, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Lucy Walker, and Josephine Frater. Good pass marks were received by Jennifer Anderson and Shelley Mills.

MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA CLUB REPORT

Chairman: Mrs Popham-Smith.

Vice-Chairman: Mrs Saffrey.

Committee Members: Sally Brimble, Diana Longmore, Susan Cunningham, Jenny Hearn, Fiona McLachlan.

At the beginning of the year it was decided to change our previous Music and Drama Club to the Music, Art and Drama Club. As a result at our first meeting, held during the second term, art contributions done by the girls were displayed. This meeting was held in the form of a Workshop evening. A small group of the choir sang an extract from "The Pirates of Penzance". Several piano solos were played and the Wednesday Drama Group performed

two plays. The usual procedure of the evening was slightly altered when two girls each drew a picture in front of the audience. Certain people were then chosen from the audience who had to try to act the picture after a few minutes preparation.

Towards the end of the third term, we held our second evening which was attended by both parents and girls. Excellent art contributions were exhibited once more and we hope that this custom will be continued in the future.

The choir began the evening with three songs from "Songs to delight" by Philip Cannon. The several piano solos included Elizabeth Mudge playing one of her own compositions. Aida Labia and Clare Jolly presented an extremely popular version of "Rochester Cinderella!"

The Thursday and Friday Drama Groups performed four extremely good plays. "Burning Topic" was a single act play and later four girls presented their interpretation of "Deserts". This included Bible scenes, extracts from poems, and novels and songs. The girls dealt with this theme entirely on their own, later helped by Mrs Saffrey and won the Inter-School Centre of Interest Competition.

"What is woman?" followed which also consisted of short extracts involving women through the ages. A hilarious comedy called "The Damp Squib" ended the evening. The five actors updated the ending of their play which involved Dr Silberbauer eloping with Reverend Eve!

FIONA McLACHLAN.

THE MATRIC DANCE

In true matric spirit, we could think of nothing but the Matric Dance from the first day of the year. As the days passed, sundry meetings were called to decide where and when it should be. Arguments raged and fur flew. Finally, Dr Silberbauer took a hand, and the date was set—Saturday, 14th April—a date no Matric will ever forget.

Now the heat was on. Frantic meetings were called to decide on a theme so that we could get cracking. But decide we could not. Theme after theme was suggested, toyed with and rejected, and arguments raged once more. Soon the class was split into two groups. One group demanded a bold, vibrant theme, the other insisted on something more delicate and pretty. A compromise had to be found quickly before battle broke out. Fortunately, someone had a brainstorm and suggested a Tahitian theme. And so the decision was made.

The holidays began, and, armed with huge rolls of paper, paint and rollers, we marched up to Dr's house and invaded the garage. Everyone had a hand in the painting and, before long, the murals were covered with colourful splodges of paint. So was the driveway.

And now partners had to be found. The man-hunt was on, and anything in pants that moved was nabbed. Cupid was called in, and last-

minute romances were arranged. The Matric notice-board became covered with formal little notes of acceptance from partners (usually typed out by the girl and condescendingly signed by the partner).

The week before the dance was a flurry of activity, and the day before was simply chaotic. To start with, it was Friday the 13th, and even the least superstitious of us were trembling at the thought! The teachers soon found that lessons were useless and left us to get on with last-minute preparations. Decorating began at one o'clock. People ran back and forth shouting instructions at no-one in particular, tripping over chairs and nets and other people. Palm trees galore were carted down from the forestry department and heaved into the hall. Slowly, our little Tahiti came alive.

Saturday was a flurry of hairdo's, perfumed baths and elaborate make-up. Partners arrived all dressed in their Sunday best, and we all gathered at a little rendezvous before the dance. After countless introductions and a little nervous conversation, we piled into cars and set out for the Matric Dance.

Dr John and our Dr Silberbauer met us at the door, and we selected our tables and sat down. There was an awkward silence. But just as the panic began to rise, in walked two little Piggies, and the dance began to swing. Soon everyone was on the floor—the girls, the staff, the maids—simply everyone. A delicious dinner was served, jugs of punch were downed, and the time flew by only too quickly.

At midnight we left for the Storch-Nielsen's where the champagne flowed and the music went ding-a-ling.

For those who could keep up the pace there was plenty of entertainment. At six a.m. breakfast was provided at the Borton's for anyone who was prepared to cook it. So we all packed into the kitchen and lent a hand. And when the sun finally peeked over the horizon at Muizenberg, those who had lasted out the night were there to meet it. When we were quite sure that the sun had risen, we returned to the hall to tidy up, before finally toddling off to bed.

GWEN MAKEPEACE.

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

Chairman: Christina Murray.

Secretary: Sharon Bosma.

Treasurer: Mary Newell.

Standard VIII Representative: Terry Lloyd-Roberts.

Throughout the year, stimulating debates and forum discussions, both internal and external, have been held to try to liven up the flagging interest of the members of the school.

Forum discussions seem to be the most popular form of public speaking now, and although we have had three external formal debates,

we have also held the same number of forum discussions.

Of the external debates, we have held two with Bishops, and one with Wynberg. These debates were well supported by both Herschel girls and members of the other participating school. Other meetings held at Herschel were also extremely well supported.

A new type of parachute debate, which was extremely successful, was held at the beginning of the year. Six speakers defended six charities, and had to supply adequate reasons why they thought their particular charity should be awarded the five-rand prize.

Tjitske Post spoke very well on the Ruby Adendorff House, and was awarded the five rand, taken from the debating society funds, to donate to the House.

At the beginning of the third term, Mrs Stockwell and Mrs Mallet took Mrs Beaute's place as head of the Debating Society.

Towards the end of the third term, the annual Inter-House Public Speaking competition was held. This took place on a Friday at 7.15 p.m. and once again we were surprised and delighted at the large number of girls who attended.

The evening was opened by Dr Silberbauer, and Mr Maxwell Leigh from "The Argus", who was the judge and critic, was introduced. Mrs Saffery was the second judge. The competition was organised by Mrs Stockwell and Mrs Mallet.

The first item was a group discussion, the groups consisting of Standard VI's and VII's. This item was won by Jagger, with Merriman second and Rolt third.

The second item on the programme was one-minute impromptu speeches, held by the Standard VIII's. This was extremely amusing, and Terry Lloyd-Roberts and Rosemarie Webber won this section for Merriman by their alertness, humour and excellent speaking.

The third and last item was three-minute persuasion talks, delivered by the Standard IX's and X's.

Clare Jolly, Standard IX, spoke with ease and conviction on "Examinations are an unnecessary burden", and is to be congratulated on winning the cup for the best speaker of the evening.

Mr Lee criticised the speakers, the general comment being that more animation and gestures are needed, and less memorisation.

The overall result was: Jagger, first; Merriman, second; and Rolt, third.

An evening of forum discussions was held with Bergvliet, SACS, Springfield, Notre Dame and Herschel, at Herschel. Mrs Tomalin and Mrs Kowen judged the teams and decided on SACS as the winning team, and a SACS speaker as the best of the evening.

We have had a busy and enjoyable year with the Debating Society, and I should like to thank Dr Silberbauer and the members of

staff for supporting our meetings, and their general interest in the society.

I should also like to thank Mrs Stockwell, Mrs Mallet and Mrs Beautelement for their organisation and participation in the society, and

I feel confident that next year will be as successful, enjoyable and entertaining as this year was.

SHARON BOSMA,
(Secretary).

HOUSE REPORTS

ROLT

Head of House: Mrs Stockwell.

House Mistresses: Mrs Popham-Smith, Mrs Stals, Miss Brown.

School Head of House: Fiona McLachlan.

Prefects: Christina Murray, Kathleen Caradoc-Davies, Margaret Minogue, Susan Cunningham.

Our year began with Mrs Stracey as Head of Rolt, assisted by Mrs Kowen, Mrs Davey, Mrs Stockwell and Mrs Popham-Smith. We welcome Miss Brown and Mrs Stals as new members of Rolt. Mrs Davey and Mrs Kowen have both since left and Mrs Kowen has recently had a daughter, Danielle!

Rolt's house charity has been the Ruby Ardendorff Home for Coloured Children and we sent them a box of lovely jerseys, knitted by the girls during the second term. Apart from the Ruby Ardendorff, our House money collected during the year has been sent to Nondzane Private Crèche and Nyanga Welfare Centre.

The standard of work has been high throughout the year apart from a slight decline during the second term! I should like to thank and congratulate the following girls on their constant and particularly good results which contribute a great deal towards the marks of their house: Gwen Makepeace, Dorothy Beukes, Susan Dowdle, Gail Parkin, Tjitske Post, Jean Barry and Elizabeth Murray.

Susan Dowdle and Susan Ward-Able both did extremely well in the Cape Town Music Eisteddfod this year. Susan Dowdle has twice been awarded Honours and Merit and Susan Ward-Able also obtained an Honours and Merit.

Four Rolt girls took Music Examinations this year: Gail Anderson and Dawn Beasley passed Grade V with Distinction, Susan Ward-Able passed Grade V with Merit and Susan Dowdle Grade VII with Merit.

Several Rolt members passed their Afrikaans Taalbond Examinations written at the end of last year. The following girls obtained their certificates: Kathleen Caradoc-Davies, Brigit Barton, Clare Croudace, Susan Cunningham, Gwen Makepeace, Fiona McLachlan, Christina Murray and Susan Dowdle.

Towards the end of the third term, a gym competition was held at school and we congratulate Sharon Gird and Doune Hannay-Robertson, both from Rolt, who were placed first and second respectively.

Our first Inter-House event this year was the Inter-House Swimming and then the Tennis. Congratulations go to Jagger who won

both. However Rolt was not to be beaten at the Hockey and at this point I should like to say a special "well done" to Margaret Minogue and Margot McLachlan, both from Rolt, who were selected to play in the Western Province School team. We congratulate Jagger once again on winning the Inter-House Squash and Inter-House Public Speaking and Merri-man on winning the Netball. Rolt eventually won the Inter-House Music Competition which involved a great deal of work from all House-members and proved a good start to the term!

Finally, I should like to thank Mrs Stracey very much for all the hard work and encouragement she has put into Rolt and for all the help she so readily gave. Unfortunately she left Herschel at the end of the third term and I know that her great interest in all school activities will be missed by all as Mrs Stracey was present on all occasions to support her school.

Mrs Stockwell is Rolt's new Head of House and supports her house with great enthusiasm. I should like, too, to thank my prefects for their assistance throughout the year, Margaret Minogue, Kathleen Caradoc-Davies, Susan Cunningham and Christina Murray. We have come to the end of a busy but happy year, and I wish Mrs Stockwell and the prefects that follow us the best of luck.

FIONA McLACHLAN.

JAGGER

Head of House: Mrs McCormick.

House Mistresses: Mrs Boyes, Mrs Beautelement, Mrs Goldfinch, Miss Sweet.

House Captain: Alex Adams.

Prefects: Clare Dixon, Marianne du Toit, Diana Longmore, Georgina Thom.

I should like to thank all those who have helped to make Jagger the successful house that it is. Our staff-members, especially Mrs McCormick, as well as our House prefects, have at all times been very helpful and enthusiastic in all our House activities.

Jagger has been very successful so far in our sporting activities. As usual the Inter-House gala was the highlight of the first term. Here Jagger made a clean sweep, winning both the swimming and diving cups. In addition to this, all the individual cups were won by Jagger girls. Well done! During the first term we also played Inter-House tennis. Jagger succeeded in winning this cup as well.

At the end of the second term we had the Inter-House hockey and netball competitions. Jagger was placed second in both of these.

Congratulations to Rolt who won the hockey and Merriman who won the netball.

The only non-sporting Inter-House activity which we had in the third term, was the Inter-House Public Speaking. Much to our delight, Jagger received the Inter-House cup at the end of the evening. Congratulations to our speakers, all of whom spoke excellently, especially Clare Jolly, who won the cup for the best speaker.

The Inter-House magazine competition took place later in the third term. Jagger won the competition for the fourth year running! Congratulations to the editors, Jagger also won the squash cup during the third term.

At the beginning of the fourth term we had the Inter-House music competition. For the first time, each House had to make up the words and tune of a house song. We congratulate Rolt on winning this competition.

As usual this year, each girl knitted a jersey for distribution by "CAFDA" to the people on the Cape Flats. As well as this, at the beginning of each term each Jagger girl brings money for school feeding as well as money for other charities which we feel need it. The money which we collected at the beginning of the first two terms was sent to the Quaker Relief Fund and the Jan Kriel Home for Epileptics.

One of the nicest characteristics of Jagger is the tremendous House-spirit of all its members. This House-spirit has inspired those representing Jagger to do their best. Good luck to Jagger for next year and if the same spirit prevails, Jagger can only go from strength to strength.

ALEX ADAMS.

MERRIMAN

Head of House: Mrs Muller.

House Mistresses: Mrs Rauch, Mrs Boyd, Miss Grieve.

School Head of House: Lynne Brailey.

Prefects: Peta Brownlie, Sally Brimble, Mary Newell.

Visions of splashes of red colour, enthusiastic girls and Mrs Muller always come to mind when I think of Merriman and will always. I am sure, in the future be reminiscent of Merriman for most "old girls". The St. Michael's Orphanage which is very closely linked with Merriman, once again received hand knitted jerseys from the girls themselves. A couple of us attended the Annual General Meeting at St. Michael's, and Miss Pretorius—the supervisor of the home—thanked us profusely for all that Merriman had done to brighten the lives of the children.

In the Inter-House sporting events Merriman has been victorious in the field of netball, where thanks to our captain Bev. Joslin and very capable shooter Ingrid Winberg, we gained first place. Merriman came third in the Hockey and Swimming events and second in the Tennis but all events proved strong opposition. The Squash matches proved very excit-

ing and we were close behind the winners. These results show an improvement in comparison to last year, which is a hopeful sign.

In the academic world there is room for improvement. Congratulations to Sharon and Tania Bosma and Susie Brownlie and Mary Newell for obtaining high marks. Who knows, with a determined effort, the much coveted Efficiency Shield might be ours to cherish.

We had two Inter-House competitions in the fourth term, both of which the Standard IX Merrimans organised. The House Magazine was of a high standard with very interesting contributions. The Music competition demanded a lot of hard work but was most enjoyable and we now have an official House Song with music and words composed by two Merriman girls. My sincere thanks go to the Standard IX's for their great effort.

I should like to thank Mrs Muller, for her encouragement and personal involvement, and also the Prefects, Peta Brownlie, Sally Brimble, and Mary Newell for their assistance and enthusiasm. On behalf of the matrics I wish Merriman the best of luck for next year, and hope that they will continue to sing.

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(Head of Merriman).

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GAMES REPORT

1973 has shown some relatively satisfying results. There is, however, room for a good deal of improvement.

The swimming team averaged the best results, having worked hard to achieve these. In the Inter-Schools' Gala the Open and U.16 group won the Back Cup having been placed first in four, and second in three, of the ten events in which they swam. Well done!

The tennis teams, on the whole, fared none too well and only with greater concentration, application and regular practice will the general standard of tennis improve.

During the tennis season, six teams, three Under-15 and three Open teams played league. The Open teams won the majority of their matches, the First VI winning six out of the seven matches which they played. It must, however, be remembered that the first VI were playing in the second league. Unfortunately, the Under-15 teams found most of their opposition too strong for them.

The hockey season proved to be a thoroughly enjoyable one. The first XI are to be con-

gratulated on having won the Inter-Schools' Tournament. Their success was a result of the determination which they displayed on that particular day. Their season's results were variable. The defence played solidly but the forwards lacked the penetration that was needed to bring them the necessary goals.

The Under-15A XI were the team with the best results throughout the season. Unfortunately when it came to the Inter-Schools Tournament their past record was forgotten!

The Mums, Dads and Staff XI Plus undoubtedly provided the most entertaining matches of the season. Their enthusiastic participation was much appreciated.

Members of the gymnastics club have worked with interest and have made fair progress.

Netball is still in its infancy. My thanks to Mrs Carter who helped re-introduce it.

We are grateful to Jill Ekstein and her coaches who have helped with both tennis and squash. Herschel's squash will undoubtedly continue to improve under Jill's guidance.

Last but not least, my thanks to the Cap-



"SUPPORT"

Sharon Gird, Tessa Handley, Doune Hannay-Robertson.

tains who have lent invaluable assistance throughout the year.

L. KABLE

GYM CLUB REPORT

At Herschel, for the first time, a Gym Club was started during the second term. About twenty girls were chosen from a large number of people. The club meets on a Thursday for an hour after school.

So far, this has proved to be very successful and during the third term a Gym competition was held on the 17th September. This was won by Sharon Gird.

The competition consisted of a number of different sections. In one of these sections one had to use one's own imagination in varying movements and ideas.

If it had not been for Miss Kable's enthusiasm and support this club would never have got off the ground.

FRANCES PARRY.
SUSAN FULLER.

HOCKEY REPORT

Captain: M. Minogue.

Vice-Captain: H. Kinlay.

We began our season rather early this year with a match at the end of the first term against a team from the Transvaal, Bryanston High. We drew this match. In the second term we played six matches, of which we lost three, drew one and won two. In the third term we played St. Mary's a touring team from Kloof, and beat them. The next two matches we played we lost rather badly to Wynberg and Westerford, but then managed to beat Springfield the following week.

The hockey matches played in the third term were not all against other schools. Seconds played a match against a team of mothers who, in spite of all their efforts lost 1-0. Firsts played fathers and this match ended in a draw. First and second teams also played matches against St. Andrews, of which we lost both, and against the Old Girls. The Old Girls, even though some of them were rather unfit, managed to beat second and draw with firsts.

Second team had a successful season, not losing a single match of the seven that they played. The U-15a's also played well and of the eight matches that they played they won seven and only lost one. A few matches were arranged for the U-15b and the third team and we even managed to play two Standard VI teams during the season.

Towards the end of the second term, the Western Province trials were held. Eight of our girls were chosen for the first round and three of these girls went through to the final round. They were Gill Austin, Margot McLachlan and Margie Minogue. Margot McLachlan and Margie Minogue were chosen for the team.

Margot also received her hockey colours this season.

The U-15 Inter-Schools was played on the second-last Saturday of the third term. The section our team played in ended in a complete draw among three of the schools. Sans Souci won the section on corners and then lost to Rustenburg in the finals. The first team did much better in the senior Inter-Schools Tournament. The team drew with St. Cyprians and beat Wynberg, Star of the Sea and Good Hope. The team then went through to the finals where we played Rustenburg and beat them 1-0 in a close match.

Finally I would like to thank Miss Kable for her interest in all the teams throughout the season and for her encouragement. I should also like to wish the first team the best of luck for their tour in April 1974.

	Played	Won	Drew	Lost
1st XI	11	3	3	5
2nd XI	7	5	2	0
U-15a	8	7	0	1
U-15b	2	0	2	0

M. MINOGUE.

HOCKEY MATCHES

1st XI vs. Staff XI Plus

Tuesday, September 18, 1973

2 p.m.

The air was thick with excitement. The vast crowds waited with bated breath. Heads turned, necks were craned, as each spectator strained to be the first to catch sight of the most promising players of our day. Could it be that the elderly lady knitting beneath the oak tree was a talent scout for Western Province? Only time and faultless play would tell.

At last the fans' patience was rewarded. The resplendent team members dithered professionally into their positions. What a glorious array of buxom hotpants, tattered bermudas and sporty tops, sleeves well rolled to reveal the muscular opposition! No doubt these would be formidable adversaries.

With the minimum of fuss and the maximum of nervous apprehension our 1st team took up their positions.

With brisk efficiency, the highly experienced umpire took command, blew the whistle, and play commenced.

Once in motion the ball was a veritable fury: speeding to the left, cannoning to the right, hurtling down the centre, to dribble finally into the circle. At this point the worthy Reverend Mr Eve leaped into action and cleared the ball with a dashing swipe and an exultant "Fore!" The exertion of this heroic gesture forced him to seek a moment's respite on the obliging sand-bags in the goal. (We knew there had to be an honest reason for the sand-bag blockade!)

A desperate attempt at scoring a try was thwarted by his Reverence. Once again he had saved the day.



FIRST HOCKEY XI

Standing: Christine Moni, Barbara van Alphen Stahl, Anna-Marie Serritslev, Lynne Bealley, Alex Adams, Nicola Fouché, Diane Longmore.
Seated: Margot McLachlan, Margaret Minogue (Captain), Miss Kable, Hazel Kinlay, Gillian Austin.

As the battle raged and the scores mounted, over-enthusiastic reserves and spectators spasmodically lent assistance. The umpire found life all too confusing, and was forced to blow the final whistle. After careful calculation, the result was declared to be a draw, and the staff carried the exhausted 1st team off the field.

The greatest hockey match of the season was over. Did I say hockey? Well, whatever it was, it was excellent fun!

GAILE PARKIN.

Hockey Matches vs. Parents

A brilliant flash of warm spring weather heralded the morning on which the 1st team played against a team of fathers and the 2nd XI challenged a mothers' team.

The latter started the ball rolling, the mothers having decked themselves out for the event in thoroughly domestic attire, even down to sporting a spare feather duster. The two teams played a brisk and really enjoyable game, be-

ing well matched, and each surprisingly capable of holding their own. The result of the combined efforts was 1-0 to the 2nd XI.

The 1st team, playing against the fathers, found that they had strong opposition, but they put up a good fight, and managed to draw, the score being 2 all.

We hope that the combination of two excitingly novel hockey matches, the glorious sunshine and a fine tea helped to make Dr Süßerbauer's birthday a memorable occasion. What really made the day was the enthusiastic support shown by the parents.

GAILE PARKIN.

JUDO REPORT

Captain: Sharon Bosma.

Vice-Captain: Suzette Anderson.

Since judo classes have been introduced at Herschel, the girls have progressed well and far.

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friends.*

*The same to-day and for
ever.*

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

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At the annual Girls' Inter-Schools Western Province Judo Championships, three Herschel girls claimed titles in their various weight groups: Erica Bult won both the Open and Under-60 kilogramme events; Suzette Anderson won the Under-55 kilogramme event, and Tracey van Eeden won the Under-45 kilogramme event.

A team of five (4 members from Herschel, who were Erica Bult, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Suzette Anderson and Tracey van Eeden, and one member from Wynberg, (Denise Scott) was also entered. The team fought well, winning by five contests to one, and carried off the floating trophy which was donated by Mr Alex Butcher.

A mixed team from Herschel, St. Cyprian's, and Wynberg, also fought against a team from Bishops, but it was not surprising that the girls lost, although the score stood at only four contests to two, to Bishops.

As well as contest Judo, self-defence is also practised, and during the third term actual weapons were used during classes.

This year Erica Bult, who has now left Herschel for a school in Johannesburg, was awarded her Black Belt (first Dan), the youngest girl (aged 16) in South Africa to have this award.

It was under Erica's enthusiastic leadership and encouragement that the Herschel judo teams have fought so well at various "friendly" contests, and also at the Western Province Championships.

The present grades range from senior blue to juniors with no grade as yet.

Judo, meaning "the gentle way", involves skill and technique, not necessarily weight and strength, and is becoming increasingly popular among both men and women.

At Herschel Judo is becoming an integral part of the school, and our thanks are due to Dr Silberbauer for her encouragement and interest, and to our instructor, Mr Butcher, for his unlimited patience and endurance.

We hope that next year will be as fulfilling as this year was, and that the Floating Trophy will continue to grace the Herschel shelf.

SHARON BOSMA.

NETBALL REPORT

Captain: Frances Parry.

After about twelve years of absence, Netball came back "into action" much to our delight. Unfortunately the choice or number of people to play was limited as hockey had claimed most people's attention.

During the term we were lucky enough to play a few matches against other schools, such as Wynberg, Rustenburg and Sans Souci. The match the Under-Fifteen's won 16-3 against Ellerslie must not be forgotten.

On the 8th September the Open Team played in the Annual Inter-Schools Netball at Rustenburg where we came up against Rusten-

burg and Springfield. There was plenty of team-spirit. However, spirit was not enough to get us to the top as we lost to both Rustenburg 13-2 and Springfield 12-3.

However, I think everyone enjoyed it, and I hope the team gained experience from it for next year's Inter-Schools.

Our thanks go to Mrs Carter for all the help and encouragement she gave us.

FRANCES PARRY.

SQUASH REPORT

This year has not proved a very busy one for the Herschel Squash Team as they have played only three matches apart from the Inter-School's competition. The first of these matches was played by a Herschel "scrap" team against a Wynberg "scrap" team in which the Herschel team won. Both of the other matches were against "male chauvinist pigs" and therefore I think it is only fair that they had to cede the first match to Bishops, 4 matches to one, but redeemed themselves in the second match against Technical College by winning by 11 games to 7 games.

In the Inter-Schools Competition on the 19th and 20th September, Herschel entered two Squash teams. In the first round Herschel B team beat Camps Bay, but unfortunately lost to Westerford and Rustenburg B. However, Herschel A team fared a little better and came through the first round with a clear run of victories, beating Plumstead, Sans Souci B and Wynberg B by 5 matches to love. In the semi-finals Herschel A met Wynberg A and came through to the finals by beating them by three matches to two. In the finals, the Herschel A team came face to face with their old arch-enemies on the sportsfield, Rustenburg A. Herschel proved no match for the top three Rustenburg seeds, although Margo McLachlan and Hazel Kinlay must be congratulated on winning their matches. Once again, Rustenburg carried off the Squash Cup, but ... pipped at the post this year, resounding victory next year!

The Squash Championships were played off in the third term, and once again Alex Adams must be hailed as the school champion with Sue Batho as her runner-up. In turn, Sue Batho took the junior cup with Margo McLachlan as her runner-up. Alex Adams must be congratulated on being awarded her squash colours, and Sue Batho for winning "the most improved Squash Player of the Year" cup. Alex Adams, Sue Batho, Mary Newell, Margo McLachlan and Hazel Kinlay were all awarded their squash badges.

Margot McLachlan and Sue Batho participated in the Western Province Under-twenty-three championships as well as the U-16 W.P. Championships in which they met each other in the finals, when Sue Batho once again beat Margot McLachlan. In the U-18 plate event Gillian Austin beat Nicki Fouché and Nicki was also the runner-up in the U-18 plate event.

Margot McLachlan and Sue Batho have been chosen as members of a W.P. Schools team who will receive intensive coaching next year in preparation for going on tour in June.

The Herschel Squash teams extend their thanks to Jill Eckstein, Devon Lees and Sandy Muller for all their help and interest in the past year. The squash team matrices wish the up-and-coming team for next year the best of luck ... and win that Inter-Schools Cup next year, won't you?

MARY NEWELL,
(p.p.) ALEX ADAMS (Capt.)

SWIMMING REPORT

Captain: Alex Adams.

Vice-Captain: Jenny Hearn.

With the aid and continual guidance of Miss Kable, the swimming this year has been very successful, not only as far as results are concerned, but also for the excellent spirit shown.

At the beginning of the season, training sessions were held only in the afternoons, but as the highlight of the swimming year, the Inter-Schools Gala, began to loom nearer and nearer, sessions were held regularly in the mornings both at school and at Newlands.

Galas this year were held again on Friday afternoons instead of Saturday mornings, and the first gala was held at the home pool against Springfield, St. Cyprian's and Star of the Sea, on February 16th. Herschel won this gala and as a result the team was spurred on to harder training.

The following day the Western Province Schools Swimming Trials were held at Newlands, and Judy Banghart, Rosemary Howell and Isabell Smit entered. Fiona Adams and Michele Mercorio entered the Diving Trials. Isabell Smit is to be congratulated for being placed second in the Under-16 100 metres backstroke, and for being selected to swim for Western Province.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row Standing: Judith Wilson, Libby Hope-Robertson, Isabel Smit, Rosemary Howell, Camilla White, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Jeanne-Andre Pelt, Victoria Hau.

Centre Row: Michela Mercorio, Judy Banghart, Nicola Fouché, Linda Swanepoel, Lindsay Quibell, Deanne Isted, Margot McLachlan, Fiona Adams.

Seated: Gillian Austin, Fiona McLachlan, Alex Adams (Capt.), Miss Kable, Jennifer Hearn, Susan Fuller, Elizabeth Jeffery.

This year the team did not enter the annual Gordons Gala. The next gala was held on 2nd March at Rustenburg against Sans Souci and Rustenburg. This was an exciting gala and the final result was very close: Rustenburg first, Herschel second and Sans Souci third.

On March 21st a friendly gala was held against Rhenish and two teams were entered from both sides, and this gave every girl, who attended practices an opportunity to swim. Rhenish won this gala, and our thanks go to them for being such wonderful hostesses.

21st March was a sunny day, and perfect weather for one of the most exciting days of the year, the Annual Inter-Schools Swimming Gala, held at Newlands Baths. Most of the school appeared on the grandstand, prepared to urge the team on, and their support was invaluable.

Every member of the team swam well and as a result of this Herschel won the Senior Section and came third in the Under-14 section. We were not as successful in the diving but Fiona Adams is to be congratulated on winning the Under-14 section, and receiving an award for the most promising diver.

Thanks to all those girls who showed so much spirit and enthusiasm.

Another exciting event was the Inter-House Gala, combining both swimming and diving. This was won by Jagger, followed by Rolt and then Merriman.

Diving championships were held in the second term and these were won by Fiona Adams, who received the cup.

The winners of school trophies were:

Swimmer of the Year	Isabel Smit
Open Backstroke	Isabel Smit
Open Breaststroke	Alex Adams
Open Freestyle	Isabel Smit
Open Butterfly	Judy Wilson
Under-15 Medley	Judy Banghart
Open Medley	Isabel Smit

Colours were awarded to Isabel Smit, and team badges to Fiona Adams, Libby Hope-Robertson, Dianne Isted, Linda Swanepoel, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Judy Wilson, Michele Mercorio, and Lindsay Quibell.

Finally Alex and I would like to thank the team for their hard work and support, and wish them every success in the future.

JENNY HEARN.

TENNIS REPORT

Once again tennis matches were played every Saturday morning during the season in the Western Cape Schools' Tennis League. These matches, consisting of the best of three sets each, provided good practice and enjoyment for all.

The Inter-Schools' Tennis event was as usual a tension-filled morning with much preparation

beforehand. Unfortunately we did not walk away with the cup, despite the early morning practising. However, all teams tried hard and did play well.

Jagger must be congratulated on winning the Inter-House Tennis competition, where Alex Adams and Gill Austin, the 1st Open couple, displayed their talent.

My thanks go to Miss Kable for her tremendous encouragement and personal interest, and also to the team for their co-operation. Good luck to next year's tennis captain and team and remember—practice makes perfect!

LYNNE BRAILEY.
(Tennis Captain).

MOUNTAIN CLUB

Earlier this year it was decided to form a Mountain Club. There was an enthusiastic response, particularly from the Middle School.

Our first walk, or rather climb, was held on Saturday, 28th October. We set off from Constantia Nek and walked up the Bridle Path. We were led by Dr Sandell, the father of one of the members. Our sincere thanks are extended to him for his expert leadership.

All the members are most enthusiastic and are looking forward to the next expedition.

P. HARRIS.



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CLUBS AND ACTIVITIES

SOCIOLOGICAL CLUB

Chairman: Mrs McCormick.
Secretary: Gailie Parkin.
Treasurer: Susan Dowdle.

The Sociological Club has had an extremely interesting year and the meetings have included talks and films on a wide variety of subjects.

At our first meeting this year Mr. van Lichtenveld spoke to us about his travels through Lesotho, Swaziland and Botswana, and he illustrated his talk with some slides of the primitive African tribes in these areas. Later in the year, Dr Martin West gave us a talk on the break-away religions of the urban African and we found his film on the subject tremendously interesting as most of us were ignorant of their customs and beliefs.

Another guest-speaker who has had experience with primitive tribes is Suzanne Williams, an old Herschelian who spent nine months in the Amazon Basin, travelling down the river and living with the inhabitants of the area. Her stories of the strange animals, fish and groups of people she came into contact with were fascinating and sometimes quite terrifying.

Fiona Baigrie, also a past Herschel girl, was welcomed back when she came to talk to us about her year as a Rotary Scholar in the U.S.A. She spent six months at school in Las Cruces in New Mexico, and the next six months at University. Her slides, including pictures of the Grand Canyon and Crater Lake were very interesting, and we were delighted to see her pictures of Sue Rae Newman, who was an A.F.S. student at Herschel. In September, we were pleased to have Mary Foote back with us, who also spent a year in America, where she stayed at Santa Paulo. She said that it was her most rewarding year, and it seems that she had a wonderful time. From both Fiona and Mary we learned that school in America is merely a social occasion and that the drug problem there really is as bad as it is made out to be.

In a more musical vein, Julian Mudge played us a few classical pieces on the guitar and explained to us a bit about the guitar. At another meeting, the Cape Town Brass Ensemble gave us an illustrated talk on the role of brass in the orchestra. This was particularly interesting as they managed to produce a scale from a rusty old curtain rod. The function and playing of each instrument was explained and members of the audience were invited to play them. This proved extremely amusing and afterwards they demonstrated their own talent by playing some delightful tunes for us.

In August, Mr. Whittall, who has just toured the Galapagos Islands, gave us a fascinating

talk on the flora and fauna of the Islands and showed us some beautiful slides. It was really interesting to see the progress of evolution, and Mr Whittall has promised to show us his films of the Islands at a later date.

Also in August, we had a talk on the Gilbert Islands by Reverend Scarborough, who has recently been a missionary there. His slides and talk were both interesting and amusing and we learnt much about the natives' customs. This talk was particularly valuable to us as it provided background knowledge to the book "A Pattern of Islands" which most of us have read as a set book.

At one meeting, Mrs McCormick read us some short stories which she had translated from French, and these were most entertaining. Mr Limpie Basson, the radio announcer, also came to read us some short stories, this time by Herman Charles Bosman, Thurber and Guy de Maupassant.

Another radio personality, Miss Pamela Deal of "Woman's World", had the tables turned on her when she was interviewed by Terry Lloyd-Roberts, Susan Brownlie and Mary Newell. Afterwards she demonstrated her own technique by interviewing Peta Brownlie and Josephine Frater.

Later in the year we tried our own hand at Afrikaans radio broadcasting and the Std. IX's set up the aptly-named "Radio Deurmekaarstasie". The Std. VIII's joined in with a few traditional songs, while the Std. VII's read some Afrikaans poetry. The Matrics brought their talent to the fore at another meeting when they produced an amusing dramatised reading from "Pride and Prejudice".

Mr Victor Norton, who was editor of "The Cape Times" for 37 years, gave us a very informative talk on the role played by newspapers in society, in which he revealed some very interesting statistics. He explained to us that "Newspapers are the cement in the structure of Democracy."

One meeting this year was given up to the newly-formed Historical Society, when Mrs Mulherbe spoke to us about South African History and History Research. Especially of interest to the Art girls was an illustrated talk on Impressionist Art which was given by Miss Browne.

The films we have seen this year are "Little Women" and "Romeo and Juliet", which we really enjoyed. More educational were the three interesting films shown by Mrs Tunstall, wife of the archaeologist, which were of the Nile Valley, Tutankhamen and the eruption of Kituro. We also saw a fascinating film of the Apollo Mission, which was shown by Mrs Beaumont to accompany her talk on the subject.

All these events of the year were only made possible by our President, Mrs McCormick,

and on behalf of the club I should like to thank her very sincerely for all her hard work. We really appreciate the effort she puts into all the club activities.

GAILE PARKIN.
(Honorary Secretary).

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY CLUB REPORT

The aim of this club is to bring joy into the lives of those less privileged than ourselves.

The Social Responsibility Club has been enthusiastically supported this year by many of the senior school pupils, although we have not visited as many institutions as usual. This is because we have concentrated on producing a few well polished performances. The spirit is still very much alive.

In March we visited St. Francis Orphanage for Non-Europeans where we were warmly welcomed. The children enjoyed themselves enormously, thanks to all who participated especially our compere, Sally. Our particular reward was the enthusiasm of the children's participation in the evening's entertainment and their heart-warming appreciation of the "party eats" provided.

Later in the year we were honoured by being invited to entertain the Woodstock Seniors Club. The evening, in spite of a few "hitches", (a piano tied up with wire is difficult to manipulate) was a tremendous success. A special thank-you must go to our choir, who, as always, excelled themselves. I think it would be unjust to mention any particular names of performers as everyone contributed towards a highly successful evening.

Once again thank you all for your tremendous support—and good luck to the girls who take over next year.

GEORGINA THOM.

M.I.X.

One evening in the last week of the second term about fifty people came to the hall with pounds of cheese, French loaves and dozens of borrowed fondue sets, and the ideal recipe for a cheese Fondue. We concluded the meeting with a fact-and-faith film. Our regular meetings this year have on the whole been very successful. At a Leadership Camp in February this year the committee were given many interesting ideas and we came back with a full programme for 1973.

The highlight of the First Term was undoubtedly the "Big Dipper", a big swim arranged by the Scripture Union Offices. Twelve or so eager Standard VI's entered and, as a team, came third and are to be congratulated. As well as this, by making over ten rand they gave our kitty a much-needed boost.

The theme of the Third Term was "Missions and Missionaries" and the speakers who came were very interesting. At the moment over 40 members are collecting their coppers in tiny jars for the Loper Mission. Mr Wood

spoke one rest on his work as a part-time telephone counsellor for Life Line. A group of girls from Rustenburg, Pinelands High School and Sans Souci led our meeting one Thursday evening and described their holiday as campers in a mission in Lesotho.

At 8.00 a.m. every Wednesday a group of six or seven M.I.X. members meet in the chapel for Bible Study. Led by Miss Browne, we have slowly worked through a number of Paul's letters. We have invited Miss Garnett from the Scripture Union to lead a series of three meetings during the last term. A number of times during the year M.I.X. girls have arranged the Thursday morning assembly. These are always very interesting.

Finally I should like to thank Miss Browne for working very hard in arranging the meetings and Pam King, Helen Stubbings, Jean Napier and Karen Wessels, who have been on the committee this year.

CHRISTINA MURRAY.

THE JAYCEE JUNIOR TOWN COUNCIL

The Junior Town Council of Cape town consists of about 50 Peninsula School pupils who attend a meeting every week at the City Hall. Every school in the Peninsula is invited to send two or three members from the Standard IX class to join the Junior Town Council.

The meetings of the Council are based on the procedures of the Town Council of Cape Town and most of our meetings are attended by a member who does not interfere in our procedure but is there for help and advice.

It is our aim to do projects every term, usually in aid of charity, and we attempt to unite the youth of Cape Town.

We have a Mayor, a Mayoress and an executive body. The Mayor runs the meeting and the Mayoress helps and supports him. We have a deputy mayor, a Town Clerk and a Secretary.

At the end of our first term we had our inauguration. Both new and old members attended this, some accompanied by their parents. The Mayor, Mr Friedlander, attended the inauguration. Unfortunately Mrs Friedlander was unable to attend.

Our first project was a Poetry and Folk evening held at the Groote Schuur High School hall. We were very lucky to have as one of our performers George van Straaten, a very good folk-singer. This evening was successful and the money raised went to the Teach Fund.

In the beginning of the Second term the Re-union Dance was held, which old and new councillors attended.

The Mayor, Mr Friedlander, very kindly invited Junior Town Council to lunch with him at the Banqueting Hall and then attend a conducted tour. At the end of the Second Term we attended a "Know your City" tour and we visited the Roeland Street Fire Station, the City planning department and the Dock Road power station.

Datra motors have donated 3000 trees, some of which Junior Town Council has helped to distribute to needy institutions. We have had a good deal of trouble with the trees as there has been nowhere to plant them. We put a notice in the paper and got a reply from a School for Retarded children near Hermanus and from the Rotarians of Saldanha Bay.

On Saturday, 13th October we are holding a Dog Show at Rustenburg High School for

Girls. This is a dog show with a difference with categories for any mixture of dog.

We have organized a Quiz, uniting peninsula schools and testing their general knowledge. We do not know the results of this yet.

We have not done as many projects as we had hoped, but the ones we have done have all been successful and very enjoyable.

CLARE JOLLY.
ELIZABETH JEFFERY.

Original Work

CHEE

Once a monkey named Chee,
Was sitting in a tree.
He was thinking of what to be.

Maybe a car which goes purp
Or an angel who can play a harp.

Maybe a little boy who is brown.
Or a king with a golden crown.

Maybe a balloon which goes pop,
Or a little girl who can hop.

He could not think of what to be.
He then decided to be
What God had wanted him to be.

LINDA HERWEG, Std. 6.

BUSH FIRE

A bushfire starts mouselike,
small and darting.

Turns witchlike
Cruel and crackly cackling,

Dragonlike it roars,
belching smoke.

Lifelike, stops in its tracks,
as a new river bars the way,

Eaglelike, the smoke drops,
and eats the last mouselike remains.

KATE PHILIP, Std. 6.

NIGHT

Shadows grow
and then vanish,
as night takes their place.
Night enters with a dewy moon
which fingers the sun to dust.
Night sails in the darkness,
winging swiftly like a bird
which flies until the daylight dawns,
and then—tucks in her wings.

SUE HARRIS, Std. 6.

HAPPINESS

The thrill it sends up your spine
Is not so easy to explain
Because only you know.

LINDSAY QUIBELL, Std. 6.

THE STREAM

The stream ran down the rocks,
Gently and carefully,
To him it was a life of running.

THE COW

The cow munched away at the green grass,
To her, the world is just a meadow of green.

KARINA RAATH, Std. 6.

AUTUMN

Autumn is the dying sorrow
Of summer.

BELINDA LYNE, Std. 6.

ANTS

Like a mass of
moving tar they
move along the sunbaked
ground.

ALISON SWEET, Std. 6.

THE CROW

An arrow of black
The symbol of death
A crow is a strange bird.

AN ELEPHANT

Plodding and lumbering
Wading along
On its poor elephant feet.

LINDA HERWEG, Std. 6.

A WIND OF THE SEA

There's a wind
A wind of the sea
Sea-sprayed, sea-scented
I drench myself in it.

KATHY SHELL, Std. 6.

WARMTH

Warmth sings your body
in a comforting,
protective way.

ANTS

Why do ants work
without being told?
We never do.

LINDA SWANEPOEL, Std 6.

THE POSTER

The man on my wall
Never sleeps
And never blinks.

LOUISE GOTTGENS, Std 6.

WATER

Have you seen still water,
Looked in,
And found nothing?

MICHELE MERCORIO, Std 6.

THE PINETREE

Whishy, whishy,
The pinetree sways and ...
CRASH! a donnerball falls.

BRIDGET SANDELL, Std 6.

At the entrance
to the pool
a boy
was lying,
sunbathing.

He smiled at me as I walked by.

I went to the diving boards,
Climbed to the highest one.
I saw him
watching me

Poised, ready to dive.
Then I slipped

And stung my silly fat stomach
on the water.

I surfaced
And looked in his direction.
He was watching
a girl
sunbathing
in a blue bikini

At the other end of the pool.

ELIZABETH MURRAY, Std 6.

MY GRANDMOTHER WAS A MOST
UNUSUAL WOMAN

My grandmother was always an individual. She was never like a sheep, "following the crowd", as so many people are inclined to be. Perhaps this was because she never went to school, where you are one of so many hundreds. Instead, she had her lessons at home. At the age of three she could read fluently and write a legible hand. She learnt French and German, both of which she could speak when she was five. She also played the piano and could sew very well. Other subjects her mother did not consider really necessary for a woman although she did a bit of History and Geography and basic Arithmetic.

My earliest memory of her is of sitting on her knee, sucking a peppermint. She always had a plentiful supply of sweets. She told me beautiful stories about fairies, witches, goblins and gnomes, and, when I was a little older, stories of her own youth. She clearly remembered both World Wars. She was given a decoration in the Second World War, and she often told me how she had earned this. In someone else this might have been considered boasting, but I soon learnt that my grandmother was an exception.

During the War she was overseas in London. She did a great deal of nursing, and saved many lives. Her lodgings were quite far away from the hospital, and in the winter it was often very difficult to get there in time for her night duty. One night in mid-winter it was raining extremely hard and the howling wind blew the rain into her face when she ventured out into the storm. The impact nearly knocked her down, but she struggled bravely on. The moon was hidden behind clouds and as there were no street lights to guide her, she had difficulty in finding her way through the black out. At last, out of breath, she arrived at the hospital half an hour late.

As she entered the building she glanced quickly around, to make sure that none of the other staff had noticed her late entry. Although she was more experienced than many of the senior staff, by some mistake she had never been promoted to anything more than Junior Nurse. When she glanced down the corridor to where the lift was, she saw, to her horror, the matron of her ward and several doctors waiting for the lift. Quickly she decided to walk to the fourth floor, where her ward was. She reached this floor at the same time as the lift, but she was never punished for arriving late. Just as the lift stopped a bomb exploded in the middle of the group of people in it. The doors were open and, without stopping to think, my grandmother rushed forward, and, catching hold of one of the people, dragged him out. Help was soon at hand, but none of the others survived. My grandmother had saved the life of one of the most important doctors of that time.

She had many other stories to relate to me, but I enjoyed this one most. Unfortunately, although she was rewarded after this happening, my grandmother was requested to retire from the hospital. They discovered that she was seventy years old.

Until her death, at the age of ninety, my grandmother was both physically and mentally perfectly fit. On the eve of her ninetieth birthday she announced that she thought ninety years a long time on this earth. At four o'clock (this being the hour of her birth) on the following afternoon my father went to her room. She was lying on her bed and she smiled up at him. "Ninety years is indeed a long, long time, my dear", she said and she lay back and died.

ELIZABETH MURRAY, Std 6.

Whoosh!
There he goes down the hill
(past me)
Snow flying as he runs his skis along.

Peace.
Solitary.
(wanting to ski)
Then!
Swish whoosh he is back again
racing
and
falling
(before me)

Up he gets
looks at ME
smiles
And
away he goes!

KATHY ACKERMAN, Std 6.

THE TRAMP

After a very satisfactory dinner of curry I retired to bed and fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow.

A strong wind blew and the door flew open. I suddenly realised that I was not alone. Someone or something was in my room. I started, when I heard a footstep, and I reached out to turn on the bedside lamp.

"Keep your hands where I can see them", a harsh voice said. In the darkness I saw a gleam of a gun and I froze. The light was turned on at the main switch and I put my hand over my eyes to shield them from the glare. What I saw before me was a tramp in torn clothes, barefooted with long hair and an unshaven beard. I winced in disgust.

"Kindly leave or I shall scream", I said, trying to sound calm, but I was not very convincing.

"You'll do no such thing. I want money and clothes", he replied. I was shaken and I

did what he commanded and gathered together some money and clothes.

"A ... and now please go", I said.

"Not likely," he said, "not until I've finished with you".

With that he took out a piece of blood-stained fishing wire and started to tie it around my neck. He pulled and I began to scream. It became ... tighter. I let out one last frightful scream ...

"Jane! Jane! Wake up; you have been dreaming".

I opened my eyes to find myself sitting on the floor with the bed-sheet tied around my neck. My mother was untying it. It was then that I made a resolution never to eat curry at such a late hour,--never, never again.

JANE KELLY, Std 6.

Sitting.
Just looking.
It's breathing.
Ooh! There goes my stomach again.
Can't stop it rumbling.

Waiting.
What will become of it?
With barely enough food for us
And now another mouth.

It's lying there
Almost dead.
It's not fair.

KATHY ACKERMAN, Std 6.

Alone in a train,
Alone I sit.
Alone with my cup of tea.
I wonder if anyone
Knows I'm here,
If anyone knows about me?

VICTORIA FARQUHAR, Std 6.

OH NO! NOT UP THERE

Oh no! not up there.
I'm going up there.
Yes, yes, yes up there.

Up I climb high
Higher, higher towards up there
Higher still closer to up there.

Stop for a while, just a while.
Sit here, rest here, just a while.
Silence sitting up here.

I'll stay here for just a while longer.
Sit for just a while longer.
Peace for just a while longer.

"Come for a bath you naughty child!
I told you not to go up there."

LINDA HERWEG, Std 6.

ON A BEACH IN THE SUN

Saturated in sun.
Soaking into my body.
Hot
hot
sun.
Almost wet sun.

It is nearly all gone
'cause I have
soaked
it
in.

KATHY SHIELL, Std 6.

THE DEVIL

The devil ran, dancing, leaping over the void.
As he ran he grew and fed, on his way.
His cloak hissed and crackled, as it travelled,
Leaving its dark charred mark.

He laughed as he paused and his forked tail
danced.
Here and there over the void.
He danced up trees and spread his bright
cloak.
They blazed briefly
Before he continued;
But then he weakened and died,
Leaving his dark charred mark.

MARGARET ADAM, Std 7.

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER

There is a little shop just around the corner
from our house. It's a quaint little shop but
it just does not belong in this world of sky-
scrapers and smelly cars. It was probably built
in the Middle Ages because the top of the
shop leans right over the road which accord-
ing to our history teacher was typical of that
time. Its low little wooden door and the small
windows made it look as if it came straight
out of a fairy book. The owner of the shop,
an old, shrunken little man, well known to our
family, has worked and cared for the shop
ever since his father died many years ago.
It seems the shop has been handed down from
father to son for many generations.

Old Uncle Jim has lived above his little
shop where he has a small bedroom and bath-
room, kitchen and sittingroom, ever since I
can remember. The history of the little shop is
very interesting and goes back many hundreds
of years, when the shop had been a house
owned by a small, quiet, poor man who had
built it and lived in it until he died. His son
inherited it and made the bottom part into
a workshop for himself, for he was a shoe-
maker and grew to be a very rich one as well.
He built an extra room at the back of the
house, now used as a storeroom. Then, for a
few generations the house passed from father
to son until one of the sons found himself in

debt and sold the house to pay for it. Uncle
Jim told us many stories about the old shop;
it seemed it was almost completely burnt down
in the 18th century but was rebuilt again and
used as a house.

The most exciting part of its history, I
think, is the more recent part when Uncle
Jim's Grandfather owned the shop. It was war
time then and his Grandfather who had start-
ed to make the bottom part of the house into
a shop again, took in a few prisoners of war
who had managed to escape and were waiting
for a ship to take them back to their own
country. His Grandfather had let them stay
secretly in the attic. Uncle Jim showed us the
trapdoor by way of which you could enter the
attic. There were still a few things up there
to show that at some time someone had lived
there: an old trunk, a wardrobe and an old
bed were all that remained. When I was little,
I often played up there with my brother. We
were everything from robbers to pirates and
used to stare out of the little top window pre-
tending we could see the soldiers or police
coming to kill us.

Uncle Jim keeps his little shop neat and
clean and sells everything from saucepans to
niggerbolls, but Mum says she does not know
how long he will stay there, for he does not
make much money. But what ever happens to
it, I shall always remember Uncle Jim and his
dear little shop.

KARIN LOUW, Std 7.

THE TRAIN

The train pulls out.
In no time it's surging ahead.
Screaming into the darkness,
It lights up the way.
Stations fly past.
Houses form one great stretch of concrete.
It whistles and sings
As the parallel lines
cut clean beneath
Its flying undercarriage.
It screams through the quarry
Crawls under bridges
Coils round mountains
Slips through valleys.
Now its raging speed decreases
And its streamlined body
Glides into the station.

JEANNE FRANCK, Std 7.

THE SLEEPING GOATHERD

The Goatherd lay curled up enjoying the
noontday sun. His master had told him to be
back by sundown, so he knew that he had a
long span of time to sleep away. Out of half-
closed eyes, he gazed at his flock. He called
it "his" flock as he had been looking after
them for three years and they were his family,
as he was an orphan boy. He had been found
by his master three years ago, starving and

lying in his haystack. Ever since that day he had kept him almost as his son. As he lay thinking back over those three years, relaxing in the sunlight and warming his drowsy body, he slowly, very slowly, fell into a dreamless sleep, and left his family grazing ...

Chill began creeping over his body and slowly, very slowly, he started emerging from his weightless sleep. He thought he was lying on his own pallet till suddenly it dawned on him where he was. Instinctively he called to his flock ... no answer. At once he was up and running and shouting all together. All that he heard was the deadened echoes sounding back scornfully at him, or so he thought.

This had happened to him before, and he knew where the flock would be. As nimbly as a mountain goat, he raced over rocks and up hills, calling his special call, but there was no reply. When he reached the place where he thought they would be, he could not see a trace of them. The last rays of sunlight slanted through the mountain cracks and all was dead quiet. He sat down on a tiny rock for a moment to think. He knew his master would not beat him, but because of that fact, he felt all the worse. He knew it would be no use trying to find them now; the last ray of the sun was disappearing behind the mountain. They would all come out tomorrow to search ...

Slowly he walked home. Even though he was a big boy, tears sprang to his eyes. He knew he could not face the family at home. As he neared the sheeps corral he instinctively went in. It was dark and he could hear a hen clucking from a corner. Then, he heard a bleat, and he fell on his knees and wept.

RACHEL BROWNE, Std 7.

THE SECRET OF FISHERMAN'S CREEK

The village of Fisherman's Creek was set in between two hills. It was very small, with only one shop. The creek itself was a mass of fishing-boats, one of which seemed out of place in its lovely setting. The boat was glistening from a new coat of paint and was about three times bigger than any of the others. The man who owned this boat was Mr Dunkley-Jones, a well-known millionaire. He was usually known as Dun, for he was well liked in the village for his kind ways.

One afternoon, Dun was sunbathing on his boat, when he had an idea of how to raise money for a new village school, which was needed urgently. He stood up, stretched, and was in such a hurry to have his idea publicized that he jumped into the clear green-blue water and swam back to shore. As soon as he had dressed he rushed down to the school and waited until lessons had finished. The three o'clock bell went, and children came running out to greet him. Dun told his idea to the children who were very enthusiastic. It was to be ready by the following Tuesday. They had seven days in which to do it.

Word had got round that Dun had had strange packages sent to his house, also a stranger had moved into the village. The stranger was a gentleman called Mr Smythe. It was said that he had a job as a spy to spy on the strange goings-on at the Manor (Dun's house). Everyone in the village now knew about the secret but were forbidden to tell strangers.

Mr Smythe had bought a house in the same road as Dun and was seen moving around in the dead of night. The nights in Fisherman's Creek were as dark as the spots on a Dalmatian.

One day about two days away from the great day, Mr Smythe rushed into the village declaring that he had seen the sister to the Loch Ness Monster. (He said that it was her sister because it had red lips so it was obviously not her brother). Mr Smythe was so surprised at seeing this that he jumped into his car and drove straight up to London.

He made such a commotion in the BBC Television centre that a camera crew came back to the small village of Fisherman's Creek. The village was now in a state of havoc, for people, having heard, came to have a look and also declared that they had seen the monster.

Tuesday came. The cameramen were growing tired of waiting, when they came to life as a red and pink monster appeared. It came on to the beach and as it opened its huge mouth (the whole monster was one hundred feet long, so that its mouth was at least ten feet across) people scattered. Instead of teeth, as people thought that there would be, children came running out, each with its own monster-shaped collection-box.

The next week this event was shown on television and so many people sent in money that, by the next month, a new school was built. Mr Smythe was so ashamed of the mistake that he had made that no-one ever saw him again.

CAROLYN BEER, Std 6.

THE PET-SHOP

There is a pet-shop in our neighbourhood. It belongs to a little old man who always has a white budgie sitting on his shoulder. I often stroll in to have a look around and talk to the old man. He always shows me his new tropical fish or a new litter of pups.

One day, on my way home from school, I walked into the pet-shop and noticed snakes. I enquired, "What species of snake are those?"

The old man answered, "Harmless mole snakes". "O", said I, thinking to myself, any snake harmless or not, is still a snake!

The old man went on to say that he originally had had four snakes, but now there were only three. That was enough to make anyone's spine creep!

I said foolishly, "That means one has escaped!" "Yes, exactly", said the old man, and

his budgie squawked as if he knew what had happened.

I arrived home, closed all doors and windows, looked under beds, chairs, tables and carpets for the snake. The following day I warned all our neighbours that there was a dangerous snake loose in the area.

That afternoon I walked into the pet-shop, and, to my amazement, in the cage were four snakes! I asked "Did you find him?" "Yes", said the old man, "In the cellar, having a feast on the rats." I sighed a sigh of relief and made my way fearlessly home.

MARY MESSARIS, Std 7.

MY FAVOURITE RELATIVE

I have many relations, but without a doubt the most picturesque of them all is my uncle Percy. He is a wrestler, and reminds me of a baby gorilla, weighing a mere one hundred and twenty kilos.

He is a hot-head; once during a match he lost his temper with the referee and picked him up, and to the horror of the crowd, he tipped him out of the ring! When the referee collected his wits and stumbled back into the ring, to warn him, Uncle Percy then threw his opponent and referee into the lap of the aghast mayoress!

The mayoress shrieked with horror and left immediately.

Although, uncle Percy has such a fiery temper, he really has a heart of gold too outside the ring. In spite of the fact that I suffered tremendous embarrassment that night, he is still my favourite uncle.

MARY MESSARIS, Std 7.

TOMMY AND I GO TO THE BAZAAR

It was a fantastic sight.

The Africans' brown bodies swayed rhythmically to the beat of a home-made drum and flute. The room was largish and ill-lit, the only source of light coming from about twelve candles placed here and there. Tommy, my ten-year-old brother, watched the performance with fascination. We had been told that today was important; today the Chief of the Heavens was to declare the bazaar open. I remember wondering who on earth this man could be that he could have such a title. We did not wait for long, however.

To a fanfare of tinny trumpets, purchased for the large sum of twenty-five cents from the Arab traders that so frequently travel across Eastern Africa, the Chief of the Heavens appeared. He was not exactly unimpressive in stature, being about six foot six inches in height and about four feet wide. His nostrils flared and his thick lips pursed as he saw how the people worshipped him. (We later found out that he belonged to the Catholic Church and detested his title). His eyes were grey and thoughtful, and you could see that

they belonged to an extremely intelligent man. He strode towards the drum and beat upon it a few times, thus declaring the bazaar open.

Merchants and traders flocked towards their various stalls. On investigation, we found the widest variety of things to buy—from babies' pushchairs to copper work.

We had not bought much, however, when a small African piccaninny, as they are called in South Africa, came towards us, his palms outstretched, and in them lay the tiniest dormouse I had ever seen. Tommy promptly fell head over heels in love with it and said he wanted it. Trying to put the picture of my mother's face when she saw it, from my mind, I agreed to give him the ridiculous amount of two rands for it. Only afterwards did I realize that this was a completely ridiculous sum to pay for something that might cost twenty cents or so in a pet-shop. Still, I had to admit that it was really very sweet!

As we had been kind to that small boy, hundreds of them now swarmed around us and it was not until the "Chief of the Heavens" shoed them away that they left.

The Chief advanced and his thick lips broke into a huge smile, showing two rows of even, sparkling white teeth. He thanked us for being "too, too nice" to his son, and invited us to dine with him in his house the following day, an invitation which we were very sorry not to be able to accept as we were to leave for Rhodesia the following day.

After thanking the Chief sincerely, we made our exit, clutching the many articles that we had bought.

If ever we go back to East Africa, I know which bazaar to visit!

JEAN BARRY, Std 7.

NEIGHBOURS

Since we live in a mining town, we often have new neighbours, the old ones leaving our town for another.

One family that moved into the nextdoor house was a middle-aged couple who had four children, three of whom were boys, the youngest of them being about ten. They also had an adorable little daughter of about three or four.

Mother sent me over to them the day they arrived with a few homemade biscuits. When I rang the doorbell, the mother opened the door and who should be peering out from behind her mother's skirt but the Winters' beautiful little daughter. She was the most beautiful child I had ever seen.

As soon as I had finished my specially prepared speech to say that I hoped that they would like the town, I went off into raptures over this gorgeous child.

"Yes, she is a beautiful child", her mother said, "But her beauty won't help her at all. Her beautiful little brain was damaged at birth, and she can't speak a word."

There was a touch of sarcasm in her words and I knew that although she felt sorry for

her daughter, she wasn't going to bother herself over what she considered a hopeless case.

I gave a helping hand around the house packing away books and cleaning cupboards. Then Karen (her daughter's name) trod on a splinter and she started screaming. Even when we had pulled it out, she continued whimpering, so that her mother asked me whether I would mind taking Karen for a walk. I did not mind of course, and there followed a lasting friendship between us. Her brain-damage did affect the use of her vocal-chords but I felt that devoted attention to that child was all she needed in order to learn to speak.

I taught her how to imitate the noise of a car and a few animal sounds, but she could not yet grasp the idea of words "That will come in time," I thought but the next thing I knew, the family was moving on again.

I helped them to pack and I tried to be cheerful but I just couldn't manage it. Finally, I stood up straight and looked Mrs Winter in the eye, with tears in my own.

"Mrs Winter, will you promise me just one thing, that when you arrive at your new town, you'll try to get Karen a special teacher. I know that she'll be able to talk some day. I know it. I know it!"

"I do, too, now", she answered, "and I promise that I'll try."

We went to see them off at the airport. I was trying hard not to cry. I said my good-byes to everyone and then bent down to kiss Karen and whispered "I love you", in her ear.

She lifted up her face and looked at me with those beautiful blue eyes of hers, "I love you", she whispered back to me. Then she shook her blonde curls and laughed and ran up the aeroplane steps.

JUDY BANGHART, Std 7.

FRIENDS

I remember racing you down to the river in the rain.

Your shaggy coat all wet,

The smiling face in ecstasy,

Your wet tail slapping against my goosepimpled legs,

A panting tongue.

Then whining softly to be picked up and loved

...

Puppy-fat body vibrating with excitement,

I knelt

and you waddled up to me to be cuddled;

A cold nose,

A warm tongue next to my ear

and the wind howling through the pines.

DEBORAH WESTCOTT, Std 8.

THE BLIND MAN

His clumsy fingers ran up his walking stick
Feeling the grains of wood in his sensitive
silence.

The park air wisped the autumn leaves round
his feet,

Blank passers-by glanced at him with shallow
pity.

A small figure cast a shadow over his feet,
In a senseless silence he called out.

The child ran away

In fear of the blindness of an old man and of
a nation.

JENNIFER SCOTT KNIGHT, Std 8.

WHEN RELATIVES COME TO STAY

I always look forward to relatives coming to stay because they are useful. Often they have been used, in spite of my Mother's objections, to help my sister with her homework, which means I have more time to do mine.

Relatives come to stay. Not surprisingly, relatives soon go. Imagine being asked by a sweet little girl if you have beetles in your beard! Unperturbed by your curt answer "No", she asks if your daughter is as good at history as she is. One answers politely and untruthfully. Still the dinner, no doubt, may compensate for all. However, there seems to have been an accident, so one has burnt toast and marmite.

After supper, the weary relative plays games with the children. The youngest child, who is four years old, beats him at Memory, the seven-year-old plays chess with him and wins. The thirteen-year old girl questions him on her science which he does not understand.

He finally goes to bed, taking the newspaper with him. A mighty battle ensues to get into bed, and it is goodbye to the sheets.

Half an hour later, he is woken by his host who has come to fetch the newspaper. He goes to sleep and dreams of his host coming for him with a carving knife.

The host works till half past two, grudgingly thinking of the bottle of wine which he opened for his guest.

His wife is glad that the guest is enjoying himself, but thinks of the two enormous coffee stains which he made on the white sitting-room carpet. She consoles herself with the thought that it was not quite as large as the ones made by Aunt Maud, Grandpa and Agnes.

"God gave us our relatives; thank God we can choose our friends."

JOSEPHINE FRATER, Std 8.

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BEING A SLAVE

Under our master's yoke
 like oxen
 to be sold ...
 or bought ...
 on his whim
 like cattle
 to die in our stalls
 our horns removed from fear of the butt
 but our danger gone
 our hearts trodden into the ground
 still the chains ...
 still the brands
 and the whips
 owned body, soul and mind
 without a sip of that strange wine called freedom
 and without a family to mourn me
 and the wrench of no ties to bind me
 and only my soul
 to call my own.

JOSEPHINE FRATER, Std 8.

CHESS IN HEAVEN

You take Black and I'll take White
 Now let's see who wins the fight
 White dominates very shortly
 (Well, after all, what's apartheid for!)
 Check-mate!—No, not quite
 That king is out again!
 Ah! But not for long
 That superior White is much too strong
 And soon the game is done.
 But soon the game will be reversed
 And then the accursed shall curse!

PAMELA KING, Std 8.

WHERE IS MY BOOK?

No week had ever seemed so long, yet so exciting. That once-in-a-life-time moment for an author had arrived for me. My first novel had been accepted, published and was due to appear in all the city bookshops at nine o'clock that very morning. What literary being could ask for more?

It was eight o'clock. I had calculated my times to the last second: five minutes walk to the bus-stop and a ten-minute bus-ride. I anticipated the self-control I would have to exercise, not to sprint the remaining few yards of grey pavement to the bookshop window. It was time already to put on my overcoat and my new snap-brimmed tweed hat!

London, to my eye, had never looked more lovely than on that foggy autumn morning. As I approached the famous bookshop, I was filled with a greater joy and anticipation than I had ever known.

A woman in a blue overall was neatly stacking pyramids of books in the shop-window. As I arrived, I could hardly wait to recognise the striking cover of my novel. Surely the eye of every passer-by would be caught by the raven-

haired girl in her snow-white bikini, clenching the deadly stiletto between her teeth? What love and thought had gone into the designing of that book-jacket! My face was now pressed hard against the cold glass of the window, my eyes scurrying from side to side past the woman's solid blue shape. Books of every description met my frantic gaze. But where were those flowing raven-locks, that jewelled Italian stiletto? Where was my book?

The window was becoming steamed up from the inside, and to my dismay misted over from the foggy air outside, but my staring and by now aching eyes could discern that "The Corsican Bikini" was not on display.

"It's too early," I thought. "I'll go away and come back later." I crossed the street to a tearoom and sat at a small table near the door. Somehow I managed to pass nearly an hour sipping tea and pretending to read the morning paper, before I ventured, with a pounding heart, back to the bookshop window. My book was not there!

All through that long day, I crossed and re-crossed the busy street. Each time the stacks of shiny new books remained unchanged and I would return to the stuffy tea-room. By four o'clock, the chatty waitress had become faintly hostile at the monotonous order for tea and buttered toast. She glanced thoughtfully at me from time to time, as I sat motionless, my gaiety of the morning changed to deep depression.

At last it was a quarter to five and I knew something must be done. I crossed the now familiar street and paused, gazing once more into the window. Instead of the longed-for sight of my beautiful novel, I could see only my own reflection, the tweed hat, so crisp and gay that morning, now limp and drooping, my face sallow and hollow-eyed.

There was only one thing to be done. Why hadn't I thought of it before? I opened the glass door of the shop and walked in, a spring once more in my step. After all, I was a name, the writer of a future best-seller! They could not fail to recognise me. I marched up to the office where the manageress sat sorting papers.

"Good evening," I said, "I am Charles Seagram!"

She watched me with indifferent eyes. "Yes?" The unbelievable was happening. She didn't know my name!

"Where is my book?" I shouted.

She shook her head uneasily and glanced at the clock on the wall behind me.

"We close in five minutes", she said.

I found myself out in the windy street, an anonymous figure swallowed up by the crowds.

Tomorrow I would return, but at the moment, I could only gaze into the now brightly-lit window, muttering, "Where is my book? Oh, where is my book?"

CAMILLA WHITE, Std 8.

NICHOLAS

I first met him on the beach
 He sidled along with crablike simplicity.
 Spider-like invincibility,
 A shell covering,
 With a tiny face,
 Smily,
 Wily,
 I watched his angular walk ...
 And felt a sudden pain,
 The rascal had nipped me!

JOSEPHINE FRATER, Std 8.

TO CHRISTOPHER, ON A
SUMMER'S NIGHT

Sadly I sat on the window seat
 And felt the heat
 Come beating
 Down.
 As I watched, a night-jar arched
 Across the warm and shadowed trees.
 His muted song,
 Lingering on, sang to me
 And turned my desolate thoughts
 From death to
 Immortality.

CAMILLA WHITE, Std 8.

DAYDREAM

Far away,
 In the distance of my mind
 The kaleidoscope of colour
 Merged into a hazy image.
 And we sailed on a sunny sea
 Of orange peels,
 To a land of apple trees—
 Laden with the sunshine
 Of a summer's shower,
 And we plucked the fruit—
 And
 I awoke
 To this colourless world.

MANDY SCOTT, Std 8.

TRAVELLING ALONE

I get an absurd feeling, when travelling alone, that I am someone's potential victim. As I stagger down the corridor of the rhythmically swaying train, I feel HIS eyes boring into my vulnerable back, causing me to make an even more undignified exit than usual from that particular apartment.

Safely in the dining-car, I unobtrusively (I hope) place myself near a kind-looking person or an admired hero (who usually turns out to be the man who threatened the engine-driver with a screw-driver).

If I happen to be making just a short trip from Rondebosch to Cape Town, I am bound to do something stupid, like getting my three-inch-high cork shoes stuck between the bars under the seat in front of me, or giving my

ticket to a run-away bus-conductor to clip. For such reasons, I usually travel in the custody of a reliable, sensible friend.

While I am residing at an hotel at some isolated "resort", the thought of a visit to the bathroom in the dead of night fills me with fear. Armed with my solid teddy-bear, I creep stealthily down the corridor, eyes and ears wide open in case of sudden danger, which usually appears in the unexpected form of a mouse or cockroach running ecstatically along the dilapidated floorboards.

When I obtain my driver's licence, I, as a solitary and defenceless driver, will offer lifts only to men in uniform or helpless-looking girls who are at least five inches shorter than I.

The thought sometimes crosses my teeming mind that if I were destined to be brutally killed or murdered, I should resignedly accept my fate. However, the survival instinct overwhelms and perseveres and, anyway, prevention is better than cure.

However, if I can possibly prevent it, I shall never travel alone.

S. BOSMA, Std 8.

THE CROWD BEFORE THE
MONKEY CAGE

It was a pleasantly warm Sunday afternoon; a quiet, peaceful sort of afternoon when children, young mothers with babies, elderly couples, lovers and dogs all take the opportunity to wander through leafy parks. The small neighbourhood of Clerkaville was no exception—nor was its park with the strategically-placed wooden benches, litter bins and "Keep off the Grass" signs.

But on this particular afternoon, I noticed a small crowd near the lily pond. Thinking there must be some point of interest, I approached the scene. In doing so, I picked up some strange comments. Mrs Hartley, the bossy, gossipy laundry-woman nudged a beak-nosed priest nearby. "Really, this 'as gone too far. 'E should be removed immediately. Like a ruddy monkey 'e is." She received a pious look from the priest who answered, "But, my dear madam, we should feel sorry for him, not condemn him," in a voice which sounded as if he had never felt sorry for anyone in his life. The rest of the conversation was drowned by the hysterical giggling of two small boys who came hurtling past me.

Full of curiosity, I pressed onwards amidst titterings and nudgings "You wouldn't think he'd have the nerve, would you, Mave? He should be locked up or something."

"Well, I think it makes jolly good entertainment for a Sunday afternoon."

"Really Mave, how could you be so cruel?"—both Mave and her companion collapsed into fits of laughter. A young man was watching the whole scene meditatively, sorrowfully, obviously more disgusted with those around him than with whatever they were looking at. I

saw a small girl staring in absolute horror, clutching on to her mother's coat with tears in her eyes.

I pushed my way to the front, determined to see what it was that had evoked such mixed feelings in those around me. Then I saw it. On the other side of the pond, a small, hideously disfigured dwarf was dancing up and down, waving his tiny arms above his head. It was macabre and horrifying to see a human being so degraded—like a monkey enclosed in his own cage of insanity, watched by an eager Sunday afternoon crowd.

I turned and forced my way back through the crowd, and ran away.

E. HARTNELL-BEAVIS, Std 8.

CLOTHES

There is nothing really unusual about the clothes we wear today. They are not usually elaborate, except those for special occasions. Although people take such great care about what they wear, few of them think about the work that goes into the making of their clothes.

Today, most clothes are made of wool, silk, cotton or man-made fibres: rayon, lurex, tricot, towelling, corduroy, tricosea, velvet and nylon, etc. These clothes are nearly all made in factories, or in exclusive establishments where they are specially fitted for the individual. Nowadays, the dyes are made with chemical ingredients as fixatives, but when man first wore clothes, they were totally different, both dyes and materials.

During the Stone-age in Europe, men wore furs and skins and not much else, but during the later periods, the Early Middle Ages for example, they gradually began to make them out of different materials. The wool from their sheep was corded, spun and woven into cloth which was then dyed. They also used flax, which they cultivated, for lighter materials.

The Britons used wood for the blue dye, henna for the red, ochre and the crushed petals of certain flowers for the yellow. The Mediterranean lands used crushed sea-shells which produced the lovely purple dye, characteristic of the Roman Emperor's purple togas.

In the Nile Delta region, however, long before civilization had begun to develop in Europe, the Egyptians had been growing cotton, and from it weaving the finest white linen for their clothing. This material was much more sophisticated than the earliest European materials.

In the East, however, silks had been used for 3000 years (since 2700 B.C.) In China, silkworms were kept for their silk which was obtained from unravelling the cocoons before they hatched out. The unravelled silk was washed, spun and then woven into long lengths of silk fabric. These lengths of silk were then dyed and "watered" or washed in the running water of a river.

When properly draped, these pieces of silk lend a certain degree of elegance to the wearer, and Indian women in their saris look very dignified. The Chinese and Japanese wear silk clothes rather than draped silk. This same draping effect was used in the draped linen clothes of the Ancient Greeks and Romans, at the peak of their civilizations.

Back in Britain, in the Late Middle Ages and the Renaissance, brocades, velvets and lace were used for clothes. The men wore lace collars and woollen hose, while the women wore elaborate and highly decorative clothing. (This was the nobility's clothing; the poorer people still wore linen, wool and other coarser types of material).

Today, people wear virtually anything they please. The clothing differs according to taste and fashion which has always been a major feature in Clothes. The Fashion designers, like Christian Dior, make vast sums of money from their creations, and commissions from wealthy people. A proverb says, "Fine cloth is never out of fashion".

In most large stores, clothes can be bought "off the peg", or in other, more elite, shops, the clothes can be made to measure. But whether "off the peg" from Woolworths or "made to measure" from Peter Saunders, clothes play a large part in our lives, as many people (who can afford it), are conscious of their appearance; consequently, they take great care over their choice of clothes.

This care for appearance and clothes has never been confined to any one period of the history of clothing. An old English proverb says "Clothes do much to make a man."

Thus we see, that throughout the History of man's clothing, since the Early Middle Ages, clothes have become increasingly more important to his daily life.

PAMELA KING, Std 8.

SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER

Suddenly last summer
something happened that
made me
age.

Something bit me
cold and hard
and woke me
from my youthful
slumber.

New thoughts and ideas
filled my big head—
new opinions about
people.

What an innocent
I was—
what a nice person
I was—
Last
summer.

T. LLOYD-ROBERTS, Std 8.

THE KEY

"Here is the key",
she said,
"Take it; the door is yours."

I closed my eye over the keyhole
and looked
and watched
and laughed.

why should I throw away contentment for
that?

thousands of little unimportant ants
with their funny individual habits
and manners.

Why should I
who have known the joy of
being
alone, flying free,
climb in and
share their box?

I smiled,
and threw away
the key.

T. LLOYD-ROBERTS, *Std 8.*

TRAVELLING ALONE

We sped past the flamingoes. They were all
poised on one leg, some peering down into the
cool greeny-brown depths of the lagoon. Over-
head wheeled three plump ducks with shiny
eyes; I grinned at them like an idiot and they
circled in a tighter ring around my head, until
they were so close that I could have touched
them had I stretched my arms out.

They winked at me as if to say,
"We know, and you're a friend." Then they
twisted themselves upwards with a loud flap-
ping and were gone; a flamingo turned his
head, lifted a wing and smiled.

There were buttercups by the boathouse and
there were people. There were plastic plates
and coffee-cups and beyond the boathouse a
mountain and rocky outcrops draped with
serpents. Every inch seemed to be covered
with some kind of wildflower or bush, that is,
all except a path worn down along the side
of the lagoon by the cows. I chose the moun-
tain. Although it was a hot day I ran along
the path and climbed in little jumps, for fear
of snakes, to a small peak of rocks and stood
there to feel the wind coming in from the
direction of the sea. From where I stood, I
could see the lagoon in a graceful sweep meet
the sea, framing the shore with a thick
forest of green weed and slime.

There was a noise like the scrunching of
hooves on a slippery, stony path and round
the corner came a cow. "Hello, cow," I said
and it sounded terribly vulgar. She stopped
and looked at me; I stopped and looked at
her and there we remained for a minute until

with a careless swish of her tail she continu-
ed on her way to eat the green weeds by
the shore. Cows are superior beings.

"Not very friendly that one," said one of the
three ducks. He was picking his way care-
fully through a thorny patch towards me and
his two friends were flapping desperately just
above the ground to find a less cruel land-
ing-site.

"Cows are superior beings," I said a bit
sadly, "Come and meditate a bit higher up"
and we flew up there, the ducks circling me
constantly to keep the wind beneath me whilst
I coughed and spluttered with the wind in
my eyes and hair in my mouth.

I had not realized before how long I had
been missing, but as I made my way back
towards the lagoon and the boathouse I knew
it must have been several hours.

"Where have you been?" said one of the
aliens.

"Looking for a camel and I found a friend,"
I said. He took one of the hateful plates and
said nothing. I broke a piece of cheese, ate it
and looked at the flamingoes. The alien con-
tinued to say nothing. I looked at my finger-
nails. Cows are definitely superior beings.

JULIA PALEY, *Std 8.*

THE BLUES

To the scholar of another age, this essay
would have had to be restricted to a descrip-
tion of different aspects of that most beauti-
ful of all colours, blue! The varying blues of
the sea, watery blues, dark, depthless blues,
bright sunlit blues of tropic waters; the blue
of the sky, the pale, washed-out blue of the
horizon deepening to the cobalt blue of the
heavens above.

There are so many wonderful blues in the
world around us: the proud rich blue of a
peacock's feathers, the flashing azure of a
blue-bird glimpsed in the woods. A baby's eyes
have the deep and unfathomable blue of one
newly arrived, "trailing clouds of glory." There
is the exciting blue-white of a perfect dia-
mond, the spring-like carpet of blue-bells in
the English woods, the glazed, earthy-blue of
china.

Blue is the colour of the Virgin Mary and
countless artists have painted the Madonna-
blue of her cloak, throughout the ages.

It is difficult to trace exactly where the
modern term "the Blues", meaning a gloomy
frame of mind, originated. The colour blue
was a cheerful one in a nursery rhyme such
as Little Boy Blue. The university "blue" was,
and still is something very prestigious to a
sportsman. A blue-stocking was a learned
woman, although the phrase was used con-
temptuously. The phrase "Blue Monday" is the
nearest approach one can think of for the
present-day interpretation of the word, al-
though in the Merchant of Venice, Shake-

speare speaks of "Black Monday". In Elizabethan times, if a candle "burnt blue" it was an omen of death, or an indication of the presence of ghosts or of the devil. The flag, the Blue Peter, a blue flag with a white square in the middle, has an element of sadness about it. The hoisting of this flag means that the ship will leave within hours and the sailors must leave home for foreign shores.

The music, the Blues, originated in New Orleans. It is essentially a two-beat music, with the emphasis on the first beat, played in a mournful minor key. It is early twentieth century music, but it incorporates all the sadness and woes of the slaves from whose music it has descended. Although the dominating music of the 1920's was Jazz, its gaiety was merely a cover-up for the depression and unemployment of that time. It is the Blues that really express the mood of the masses of the people in the 1920's.

There are many great "Blues" tunes, good music but always basically sad. The tune, "Blue Sunday" had such a depressing effect on radio listeners in the United States, that it had to be withdrawn. The suicide figures rose sharply whenever it was played.

"Blues" sang Sir Noel Coward, "20th Century Blues, you're getting me down!" But, to me, "blues" are gay, holiday colours, blue skies and seas. I shall always take "Blue Skies" any day, as my theme-song, rather, than the doleful sound of the "Basin Street Blues".

CAMILLA WHITE, Std 8.

THE BLUES

I have never been able to understand why the conception of unhappiness and desolation has been labelled with such a beautiful colour. "The Greys" would be so much more suitable, but, like so many other strange colloquialisms, it seems one must simply accept it.

It is, however, rather paradoxical that, perhaps because of its association with heaven, blue gives things a rather special air. A Madonna's robe, a kingfisher's wing, a field of bluebells—all these would mean nothing without its shades. But there are many unborn fantasies about the colour. Why should a blue sea look any lovelier than a green one, or why is a blue-eyed girl considered luckier than one with brown eyes?

Unfortunately, over the years, blue has dropped from her heavenly heights, and is now used in a far more derogatory fashion. It has died down from the brilliant shades, after which painters yearned, to the more sombre aspects of loneliness and sadness. We start off our week with "Blue Monday" when everything goes wrong; if we work too hard we are nicknamed a "blue stocking"; an undesirable film is labelled "Blue", and if the censorship board happens to find it, it arms itself with blue pencils!

The Blues, in their general sense, usually arise out of boredom, depression, sadness and other such morbid emotions. They attack me on Sunday evenings when I realize how much work I have to do, all the tests for which I have to study and how early I have to get up in the morning. These are very superficial Blues, but some people become afflicted far more seriously. The serious cases often develop into the drug-addicts, alcoholics and criminals of their time, and there is very little one can do to help them.

This state of mind also links up with the type of music called The Blues. The slow, rather whining style, which developed in America, and is now being revived by contemporary artists all over the world, reflects the mood of sadness. Often, especially in modern songs, the theme is strange and incomprehensible, but between the lines lie the unfortunate events of many young singers' lives.

The Blues, however, be they good, bad, happy or sad, are indispensable. Even the Herschel School Board has turned to the Blues for our uniform! I wonder what kind of blues they are?

ELIZABETH HARTNELL-BEAVIS,
Std 8.

TAKING IT EASY

"Picture yourself in a boat on a river, with tangerine trees and marmalade skies." These words, written by the Beatles, suggest peace and tranquillity. Relaxing is really my favourite hobby, and I am told that I excel in it, although I don't think this was intended as a compliment! I am, by nature, a placid and idle person who enjoys reading, sleeping and various other unenergetic pastimes.

In Summer, the two ideal ways of relaxing, to my mind, are swimming and sunbathing. Baking in the heat of the sun and following it with the cool relief of the water, are typically pleasant ways of taking it easy. On the other hand, one might prefer the lulling movement of a hammock in the shade of two trees, with a tall glass of some refreshing drink close at hand.

Time marches on, and Winter, the "paragon of art" arrives. While the rain and hail beat down on an unfriendly, grey world, I am curled up in a cocoon of warmth, with a good book. I may even gather up sufficient energy to take part in a game of cards or chess.

Frequently, when I have nothing to do, I pick up my guitar and play for relaxation. Another thing I enjoy is listening to records of all classical works. My favourite is Tchaikovsky's Pathétique.

Relaxing is really taking time off to please yourself, and enjoying yourself as you like best, and taking it easy is simple should you happen to be as lazy as I am.

T. LLOYD-ROBERTS, Std 8.

HAUNTED

Instead of being troubled by the usual ghosts, poltergeists and consciences, our family, just to be different, was haunted by Geremunglums.

Our first meeting with these nauseating creatures occurred late one night when we were watching television. "The Invisible Man" had just returned to the screen after a commercial, when a low, thudding noise was heard in the room. My sister turned on the lights, but the noise stopped immediately, so we dismissed it as being the sound of the rain outside, forgetting that it was a fine night.

However, when the dull thud started up again, we decided that a full-scale investigation was necessary to calm our nerves. A loud scream indicated that my sister had found something. Squatting under the chair upon which my father had been sitting was a grossly fat, orange, hairy spider, eight inches in length. The gallant fearlessness of the men of today showed itself in my father as he crashed to the floor in a heavy faint.

Mother, with her typical anything-men-can-do-I-can-do-better attitude, reposed unconscious, on the comfortable settee.

The spider, later identified as a Geremunglum, was now moving. It heaved itself up on its hairy, orange legs, advanced a little way, and then thudded to the ground, sending a ripple of motion through the fat of its body.

Sudden fear caused my brother to dash for his hockey stick, while my sister ran for a golf club and I scuttled to a safe place.

The shambles that followed was hilarious (for the onlooker). Father, who was just recovering, was knocked unconscious again by a badly-aimed golf club as the spider fled past his head. Eventually, unable to move owing to the gradual loss of its legs, the creature was mashed into the floor, and the mutilated body was disposed of.

The following day, two more of these creatures appeared, and throughout the weeks that followed, we found more and more of them. An apple would be taken out of the fruit bowl, revealing a Geremunglum draped over the bananas; Geremunglums would crawl through the windows and dive into your bath; they would be found asleep under your pillow; shoes were always full of them; they would crawl up into your clothes and nestle against you.

The neighbours, however, had never seen such spiders before, let alone having their houses invaded by them.

At the end of the month we packed our bags and moved to South Africa.

Strangely enough the people who bought our house do not have any trouble with spiders. Considering the number we killed, I am sure we wiped out the species ...

GAILE PARKIN, Std 8.

THINGS I LOVE

I love chips and crackers on Guy Fawkes' night.

I love watching the sea,
And being held tight
Which gives me
A sense of security.

I love sitting up in bed in the silence of the dawn,
Watching the sunrise
With my curtains drawn,
Hearing the sounds
Of the birds on the lawn.

BEVERLY ANNE JOSLIN, Std 9.

POP-MUSIC

Paint a portrait of 27-year-old Roderick David Stewart. The face: medieval woodcutter, masquerading as a Restoration fop. The sound: Rod McKuen, Bob Dylan, Janis Joplin with just a slight twitch of Joe Cocker. The movement: Mick Jagger, Peter Townsend, Elvis Presley with just a prance of the old Supremes. He is now called the reigning genius of pop-rock. Get the picture?

This is the new talk of today and many teenagers have begun to adopt this. The radio is a good source for young people to get to know pop music, then, later, when there is a rise in pocket money, they begin to listen to new long-playing releases and subsequently buy them. There are many different types of groups, some play pop-music which is now known as "bubble-gum" music, and is very much commercialized, especially in South Africa. On the other hand, many overseas groups play underground music, soul, or rock and roll. These long-players are usually only heard a year later in South Africa. Different aspects of music have different effects on people. Part of the youth of today listen to the lyrics while others concentrate on the rhythm, instruments or local sounds.

Nowadays, pop-music is played only over the radio, at discotheques, or parties, because it keeps the atmosphere going, has a good beat and a lively sound. I think that this present popularity hinges much more on live appearances than on albums, although we do not see very many live shows. Most of the musicians excite themselves physically, mentally and musically and then the audience reacts in the same way.

But I would say there is going to be a great change in music in the near future, as overseas, besides the commercial music the majority of people are listening and beginning to like a new sound which is Blues Music. It is mainly folk songs with a slight touch of pop beat in it. This new sound has not yet reached South Africa, but a talented young group who have recently come to South Africa are trying to advertise jazz as much as they can.

At the present moment, I find that people try to find something in music that is not there. They look too deeply into music and I think the duty of a pop-group or any other type of group is to make as much good music as they can in the shortest time possible.

BEVERLY JOSLIN, Std 9.

THE MALAY GIRL

Mabel and Jim Hathing, recently married, had found a delightful thatched cottage, on the border between South Africa and Zambia. Being alone in these parts, and Jim being at work the whole day, Mabel decided to employ someone to help her with the housework, and also to keep her company.

The only servant girl available was an old Malay girl, very sly-looking with huge, slanting eyes. Mabel was desperate for some help and after a while the girl proved efficient, so her doubts about her ceased. The couple lived as any normal couple usually lives for a couple of months, until they began to notice very odd behaviour in the old Malay girl. She shifted about the house, in her plaintive way, but her eyes portrayed a look of complete mystery and evil, as if she were living in another world.

Together with the behaviour of the maid, strange things began to happen in the cottage. The couple were rudely awakened one night with the tremendous banging and clanging of windows and the huge front door.

"It's probably just the wind", Tim muttered, knowing very well that there was no wind.

"I'll fix some bolts on the door in the morning", he said.

Alas, the bolts and planks did nothing to stop the "wind". At two the next morning the banging recurred, but it was louder and closer this time. Mabel and Tim soon began to have their doubts about this "delightful thatched cottage" full of wonders. Mabel, who could not stand this suspense any longer, decided to ask in the village.

She bumped into the estate agent, who had sold them the cottage, and he explained that the Malay Girl was known to be a witch, who practised black magic, calling up evil spirits. He said that they must pour boiling water around the kitchen table when the banging started.

The next morning, Mabel and Tim, on hearing the banging, crept into the kitchen, and poured boiling water all around the kitchen table. This was followed by gurgling and cursing screams. They crept back to bed and sighed with relief, as the banging had ceased.

Mabel was cooking breakfast the next morning, when Maiba, the Malay girl eyed her suspiciously, asking if she could leave to find another job. Mabel, without turning around said "yes" she might, and then took a quick glance at Maiba, who was leaning against the table, her body covered with huge blisters and burns.

DAEL MEACHEM, Std 9.

CHRISTMAS

Ah! Six months of peace and relaxation, here in my pinewood chalet in the Canadian Mountains. This is the life! Ha! Ha! To think that all these children will be writing to "Dear Father Christmas, c/o The North Pole"—the address of my Riviera residence. I'll have to go there in June and clear out my letter-box, but that task is still six wonderful months away.

You have no idea how hard I work, and sometimes I even have to go to Stuttards in Cape Town to fetch the children's letters, not to mention all the other post offices and red letter-boxes I call at. Then I have to choose one present from a list about three pages long that some cheeky, spoilt boy has written, (when I would rather give him nothing at all) or find a present for some poor orphan who has built her dreams on receiving that one present she has been wanting for years.

Sometimes if I read the "Personal Column" of "The Cape Times", (which is usually reserved for wrinkled spinsters finding wrinkled future husbands, and urged on by some equally misguided representative from "The Happy Hearts Marriage Society") I will find a pleading letter about a red bicycle or a silver gun that an anonymous writer has seen in the window at Garlicks, and would dearly love to have for Christmas. Being a bachelor, (and I'm very proud of the fact, too,) I am highly critical of the notices in this column, and read them only to see if there is a request from one of my children.

Then on the 20th December every year I groom my reindeer—a terrible task. Last year Rudolf, my favourite reindeer, had made his hooves very dirty and I ran out of Vim trying to scrub them shiny again. I tried Cold Water Omo but he complained that the bubbles got in his eyes and hurt. As I could not have Rudolf walking around with red, tearful eyes on such a joyful occasion as Christmas, I had to be content with his having only three sparkling hooves. The fourth hoof made a black mark in the snow all through Zurich, and the people must have wondered what had passed by in the night—but by the time we reached Vienna the dirt had all worn off.

In Brisbane, I had to do some very difficult driving along the freeways and at one stage I had to park in a loading zone. When I returned from delivering the presents in that street, I found a "no parking" ticket on my sledge and one on every reindeer—that in the middle of the night, too! They must have a very efficient police force.

I would not exchange all the riches in the world for some of the picturesque family scenes which I view as I travel around the world on Christmas Eve. Once, on looking through the window of a house in the Latin Quarter of Paris, I saw a mother and father sitting by the fire, telling their children wonderful stories about me, whilst their offspring

listened with open mouths and sparkling eyes. At the foot of their beds, next to their stockings, I found some chocolate bon-bons and a card on which was drawn a crudely-coloured Father Christmas—a present from two of my happy children.

In Hong Kong I was given a brand new radio, which I managed to smuggle through the Canadian Customs, and now I can sit in my secluded chalet and listen to the world and its life—be it on Springbok Radio or the B.B.C.

On leaving England, I was held up by the Dock Strike and could not cross the channel to France, with the result that I was rather late in arriving in the Swiss Alps. Here I received a handsome gold Omega watch which I did not know whether to accept as a gentle hint for being late, or an innocent boy's "thank-you" present.

Cape Town is the end of my journey and I arrived here at lunch time on Christmas Day. My reindeer were becoming very hungry, but we soon found a sack of oats from the S.P.C.A.—a very sensible present, indeed. From here I go to the North Pole to leave my animals for six months until I join them again in June.

Then I go by Jumbo Jet to Montreal and from there to my peaceful haven. Although I have such a large family I am often lonely and look forward to my next Christmas.

I always feel sad when a child stops believing in me and starts to grow up, following the path of life, but I am happy again thinking of the toddlers and children who will come in the future and be introduced by their parents to "The World of Father Christmas".

JOANNE PULSFORD, Std 9.

UPON A DISTANT VIEW OF A SPIRE

The spire rose up above the quiet church and its music filled the air with the gentle innocence of a Raphael Madonna. Far behind it lay an eternity of misty, pale mountains that merged the horizon into pastel non-existence.

The previous night an unwanted guest had parked her ample self upon my spectacles, reducing them to a mangled entanglement of irreparable mutilation. And thus it was that I stumbled out on to the balcony the following morning in a haze of progressive myopia, to see the spire as I had never seen it before.

For the first time, I, a confirmed atheist, saw something of beauty in the house of God. Coleridge once wrote "Little do these men know what Atheism is. Not one man in a thousand has either strength of mind or goodness of heart to be an Atheist," but I do not believe that. I have no need of a god to lean upon, and I have learnt to blame myself when things go wrong. If there is only myself for me to rely upon, I am assured of doing my best.

And yet the spire, bathed in the tranquillity of the holy morning, seemed so sturdy, so reliable, something to believe in.

I looked down at humanity. Everyone lived differently, everyone spoke differently, and yet everyone was following the same call of the spire's bells.

"'Twould ring the bells of Heaven
The wildest peal for years,
If Parson lost his senses
and people came to theirs,
and he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shabby tigers,
And dancing dogs and bears,
and wretched, blind pit ponies,
and little hunted hares."

were the words of Ralph Hodgson, and I have never forgotten them. When people are not too busy praying for themselves, they do occasionally pray for others. But that is all they do for them. Expressing a wish in the church beneath that spire merely makes one feel good. It does nothing to heal the sick or feed the poor.

What is it that brings so many different people together in spiritual unity? God? "God is one's conscience." "God is everywhere." Then why build a church for self-worship? Why build a towering spire to reach God in Heaven?

Absurd!

I remembered what I had learnt as a child; "Men who never change their minds love themselves more than they love the truth." All right, I would visit the spire the following week, by which time, hopefully, I would have obtained a new pair of spectacles.

Meanwhile I learnt to appreciate my misfortune. I could retreat into an oblivious world of my own that no-one else could see, and when I received my spectacles, I would be able to return to everyone else's world. No matter how hard people "blessed" with perfect sight tried, they would not be able to view the spire as I saw it that morning.

The following Sunday I joined the congregation at the church. But the spire at close quarters was harsh, painfully symbolic of what I could not believe, and it held no meaning for me.

I shall keep my distance.

GAILE PARKIN, Std 9.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

Every man has been given a life, and that was none of his own doing. But every man lives his life in his own way.

There are obviously certain things which influence our lives, things which almost determine our future. A person's home-background is usually considered the most important thing in his life. What you are brought up to respect and believe, is usually what forms the foun-

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CAPE TOWN

dation of your life. Many a man who has been led astray by others, or who has not had a successful life, has had an unhappy childhood, and an unhappy home. For if you cannot turn to home for comfort and security and advice, you may lead yourself to your downfall in life.

But which man can rightfully judge another man's life? Yet which man does not? Life is a journey through time and whether you live on the surface of life or look more deeply into it, and the meaning of it, your life will end as it must. When you die, people who knew you will discuss you, criticize you and establish whether, in their opinions, your life was well-lived and used or not.

Some people are born less fortunate than others; some are born unwanted, poverty-stricken, homeless, hungry or neglected. Life is harder for some people. It is harder for those who are at a disadvantage, physically or mentally. Yet every person can find something for which to be grateful, as Milton said, "He who best bears His mild yoke serves Him best!"

People believe in fate and destiny, and your lot in life. They argue that if you were born under a certain star, and at a certain time in relation to the phases of the moon, you will have a certain character and nature which you can do nothing about. On the contrary, I believe that what you are is yourself. Selfhood is the difference between one man and the next, and a man who has no standards or principles in life, has no self. A man must seek himself until he finds out who he is, and what he wants to do with his life, and

what is himself. St. Thomas More was a perfect example of a man who knew himself. He preferred to die rather than to betray his whole self.

Other people can give us advice about what we should do, and how we should do it, and we can reject or accept this. We can agree wholeheartedly, but how we do things comes from ourselves. Every person is separate, with different ideas, and different natures, so each person has characteristics peculiar to himself. Each person does the same thing in the way that he feels best, and if according to general opinion, he does it badly, then his principles are completely different from those of other men.

A person must be himself. He must have an anchor in life, so that he can find himself. Many people go wrong; they may have been influenced by others to do wrong things, but if they see that these things are wrong, they can change their ideas, if they have a self.

If you are by nature ambitious, and you work hard, and get yourself to where you aimed, you have made a success of yourself, even if you are not particularly admired by others. If you are content to sit back and not to do anything, it is your fault if you fall down.

A person should make the most of any gifts that he has been given; he should always be cheerful and a pleasure to be with, and he will make a sure success of his life.

We can be influenced in our lives, but what we ultimately do, and how we do it, comes only from ourselves.

JILLIAN AUSTIN, Std 9.

YOU'RE YOUNG ONLY ONCE

"Time it was
Oh, what a time it was—
a time of innocence,
a time of confidences.
Long ago, it must be,
I have a photograph—
Preserve your memories;
They're all that's left you."

The words above come from a song written by Paul Simon—of Simon and Garfunkel. Indeed, one always looks back on one's youth and thinks of a time of joy, freedom and innocence, but one can never draw a line dividing one's youth from adulthood. Growing up is a gradual process that takes place almost unnoticeably. It is only when one looks back at old photographs and memories that one sees how much one has changed.

To older people, "young" implies the first twenty or so years of their lives, but to me it is all the years that are at the back of my memory, from ever since I could remember until I was about ten years old.

If youth is supposed to be the best part of one's life, why is it so difficult to remem-

ber? I can remember travelling by train across the Victoria Falls at the age of eleven months, but recollection of my life from then until I was four years old is practically non-existent. I can only guess at what happened from the hundreds of photographs that over-proud parents have displayed to uninterested visitors.

People always indulge in lavishing youth with free advice. "Make the most of it. You're only young once." To small children, this is meaningless, because even five-year-olds consider themselves to have already grown up, and to be called "young" is a personal affront.

But how can one make the most of it? Looking back, I never seemed to do anything constructive, and I have been told all too often that the position has not changed much.

To my mind, the years when I was "young" were not particularly enjoyable. I hated nursery school, and the feeling was mutual, and so many fears crowded my mind. Burglars and crocodiles slept under my bed at night, and when I was unable to summon enough courage to pull up the bedspread and fire blindly at the terrors with my cap-gun, I had to make a death-defying leap on to the bed from a

great distance and lie in fear for the rest of the night.

"Bill Frog" books also caused me a great deal of apprehension. The villain of the series, Nightshade, haunted me at every moment of solitude, and as I could only look at the illustrations because I was too young to read, I never realised that the "good guy always wins", and was unable to put my mind at rest.

I recall thinking myself really grown up when my mother taught me to read. She made special charts for me with a picture of the object next to the word, working on the principle of association of ideas. However, it took her quite some time to persuade me that C-A-T did not spell "pussy".

Parents, I have discovered, never realise that their children have grown up, and are no longer young. They delight in showing "home-movies" of their children running around completely en cueros at the age of three, while the grown-up subject has to sit shrouded in embarrassment watching the audience taking careful note of things to tease her about later.

Gradually, as one eats more and more of the apple of Eden and becomes aware of one's surroundings, it is realised that one has grown up and youth is gone for ever.

It is true that you're young only once, but then you live only once, and I intend to combine youth with life, for without one, what is the other?

GAILE PARKIN, Std 9.

JOURNEY'S END

We lived in the main street of the village of Downham in Lancashire. Two houses away from us, on the top of a small hill, was a squat, russet-tiled cottage owned by the blacksmith, George Potter. He was a small, old man who wore a little, white, bristling moustache and a top hat. These two together managed to give the effect of the Mad Hatter. He often travelled to other villages to shoe horses there, driving to and fro, in a cart pulled by his cart-horse, Tom. George had never married but had a small housewife called Matilda. She was a staunch protector, flapping her wings, squawking and pecking at any intruder. She always laid his breakfast and followed him wherever he went. Apart from Matilda and Tom, George was a lonely, old man, preferring solitude to the rowdy evenings in the "Village Arms".

George had one odd tendency and that was towards wearing a queer worried expression on his face, as if searching for something and looking rather disgruntled because he could not find it. This expression worried the village priest (who was always praising God and going around with a smug expression on his well-fed face) because he wished to reform everyone into doing the same and had never succeeded with George. In fact, he had never really succeeded with anyone except his wife

who really had no choice. I think one reason he had not overcome this difficulty was a little incident during a church service for the harvest festival. While he was thanking God for "all things bright and beautiful" the mice were eating any fruit and vegetables they could find behind the pulpit. The villagers never allowed him to forget that moment.

However, one day when I met George on his way back home, I noticed that his normal expression had vanished and in its place was a peaceful serenity. As we drove back, with Tom slowly pulling the cart which creaked as the wheels lumbered over the stones of the serpentine pathway, I noticed, too, that Matilda was strangely silent and not her usual bustling and squawking self. We passed through a copse of sweet chestnut trees, stopping to pick a sprig to tie on to the browband of Tom's large head, to keep the flies away. George smilingly watched the harvest mice scuttling hither and thither through the long grass and the small birds singing their evening songs, pouting out their breasts like self-important businessmen in tight, little waistcoats.

As we came to the end of the winding road and clopped on to the cobbles of the village, people in their gardens turned to watch George in amazement. So they, too, had also noticed the change in his features. Only the priest was not surprised as he beamed proudly at his wife, saying he had at last succeeded in reforming the old blacksmith. Hearing this, George turned and smiled wistfully at the priest and shook his head slightly as though wishing to disagree with him. At our cottage, George stopped to let me down and then drove up towards his cottage. At the top of the hill, his figure, silhouetted against the seemingly dying light, turned and waved back to me. I felt a sudden inexplicable surge of sadness come over me and I turned abruptly into the cottage.

During the night, George reached the end of his long journey and the next day the smile was still on his face as if to say he had found what he had been looking for and was pleased with it. At his side lay his faithful companion, Matilda, who stayed with him after the end of his journey because they were buried next to each other in the Downham cemetery.

There are just two wooden crosses under a sweet chestnut tree.

SARA KNIGHT, Std 9.

JOURNEY'S END

I lie surrounded by maudlin people; some holding my pale hands, others allowing their hypocritical tears to fall freely on to the musty, moth-eaten blankets. I have come to my journey's end.

My whole life has been a chiaroscuro; a study in the lights and shades of happiness and bitterness. As I think back over my ser-

vile life, what is relevant and irrelevant eventually comes to light. For instance, I have learnt that a person's exterior is far less noxious than his interior, and that personal independence is far more important than moral indoctrination.

I was brought up in a supposedly permissive society, yet under the rigid domination of a hostel that was then still run on the principles of the Victorian age. My rebellious intrigues were not appreciated and my inquiring nature was eradicated slowly but surely by the triumphant authority.

Now only, with bitterness, do I realize that I have fallen into their deep, deep rut. I have become totally similar in a fundamental way: irrelevant, domineering and bitter.

Having expected at least a superficial respect from my protégés in the past, I now query the sincerity of my "sorrowful" mourners: do they realize the tragedy of life? It is, and I quote "What dies inside a man while he lives..." My whole innocence and trust in life died while I lived.

I lie, sapped of all conviction I may have had in my asperic journey which is now coming to an end, as every journey must do. Where, oh where, is this "cabaret of life" that I was cheated of when I still had my whole life to live?

So I accept my fate humbly, as punishment for not employing my talents to their full. I cannot accept John Donne's "No man is an island": how can my death affect anything or anyone?

Perhaps my thoughts are only an irrational criticism of life?

Now, like a moth (whose brothers have eaten my rugs) beating fruitlessly against the glass to reach the light, I vainly struggle to unearth the whole truth concerning our existence.

For, with man on the moon, and nearing Mars, we have still not solved the age-old mystery of the journey and its end.

GAYLE JOOSTE, Std 9.

NEW YORK OR BUST

Jim Sanders stacked his rations under the seat of the open boat, hoping that he had not forgotten anything that would be needed during the harsh, tedious days to come. He glanced around at the equipment—emergency out-board motor, iron rations, life-jacket, and numerous other odds and ends.

The first day out of Southampton was rough and cold, but a warm babalava and a woolly jersey kept Jim as warm and comfortable as it was possible to be.

Time dragged on and on until Jim's watch and his stomach both registered lunch-time. It was then that he realised he had not brought any water.

A frantic search revealed numerous containers of water that had been stashed away

in the stern of the boat by some thoughtful organiser, however. "God bless the British", said Jim with relief. He reflected that it was the first time he had ever said it.

As the journey across the Atlantic really got under way, the weather became warmer, and a satisfying tranquillity blanketed the sea. Jim forgot his loneliness, and was immersed in recollective thoughts.

He had always hated England—even as a child. New York. Now there was the place for him! He would go there one day, he had thought, and now he was actually on his way. It was a rough way to get there, but he was determined.

On the fourth—or was it the fifth?—day, the weather changed abruptly. The sky darkened, the boat rolled and pitched, the wind was bitterly cold. As the storm gathered momentum, Jim was soaked to the skin by the lashing rain and tossed about relentlessly by the hectic madness of the gale. At one stage, he felt he might give up—but New York was waiting for him—he must go on.

The storm raged for days, and then, as suddenly as it had come, it abated, leaving Jim numb with cold, shivering violently on the brink of fever.

As the sun became stronger during the days that followed, he felt his strength and sanity slowly returning and the prospect of New York satisfied his longing for company.

Days and nights went by, and Jim's food supplies became very low and then he saw it: the Statue of Liberty stood silhouetted against the crimson sunset. He had almost made it.

The following day he collected his wet belongings, and glancing around, he climbed out of his boat.

A heavy hand descended upon his shoulder as he reached the deck of the large ship. "Strewth!" said a working deck-hand, "Another bloody stowaway!"

GAILE PARKIN, Std 9.

JOURNEY'S END

So far in my life I have encountered many journeys, either sad, amusing, or just plain boring, but each journey has always ended on a suicidal note, summed up in one word—catastrophe!

Our arrival in Cape Town from Bulawayo is an occasion I shall never forget—by no means through want of trying.

The train steamed leisurely into the station, a mere five hours late, and we unloaded everything, sending my brother to fetch our four dogs from the guard's van.

A most unwise move!

Glancing up minutes later, Mother observed four small dogs charging with incredible velocity towards her, a hysterical boy in hot pursuit. Letting out a loud scream of recognition, as well as a few other words, she dashed forward to meet them. The dogs, terrified

by the screaming woman advancing upon them in knobby-kneed indignity, turned tail and fled, bowling my brother over on the way. What happened next, I do not know—I was too busy gazing disowningly in the opposite direction.

When the ripple of laughter had finally faded into the inaudible distance, I turned around non-chalantly—no dogs, no family.

Doubting the fact that I would be looked for if I went wandering off, I seated myself vigilantly amongst our luggage. Surely they had to come back for that?

A stomach-rumbling hour later, four dogs, bored with christening pillars, suitcases, and unsuspecting people, puffed their way to my side, and were soon lost in blissful dreams of the morning's chase.

Mother, brother and sister, accompanied by two policemen, appeared on the horizon later that afternoon. The family was duly reprimanded and placed in my custody.

When we were settled in Cape Town, one of our dogs, who had, for obvious reasons, been treated with more than a touch of disrespect, developed bronchitis.

One night it was particularly bad, and I stayed up trying to comfort her. Her breathing was slow and difficult, and she appeared to be in great pain. I fetched the old family remedy, the brandy bottle, and gave her a large dose. This had a miraculous effect: she jumped up, swayed on her unsteady feet, rolled her eyes together, stuck out her tongue, produced a burp of appreciation and died.

Her short journey through life had ended, and there are many times when I envy her her peace.

Life is a journey that we must all undertake, and the end is inevitable. Every day brings us nearer to the destined graveyard.

As for myself, I am quite prepared to go on with the plain, ordinary run of life, but I would rather that ended than endure another journey with the family ...

GAILE PARKIN, Std 9.

THE GIFT

Baxter sauntered down the narrow street, hands thrust deep into the pockets of his well-cut trousers, whistling nonchalantly. There was no doubt about it, Preyce would have to go.

He recalled the ever-smiling moon-face of the little man, his eagerness to please, and above all, his usual supreme efficiency. Baxter wondered why Preyce always seemed to smile, in all predicaments.

The rendezvous was a Chinese restaurant, and, on entering, Baxter headed directly for a semi-concealed table where Moon-face greeted him with a rather crumpled smile.

Having listened impatiently to the weak excuses, Baxter curtly commanded Moon-face to be at a pre-arranged meeting place in three days' time.

Three days later, Preyce walked briskly into the dockyard. Grinning amiably at the dockhands, he was nonetheless uneasy. Baxter had been in a bad temper, although he had concealed it rather well. As he walked, Moon-face smiled to himself all the while, as if under compulsion.

Baxter was suddenly and unobtrusively at his side. He did not return Preyce's greeting smile.

"Look, Preyce, you muffed the job. It's the only one you've ever muffed, right? But it was the worst one you could have chosen. You'll have to go."

Preyce's natural strawberry colouring was replaced by the cream topping. An uneasy feeling tickled the soles of his feet, and crept up his spine. His smile widened with his eyes.

"But, sir ... I mean, surely ..." he began his words sprawling over one another in the race for utterance.

He was silenced with a look of mingled pity, scorn and something indefinable.

Then a package was placed in his hands. He noticed that there was a grease-mark on the paper.

By this time they were completely invisible owing to the various stacks of cargo.

Preyce swiftly opened the package, taking care not to tear the paper.

A slight puff, clouds of sherbet-smoke filled his eyes, nose, lungs.

When he heard the splash, Baxter turned and gazed into the murky water.

As he walked away, his mind held the image of a grinning moonface, half-submerged, printed indelibly on it.

SHARON BOSMA, Std 9.

GIVE UP YOUR CAR—USE A HORSE INSTEAD

Ladies and Gentlemen—I stand before you as a member of a race that is seemingly determined to obliterate itself by allowing the uncontrolled expansion of that vile beast—the motor car. Like so many lemmings, we crouch behind our steering wheels every day and drive headlong into the slaughter of a tangled death—each of us in charge of an unpredictable mechanical device spewing filth into Joan Kantey's atmosphere, and belching kleenex from its windows as it speeds along an unoriginal tarmac route, driven by an engine with the power of anywhere between ten and fifty horses.

My call this evening is loud and clear: do away with all those horses but one. Get rid of your car and replace it with a horse and the following advantages will be yours.

You will have, at your disposal, a means of transport with a mind of its own. If you fall asleep while in command, it will take over and carry on safely instead of, perhaps, if you were in a car, your waking up—if at all that is—in hospital. If you so happen to fall asleep while riding, the result will be a re-

freshing jogging doze rather than a wreck of metal around a lamp-post.

Secondly, there is no need whatever, to confine yourself to Dr Solly Morris's ever expanding freeways that cut their unimaginative paths through the beauty of our countryside, without savouring any of it. Nothing to stop you if your fancy takes you from following a narrow, winding path amongst the flowers and the spring—or no path at all, for that matter. What lovelier way of going to work than by the waterfall on one day and the field of daffodils on the next?

Thirdly, horses do not come supplied with rear-view mirrors so that one is spared the distasteful sight of the motorist behind one, talking to himself and rehearsing his demand for a rise from his boss, and getting more heated as the argument progresses.

By the way, have you ever tried to use the product from a motor car's exhaust-pipe to fertilize your lawn? Well, I can assure you—it doesn't work—and this is where a horse is incredibly useful.

Finally, never more need you be concerned with flat tyres, dials reading empty, psychedelic "I Buy D. Schus" or "Don't hoot, we're pals," slogans, third party insurance, sploshed goggles on the wind-screen, dented fenders, ducos etched artistically by sea-gulls, the desire to kill thy neighbour who signals left and turns right, parking tickets, depreciation, broken fanbelts, leaking radiators, failing brakes, oranges on aerials, tips for petrol-pump attendants and the dreary shame of not being able to parade your Mini beside your neighbour's Mercedes Sports.

Yours will be the carefree life of the saddle along with the greats of literature and the past. How, for example, would Richard III have looked if he'd said "A Volksle, A Volksle! My kingdom for a Volksle" while going to battle? Similarly, one would think a young child distinctly queer if one heard him singing "Ride a Cock Mini to Banbury Cross, to meet a fine lady on a white Fiat". It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it?

Now, all you Herschel girls, here's something to think about. Princess Anne didn't meet her Mark Phillips behind the wheel of a Rolls Royce. No, she met him on horseback. So girls, if you have any aspirations for the Mark Phillipses of this world, give up your cars and get a horse.

SUSAN DOWDLE, Std 9.

BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR

I had known from the start that there was something about the house that worried me ... something I couldn't place but that I knew was there. Maybe I was just being childishly imaginative, but a place like that could not possibly exist without a mystery of some kind. It was too old and too wise ... and too full of secrets.

My father and I had lived there for two years before the incident occurred. My mother had left us without explanation when I was very young, and whenever I pestered my father about her whereabouts, he told me she had gone on holiday, and assured me it would not be long before she returned home. As I grew older, I realised that she was never coming home, so I bluntly asked my father one day: "Father, is Mom dead?" He turned sharply to me with a shocked expression on his face, but then seemed to relax a little, as he said: "No ... no, she ... went away to live with another man ..." He did not look at me as he said it, and young as I was, I did not believe him.

Gradually, as the years went by, I forgot the incident and resigned myself to living alone with my father. I could not remember much about life with my mother, anyway; all I could remember was that I hardly ever saw her, and when I did, she used to be cruel to me, and I used to cry a lot. And most of all I remember thinking that she was a mad witch; she had a loud hysterical laugh, and her cold eyes would dart about like a snake. I was very scared of her ... scared of my mad mother.

Later, my father decided to move into this house in the forest. It was an enormous old house, situated miles away from any other form of civilization, but he loved the peace and tranquillity that surrounded the area, and most of all, he wanted to be alone. I soon became part of the roaming hillside and the deep green forests, but there was something eerie about the house that made me feel happier outside in the open air than inside.

One thing that bothered me was the big white door that led off the staircase up to the attic. The door was locked, and every time I turned the knob of it, a slight shuffling noise came from inside. "Rats" I thought, and proceeded to forget the subject, until one day I suddenly decided to mention it to my father. We were sitting drinking coffee in the drawing-room after dinner that evening. "Dad", I asked quite casually, "what is behind the locked door that leads off the attic staircase ... you know, the big white one?"

The teaspoon with which he was stirring his coffee fell from his hand and dropped clattering to the floor, as he turned quickly and stared at me, all the colour drained from his face. I rose quickly and walked towards him, quite faint from the shock myself. "Dad, what's the matter?" I asked worriedly, "You've gone quite pale". He still stared at me. "Nothing, nothing's the matter with me, daughter ... but promise me one thing ... promise you'll never raise that subject again, that you'll forget all about that door ... do you promise?" I had no option but to promise him, but I knew right then that I would never forget it; there were now too many questions spinning around in my head, and all had to be answered before I could be satisfied. Little did I

know that my questions would be answered that very evening.

A few hours later I was lying in bed, going over the conversation with my father, when suddenly I heard footsteps coming from the passage outside my room. It was my father, and he was making his way quickly up the attic steps to the big white door. I held my breath as I saw him turn the key in the lock and push the door open, just wide enough for him to slip through. After a few minutes he came out again, locked the door, and walked back down the passage. He had that same shocked expression on his face, as though he were walking in a trance.

I was just wondering what to do, when suddenly I noticed the key drop from his pocket, and fall noiselessly to the carpeted floor. After a few minutes, when I knew all was safe, I picked up the key and walked slowly towards the attic stairs. I was positive that behind this door would lie the source of all the mystery and evil I felt in the house, and the reason for my father's strange behaviour during the past few years. Now all my questions would be answered ... I was sure of it.

I placed the key in the lock and turned it carefully, and then putting my trembling hand on the gold knob, I turned that too, pushing the wooden frame slowly open. I gasped with horror. I saw now what had lain behind the locked door ...

VICTORIA HAU, Std. 9.

THE GIFT

I suppose you could call Bortlie a gift as we had no option but to take him when he was given to us. Unfortunately, we won our basset in a raffle. I have never liked bassets and if ever there was a queer-looking one, it was Bortlie. His ears were too long and his legs too short but his eyes were just right as far as a basset's eyes go.

As the vicar handed us our gift, he mentioned that "you will find he has strange tendencies towards doing things that are queer, and in many ways he is a bit human, if you see what I mean". At that moment, we did not see what he meant and we did not worry ourselves unduly over Bortlie's unusual characteristics, that is, not until we discovered his fanatical love of riding on roundabouts.

Every evening we used to take him for a walk through the park on a leash, but one day we lost it, so we decided to trust him for once without it. As we neared the roundabout, Bortlie dashed up to it and with one lumbering bound had joined the children playing on it. This seemed just to be a harmless little game until we tried to depart for home. After a hot, exhausting hour of running round, over and through the roundabout, we caught him.

This love of roundabouts began to cause difficulties, because whenever Bortlie managed to

slip away from us, he would head straight towards the park. There was only one possible thing to do. Sadly we left our little village and moved to the village of Ditchbury which was far out in the country and did not possess one of those hateful objects.

Our new cottage had no fence so Bortlie wandered when and where he wished. He seemed obedient enough, coming when we called him and never late for supper until he found out that he liked watching ants and that there was always a long stream of ants marching from our house to the cottage across the road. There he would sit for hours every day, watching them, and often embarrassing us by causing minor traffic jams. Normally there were not many cars passing but, on a Sunday morning, when the whole village drove to morning mass, Bortlie would cause a great deal of unnecessary complications. Apart from trying to shut him inside and also to exterminate the ants, both without success, there was only one possible solution.

Our new house was in a slightly bigger town which contained neither long streams of ants nor a roundabout. (The house agents began to think us a queer couple when we kept asking for a house in an area which did not have our pet hates, and Bortlie's pet loves). By this time we were well aware of the vicar's meaning and were soon made even more conscious of our basset's human tendencies towards doing queer things.

About two hundred yards from our house were the shops among which was the Old George Inn. We would often go for a drink there in the evening, taking Bortlie with us. It was here that Bortlie discovered he liked beer. Molly, the waitress, spilt some on the floor next to our table one day and Bortlie licked the floor clean. This we did not take much notice of because, in fact, we did not see how much he had drunk. From then on, Bortlie used to slip away at night and return home rather unsteadily on his short legs. One day, in a column of the newspaper, there was a description of a basset with too long ears, too short legs and eyes that were just right as far as a basset's eyes went, who would do tricks for the workmen there, in return for some beer. To our horror, the photograph was of Bortlie.

After that we did everything we could to prevent him from going to the George Inn, but it was no use. He was a confirmed drunkard. Even tying him to the kitchen table did not work, as he pulled the table with him, breaking it to pieces in an attempt to climb out of a window. Soon the whole village was giving us helpful suggestions as to how we could solve our problem. We tried many of them but none worked. Then it came to me, that, if a clock is put in a mother dog's basket under her rug to console her for losing her puppies, why should not something of that nature be done to help Bortlie forget his fierce desire and what could be better than a beer

bottle? We tried this solution and waited in excited anticipation. It did not work.

As a last resort, we took Bortlie to a veterinary surgeon and it was here that our problem was solved. After many complicated examinations, it was discovered that Bortlie had been born with a shortage of blood and as he grew up, he was rather weaker than other dogs. This slightly affected his state of mental health. (Well, maybe rather more than slightly), causing him to revel in the ecstasy of dizziness and accounting for his habit of riding on roundabouts, watching ants and drinking slightly more than was necessary.

After a minor operation, Bortlie was a normal dog again and until he died at the age of twelve he never did anything worse than try to catch his tail while going in circles. To tell the truth, we have never had a more unusual and unexpected gift than our basset.

SARA KNIGHT, Std 9.

THE LONGEST JOURNEY

The dry, dusty streets hung in the hot summer sun as they wound their way through the parched village of Apulco. Everything in the village was white or ochre—there was no real colour. The sun beat mercilessly upon the simple white-washed houses which in return reflected the intensity of the heat. Children crouched in cooler corners trying to avoid the "ball of fire".

Pedro slowly wound his way up the barren hill, growing weaker with every agonising step. His faithful donkey struggled along at his side with two empty casks strapped over his back. Today's journey to the spring felt as if it would never end, but Pedro religiously urged himself forth. Despite the suffocating heat, his mind kept flashing back to his ill grandmother who was dying of thirst in their sun-cracked cottage. As he sat down to rest his weary body, he looked down upon the colourless town. There was no movement except for the shimmering heat haze which hung over the stricken valley.

Not one of the village folk had ever seen anything as beautiful, or as fresh, as a red rose. Pedro's grandmother was not a native of Apulco so she had seen, and loved, flowers. While lying upon her death bed her last request was to smell once more the wondrous scent of a red rose.

There was a fable amongst the townspeople that a mortal woman of Apulco had taken the queen of the witches' loved one away from her. She had repaid these folk by denying them the beauty of flowers.

Pedro, being religious, prayed to God to let his grandmother see a red rose before she died. Suddenly a soft voice said to him. "You have faithfully done your duty to the townsfolk. By climbing this tortuous hill to reach the spring which brings them life, you shall be rewarded". Pedro did not understand this message but he and his donkey continued their

long climb to the spring. He sensed that something unusual was about to happen but because he was a believer he did not question his thoughts. This journey seemed to be the longest Pedro had ever undertaken.

Once they reached the spring, to Pedro's astonishment there was a black "flower" on a deep green stem. Disappointment swelled within his heart. He had prayed so hard for a red rose. Was God tormenting him or was he granting him his wish? Here at last was a "flower", but it was black; he had sincerely believed that he was going to find a colourful, sweet-scented red rose. Anger and frustration overcame him and he uncontrollably plucked the petals from the flower. As the last petal was torn from the calyx a flash crossed the cloudless sky and there was a tinkling sound of voices. Pedro, unable to interpret this happening, continued his long dispirited journey home.

On rounding his street corner, to his amazement, he saw, in each of their paneless windows a beautiful red rose. Pedro's mother flung her arms around her son and thanked him for the longest journey he was ever to undertake. Bewildered, Pedro gazed at his mother and realized that his journey had not only brought water for his family but life to his town; for outside, silver crystal raindrops gently caressed the virgin earth.

GEORGINA THOM, Std 10.

JEWELS

Certain words can symbolize the objects which they have been chosen to represent. Jewell—the word itself seems to scintillate with rich, glowing colours.

However precious and exquisite, gems must share this expressive word with other less tangible, and even abstract, sights, ideas, actions and moments, which although immaterial and often fleeting are just as valuable and beautiful.

A breathtaking sight has the qualities of a jewel, in that it has the same peace and tranquillity as well as the fine clear, bright colours. A hurried stream making its way unheedingly past peaceful green ferns and starched white arum lilies, has the same cooling, detaching effect as a brilliant emerald.

A truly beautiful sunset which you are privileged to see for only a short while as it lingers over the horizon before disappearing completely, illuminates colours such as pink, blue and yellow in the same way as does a many-faceted diamond.

Jewels have a great deal in common with nature in that they share the qualities of timeless beauty and effortless simplicity. It is chiefly this effortless simplicity which man appreciates and admires. Man has built himself up into a very complex being, living in a highly technical and complicated world.

There is therefore no time or place for simplicity or naturalism, since much labour

is required before a man can achieve anything. He envies the languid flow of a stream and the way in which plants, flowers and nature retain their high standard of beauty.

The sight of a healthy young African woman feeding her drowning baby is a valuable glimpse of man back in nature and it gives reassurance to us to know that we can return to nature when the modern civilized world becomes a strain. That picture is therefore a gem to us, a precious thought that can give us hope when we despair of humanity in general.

A selfless deed or a kind and encouraging word also restores faith when we believe that man is an insensitive and worthless being. We remember these actions and store them in our memories like precious jewels and turn them over to reflect back on them when we are worried, or need hope.

Flickering light on a gem will alter the colour, the sparkle and the "mood" of the stone. The rich pulsating red of a ruby or the soothing colour of an aquamarine seem to portray our lives and moods as well as the temperament of nature itself. Therefore these jewels that have been produced by the earth over timeless years are in complete unison with the world and may epitomize our very lives.

L. TORR, Std 10.

HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT BETWEEN WARS

(Written at the time of the Munich Olympics last year).

Once, between two atom bombs, balanced a sick society of fleeing Asians, Coca Cola tins and cigarettes-cum-cancer, poisoning like a trapeze artist skydiving without a net.

Weekly congresses and meetings of many nations were held to save the situation and, between cups of china tea and finely-cut egg sandwiches, secretaries of state tossed the problem to army-protected presidents.

Millions were spent, one fortune counter-acting the other, but it was essential that Apollo should not fall or Atlas drop the globe. This would lead to disaster, as all the king's horses had become guerrillas and terrorists (except for a few who were freedom fighters). Confused by Babel, some speaking Israeli, some Arabic and the rest Chinese, they were unable to communicate in any case.

Inflation balanced the ball from left to right wing as men made easy-open cans, and nuclear weapons balanced the ball from right to red.

Nobody could cure society, caught critically between communities and an unknown Western virus, as the sub-societies of Mahjong, Chess and Bridge calculated one another. Aware and unaware of the balancing ball, the societies share and divide, love and fight, striving towards, as their ultimate end, the best bomb.

CHRISTINA MURRAY, Std 10.

LIFE AT THE TOP

Good heavens, eight o'clock! I hurriedly dressed in a turquoise dress with a matching coat—knee-length, mind you, for if it were shorter I should be frowned upon by the regular attenders of Ascot. I whisked my hair into a neat bun and began the search for my turquoise hat, which I found squashed between my tennis racket and my riding hat on the top of my cupboard!

The door bell rang and Alan Bristow, a friend of my father, stood patiently while I touched myself up in front of the bath-room mirror. I was so nervous—well, what girl would not be if she were, should I say, about to make her debut—especially at Ascot?

The Rolls Royce glided away and I felt like a queen. I had hardly realised that today would occupy every newspaperman and every photographer from pole to pole! James, the chauffeur, parked among all the other prestige cars and then politely opened my door. Alan and I stepped out to meet the glorious day: blue hats, pink hats, red dresses, maroon shoes, yellow coats—what an assortment of tastes!

We had, first of all, to go and see Alan's team of Hungarian horses, which he had imported six months ago. His competent stable hands were rushing around, certain of winning the Silver Cup for the four-in-hand. I dare say H.R.H. Prince Philip would not be too charmed if he were to be placed second in "the event of the year!"

Speak of the devil! As we were examining the horses and carriage, who do you think strolled up to Alan? Prince Philip, to wish his competitor the best of British luck, and to discuss certain things about the horses. I should have realised that being the two most competent competitors in the horse and carriage world, they would obviously know each other reasonably well.

Very embarrassed I continued looking at the horses—"Diana", and I nervously turned round, "I'd like you to meet His Royal Highness Prince Philip." I saw a confident hand reach out—Heavens! I could not remember that part in the "Etiquette and Manners" book about one's actions when confronted with a Royal—curtsey, bow, shake hands or kneel? I found myself shaking hands with him. (By any chance, he is not of French descent? they spend three quarters of their lives shaking hands, according to Pierre Daninos!)

The next minute I realised we were walking to the club house to have drinks. Funnily enough I found myself talking to him quite naturally. He seemed "awfully nice", as the British hackneyed phrase goes, and extremely handsome. Both the Queen and Princess Anne seemed to have "won" themselves the most devastating men in England. Maybe I should have been a Royal too!

His Royal Highness Prince Charles walked up to his father and exchanged a few words

—and before I knew what was happening I was shaking hands with him. The Queen might as well have rolled up too! Prince Charles was extremely amusing and witty. We chatted about horses—in short about anything to do with the four-legged creatures that made Princess Anne "Sportswoman of the Year" in 1971.

The next minute photographers were around, and all I saw for the rest of the day was camera lenses in front of me. I was flabbergasted, but Prince Charles casually remarked: "You've got to learn to put up with it, though they do always get my goat!"

Photographers and reporters have a strong tendency to jump to absurd conclusions! May be tomorrow you will see, splashed over the front page and in any other space which is not occupied with other scandalous news, photographs of a most recent "recentre"!

Maybe Life at the Top is as good as it sounds!

DIANA LINDBERGH, Std 10.

GILBERT

It was Monday at last, badminton day, so I could wear my newly-acquired denim shorts to school. I rather fancied the shorts because they kept my fat thighs from rubbing against each other when I ran, and today Paul O'Reegan would notice me, I was sure. I pedalled furiously into the school gates, and rammed my bicycle into the stand, and, concentrating on being really casual, I sauntered cross the tarmac to the classroom.

I stubbed my toe on the step, stumbled in in a most undignified manner, and Paul O'Reegan said in a magnificent voice—"Look whose wearing shorts today!" An irritating blush wobbled over my double chin and spread across my face. I bleated out a greeting addressed to everyone in general and my heart sang because he'd noticed. As I unpacked my homework I remembered, with all the wisdom of my eleven years, not to be obviously pleased, because men like to chase, not to be chased.

I settled down to arrange my pencil case when my tilted chair was shatteringly brought to earth, and Paul O'Reegan leaned over me, so close that I hoped Linda Bishop was looking, and said something to me. I looked up slowly, blinked my eyes to flutter my eyelashes, and, with my pencil in my mouth, said, "Hub?"

He said again—more loudly this time "Did you manage to do your arithmetic?" "Oh yes," I assured him. "Well, kid, will you do mine, 'cos I was busy?" "O.K. Bring your books and I'll help you." He pulled up a chair tipped it back, stretched his legs, and stared at my side view while I lovingly wrote the sums out, and casually slid the book across the desk to him.

We all marched outside under the jacaranda tree for assembly, and sang, "Good-bye Sweetheart" with heart-moving sincerity. I remembered the days when we used to sing hymns and say prayers, but the new head had changed all that because the Indian children did not sing hymns, so these days we sang jolly songs instead. As he read the familiar story about chicken-licken, I examined the back of Gilbert's head. He was a half-caste, with tightly-curling reddish-black hair, and a fudgy-coloured skin. His ears stuck out, and he had beautiful eyes, and a voice that was deep one minute, and squeaky the next. He liked me, I knew, but Paul was much nicer.

On the way to badminton Lynda sat next to Paul! I was deeply engrossed in my hate, but still felt triumphant when Paul picked me to be in his badminton team. He called me over to where Mr Phillips was standing and told me to take the steel-rimmed racquet. As I bent to pick it up, David, Paul's best friend, grabbed it from me. Paul leapt to my defence. "C'm arn—Ladies first, David. She got it first and don't be so rude anyway." I could not believe my ears—here was Paul O'Reegan shouting at his best friend in my defence. I clutched the racquet to me, and floated away, with Paul following. Then he finally took Mr Philip's racquet away from me, and replaced it with his own decrepit one. My heaven was shattered, and I played hopelessly.

We got back to school in time for break, and Paul wolfed my sandwiches because he was hungry, and had forgotten his lunch. "Oh yeah—I've been meaning to talk to you, kid. I dunno if you knew, but Gilbert has got a crush on you." My heart sank at the thought, because competition was definitely a deterrent. "Oh—?" "Well, tomorrow he is going to give you a present. He has been saving up for it." "Oh—I like presents," I said pointedly. "Well, what are you going to do about it? You're not going to take it, are you?" "Why not?" I asked. "He is black, that's why", he said, and got up and walked across to Linda. I walked slowly home, pushing my bike, to give me more time to think. Once I was home, tea distracted me, and I forgot about my monstrous problem until I opened my desk on Tuesday morning.

There, on my composition book lay a gaudy piece of red glass the size of a large potato, suspended on a yellow-gold chain. I was delighted—until I saw Paul, perched on Mr Philip's desk, staring at me very obviously.

I picked up my ruby necklace, and methodically broke the chain and threw it on the floor.

I cannot recall how the day passed, but at lunch time I ran outside and sped home, and collapsed into my mother's arms and wept.

Paul O'Reegan left our mine soon afterwards, but to this day I feel a terrible guilt whenever I over-casually wave to Gilbert when I see him.

MARIANNE DU TOIT, Std 10.

MIRANDA—THE BEGINNING OF WOMEN'S LIB

It seems positively outrageous to imagine that Miranda, the sweet and lovable heroine of "The Tempest" could possibly have anything in common with those eccentric, obsessed women of the Women's Liberation movement, but wait, let's take a closer look.

In her first appearance, Miranda is the image of the perfect Elizabethan lady. She is tender and sweet, very delicate and totally feminine. This was expected of a woman in those days, and, to a lesser extent, still is today. Women were passive, gentle and modest, and, if they were not that way inclined, they simply had to feign it. Thus modesty became more a deliberate coyness which ladies assumed before society. Men, on the other hand, were strong and valiant, and treated women as the feeble, tender creatures they were. Above all, men and women were not equal.

Then how on earth could Miranda have been so naive as to think that she, a lady, was capable of a man's work, when she suggests to Ferdinand, "If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while"? And whatever made her so immodest as to ask him frankly, "Do you love me"? These are hardly the words of a sophisticated lady.

Then, after these two disastrous blunders, any Elizabethan lady would have been blushing furiously in shame and remorse. But not Miranda. No, Miranda then proceeds to make an even more outrageous declaration. Shamelessly she says to Ferdinand, "I am your wife if you will marry me". Now what could possibly have possessed Miranda, our perfect Elizabethan lady to drop her modesty before a courting gentleman of all people, and come out with such a startling statement?

What made Shakespeare portray his otherwise adorable heroine as such a shamelessly bold woman, contrary to all the norms of society? One may try to pass her actions off as those of a very young and immature girl, but on studying Miranda's character one finds that she is, in fact, very mature. One may be inclined to shrug it off as the naïveté of a girl brought up away from society who has not yet learned what modesty is. But this is not so. Miranda, in fact, realises her own tendency towards false modesty and rejects it in her statement: "Hence bashful cunning".

I think Shakespeare was deliberately holding up before his audience a portrait of a real woman, one who did not have to act to fit in with the accepted concept of a woman, but who had the liberty to act freely, to speak out frankly, cast aside all false modesty, and to play an equal and active role in courtship.

And it is here, I think, that Shakespeare's Miranda has touched on the real essence of Women's Lib: the freedom and equality of women.

GWEN MAKEPEACE, Std 10.

JOHN REMEMBERS

He sits, a dejected lump,
thinking
while dusk blends between his fingers
and then dissolves.
This time
was his favourite stroke of time
when sound had receded and there was much
lonely silence
as now.
He thinks of his youthful twilight days
the clamant cry of crickets,
The last hours, brilliant-flamed.
He feels more surely now,
but the tide of his future ebbs to despair,
He's

blind.

SALLY BRIMBLE, Std 10.

THE INTERVIEW

Matheba smiled in the quivering morning air. Around him the world was beginning to wake up, and already people were hurrying past him on all sides in order to be in time for early jobs, or to reach the refuge of home and sleep after a long night's work. An uncouth taxi sped down the wide, empty street, furiously sounding its hooter as if it would shatter the delicate structure of the new-born day; yes, it too was caught up in the ever-crescent tide of noise and haste characteristic of a large city. But Matheba was in no hurry. He was like the smoke which rose in long and lazy coils from the chimneys, to melt in the unspoiled grandeur of the sky. Neither was he cold, even though a crust of grey frost clung to the edges of the pavement, and the air before his face was wet and misty from his own breath. For how could one feel cold when one's whole body was surging and pulsating with the warmth of such excitement?

It had all happened yesterday, on that day of days. Yes, yesterday his stars had been kind to him; they had poured their favourable light upon him. For, to begin with, he had received a rise in his wages—a well deserved reward for years of hard work and unbroken loyalty. And then, in the late afternoon, as he was leaving the factory in which he worked, his tattered wallet disfigured by bulges, a tiny "pikkanin" had run up to him, breathlessly tucked a piece of paper into his hand, and had then scurried off before Matheba's slow thoughts could embrace the meaning of this strange action. As he turned to study the damp and crumpled note, his forehead became almost as puckered as the small object that was causing his perplexity. He felt pleased that once, long ago, he had learnt to read and write, and gradually and spasmodically the knowledge he had absorbed then, returned to him. After some time he was able to comprehend the meaning of the black words written neatly on the piece of paper! "Matheba, the

Big One: you are a good boy. For better prospects come to the big kaffirboom east of Beaufort Circle in Harding, tomorrow at 7.00 a.m."

The twelve hours of darkness that had followed had seemed like twelve years to Matheba, but at last the night had lifted, laying bare the washed and naked world. And now Matheba drew from his pocket a large wrist-watch and closely peered into its face, which was big and flat and shiny, like his own. It was his most treasured possession, and for this reason he never wore it on his arm, believing it to be safer buried close to his body, where it was not visible. The time was 6.30. Matheba quickened his long strides, for it would take at least half an hour to penetrate the city and reach the industrial area on its fringes, known as Harding. Here the great kaffirboom, which he knew so well, flanked its lovely branches.

As he walked, he felt in the other pocket of his coat and unearthed the folded note, and the key to the door of his room. This, like the watch, he was always careful to keep on his person, for the savings of many years lay hidden beneath his mattress. He opened the note to look at it for the twentieth time; couched in the large, pink palm of his hand, it looked smaller and grubbier than ever. And yet, he knew, it was to bring about a great transformation for him. It was the beginning of better prospects, a new life...

The day had ripened into noon and the whole earth was steeped in thin and mellow winter sunlight. Only Matheba was cold, as he lay sprawled and naked in the dust, just beyond the shadow of a giant kaffirboom. Soon this would reach out and wash him with purple shade. But until then his black skin would gleam, like polished leather in the midday sun. And the soul of this great body, summoned for another interview, would soar upwards through the long light years.

HILARY BROWN, Std 10.

AFRIKAANSE GEBEURE GEDURENDE 1973

Die ou gewoonte van 'n Afrikaanse debat af en toe gedurende die Sosiolgiese klub, het hierdie jaar effens verander.

Dr Silberbauer en mev. Muller het goedgunstiglik toegelaat dat ons elke Dinsdagoggend die Godeliese oefening in Afrikaans waarneem. I.P.V. die matrieks die Bybelverse te laat lees, het ons 'n dogter uit elke standerd vanaf 9 tot 6 'n beurt gegee om dit te doen. Dit was verbasend en baie bemoedigend om te sien met hoeveel selfvertroue hulle hul van die taak gekwy het. Die sing van die liedere het ook mettertied baie verbeter.

Die laaste Dinsdag wat die St. 10's by ons was, het ons hoofmeisie, Fiona McLachlan, vir die eerste en die laaste keer, in ons midde opgetree.

Mnr Limpie Basson, bekende toneelspeeler en nou by die SAUK, het ons een Woensdagmiddag kom trakteeer op 'n genoeglike uurtjie — tussen boeke! Hy het die verskillende karakters op uitstekende wyse voor ons oë laat lewe deur net te lees.

Ons was ook baie bevoorreg om mej. Elize Muller, een van ons beste en bekendste skryfsters, te oorreed om ons te kom toespreek. Die Matrieks veral, was hoog in hul noppies aangesien een van hulle voorgeskrewe boeke juis die jaar "Vrou op die Skuit" is:—'n boek wat hulle terdeë geniet het.

Om te toon hoeveel talent daar onder ons dogters sluimer, het die St. 9's, 8's en 7's ons een middag op vermaaklike wyse na hul eie "Radioostasie" laat "insuister". Die musiek, toesprake, orkeste en beeldende advertensies was uit die hoogste rakke, en ons verwag nog baie dinge van o.a. Alida Labia, Clare Jolly, Terry Lloyd Roberts, Libby Hope Robertson, Tjitske Post, Rosemary Webber.

Dit word nou byna 'n jaarlikse instelling dat mev.(ds.) De Vos ons St. 10 se mondelinge toesprakes vir die Abe Baileybeurs kom beoordeel. Dié jaar het die leerlinge baie, baie goed gepraat en dit was werklik moeilik om die beste spreekster te kies. Na 'n gekopkrappery was dit egter duidelik dat Lindsay Torr eintlik uitblink het. Die tweede en derde pryse is deur Fiona McLachlan en Lynne Brailey verower. Die 1973 Matrieks het so 'n hoë Standaard gestel dat die leerlinge in die volgende jare, hul sokkies sal moet optrek!

Maar ons is egter nie bang vir die jare wat voorlê nie. Die leerlinge werk pragtig en sal van krag tot krag groei.

OP REIS MET 'N RAMMELKAS

"Pieter! is al die wiele styf ... en het jy 'n noodwiel?"

"Ja, Pappie, maar ..."

"Toemaar, nou is ons weg."

Johan werk by 'n garage en leer om 'n werktuigkundige te word. Hy het vir twee maande laat elke aand aan ons ou Chevy gewerk en nou, sê hy, loop dit. Daardie ou motor was nie klein nie, maar netemin het ons gesukkel om vyf mense en al die bagasie in te kry. Ma het in die voorste plek gesit soos 'n koningin met die noodwiel op haar skoot.

Daar was stilte. Pieter het al harder vasgehou aan die tou wat die stamper in sy plek hou en Pa het met eerbied die sleutel in die vonkskakelaar gedraai.

Ons was weg! Natuurlik was dit nie soos Harry Oppenheimer se Jaguarmotor nie en ons konnie vinniger as veertig myl per uur jaag nie, maar Johan het goed gewerk en die rammelkas-loop. Hy weet dit en sing by homself, eers saggies en toe harder sodat hy nie gehoor het nie toe pappie vir hom sê dat hy sy arm by die venster moes uitsteek sodat die mense agter ons kon weet dat ons om die hoek gaan draai. Dit was amper!

"Hou vas aan daardie tou, jong", het pa geskree toe ons op die hoofpad gekom het en Pieter het sy tong vasgebyt, maar die geluid hou aan. Johan het harder gesing, die rammel het luider geword. Ma het gevra of ons die noodwiel nodig het. Ek het hoog op 'n koffer gesit en aan Harry Oppenheimer gedink.

"Pa, ek kannie meer aanhou nie!"

"Ja, my seun wat wil jy hê?"

"Pa!" ... maar dit was te laat.

Met 'n ruk, stamp en stoot het die motor tot stilstand gekom. Van my hoë plek af, kam ek verskillende ysterroede op die pad sien lê. So veel yster aan hierdie ou motor, het ek gedink.

Pa het afgespring. Ma sukkel dapper onder die swaar noodwiel en die rammeikas gee 'n snik en nog 'n stuk yster beland, op die pad.

Johan kyk na die mylometer. "Twee en half myl, dis nie te sleg nie" sê hy. Maar niemand antwoord hom nie.

Ons stap met dapper en stapper huis toe. Dit immers is baie meer betroubaar!

CHRISTINA MURRAY, Std 10.

'N XHOSA-HUWELIK

In die meeste gevalle weet die vrou niks van die trouplanne af nie, totdat sy beveel word om in die rivier te gaan was. As sy nie wil nie, sal haar vriendinne haar aansleep en haar selfs slaan.

In die aand kom die trouparty na die kraal toe en sit 'n entjie daarvandaan. Later sal iemand vra: "Waarheen gaan julle?" Die naam van die kraal sal genoem word en dan sal die antwoord kom. "Dit is die kraal waar-na julle soek".

'n Hut is al vir die vrou gebou, en water en vuurhout is gebring. Almal gaan die hut binne en daar volg dan 'n lang argument omtrent hoeveel koeie daar betaal moet word as deel aan die lobola wat aan die bruid se ouers gegee moet word om te vergoed vir die verlies van hulle dogter.

Die bruid het as deel van haar bruidskat 'n kombers. Hierdie kombers word oor haar kop gehou terwyl sy na die koeikraal geneem word. (Nadat die vrou getroud is, mag sy nooit weer in die koeikraal gaan nie, selfs al word haar kind deur 'n bul doodgemaak). In die kraal kniel sy met haar stroomies op 'n mat, terwyl die gaste buite staan. Haar klere word afgetrek tot om haar middel en die gaste maak aanmerkings soos: "Kyk na haar snaakse ore," of "Kyk na haar groot mond?" Daarna gaan almal terug na die hut toe en die troufees begin.

Die vrou se bruidskat bestaan uit 'n kombers, 'n groot pot, 'n stiel borde, 'n lamp, 'n byl, 'n skoffel, 'n ketel, en 'n stuk katoenstof. 'n Xhosaman het dikwels meer as een vrou. Hoe ryker hy is, hoe meer vrouens het hy! Elke vrou bly in haar eie stroois.

Die eerste kind wat gebore word, moet vir die man se ouers gegee word om hulle te

help. As dit 'n dogter is, moet die lobola teruggegee word. Die man se ouers kry een koei en die man die ander.

As 'n vrou besluit om van haar man te skiel, sal sy met 'n stok in die koeikraal ingaan. Dan moet al die lobola teruggegee word, maar vir elke kind word daar een koei teruggehou. Sy mag nooit haar kinders hou nie. Hulle behoort aan die man.

Wanneer die vrou trou, neem sy al die werk aan. Sy hou die hut skoon, werk op die lande en kyk na die kinders, terwyl die man rook en met sy vriende gesels!

ERICA GRAHAM, Std 7.

GEEL

Geel is die kleur van die wonderlike lewe op 'n plaas. Dit is die kleur van ons buurman se okkerneute steel, van varkies terg en die ou moedersog kwaad maak.

Geel is die kleur van vroeg in môre gaan perdry. Dit is die kleur van my perd en die klein appeltjies wat ek vir hom gee om aan te knabbel. Die reuk van die perde se stalle is geel.

Geel is die kleur van die lammetjies wat na die reëns so heerlik rondbaljaar, en van die bier van die moeders wat hulle babatjies roep.

Die reuk van heerlike vars melk is geel. Dit is ook die kleur van die plaasbotter wat ons op Ma se tuisgebakte brood eet.

Geel is die kleur van 'n lekker soet en bros appel, wat ek vars van die boom afpluk. Pomele's, suurlemoene en druiwe is vir my almal geel. Wanneer ek die heerlike ryp en sappige perskes somer daar in die vrugteoord eet, is die baie wêreld 'n pragtige goudgeel kleur.

Geel is beslis nie die kleur van my eerste nag by die koshuis na die somervakansie nie, maar wel van daardie wonderlike dag wat ek weer huis toe, plaas toe, kan gaan.

PETA SIMPSON, Std 6.

DIERE AS VRIENDE

'n Mens wat nie 'n troestelidier het nie, is 'n mens sonder 'n ware vriend. Al die vriende op die aarde kan nie vir jou soveel beteken as die dier wat jou lief het nie.

Almal weet dis baie makliker om met diere klaar te kom as met mense. Mense kla en rnas en baklei en laat jou in die steek. Maar wat vra 'n kat of 'n hond? Net kos—en jou liefde. Dit is seker nie te veel gevra nie, is dit?

Baie mense sê dat diere nie voel of wys nie. Maar ek kan definitief verklaar dat hierdie teorie heeltemal verkeerd is. Ons hoor dikwels van die dapper dade van honde wat hul eienaars se lewens probeer red het. En hoewel dit nie 'n alledaagse gebeurtenis is nie, druk die meeste honde die liefde vir hul baas op baie duidelike maniere uit.

Smiddags, wanneer 'n mens by die huis kom, spring jou hondjie opgewonde teen jou bene

op om te wya hoe bly hy is om jou weer te sien. Jou kat "sê" niks, maar spring op jou skoot op en kry haar lêplekke. Jou hasies kom na die draad van hulle kooi toe as hulle jou stem herken. Ons hoor dikwels van perde wat, nadat hui ruiters afgeval het, na die stalle teruggehardloop het om die mense te laat weet dat iets gebeur het.

Hoewel ek altyd geweet het dat ons troeteldiere ons lief het, het ek nooit besef hoe na aan hui eienaars hulle kan wees nie. Maar eendag terwyl ek by 'n vriendin gekuier het, het iets haar hewig ontstel. Ek kan nou nie meer presies onthou wat dit was nie—en sy het begin huil.

Haar klein hondjie het haar trane raakgesien en aker haar hartseer aangevoel, want hy het teen haar bene gaan aanskuur en met simpatie in sy ogies haar aangekyk. Toe sy begin glimlag het, kon jy ook sommer die blydschap aan sy waaiende stert en opgewekte keffies sien en hoor.

Ja, nee—as mense jou in die steek laat, moenie moed verloor en sinies word nie! Jou troeteldier is altyd daar. Hy sal by jou staan deur dik en dun en sy liefde sal jy altyd behou.

GWEN MAKEPEACE, Std 10.

'N GROOT FLATER

Ons was op pad Kaysna toe. Ons het na 'n diensstasie toe gegaan om petrol te koop. My ma het die seun gevra om 'n rand se petrol in te tap.

Na 'n rukkie het hy teruggekom en dit het gelyk of hy hom boeglam geskrik het. Sy gesig was spierwit en hy het 'n oomblik lank stilgestaan voordat die woorde uitgespreek het:

"Ek is baie jammer, Mevrou. Ek het 'n groot flater begaan. Ek het een rand en een sent se petrol ingetap!"

DAWN BEASLEY, Std. 6.

OP HETER DAAD BETRAP

Verlede kwartaal was dit Susan se verjaarsdag. Sy het beplan om 'n middernagfees te hou, en toe ek daarvan hoor, het ek daarna uitgesien. Die groot dag het aangebreek, maar ek is nie na die fees uitgenooi nie...

Daardie aand het ek 'n geluid in Susan se slaaphokke gehoor. Iemand het gefluister en ek het iets hoor skuif. Ek was baie teleurgestel, en ook kwaad.

"Ek sal my wreck," het ek gedink.

Die volgende aand, toe die ander kosleerlinge in die geselskapkamer was, het ek na die slaapsaal toe gekruip. Ek was vingeralleen en toe ek by Susan se slaaphokke aangekom het, het ek 'n bletjie senuwesagtig gevoel, maar ek het ingegaan. Toe neem ek 'n botteltjie provol suiker uit my sak uit en sprinkel dit goedgehartig oor haar lakens. Daarna haal ek 'n papiertjie en 'n potlood uit en skryf. "As Jy Vanaand Honger is, Lek Jou Lakens!"

Skietlik hoor ek 'n geluid... Was iemand in die slaapsaal?

"Nee", het ek gedink. "My verbeelding raak op hol."

Die volgende oomblik egter voel ek 'n ys-koue hand in my nek. Ek het hard en lank geskree!

Dit was egter net Susan.

"Mevrou James het die meeste lekkernye gevind. Daar is nou net genoeg oor vir twee mense en ek het Judy alreeds genoot," lig sy my in. "Dit spyt my regtig!" sê sy baie vriendelik.

Ek moes Susan se bed weer opmaak—nadat ek die suiker weggegooi het! Glo my, volgende keer sal ek nie weer op heter daad betrap word nie!

ELIZABETH MURRAY, Std. 6.

'N SKIP VERGAAN

Daardie dag sal ek nooit vergeet nie, want dit het ons lewe heeltemal verander. Ek is 'n klein visse en toe die vreeslike ongeluk gebeur het, het ek met my mammi, pappie en sussie, Anna, in Krewedorp gewoon. Die ongeluk het op 2 Visapril gebeur.

Ons het die groot skip vroeg in die more gesien, maar ons het ons nie daaraan gesteur totdat dit middagete was nie, want toe het die skip al groter gelyk. Dit het stadig na benede begin val en sou op ons huise val! O! Daar was groot konsternasie.

Die seekatte van die telefoonkantore het met visse van ander dorpe oor die telefone gepraat. Die seepde het karre heen en weer getrek om meubels uit die huise uit te neem. As ek nie so bang was nie, sou ek gelag het, want hulle het so vinnig met die karre geswem dat die meubels altyd op die grond geval het.

My Pa het na die bank gegaan om sy geld uit te trek, maar al die ander pa-vissies was ook daar en hy moes lank wag. Die meerminne het ons gehelp om alles van die huise weg te neem en seekatte het met panne, ketels en vislepels na ander dorpe geswem.

Ek het op 'n kreef na Neptune se paleis gery om hom te gaan haal. Hy het ons gehelp, want hy is so groot dat al die klein vissies en seekilpaale van ons dorpe aan sy groen baard gehang het terwyl hy hulle na 'n veilige plek geneem het. Maar hy het nie my sussie geneem nie, want sy het die ou visse gehelp en hom nie gesien nie. Toe die skip op die grond val, is sussie daaronder betrap met daardie ou visse. Dit was baie treurig en die volgende dag het ons in ons nuwe dorp, die dorp van die Goue Meerminne, 'n begrafnis vir haar gehou.

Dit was 'n aaklige dag en as ek daaraan dink, kry ek 'n nare gevoel in my hart. Toe ons na die skip gaan kyk, het ek die naam gesien. Dit was "Prinses Anna", en dit was my sussie se naam!

SARA KNIGHT, Std. 9.

MES GRANDPARENTS

L'an dernier nous sommes allés en Grèce chez ma grand'mère et mon grandpère. C'était la première fois que je les ai rencontrés. Ma grand'mère avait soixante-neuf ans et mon grandpère avait soixante-quatorze ans. Ils étaient dodus et de petite taille. Ils avaient les cheveux gris.

Leur maison était très jolie et le jardin aussi était charmant.

Ma grand'mère travaillait très dur dans sa maison. Toute la maison était nette et bien arrangée. Elle n'avait pas de bonne et faisait seule tout le travail.

Mon grandpère avait une fabrique pour faire les sacs et les valises. Il travaillait beaucoup et je l'admirais parce qu'il était très fort pour son âge.

J'aime beaucoup mes grandparents et j'espère les revoir bientôt.

MARY-ANNE CARDASES, Std X.

LE VIEUX MAGICIEN

Le vieux magicien que j'ai visité était un brave homme, mais j'avais peur de lui parce qu'il était très mystérieux. Il avait des cheveux noirs et longs, une barbe noire, les yeux noirs, les ongles longs et il était très grand et maigre.

Il habitait à la campagne près de la montagne dans un vieux château vaste. Le château était très sombre et mystérieux, comme la montagne par un jour d'hiver.

Le vieux magicien était très content. Il faisait la magie, lisait de gros, vieux livres et nourrissait sa chauve-souris. Pendant la nuit il regardait les astres d'un des tours du château pendant que les chauve-souris s'envolaient autour de lui.

KARENINA VAN LENNEP, Std 10.

AU CAFE

Les petits cafés à Paris, situés sur les boulevards, sont des endroits où l'on va pour se distraire ainsi que se désaltérer. Ils sont couverts à l'extérieur par des baches rouges et blanches, en dessous desquelles il y a une multitude de petites tables rondes et de petites chaises qui donnent l'impression de ne supporter que des poids minimes.

Les garçons flottent ici et là, en sifflotant, avec leurs plateaux chargés, habilement balancés sur une main. Il règne un brouhaha dans le café, et l'on voit toutes sortes de personnes assises à discuter. C'est ainsi l'endroit des rendez-vous clandestins, entre un mari et

sa maîtresse et des hommes d'affaires qui sont à l'ombre de la malhonnêteté. Le service est rapide, malgré la foule, et l'on peut commander n'importe quelle spécialité française à l'heure que l'on voudra. Le café n'a pas d'heures et il est ouvert vingt-quatre heures sur vingt-quatre. La plupart du temps il appartient à un petit couple qui prend des jours pour faire la relève. Le soir il y a toujours un joueur d'accordéon dans le coin, et avant que la soirée s'achève il est certain que le café entier se mette à chanter galement.

Le matin ce sont les petits ouvriers qui viennent prendre un petit café au croissant avant 'le boulot'; à midi, après les ménagères de la matinée, viennent les gens qui travaillent, toujours pressés. L'après-midi les nénies sortent avec leurs charge et s'en vont parler à 'leurs Jules' au café. Le soir les amoureux y dînent, ainsi que les solitaires qui viennent prendre un peu de gaieté, et les familles dont les parents travaillent et n'ont pas le temps de faire la cuisine chez eux. Le café est un monde en lui-même.

GISELE HARDY, Std X.

A LA CAMPAGNE

Isabelle Magnard et son frère pêchent au bord d'un étang sur leur ferme à la campagne. Soudain, quand tout le monde est tranquille, la canne à pêche saute. Pierre, le frère d'Isabelle, se lève et saisit la canne à pêche. Maintenant Isabelle se lève et aide Pierre. Ils tirent la canne à pêche sur la rive et trouvent un énorme poisson à l'autre bout. Ils sont très heureux et courent dans la maison pour cuire le poisson pour le déjeuner. Délicieux!

CAROLYN BEER, Std 6.

MA GRAND'MERE

Ma grand'mère était Italienne. Elle était venue en Afrique du Sud quand elle était très jeune et elle avait rencontré et épousé mon grandpère à Johannesburg.

Elle était très petite et elle mettait des souliers aux talons très hauts qui la faisaient plus grande. Elle était pleine de joie de vivre; elle aimait beaucoup les belles robes et les bijoux. Elle était toujours gaie et quand on allait la trouver chez elle, elle avait toujours des gâteaux et des bonbons pour nous.

Après la mort de mon grandpère elle avait vendu la maison de famille et vivait dans un appartement à Sea-Point avec une de ses belles-sœurs. Quand elle venait chez nous elle nous racontait des histoires de sa vie.

CHRISTINE MONI, Std 8.

QUELLE DROLE DE PETITE BÊTE

Elle habite dans un coin de ma chambre et vraiment je la trouve très sympathique. Evidemment je ne savais que faire quand je l'ai vue pour la première fois. J'ai eu une peur bleue et j'ai couru à toutes jambes en appelant mon frère.

Mais Mathilde avait l'air triste et elle avait du mal à bouger vite. Puis je me suis rendu compte qu'elle était inoffensive et je l'ai laissée là, pendant d'une belle toile, finement tissée. A partir de ce moment-là Mathilde est devenue la mienne.

Chaque soir quand je rentre chez moi, je deviens inquiète de crainte qu'elle ne disparaisse, parce qu'elle a l'habitude d'explorer ma chambre partout, et la domestique est distraite. Mathilde n'est pas exactement belle comme le jour, au contraire on peut la décrire comme vilaine, mais avec ses grands yeux et ses pattes poilues elle m'amuse beaucoup. Elle ressemble à une crabe.

Elle attrappe de petits insectes dans sa toile et les garde pour manger quand elle a faim. Elle mange beaucoup, même ses maris.

Il n'y a pas de quoi m'inquiéter, mais j'aurais du chagrin si ma petite araignée disparaissait.

GILLIAN AUSTIN, Std 9.

JEANNE L'AUTRUCHE

C'est une histoire vraie au sujet d'une autruche qui s'appelait Jeanne. Si vous habitez une grande ville, vous avez vu une autruche dans un zoo. Jeanne n'habitait pas un zoo, elle habitait une ferme en France.

Jeanne était bien vue depuis qu'elle était petite parce qu'elle n'était pas aussi timide que les autres autruches de la ferme; mais elle avait une grosse faute, elle était très stupide.

Bien entendu, le fermier lui donnait beaucoup de céréales mais Jeanne ne se contentait pas de cette nourriture. Souvent elle mangeait quelques pierres, quelquefois un cailloux ou deux; de temps en temps elle avalait un morceau de verre!

Un jour Jeanne marchait autour de la basse-cour, en se demandant ce qu'elle pouvait manger. La fenêtre de la cuisine s'était ouverte. Quand Jeanne la vit, elle se dit: "Une fenêtre ouverte; je dois l'examiner."

A ce moment-là, il se passa que la fille du fermier, Paulette, venait de verser de l'eau bouillante du pot de pommes de terre. Elle avait laissé le pot, plein de pommes de terre fumantes sur une table à côté de la fenêtre.

"Ah! quel savoureux morceau pour mon dîner!" pensa Jeanne, "comme j'ai de la chance d'avoir un cou si long! Très vite elle prit une pomme de terre chaude dans son bec et l'avalait. Pauvre Jeanne! Comme la pomme de terre la brûla lorsqu'elle descendit lentement sa longue gorge! Elle voulut maintenant que son cou ne fût pas si long.

D'abord elle ne savait que faire, puis elle essaya de se sauver de la pomme de terre chaude. Elle courut à travers les champs. Bien entendu la pomme de terre chaude alla avec elle. Quand enfin la pomme de terre devint moins chaude Jeanne s'arrêta de courir et marcha lentement vers la ferme.

"Pauvre Jeanne! dit Paulette, la fille du fermier, en la caressant doucement, je pense que la pomme de terre chaude lui a enseigné une leçon, vieille et méchante voleuse."

En effet cela lui apprit une leçon. Désormais Jeanne mangeait souvent des pierres, et quelquefois elle mangeait des cailloux et des morceaux de verre, mais elle ne volait plus la nourriture de la cuisine.

JENNY DOUGLAS, Std 10.

POISSONVILLE

Je suis un poisson et je m'appelle Ptolemy Poisson. Je vais à un collège sous la mer, dans une petite ville qui s'appelle Poissonville. C'est un joli petit collège, construit de pierres blanches et de petits bijoux.

Un jour au collège, le roi Neptune et deux sirènes sont venus nous rendre visite. Neptune avait une barbe verte et il souriait toujours. Les sirènes avaient de beaux cheveux longs et des queues vertes. Nous avons joué à plusieurs jeux, "Quelle heure est-il. Poisson?" et "Roi". Nous avons enseigné aux serpents de mer comment jouer mais ils sont allés très lentement parce qu'ils ont parlé avec les grenouilles qu'ils ont rencontrés. Nous avons vu des escargots noirs qui marchaient sur les rochers. Nous avons vu des écrivains rouges et jaunes. Nous avons rencontré beaucoup de petits poissons qui sont venus d'un autre collège d'une ville qui s'appelle Ville-des-Serpents.

Quand nous avons fini nous sommes allés boire du thé que les sirènes ont fait.

Neptune et les deux sirènes sont rentrés chez eux à cinq heures. Nous nous sommes bien amusés. Neptune a dit qu'il reviendrait à Noël pour donner des cadeaux à tous les petits poissons. Je suis très heureux parce que je suis un petit poisson, donc j'aurai un cadeau. Je voudrais qu'un incident comme ça se passe plus souvent.

SARA KNIGHT, Std 9.

THE HILL NURSERY SCHOOL REPORT

The past year has been enormously successful.

The formation of the Parent/Teacher Association, headed by Dr H. M. du Preez, has been a large contributing factor. They have arranged a number of fund-raising events, the major occasion being our dinner dance, which was followed by a plant sale, a flower arranging demonstration by Joan Pare, a lecture by Bobby Mantell on interior decorating, and other smaller efforts.

They have raised the sum of R1500 which has enabled us to purchase many additional educational aids. We have also been able to improve our rather uninteresting playground with the purchasing of trees, shrubs and equipment.

An exhibition of the children's work and a cheese and wine evening was held on 22nd October and was very well attended by our present and prospective parents.

We are most appreciative of all the time and effort which the parents have so willingly put towards the fund-raising and for the many donations of toys that we have received. Not only were these events financially successful but we have all got to know each other better and have a friendly, happy atmosphere in the school.

Three very interesting talks were arranged for the parents, one on the value of Nursery Education by Mr T. J. Barnard, the second on Child Art by Mr Cohen of the Frank Joubert Art Centre and the third by Miss Walden-Smith on School Readiness.

During the year, some of the final and fourth year medical students have been observers in the school.

The teachers have taken our older children on a number of successful outings. They have been to a farm, a marshmallow factory, on a train trip to Cape Town station, to a hospital and to the Tygerberg Zoo.

At present we have 80 children and five teachers, Mrs Joslin, Mrs Neaves, Miss Collett, Miss Piwls and I. Next year we will be enlarging our playrooms and will only have three groups of 22 children and four teachers. I am most grateful to all staff members for their hardwork and loyalty this year.

We were sorry to lose Mrs Louw at the end of last term and are grateful that she still comes in once a week to help us with our rehearsals for the Nativity Play which will be held on the last day of term. This event, we hope, will be a happy climax to a stimulating and interesting year.

B. SCHOLTZ, Supervisor.

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PREPARATORY SCHOOL NOTES

As I prepared the Preparatory School Chronicle for the Magazine, I realised just how busy this year has been! The girls have been active in many different spheres. Each class has had a turn to hold a Cake Sale for the Ruby Porter Fund, and a sum of R59.43 has been raised during the year. The charity money which the girls donate each term has been divided among needy children. The Mannenberg Crèche, the Tanda Bantu Crèche, the Janet Bourhill Institute and the Ruby Adendorff Home are some organisations which have benefited. The Std. IV and V classes made many attractive posters to advertise the Lelieblom House Fête. Many girls took part in the Blisters for Bread Walk in September and as a consequence hundreds of rand went to feed hungry children. Roses were brought to School to be sold for Our Children's Day. In June, each child took a tree or shrub to plant as part of the nationwide "Our Green Heritage" campaign.

It is gratifying to see the stirrings of the Spirit of Service in our pupils. I think every child has an inborn compassion for animals but we need to nurture and foster in them, compassion for others, if they are to take their place as responsible citizens in their adult years.

The "team spirit" has been very much in evidence this year—all the Inter-House competitions have been enthusiastically supported. In particular, the Dress-a-Doll Competition was an outstanding success. We introduced a system of house points for work and behaviour and this incentive has stimulated keen competition among the Houses. The school teams in swimming, netball, tennis and hockey have been very active and all have learnt a great deal about sporting attitudes—so much more important than winning the game.

1973 could be called "The Year of the Uniform"! The children are thrilled with their fashionable slack-suits which are drip-dry, allow for much greater freedom of movement and at the same time keep them cosy and warm. The beige jerseys which complete the outfit, are a mixture of wool and courtoile, and are easily washed with no fear of shrinkage.

We have been fortunate in having our own remedial teacher this year. She has helped so many girls—not only those with definite learning problems, but also those who for some reason or other were not coping adequately with their work. The teaching staff have co-operated closely with her and together we have been able to talk over difficulties and sometimes find solutions.

In March this year we said goodbye to Miss Harsant who had been in charge of the Kindergarten for many years. She felt that the time had come to retire owing to family commitments. She was much loved and respected

by the children and staff and will be sorely missed.

One weekend in August, the Kindergarten teachers attended a workshop at the University which they found stimulating and informative. The Private Preparatory Schools Association has been a source of interest to us teachers and we have been to challenging lectures and discussion groups. I was privileged to attend the Headmasters and Headmistresses Conference at Grahamstown in August as an observer. I returned with a much wider view of education and a new vision of Christian education.

During the third term this year, after very careful consideration, we invested in two Reading Laboratories. These give the girls practice not only in reading but in comprehension, grammar, spelling and listening skills. The most important feature of this system is that each pupil works at her own level and progresses at her own speed. The Reading "lab" has proved to be most popular with the girls.

Although the Scripture Union Group under the guidance of Mrs Hammond, is a small one, progress is evident. The members are keen and have taken an active part in arranging the meetings. The importance of daily Bible Reading has been emphasized and the girls have been encouraged to use "Quest" and "Key Notes" which are compiled by Scripture Union. These help in the understanding of the passage read and are graded according to the age of the reader. Films, outside speakers and the occasional supper party have helped to vary the programmes. Our thanks go to Mrs Hammond who gives her time so freely to lead the group.

Mrs Raath took over the Ballet Classes this year and the girls are divided according to their age and ability. Six pupils entered for the Royal Academy of Dancing Examination and all were successful. Two were highly commended and the others all commended. We are fortunate in having such an experienced, highly qualified and enthusiastic teacher.

Mr Butcher continues with his Jude Classes on Tuesday afternoons and the girls have made good progress.

In both the Speech and Music Examinations, all entrants were successful. We congratulate the pupils and thank the teachers who give so untiringly of their time and talent.

I should like to thank Dr Silberbauer, the Preparatory School Staff, the House Staff and the Domestic Staff for their support and loyalty. Together we have made a happy team and I believe that what we have achieved has been worthwhile.

Ad Dei Gloriam.

PATRICIA R. BROWN.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL CHRONICLE

FIRST TERM

January

- 17—School re-opened. We welcomed Mrs Bray, Miss Elmes, Mrs Gillham, Miss Harel and Mrs Kottler.

February

- 9—Founders' Day Service at St. Saviours.
- Gordons Swimming Gala.
- 10—Tennis Matches at Wynberg.
- 12—Std. V visited The Argus.
- 14—Scripture Union Film on Inter-School Camps.
- 16—Tennis vs. Rustenburg.
- 17—Gala at Herschel vs. Wynberg and Bergvliet.
- 27—Sherry Party for Parents and Staff.

March

- 3—Swimming Gala at Rustenburg.
- 7—Inter-Schools Swimming Gala at Newlands.
- 9—Tennis vs. Oakhurst.
- 13—Inter-Schools Tennis at Sans Souci.
- 15—Talk and Slides on South American Trip by Miss Suzanne Williams.
- 23—Tennis vs. Oakhurst at Oakhurst.
- 27—Inter-House Tennis Matches.
- 28—Std. IV presented their Class Plays to School.
- Farewell Party for Miss Haraant.
- 29—Inter-House Swimming Gala.

SECOND TERM

April

- 10—Term began. We welcomed Mrs Moser, Mrs Rogers and Miss Helm.
- 12—Staff at Home to Parents.
- 18—Std. III and IV visited the Castle.
- 27—Netball vs. St. Cyprians.
- 28—Netball vs. Rustenburg and Wynberg at Rustenburg.
- 30—Std. IID. Outing to Cape Town.

May

- 3—Doll Exhibition at Stuttafords.
- Netball vs. Bergvliet.
- 5—Netball vs. Wynberg at Wynberg.
- 10—Std. III Cake Sale for Ruby Porter Funds.
- 11—Netball vs. Holy Cross at Herschel.
- 12—Scholarship Examinations.
- 16—Std. IV and V attended demonstration of Brass Instruments by Capab at Senior School.
- 18—Netball vs. Oakhurst.
- 19—Netball vs. Bergvliet at Bergvliet.
- 23—Examinations began.
- 25—Netball vs. Star of the Sea.

June

- 8—Netball vs. Holy Cross.
- 11—Std. V visited Rhodes Memorial and the Zoo.
- 12—Film on London.

THIRD TERM

July

- 11—Term began. We welcomed Mrs Driver.
- 12—Staff at Home to parents.
- 18—Inter-House Dress-a-Doll Competition.
- Film on Holland.
- 20—Std. II Cake Sale for Ruby Porter Funds.
- 21—Netball vs. Good Hope and Holy Cross.
- 25—Std. II and III visited the Museum.

August

- 3—Std. I Cake Sale for Ruby Porter Funds.
- 10—Netball Clinic at Rustenburg.
- 15—Std. IV visited the I. & J. Factory.
- 16—Std. II teams played Netball vs. Grove Primary at Grove.
- 17—Netball vs. Holy Cross and Wynberg.
- 23—Hockey vs. Std. VI team.
- 24—Netball vs. Oakhurst at Oakhurst.
- 30—Std. II teams played netball vs. Grove Primary.

September

- 3—Blisters for Bread Walk.
- 4—Std. V saw film "I am a Dancer".
- 5—Netball vs. Micklefield at Micklefield.
- 7—Netball vs. Grove Primary.
- 8—Ballet Examinations.
- 10—Music Examinations.
- 11—Hockey vs. Grove Primary.
- 12—Inter-Schools Netball at Rustenburg.
- 17—Inter-House Netball.
- 18—Inter-House Netball.
- 19—Sports Day. Work done during term on display.
- 20—Speech Examinations.

FOURTH TERM

October

- 3—Term began.
- 4—Staff at Home to parents.
- 12—Std. V Cake Sale for Ruby Porter Funds.
- 15—Std. I visited dairy at Epping.
- 20—Swimming Gala at Rustenburg.
- 27—Western Province Swimming Championships.

November

- 5—Std. IV Cake Sale for Ruby Porter Funds.
- 12—Visit to School by Teachers of Speech and Drama.
- 13—Examinations began.
- 20—Party for prospective Sub A pupils and their parents.
- 26—Film by S.O.S. Camps.
- 30—Kindergarten Nativity Play.
- Afrikaans Speaking Contest for Std. V.

December

- 6—Open Day. Demonstration of Gymnastics, Folk Dancing and Ballet, followed by Singing and Variety Show.
- 7—Music Pupils Concert.
- 10—Speech Day.
- 11—Carol Service.

1973 PREPARATORY SCHOOL GAMES REPORT

1973 has been a busy but happy year for all those connected with the school's sporting activities. The girls have worked extremely hard and have been rewarded with a number of successes. Defeat has been accepted equally well.

SWIMMING

During the first term the swimming team participated in several galas, the climax being the Inter-Schools' Gala held at Newlands. The Herschel team swam very well to gain third place in the swimming and fourth place in the diving as well as breaking records in the Under 10 Freestyle and Medley Relay. Monica Oelz and Janine Clews are to be congratulated on being selected for the Western Province team to take part in the South African Championships in Bloemfontein. The highlight of the term's events was the Inter-House Gala which was enjoyed by all. Rolt gained first place in both the swimming and diving. In addition to this, a number of Std. V pupils have been working very hard towards the Life Saving Bronze Medal Examination which they will take at the end of the 4th term.

TENNIS

The girls were rewarded for their enthusiasm and determination by gaining 2nd place in the B section and 3rd place in the A section of the Under 12 and Open events respectively at the annual Inter-Schools' Tournament. The Inter-House matches were played at the end of the first term and Jagger emerged as the overall winners.

HOCKEY

This game was extremely popular amongst the Std. V class who all showed great promise by the end of the third term. The climax of the season consisted of friendly matches against the Std. VI class and Grove Primary School.

NETBALL

Netball matches were held almost every week throughout the winter season. The girls played hard and achieved some very good results. The Open, Under 12A and Under 12B teams were entered for the Inter-Schools' Tournament but none was fortunate enough to reach the Semi-finals. The Inter-House competition made an enjoyable end to the season and this was won by Jagger.

SPORTS DAY

Almost every girl participated enthusiastically in an exciting Inter-House sports meeting. Although the results were close, Rolt was the final winner.

GYM

We are very grateful for the new and excellent gym apparatus which has been of great use during the year. The enthusiasm of the Std. V class has been shown by their formation of a gym club which they all enjoy very much.

M. ELMES.

PREP. SCHOOL LIBRARY REPORT

We have been fortunate again this year in being able to expand the Standard V history section. We hope to have an even wider range of these books and to have built up a fully adequate collection in the near future.

Pin boards to display the pupils' work have been added and have helped to brighten up the library as well as to give the school the opportunity of seeing the results of art work and other projects done by different classes.

We have encouraged the pupils to take the responsibility of arranging flowers in the room

and to organise it according to their own needs. Though this has often led to untidiness, we are confident that the library has been used regularly and intelligently. Some classes have enjoyed lessons to music in the peaceful atmosphere of the library.

We thank the library prefects for their efforts in their often unexciting tasks and hope they realise how valuable their services have been.

CAROLINE MARRIER D'UNIONVILLE.

ORIGINAL WORK

SNEEUKLOKKIES

Hulle is skaam blommetjies,
Wat in die lente lewe
En klein koppies buig.

Wat wil hulle aan hierdie wêreld sê,
Aan hierdie koue, harde wêreld?
Wat nie tyd het nie?

Die lank smaraggroen atame
Staan regop en foutloos
Maar die swak blomme daarop
Hang af en swaal in 'n treurige manier.

JANINE KRAMER, Std 5A.

BOETIE

As boetie bad is alles nat,
Wat in die kamer staan.
En daar is regtig 'n gemors.
As ons moet bed toe gaan.

As boetie bad moet ek hom waa,
Want hy is nog te klein.
Om self sy lyfie goed te skrop.
Sy handjies is so fyn.

MARY ELLIOTT, Std 5A.

DIE STORIE-UR

Saans as die winterwind so waa!
En lekker brand die vuur
Dan kom ons saam by Oupa sit
Dit is die storie-ur.

So sedig sit hy op sy stoel
Vertel van Engeland
Van kinders wat so pragtig lyk
Met blomme in die hand.

Die hoë berge in die land
Is wit van al die sneeu
En as die kinders daarin speel
Is hul wit soos 'n meeu.

V. GELDENHUIS, St. 5A.

THE MATCH

The netball match has just begun,
Teachers and pupils will have some fun,
Mrs Cowling and Mrs Brown,
Try to run but both fall down.

The ball is thrown from side to side,
Mrs D'Unieville tries to hide,
Tracey scores goals one by one,
But teachers also manage some.

Pupils are winning but to their despair,
Suddenly flying through the air,
Miss Elmes with sprinting pace fast came,
Hurrah! the teachers have won the game.

M. VELDHUIZEN, Std 5A.

THE WATERHOLE

The tall giraffe, the tallest of all animals, is silhouetted against the bright orange light of the sunrise. The waterhole, the most precious of all things in the desert is now surrounded by animals. The elegant kudu, ostrich, elephant and lions come to quench their thirst by the waterhole. The waterhole is full of life now.

Slowly the animals go off to feed in the dry veld. Predators start stalking one of the springbok and it is surrounded by five lionesses. Slowly they stalk towards it and suddenly the leader starts running. At great speed they eventually pull it to the ground and drag it off to the lazy male lion. Hungrily they tug and pull at the meat. They have had enough. The vultures come to eat the scraps of the buck.

At intervals animals come to drink but at sunset the water is overcrowded by animals again. Elephants bath and splash around squirting the other animals with water. The sun sinks into another world. Everything is silent. Only the laugh of a hyena is heard.

SUZANNE NAUDE, Std 5A.

SPORTS DAY

Crashing suitcases, shouting voices.
Running, pushing—everyone excited.
Rushing into cloakrooms with gym clothes trailing.

Carrying a chair for a standing parent.
"Programmes for Sale!"

A desk crowded with people—one selling and the rest buying.

The first race starts.

A murmur goes through the crowd, then they cheer the first winner.

Who breaks the cord triumphantly at the end of the field.

P. MONI, Std 5A.

FOG

It swirls swiftly up from the sea,
And creeps into every corner
Of the street.
Immediately, everything becomes
Quiet, oppressed and gloomy.
All noise is cut off
By this impenetrable wall.

JANINE KRAMER, Std 5A.

A STRAY DOG

Slowly, the old dog limps down the road. His ears and face are torn and scarred with sores and scabs. He staggers up to a doorway and leans against the damp wall. His whining catches the attention of the master of the house. Picking up a bucket of water, he opens

a window and pours its icy contents onto the unfortunate dog. Yelping and shivering, he limps off and tries other doorways only to be met with the same cruel treatment. Other dog-haters accompany his departure with kicks and stones. Here and there, a well aimed object hits its target and the dog yelps with pain. Driven by hunger, he staggers on. Past cosy homes and warm buildings, he at last finds himself in an old lane. Exhausted, he slumps down. His heart thumps three heavy beats, and then no more.

LIZANNE SCOTT, Std 5D.

THE RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES

Swooping through the raging sky, in and out legions of fiery thunder clouds, plunge the shrieking valkyries. Gliding, twisting and turning they plough through the dark night. Valkyries Hell's Angels shriek, spin and dive. Yelping at the top of their lungs, while their grey, spidery cloaks tumble and billow about them; they caress the bloody bodies of dead men. Then suddenly there is silence. The Valkyries surround the dead and gently gather them up in their pale slender arms. Back into the dark night they fade, carrying the blood stained bodies. Swimming through the air, accompanied by a pale moon, they at last sight Valhalla and the noise of the preparations of the feast reaches them. Immediately the dead warriors open their eyes and begin to breathe again. Just outside the majestic gates, the soldiers are bathed in the healing waters of a fountain and dressed in fresh garments. Then the trumpets blare and music filters through the gates.

Slowly, but dignified, the warriors march through the gates to the presence of Woden, king of all gods. Then Woden picks up his sword and touches each soldier on the shoulder. Immediately they become gods, immortal, to live and feast forever.

LIZANNE SCOTT, Std 5D.

THE FIGHT

On a hill, overlooking a lush valley with a gurgling, bubbling, spring, stood the arrogant young stallion. The tinted gold of his coat merged with the sunrise. Below him, a large herd of mares and foals stood grazing, while fillies and colts frolicked in the early morning sun. The old King of the herd stood alert watching for danger.

Suddenly, a loud challenging cry broke the silence of the morning, echoing through the hills. The king rounded up the herd, as frightened foals rushed to their mothers' sides. The king stood alert, teeth bared and tail outstretched. Then the young stallion came prancing down the hill, tail and mane flying.

The two met on a slight rise and the fight was on. The young stallion lashed out, catch-

ing the old king on the belly. The king reared up and met him. Catching a flying hoof full in the face, he screamed in agony, and lashed the young horse on the ribs. The latter came in, and while ripping a large gash in the old king's neck, received a thudding blow on the withers. The mares stood watching. Suddenly a scream echoed across the valley as the old king fell. The younger horse retreated for a while, and the old one scrambled up and staggered away, to come back when his wounds were healed. The young king, shining-gold in the sun, went up to the mares. He then rounded them up and set off across the plains herding his new band before him. A few months later a rather bedraggled scarred old horse joined the herd once more, only this time he was at the back instead of the front.

GABRIELLE MAASTRECHT, Std 5D.

MY PERD

Daar kom hy galop, galop oor die turf,
Sy naam is "Midnight lightning".
So vinnig soos die wind.
Sy lang maanhare vlieg.
En die wind sweep sy atert.
Sy hoewe klop vinniger op die grond.
Maar hy is nie moeg nie.
Hy het bruin vonkelende oë.
Sy kleur is swart en sy spiere rimpel soos slange onder sy vel.
Hy blaas deur sy wyd-oope neusgate.
Hy beweeg na 'n galopple, 'n draf dan 'n loop.
Hy gooi sy sierlike kop op en begin aan die groen gras te wei.

ROSE-ANN SMITH, St. 5D.

WEG

Marina Maryne se skoen is op soek,
Dis nie in die eetkamer venster se hoek,
Dis nie in die bad en dis nie op haar bed,
Ek het haar gevra maar sy wil nie oplet.

"Marina Maryne, jy weet jy is sieg
Jy weet waar dit is en nou is dit weg."
Marina staan op met haar hand op haar kop.
Daar is haar skoen en sy hou dit hoog op.

NICOLA DAUNCEY, St. 5D.

A STREAM

Glistening in the morning sunlight, it bubbles away to itself, and springs swiftly over smooth rocks, bustling through the playful feeds. Its current grows stronger and stronger as it swerves down a waterfall, leaving behind a mass of churned up sand and choking leaves which are trying to free themselves from the massacre. Tiny fish dart quickly to their safe hiding places.

NICOLA DAUNCEY, Std 5D.

THE VULTURE

In the heat of the desert it perches, waiting for something to die. A tired deer sinks to the ground after searching for water for five days. She can bear it no longer. The smell of death wafts across the valley and the vulture rises up into the sky and circles round and round waiting ... Soon, there are many of these grey-clad angels of hell watching and waiting as they circle. Suddenly all is still, as these trahbaga of the jungle feed on death.

GABRIELLE MAASTRECHT, Std 5D.

VENSTERKOPERY

As ek maar net 'n randnoot het,
Dan voel ek darem bly,
Want ek kan amper alies koop,
En baie lekkers kry.

As ek maar net 'n randnoot het,
Dink net wat ek kan koop,
'n Roomys met 'n kersie op,
'n Poppie wat kan loop.

As ek maar net 'n randnoot het,
Dan voel ek baie bly,
Maar ...!
Ek het nie 'n randnoot nie,
Dus kan ek tog niks kry.

P. LEIGHTON-DAVIES, Std 4.

MIST

It comes
like
softly
falling
leaves
Spreads itself lightly over the city.
And breathes confidently
Then lightly like a dove taking off
Disappears
into
the
clouded
heavens.

JANET WOODING MILLAR, Std 4.

BLACK

Black is a cat,
Sleek and sly,
The colour you see when you close your eye,
Dark and mysterious,
Black is torture,
Painful and cruel,
The colour black is the colour your pupil is,
Black is a witch!
Over her brew,
"Ha-ha" she cackles, "I shall catch you".
Black is Black.
Leave it at that!

LOUISE MURDOCK, Std 4.

PART OF MY JOURNEY TO
OUTER SPACE

There was a sudden breathtaking jerk and roaring noise. I shut my eyes, and groped frantically for the gleaming silver handrail. To my surprise, the rocket was going smoother than could be expected in the furious storm we had set off in. Someone took my arm roughly and said "Get to the bunks". I opened my eyes, and instead of obeying the speaker, a red faced giant with an unruly mop of dark curls and a stubby beard, I staggered to the window. A bright tongue of fire streamed away below us, and the black sky all around me was angry. The howling wind buffeted the sleek sides of the rocket, and the jagged lightning cut through the dismal scene. Suddenly there was calm. The velvety, inky black of outer space hit us. It was reassuring, gentle, and as the rocket neared its mysterious pink destination, I slept.

CHRISTINE PULVERMACHER, Std 4.

THE BRONTECARITAURUS

I sat beside the swamp alone in the late afternoon, feeling vaguely uneasy. A jackal howled nearby, a slight breeze made the trees rustle, two owls hooted to each other while the mountains loomed up eerily.

Suddenly three sharp-looking spikes rose above the grey, muddy water, followed by a large fearsome head. Fire poured from its nose and mouth while its green slanted eyes glinted evilly in the twilight. As it rose above the surface of the swamp I saw that its body was covered with sucking, waving tentacles.

One of the tentacles reached out and caught up a bird which the monster devoured greedily. It lashed its tail out in all directions lazily as it licked the remains of the bird from its lips and then burped in a contented manner.

All the while I had been watching this terrible monster, but now haired for it made me strong so I got up and ran and ran in the direction of home. As I looked back for the last time I saw the creature sink back into the evil-smelling mud as a solitary droplet of blood dripped from its fangs into the murky depths.

CAROLINE DAVEY DOWDLE, Std 4.

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE

A glowing sunset of sadness
Travels through open ground
With firemen at either side
Crackle, sizzle, roar,
The moaning fire's alive
With evil spirits creeping within
Smoke from swallowed plants pours out.
Oh! how did it begin
Oh! how

SANDRA LOUISE WALSH-SPARKS, Std 4.

MIST

The mist that dawns upon us, in the early morning sky. It hovers low, breaking away like magic power. Sailing through the sky, hanging low and subdued. It slowly starts to rise, letting a tip of a chimney be seen. It twirls low in the sky, like a magic spirit in the unknown environment. But, soon it is cast away when it loses its battle with the sun.

JULIETTE ROSE WOMERSLEY, Std 4.

MORN

The rustle of leaves was around me
Their branches thrown this way and that
As the wind whistled by—
In an angry rush.

The leaves upon the ground danced and flew,
In the silvery light of the morn
And the long green grass waved to and fro
As if in applause to the waltz of the trees
Which waved and bent,
In the flurry of the tempest—
And I gazed at this sight of a wonderful morn

ABIGAIL ROENA HAIG MATHIESON,
Std 4.

A LION CUB IN A ZOO

Lion cub, lion cub,
Forget the staring eyes,
Go back home to Africa,
Where the spotted hyena cries,
Where your mother once hunted,
Where the leopard springs and claws,
Where your father,
King of beasts used to let out
mighty roars.

Lion cub, lion cub,
Forget the tiny cage,
Imagine all the wilderness
The trees and bush,
And the sweet smell of sage.
Where the wild snake hisses,
And the natives beat their drums.

Lion cub, lion cub,
Forget the staring eyes,
Go back home to Africa
Where your mother lived in pride.

PHILIPPA MARY LEIGHTON DAVIES,
Std 4.

MIST

Mist glides in gracefully,
And softly slithers down,
So that she hides the high scenery
And seals the town.

CELIA ANITA MAUD, Std 4.

REEN

Die hekke van die hemel word oopgemaak,
Terwyl die spierwit skape stadig uitgaan,
Hulle lyk baie rustig,
Maar is beslis nie altyd nie.

Wanneer hulle kwaad word,
Stuur hulle duisende silwer pyltjies
na die aarde.
Maar daarna
Moet hulle vir dae en dae,
in die lug rondwaai,
Om nog wapens te kry.

ANINA VAN DER MERWE, Std 3.

SUNSET

A fiery light illumines the dim sky ... All
is quiet and still ... Shadows dance among
the rocks like children playing. The crystal
sea plays games. I watch the birds lift their
wings unto the fading sky.

Now all is quiet as the sun sinks behind the
mountain ... into the unknown world below.

SUSAN BAKER, Std 3.

POLLUTION

The oily hand of pollution,
Is a great black cat,
Crawling over the town,
Spreading a dirty, tantalising smell.
His grimy body
Wafts into the sky,
To the palace of the golden king.
Then he disintegrates,
What a relief.

L. CLIVER, Std 3.

BUBBLES

Spun of silver they dance,
Dance on the wings of the wind.
Lighthearted and gay they chase each other.
Across the skies they float,
Towards the sun.
Too frail to frolic long,
They die.

CLAIR GROOTENDORST, Std 3.

THE SEA

On and on it travels,
Shoreless it wanders,
It is more than sky above
and water below.
With a cracked heart of
flowery coral it goes on,
homeless and cold-hearted,
is the Sea.
An unknown stretch of moonlit sea shimmer-
ing in the light
Tropical fish of stunning
beauty wade their way through
the coral sea grass.
It is a home of contentment.

M. MERCORIO, Std 3.

MIDNIGHT

Lying in bed, wide awake, the clock ticking ominously, I hear mice scratching under the floorboards, crickets singing in their high, rickety voices, and owls mourning the passing of the day. The luminous moon reigns like a king over darkness, over the deep dark peacefulness of the earth at midnight. Then, breaking all quietness, the clock strikes twelve. In each corner of darkness queer things lurk, ready to spring onto me if I move. Then, while the dogs bark, and the wolves howl, standing in the moonlight, their faces up to the heavens, I fall asleep.

CLAIR GROOTENDORST, Std 3.

THE GOLDEN CASTLE

A haunted castle with the sunset upon it
With

mocking
whispering
howling
echoes.

A forgotten castle with spirits and treasures,
Dungeons remain still, all is silent.

G. HART, Std 2.

THE HAUNTED VALLEY

In the dark woods the muffled voices of the ghostly figures sweep in and out of the spirit's trees creaking and moaning. The cows moo and trees dance to and fro. The crystal dam has nothing to offer except the dead bodies of fish. The old, tattered barn belongs to the ghostly figures while mice and bats flank the creaking door.

CHLOE OVENSTONE, Std 2.

THE WITCH

The witch flew away
on a beautiful day,
behind her sat a black cat
She wizzed and she zoomed
around on her broom
as she cackled "I'll get you, you brat."

She screamed out a spell
"The Devils of Hell"
a frog's leg, a snail, a puppy dog's tail
and she cursed as she flew away.

KATHY TRIPP, Std 2.

ON LISTENING TO FANTASY ON A
SPANISH THEME BY GLINTA

In the forest men's foot steps were to be heard. Monkeys scattered away. A deer came by and one of the men aimed his gun at the deer and shot it in its side. The men ran up and carried the deer on their shoulders. Little did they know they were being watched by a boy. The boy began to swing from branch to branch above the men walking below. One of

the men saw another deer, and aimed his gun at the deer, and just as he was going to shoot, the boy picked up his bow and arrows. He shot an arrow at the man's gun. It was shot out of the man's hand. The man yelled and he and the other men dropped the deer and their guns and ran through the forest. The boy jumped from the tree, and examined the shot deer, but the deer was not dead. It raised its head and put it on the boy's lap. The boy ran and picked some herbs, the deer ate the herbs and managed to stand up. The boy bandaged the deer's side and soon its wounds were healed and once more the deer ran in the forest.

DIANA DIAMOND, Std 2.

TREES

The wind is in the trees whistling, rustling
The trees bend in the breeze whispering, rustling.

The Autumn invites the leaves to fall off the trees

Come down, come down it whispers.

The wind blows, round the trees whistling,
crying.

The bark on the old trees very gnarled is lying.

The Spring draws nearer still.

Probing with its bill

Come nearer, come nearer, trees whisper.

HELEN O'LEARY, Std 2.

MY BLOMTUIN

In ons blomtuin is daar rose, lilies, violtjies, malvas, dahlias, kannas, gousblomme en leuebekkies. Wanneer ek die sandjies saai, saai ek hulle eers in blikke of kassies. Wanneer hulle groot genoeg is, plant ek hulle eers in beddings. Ek sit droë gras oor hulle. Ek maak hulle elke more met 'n gieter nat. Wanneer hulle groot genoeg is, spuit ek hulle met 'n tuinslang nat. Ek pluk hulle en maak 'n rangskikking. Ek sit die rangskikking in die sitkamer. Dit is baie mooi. In die lente is ons blomtuin tog te mooi. Party blomme is rooi, ander is wit of geel.

SUSAN LANFEAR, Std 2.

ON LISTENING TO FANTASY ON A
SPANISH THEME BY GLINKA

This could be about people doing ballet. The dancers are dancing a gay story but at times it gets sad. The dancers are dancing through the meadow of butter cups.

Suddenly the cymbals crash; everything is quiet, the dancers walk slowly away and hang their heads in sorrow. They have housework to do. They do the housework as fast as they can and once again went and danced in the meadow of buttercups.

TERRY ROOMES, Std 2.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

COMMITTEE, 1973

President: Dr. Barbara Silberbauer.

Vice-President: Fenella Douglas.

Chairman: Adele Fouché (Jooste).

Hon. Secretary/Treasurer: Mary Loggie (de Villiers).

Magazine Editors: Adele Fouché (Jooste) and Angela Frater (Simpson).

Games Secretary: Jill Eckstein (Phillip).

CIRCLE SECRETARIES

Group 1

A-G—Fenella Douglas, The Albany, Oak Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (77-4631).

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

Group 2

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

L & M—Ruth Kewley (Withiel), 617, Montebello, Montrose Avenue, 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—U—Anita Gilmour (Lockwood), P.O. Box 93, Lansdowne, Cape (71-5094).

Group 4

V—Anita Gilmour (Lockwood), P.O. Box 93, Lansdowne, Cape. (71-5094).

W—Anne Russell (Kipps), 2, Upper Thistle Street, Newlands, Cape. (65-3687).

X—Elizabeth McCarthy (Holmes) "Aragon", Pear Lane, off Hout Bay Road, Constantia, Cape. (74-1367).

Y—Barbara Cleave (Neb), 25, Neave Street, Claremont, Cape. (71-2011).

Z—Jennifer Wynne (Brimble), 35, Malcolm Road, Rondebosch. (65-6286).

Group 5

AA & BB—Anne Snyders (Steen), 12, Croft Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (65-1096).

CC—Jill Eckstein (Phillip), 13, Keurboom Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (65-2293).

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

Group 6

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

GG—Angela Tapanlis (Macris), 202, Mount Curtis, Main Road, Sea Point. (49-4164).

HH & II—Sandra De Woronin, 3, Belvedere Road, Muizenberg, Cape. (8-8351).

JJ—Edwina Abbott, The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth. (77-3293).

Group 7

KK—Sally-Ann Wells, Liamore, Alexandra Road, Kenilworth. (77-5119).

LONDON COMMITTEE

Miss H. C. McLean: 8, Amber Cottages, Colleshill, Nr. Amersham, Bucks. (Phone: Amersham 3361, during week: 799-6813 (London)).

Miss Sue MacGregor, 71, Waldemar Avenue, London, S.W.8. (Tel. 01-736-2529).

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

Mrs. Ewan MacPherson (Nicky van der Bijl), 10, Hamilton House, Vicarage Gate, London, W.8. (Tel. 937-4433).

Mrs. Peters (Jennifer Johnstone), 15, Denewood Road, London N.6. (Phone 348-2683).

Miss Claire Russell, 21, Chopstow Villas, London, W.11. (Tel. 229-0251).

Mrs. Jean Van den Berg (Jean Stoddart), Lanzerac, 2 Knighton Close, South Croydon, Surrey. (Phone: 668-4302).

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

LONDON GATHERING OF OLD HERSCHELIANS ON 9th MAY, 1973

This year for the first time since the London Gatherings have been held, we dispensed with tradition and met, not at the Guide Club in Belgrave Square, but at *Nicky MacPherson's* (van der Bijl) flat in Kensington. This was partly because the Guide Club is no longer available to us, but also because Nicky very kindly offered us the use of her flat as we felt that it would make just as successful a Reunion if it were held in a private home. And we decided that, as last year's 50th Anniversary gathering, with its wine and cheese on offer, had been so much enjoyed by everyone there, we would offer similar fare at Nicky's flat.

In all, over thirty people came to the Reunion and it was a most entertaining gathering of Old Girls. In her welcoming words to everyone *Miss McLean* said how good it was to see once again *Margaret Regnier* (Geber) who had specially come over to London from Brussels, and also *Mrs Payne* (Miss Elcome) who had come from the Channel Islands with her husband. *Miss McLean* had to inject a sad note into the proceedings in announcing that *Miss Lansdale* had died not long ago; news which came to us all as a shock as many of the Old Girls there had known *Miss Lansdale* well. *Mrs Payne* also paid tribute to *Miss Lansdale* and said in what great affection she had been held by all who remembered her from her days at Herschel.

Then *Miss McLean* announced that as the Cape Town Old Herschelians were no longer able to contribute to the London gathering, we were now to consider ourselves self-supporting; and that all donations to the collecting box would be most gratefully received! She also warmly thanked *Euan* and *Nicky MacPherson* for lending their delightful flat for the occasion—it was an experiment that we all hoped it would be possible to repeat in years to come, especially when, if the London Gathering is held as an early evening party, old friends are more likely to meet than if it is held throughout an afternoon as well.

Those present were: *Miss McLean*, *Sue MacGregor*, *Nicky MacPherson* (van der Bijl), and husband, *Valerie Bird* (van der Bijl) and husband, *Stephanie Hoppen* (Shub), *Betty Martino* (van der Bijl) and husband, *Margaret Regnier* (Geber), *Pat Forrester-Bennett* (Halley), *Pam Merewether* (Jeffries), *Mrs Payne* (Miss Elcome) and husband, *Heather Wells* (Kelly) and husband, *Pauline Vogelpoel*, *Helen Turner* (Botha-Reid) and husband, *Mrs Stobie*, *Jean Van den Berg* (Stoddart), *Barbara Moir* (Branfill), *Diane Marshall*, *Claire Russell*, *Jennifer Peters* (Johnstone) and husband, *Gill Liebermann*, *Miranda Jennings* (Viney) and husband, *Vera Steward* (Miss Guyse-Hill), *Jinny Kirk*, *Heather Coulter* (MacLeod), *Miss Bailey*.

With Compliments

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TELEPHONE 43-1274

MINUTES OF THE 47th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OLD
HERSCHELIANS ASSOCIATION HELD IN THE LIBRARY AT HERSCHEL ON
SATURDAY, 17th FEBRUARY, 1973 AT 2.30 P.M.

Present:

Mary Loggie (de Villiers) in the Chair, Dr Silberbauer, members of the Staff and Old Herschelians.

Apologies:

There were many apologies including a special one from Adele Fouché (Jooste) who is at present in New Zealand.

The meeting opened with the acting Chair extending a warm welcome to all present, after which the gathering stood as a tribute to the memory of Miss Mulliner and Miss Montgomery.

Minutes:

As the minutes of the last meeting are printed in the magazine, P. Howes (Goble) proposed, seconded by A. Russell (Kipps), that they be taken as read and signed. Agreed.

Election of Office Bearers:

Adele Fouché, proposed by F. Douglas, seconded by M. Loggie, was re-elected as Chair. There being no nominations for Secretary/Treasurer, M. Loggie offered to continue as such. Jill Eckstein (Philip) was re-elected as Games Secretary.

Secretary for Circle LL:

There were no nominations and it was agreed that Rosemary Newman should be approached. Failing her, M. Loggie said she would try and find someone else.

Treasurer's Report:

M. Loggie reported that the O.H.A. had R213.38 in the bank. The cost of our magazines for this year would be approximately R340. Thanks to Dr Silberbauer, and in view of the fund-raising done by the Old Girls for the Jubilee Year, the School had agreed to pay for these this year. Deep appreciation was expressed to the School for doing this.

Games Report:

It was decided that in future the annual tennis match between the Old Girls and the School should take place before the Inter-Schools match, rather than on Old Girls Day.

Report from the Headmistress:

Dr Silberbauer extended her personal welcome and remarked on the excellent attendance. As a result of the Jubilee Year Appeal, R22 000 had been received and money was still coming in. She said they were all delighted with the new kitchen and thanked the O.H.A. on behalf of the School. The dining-room had been re-decorated and the money raised had completely paid for this and the kitchen. What is to be done with any future funds which may still come in?

The Archives Committee, under the chairmanship of Marian Robertson (Spilhaus), felt that name plaques should be put up in certain parts of the School to indicate after whom they were named, such as the Mary Jagger Hall, Duncan Baxter Library and the Edna Withers Kitchen. There was also nothing to indicate from the road that the building was Herschel. Mrs Wesemann had made a large concrete plaque of the School badge and this might be put up on gate posts. The meeting decided that any money over from the Jubilee Year Fund should first of all go towards paying for the plaques and then the gate posts.

Dr Silberbauer drew the attention of Old Girls to the fact that through the investment of money given anonymously it should be possible to award bursaries to their daughters. Marian Robertson suggested that Old Girls might add a codicil to their wills to provide for such a fund. A plaque could be placed in the Chapel with the names of those who had contributed in this way.

The Library required re-organization as many of the books were never opened. There would be a full-time librarian and Dr Silberbauer suggested that over the years a large and up-to-date reference library should be formed.

The domestic staff was now housed at The Hill and was very happy with this arrangement. As a result, a large room was now available for the use of the boarders. With the change in catering arrangements the School had been able to cut down on the domestic staff.

Old Girls' Prize:

This had been awarded to Ling Wesemann, last year's Head Girl.

Other Business:

The Magazine: Adele Fouché had asked that the meeting should decide whether or not it wished the Old Girls' Directory to be published in the Magazine each year. Doing this increased the cost by about 12 to 15 cents a copy. After discussion it was agreed to print it every year. It was also agreed that in future the names of those present at the Annual General Meeting would not be included in the Minutes. Angela Frazer (Simpson) was thanked for her contribution of original work.

The Swimming Bath: In reply to a question Dr Silberbauer said that the Council is aware that the bath is not perfect. Quotations have been given to alter it to Olympic size with

the correct number of lanes. This will entail a very extensive alteration and the matter is to be brought up at the Council meetings.

There was no further business and the meeting concluded with Wendy Hofmeyr (Hartford) thanking Dr Silberbauer for her hospi-

ality and the warm welcome she had given the Old Girls. At the end of lunch, before leaving the dining-room, Marian Robertson had thanked Mrs Bond-Smith and Miss Way and the domestic staff for providing a most delicious lunch from the new Kitchen.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

Income and Expenditure Account for year ended 30th September, 1973

EXPENDITURE		INCOME	
School Magazine (1972)—		Membership Subscriptions—	
Donated " " " " " "	—	Annual " " " " " "	53.55
Add Postage " " " " " "	16.49	Life " " " " " "	250.00
	16.49		303.55
Printing and Stationery " "	11.50	Donations " " " " " "	6.00
Postage and Sundries " "	18.32	Proceeds—Rummage Sale "	50.00
Flowers " " " " " "	11.00		
Donation " " " " " "	8.00		
Honours Board " " " " " "	23.00		
Bank Charges " " " " " "	6.93		
EXCESS OF INCOME OVER			
EXPENDITURE " " " " " "	264.31		
	R359.55		R359.55

Balance Sheet at 30th September, 1973

ACCUMULATED FUNDS		CASH AT BANK	
Balance at 1st October, 1972	47.23	" " " " " "	341.98
Add Excess of Income over		Less Expenses Payable " "	30.44
Expenditure " " " " " "	264.31		311.54
	311.54		
	R311.54		R311.54

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

29th October, 1973.
Claremont,

J. TRAILL-WOOD,
Chartered Accountant (S.A.)

NEWS OF OLD HERSCHELIANS

ENGAGEMENTS

Aitchison—Wilson. In May, 1973, Marjorie Ann, daughter of Mr and Mrs Aitchison, of Claremont, to Kevin Douglas, son of Mr and Mrs J. T. Wilson, of Gravesend, Kent, England.

Borton—Crawley. In August, 1973, Prunella Ann, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs J. M. Borton, of Claremont, to Timothy Michael, youngest son of Mr K. E. Crawley, of Surrey, England, and Mrs C. Crawley, also of Sussex.

Clark—Crawford. In January, 1973, Georgina, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. B. Clark, of Hout Bay, to William (Bill) Crawford, of Clifton.

Cronwright—Cawood. In May, 1973, Victoria, younger daughter of Mr and Mrs G. M. C. Cronwright, of Bishopscourt, to Geoffrey, son of Mr and Mrs P. I. Cawood, of Durban.

Dickie-Clark—Fowkes. In October, 1973, Jennifer, daughter of Dr and Mrs W. F. Dickie-Clark, of Newlands, to David, son of Mr and Mrs J. W. Fowkes, of Claremont.

Gaggins—Bartholomew. In March, 1973, Gillian, daughter of Dr and Mrs C. H. Gaggins, of Sea Point, to Michael, son of Mr and Mrs M. E. Bartholomew, of Lynwood, Pretoria.

Henderson—Bradshaw. In December, 1972, Jennifer Jean, daughter of Mr and Mrs Sandy Henderson, of Arieskraal, Grabouw, to Richard

Anthony, son of Group Captain and Mrs D. A. Bradshaw, of Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Howell-Collier. In June, 1973, Sandra, daughter of Mr and Mrs G. H. Howell, of Dennebos, Elgin, to Anthony, son of Mr and Mrs A. B. Collier, of Rondebosch.

Mortimer-Durr. In October, 1973, Gail, daughter of Mr and Mrs "Bill" Mortimer, of Sandton, Johannesburg, to Gavin John, son of Dr and Mrs J. A. Durr, of Rondebosch.

Scott-Loftthouse. Judith, daughter of Mr and Mrs J. Scott, of Rondebosch, to Gavin Loftthouse.

Smith-Brennan. In September, 1973, Joanna, elder daughter of Mr and Mrs S. A. Smith, of Coventry, England, to Mr J. E. Brennan, elder son of the late Mr and Mrs E. J. Brennan, of London, England.

Verster-Norgarb. In February, 1973, Gillian, daughter of Dr and Mrs I. C. Verster, of Constantia, to Patrick, son of Mr H. Norgarb, of Johannesburg, and the late Mrs J. Norgarb.

Wells-Simoncz. In September, 1973, Michele, only daughter of Professor and Mrs L. H. Wells, of Rondebosch, to Charles Anthony, younger son of Dr and Mrs C. G. A. Simoncz, of Maritzburg (formerly of Cape Town).

Williams-Onions. In August, 1973, Judith, daughter of Dr and Mrs Ian Williams, of Hermanus, to John, son of Mr and Mrs J. W. Onions, of Lincoln, England.

MARRIAGES

Clark-Crawford. In August, 1973, in St. Peter the Fisherman Church, Hout Bay, Georgina, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. B. Clark, of Hout Bay, to William Crawford, of Clifton.

Cronwright-Cowood. On 14th July, 1973, in St. Martin's in the Veldt, Parktown, Johannesburg, Victoria, younger daughter of Mr and Mrs Guy Cronwright, of Bishopswood, to Geoffrey, son of Mr and Mrs P. I. Cowood, of Westville, Natal.

Currie-Beaumont. On 11th August, 1973, at 25, Hanover Road, Diep River, Jayne, elder daughter of Mr and Mrs Ian Currie, of Diep River, to Raoul, elder son of Mr and Mrs T. Beaumont, of Elgin.

Dean-Slater. In December, 1972, Josephine, only daughter of Mr and Mrs W. Alan Dean, of Rondebosch, to Jim, only son of Dr and Mrs W. J. B. Slater, of Pinelands.

Dacey-Downes. On 11th January, 1973, in Christ Church, Constantia, Jennifer, daughter of Mrs E. Dacey, of Claremont, and the late Mr L. G. Dacey, to Harvey, son of the late Dr and Mrs J. C. Downes, of Umstata.

Gaggins-Bartholomew. In July, 1973, in St. James's Church, Sea Point, Gillian, daughter of Mr and Mrs Hubert Gaggins, of Sea Point, to Michael, son of Mr and Mrs Mel Bartholomew, of Pretoria.

Howell-Collier. In September, 1973, in St. Michael and All Angels Church, Elgin, Sandra, daughter of Mr and Mrs G. H. Howell, of Dennebos Farm, Elgin, to Anthony Stuart, son of Mr and Mrs A. B. Collier, of Rondebosch.

Mackenzie-Emalie. In May, 1973, in St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, Sheila, daughter of Mr and Mrs H. C. Mackenzie, of Claremont, to Angus James, son of Mr and Mrs S. J. Emalie, of Kenilworth.

Pringle-Garlick. On 25th August, 1973, in Christ Church, Kenilworth, Pauline, daughter of Mr V. Pringle, of Bedford, E. Cape, and Mrs D. Hoare, of Diep River, to Alan, son of Mr and Mrs Neil Garlick, of Wynberg Park.

Reid-Gadd-Claxton. In 1973, Lynne, daughter of Mr and Mrs T. L. Reid, of Stellenbosch, to Daniel, son of Mr and Mrs H. L. Gadd-Claxton, of Somerset West.

Shawzin-Ginsberg. On 12th April, 1973, Karin, daughter of Mr and Mrs Len Shawzin, of Constantia, to Bruce, son of Mr and Mrs H. C. Ginsberg, of Sea Point.

Simpson-Terrapon. On 6th December, 1972, in Christ Church, Kenilworth, Susan, daughter of Mr and Mrs K. Simpson, of Kenilworth, to Vernon Edward Sidoine, son of Mr and Mrs E. S. Terrapon, of Claremont.

Verster-Norgarb. On 3rd August, 1973, in Christ Church, Constantia, Gillian, daughter of Dr and Mrs Ivor Verster, of Constantia, to Patrick, son of Mr T. H. Norgarb, of Johannesburg, and the late Mrs D. J. Norgarb.

Wells-Simoncz. On 3rd November, 1973, in St. Michael's Church, Rondebosch, Michele, daughter of Prof. and Mrs L. H. Wells, of Rondebosch, to Charles, son of Dr and Mrs C. G. A. Simoncz, of Maritzburg.

Whitaker-Raphaely. In February, 1973, Mary, daughter of Dr and Mrs M. Whitaker, of Kenilworth, to Denis, son of Mr and Mrs Max Raphaely, of Kenilworth.

BIRTHS

Appleyard-List. To Caroline (nee Arbuthnot) and Jonathan, a daughter (Zoe), on 13th October, 1973, in London.

Bennett. To Marion (nee Vertue) and Chris, a daughter, and sister for Tania, on 25th October, 1973, in Cape Town.

Boxner. To Denise (nee White) and Doug, a son and brother for Debbie and Lindsay, on 22nd July, 1973, in Cape Town.

Borrelli—To Jill (nee West) and Mario, a daughter, (Luciana) on 1st April, 1973, in Naples, Italy.

Brown—To Amelia (nee Cronwright) and David, a son, on 30th August, 1973, in Johannesburg.

Crawford—To Anne (nee Porter) and Brian, a son (Aubyn) on 5th November, 1971, in Cape Town.

Crookes—To Moira (nee Woolford) and Basil a son (Russell) and brother for Andrew, on 24th April, 1972, in Natal.

De Waul—To Rosemary (nee Robb) and Loula, a son, on 5th June, 1973, in Cape Town.

Dougherty—To Rosa (nee Dowie Dunn) and Simon, a daughter (Louise Ann) and sister for Sean, on 12th September, 1973, in England.

Fleck—To Di (nee Cattell) and Peter, a daughter, on 8th August, 1973, in Cape Town.

Furter—To Moira (nee Hennessy) and Derek, a son, on 30th August, 1973, in Durban.

Harrison—To Frances (nee Newton) and Tony, a daughter (Candice Leigh Carleton) and sister for David, on 2nd May, 1973, in Cape Town.

Jesse—To Melissa (nee Perras) and Richard, a daughter on 19th August, 1973, in Durban.

Keen—To Rosemary (nee Hollingdale) and Anthony, a daughter, on 3rd October, 1973, in Cape Town.

Keyser—To Janeen (nee Kipps) and Bill, a son, on 25th September, 1973, in Cape Town.

Maritz—To Grace (nee Reid) and Frana, a daughter (Karen) and sister for Adrian, on 27th June, 1973, in Cape Town.

Montgomery—To Kathy (nee Emslie) and Keith, a daughter (Jessica) in May, 1972, in Bristol, England.

Nauke—To Marion (nee Sampson) and Henry, twin sons, on 26th October, 1973, in Cape Town.

Ramsden—To Lorna (nee Harris) and John, a son (Robert John), on 23rd March, 1973, in Cape Town.

Ruyack van Duyteren—To Mandy (nee Noakes) and George, a son, (William) on 2nd January, 1973, in Cape Town.

Saunders—To Dawn (nee Minty) and Michael, a daughter, on 26th February, 1973, in Belfast, Ireland.

Schornborn—To Anne (nee Cowley) and Carl, a son (Paul John) and brother for Hayley, on 6th October, 1972, in Kroonstad, O.F.S.

Shortt—To Claire (nee Watson) and Clent, a son, on 26th December, 1972, in Mafeking.

Sifia—To Maxine (nee Diamond) and Tom, a son and brother for Alexander, on 23rd October, 1972, in Kitwe, Zambia.

Simon—To Gail (nee Lockwood) and Barrie, a daughter (Jennifer), on 15th March, 1973, in Cape Town.

Shagby—To Annette (nee Versfeld) and David, a daughter (Jane), in February, 1973, in Cape Town.

Snyders—To Ann (nee Steens) and Jack, a son (Robert) and brother for Karin and Susan, on 2nd September, 1973, in Cape Town.

Vere Nicol—To Veronica (nee Payne) and Ken, a son, on 20th October, 1973, in Johannesburg.

Whelan—To Elizabeth (nee Roberts) and Bernard, a son and brother for Roxana, on 31st August, 1973, in England.

Wilson—To Vivienne (nee Day) and Brian, a daughter, in January, 1973, in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Zuill—To Anne (nee Welsh) and Eldon, a son, on 17th January, 1973, in Scotland.

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DEATHS

Austin—Diana (nee Douglas Hamilton), on 21st March, 1973, at Klein Constantia, Cape Town.

Robins—Robin (nee Knight), on 3rd February, 1973, in Cape Town.

Lansdale—Joan, on 31st March, 1973, in England.

OBITUARIES

Miss Lansdale

Many Old Girls will remember *Miss Lansdale* with great affection. *Mrs Barbara Payne* (Miss Elcome) and *Miss McLean* have written letters which express our thoughts so well and make the picture of her days at Herschel come into focus again.

Mrs Payne writes: "She served the School so well through many years of her life. She was completely loyal, capable and devoted to the School. I have a deep sense of gratitude and would like to express it to those girls who knew her. Many will remember her firm guidance and deep concern for them. Subsequently she became Vice-Principal of the Royal Naval School which I know she served with the same loyalty. It is sad that her retirement was so short".

Miss McLean's obituary to *Miss Lansdale*: "I think I can say fairly that from the moment of my arrival she it was who guided me safely into office."

Miss Lansdale had come first to South Africa at the invitation of Mr and Mrs *Duncan Baxter* to be with them and their family, particularly with *Moira*, at both *Lourensford* and *Duntaw*.

In July 1939 she joined the Staff at Herschel to take charge of the teaching of Geography. As was to be expected of her she did far more than this—she was a form mistress, taught English and became intensely interested in and responsible for the Library. She was editor of the Magazine and was appointed Senior Mistress with responsibility for the boarders by *Miss Elcome*. And it is thus that so many Old Herschellians will remember her. I have a picture of her sitting at her desk in her sitting-room with *Kirstie*, her black Aberdeen, at her feet making the examination timetable of June 1947, saying as I was introduced to her, "Yes, it will all fit easily into place" and this was typical of *Joan Lansdale*, meticulous as to detail, giving no outward appearance of hurry but with everything on time and in place. She took charge of the School for the term which elapsed between *Miss Elcome's* marriage and my arrival. I cannot do better than to repeat my tribute of thanks to her then for her work during that time and for guiding me through what, without her indefatigable and generous assistance

might have been a difficult task; as it was nothing could have gone more smoothly and happily for me—to her was the credit. She was intensely loyal to the School, giving herself so freely to the place she loved; she was friend and guide to many, giving advice, admonition or praise, as it was due. It would be difficult to find one small part of Herschel to which she had not given her whole-hearted Service—given so freely to the place she held dear and this feeling remained to the end—one for which we would all wish to pay tribute and to give thanks.

In December, 1951 she decided to return to England and rejoin her family at *Rose Cottage* in Surrey. She took up her teaching career again, first in Kent and then at the Royal Naval School, Haslemere, where she was Senior Mistress until her retirement through ill-health. During these years I saw her, at my cottage, at *Rose Cottage* and at the Herschel gatherings in London and I know that she re-visited South Africa on at least two occasions. During these times we re-called many things and she told me that she had guided three more headmistresses into office, one in Kent and two at the Royal Naval School!

In this lay her strength—her ability and willingness to help others."

8th August, 1973.

Diana Austin (nee Douglas-Hamilton)

Di was Head Girl at Herschel in 1949. She had a very vital personality—full of humour and with a great sense of fun. She took great interest in all School activities and was always in the thick of campaigns for further improvements to the School. She was loved by those who knew her and will be sadly missed at O.H.A. gatherings. We would like to express our deepest sympathy to *Ian*, her husband, and her children, *Christopher*, *Gillian*, *Philip* and *Duggie*.

We would also like to say how sorry we were to hear that *Mr Ronald Abbott* had died and to sympathise with his wife, *Moira*, (Black) and his daughters, *Lucinda*, *Sally* and *Eduina*. He was always a very special friend of Herschel's and will be remembered for his kindness and for the terrific effort he and his family made organising the "Big Walk" in 1971.

Our sympathy goes to *Joan Lawrence* (Searle) whose husband, *Harry*, died in April.

OLD GIRLS IN DISTRESS!!!!

A number of Old Girls are involved from time to time in Fund-Raising Efforts for the School. But the Old Herschellians Funds are in an embarrassing state! The magazine cost is the main drain but we also have other commitments as you can see on the Balance Sheet. Each magazine, to date, costs appro-

ximately R1,00, excluding postage and wrapping. Some of us paid Life membership fees umpteen years ago (£5-5-0 until 1967 and R15,00 until it was raised to R25,00 in 1972) and have been receiving magazines ever since!

If you are feeling generous, do help towards these expenses by contributing to the O.H.A.

THE CHANGING SCENE AT HERSCHEL

The School is always changing and we felt sure that a lot of the Old Girls would like to know about the improvements, development and redecoration as each year closes. This year has been a particularly active one, the main achievement being the modernization of the Senior School Kitchen. This was on view on Old Girls Day so many of you will have seen it, but for those far away—it is the epitome of stainless steel efficiency! The colour scheme is based on yellow and neutral greys and whites. There is every convenience that is required for institutional catering and it is, indeed, an asset of which we can all be proud.

The Dining Room now boasts glamorous, full length, interlined, pelmetted (with braid!) curtains, which look fabulous. Next year school lunch will no longer be compulsory, but arrangements have been made to keep the traditional assembly of the School at this time. The whole of the "conservatory" section has been re-decorated and made into common rooms for the maids.

The Boarders' Sitting Room now has a ping-pong table (from the percentage charged in the "Swap Shop") and upstairs, curtains have been hung along the sick bay balcony so that, with one of the sick bays, it can provide more dormitory space. The maids' quarters have been converted into six cubicles with a private bathroom and lavatory for the matrics, who have asked for their appreciation to be expressed—they enjoy the peace and quiet and the attractive decor!

The Matric Study is now in the small classroom at the bottom of the stairs (leading onto the quad) and has attractive garden furniture, gay cushions and posters and the all important kettle!

The Hall and Green Rooms have been painted white and two of the Music Rooms in the courtyard near the Art Room stairs have been knocked into one and re-furnished to make a comfortable room for "Music Appreciation". In the French Room (classroom next to doors to large balcony) the desks have been replaced with comfortable chairs with writing sections at the side.

The Senior and Junior Schools have been repainted this year and the gardens have been put out to contract. The borders along the drive are very gay with their bright annuals and now camellias have been planted in them. They will look gorgeous in years to come. Large azaleas have been thinned from the

bed near the Crypt and planted along the boundary hedges and more salmon, red and white azaleas have brightened up the empty spaces around the fanlit door to the Jagger Hall. The yellowwood tree, planted in 1947, is now at least twenty feet high but, sadly, the oaks in the cabbage patch had to be removed as they were rotten and beyond treatment.

The School is looking a picture and radiates the enthusiasm of its staff and girls!

MISS HARSANT

After 37½ years of teaching the kindergarten, Miss Harsant retired at the end of the first term of this year. Miss Evelyn Millicard writes the following tribute to her:

"I have known Miss Harsant since my teaching days at Herschel way back in the 1950s when I learnt to regard Sunbury in Eyton Road, as a second home. I owe her so many debts of gratitude, including my happy return to Claremont.

Miss Harsant is one of those rare persons who radiate a sense of security, appreciated alike by her family, her many friends and the generations of young pupils who have passed through her care. Her frank, open and friendly disposition has won her many friends both here and overseas and, when she undertakes a job or commission, no obstacles are allowed to stand in her way.

Besides her resourcefulness, Miss Harsant has boundless energy and vitality, which is the envy and often despair of her less enterprising companions—who, but Miss Harsant, would rise at dawn and scale to the top of the Post Office Tower in London before boarding a plane the same morning for South Africa.

We all wish her a long and happy retirement—I am sure there will be few dull moments—many helping others along."

NEWS

Overseas:

We received a letter from Miss McLean in August in which she said, "I am hoping to see Miss Harsant next month. Caroline Winkler (Craford) has been in America with her husband, entertaining for him and being widely welcomed. I hope to stay with her parents again in the Autumn in Switzerland. I spent an afternoon with Canon and Mrs Wade at Wimbledon—a glorious summer's day—Virginia still winning at that stage. I spent two weeks in Yugoslavia at Easter and greatly enjoyed the mountains. Nellie Small (Murphy) was here in June and I spoke to her only on the telephone just before I went to stay with Miss Elcome in Guernsey. Lovely there right by the sea". Miss McLean was just off for a fortnight in Cornwall and Dorset.

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This bit of news is rather out-of-date now, but in a letter received at the end of last year from *Mary Hyde* (better known to Old Herschelians as "Miss Hebditch") who lives in Devon, she wrote the following: "My family are growing up too quickly. The twins have left school. Jane is waiting to go to Liverpool P.E. College next September. She has done well at swimming and has swum in several National Championships. She won several County Championships and swam for Western Counties too. Sarah hopes to nurse and is doing a pre-nursing course at the Technical College at the moment. The twins celebrate their 18th birthday soon. Edward is only ten so keeps us young—we hope! He loves games, swimming and all sport, and is in most of the teams at his prep school, and has his swimming colours already. My husband, Richard, still plays hockey very energetically and we both play as much tennis as a big garden and rambling house—with no help—allows. I do quite a lot of swimming coaching, in fact I run free-lance coaching and have over 100 pupils—in 6 classes of varying abilities. I also do some tennis coaching—mostly in the holidays when the children come out here to our own court. I'm just waiting for a Premium Bond to come up and I'll be flying out to Cape Town to see you all".

It was good to hear about *Sheila* (McIntyre) and *John Caldwell* who, finally, left Uganda in the middle of this year. Life was extremely unpleasant and conditions unstable, added to which essential foodstuffs were unobtainable latterly. *Sheila* worked as official statistician in the British Embassy during the Asian crisis. Her job entailed collating figures collected by 30 people. She also advised families on resettlement in countries other than Britain and found this absorbing and rewarding but heartbreaking. During the few months she worked there over 30 000 Asians' documents were processed. When her job finished she went on to work for the International Red Cross who dealt with the stateless Asians. She found this even more absorbing and became extremely involved with her work. Her job consisted of examining the many and varied extraordinary documents that were produced, some only photocopies of cancelled passports. *Sheila* and *John* are now adjusting to a servantless and expensive life in England but are loving it. They have bought a small house in Hove and *Sheila* is in her element having never before furnished a house in a country where fabrics and furniture are readily available. They are hoping to visit South Africa early next year to see her daughter, *Barbara Cleeve* (Neb) and grandson.

Pauline Vogelposel was in South Africa in August to judge the prize-winning entries for the Biennale competition organised by the Durban Art Gallery. The exhibition was called "African Art Today" (organised by the Institute of Race Relations) and one of the suc-

cessful artists, out of over 600 entries, was *Shirley Bairnsfather-Cloete*, the mother of *Nicky Mitchell Hopkins* (Bairnsfather-Cloete), who is herself the mother of two small children. *Pauline* is of course still the Organising Secretary of the Contemporary Arts Society in London, and part of her work includes organising special trips for her members. The last one was to Peru, Bolivia and Brazil and she hopes that in 1974 she may be able to take a group to China.

Jessica Jessel (De Wet) who has worked in journalism, is now doing Public Relations work for a friend who runs a flower shop in Curzon Street, in London. She lives mostly in Belgravia but she and her husband have a second home, informally, at Sandwich in Kent where *Jessica* manages to escape whenever she can!

Stephanie Hoppen (Shub) has a flourishing business in London dealing with Africana—particularly old books and maps and prints. She travels in Europe a lot but says that with the popularity of Africana, bargains are increasingly difficult to find. *Stephanie's* sister, *Felicity Aronson*, stayed with her in London last year on a holiday visit and *Stephanie* in turn tries to manage a trip back to South Africa every year—Africana business permitting!

Sue MacGregor is now the compère of "Woman's Hour" on BBC Radio 4 (which she says has more than a touch of coming full circle about it as she used to do "Woman's World" on the SABC!) and also does radio documentaries for the BBC. When she does manage to take a holiday she says she likes to go somewhere exotic, and from London you can go to some exciting places just for the long weekend; last year *Sue* went to Istanbul for four days and this Spring will be weekendening in Leningrad.

Gay Beresford has given up the glamorous world of modelling where she's had much success and which has also involved her in a lot of travelling, particularly to the United States and Japan. *Gay* is now concentrating on the home decorating field and hopes to take on commissions for finding and restoring interesting old houses, anywhere in the world. She's recently been to Israel, Italy and the South of France doing some reconnoitring; and she finds time too to make and sell huge floor cushions made of oriental silk.

Jean Steyn (Pollard) and her husband and family moved to England early this year. Her husband, *Johan*, is practising at the Bar in London and they are living in Kent.

Gillian Borrelli (West) works for Nato in Naples and has a baby daughter, *Luciana*.

In a letter received recently from *Di Carter* (McGaffin), who has been living in various

parts of India for the last couple of years, she writes: "First we lived in New Delhi for four months—then Bombay just over a year. Our first child, daughter Kimberley, (how about a South African giving her child that name) was born in Bombay in June 1970. So she is just over 3. After Bombay we went to Madras for 18 months. In Madras our second daughter, Darin, was born—now nearly 2—in November 1971. We then came to Calcutta in April this year and we've just been here six months. We'll most probably be here for another 18 months and then we expect to go to London for 6 months as Jack has to do some banking course there.

India is not bad for a few years, although I'll be happy to leave, but I will miss the Club life and sporting facilities and the 8 servants we have. The nicest thing about India is that we do save money here. Because even though the cost of living has gone up it's not as bad as in the West.

We'll be in South Africa (not Cape Town unfortunately) in April 1974 on home leave. We go to the U.S.A. every year, thank goodness".

Diana Russell is lecturing at Mills College in California and is hoping to bring out a book in the near future. Her sister, Jill Hall, lives in London where her husband is with the BBC.

Jose Lake (Finch) lives in London with her husband and two children. She is making a name for herself doing professional cooking and has appeared in Woman's Argus giving a series of recipes and tips for dinner parties. "The Argus" has also featured Jose's sister, Renée Mattioli, who is living in Milan. She hopes to go to New York next year.

The Doughertys, Ross (Dowie-Dunn) and Simon, moved to England early this year and are now living in Gerrards Cross. They had a daughter in September and Circle Y members are delighted for them.

Heather Wells' (Kelly) mother visited her for six weeks this year and they had a two-week holiday in Italy. Heather keeps up her ties with Old Girls and goes to the London reunions. Last time they all took their husbands and there was much hilarity when the husbands called themselves by their wives' maiden names.

Having left Zambia, Libby (Plumbly) and Ernest Abels have decided to settle permanently in England and are looking for a house to buy. Libby is now enjoying England having initially found it hard to adjust to no servants and the high cost of living.

Gail Hoberman (Shawzin) and her family have been living in Boston since May. Her husband is doing a course in Business Science. They thoroughly enjoy the life there and plan

to return in mid '74. Bridget Buchanan-Lee is also overseas. After completing a Science degree at U.C.T. she worked in London for two years and then read medicine at Cambridge. She has now completed her third year and is based at Newcastle-on-Tyne for the next three years. Before she started work there in September, she spent a month's holiday with her parents in Cape Town.

Hilary Hansen (Simpson) and her husband, Chris, and two children will be spending a month with her parents in Kenilworth this Christmas.

Veronica Calley has been living in Paris for the past two years. She teaches dancing and dances herself and is deeply interested in Transcendental Meditation. She is now an "Initiator". She spent August studying further aspects in this field in Switzerland. She is also having a Cape Christmas.

Marine Sifis (Diamond) has left Kitwe, Zambia, and she and her husband and two young sons are living in Greece. She paid a short visit to the Cape last year.

Priscilla Edwards (Barrett) and her husband live in Cambridge and were visited recently by Sandy van der Vlugt (Buchanan) and her husband, Reijer, who has been studying "Air Photo Interpretation" in Holland for a year. Their children have had the opportunity of learning Dutch. The van der Vlugts, while in London, stayed with Susan Power (Robb) who will be returning to Cape Town with her family in December. Miranda Blackett is working in England as is Judy Gerrard (Twentyman-Jones). Judy and her husband have bought a flat in London. Judy Hill is also in London teaching at the Cordon Bleu. Vanessa Marais is doing a P.R.O. job for a firm called "Newslane" in Park Lane.

Awn Toettcher (Alexander) and Kathy Montgomery (Emalie) are both married with children and have settled in England permanently. Anne Zuill (Welsh) has done the same in Fife, Scotland.

After a year in London Bryony Plock (Culley) and her husband have bought a house in the delightful village of Basingbourn. They found England rather hard-going after the soft life in South Africa but are settling down at last. Their son, Timothy, is just over a year now and a great joy to them.

We now have quite a few Old Girls in Australia. Glendyr Packer (Orr), Barbara Brown (Sandell) and now Janis Farley, who went there with her family in October '72. She did a Diploma in Design here and we have heard that she has been working for an architect in Sydney; for South African Travel Services and is now coaching tennis in Alice Springs.

Circle KK has Michele Resnekov at the University of Amsterdam. Sue-Rae Newman at the

University in San Antonio, Texas, and Lucinda Suckling at Perugia in Italy.

Jocelyn Anstee, Robin Wrenthorn and Fiona MacSymon are at Hartwell House, Aylesbury. When she has completed her course there Fiona intends doing extra language and secretarial courses in London.

Shân Adams is at present in Wellington, New Zealand, as a Rotary Exchange Student. Next year she plans to go to U.C.T. to take a B.Sc.

The London Branch of the O.H.A. have asked it to be mentioned that when their 1974 Gathering is held (exact date to follow nearer the time) they would welcome any "young blood" that care to come—at the moment the "youngest" lot that turn up left Herschel in about 1958! Surely there are some newer Old Girls who'd like to come to a Reunion in London?

Local:

We heard from Mrs Kittow in August. She has been deeply involved in a most interesting job, which she started in January, 1971. She is the English Editor of the South African Biographical Dictionary. They were first housed in the S.A. Library in Queen Victoria Street here in Cape Town and then the whole concern was moved to Pretoria in January 1972.

She writes: "This Dictionary comes under the aegis of the Human Sciences Research Council, which consists of eleven different institutes—Manpower, Education, History, Psychometric Research, and so on. The Dictionary is part of the Institute of History.

I did a broadcast about it (i.e. the Dictionary) to England and America some time ago, and Springbok Radio took an extract of it for local listeners. I also gave a talk on it to the Pretoria Women's Club last week, which is probably why I thought of writing to you now!

It is an enormous undertaking, and when Vol. I came out in 1968 it was the first result of a long-term project to put on record the biographies of men and women whose lives have had some impact on the history of this country. Vol. II came out in January this year, and we are now busy on Vol. III. The range is fully 500 years, as we start with the early Portuguese explorers, and so far go down to 1960. (The biography of a man is not written until he has been dead for ten years).

The articles are written by experts in their fields—professors and lecturers and authors who may have written on those subjects before. The shortest biography is 200 words and the longest, such as those on President Kruger, Smuts and Rhodes, may be anything up to 10 000 words. (230 History researchers work on the biographies).

It is fascinating to me to be editing the biographies of so many people I've known over the years, or else my parents had known: such as Professor Jolly, Professor Snape, Sir Malcolm Searle (I was on that six p.m. train on which he was killed in the Salt River smash, but only really knew him by sight) and many more.

Our article on Sir John Herschel is one of our longest and I've just this minute finished editing an article on John Skirrow, who died in 1846. He was a Cape architect and land surveyor who, in his later years, "purchased from the Grove estate a site of two erven fronting on the Main Road to Wynberg, and began to lay it out. This now forms part of the Arderne Gardens, Claremont.

The Dictionary is full of fascinating touches like this. It is very much a prestige affair, the H.S.R.C. being a statutory body responsible to the Minister of Education."

Mrs Kittow misses the life and people at Herschel and has many happy memories of her days as Headmistress but she has settled down in Pretoria and often sees old friends from Cape Town, either settled there or up and down for Parliament.

Marian Robertson's (Spilhaus) long-delayed book "Diamond Fever—South African History from Primary Sources 1866–1869" will be out in February, 1974. Her work this year has included a series for the S.A.B.C. on some of our historic buildings called "A Time to Build". Marian saw Wenda Melck (Petree) several times in connection with this as the Melck's farm "Kersfontein" was one of the buildings. Wenda cares beautifully for their magnificent collection of antiques. When Marian found the inventory of the deceased estate of the first Melck in the Archives they had a most exciting time discovering which furniture was almost certainly in the original house. Recently Marian saw Barbara Reid (Menzies) who was in Cape Town for a brief visit. She and her husband have just completed a beautiful villa at St. Michaels-on-Sea on the Natal South Coast ready for their retirement.

We received a long letter from Sheila Bailes (Kirkpatrick). She and her husband are happily settled in Halfway House, Transvaal, leading a country life with easy access to Johannesburg and Pretoria. Their children are at school nearby and they keep four horses and play polocrosse at weekends, which is hectic but great fun. On their way back from a rushed visit to the Cape last Christmas, they saw Topsy (Thresher) and John Kirkpatrick on their farm in the O.P.S. The latter were very cheerful in spite of only a 40% fruit crop! She had also seen Margaret Ward-Abie (Impey) who encouraged her to re-join the O.H.A.!

Angela Prew (Barry) visited her parents at the Cape last December and Lois Gardener (Gie) was here from Alexandria, Cape. Yeow-

ne Dowdle (Roux), Maureen McLennan (Bourke), Mary Loggie (de Villiers) and Margaret Ward-Able (Impey) joined them for an enjoyable chatty reunion lunch at Kelvin Grove. Angela is teaching at a school near her home (in England) and even takes rugby! "Impey" is working at a home for alcoholics in Johannesburg, which she is finding more of a challenge than her last job. Yvonne still accompanies the School Choir which goes from strength to strength and has become increasingly involved in her own music as the years go by. She is the pianist in the Cape Town Piano and Wind Ensemble which has given several recitals this year. Mary is now on the School Council.

Clemency Hannay-Robertson (Watson) has been back in the Cape since the end of last year. Her husband was transferred after fourteen years in South West Africa and she is very pleased to be back. Their daughter, Doune, is at Herschel and Clemmie has been working at the Flower Shop in Kenilworth.

Shelagh Masters (Cantley) is still living at Somerset West. Her eldest son, Philip, is now eleven and goes to Paul Roos. Wendy, almost six, is at their local primary school in Sub A and Sally, four, is at nursery school. This leaves Richard, three, at home with her in the mornings.

Gill de Kock (Downing) has just returned from a three-month world tour. The highlights of the trip were Bangkok, India and New Zealand. They saw a lot of Capetonian friends including Barbara Broen (Sandell) in Australia.

Anita Gilman (Lockwood) took her two children to Europe in May. They took as their theme "The Austrian-Hungarian occupation of Europe", starting in Portugal and finishing in Hungary, Budapest and Lake Ballaton were truly fabulous! Afterwards she went on a two-week cruise to the North Cape and Norwegian fiords aboard the "QE II" which must be quite the most luxurious ship afloat—"wonderfully run". In England she met Jenny Weeks (Grove) who was busy harvesting with her husband. They all had a picnic supper that evening in the straw around a Germ Warfare Experimental Centre of which Jim Weeks has the lease.

Moira Crookes (Woolford) wrote a long newsy letter from Merrivale, Natal, giving us a detailed account of Hilton's Centenary Celebrations. Her father-in-law is one of the Governors and Moira met the State President and his wife at one of the receptions. Rosamund Coom (Goddard) and her husband and son, Peter, stayed with Moira on their way to the Coast. Rosamund is doing free-lance designing of kitchen layouts and advertisements. She is still living in Salisbury where she sees quite a number of Old Herschelians. Moira has also seen Pam Sinclair (Jones) and her husband

who are running an hotel in Vryheid. They have another in Ladysmith where they have a manager. Moira and Pam frequently phone each other for a chat. They are about four hours apart by car and Pam drops in on Moira when she goes down to Durban.

Yolande ("Yocy") Graham (Murray) is in Botswana where she and her husband are developing a Safari Lodge at Maun. The game is very prolific and the outdoor life appeals to Yocy enormously. They have a young baby. Nicky Quinto (Murray) was last heard of in the West Indies and their sister, Diana Chalmers (Murray) is in England again having left Malta shortly after Dom Mintoff came into power.

Elizabeth Fleming (Hennessy) and her family left Cape Town to settle in Johannesburg. She has two daughters and is looking forward to joining her husband, John, on a business trip overseas in October. Sally Celliers (Pyott) is also living in the Transvaal. They have recently bought a lovely house in Sandton.

There are only a handful of Circle X members living in the Cape. Gail Simon (Lockwood) has a baby daughter and is living in Tokai. Elizabeth McCarthy (Holmes) lives in Constantia and has two sons and a daughter. Fran Bertish (Small) has two small sons and lives in Kenilworth. Heather Bryant (Marr) has a part-time job teaching physiology at a tutorial college. Val de Klerk is continuing her career as an actress and recently appeared in a play at the Nico Malan Opera House where Marilyn Simpson (HH) is stage-managing. "Max" is sharing a flat with her sister Jenny (KK) in Kenilworth. Jenny is doing a secretarial course in the mornings and enjoys working in a stockbroker's office in the afternoons.

Anne (Porter) and Brian Crawford are still living in Constantia. When pressed for news Anne said, "I'm just a housewife and mother and I love it!"

Jenny (Dicey) and Harvey Downes were married in January and Circle Y members among the guests were Paddy (Goble) and Graham Howes, Brenda-Lynne (Tyers) and Eric Hoffman, Jenny (Baker) and Richard Barrett and Barbie Cleave (Neb). The reception was held in the garden of Jenny's aunt's house and dancing to a discotheque was much enjoyed. Jenny and Harvey are redecorating their house in Pine-lands and Jenny is continuing to teach at Bishops Prep. Her kitchen tea was given by Barbie at her cottage in Claremont. Barbie's son, Roger, who is at the Hill, is a third generation Herschelians. In fact quite a lot of old Herschelians have children at "The Hill" which has an enthusiastic staff and P.T.A. and is now at the end of its second successful year. The parents embarked on an ambitious fund-raising campaign with a Gala Ball at the Mount Nelson as its premiere event. This was a very

happy and successful evening. Each class has had its own target and as the funds have rolled in they have been spent on equipment.

Paddy (Goble) and *Graham Howes* are looking forward to a month's holiday in February, skiing in Austria and sight-seeing in London. *Paddy* is at present having an exhibition of her paintings at Cape Living, Claremont.

Brenda-Lynne (Tyers) and *Eric Hoffman* have redesigned their house in Kenilworth and it has been featured in "Woman's Argus" and "Landbou Weekblad". As well as looking after her two children, *Brenda-Lynne* plans colour schemes for *Eric*, who is an interior and furniture designer, and she is doing a correspondence course in colour planning. She has recently completed a sociological survey of children at a nursery school in Newlands, which she said was most fascinating and had its humorous moments.

Jenny (Baker) and *Richard Barrett* have now decided not to build and have bought an old Victoria house which they are renovating in Alexandra Road, just a few doors away from the one they sold a year ago. They are delighted to be in their own home again having spent several months at a residential hotel.

Junina Romocki (Nitosiawska) and her husband, *Julian*, returned from Canada in November, 1972 and are living in Pinelands with their two children. As they were born ten months apart, *Jenny* has her hands full and there is not much time for anything else.

Newspaperwoman, *Judy Olivier* (Norton) is involved as much as ever with the Cape Times and her articles are read with interest by her classmates, especially when she talks about her youth and schooldays. Were they really as she projects them? She and her husband, *Sigurd*, had a hectic 38 days in London and Paris earlier this year, having left the children at home.

Lorna Ramsden (Harris) and her husband, *John*, have bought an acre of land in Constantia and are designing themselves the house they plan to build. Since both of them are architects it is to be wondered how much they will interfere with each other's image of how the house will look!

Libby (Robb) and *Tony Ardington* were recently in Cape Town visiting *Libby's* parents. They are still living in Zululand.

Happily settled in Johannesburg are *Ro* (Bellings) and *Mike Hilton*. *Mike* is a mechanical engineer.

The *Diamonds*, *Paddy* (Mannion) and *Martine*, have sold their house in Noordhoek and are due to move into their new one in Rondebosch at the end of the year.

Anne Snyders (Steen) is enjoying the novelty of being a fulltime housewife, having sold her Florists Shop in Rondebosch. She recently stayed with *Rohanne Verrips* (Morrison) and her husband and baby daughter, *Alix*, in Pretoria. *Rohanne* is now selling houses. *Christine Godfrey* (Hawson) visited the Cape this year with her husband, *Graham*, and their two daughters. They enjoy living in Johannesburg, as does *Terry Dancer* (Henstra).

Susan Hacking is now doing 4th year medicine.

Denise Bonner (White) worked with her husband in his surgery in Touws River until the birth of their third child recently.

We enjoyed hearing from *Anne Schonborn* (Cowley) who tells us that they are now living in Kroonstad where her husband has joined his father's maize business.

Our news of Circle CC is that *Diana Hodge* (Seymour) is continuing her art work and making copies of Bowler prints. *Diana Wingfield* (Harris) is working in the Psychology Department at U.C.T. and *Jasmine Turnbull* (Stephens) is nursing again.

Dawn Saunders (Minty) has been living in Belfast, Ireland where her husband, who is a doctor, has been specializing. She is now back in Cape Town for a year.

Jill Eckstein (Philip) went to Perth, Western Australia where she represented South Africa in the Australian Women's Squash Championships and Inter-State Competition. On her return she played for the Springbok side against the visiting team from Great Britain. *Jill* has a daughter at "The Hill" and she also coaches tennis and squash at Herschel.

Jackie Mann was hoping to work as a librarian in Johannesburg before she left for England in September where she will study and work for a year or perhaps more.

We have heard from *Sheila Emslie* (MacKenzie) after a gap of several years. Since returning from a year in America on A.P.S. in 1968, she has completed her B.Sc. (Pharmacy) degree at Rhodes University. She was married at St. Saviour's in May of this year and now both she and her husband, *Angus*, are working in Johannesburg, he as a civil engineer and she as a pharmacist at a Provincial Hospital. Their future plans are very vague. She looks forward to receiving the Old Herschelian news and to reading about her friends and changes at Herschel. The editors of the magazine wish more Old Girls would write and give us news of themselves or other Old Girls who are hitting the headlines or running their homes in their part of the world!

Susan Terrapon (Simpson) has been using her nursery school training since her marriage

last December. She spends her mornings with the children at The Lady Michaelis Orthopaedic Hospital. She and her husband have just bought a house in Plumstead.

Gillian Baigrie was head nurse at the Victoria Hospital for 1972 and was presented a Florence Nightingale lamp at the Carinus College Graduation Ceremony at the City Hall in June. She also won a cash prize, awarded to the student who throughout her training was considered to be the best practical nurse.

Liz Simpson is at Barkly House. We have lots of news of the 1970 matrics—Hilary Gasson graduates this year (B.A. Drama) and will join P.A.C.T. next year or go overseas. Tessa Helfet is at U.C.T. doing 2nd year B.A. and Lindy Olds is in 2nd year B.Sc. Tessa is majoring in French, English and History of Art. She is Promotional Officer for Rag '74. Lindy was third Rag Debutante this year. Hilary Henderson is doing 2nd year B.Sc. Occupational Therapy. Edwinna Abbott is a second year B.A. student at Stellenbosch and was Debutante of the Year. Out of 44 debutantes she collected the most money—R2100 towards the Matie Carnival Fund which provides free medical services for Coloured people. Her prize was a trip to Europe for two.

Kim Broadbent is doing a Primary Teaching Diploma (2nd year) and is going to England and the Continent for a holiday in November.

Susan Campbell is working as a secretary in Cape Town. In June/July she went sailing in France and went to Andorra and the U.K. She visited her sister in London.

Janet Graaff completes her 3rd year B.Sc. this year and Glenda Harris is doing Higher Primary—both at U.C.T.

Deborah Turner-Smith has completed her Radiography and is touring Europe and working part-time.

Maya Albrecht and Pat Gillanders are both studying art at Stellenbosch University. Maya is in her 3rd year and is majoring in advanced theory of colour. Pat is doing graphic design.

Priscilla Pettigrew is doing secretarial work in Cape Town and hopes to go overseas next year. Deborah Simpson is working as a secretary in a lawyer's office in Cape Town. She went to a school in Switzerland after leaving school. She concentrated on learning French and loved the skiing.

Nicolette Templer has done a secretarial course at Cornhill. She is doing a course in Floristry with Joan Pare at the Constantia School of Floristry. Binky Newman was working at the Holiday Inn at the Wilderness and then decided to re-write Matric at the Cape

Tutorial College. Libby Burns qualified as a beautician and is working at the Rustenburg Pharmacy.

Mary Foot has returned with many tales of her year in America as an AFS and is now nursing in Cape Town. Mary Raphael (Whitaker) has continued nursing. She is expecting a baby next year.

Jill Golding decided to leave U.C.T. and is continuing her B.A. Degree at Stellenbosch. Vanessa Weinlig has also left U.C.T. and is doing a typing course at the Technical College. She has joined the Cape Town Symphony Choir. Susan Borton and Susan Maggs are taking typing courses. Belinda Blaine has returned from Pietermaritzburg where she was at the University of Natal. She is thinking of taking a new degree at U.C.T. next year. She will join Fiona Baigrie, Susan Abernethy, Jane Philip, Jasmine Peel, Tessa Mallett, Anne Spruce, and Sally-Ann Wells, who are continuing their degrees at U.C.T. Tessa was selected to play in the Inter-varsity Hockey in July this year.

Penny Barnett and Janine Floyd are still at Rhodes University as is Ling Wesemann, last year's Head Girl.

Gail De Beer and Perdita Newman are doing B.A. degrees at U.C.T. Daphne Swanson is at Barkly House. Hanneli Muller is at the University of Stellenbosch doing a B.Sc. (Computer Science). Amanda Webb has been studying for her "A" levels and intends going on to University.

SPORT

Two HOCKEY matches were played against the most recent Old Girls by the Present Girls.

The first match was lost by the Old Girls against the 1st Team 1-0, and the second match was won by the Old Girls against the 2nd Team 2-1.

The team was:

L.B.—Vanessa Weinlig; R.B.—Susan Campbell; L.H.—Edwina Abbott; C.H.—Tessa Mallett; R.H.—Yolanda Labia; L.W.—Sally-Ann Wells; L.L.—Jill Golding; C.F.—Perdita Newman; R.L.—Jenny Simpson; R.W.—Mandy van Breda.

The annual TENNIS Match is still to be played towards the end of this term.

SQUASH: Old Girls, Jill Eckstein (Philip) and Devon Lees coached and helped the Herschel Squash team and a number of Old Girls were around to give the girls encouragement and practice.

The next Old Girls Gathering will be on Monday, 11th February, 1974 at 8.00 p.m. followed by Coffee.

OLD HERSCHELIANS' ASSOCIATION

LIFE MEMBERS

Names in Capitals Indicate Head Girls

A.N.K. Address not known.

Headmistresses:

- Hon. Miss B. Elcome (Mrs. Peter Payne), Coutral, Ruelle Irwin, Fort George, Guernsey, Channel Isles.
 Hon. Mrs. M. Kittow, The Human Sciences Research Council, Private Bag X-41, Pretoria, Transvaal.
 Hon. Miss H. C. McLean, 8, Amber Cottages, Colleshill, near Amersham, Bucks, England.

Staff:

- Hon. Mrs. H. Brownell, Newfield Green, Coach Road, Trovato, Wynberg, Cape.
 Hon. Mrs. M. T. Hampson, 25, Henley Grove, Henleaze, Bristol BS 94 EQ, England.
 Miss E. K. Hill (Mrs. Stanley Wood), Fairfield Hotel, Aliwal Road, Wynberg, Cape.
 Hon. Mrs. A. Pierce-Jones, 31, Burnside Road, Tamboers Kloof, Cape Town.
 Hon. Mrs. E. Sachs, 11, Gambonia Road, Rondebosch, Cape.
 Hon. Mrs. B. Silberbauer, Bloemendal, Rustenvrede Road, Constantia, Cape.
 Hon. Mrs. M. Stobie, Manor House, Park Vista, London, S.E.10, England.

Group 1 (Circles A to H)

- Appleyard, Elizabeth (Mrs. M. E. Coward), Good Hope Cottage, 7, Durban Road, Wynberg, Cape. (H).
 Baxter, Jean (Mrs. M. Gant), Lourensford, Somerset West, Cape. (C).
 BAXTER, MARY (Mrs. R. Fiddian Green), Bahati, Leisure Isle (P.O. Box 388), Kaysna, Cape. (A).
 Baxter, Shellah (Mrs. A. R. Henderson), Arieskraal, P.O. Grabouw, Cape. (D).
 Black, Moira (Mrs. Ronald Abbott), The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (C).
 Brooke, Diana (Mrs. Jan Nezar), 42, Wenning Street, Groenkloof, Pretoria. (G).
 Brown, Betty (Mrs. B. Musgrove), A.N.K. (B).
 Brown, Madge (Mrs. D. H. Fisher), 403, Seashells, St. John's Road, Sea Point, Cape. (H).
 Buchanan, Sheila (Mrs. Ian Williams), The Bungalow, Voelklip, Hermanus, Cape. (A).
 Burmeister, Lolie (Mrs. F. D. Garlick), Maré Video No. 5, Main Road, Kalk Bay, Cape. (A).
 Clarke, Erica (Mrs. R. A. Critchley), Blue Lagoon National Park, P.O. Box 10, Lusaka, Zambia. (A).
 CLOSE, HEATHER (Mrs. W. S. Mann), 35, Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.1X ODE, England. (A).
 Cross, Joan (Mrs. A. A. Mudd), 37, Second Avenue, Illovo, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (E).
 Denniston, Anne (Mrs. A. K. M. Browne), Ridgeland, Elgin, Cape. (G).
 DENNISTON, PATRICIA (Mrs. Walter Martin), Ridgeland, Elgin, Cape. (G).
 DE VILLIERS, THE HON. YVONNE, (The Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Hill), 22, Wyndlorn Avenue, Buderim, Queensland, 4556, Australia. (A).
 Douglas, Fenella, The Albany, Oak Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (A).
 Drennan, Suzanne (Mrs. Ronald Wiltshire), 8, Milner Street, Kimberley, Cape. (H).
 Ethelston, Isabel (Lady Fawcus), Dochart House, Killin, Perth, Scotland. (C).
 Falconer, Phyllis, (Mrs. Harry Raath), Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (A).
 Fisher, Evryl (Mrs. Kelsen), 102, Saratoga Court, Beach Road, Sea Point, Cape. (H).
 Frost, Joan (Mrs. Charles Grover), 6, Caledon Road, Emmarentia, Johannesburg. (H).
 Geber, Margaret (Mrs. C. F. E. Regnier), Kortrijkse Steenweg 710, 9000 Gent, Belgium. (D).
 Gibson, Dorothea (Mrs. Hewitt), 20, Hartington Road, Chiswick, London, W.4, England. (H).
 Gohl, Jean, La Maisonnette, Mountain Road, Claremont, Cape. (F).
 Herud, Vera, 97, Main Road, Voelklip, Hermanus, Cape. (A).
 Hill, Joan (Mrs. Donald McEwan), Delsmere, Pathfields Close, Haslemere, Surrey, England. (D).
 HILL, PATRICIA (Mrs. King), Kings Motors Ltd., P.O. Marlborough, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (F).
 HILL, PEGGY (Mrs. T. Furlonge), Braeside House, Midsbourne Avenue, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks, England. (G).
 Howell, Averil (Mrs. Peter Grant), Navarre, Somerset West, Cape. (F).
 Howes, Dulcie (Mrs. Guy Cronwright), Exeter Lodge, Exeter Avenue, Claremont, Cape. (A).
 Hubner, Ray (Mrs. R. R. Swemmer), 7, Dagbreek, Pinelands, Cape. (F).

- JONES, ELEANOR VAUGHAN. (Mrs. Peter Wadlow), Eastbury, Luyt Street, Hermanus, Cape. (A).
- Jooete, Lynette (Mrs. Glynn Croudace), Westwinds, Rowan Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape (G).
- Kidd, Olive (Mrs. A. L. Payne), 108, Milner Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (C).
- Le Mesurier, Joy (Mrs. N. C. Pollock), 66, Yarnells Hill, Oxford, OX2 9BE, England. (E).
- Long, Una (Mrs. U. L. Hodson), 33, Waterside, Ely, Cambs, England. (A).
- McKinlay, Carine, No. 3, Albion Court, Albion Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (G).
- McLachlan, Beatrice (Mrs. S. L. Elliott), Molenvliet House, Mowbray, Cape. (A).
- Martin, Jean (Mrs. G. R. Holden), River Street, New Canaan, Conn., U.S.A. (A).
- Martin, Orcilla (Mrs. H. Lasch), 25, Valley Road, Parktown, Johannesburg. (A).
- MILLS, MARIEL (Mrs. Miller), Lillesden School, Hawkhurst, Kent, England. (H).
- Osler, Joy (Mrs. Arthur Luyt), 25, Highbury Road, Umbogintwini, South Coast, Natal. (F).
- Pargiter, Edith (Mrs. W. S. Bryant), Distant Waters, Dawn Avenue, Constantia, Cape. (A).
- Parry, Myfanwy (Mrs. Andrew James), Upton Hall, 16, Eastbourne Road, Durban, Natal. (C).
- Paterson, Molly (Mrs. J. F. Robinson), St. George's Hill, Easton-in-Gordano, near Bristol, Gloucs., England. (B).
- Petree, June (Mrs. J. C. de Beer Louw), 211, Rapallo, Sea Point, Cape. (G).
- ROSE, PAM, A.N.K.
- St. Leger, Pam (Mrs. J. W. Aubrey), St. Margaret's Rectory, Fish Hoek, Cape. (H).
- SANDES, SYLVIA (Mrs. Hugh White), Hunter's Moon, Exeter Avenue, Bishopscourt, Claremont, Cape. (H).
- Smithers, Joan (Mrs. Dick Cownor), 1, Burford, The Cotswolds, Wynberg, Cape. (A).
- Starck, Betty (Mrs. P. V. Collings), White Ladies, Burkes Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks., England. (G).
- Struben, Diana (Mrs. A. G. Davis), 196, Main Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth, Cape. (F).
- STUTTAFORD, JOY (Mrs. G. Grove), Kuching, Helderberg College Road, Somerset West, Cape. (A).
- Stuttaford, Peggy (Mrs. Neil Murray), Bokkraal, Melsetter, Rhodesia. (D).
- Thorne, Felicity (Mrs. Geoffrey Todd), Lime Tree House, Burnham Market, Norfolk, England. (D).
- Thorne, Molly (Mrs. K. A. Sellar), Monks Wood, Forest Row, Sussex, England. (A).
- Thorne, Pauline (Mrs. P. L. C. Brodie), The Keeper's Cottage, Langshott, Horley, Surrey, England. (A).
- VAN DER BYL, BETTY (Mrs. E. M. V. Martino), Four Winds, Itchenor, near Chichester, Sussex, England. (A).
- Van der Horst, Sheila (Dr.), 21, Rugby Road, Oranjericht, Cape Town. (A).
- White, Irvine (Mrs. I. Orpen), Nantwich, Coronation Avenue, Somerset West, Cape. (E).
- Williams, Betty, c/o Mrs. Ian Williams, The Bungalow, Voelklip, Hermanus. (C)

Group 2 (Circles I to Q)

- Ashton, Roma (Mrs. Resnekov), 28-30 Avenue Edouard Rod, 1007 Lausanne, Switzerland. (O).
- Barry, Jennifer (Mrs. Michael Tett), Dadrea, Addington Lane, Highlands, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (Q).
- Bennett, Molly (Mrs. M. Spring), 62, Cardiff Avenue, Belvedere, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (N).
- Bergh, Thelma (Mrs. Davies), White Walls, James Barry Avenue, Constantia, Cape. (N).
- Bourke, Maureen (Mrs. David McLennan), Selati, Silwood Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (O).
- Bransill, Barbara, (Mrs. Michael Moir), 26, Cecil Avenue, Sale, Cheshire, M33 4BQ, England. (N).
- Brown, Rosanne (Mrs. R. R. Bicker Caarten), c/o Mrs. Brown, 3, Herschel Court, Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (Q).
- Buchanan, Oswynne (Mrs. O. Jordan), c/o Standard Bank Ltd., 28, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2, England. (N).
- Cantley, Shelagh (Mrs. P. Masters), Kennaway, Mayfair Avenue, Helena Heights, Somerset West, Cape. (Q).
- Daughlish, Elizabeth Anne (Mrs. F. Millward), 9 Georgia Avenue, Worthing, Sussex, England. (O).
- DE VILLIERS, MARY (Mrs. J. A. B. Loggie), "Streatley", Shirley Road, Claremont, Cape. (Q).
- De Villiers, Nicolette (Mrs. N. Knight), Hawthorns, Mains Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (J).

- Elliott, Mary (Mrs. Stanley Cox), Russell Farm, Wendover Dene, Bucks, England. (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).
 Gle, Lois (Mrs. Douglas Gardener), Warwickford, Alexandria, Cape. (P).
 Guicherit, Tanis (Mrs. John Robins), 7, Marne Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (Q).
 Hall, Anne (Mrs. Chappel), Box 2, Horrowdale, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (M).
 Halls, Felicity (Mrs. C. Chorlton) "Cobblestones", 19 Fagan Street, Somerset West, Cape. (J).
 Harris, Mary Jane (Mrs. John Duckworth) Old Bakehouse, Elton, near Peterborough, PE8 6RQ, England. (L).
 Heddon, Angela (Mrs. D. Brink), 1 Snowden Avenue, Durban, Natal. (Q).
 Hirschon, Annette (Bunt) (Mrs. Adolph Wood), 15 Woodside Avenue, London, N.8., England. (J).
 Hirschon, Brenda (Mrs. Silberman), 91 Houghton Drive, Houghton, Johannesburg. (I).
 Hockly, Pamela (Mrs. Temple Haddon), Box 4737, Johannesburg. (I).
 Howie, Nancy (Mrs. Oliver Morris), 11, Tedder Road, Winston Park, P.O. Gillitts, Natal. (M).
 Hunt, Barbara (Mrs. R. G. Nicholson), 6 Wallace Street, Waverley, Johannesburg. (I).
 Impy, Margaret (Mrs. Neil Ward Able), 82 Shelley Road, Lombardy East, Johannesburg. (O).
 Israel, Shirley (Mrs. Roy Lewis), 18 Relief Street, Potchefstroom, Transvaal. (I).
 Johnstone, Jennifer (Mrs. J. Peters), 15, Denewood Road, London, N.8., England. (N).
 Jonate, Adele (Mrs. Robin Fouche), 23 Lovers' Walk, Kenilworth, Cape. (N).
 Keeling, Ann (Mrs. M. Pollock), 4 Tainton Avenue, Bonnie Doone, East London. (K).
 Kinghorn, Valerie (Mrs. John Gasson), 4, Ohlsson way, off Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape. (J).
 Kirk, Rosamond (Mrs. M. Lindbergh), Vaalbechfontein, P.O. Box 291, Wolmaransstad, W. Transvaal. (N).
 Langerman, Karen (Mrs. John Preston), Quarry Road, Simonstown, Cape. (P).
 Lindsay, Patricia (Mrs. N. G. Harpur) "Edzell", Sheerness Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (N).
 LOMAX, ALISON (Mrs. Christopher Good), (L), A.N.K.
 MACHANICK, PAULINE, (Mrs. C. Friedman), 42 Jameson Avenue, Melrose, Johannesburg. (M).
 Makin, Judith (Mrs. Hodgson), Old Cuckmans, Ragged Hall Lane, St. Albans, Herts, England. (N).
 Marks, Zaida (Mrs. Gerry Goddard) A.N.K. (I).
 MARSHALL, JUNE (Mrs. D. R. Norman), Pulele, Bag 7546, Sinoia, Rhodesia. (P).
 Mellish, Margaret (Lady Robinson), 44 Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape. (I).
 Mitchell, Margaret (Mrs. Haigh), 3 Peckarmanswood, London, 26, England. (K).
 Norgarb, Celia (Mrs. Douglas Jooste), Meadow House, Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape. (O).
 O'Connell, Maureen (Mrs. A. Lith) Studley, 24 Heron Way, Pinelands, Cape. (M).
 ORR, GLENDYR (Mrs. Peter Packer), 58 Irvine Street, Peppermint Grove, Perth, W. Australia. (J).
 Paver, Gillian (Mrs. M. A. McMaster), 12, Birnham Road, Forest Town, Johannesburg. (N).
 Petersen, Yasmin (Countess Brandolino Brandolini d'Adda) Via Palestro 24, Milan, Italy. (L).
 Pollard, Jean (Mrs. Johan Steyn), 145, Seal Hollow Road, Sevenoaks, Kent, England. (P).
 Rhodes, Sylvia (Mrs. L. D. Vine), A.N.K. (L).
 Robertson, Anne (Mrs. John Hatchliffe), P.O. Box 4640, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (P).
 Rocher, Lucille (Mrs. J. B. Harding), Birkdale, Klein Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape. (L).
 Roux, Yvonne (Mrs. E. Dowdle), "Annalong", Norwich Drive, Bishopscourt, Cape. (O).
 Shub, Stephanie (Mrs. S. Hoppen), 17, Little Chester Street, London S.W.1., England. (Q).
 Silberbauer, Laura (Mrs. K. Horner), 27, Triuro Road, New Redruth, Alberton, Transvaal. (Q).
 Simpson, Angela (Mrs. K. Frater), St. John's House, St. John's Road, Wynberg, Cape. (Q).
 SMUTS, PAMELA, Fairway, 78, Clovelly Road, Kalk Bay, Cape. (I).
 Southam, Penelope (Mrs. P. A. Collins), Flat 4, 4, Upper Brook Street, London, W.1., England. (K).

- Sprot, Jean (Mrs. John Withers), 67, Evergreen Avenue, Westport, Conn. 06880, U.S.A. (P).
- Stansbury, Ann (Mrs. P. J. Hardwick), P.O. Box 200, Chiredzi, Rhodesia (P).
- St. Leger, Elizabeth (Mrs. S. P. Fry), Kroomkloof, Elgin C.P. (K).
- Stobie, Margaret Joan (Mrs. Stephen Haskell), Manor House, Park Vista, Greenwich, London, S.E.10., England (J).
- Stoddart, Jean (Mrs. G. van den Berg), Lanzerac, 2 Knighton Close, S. Croydon, Surrey, England (N).
- Stratford, Sally (Mrs. J. Tennyson d'Eyncourt), A.N.K. (M).
- Thresher, Patricia (Topsy) (Mrs. John Kirkpatrick), Klein Thaba Bosiga, Fouriesburg, Rall, Orange Free State (N).
- Van der Bijl, Mary (Mrs. M. Blount), St. James House, Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, Berks, England (L).
- Van der Bijl, Nicolette (Mrs. Ewan MacPherson), 10 Hamilton House, Vicarage Gate, London, W.8., England (N).
- Vogelspoel, Pauline, 33 The Little Boltons, London S.W.10 (I).
- Walton, Elizabeth (Mrs. E. Jones), Valley Cottage, Benmore Farm, Benmore Road, Benmore, Sandton, Transvaal, (N).
- Warren, Doreen (Mrs. C. H. Barry), Barrymore, 105 Kinross Avenue, Hurlingham, Johannesburg (I).
- Waterson, Priscilla (Mrs. Paul du Toit), 7 Ireland Road, Craaddock, E. Province (N).
- Watson, Clemency (Mrs. Austin Hannay-Robertson), 5, Chamberlain Road, Claremont, Cape. (Q).
- Withiel, Ruth (Mrs. Brian Kewley), 617, Montebello, Montrose Street, Newlands, Cape. (M).

Group 2 (Circles R to U)

- BARRON, LOUISE (Mrs. McKinnack), 5, Crinnis Road, Highlands, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (U).
- Bettison, Norma (Mrs. David Morrell), 27, Milner Road, Bloemfontein, O.F.S. (R).
- Brelsford, Erica (Mrs. E. Telfer), P.O. Box 8093, Belmont, Bulawayo, Rhodesia. (R).
- Burton, Jean (Mrs. C. Kyte), The Wind in the Willows, 13, Stiglingh Road, P.O. Rivonia, Sandton, Transvaal. (S).
- Burton, Roberta (Mrs. D. Mantell), Dalton House, Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape. (U).
- Crafoord, Caroline (Mrs. Wingwist), 1, Avenue Silvestre de Sacy, Paris 7e, France. (S).
- Day, Vivienne (Mrs. Brian Wilson), 149a, Rhodesville Avenue, Greendale, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (R).
- Dacey, Diana (Mrs. D. Burns), Rose Street, Newlands, Cape (T).
- Dowie-Dunn, Jean (Mrs. J. C. Botts), c/o The Red Cottage, Toloni Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (U).
- Downing, Gillian (Mrs. B. de Kock), Founders House, Diocesan College, Rondebosch, Cape (T).
- Dukes, Patricia (Mrs. M. Lusty), Pollards, Little Saling, near Braintree, England (S).
- Elliott, Nanette (Mrs. D. Mills), 10, Alster Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (S).
- Faed, Anne (Mrs. F. Ons), 4, Percy Sperry Drive, Estcourt, Natal. (U).
- Faure, Christine (Mrs. G. Boucher), c/o Zandvliet, Faure, Cape. (S).
- Forsyth, Jennifer (Mrs. B. D'A. Haslem), Two Martins, Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon, England. (S).
- Frith, Isabel (Mrs. B. Pfaff), 139, Daisy Street, Sandown, Sandton, Transvaal. (R).
- Garvin, Grace (Mrs. J. Smith), 10 Station Road, Parow, Cape (T).
- Glennie, Gillian (Mrs. Rupert Lorrimer), P.O. Bryanston, Transvaal. (S).
- Grant, Elspeth (Mrs. Richard Ivey), 70A Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (S).
- Grove, Jennifer (Mrs. S. J. Weeks), Pinkney Farm, Keevil, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England (R).
- Gurney, Jill (Mrs. C. Williams), 123 Melrose Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada (S).
- Hartford, Wendy (Mrs. G. Hofmeyr), The Thatch, Bonair Road, Rondebosch, Cape (T).
- HOFMEYR, JANETTE (Mrs. M. Mathews), 33, Woodside Avenue, Kloof, Natal. (S).
- Holmes, Lynette (Mrs. E. Marklew), Good Success, Muldersvlei, Stellenbosch, Cape. (S).
- Kneen, Marion (Mrs. B. Marchand), 14 21st Street, Menlo Park, Pretoria, Transvaal (S).
- Lockwood, Anita (Mrs. Gilmour), P.O. Box 93, Lanadowne, Cape (T).
- McCall, Jean (Mrs. E. G. Carlsman), P.O. Box 535, Randburg, Transvaal (T).
- McCarthy, Patricia (Mrs. E. A. Wyatt), 11 Chadrien Place, West Street, Sandown, Johannesburg (S).
- Mair, Ann (Mrs. Goven Hart), 6 Banksia Avenue, Oriel, Bedford View, Transvaal (S).
- Marshall, Dianne, 42 Courtneild Gardens, London O.L.2. (S).
- Michelsen, Diana (Mrs. Herweg), 21, Lavenham Road, Rondebosch, Cape (S).

- Murray, Diana (Mrs. John Chalmers), Jacobs Ladder, Low Habberley, near Kidderminster, England. (S).
- Murray, Grania (Mrs. Laws), A.N.K.
- Murray, Yolande (Mrs. Graham), A.N.K.
- Owen-Smith, Virginia (Mrs. M. A. Lester), A.N.K. (U).
- Penn-Hughes, Severina, A.N.K. (T).
- Ratcliffe, Jean (Mrs. A. Raubenheimer), Stellenberg Avenue, Kenilworth (U).
- Reilly, Meriel (Mrs. P. du Toit), 84, Jan van Riebeeck Road, Westbank, Oudtshoorn, Cape. (U).
- REILLY, REVEL, c/o 86, Milner Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (T).
- Roberts, Rosemary (Mrs. H. Faber), P.O. Box 258, Marandellas, Rhodesia (S).
- Robertson, Rosemary (Mrs. Edward Dipple), Forest Gate, 7 Seymour Avenue, Penhow, near Newport, Monmouthshire, England. (S).
- Rudland, Betty (Mrs. A. Casciati), c/o Mrs. C. Bickle, Dovenby Stud Farm, P.O. Box 154, Bulawayo, Rhodesia. (T).
- Rudland, Jennifer (Mrs. C. Bickle), Dovenby Stud Farm, P.O. Box 154, Bulawayo, Rhodesia. (R).
- Russell, Claire, 21 Chepstow Villas, London, W.11, England (S).
- Russell, Diana Hamilton- (Dr. Diana Russell), Mills College, Oakland, California, 94613, U.S.A. (R).
- Russell, Jill Hamilton- (Mrs. A. Hall), 23, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, England. (R).
- Sandell, Barbara (Mrs. D. Brown), 39 Rednal Street, Monavale, N.S. Wales 2013, Australia. (S).
- SCHUMER, INGRID (Mrs. Perlman), A.N.K. (R).
- Simons, Margaret (Mrs. Barrie), 26 Howard Avenue, Glenwood, Durban, Natal (U).
- Skea, Elaine (Mrs. Alan Curtiss), 4, Goring Close, Highlands, Salisbury, Rhodesia. (T).
- Sly, Susan (Mrs. Alec MacFarlane), Dinton Croft, Upton, Near Aylesbury, Bucks, England. (T).
- Spence, Rosalind (Mrs. Osmond), 18 Penonby Terrace, London, S.W.1. (T).
- Steens, Helen (Mrs. J. Livingstone), "Jabula", Lichfield Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape. (U).
- Stoble, Christine (Mrs. Hurst), 22, Ashburnham Grove, Greenwich, London, S.E.10, England. (S).
- Summer, Lynette (Mrs. N. C. Watson), 4, Viljoen Street, Windsor Glen, Randburg, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (S).
- Thompson, Virginia, 2 Castle Combe, The Cotswolds, Indian Road, Kenilworth, Cape (S).
- Thurburn, Erica, Stroud, P.O. Trelawney, Rhodesia (U).
- Townsend, Diana (Mrs. Yassukovich), 74 Oakwood Court, London, W.14 (T).
- Veraveld, Diana (Mrs. R. Raddon Reed), Rietfontein, P.O. Matjiesfontein, Cape. (T).
- Wadman, Frances (Mrs. Richard Prior), 4, Moore Street, Kenilworth, Cape (U).
- White, Janet Thornton-, 2 Balfour Place, London, W.1, (T).
- Wilson, Sylvia (Mrs. P. Sauermann), 4, Marsh Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (U).
- Windham, Elizabeth (Mrs. George Bakewell), 31 Hazel Road, Mandara, Salisbury, Rhodesia (R).
- Woolford, Melra (Mrs. B. Crookes), Mt. Ashley, P.O. Box 14, Merrivale, Natal (S).

Group 4 (Circles V to Z)

- Bain, Sally (Mrs. S. Linsell), 14, Lynwood Road, Kloof, Natal (X).
- Baxter, Sally (Mrs. David Carter), "High Spinney", Valley Road, Hout Bay, Cape. (Z).
- Behnsen, Christi (Mrs. K. van Doorn), P.O. Box 239, Windhoek, S.W.A. (W).
- Brimble, Jennifer (Mrs. Anthony Wynne), 35, Malcolm Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (Z).
- CORDER, JUDY (Mrs. Peter Smuts), Longacre, Soetvlei Avenue, Constantia, Cape. (W).
- Corder, Tessa (Mrs. P. L. de la Harpe), 41 Buckingham Avenue, Craighall Park, Johannesburg, Transvaal (V).
- Culley, Veronica, 12, Rue Jean Baudin, Paris, 15e, France. (Z).
- Diemont, Margaret (Mrs. de Villiers), c/o Bosheuvel, Bishopscourt Estate, Claremont, Cape (V).
- Dowie-Dunn, Rosemary (Mrs. Simon Dougherty), Yew Tree House, Windsor Road, Gerrards Cross, Bucks, England. (Y).
- Elliott, Suzanne (Mrs. Marc Wray), 19, Meadow Drive, Rockridge, Greenwich, Connecticut, 06830, U.S.A. (X).
- Ferguson, Pamela (Mrs. Robertson), 24, Belitha Villas, London, N.1, England. (Z).
- Finch, Jose (Mrs. A. Luke), 29 Cambridge Street, London, S.W.1, England.
- Frith, Thelma (Mrs. Len Hallam), P.O. Box 134, Cato Ridge, Natal. (V).
- Gill, Felicity (Mrs. Alan Corbin), La Clochette, St. Martin, Jersey, Channel Islands. (Y).
- Grenfell, Barbara (Bobby) (Mrs. J. Ractliffe), 3 Auburn Road, Kenilworth, Cape (V).

- Harris, Lorna (Mrs. Ramsden), c/o Constantia Rise, Constantia, Cape. (Y).
 Hawson, Pamela (Mrs. Doep du Plessis), A.N.K. (Y).
 Hellings, Rosemary (Mrs. M. Hilton), 102-10th Street, Parkmore, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (Y).
 Hennessy, Elizabeth (Mrs. John Fleming), P.O. Box 67676, Bryanston, Transvaal. (X).
 Hilson, Gaynor (Mrs. M. West), A.N.K.
 Holmes, Elizabeth (Mrs. N. McCarthy), Aragon, Pear Lane, off Hout Bay Road, Constantia, Cape. (X).
 Jeffrey, June (Mrs. F. Guerrini), Rosedale Farm, P.O. Durbanville, Cape. (W).
 Jordan, Angela (Mrs. Peter Heinz), 6 Munro Drive, Houghton, Johannesburg, Transvaal (V).
 Kelly, Heather (Mrs. Wells), The Old Rectory, Shelton, near Kimbolton, Hunts, England (Y).
 Lee, Bridget Buchanan, 8E Esther Campbell Court, Richardson Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, NE2 4AG, England. (Z).
 Lockwood, Gail (Mrs. B. Simon), "Lone Pine", Morningside, Tokai, Cape. (X).
 Lomas-Walker, Lindsay (Mrs. R. Oliver), Belombre Road, Bergvliet, Cape. (Y).
 MacGregor, Susan, 71, Waldemar Avenue, London. S.W.6., England. (W).
 McDonald, Louisa (Mrs. N. Groenewald), c/o Murray & Du Toit, Attorneys, Strand, Cape. (Z).
 McGaffin, Diana (Mrs. J. Carter), c/o First National City Bank, 399, Park Avenue, New York, 10022, U.S.A. (Y).
 Malster, Belinda (Mrs. Paterson), Glen Cottage, Apple Lane, off Palmboom Road, Newlands, Cape. (V).
 Mannion, Paddy (Mrs. M. Diemont), Edgehill, Oakhurst Avenue, Rondebosch, Cape. (Y).
 Marr, Heather (Mrs. Bryant), Onse Huis, Boshof Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (X).
 Mathias, Iona (Mrs. B. Duly), 1, Fortress Road, Gwelo East, Gwelo, Rhodesia. (X).
 Matthews, Diana (Mrs. J. Morkel), 14, Dunkeld Road, Camps Bay, Cape. (X).
 Nel, Barbara (Mrs. Cleave), 25, Neave Street, Claremont, Cape. (Y).
 Nitsoelawaka, Janina (Mrs. J. Ramocki), 12, Broadwalk Square, Pinelands, Cape. (Y).
 Noble, Fiona (Mrs. T. Redmond), 19, Violet Grove, Hawthorn, Melbourne, Victoria, 3122, Australia. (Z).
 Norris, Kathleen, 2 Argyle Road, Newlands, Cape. (X).
 Norton, Judy (Mrs. S. Olivier), 5, Derry Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (Y).
 Parker, Lynn (Mrs. Don Rowand), "Sunlawns", Mandeville Road, Bryanston, Johannesburg. (Z).
 Porter, Anne (Mrs. R. Crawford), 19, Rutherford Way, Meadowridge, Cape. (Y).
 Pyott, Sally (Mrs. K. Celliers), P.O. Box 65376, Benmore, Sandton, Transvaal. (X).
 Regnier, Jacqueline (Mrs. T. Rambaut), Avenue Molière 254, 1060 Brussels, Belgium. (X).
 ROBB, ELISABETH (Mrs. A. J. Ardington), Cranburn, Mandini, Zululand (Y).
 Robb, Rosemary (Mrs. L. de Waal), Oak Lodge, off Newton Drive, Meadowridge, Lower Constantia, Cape. (W).
 Roberts, Elizabeth (Mrs. Whelan), 30 Chepstow Court, Chepstow Crescent, London W.11, England. (X).
 Shawzin, Gail (Mrs. A. Hoberman), Sunningdale Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (Z).
 Shub, Felicity (Mrs. M. Aronson), Rosyth, Herschel Walk, Claremont, Cape. (W).
 Simpson, Hilary (Mrs. Chris Hansen), 24, Fernwood Way, San Rafael, California 94901, U.S.A. (Z).
 Small, Frances (Mrs. K. Bertish), Corner Cottage, Bisset Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (X).
 Syfret, Caroline (Mrs. R. Kingdon), 11 Weltevreden Avenue, Rondebosch, Cape. (W).
 Tyers, Brendalynne (Mrs. Eric Hoffman), "Woodgreen", Bolus Avenue, Kenilworth Cape. (Y).
 Wares, Lesley (Mrs. A. N. Burns), 21, Crescent Road, Claremont, Cape. (Z).
 Waring, Felicity (Mrs. Jameson), 16, The Valley Road, Westcliff, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (X).
 Williams, Audrey (Mrs. G. Hoyle), 42 Thomas Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth (W).
 Wiltshire, Barbara (Mrs. K. Beck), Woodside, Thistle Street, Newlands, Cape. (W).
 Windham, Juliet (Mrs. Hackett), 35, Chester Close South, Regents Park, London. N.W.1 England. (V).

Group 5 (Circles AA-EE)

- Abbott, Lucinda, The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (EE).
 Alexander, Ann (Mrs. N. Toettcher), c/o Longacre, Midhurst Way, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
 Attwell, Anne Shenton (Mrs. A. M. Colman), 21, Shanklin Drive, Leicester, LE23RH, England. (CC).

- Attwell, Karin, 2 Castle Combe, The Cotswolds, Indian Road, Kenilworth, Cape (CC).
- Aubrey, Heather (Mrs. B. Trohaig), 9160, Vannveag en Tromso, Tromso, North Norway. (AA).
- Barrett, Priscilla (Mrs. P. Edwards), 51, Cambridge Road, Girton, Cambridge, England. (AA).
- Blackett, Miranda, A.N.K.
- Blackman, Linda, P.O. Box 1359, Cape Town (DD).
- Bothner, Suzanne (Mrs. J. Beele), Stark Road, Bergvliet, Cape. (CC).
- Brauer, Lesley (Mrs. J. Houba), 28, Woodlands Flats, Pinewood Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (AA).
- Brown, Leslie (Mrs. Shackleton), 20, Glen Court, Glen Walk, Rondebosch, Cape. (DD).
- Cattell, Diana (Mrs. P. Fleck), 36, Ebenezer Court, Wynberg, Cape. (DD).
- Clark, Georgina (Mrs. W. Crawford), 24, 3rd Beach, Clifton, Cape. (BB).
- Cloete, Nicolette, (Mrs. D. M. Hopkins), c/o Alphen Hotel, Constantia, Cape (AA).
- Cooper, Ann (Mrs. Ferry), c/o Shoebury Heights, Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
- Cowley, Anne (Mrs. C. Shonborn), 37, Van der Lingen Street, Kroonstad, O.F.S. (BB).
- Currie, Jayne (Mrs. R. Beaumont), Valley Green Farm, Elgin, Cape. (EE).
- Davis, Susan (Mrs. A. Weijburg), 4, Majorca, 79, Essenwood Road, Durban, Natal. (EE).
- Dean, Josephine (Mrs. Slater), 7, Rouwkoop Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (CC).
- Diamond, Maxine (Mrs. T. Sifis), Kos, Dodecanese, Greece. (AA).
- Dacey, Corinne (Mrs. M. Symons), Heatherdale, Orchard, Cape (BB).
- Dacey, Susan (Mrs. D. Stammers), 38, Ian Close, Constantia, Cape. (DD).
- Doveton-Kay, Diana, 35, Oldcourt Place, Kensington, London, England. (EE).
- Dowie-Dunn, Elizabeth (Mrs. D. Purcocks), c/o The Red Cottage, Toloni Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (EE).
- Finch, Renée (Mrs. L. Mattioli), 48, Via Solferino, Milan, Italy. (BB).
- Garlick, Margaret (Mrs. R. V. Gerhardt), c/o The Chilterns, Wynberg, Cape. (EE).
- Gilbert, Angela, The Linny, Carbrook Avenue, Claremont, Cape (EE).
- Hacking, Anne (Mrs. C. Richards), 11, Glenhof Road, Newlands, Cape. (AA).
- Hacking, Susan c/o Mrs. C. Richards, 11, Glenhof Road, Newlands, Cape. (BB).
- Harris, Diana (Mrs. M. Wingfield), 4, Bothwell Close, Annerty Bank, Tokai, 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), 59, Friedman Street, Kempton Park, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (AA).
- Henderson, Jean, P.O. Box 52, Grabouw, Cape (EE).
- Henderson, Elspeth (Mrs. J. Le Roux), Fifido, Bridge Street, Mowbray, Cape. (DD).
- Hennessy, Moira (Mrs. D. Furter), c/o 41, Edinburgh Drive, Claremont, Cape. (DD).
- Honstra, Terry (Mrs. C. Dancer), c/o E. J. Dancer & Sons, P.O. Box 477, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (AA).
- Hugo, Diana, Rose Street, Newlands, Cape (EE).
- Hunt, Susan, A.N.K. (CC).
- Imay, Penelope (Mrs. R. Whyte), c/o 1, Lovers Walk, Kenilworth, Cape. (DD).
- Jackson, Shona (Mrs. K. B. Sturgeon), 20, Wargrave Road, Kenilworth, Cape (AA).
- Jeffrey, Pat (Mrs. R. Evans), Broadacre, P.O. Box 59, Underberg, Natal (BB).
- Jesse, Marion (Mrs. J. van Sickle), Schönlaterngasse 8/15, 7010 Vienna, Austria. (DD).
- Kennedy, Susan (Mrs. H. J. Mahlmann), 45, Drakenstein Road, Durbanville Hills, Cape Town. (CC).
- Kipps, Janeen (Mrs. W. Keyser), Akkerdak, Pear Lane, Newlands, Cape. (AA).
- Landsberg, Astrid, 5, Bellevue Terrace, Kenilworth, Cape. (DD).
- Lees, Karin (Mrs. P. Du Pont), 82, Cook Street, Newlands, Cape. (EE).
- Leith, Elizabeth (Mrs. E. Fourie), The Farm House, corner Kendal and Boundary Roads, Diep River, Cape. (AA).
- Lomborg, Gail, Haughton Thorn, Constantia, Cape (EE).
- Mackenzie, Rose (Mrs. D. Heathcote Farranti), c/o 30, Hume Road, Dunkeld, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (BB).
- McAuley, Moira, Quarry Croft, Swanmore Road, Rondebosch, Cape (CC).
- Marais, Vanessa, Eersteling, Brommerstiel, Road, Constantia, Cape (DD).
- Maratos, Louise, 2727, Midtown Court, Apt. 37, Palo Alto, California, 94303, U.S.A. (EE).
- Morrison, Rohanne (Mrs. Henri Verrips), 439-30th Avenue, Villaria, Pretoria, Transvaal. (AA).
- Mortimer, Gail (Mrs. C. Krige), 10, Freedburg Street, Panorama, Parow North, Cape. (EE).
- Murray, Pamela (Mrs. M. Balchin), The Rectory, Norton Sub-Hamdon, Stoke under Ham, Somerset, England. (AA).

- Noakes, Amanda (Mrs. G. Ruysch van Dugteren), 42, Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape. (BB).
- Ovenstone, Diana (Mrs. C. Venn), 3, Avery Avenue, Barbarossa Estate, Constantia, Cape. (AA).
- Payne, Allison (Mrs. John Edwards), 19, Eversley, Grove Avenue, Claremont, Cape. (EE).
- Payne, Carol (Mrs. J. de Courcy Hamilton), Whiteside Farm, P.O. Box 12, Bromley, Rhodesia. (DD).
- Persse, Melissa (Mrs. R. I. K. Jesse), 2 Seventh Avenue, Parktown North, Johannesburg. (DD).
- Pickering, Rosemary, Marlow, Dunkeld Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape. (CC).
- Pringle, Pauline (Mrs. Alan Garlick), c/o Mrs. D. Hoare, 21, Hanover Road, Diep River, Cape. (CC).
- Raath, Penelope (Mrs. N. Taylor), Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (CC).
- Raath, Susan, Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (DD).
- Reid, Grace (Mrs. F. Maritz), Etosha, 22, Berg Road, Fish Hoek, Cape. (BB).
- Rhodes, Jennifer (Mrs. G. Naysmith), P.O. Box 344, Ermelo, Transvaal. (DD).
- Richardson, Jennifer. (EE).
- Robb, Susan (Mrs. D. Power), c/o Silverhurst, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape. (AA).
- Robb, Helen (Mrs. R. Pooler), c/o Silverhurst, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape. (DD).
- Shawzin, Karin (Mrs. B. Ginsberg), c/o Huis-in-Bos, Klein Constantia Road, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
- Silberbauer, Ann (Mrs. P. Albertyn), Zeekoewiel, Bredasdorp, Cape. (DD).
- Small, Jean, 3, Hillwood Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (DD).
- Smith, Pteur (Mrs. M. G. Rutherford), "Strons Mallan", Glenmallon, By Garelochhead, Dunbartonshire, Scotland. (BB).
- Smith, Joanna, 40 Kenilworth Road, Coventry, Warwickshire, England. (BB).
- Steens, Anne (Mrs. Jack Snyders), 12, Croft Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (AA).
- Stephens, Jasmine (Mrs. S. Turnbull), 6, Burgundy Road, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
- Storch-Nielsen, Vicky (Mrs. J. Fox), 25, Delta Road, Blairgowrie, Transvaal. (DD).
- Stuttaford, Melanie (Mrs. P. Serrurier), c/o Corran, Hillwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (DD).
- Swabey, Bridget (Mrs. W. H. Frankel), c/o Plough Hill, Hermina Avenue, Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
- Thal, Jennifer (Mrs. C. Townsend), P.O. Box 59, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
- Thal, Philippa (Mrs. Watson), Klein Vines, Francis Road, Constantia, Cape. (BB).
- Twentyman-Jones, Judy (Mrs. Gerrard), c/o Mrs. Twentyman-Jones, Brommersvlei Road, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
- Van der Bijl, Marion (Mrs. P. Brown), c/o Constantia Villa, Linaria Road, Hermanus, Cape. (AA).
- Van der Bijl, Geraldine (Mrs. A. Clarke), 4 Linaria Road, Hermanus, Cape. (DD).
- Van Kalker, Barbara, (Mrs. Karl Rogl), No. 6 Almond Way, Annaly Bank, Tokai, Cape. (BB).
- Versfeld, Annette (Mrs. D. J. Slingsby), c/o Norton Dingle, off Belombre Drive, Constantia, Cape. (CC).
- Vertue, Marion (Mrs. C. Bennett), Glenbawn Cottage, P.O. Box 303, Stellenbosch, Cape. (BB).
- Walker, Heather (Mrs. Huisamen), 16, Lindenberg Avenue, Durbanville, Cape. (AA).
- Waring, Amanda (Mrs. Bester), P.O. Box 17475, Hillbrow, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (DD).
- Watson, Claire (Mrs. Shortt), 13, Connaught Street, Mafeking, Cape. (DD).
- Welsh, Anne (Mrs. E. Zullib), 10, Church Place, Upper Largo, Fife, Scotland. (CC).
- White, Annette (Mrs. P. Rogers), c/o Mrs. Bonner, P.O. Box 45, Touws River, Cape. (BB).
- White, Denise (Mrs. D. Bonner), P.O. Box 45, Touws River, Cape. (BB).
- Williams, Judy, The Bungalow, Main Road, Voelklip, Hermanus, Cape. (AA).
- Wood, Carolyn (Mrs. G. J. van Zyl), 4 Swansea Street, Newlands, Cape. (CC).

Group 6 (Circles FF-JJ)

- Abbott, Edwina, The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (JJ).
- Abbott, Sally, The Cottage, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (HH).
- Aitchison, Marjorie, Brooklyn, Talana Road, Claremont, Cape. (HH).
- Baigrie, Gillian, Mountain Eyrie, 3, Mount Pleasant Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (GG).
- Bartley Carol (Mrs. Bill Cowell), c/o Bonny Rigg, Strawberry Hill, Constantia, Cape. (FF).
- Beck, Della, Westchester, Durham Avenue, Bishopscourt, Claremont, Cape. (HH).
- Broadbent, Kim, Van Rheede, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape. (JJ).

- Broadbent, Penelope Ann (Mrs. H. Gering), Findon Park House, Findon, Sussex, England. (II).
- Campbell, Susan, Melfort, 1, Hillwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (JJ).
- Charnock, Elaine, Cyterswood, 6, Rhodes Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (JJ).
- Cooke, Elizabeth, Clunes, Portland Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (HH).
- Culley, Bryony (Mrs. N. Plock), 3, Clarkes Way, Bassingbourn, Cambridgeshire, England. (FF).
- Cunningham, Lynn, "Morning Star", Grabouw, Cape. (GG).
- Cunningham, Paula, "Morning Star", Grabouw, Cape. (II).
- Currie, Nicola, Dorset House, School of Occupational Therapy, 58, London Road, Headington, Oxford, England. (HH).
- De Woronin, Sandra, Sunrays, Belvedere Road, Muizenberg, Cape. (II).
- Dacey, Gail, A.N.K. (HH).
- Dacey, Jean, P.O. Orchard, Cape Province. (GG).
- Ellis, Beverley, A.N.K. (FF).
- Emslie, Jennifer, Chilbolton, Hillwood Road, Claremont, Cape. (GG).
- Farley, Janis, A.N.K. (JJ).
- Faulds, Joanne, 17, Higgo Road, Higgovale, Cape Town. (HH).
- Faulds, Lesley, 17, Higgo Road, Higgovale, Cape Town. (JJ).
- Gaggina, Gillian (Mrs. M. Batholomew), c/o 411, Rapallo, Beach Road, Sea Point, Cape. (HH).
- Gain, Gillian, Hydon House, Wynberg Park, Wynberg, Cape. (II).
- Gant, Janet, Lourensford, Somerset West, Cape. (FF).
- Gasson, Hilary, 4, Ohlsson Way off Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape. (JJ).
- Gasson, Lindsay, 4, Ohlsson Way, off Kildare Road, Newlands, Cape. (HH).
- Gilbert, Pauline, The Linny, 23, Carbrook Avenue, Claremont, Cape. (HH).
- Gow, Allison, 301, Ashbourne, Main Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (FF).
- Graaff, Janet, 14, Morgenrood Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (JJ).
- Green, Ann Fiddian, P.O. Box 368, Knysna, Cape. (II).
- Hacking, Ethel, Leeming, Alice Road, Claremont, Cape. (II).
- Hall, Susan, Helderberg Kloof, P.O. Box 127, Somerset West, Cape. (II).
- Haram, Jane, Edenfield, Stellenberg Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (II).
- Harris, Glendyr, Whispering Trees, 29, Valley Road, Kenilworth, Cape. (JJ).
- Harris, Lynn (Mrs. M. J. Reid), P.O. Box 16, Ceres, Cape. (GG).
- Harris, Maureen, "Waverley", Primrose Avenue, Wynberg, Cape. (HH).
- Henderson Helen, Arieskraal, P.O. Box 52, Grabouw, Cape. (GG).
- Henderson, Hilary, Arieskraal, P.O. Box 52, Grabouw, Cape. (JJ).
- Hennessy, Vanessa, 41, Edinburgh Drive, Claremont, Cape. (HH).
- Jenner, Shirley, 20, Stanford Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (FF).
- Jesse, Pamela, Coromandel, Klaassens Road, Wynberg, Cape. (JJ).
- Johnson, Perry-Anne, High Noon, Sillery Avenue, Constantia, Cape. (HH).
- Lees, Devon, 28, Palmboom Road, Newlands, Cape. (HH).
- Leverton, Angela, 56, Palmboom Road, Newlands, Cape. (HH).
- Little, Moira, Netherdale, 13, Silwood Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (II).
- Mackenzie, Sheila (Mrs. A. J. Emslie), D-5 Bedford Ridge, 23, Abella Road, Primrose Hill, Germiston, Transvaal. (FF).
- Macris Angela (Mrs. Aristotle Tapanlis), 202, Mount Curtis, Main Road, Sea Point Cape. (GG).
- Maddocks, Mary, 5, Cyprus Road, Somerset West, Cape. (II).
- Mann, Jackie, Knoll House, P.O. Box 102, Port Alfred, E. Cape. (FF).
- Mortera, Carroll, Via di St. Anselmo 34, Aventino, Roma (00153), Italy. (FF).
- Mortera, Julia, A.N.K. (II).
- Newman, Carol, Bergvliet Farm, Homestead Avenue, Bergvliet, Cape. (FF).
- Newman, Jenny, Bergvliet Farm, Homestead Avenue, Bergvliet, Cape. (II).
- Notcutt, Heather (Mrs. Ian Hare), 25, Mill Court, Main Road, Mowbray, Cape. (II).
- Olds, Linda, Sansose, Lothian Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (JJ).
- Ovenstone, Rosalind, Villa Berg, Exeter Avenue, Bishopscourt, Cape. (GG).
- Parry, Mary-Anne, 24-A Wellington Court, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1, England. (JJ).
- Pearcy, Pamela (Mrs. R. Harrison), 3, Black Street, Claremont, Cape. (FF).
- Pettigrew, Priscilla, Southern Cross Farm, P.O. Box 26, Elgin, Cape. (JJ).
- Reid, Lynne (Mrs. D. Claxton), c/o Reid, P.O. Box 32, Stellenbosch, Cape. (JJ).
- Ross, Jeanette, 201, Newport Road, Cardiff, Wales. (GG).
- Schipper, Joan, Maelstede, off Southern Cross Drive, Constantia, Cape. (FF).
- Scott, Judith, 77, Sandown Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (JJ).
- Simpson Deborah, Arundale Farm, P.O. Box 2, Elgin, Cape. (II).
- Simpson, Elizabeth, P.O. Box 81, Saxonwold, Johannesburg, Transvaal. (GG).

- Simpson, Susan (Mrs. V. E. S. Terrapon), c/o Peneaton, Alexandra Road, Wynberg, Cape. (JJ).
 Smith, Deborah Turner, Turnabout, 5, Albion Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (JJ).
 Stent, Susan, Donaclooney cr. Hill and Mitchell Streets, Hermanus, Cape. (HH).
 Susman, Jennifer, 21, Highwick Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (HH).
 Taylor, Rosemary, Ditton, 6, Cumnor Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape. (GG).
 Thompson, Joy Newton (Mrs. M. A. Olivier), c/o Gwelo Lodge, Newlands Avenue, Newlands, Cape. (FF).
 Waring, Joan, 18, Uitylugt, Pinelands, Cape. (FF).
 Watson, Helen, 73, Orchard Street, Newlands, Cape. (II).
 Wells, Michele, 120, Campground Road, Rondebosch, Cape. (FF).

Group 7 (Circle KK-LL)

- Abernethy, Susan, 12, Talana Road, Claremont, Cape. (KK).
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 Newman, Rosemary, Bergvliet Farm, Bergvliet, Cape. (KK).
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