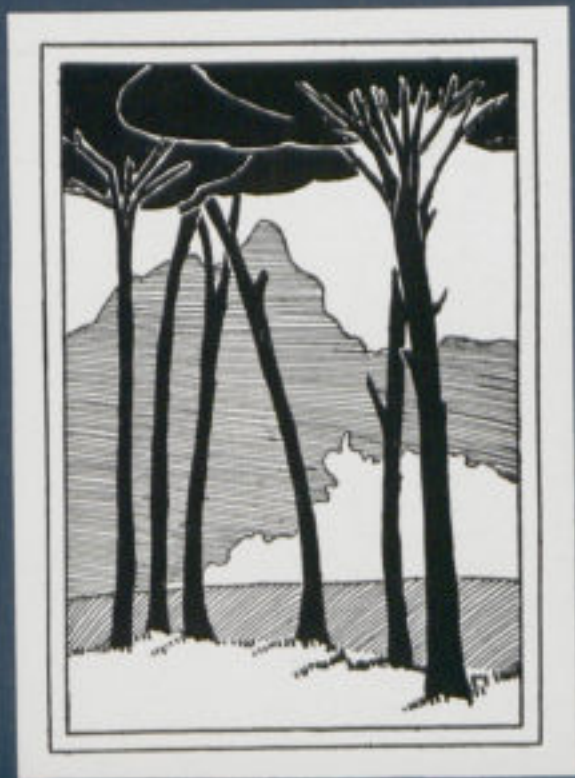




THE HERSCHELIAN

MEMBERS OF THE HERSCHEL COUNCIL

The Most Reverend The Archbishop of Cape Town
Chairman

Mr G. D. Abernethy

Mr J. C. Bettison*
Chairman of General Purposes Committee

Mr J. Borton

Mrs K. T. Brailey

Mrs G. M. Cronwright

Professor E. B. Dowdle

Mr J. Graham*

Mr D. D. Jooste*

Professor R. E. Lighton

Mrs M. Loggie*

Mr M. J. Longmore*

Mr W. Marshall Smith*

Mr J. Newman

Mrs D. Philip

Mrs K. L. M. Russell*

*Members of General Purposes Committee.

**The
HERSCHELIAN**



Volume No. 49

1974

INDEX

Foreword	5
Prize-giving, 10th December, 1973	6
Dr. Silberbauer's Report	6/8
Founder's Day 1974	9
Mrs. Mary Muller	9
Ascension Day, 23rd May, 1974	9
The Blessing of the Edna Withers Kitchen, 29th March, 1974	10
Staff News	10
School Officers, 1974	11
Alete	12
Valete	12
Confirmations	12
Gifts to the School	13
Matriculation Examination Results 1973	13
Taalibondeksamen 1973	13
The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music	13
Charity Fund	14

Foreword

The first term was crowded with sporting events of all kinds. It is not an examination term, and girls and gym staff take full advantage of this fact. The new Mountain Club is popular and both boarders and day girls are delighted to join in the outings. The Inter-House Swimming Gala was a highlight of the term, and the choir sang at the Bishops production of "The Mikado", while the parents organised

girls also took part in the Inter-Schools Centres of Interest competition. Each week the Sociological Club provided speakers or films on Wednesday afternoons. The school now has an Historical Society, and occasionally the club meets in the evenings to discuss matters of historical interest and importance.

The Matriculation girls were taken to the Nico



HERSCHEL 1974

a premiere of "Bitter Sweet" for Herschel at the Holmeyr Theatre. The Old Girls' meeting also took place, as usual, in the first term.

Mrs. Muller, after 20 years of loyal and devoted service, left us at the end of the first term. She is to devote herself to the rehabilitation of young women. We wish her happiness in this noble work.

In the second term, the summer games gave way to the winter ones, and, of course, there is a judo class at the school each Tuesday evening throughout the year. Every Wednesday afternoon, too, Standards VIII to X attend Sociological Club meetings, where the girls hear interesting talks given by visitors, or see good films. The evening Ascension Day service broadcast on the A programme was conducted by the Rev. Canon J. H. Hodgson. All the singing was done by the Herschel choir, and was singularly beautiful. Examinations and Inter-House matches concluded the term.

The third term began with the school's participation in the Inter-Schools Forum Discussion. The

Malan Theatre to see a very fine performance of "King Lear", and the school put on Barrie's "Quality Street" on three nights in September. Saturday, 21st September, was a gala night, attended by many parents, and all those concerned in the play were entertained by the school to supper after the performance. Those taking part, those directing and helping, all enjoyed the play, and the audiences were offered polished and delightful entertainment.

The three House magazines were completed in the third term. The editors and contributors are to be congratulated on the high quality of these magazines. A great deal of time and care is expended on them, and everyone tries to contribute. Merriman won the competition this year, with Jagger and Roll tying for second place.

The Fourth Term is a very busy one, with final examinations both oral and written looming large. As always, the year will end with the beautiful and moving Carol Service in St. Saviour's Church on the night before the term ends.

Prize-Giving, 10th December, 1973

Fiona Chisholm is, of course, known to all of us through the medium of her daily column in "The Cape Times", but it was our privilege to hear her actually speak to us in person on our Speech Day.

When Dr. Silberbauer rang her up, asking her to speak, she was reminded of Marlon Brando, head of the Mafia, in the film "The Godfather". He, too, made requests that it was difficult to refuse.

She herself is actually a Rustybug who had met Herschel only as rivals, chiefly on the sportsfields. She could not resist accepting the invitation so that she could appear in the role of friend and guest as well as rival. Afterwards, of course, she wondered how to get out of the difficulty. She shares a room with the cartoonist David Marais, and appealed to him for help. He suggested driving gently over her in his car, and injuring her foot, for example. But that would have made Christmas shopping too difficult. Knocking out some teeth with a protruding car mirror was ruled out because of the high cost of dentistry. She was considering allowing herself to be stung by the bees from the hives in their garden, when she realised that she was really half-hearted about it all, and actually wanted to speak to the school after all.

Fiona Chisholm said she was impressed by the long prize list and the quality of the books given. In fact, she would have liked to pinch some—especially as she had never won a prize herself. She might have done so, of course, had one been given for talking in class.

Non-prize-winners, she said might find it hard to know what to do in life. She, for instance, had wanted to marry at once, not study. Many try various careers and give them up, hopefully expecting to be rescued by a knight in shining armour, roaring up at 30 miles per hour.

The important thing in life is to make some effort, to tackle something and overcome it. You must have something to interest you, something that makes you a person. Your knight will scarcely find you worthwhile if you have nothing to offer.

If the first thing you try is a failure, try the next. She herself was the failure in the family: one sister was a doctor, one a dancer, and she a shorthand-typist. Then she decided to be a reporter. One relation was persuaded to write her a testimonial, another to draft her application for a reporter's job. They told her they didn't want a woman. There was nothing she could do about that. Then they changed their minds and appointed her. When she asked for the reason, the editor replied that there were two male applicants, one of whom was a dagga-smoker and the other a reformed alcoholic.

She assured the girls that a career does not, in any case, preclude a marriage. They could marry and continue a career. Her advice was that they should do something that would give them fun and pleasure and yet be a standby in life.

She ended by wishing those who still had years to go at school happiness and fulfilment. She herself had loved her school years.

Dr. Silberbauer's Report

Mrs. Robertson, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Girls,

Once more a sincere welcome to you all on the occasion of our Prize-giving—always such a special day in the life of a school.

1974 has been a vintage year at Herschel and our successes on the academic side and on the sports field have given me cause for great pride.

Last year's Matriculation results were pleasing. We achieved ten first-class passes, and a wide spread of distinctions, two in English, two in French, two in Physical Science, one in Mathematics, and three in Biology. Congratulations to staff and pupils for the hard work which produced these splendid results.

We were delighted to learn that literary contributions by Julia Paley, Kate Philip, and Elizabeth Murray, had been accepted for "Dialogue", a South African magazine receiving contributions from all over the world. Even more exciting was to be told that Julia Paley's contribution was to receive the United Building Society award for prose. Erica Graham was placed first in the Nation-wide Navy League Essay competition for her original essay on yachting—a subject which she knows well.

In the examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, 24 girls passed, six achieving merit awards. Those girls who entered the English and Afrikaans Eisteddfods were successful in both the piano and vocal sections and Susan Dowdle was awarded a bursary for her playing in the Bach section.

The results of the Royal Schools Ballet examinations were encouraging and all 15 candidates passed, five of these were commended and Julianne Allsopp passed Grade IV with honours.

We were delighted with the results of the Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers' examinations. All 31 candidates passed, 15 with merit, and eight with honours. We congratulate these girls on their results and thank Mrs. Saffery and Mrs. Mordecai for the hard work and interest they show in speech and drama.

This year we have tended to concentrate on speech and oral communication and Mrs. Saffery has given time and encouragement to those girls who have shown interest in public speaking. We have paid attention not only to well-prepared speeches but also to impromptu speeches from the floor. Some girls have regularly attended the Wed-

nesday afternoon classes and in standards 6 and 7 speech alternates with music in the school curriculum.

The general standard of oral communication has thus improved throughout the school and Merri-man is to be commended for winning the Inter-House debate and public speaking competition.

Our School play "Quality Street" was a great success. I think the cast experienced their fair share of the hard grind so necessary to be sure of a good production, and together with guest artists from Bishops, their efforts were rewarded by playing to enthusiastic audiences on all three nights. I found it hard to believe that Camilla White and Barbara van Alphen Stahl were amateurs. With the rest of the cast and backstage workers they produced a show of almost professional standards, which goes to show what Mrs. Safery can do with time and talent!

Because we had a school play this year our Inter-House competitions were restricted to a house variety concert (won by Rolt), the literary magazine (won by Merriman), and a debate and public speaking competition (won by Merriman).

Jagger appears to have triumphed in the inter-House games events, and it will be interesting to hear at the end of the afternoon which house has won the coveted Efficiency Shield. Each girl has an opportunity to contribute in her own special way to her house and Miss Kable has kept an accurate account of all achievements.

The three heads of houses, Elizabeth Jeffery (Jagger), Victoria Hau (Merriman), and Susan Dowdle (Rolt), have worked hard to foster house and school spirit, and Gillian Austin, our head girl, has by her own example, led the school most successfully this year not only as a scholar but also as a sport. She has been a great help to me and we have become friends.

Earlier this year the choir took part in "The Mikado" produced by School House, Diocesan College. Sara Knight was a charming Yum Yum and her two sisters were played and sung by Susan Dowdle and Shelley Bell.

In the second term our choir with other choirs sang at an interesting morning service which was broadcast. The choir has sung at the weddings of many former Herschel girls this year. They sang quite beautifully at the St. Saviour's Flower Festival and are now rehearsing for our own Carol Service tomorrow evening at St. Saviour's. This service so beautifully and fittingly concludes the school year. All these activities of our main and smaller chamber choirs require much practice to maintain the high standard of singing and musicality we have now come to expect of them. They never fail to delight and we are grateful to Miss Sweet and to Mrs. Dowdle, our accompanist, who so willingly spend time with the choir so that they may, each year, fulfil their potential.

Our chapel is the focal point of the school and weekly communion services have been held this

term by Reverend Ian Eve at which day girls and their parents are always welcome. We enjoyed having some of you with us at our boarders' Chapel by Candlelight Service last Sunday.

Miss Inez Tremble has taken over the libraries of the Preparatory and Senior Schools and has in her charming, informative way revolutionised our attitude towards reading and the way in which a library should be used. We now have a wide selection of both reference and fiction books on our shelves, and it is our sincere hope that the girls will become well extended as readers before television descends upon us!

Our clubs, the Sociological Club, the Historical Society, the Music Club, the Music, Art, and Drama Society, MIX, the Debating Society, the Gym and the Mountain Clubs, have each in their own way offered extra-mural activities of interest to all. My general impression has been that the interest shown in these societies by girls gives creative drive and impetus to studies as well as sport.

Our honours shelf in the dining-room is filled with an elegant assortment of silver trophies. This year we have won the following inter-school awards: the Judo trophy, the Squash Cup, the Senior Hockey, the Under 15 Hockey (shared with Rustenburg), and the Under 14 Diving Cup.

Miss Lindsay Kable has engendered enthusiasm and sportsmanship throughout the school. Sport is now played not only to win, but also for the sheer pleasure of it, and our sporting facilities are being used to capacity.

At the inter-schools swimming gala we came second by one point and were third to Rustenburg and Wynberg in the open relay, all three teams breaking the record. Fiona Adams did well to win the Under 14 Diving contest.

Hockey and Squash have been our sports this year. Seven girls were chosen for the Western Province hockey trials, and all went through to the finals. Margot McLachlan and Gill Austin were finally chosen for the team. A first team hockey tour to Pietermaritzburg and the Drakensberg last Easter was an outstanding success. Next Easter Miss Kable is planning yet another tour to Grahamstown—after playing hockey matches there she plans to take the team along the "Otter's Trail" a walk from Storm's River to Nature's Valley.

In the final inter-school's Squash tournament, our A team beat Rustenburg 4-1 and Susan Batho, Margot McLachlan, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Jennifer Pentz and Nicola Fouche, were selected to join Jill Eckstein's squash squad for special coaching.

This year Fiona McLachlan left on a Rotary Scholarship for Salt Lake City while Lynne Brailey, Bridget Borton, and Diana Longmore, are in the States as American Field Scholars. We enjoyed hearing what Shan Adam's had to say to the Sociological Club this year about her stay in New Zealand as a Rotary Scholar. At the school she attended she was able to study for her A levels and so she benefited academically as well as socially.

Some of you may have noticed the new wing at the Preparatory School comprising five new classrooms, with additional cloakroom and storage space. The Sub B class have already moved into their classroom amidst much excitement. The new wing was dedicated by His Grace this morning after the Prize-giving and will be fully occupied next year. The preparatory school is looking lovely after a coat of paint and once we have organised a new parking area by the gate and grassed the hockey pitch to its correct length, there is not much more to wish for in this establishment, except for another tennis court!

Mrs. Brown continues to deal with preparatory affairs most successfully and she is virtually my right hand in that part of the school.

The Hill Nursery School continues to flourish with long waiting lists up to 1978.

We have turned the preparatory kitchen into a preparatory classroom which will take pupils who are too old for the Nursery School yet cannot by law enter Sub A since their birthdays occur after June. This class too, has proved very popular and is full.

Anticipated numbers next year exceed present numbers by 35. This is all very encouraging at a time when costs continue to spiral. There are still many parents who realise the worth of independent education.

I believe that the independent schools can take great heart from the reaction which has taken place in Great Britain to the large comprehensive schools. There is no doubt that an inevitable corollary of our new so-called differentiated education will be the growth and size of our state schools and pupil enrolment in order to offer in one school as many of the "directions", academics, agricultural, technical, and commercial, as possible. This will mean a growing interest among discerning parents in the independent schools whose numbers remain small so that they are still able to educate the whole child.

At the Senior School the Home Economics Room is being refurbished and will be ready next year. The new Home Economics syllabus requires more practical work in both cooking and sewing and these amenities are being provided to ensure good practical teaching in this subject.

The Herschel Council is forever guarding our interests and careful thought is being given to future development at the Senior School. A master plan for future expansion is being evolved which envisages enlargement of the classrooms and improvements to the swimming pool, better cloakroom facilities, re-organisation of the Art department, the building of a lecture room which would also accommodate our audiovisual equipment. Some of you may know that overhead projectors and screens have been acquired in all classrooms at the prep. and senior schools. These teaching aids were bought with the monies collected at that successful and happy fete held by parents earlier this year. It would be easy

to spend what remains of our fete money on other equipment but we hear somewhat disconcerting remarks about audiovisual equipment purchased by some South African schools. It would seem that in many classrooms tape recorder language laboratories gather dust in cupboards. A major reason for this is that the production of audiovisual "hardware", overhead projectors, video tape records, and so on, have not been supported by "soft ware" such as tapes, transparencies, slides, of a sufficiently high standard. To complicate the situation we have eight major education authorities in South Africa and each one has its own ideas on instructional technology. I think you will agree that we bide our time and spend our money wisely on aids and equipment that will be used to the full for the benefit of all.

Although we started the New Year with no changes in staff, after the first term we said goodbye to Mrs. Beautelement and to Mrs. Muller, our vice-principal. After 20 years at Herschel this must have been a sad farewell for Mrs. Muller as indeed it was for us. She gave of herself unstintingly for the good of the school and we thank her for her loyalty and devotion to Herschel.

Since Easter the three heads of houses, Mrs. McCormick (Jagger), Mrs. Stockwell (Rolt), and Mrs. Rauch (Merriman), have combined administrative work and teaching and I thank them most sincerely for their help always given so willingly. It has been an experience for us all to manage without a vice-principal if only to discover the many tasks that such a post demands, and we look forward to welcoming Mrs. Anne Griffiths as vice-principal next year.

In February Miss Caroline McLean spent a day with us and we were able to show her what had been accomplished at Herschel. On the morning of her visit the Reverend Eve conducted a service in the dining hall dedicating the new kitchens to the memory of the late Edna Withers (who was secretary at Herschel in Miss McLean's time). In her speech Miss McLean told the girls about Mrs. Withers for some girls present had never met or known her. Then the sliding doors of the hatch were separated and the new kitchens revealed. Later in the day Miss McLean handed out the cups at the preparatory school swimming gala. We all enjoyed having her with us at Herschel.

In this report I have omitted much that has been achieved for this has been a busy year with a wide variety of activity in all spheres. It continues to be a pleasure and delight to be associated with Herschel and I thank you all, girls, parents, my staff, teaching, office and in the boarding-house, for your warm support at all times.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you.

Ad Dei Gloriam.

Founder's Day, 15th February, 1974

The service was conducted by His Grace, the Very Reverend Robert Selby Taylor, Lord Archbishop of Cape Town.

The address was given by the Rev. Canon Ian Eve, who challenged us to recognise a passage which he quoted: "k.1, p.1, p.s.s.o., slow down, turn the corner, cast off." He announced that it was a knitting pattern, and added that if his wife stuck to instructions, she usually attained a close approximation to the illustration on the pattern cover. He himself had knitted only one garment, in pink, three inches wide, and at least 11 feet long. His mother had had to put in a great deal of time on it. A jersey knitted for him by a nearsighted friend would not go over his head, and the arms reached to his knees. He envied those who could judge size merely by looking at you, and then produce a garment that fits perfectly. These fortunate people can knit "by ear", as it were.

Each one of us really needs a pattern by which she can live. Canon Eve said that he was afraid of a horse, so when he was on a horse, he sat very still, and gave the horse its head till it was time to dismount. The horse went wherever it wished. Some people's lives are like that, aimless and directionless. Some people lead active but equally aimless lives. They are the knitters who knit feverishly and

without thought or plan, till the needles drop.

Some people follow the wrong pattern; they are driven by ambition and desire success and riches. Yet when they achieve success and riches, they are not satisfied; they want more all the time. Some model their lives on those of others. Sooner or later they suffer disillusionment, for idols have feet of clay. Some have no definite pattern, but decide to try to be sympathetic and kind. This is a difficult course to follow, and is not really a pattern to live by.

Herschel is trying to teach its pupils not only Mathematics, History or Languages, but to knit their lives into a worthwhile pattern that will form a mature and pleasing whole. The School was created not only to prepare its pupils to pass examinations but to form fine members of society, morally and socially, as well as academically.

As its base, the school has the finest pattern of all, Jesus Christ. He is the pattern completely satisfying to follow. His pattern, contained in the Gospel, leaps out of the page at you. It is a living, vital pattern which instructs us how to produce, through Jesus Christ, a perfect garment of righteousness.

Our individual lives and the life of the school may be fashioned on Him, the perfect pattern and the fountain of all wisdom.

Mrs. Mary Muller

At the end of the first term the school said goodbye to Mrs. Mary Muller, who had taught Art at Herschel for 20 years, putting four senior school generations through their paces. An artist in her own right, many will remember her for her gift for portraiture, and perhaps now that she has time to herself, we may see more of this work? Or perhaps she will turn to her other love—writing, for during these busy years of involvement in Herschel activities, teaching, designing costumes and sets for plays, raising funds for charity, and in spite of her domestic commitments, helping her husband with his Diep River farm, bringing up her children, she has had stories and articles published.

For many, Mrs. Muller means Merriman, and lat-

terly she was Vice-Principal as well as Housemistress of Merriman. In these capacities, as well as through her teaching, her religious faith and her concern for the underdog had a deep influence on the school. She instigated Merriman's involvement in St. Michael's Home and perpetuated the Ruby Porter League.

We were not surprised to hear that after three months well deserved leave she is once more concerned with the care of others, and is working at a home for teenagers in trouble, under the auspices of St. John's Church, Wynberg.

As she is based so near, we hope she will continue to be a frequent visitor at Herschel.

Ascension Day, 23rd May, 1974

The evening Ascension Day service which was broadcast on the A Programme of the S.A.B.C. was conducted by the Rev. Canon J. H. Hodgson. All the singing was done by the Herschel choir who

acquitted themselves with their usual skill and distinction. Indeed, the singing was outstanding clear and sweet.



BLESSING OF THE "EDNA WITHERS" KITCHEN

Left to right: Gillian Austin, Victoria Hau, Dr. B. I. Silberbauer, Miss C. McLean, Rev. I. Eve, Elizabeth Jeffery, Miss J. Way, Mrs. M. Muller.

The Blessing of the Edna Withers Kitchen, 29th March 1974

Canon I. Eve presided at a simple ceremony of blessing the new kitchen and Miss McLean, who was on a visit to Cape Town at the end of March, officially opened it.

Miss McLean gave us an informal address. She had many vivid memories of Mrs. Withers to impart, and she reminded us all of the 20 years loyal and devoted service that Mrs. Withers had given to the

school and to so many generations of its pupils.

The plaque above the kitchen, bearing her name, commemorates in a most practical way Mrs. Withers' contribution to the school, and keeps her memory green.

Miss McLean opened the screen and the splendid new kitchen was revealed.

* * * *

Staff News

Senior: Mrs. Coles.

Preparatory: Mrs. J. Mordecai, Mrs. M. Davies, Mrs. D. Ayerst.

Senior House Staff: Mrs. A. M. Nezar (head of boarding house); Mrs. B. Walker, Mrs. Douglas Walker (Matron).

Office: Mrs. M. Hartman.

Staff who have left

Senior: Mrs. Mary Muller (Vice-Principal), Mrs. V. Beautelement.

Senior House Staff: Mrs. Bond-Smith.

Office: Mrs. E. Taylor.

School Officers 1974

Head of School: Gillian Austin.

Jagger: E. Jeffery (Head of House), E. Aitchison, P. Thom.

Merriman: V. Hau (Head of House), S. Bosma, S. Brownlie, S. Knight, G. Pettigrew.

Rolt: S. Dowdle (Head of House), D. Beukes, S. Fuller, L. Loggie.

Head of Boarding House: Gail Pettigrew.

Boarding House Prefects: J. Napier, J. Pulstord, B. Ward-Able.

Sub-Prefects: B. Gordon-Bagnall, P. Harris, G. Parkin, F. Parry, C. Robinson.

Gillian Austin, Head Girl.



PREFECTS AND SUB-PREFECTS

Back Row: Dorothy Beukes, Philippa Harris, Clemmie Robinson, Barbara Gordon-Bagnall.

Standing: Elizabeth Aitchison, Patricia Thom, Susan Brownlie, Susan Fuller, Sharon Bosma, Lindsay Loggie.

Seated: Sara Knight, Elizabeth Jeffery, Gillian Austin (Head Prefect), Dr. B. I. Silberbauer, Victoria Hau, Susan Dowdle, Gail Pettigrew.

Avete

Sub A: Lucilla Alves, Lindsay Ayerst, Alison Bareiter, Elizabeth Barrett, Clare Biebuyck, Catherine Brimer, Nicola Caine, Claire Carrie, Caroline Christie, Nicola Clark, Kim Copeland, Aleta Cruse, Anthea Dauncey, Willemijn de Clercq, Camilla du Preez, Catherine Foster, Megan Gawith, Samantha Groves, Joanna Growse, Maryke Honig, Kirsten Hutchinson, Justine Jolliffe, Vanessa Jones, Francesca Knight, Ingrid Louw, Maria Louw, Daryl Louw, Bronwen McGillivray, Bennita Oswald, Jeanine Pepler, Marsaili Ross, Shandra Rossouw, Tonia van der Spuy, Sharon Werner, Jennifer Young-Thompson.

Sub B: Linda Bouwer, Danielle de Clercq, Christina Hutchinson, Nicole Ihle, Ana Maria Jackson, Britton Knight, Pippa Lever, Margaret Malherbe, Georgina Rebane, Katherine Webb.

Std. 1: Jann Bouwer, Jeanette Crocker, Feyna de Clercq, Maria de Pao, Bronwen Geldenhuys, Karen Hutchinson, Penelope Jolliffe, Bonnie Lait, Michelle Smith.

Std. II: Gillian Basson, Tessa Gawith, Nicola Stegeman, Wendy Wilson.

Std. III: Ashley Chapman, Katharine Eve, Katherine Ince, Karen Kearney, Katrina Lewis, Gillian Mackenzie, Louise Morrissey, Karyn Tureki.

Std. IV: Laura de Rooy, Susan Eve, Kim Gray, Victoria Huxter, Morna Lawson, Fiona Lloyd, Jean Moodie, Christina Rideout, Dana Smiedt.

Std. V: Susan Buckland, Deborah Chamberlin, Belinda Couzens, Rosalind English, Sandra Nichol, Deborah Partridge, Nicola Stephen, Nicola Waters.

Std. VI: Katherine Batho, Jane Coombe, Karen Corder, Celeste Cornforth, Jacqueline Couzens, Erica Gawith, Mary-Lynne Grant, Monique Herweg, Helen Mackay, Helen Maxwell, Diane Meintjes, Elizabeth Meynell, Lisa Nel, Lycette Orlin, Charlotte Peder, Nicolette Schmidt, Ceredwin Thomsen, Jane Whittingdale.

Std. VII: Elizabeth Basset, Carolyn Chapman, Evelyn de Rooy, Susan Fine, Clare Gawith, Amanda Lloyd, Vivienne Malherbe, Lucinda Quinan, Antoinette Slingsby, Manda Smiedt, Amanda Thackeray, Patricia Tyler, Lou-Anne Wrenthmore, Marion Womersley.

Std. VIII: Sally Allen, Miranda Crowther, Dominique Dunckley, Helen Enthoven, Margo Marais, Ruth Pepler, Emily Schneider-Waterberg, Ilsa Schneider-Waterberg, Kim Shorrock, Shelley Smiedt, Lesley Stubbs, Corinne Willoughby.

Std. IX: Lucinda Beer, Alexandra Symmonds.

Std. X: Jacqueline Wade.

Valete

Std. X: Shelley Adderley, Elizabeth Aitchison, Gillian Austin, Dorothy Beukes, Sharon Bosma, Susan Brownlie, Desiree Cathcart-James, Susan Dowdle, Susan Fuller, Barbara Gordon-Bagnall, Philippa Harris, Victoria Hau, Elizabeth Jeffery, Beverley Joslin, Gayle Jooste, Sara Knight, Alida Labia, Susan le Roux, Lindsay Loggie, Dael Meatchem, Jean Napier, Julia Paley, Gail Parkin, Francis Parry, Robin Perold, Gail Pettigrew, Joanne Pulsford, Clementine Robinson, Anne-Marie Serritslev, Lynn Slingsby, Isabel Smit, Patricia Thom, Jacqueline Wade, Barbara Ward-Able, Andrea Williams.

Others: Fiona Ayerst, Lindsay Ayerst, Elizabeth

Barrett, Jocelyn Barrett, Carolyn Beer, Lisa Beer, Alexandra Bonthron, Catriona Bonthron, Fiona Bonthron, Verity Bosman, Catherine Brimer, Glendyr Browne, Genevieve Fairbrother, Joanne Garner, Lillane Giot, Natalie Giot, Karen Hirshon, Rhonda Johnstone, Vanessa Jones, Penelope Knight, Michele Kramer, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Terry Lloyd-Roberts, Paula Major, Tracey Major, Helen Mukheiber, Julie Petterson, Susan Petterson, Gabriella Plum, Margaretha Plum, Suzanne Plum, Jane Pope, Christina Pulvermacher, Vanessa Rakin, Brigitte Smith, Karen Smith, Sandra Sparks, Nicola Stephen, Janice Walters, Kate Webb, Michele Yosh, Caroline Young, Julia Young.

Confirmations

On 16 October, 1974 the following girls were confirmed at St. Saviour's by His Grace the most Reverend Lord Archbishop of Cape Town, Bill Burnett:

Sally Allen, Jean Bergh, Rachel Browne, Carolyn Chapman, Miranda Crowther, Hilary Day, Chloe Fouche, Alexandra Gant, Sharron Gird, Sheila Hack-

ing, Susan Harris, Margaret Higgins, Marilyn Knudsen, Jennifer Louw, Karin Louw, Margo Marais, Caroline Parker, Ruth Pepler, Kate Philip, Gabriella Plum, Suzanne Plum, Lucinda Quinan, Bridget Sandell, Mary-Anne Slingsby, Jane Stubbs, Linda Swane-pool, Jennifer Torr, Michelle van der Bijl, Coralie Wale.

Gifts to the School

Mrs. K. Anderson and Mr. D. Jooste have donated plants, bulbs, trees and shrubs to beautify the School gardens. We are grateful to have once more received gifts of fresh fruit from our farming parents.

The 1973 Matriculation class donated the sum of R200 towards the building of front gateposts. Plans for these posts have been passed and we hope to start building soon.

1974 has been a very busy year for fund raising. A most successful School fete was held early in the year at which R7 000 was raised. We do thank the fete convenors Mrs. J. de Water Naude and Mrs. T. Robins for their hard work and excellent organisation. The money has been invested to buy audio-visual equipment for the School. So far 17 overhead

projectors with screens have been bought and are very useful adjuncts to teaching at both the preparatory and senior schools.

The proceeds of R500 made at the Gala Evening of "Quality Street" organised by Mrs. F. Scott will be used by Mrs. Saffery for future school productions and stage lights.

Mrs. Neville Louw and her helpers have once more had a most successful year with the second-hand clothes shop. Mrs. Louw has handed the School a cheque for R800 to be set aside for something the School needs! We do thank you most sincerely for all the hard work you have put into the organisation of this most useful service to the School.

Matriculation Examination Results 1973

(M) by the name denotes exemption from Matriculation.

Class I:

- (M) A. Adams
- (M) B. Borton (Distinction in Maths).
- (M) M. du Toit (Distinction in English)
- (M) G. Makepeace (Distinctions in English and Biology).
- (M) F. McLachlan (Distinction in French).
- (M) M. Minogue
- (M) C. Murray (Distinction in Biology).
- (M) M. Newell (Distinctions in Biology and Physical Science).

Class II:

- (M) L. Brailey
- S. Brimble.
- (M) P. Brownlie
- (M) K. Caradoc-Davies

- A. Carlos
- (M) C. Croudace
- (M) S. Cunningham
- (M) J. Douglas
- (M) J. Hearn
- L. Joslin
- E. Lacey
- (M) D. Lindbergh
- (M) D. Longmore
- J. Sharp
- (M) L. Storch-Nielsen
- (M) L. Torr
- (M) G. Turner
- (M) S. van Lennep
- (M) S. Westcott.

Class III:

- G. Hardy
- G. Scott-Knight
- G. Thom

Taalbondeksamen 1973

Hoër Afrikaanse Taaleksamen: Pass—23 (40%–59%).

Laer Afrikaanse Taaleksamen: Pass—29 (40%–59%).

The Associated Board of the Royal School of Music

Practical Examinations:

Grade I: G. Browne (Merit), M. Filmer (Merit), C. Stern.

Grade II: J. Breen, R. English, L. Giot, F. McLennan, C. Moll.

Grade III: J. Anderson, P. Leighton-Davies, A. Mathieson, A. Metcalfe (Merit).

Grade IV: J. Bergh, G. Browne, S. Harris (Merit), A. Raath, R. Smith.

Grade V: D. Douglas-Hamilton, G. Rauch, K. Honig, R. Perold (General Musicianship) (Merit).

Grade VI: G. Anderson, S. Ward-Able.

Grade VII: S. Anderson.

Charity Fund

The girls have donated most generously to charities run by the three Houses during the year and the following charities have benefited from these collections:

Peninsula School Feeding Association
Honour Park No. 8 Primary School
Nyanga Welfare
Quaker Fund
Tanda Crèche
Done Crèche

Manenberg Crèche
Animal Welfare
S.A. Council for Aged
Cape Mental Health
Non-European Children's Holiday Camp
Bantu Scholars Fund
Grey Ladies
St. George's Orphanage
Janet Bourhill Institute
National War Memorial Fund

Ruby Porter League

There were collections taken in for the Ruby Porter League.

The Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers' Examinations

Preparatory Grade: M. Smith (Merit), A. Robins (Honours).

Junior Grade A: C. Stern (Merit), C. Moni (Merit).

Junior Grade B: C. van der Merwe, G. Hart, K. Tripp (Merit), S. Hammond (Merit), M. Jooste (Merit), A. de Villiers (Honours).

Junior Grade C: E. Frost, L. Cluver, A. Scott (Merit), B. Brockman (Merit), S. Fairhead (Merit), J. Johnson (Honours).

Junior Grade D: H. Turner, T. Honig, A. van der Merwe, S. Sparks (Merit), L. Murdock (Merit), V. Rakin (Merit), S. Petterson (Honours), P. Leighton-Davies (Honours), C. Maud (Honours), J. Womersley (Honours).

Senior I: S. Mills, G. Frater (Merit), S. Mannion (Merit).

Senior II: I. Modlin (Merit), L. Walker (Honours).

Navy League Essay Competition

First prize: Erica Graham (Standard 8).

United Building Society Award for Prose Published in "Dialogue"

This prize was awarded to Julia Paley (Standard 10) of Herschel.

Dates for 1975

1st Term: Wednesday, January 15th—Thursday, March 20th.

2nd Term: Tuesday, April 8th—Thursday, June 19th.

3rd Term: Tuesday, July 15th—Thursday, September 25th.

4th Term: Tuesday, October 7th—Tuesday, December 9th.

Sociological Club

1974 has been a particularly successful year for the club. We have been extremely fortunate in the calibre, variety and number of speakers who have visited us—indeed too many to mention in this short report.

The year started well with three fascinating talks, by Dr. Martin West, an anthropologist, Mr. Simpson, a lecturer in journalism at Rhodes University, and Mr. van Lichtenfeld who illustrated his talk on Europe with beautiful slides.

Particularly interesting to those archeologically-minded among us was Dr. Parkinson's account of his various "digs", which he too illustrated with slides.

The Club was glad to welcome Shân Adams, recently returned from New Zealand, who told us all about the country and her experiences there as a Rotary Exchange Scholar.

Mrs. Thompson, our Latin teacher, gave us an interesting talk in March on the Princesses Royal, and our Art mistress, Miss Brown gave a lecture on Rembrandt, beautifully illustrated with slides.

Yet another member of the staff, Mrs. McCormick held us all enthralled by her lecture on the Brontë family. For an hour or so we were transported to

Howarth Rectory and the wild Yorkshire moorlands which so influenced the Brontë sisters' writings.

In May Mr. Shavoon told us all about Persian carpets, and in August, Mr. Baldwin came to explain to us how accountancy is wide open as a career for women.

The wardrobe-mistress of the Little Theatre, Mrs. Helen Rooza was our guest in September. We learned of all the intricacies of style, colour and proportions which go into the planning of theatre costumes.

One of the year's most successful meetings was held when Mr. Day, former administrator of Tristan da Cunha, came to tell us about the island. His lovely slides illustrated well the character of the land and its people.

Thus ended a very happy and enlightening year for our Club. A big thank you to Mrs. McCormick, not only for my personally favourite lecture on the Brontës, but for her enthusiasm and originality in finding this extremely wide range of speakers. We appreciate very much, too, the interest displayed by Dr. Silberbauer and the Staff, busy people though they are, in attending so many of the lectures.

Camilla White (Secretary).

Speech and Drama

The highlight of this year has been the production of "Quality Street" by James Barrie, presented by a cast drawn from Standards 6 to 9, and with "guest

artists" from Bishops. I felt extremely proud of them all—from the three leads, Camilla, Barbara and Michael, down to the Standard Sixes, who were



Ensign Blades: "Do you think he was quizzing me, Ma'am?"

delightful.

Many members of Staff gave their time and skill to help create the special effects needed. We had the expert help of Helen Rooza (plus the resources of the "Little Theatre" wardrobe) to ensure the authenticity and charm of the costumes, which were handled with superb efficiency by Bernice Mallet. Boys from Bishops were in charge of the lighting and Harold Scott gave his time, equipment and artistry to provide that atmosphere and mood that can be created only by the right music at the right volume and at the right time!

My job as producer was made immeasurably easier by the magnificent "back-stage" team, headed by Mrs. Rauch, and by the many people who contributed to the success of the production. They included Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Mordecai, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Naser, Mrs. Ackerman, Miss Kable, Miss Way and Mr. Rigby, who managed to find time in his busy day for multitudinous job that only he could do.

To produce a full-length play in a busy, crowded

establishment such as Herschel, needs a great deal of tolerance and understanding on the part of many people not actually involved in the production, and I feel that many of those whose names I have mentioned made a contribution which was largely responsible for the overall success of the venture. As in the end everything stems from leadership. My final word of thanks for her unfailing support goes to Dr. Silberbauer.

In the Preparatory School, Creative Drama flourishes and I welcome the help of Joyce Mordecai, who has taken over two of the classes and is also giving private lessons and Senior Drama Classes.

The children of Standards 4 and 5 produced their own plays with great success before the July holidays and performed them to the rest of the school. This achievement showed an inventiveness and self-discipline which was admirable.

One funny happening! Standard 2 believes in the Shakespearean adage that acting should "hold a mirror up to Nature". They informed me that they had improvised a play called "The Cocktail". (Much more succinct than "The Cocktail Party", which, after all, has been done before!) Abandoning the lesson I had planned, I told them to perform their play. Before my respectful and fascinated eyes they presented the cordial, gracious host and hostess, the charming, chatty, friendly guests, the well-trained servants, the well-behaved pyjamaed children in the care of the Nanny, remaining politely in the background unless spoken to by a kindly guest. It was all there, and I think their parents would have enjoyed the reflections of themselves that appeared in that mirror!

The results of the Speech Examinations this year were very satisfactory. In their respective grades (ranging from Standard 1 to Standard 8) pass marks were gained by Cecile van der Merwe, Georgina Hart, Elizabeth Frost, Heather Turner, Tanja Honig, Anina van der Merwe, Shelley Mills. A Merit mark was gained by Claire Stern, Claudia Moni, Katherine Tripp, Susan Hammond, Mary Jooste, Amanda Scott, Sandra Sparks, Louise Murdock, Vanessa Rakin, Georgina Frater, Siobhan Mannion, Irene Modlin.

Honours (85% and over):

Jane Johnson, Susan Petterson, Philippa Leighton-Davies, Celia Maud, Juliette Womersley, Lucy Walker.

Margaret Saffery.



"You are like an English country garden."

Music Club Report

Chairman: Miss Sweet.

Secretary: Elizabeth Aitchison.

Last year it was decided to form a Music Club for those who appreciate Classical Music and would enjoy musical soirées. The society is still in the very early stage and we have had only one meeting. This was held one evening during the second term in Miss Sweet's Music room which had been enlarged and equipped to enable such meetings to take place. We were immediately encouraged because attendance was good and there were several parents present too. Mr. Hans Kramer played us a

selection of records. He planned his presentation according to the Musician's Diary and his programme covered vocal, orchestral, and operatic music.

We have high hopes for future meetings which we hope will become more plentiful, and perhaps some talented musicians will come and demonstrate their art for our benefit. I am confident that this society will develop, and increase in membership; it shows promise of being very successful.

Elizabeth Aitchison.



CHOIR

Back Row: Rosemary Webber, Margot McLachlan, Bridget Twentyman-Jones, Suzette Anderson, Elizabeth Aitchison.

Third Row: Fiona Lawson, Sharon Bosma, Gail Pettigrew, Susan Fuller, Patricia Thom, Michele van der Bijl.

Standing: Jeane-Andre Pelt, Astrid Winberg, Shelley Bell, Susan Brownlie, Margaret Adam, Judith Wilson, Jane Bettison, Susan Batho.

Seated: Pamela King, Lisa Nel, Robin Perold, Susan Dowdle, Sara Knight, Sharon Gird, Susan Ward-Able, Vanessa Geldenhuys.

Choir Report

This year the choir has taken part in a variety of events, both light-hearted and serious. The highlight of the first term was the Founder's Day Service which was held at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont.

An event which was enjoyed by all the girls, was "The Mikado". This operetta was presented by School House Diocesan College, and the Herschel choir, while three members of the choir were soloists. Yum Yum, the female lead was played by Sara Knight while her two sisters were played by Susan Dowdle and Shelley Bell.

In the second term, the Herschel Choir, combined

with the choirs of Sans Souci, Monterey, S.A.C.S. and Greenfield, to sing in an interesting morning service which was broadcast on the wireless. Each school sang an anthem or a psalm, introducing the pieces they chose and reading the lessons.

Throughout the year, the choir has sung at the weddings of many former Herschel girls, and there are still a few more events to take place including the carol service to be held at the end of the last term.

Sara Knight.
Susan Dowdle.



"Bergie".



Clean up.

1974 Mountain Club Report

Although we have had rather a wet 1974 we have enthusiastically undertaken several excursions throughout the course of the year.

Walks have included a visit to the Kalk Bay caves, where we went on a "clean up" campaign and collected bags of rubbish.

We went on a morning walk up Lions Head where we found the chains a novelty.

Our most recent walk was up Kasteels Poort and a slide down Skeleton Gorge—most enjoyable.

Our thanks not only go to Miss Kable, but also to Mr. and Mrs. Mustart who many a-time led us on our outings.

J. Wilson.
S. Smith-Chandler.



Misty Heights.



Taking a breather.



Other People's "Padkos".

Historical Society Report

Chairman: Mrs. Stockwell.

Committee: Sara Knight, Elizabeth Aitchison, Elizabeth Jeffery.

This society, started at the end of 1973, has so far been active and successful. We have had a number of very interesting speakers to address us. At our first meeting this year Mr. Parkington, an archaeology lecturer from U.C.T., gave an illustrated talk on his archaeological expedition in the Western Cape. Next, Mrs. Davidson spoke to us about the Bible as history. I think that the majority of us had not realised how interesting such a topic could be. Mrs. Thompson was our next speaker and her subject was the Princesses Royal, on which she appears to be most knowledgeable, and very interesting. Two meetings were held in the second term. At the first Mrs. Webb addressed us on Social History. The second meeting was rather unusual, but we were intrigued: Mr. Shavoon talked to us about the

history of Persian carpets. He brought with him several of his beautiful rugs and I noted, particularly among the staff, some very envious eyes passing over them.

In the third term, Mrs. Daphne Wilson was speaker at both meetings although she spoke on two entirely different subjects. The first was a talk on the Organisation of an Election Campaign and the second, an illustrated talk on her recent visit to Moscow, America and Georgia. We were amused to see numerous bridal couples (in their bridal attire) walking around the city of Moscow, viewing its marvels. Altogether this society has proved to be rewarding to all who are interested. My special thanks go to Mrs. Stockwell who goes to a tremendous amount of trouble to find suitable speakers. She certainly has succeeded in this difficult task!

Elizabeth Aitchison.

The M.I.X. Report for 1974

Committee:

Leader: Miss Brown.

Chairman: Jean Napier.

Secretary: Sheila Hacking.

Members: Pamela King, Helen Stubbings, Karen Wessels.

1974 for M.I.X. (Movement in Christ), our Scripture Union, has been a fruitful year although a little haphazard. The membership has increased during the past year, and there is a fairly small, but regular, attendance at our weekly Bible Studies in the School Chapel.

At the beginning of the year, we were forced to hold evening meetings once or twice a term, if we were to have any main meetings at all, owing to

the shortening of lunch-break, which had previously been the appointed time.

The meetings were fairly successful, but many of the daygirls were unable to attend as they had difficulty obtaining transport. Finally the Committee decided to try meetings during lunch-break and so far this term we have found them successful.

One of the highlights of the evening meetings was a Light Show on the Crucifixion by David Holmeyer, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

Although our Scripture Union is small, it is steady and slowly increasing as the year goes on.

I should like to express our gratitude to Miss Brown who has helped us to raise M.I.X. to its present position.

Pamela King, Std. 9.

Music, Art and Drama Club Report

Chairman: Mrs. Popham-Smith.

Vice-Chairman: Mrs. Saffery.

Committee Members: Elizabeth Aitchison, Gail Pettigrew, Susan Dowdle, Elizabeth Jeffery.

As yet we have only held one meeting, in the first term, in the form of a Workshop evening. Some excellent art contributions brightened and decorated the hall. A small group of the Choir began the evening with an extract from "The Mikado". There were several piano solos and Amanda Thackeray played the clarinet, accompanied by Gail Pettigrew at the piano. The two junior drama groups performed the group movement scenes which they later gained merit awards for at the Speech and Drama Festival. Two dramatic monologues were performed, one, an extract from "A Taste of Honey" by Shelagh Delaney

(Aida Labia and Elizabeth Aitchison) was awarded an A and first place in its class at the Festival.

The Senior Drama class was called to the stage and directed by Miss Hanson. We were each whirled round and released, all falling in different peculiar positions. Next we had to think of a reason for being in such a position and show the audience. Amusement was great. We then disappeared and planned a quick scene involving characters performing the particular functions just demonstrated. The result was hilarious. Our next meeting will take place in the final term. There will be more improvisation and varied musical items, and of course, art contributions. We hope it will be as spontaneous as our last meeting, and equally greatly enjoyed by all.

Elizabeth Aitchison.

Chapel Report

1974 has been a relatively uneventful year for the School Chapel excepting for a Christening which was held there during the third quarter.

To many of us, it still is a special place, but as the Boarding House has increased so greatly in numbers, the services held there by Dr. Silberbauer on Tuesday and Thursday evenings are decidedly cramped.

Holy Communion is served in the Chapel regularly every fortnight by the Rev. Ian Eve, the School Chaplain from St. Saviour's; and the boarders attend an evensong service in the Chapel regularly during the term.

Now that the year is nearly at an end, we look forward to the Chapel by Candlelight Service, held on the last Sunday night of the Christmas term. This is the highlight of the year and a time when the Chapel looks its best.

Our thanks go to the Std. 8 and Std. 9 boarders who set up the Chapel and arranged the flowers before each service, and to the girls who play the organ.

I hope that 1975 will prove to be as pleasant for the Chapel as 1974.

Pamela King.

Library Report

Librarian: Miss I. M. B. Tremble.

Committee: J. Torr, G. Anderson, H. Maxwell, R. Meynell, E. Meynell and J. Frater.

This year the mammoth task of classifying the library into the Dewey System was undertaken, and both the Preparatory School and the Baxter Library were brought into order.

After this was done, Mrs. Cohen and Miss Kiley catalogued all the books and we express our thanks to them for the enormous effort put into this as many books had gone astray over the years.

We were sad to see them go at the half-year but as a substitute we could hardly wish for a more pleasant person than Miss Tremble. She has continued their good work with never failing enthusiasm and is extremely devoted to the library, and with the help of the library prefects, the library has be-

come a very well-run unit, with lots of new, entertaining and informative books.

Paperbacks are very popular and much in evidence. We have been fortunate in receiving some lovely presents from kind donors. We were very pleased indeed with Carolyn Beer's farewell gift to the School—a glorious book called "England in Colour".

Finally, I would like to say how nice it is for all of us to work in the library—truly it is a happy and peaceful place.

I wish next year's prefects the best of luck.

Josephine Frater.

Postscript: May I say a big "thank you" to all this year's library prefects who eased me into my new post with such efficiency and tact!

Inez Tremble.



The Duncan Baxter Library.

Debating Society

At the beginning of the year we were happy to welcome Mrs. Saffery as our new Chairman. The standard of debate has been high, and improved during the year, although there is still room for improvement in the speaking from the floor.

We began the year with a very lively Inter-House debate, which was won by Merriman. A large number of girls participated in this and some unexpected talent came to light.

The Inter-House Public Speaking Competition took place during the second term, and this, too, was won by Merriman.

Five Herschel girls, B. van Alphen Stahl, S. Allen, P. King, M. Franck and C. White took part in the

Inter-Schools Forum Discussion Competition held at S.A.C.S. in July. This was not one of our most successful efforts! But it was an entertaining evening, and deservedly won by S.A.C.S.

A Parachute Debate was held against S.A.C.S. at Herschel in August. D. Gärish did well to win the "parachute" as a priceless Van der Merwe.

This has been an interesting and successful year for the society. Many girls are taking advantage of Mrs. Saffery's Wednesday afternoon Public Speaking classes, and we look forward next year to an even higher standard of debate.

Camilla White (Secretary).

The Junior Town Council

This was a disappointing year for the Junior Town Council, as there was little activity. The exception was the schools quiz, but even that was not well

organised. Our girls saved the day by finding the questions.

Merriman House Report

Head of House: Mrs. Rauch.

House Mistresses: Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Bastiaans, Mrs. Thompson.

House Captain: Victoria Hau.

Prefects: Sharon Bosma, Sara Knight, Susan Brownlie, Gail Pettigrew.

Sub-Prefect: Philippa Harris.

Firstly I should like to thank Mrs. Muller for all she has done for Merriman in the past years. We regret having to say farewell to her but wish her happiness in the future. We welcome Mrs. Rauch as our new head of house.

Academically we have done very well this year, obtaining the highest marks in each mark-reading so far. We also won the Debating and the Public Speaking Competitions which were held earlier this year.

On the sporting side, however, there is much room for improvement. We came third in the swimming, hockey, and tennis, but managed a well-deserved victory in the netball. We came second in the squash, but Susan Batho is to be congratulated on becoming the school squash champion.

In the Variety Concert which was held recently, we achieved second place. Much to our delight we produced the winning House Magazine—the Standard 9, especially Bridget Twentymen-Jones, must be congratulated on all their hard work and effort in these events.

Merriman has had a successful year on the whole, and I hope she continues in this manner. I'm sure one day the Efficiency Shield will be ours . . .

Victoria Hau.

Jagger House Report

Head of House: Mrs. McCormick.

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

House Captain: Elizabeth Jeffery.

Prefects: Elizabeth Aitchison, Gillian Austin, Patricia Thom.

Sub-Prefects: Clemmie Robinson, Barbara Bagnall.

The tremendous house spirit that has always been present in Jagger, has certainly not faded this year, which is why this year has been so successful.

We have done extremely well in the sporting world. We won the Swimming and the Tennis and came second in the Squash, Hockey, Netball and Diving. Well done to all our competitors!

A highlight of the first term was the Mile of Cents, held during the School Fête. This we won, and my thanks go to the large band of helpers who lent themselves so willingly.

A Variety Concert was held at the end of the third term organised by the Standard 9 Class. They are

to be congratulated on all the work they put into this competition as well as into the Magazine, the results of which are still awaited.

Various girls have distinguished themselves this year. Carolyn Beer and Gill Austin have maintained a very high standard of work and Gill was selected for the W.P. Schools Hockey team. Well done! Isabel

Smit and Rosemary Howell have featured prominently in the school swimming team. The representatives on the Junior Town Council, Barbie Stahl and Judy Knudsen, are also from Jagger.

Keep up this good work in future, Jagger!

Elizabeth Jeffery.

Rolt House Report

Head of House: Mrs. Stockwell.

House Mistresses: Mrs. Mallet, Mrs. Stais, Miss Brown, Mrs. Popham-Smith.

House Captain: Susan Dowdle.

House Prefects: Susan Fuller, Dorothy Beukes, Lindsay Loggie.

Sub-Prefect: Gailie Parkin.

Rolt has had a marvellous year. Not only have we succeeded in many Inter-House events, but we have improved academically as well.

The first Inter-House event of the year was the Swimming Gala, with Rolt running a close second to Jagger. We did however, win the Diving, with Nicolette Kohler and Fiona Adams winning both their sections.

The Inter-House tennis was next on the agenda, and again Rolt came second to Jagger's well-deserved first.

At the end of the second term, we played our Inter-House netball and hockey matches. Everyone was thrilled when Rolt won the hockey yet again, and our congratulations got to Merriman for winning the netball.

At the end of the third term, the Inter-House squash matches were held, and Rolt came first. On

the last day of term Inter-House Variety Concerts were presented, which were most exciting. Mrs. Saffery judged the competition and placed Rolt first—a very unexpected result! We are still awaiting the results of the Inter-House magazines. I should like to thank all the Standard 9's for their help, especially Erica Prain, Josephine Frazer and Dawn Gärish who worked so hard to put the magazine together and organise the Variety Concert.

We also congratulate Margot McLachlan and Stacey Smith-Chandler on their outstanding sport achievements, especially in squash and hockey.

Several girls passed their Taalbond examinations at the end of last year, and we congratulate Tjitske Post and Elizabeth Murray on their constantly high marks in our monthly mark-readings.

Rolt girls have also done very well culturally, especially in the Music Eisteddfod and examinations.

Finally, I should like to say how grateful I am to Mrs. Stockwell for her support and guidance during the year; and to the other house mistresses, prefects and girls, who have all helped to maintain the high standard and spirit of Rolt.

Susan Dowdle.

Sporting Activities

Swimming Captain: Elizabeth Jeffery

Vice-Captain: Isabel Smit

Tennis Captain: Gillian Austin

Vice-Captain: Patricia Thom

Hockey Captain: Gillian Austin

Vice-Captain: Elizabeth Jeffery

Netball Captain: Frances Parry

Vice-Captain: Beverly Joslin

Squash Captain: Gillian Austin

Not many galas were held during the term owing to Founder's Day and various other holidays, thus when the final day came, we were perhaps more nervous than usual. However, after many hours of hard training, in the School Pool and at Newlands, the day of Inter-Schools Swimming finally dawned. Everyone swam their hardest and finally we were placed second in the Open Section, having lost the cup to Rustenburg by one point! Our Open Relay Team was placed third to Rustenburg and Wynberg respectively, all three teams breaking the record.

Fiona Adams must be congratulated on winning the Under 14 Diving Cup.

Throughout the first term, tennis matches were played every Saturday morning in the Western Cape School's Tennis League, and these took us



Fiona Adams.



FIRST SQUASH TEAM

Seated: Susan Batho, Gillian Austin (Captain), Margot McLachlan.
 Back Row: Jennifer Pentz, Stacey Smith-Chandler.



Mothers' Hockey Match.



Fathers' Hockey Match—Ian Austin!



Susan Batho.



Gillian Austin.



UNDER 15A HOCKEY TEAM

Standing: Nicolette Kohler, Debra Douglas-Hamilton, Rosemary Howell, Dianne Douglas-Hamilton, Chloe Fouché, Mary Bettison.

Seated: Diana Loria, Jean Barry, Miss Kable, Peta-Ann Simpson, Jennifer Torr.

Kneeling: Rosemary Meynell, Marion Womersley.

to all parts of the Peninsula. Although the results were varied, the teams played enthusiastically and practised hard during the week, both before and after school.

Friendly matches were played against the Parents and were most enjoyed by all who took part.

The 1974 Schools' Championships have not yet been played at the date of writing.

The Inter-Schools tournaments were as tense as always and although we did not win any of our sections, we were placed 3rd overall in both the Open and Under 15 Sections.

The hockey season began early this year with a most enjoyable and beneficial tour of Pietermaritzburg during the Easter holidays. Back at school we played matches regularly on Saturday mornings and lost a few only, throughout the season. Our toughest opposition were Westerford and a touring team from Grahamstown. Two matches were played against St. Andrews, of which they won the first and we won the second.

The Second Team had a successful season and the Under 15's also played well. A few matches were arranged for the Standard 6's. The Second Team lost to a team of mothers, and although the First Team beat the fathers, we were later to be outwitted by the staff who ran circles around us, clad in Bishops' rugby jerseys! Seven of our girls were chosen to attend the Western Province trials, all of whom went through to the final trials. Margot McLachlan and Gillian Austin (Vice-Captain) were chosen for the team. Anne-Marie Serritslev was awarded her hockey colours this year. The cup for the most promising hockey player was awarded to Stacey Smith-Chandler. Both the Under 15A and the First Team reached the finals of the Inter-Schools

tournaments, both to draw with Rustenburg in the finals so that we now hold both cups on our shelf.

Netball officially began again this year, and owing to all the encouragement and hard work of Mrs. Carter and the enthusiasm shown by the girls, has been most successful. The Under 13's and Under 15's have improved their standard considerably and have achieved some good results.

The Squash season this year was a very busy, exciting and successful one. Various teams played friendly matches against the Old Girls, Bishops, and Rustenburg and valuable experience was gained. Coached by Jill Eckstein, two teams were entered in the Inter-Schools Tournament. The famous saying "3rd time lucky" certainly rang true for us, and the "A" team beat Rustenburg 4-1 in the final, losing only one match during the tournament. Five Herschel girls were chosen out of 12, for the squash squads to be trained by Jill: Susan Batho, Margot McLachlan, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Jennifer Pentz and Nicky Fouche. Squash colours were awarded to Susan Batho and Margot McLachlan. The School Open Champion this year is Susan Batho, with runner-up Margot McLachlan, and the Under 16 Champion is Stacey Smith-Chandler, with runner-up Nicky Fouche. Margot received the cup for the most improved squash player.

Our sincerest thanks go to Miss Kable for her advice and encouragement to all the teams throughout the seasons. Her personal interest in the teams has aroused enthusiasm and enjoyment in all games.



Taking things in her stride.



FIRST HOCKEY XI

Standing: Barbara Gordon-Bagnall, Dawn Gärish, Nicola Fouche, Susan Batho, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Barbara van Alphen Stahl, Tessa Douglas-Hamilton.
Seated: Margot McLachlan, Gillian Austin, Miss Kable, Elizabeth Jeffery, Anne-Marie Serritslev.



Susan Batho and Margot McLachlan.



You're in for a thrashing.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: Rosemary Meynell, Margot McLachlan, Suzanne Plum, Lindsay Quibell, Suzanne Naude,
 Vivien Malherbe, Deanne Isted,
 Standing: Chloe Fouche, Katherine Batho, Gillian Austin, Camilla White, Nicola Fouche, Linda Swanepoel,
 Peta-Ann Simpson, Sandra Gant,
 Seated: Susan Fuller, Rosemary Howell, Elizabeth Jeffery (Capt.), Miss Kable, Isabel Smit,
 Stacey Smith-Chandler, Philippa Oliver,
 Kneeling: Jennifer Anderson, Fiona Adams, Juliet McGregor.



Give it stick.



Nog 'n piep! Nog 'n blaas! Alle vetkoek, Let it pass.

Matric Dance

The Matric Dance was held this year on Saturday, 20th April. After much deliberation we decided on the theme "Cabaret", using the paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec as our main source of inspiration.

Before the actual dance at school, where a carefully decorated hall awaited us, we all gathered at the Beukes' home to drink a champagne toast to ourselves. At the school we ate a delicious meal of chicken à la King, which Mrs. Brownlie and Mrs. Fuller had kindly prepared for us, and the music

and dancing continued till midnight. Gill gave a short speech of thanks before we all went to the Labia's home where the after-party was held. Breakfast was provided by the Joslins for those who were still wide awake.

Before retiring wearily to bed we all went back to school to tidy up the hall. The months of planning and preparation had culminated in a successful and very memorable Matric Dance.

Gaile Parkin.

The Reverend A. R. Hampson

It was with deep regret and a strong sense of personal loss that we heard of the death of the Reverend Canon A. R. Hampson. For many years his wife was History mistress at Herschel, and he associated himself with her in his interest in the

girls and their activities, and by many of them, as well by the staff, he was regarded as a personal friend!

To Mrs. Hampson and his children we extend our sympathy.

Original Work

STARS ON STEMS

As they sway gently in the wind,
The little stars on their stems
Bob and curtsy.

They lift their petals up,
Crisp and delicately perfect.

They are soft and tickly,
Yet brittle
As I rub them against my face.

As if in contrast to the stars
Stretching upwards,
The leaves droop, tired and
Ready to drop . . .
Drop to the ground.

But the stars still shine
In their perfect impeccableness.

Jane Coombe, Std. 6.

MY SWING

It is a very simple swing,
When I swing the leaves come down to my face
And touch me gently on my cheek.
It is an understanding swing.
When I swing sorrow leaves me,
happiness increases,
thrilling ideas come to me,
the rhythm of it calms me,
In my anger and my joy.
It is a sympathetic swing.

Charlotte Peden, Std. 6.

A WET SUNDAY

It was a Sunday, but the rain was pouring down in bucketsfull. Dark thunderclouds hung in the air, while the smoke from the fire swirled and whirled gaily along with wind. The wind, itself, was howling and screeching among the trees, trying its best to break roof tiles and snap branches. In spite of all this, we were warm inside the house, but still annoyed with the weather.

How could it rain on a Sunday? Sunday is part of our glorious week end. There would be no swimming, no surfing, no tennis, nothing. We stared despondently through the window which was a race-course for glistening raindrops. We decided to play Monopoly. What a game. I have never heard so much quarrelling, bickering and fighting in my life. Each game we tried we argued more and more. By this time our parents' tempers were running short and at any moment they would erupt.

Suddenly, the rain ceased. We ran to the window, but our joy was shortlived. The legion of fiery thunderclouds were still marching across the sodden sky and at any moment there would be a fresh cloudburst. Suddenly it came, beating down on the window, streaming down like an eternal waterfall. Then came the hail, clattering down mercilessly on to the roof and covering the grass in a thick carpet of frost. Our bickering resumed, until our parents exploded in an endless torrent of angry words.

At last I escaped thankfully to my room and spent the rest of that dreary Sunday watching lightning split the sky in two, birds taking sanctuary under the roof and the rain swamping the garden.

Lizanne Scott, Std. 6.

DECISION

Sammy's place,
 Dark and cold,
 A candle in the corner,
 Coffee tastes terrible,
 May as well leave it,
 May as well leave altogether,
 And go home.
 Home? Oh, flat,
 With one window overlooking chimney pots
 and roofs.
 May as well stay at Sammy's place;
 Much nicer,
 Nice little place, cosy and warm,
 Very romantic,
 Just one candle,
 Coffee is good,
 May as well stay.

Diane Meintjies, Std. 6.

THE NEWBORN FOAL

He stands . . .
 Barely.
 His legs . . .
 Unstable.
 The big soft eyes watch thin wobbly legs.
 He calls for his mother,
 She comes and
 They are united.

A. Olivier, Std. 6.

POWER

A long straight road lies ahead,
 Smooth and inviting,
 Wheel in hand,
 Power wells up in the driver,
 The speedometer flickers,
 and moves up.
 At a hundred and twenty
 he loses control
 the car
 shivers
 quivers
 turns circles
 and falls down
 the cliff
 to the end
 of
 everything

Jane Combe, Std. 6.

COLOURS

Yellow makes me think of everything enchanting:
 the lovely yellow peaches that are in season. It
 makes me think of the calves that frolic around in
 the oats; of the cows that meander in the dazzling
 green lucerne fields. Yellow is the colour of cream,
 rich and thick, being poured in cans. It is the col-
 our of butter, that is home made.

Blue is the colour of riding early in the morning,
 the cold air rippling through your many jerseys and
 sending a shiver down your spine. Blue is the colour
 of your hands, holding on to the reins of a run-
 away horse. It is the colour of pure freedom, like the
 sky, which is free to move as it likes. Blue is the
 colour of the water in the swimming pool, of the little
 ducklings swimming in it.

White is the colour of pure joy, your wedding day!

Green is the colour of the cool damp woods, with
 the sun peeping through slits in the foliage: the
 leaves of the plants still fresh and light, waiting for
 the sun to get up, so as to show themselves up.

Black. Black is the devil's colour, with red mixed
 with it: blood and unhappiness, death. Yet this
 colour also has its beauty: in the night and all the
 creatures of the black sky. They are silent, mysteri-
 ous, yet fascinating, and after this long dark silence
 dawn breaks and everything is bright and happy,
 ready to make the most of the oncoming day.

Peta Simpson, Std. 7.

TRAVELLING AT NIGHT

We were on our way from Windhoek to Cape
 Town, by car, and had left in the late afternoon when
 the shimmering heat of the day begins to give way
 to the cool dusk of evening.

I had dozed off at 12 o'clock and slept fitfully
 and was suddenly aware of the moving blackness
 outside. I tried to pierce this never-ending void but
 could see only what the headlights illuminated. Often
 the two bright eyes of a wild dog or a jackal would
 flash back at us through the darkness.

In the faint gleam from the dashboard my father
 looked inhuman and next to me I could hardly dis-
 tinguish the shapes of my brother and his teddy-bear
 which was strangely real in the darkness. My sister
 poured endless cups of coffee for my dad as he
 fought the tiredness in his brain.

There were often soft, dull, thuds as the wheels
 hit unfortunate hares or frogs who hopped leebly
 under the wheels of the fast-moving car. Suddenly
 there was a loud crash, breaking the eerie silence;
 a huge gemsbok charged from the bush, heading
 towards the headlights. Dad's reaction was instan-
 taneous. He stopped the car and switched off the
 lights. We sat in silence for a while and then re-
 sumed our journey.

I fell asleep and woke to the faint beginnings of
 a beautiful sunrise.

Gabrielle Maastrecht, Std. 6.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER OF ALL

The alarm clock rang and shattered the quietness of a September morning. A shabby hand, from beneath a snug blanket, reached out quickly and halted the incessant ringing. For a moment nothing stirred and the silence hung for a brief second in the air. Then everything seemed to come alive. Robin, beneath the warmth of the blankets, could hear the clinking of the milkman's bottles and his brisk, rather tuneless whistle. For a second he thought of nothing, then abruptly jumped out of bed, ran to the window and threw open the shutters. It was still there!

The small nest hung in the eaves of the roof and tiny droplets of dew hung shining on it in the morning sunlight. Robin thought back to the day when he had discovered the nest and felt rather complacent. He had learnt at school all about birds: how they reared their young from the beginning, how the parents took it in turn to sit on the eggs and keep them warm, while the free one fetched food, but this was not school! He looked at the nest longingly. Why, it was only yesterday that he had heard a soft chirping coming from the nest and had seen the birds making numerous trips backwards from and to the nest. He thought he could see a few worms hanging from the mother's mouth.

Robin had asked his teacher what kind of bird had a red tummy. His teacher had told him that these birds were called Robins—like his name. Since then Robin had felt a rather possessive feeling towards the little red-breasted robins. Robin now regularly asked his teacher questions and she, glad to see that he was taking an interest, readily answered. She had given him a book all about them. Of course he could not quite read it, but he loved looking at the pictures.

Robin watched the nest carefully every day and according to his teacher, knew he would soon see the babies. Although Robin asked his teacher, Miss James, many things about the robins, he never quite confided in her. He knew he should tell her because she had been so kind to him, but he could not bring himself to do so and rather treasured his own very own first secret.

Every morning he left breadcrumbs on his window sill and every day when he came back home from school they were there. Slowly the robins came to trust him and to his delight would feed from his hands. The greatest moment of all, the one he had been waiting for so long came when he watched the mother robin teaching her babies to fly. Since then his interest in lessons at school had increased tremendously and Miss James remembered the saying: "Experience is the best teacher of all".

Karin Louw, Std. 7.

WHAT THE SCARECROW SAW ON WEDNESDAY, 17th JUNE

I stand in a large field which slopes gently, with luscious grass like a green carpet covering it. The field is enclosed by a black wooden fence with four gates. They are called the North, South, East and West gates. The North gate is closest to the farm-

house. From where I stand I can see the farmhouse, the old windmill. The stables—for this is a stud farm and near the South gate a small river runs across the field.

I can see all this, but it is only the birds that see me. I am dressed in an old tweed coat and torn trousers. My clothes flutter in the gentle breeze which sweeps across the field. My role in life is to frighten the birds away when the new grass seeds are planted each year.

I should like to be friends with the birds, but my rags flutter and frighten them away. It would appear that my life is to be very lonely.

But one day last winter (it was Wednesday, June 17th), I was witness to a wonderful scene which made me feel I had a real heart.

This is how it happened: during the morning Farmer Green opened the North gate and entered, leading a mare behind him. The mare was in foal and I could see her clearly as she moved restlessly around the field when the farmer left her.

Later she approached me, getting closer and closer, and I became aware that she was actually interested in me. My waving rags did not frighten her and she sniffed me, nostrils distended and ears pricked forward. She was obviously reassured that I intended no harm.

She began to paw the ground close to me and walked in ever smaller circles. Eventually, she lay down. She glanced up at me and then put her head down and gave a low moan.

I began to realise that her large bulk could only imply that her time was very near and I was about to witness the miracle of the birth of a foal.

She and I together shared this unique experience. The mare seemed comforted by my gentle, understanding companionship and made this day the most memorable day in my life.

Marion Womersley, Std. 7.

I DISCOVERED DEATH AT THE AGE OF SEVEN AT THE FOOT OF OUR COTTAGE GARDEN (After reading "Huckleberry Finn")

We were alone in the cottage, my mom and I. Dad had gone on a "long journey", she said, and I wondered how much his ticket had cost and had said so. Mom smacked me and told me I was no good. I did not know what she was talking about, but when I'm older I guess she will tell me.

My brother is 18 and he is in the army—the war is on, you see. I really wish it would end, and I said so, and mom burst into tears. (Last week I heard a girl in the coffee-bar say she thought my mother was queer and I reckon I agree now.)

I think something funny is going on here. We have not had a letter from brother for three weeks! Mother looks strange too, all kinda white. I said so and she cried again. (When I'm a mother I won't cry like she does!)

A man came to see mom yesterday, and when he had finished talking to her she started moaning and howling like a kid and now she's gone to bed. He was English—he must have been because he talked well different! I heard mom say to bring "him" here

and to bury him next to father. Well, I didn't know what bury meant, so I looked it up in the dictionary and it said the fruit of a plant. Well, I don't think father and this man they're going to bury looks much like a fruit of a plant so I guess I'm back where I started!

A car has just driven up—it's all black and the men who have got out are soothing mom and everyone looks dead serious. Well, I walk up to them and tell them a joke that Janey told me—she's the little black girl in the class—and Mother cries again and the men look so cross I reckon their eyes'll fall out. Now they're carrying the body of some man under a sheet. I pick up the sheet and brother's lying there all white like a spook and they tell me he's gone to father as well.

They put him in a pit they dug at the foot of the garden. Suddenly I see and I remember the Sunday-school teacher talking about something she called "death". I understand now, and I wonder how it must be to be them, I cry—it seems the right thing to do as everyone else is. I think that I'll never see brother again except maybe later, that is, if we end up in the place the Sunday-school teacher called "Heaven". I remember a saying I heard a boy in the coffee-bar say, and I say it out aloud, (but not too loud in case Mother cries again)—"That's life", and then I go inside to see if I can get any cookies out of the tin.

Later I walk down and there's no-one there except the fairies maybe, and I see a stone which I read (but I can't make out every word because I'm not good at reading yet), and all I see is that it says—"died in service of the U.S.A., 1980".

Maybe I'll die in service one day too; just for fun!

Jean Barry, Std. 8.

THE INTERIOR OF A CHURCH ON A HOT DAY

The priest's voice drones on, and on, and on. The person next to you shifts to another position. The door opens, and someone else enters. "Poor soul," I think, "she doesn't know what she's letting herself in for." And still the priest drones on.

Everyone is wavering, and I think, "That's funny," but then I notice the walls wavering too. And the floor. Even the altar. "Oh," I realise, "it's the heat haze."

My eyelids grow heavier, and I'm sure that someone is pushing them closed. I turn and look. There is no-one, I am at the back of the church.

And still the priest drones on.

Mary's halo is not of Holiness, but fire, as she sits there, sedately, on the window-pane. Her cheeks are not rosy, they contain coals. The white of the Baby is not the white of coolness, but of fire, of heat, as He lies there, all wrapped in swaddling clothes.

"Oh, God," I cry, in silent anguish, "How can they lock you in here from one Sunday till the next?"

And still the priest drones on.

Then, suddenly, everyone is standing, and the priest finishes the sermon with "... In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, Amen."

Tanya Bosma, Std. 8.

THE STRANGER

One has one's friends. Selecting carefully one eventually forms close relationships for a life-time with those one loves. Although involved with these friends, one can weave fantasy relationships with strangers.

Take the old sick man who gazes through his window all day long, and always looks at me, because the street activity is his only interest in his old age. Or the middle-aged woman whom I have seen since Standard 1. She has travelled on the train every morning with me. I have watched over the years how the bloom of youth is fading. She is quite suddenly looking tired and old and only recently has taken to wearing spectacles.

Then there is a couple whom I always see in the local coffee-bar. These two fascinate me because I am quite sure there must be at least 20 years between them. He is English but looks like a Greek who spies in Portugal for Tanzania, a needle-thin restless chainsmoker, who is madly in love with this young, naive, rather well-shaped blonde girl. I have heard them talking often enough to know their clinical picture: His wife does not want a divorce and her mother wants her to give him the push otherwise the best time of her life will be wasted. But for lovers this is an unreasonable argument. Although they see me more often than their best friends they would be surprised if I were to say, "How is that divorce coming on?"

No, to these anonymous friends, I am just a stranger.

Eve de Rooy, Std. 7.

A SWIMMING POOL IN THE DEAD OF WINTER

A frog floats towards the surface, its small body hardly making any movement in the water. It jumps on to an autumn leaf that is stranded in the middle of the cold, dark waters, but unfortunately, it sinks. A "plop" is heard and it disappears once more.

The pool is cold and desolate; not a soul can be seen except, of course, the frog. Leaves are strewn over its calm surface, silently sleeping. A gust of wind stirs them and they begin to dance on the water, making ripples as they go.

A man appears; he rakes out the leaves, tries to catch the frog, (does not succeed) and then starts pulling a plastic cover over the pool.

The cover is wet and slimy; it has just been raining. The little frog has not stirred since the cover has imprisoned it. The stones around the pool are dry, but so cold. Leaves have once more settled themselves, but now on the dull, slimy cover. The trees slightly overhanging the pool are now barren; not a leaf is left on their dark, gnarled branches.

The man appears; pulls down the cover. In one of the corners of the pool lies an object. The man peers closely at it; the frog lies at peace, its arms and legs stretched out. It is dead.

Antoinette Slingsby, Std. 7.

THE STRANGER

It was Germany, 1939. Already the little white slips of paper with the ominous messages of war were being received by men and boys all over Germany.

One such receiver was Rudolph Burgenhaus, an eighteen-year-old about to be married. He and his sweetheart had heard all about the threat of this war but had never dreamed that they, too, would become involved.

Rudolph was to report to the nearest army station before the following Wednesday. His training would start immediately.

"But you can't go! The wedding and . . . and everything will be ruined! Besides you have your family and work to consider! I want you to stay with me." Anna, his fiancée, was in a state of near hysteria.

"Anna, my little Anna, I don't want to go! Of course not! Listen, we can be married this afternoon and when I come back, we'll have the proper ceremony!"

"What if you . . . you are killed? What then?"

In spite of all her pleas, Rudolph set off the following Monday with a heavy heart, but proud to be going to help prepare his country for war. He was trained on request for a Nazi group who were to have all the "Special" work. He did not realise what it would cost his gentle, easy-going character until it was too late to turn back.

Anna received letters regularly at first, but gradually they became less and less frequent, until she did not know if he were dead or alive, but simply had to wait for news of or from him.

Meanwhile, Rudolph was quickly becoming known for his thorough work, his lack of scruples where serving his fatherland was concerned and above all, his change in character. The man whom he was trained by at first thought him highly unsuitable for the work, but after a few weeks of squeamishness, he became used to their ways and eventually accepted them as being right and the best hope for Germany.

By 1943 he had several badges of distinction and believed completely in the Führer. His Führer could do nothing save good for his country and if at times he seemed a little harsh—well, that was what was needed to try to control such stupid people who were so easily led astray.

He had seen Anna few times since he had left that Monday morning. Now, four years later, he had lost his boyish, happy-go-lucky face. It had become harder, the lines on his forehead more pronounced, his actions stiff and tense. He was nervy, on edge, and always waiting for a message to tell him to report back to base.

Then he did not see her until the end of 1944. It was shortly before Christmas and he came home to see her before being posted to Poland.

He briskly opened the door of their flat and walked in, his heels making a loud, echoing noise on the wooden floor.

"Anna, Anna, where are you? Anna!"

"Here I am, who is it?" came a voice from the tiny kitchen.

"Look in the mirror above your head." She obeyed and at once gave a gasp. Her brain was racing. He's come to give me bad news! Rudy is hurt . . . Oh dear, what a mess I'm in! Where is my brush? His face is familiar . . . must be one of Rudy's friends. I must wash my hands; they're full of flour. Where's that teapot?"

"Hold on a moment, Herr Kommandant, if you please. Would you like a seat? I am so sorry I'm in such a state, I was not prepared for your visit!"

"Is that the way to talk to your husband? Hurry up, woman, I don't have long!" His voice was harsh and official.

She stared at him. "You said you . . . you said you were my husband? But you aren't my Rudy! He has a young, soft face. He does not frown like that. Forgive me, sir, although you are familiar, I cannot place you. You are a stranger."

Fiona Adams, Std. 7.

THE STRANGER

The traveller seemed weary. He straightened his back and clutched his bundle more firmly as he neared the village. He had had no food since the previous morning, and little sleep, for he had a long journey to make.

The village folk and those from the nearby farms were gathered in a group near the church and some stared idly at the stranger as he approached. Others frowned, for travelling on a Sunday was not their custom.

The man seemed at a loss as to what to do, so the schoolmaster, their usual spokesman, stepped forward.

"Good morning." He eyed the traveller somewhat contemptuously, noting the worn old coat and the dilapidated hat.

"Er . . . good morning. I . . . was a . . . wondering whether there might not be a bite for me to eat here. Just some bread and a little water. I've been on the road a long time." He turned rather helplessly to the women in the group.

"That's not difficult to guess. Sunday, too", muttered Mrs. Pringle, turning her back on the stranger and beginning a low-voiced conversation with Amelia Buttons, about her "grandmother's time, when folks went to church on a Sunday instead of traipsing all over the countryside".

The music of church bells filled the air, and they walked away, taking no further notice of the man.

The minister's sonorous voice rang through the church.

"I was hungry and you gave me no drink, a stranger and you did not welcome me."

Amelia Buttons glanced rather uneasily at her friend, but Mrs. Pringle was thinking of the cake recipe she had recently been given. Would it be better with chocolate icing or vanilla? She sighed and began looking through her hymn book for the next hymn.

When they came out of church, the stranger was gone.

Elizabeth Murray, Std. 7.

THE HUNT

I was determined to earn one hundred and fifty rand. This was the approximate amount I needed to buy a secondhand Dabchick. So I decided to get a job, despite all the obstacles in my path. I hoped people would be prepared to pay an under-age schoolgirl for a Saturday morning job.

I began my hunt one Friday afternoon after school. I wandered dreamily down to Claremont, imagining the job I was going to get. It would be in a small, quaint shop, with a great deal of character, down a side street. A musty shop, old and cluttered, and rather dusty. It would be my job to tidy it, and dust the things for sale. While tidying, I would unearth all sorts of old curiosities.

There would be a little old lady in charge, with cottonwool white hair, tied in a bun at the back of her head. She, of course, would spend her time rocking gently in a squeaky rocking-chair, knitting, with an old tabby cat in her lap. (She would obviously be very generous, and pay very large wages.) She would drink weak, black tea, with lemon in it, out of a bone china tea-cup.

The shop would have an old, tattered carpet, which would be becoming a little threadbare in parts. The shop would sell everything from perfumed pencils to broken grandfather clocks.

I arrived at the first shop on my mental list. I walked in, and a bell rang. I looked up, and saw myself viewed from behind on a closed-circuit television set. My feet tapped conspicuously on the clean, tiled floor. The lady at the desk looked up, and said briskly and impatiently, "Well, and what can I do for you?"

I stuttered out my request very self-consciously, feeling myself scrutinised by her in front of me, and by the television behind me.

"I am sorry, we have no vacancies. Good afternoon."

She sat down again on her high stool, and continued writing a letter, which I noticed was headed, "To my darling Robert." Then I walked out, being careful not to knock over the ornaments on the low shelves. As I walked out, the electrically controlled bell "pinged" again.

I made a few more attempts to find a job but always met with an abrupt refusal. I wandered disconsolately home, and on the way I passed my grandmother's block of flats. I walked in, up the stairs, and into her flat. It was five o'clock. As I entered, the old grandfather clock struck two. My grandmother was sitting knitting. I said, "Hullo, Granny," and flopped into the nearest chair, carefully avoiding knocking over her cup of weak, black tea in the bone china tea-cup.

Kate Philip, Std. 7.

YOU—ME

You talked,
about yourself.
You laughed,
about yourself.
You loved,
loved yourself.
In you I saw a reflection,
of myself.

Lovell Anstee, Std. 8.

"NEXT, PLEASE"

She lay in a narrow bed in a narrow room in the sanatorium. Her face was gaunt and her eyes deep-sunken, but of a strong blue. A beam of light shone upon her face with a romantic affection, as she lay thinking . . . The glow then faded with a lingering regret, like a child leaving the street in which it played at dusk. In this shadowy darkness, she lay thinking of the next day. She was going to watch a man, an acquaintance of hers, race. He had asked this of her, and she had agreed to go.

She woke a little late the next morning and arrived at the race-track just after the race had begun. Smudges of yellow, red, blue and green emerged from the dusk. They reappeared, then disappeared. Which one of these was he? Did these men realise what game they were playing at? Probably not, but she knew it was a dreadful game played with death. Did they not value their lives as she valued hers? How she cursed those enthusiastic spectators!

It was the spectators who cheered and encouraged those pinpoints of colour to go faster, faster, until . . . All she saw was a cloud of dust, flames, springing from within it. The crowds surged forward, learning and peering over one another's shoulders. Suddenly the broadcaster's voice boomed over the race-track. It was he! He was dead! Just a motionless bundle!

The race continued; they continued to play that game at which they were so good. Another man was injured, another blown up, and another dead! When would they learn? She could not bear it any longer, and so she left.

She arrived at the sanatorium in time for lunch. She could not eat because of the sick feeling within her, so she went up to her bedroom. As she left the lift, a coffin was carried past her. She could bear it no longer; she just lay on her bed, weeping.

She cursed death, knew it was fatally fascinating. And all that she could hear was the voice of death saying, "Next, please."

Caroline Parker, Std. 8.

THE WAY THROUGH

Young man you seem to be shaking,
Are you ill?
Afraid, at your age, of death.
You are yet young
"Drink and be merry for tomorrow you die."
Have faith.

You bore me old man,
Does no one understand,
Is faith all you have to offer?

Why is it they are afraid?
Cowards,
Life isn't what it used to be.

Oh, so he finally made it
He let go of his string,
(connecting himself with life.)
I wonder how he's finding it there,
where he was afraid to go.

Judy Wilson, Std. 8.

IN THE DARK

One morning I woke up early, which was unusual for me. I tried to go back to sleep, but could not. In my mind I could sense something strange was going to happen but I did not know what it was.

As everything seemed quite normal to me the whole morning, I decided that when one wakes up early in the morning one's senses are not likely to be at their best, and I thought no more of it.

After lunch, I decided to take the dog for a walk up the koppie. When we reached the top, I sat down. I could see most of my Uncle's big farm from there, and all its activities.

As I was looking at the duck-pond, I realised the ducks were not in it. They were making their way up towards the shed where they slept.

I thought it was rather strange and looked at my watch. It was only half past two and the ducks were going to bed. Then I realised why: it was getting dark.

I looked to see if there were any clouds in sight, but there were not. I wondered if the end of the world was coming or if an epidemic had broken out. I decided to go and ask my parents.

I found them rather excitedly looking for blank negatives. I thought perhaps I was right about the epidemic. Then my father explained to me that there was going to be a total eclipse of the sun.

We went up the koppie again together and found all those strange people up there too. That was why they were staying with us, my mother told me. They were astronomers from Europe.

Gradually the moon moved in front of the sun and we were left in the dark. Slowly the sun peeped out again. The astronomers were taking pictures.

I heard a noise from below: the ducks were coming out again!

Jennifer Torr, Std. 8.

BACK-DOOR CALLERS

Samuel N'Dayi sat at the back door of his dilapidated, corrugated-iron shack that he so proudly called his "abode", in which he, his nine children and the boy lived. He was a widower; his wife Sophia had been "taken" a year or so ago. He could not remember exactly when—dates and times fumbled aimlessly for position in his aged, little-used memory.

He had long since realised that there was little room in this fast, violent, over-crowded world for a pathetically poor old clergyman who was unable to anything. To make matters worse, there was an extra mouth to feed—that of Sonny, the boy. Sonny was intelligent—he had his matric. Ah, those had been better days when he could leave his wife to the children, and go out to work. His age was beginning to tell now, and the steadily deepening lines of hardship showed on his placid, weather-beaten face.

He looked up slowly as a man in blue clothes

came to the back door. The man dragged him to his feet, with little or no respect for his years. Rude, sharp questions, and then slow, laborious answers. No, the boy was not here; he went out often—yes, he supposed he would be returning. Samuel spoke respectfully to the man young enough to be his son; not forgetting the "baas" at the end of each reply.

Pushing the aged Samuel on to the cold, damp ground, the blue-clothed man departed in a cloud of smoke from his fast, black silently-purring car. The frightened and bewildered old man forced himself to his feet, and as he was shaking with fear, crossed himself a few times, each time praying and pleading with His God to tell him what it was the boy had done.

The next afternoon, Samuel sat again at the back door and two more blue-clothed men arrived. Samuel stood up as fast as his age allowed, and told them the boy had not returned. One man's face softened slightly as he saw the terrified look in the old man's eyes.

"You want to know why we are looking for him?" Samuel nodded slowly.

Sonny had been found visiting a white woman every night in her flat in Illovo, Johannesburg. Sonny had broken the strongest, perhaps, of all the apartheid laws—the Immorality Act. For this Sonny would almost certainly be condemned to death, but if he could lay hands on a good lawyer he might just be sentenced to life imprisonment so that he need not worry.

The old man fell to his knees and, holding his head in his hands, showered the hard, unrelenting ground with his bitter tears. There was no anger in his being, nor any resignation. All that there remained in him was a tormented soul and a questioning of where he had gone wrong in his bringing up of the boy.

He went down on his knees and prayed, and this time he felt he had received an answer. He sat up, overjoyed, and praised God, for now, whatever might happen to the boy, he knew that Sonny was innocent, for he knew also, that it is no crime to love someone, whatever their race might be. With a refreshed and renewed soul, he closed the back door for ever.

Jean Barry, Std. 8.

INNOCENCE

Sottly,
as the golden rays of morning
wing the earth
and awaken the timeless slumber of the past void—
A tiny
Happiness peeps at
the world through a blanket of
curiosity—
Praising the light of the new day from its bed
of radiant colour.

Jean Barry, Std. 8.

THE SOUTHERN CIRCUIT RACE

(This essay won a First Prize in the Senior Section of the Navy League Essay Competition)

Crash! Bang! I woke up from a deep sleep to hear cups and cutlery clattering and falling about. For a moment I did not realise where I was, but when I sat up and looked around, I knew.

Exactly three weeks previously I had seen an advertisement in the newspaper which had made my eyes gleam. A girl who could cook, sew and find her sea legs quickly was wanted to join the crew of a yacht sailing in a race. The yacht was the 60 foot sloop "SEAFARER". The race was the Southern Circuit Race in which 16 craft were racing across the oceans of the Southern Hemisphere. I was very lucky in being selected to join the crew.

The day of the race dawned fine. At fifteen hundred hours, the starting cannon was fired and all 16 boats left Cape Town for Sydney with a fair wind.

The skipper decided that we would head South towards the favourable Westerly winds which would begin to be found at about latitude 38 S, some two hundred and forty miles south of Cape Town.

As we approached our latitude, the wind began making from the west more and more strongly until it was blowing a steady 30 knots. At this point we bore off to an easterly course, heading slightly below our proper course for Australia so that we were converging on to latitude 40 S. As we progressed the wind was increasing and the seas becoming more turbulent and bigger in size. We were now in the Roaring Forties.

We had reduced canvas and were down to a storm mainsail and storm spinnaker and it was this that had woken me. The crests of the swells were about two hundred metres apart and the valleys in between were 12 to 15 metres below the crests. One tended to lose wind in the valleys but it would hit with a terrifying force as the swell passed under the ship and the sails filled. This continued for three weeks until we altered course to make up to Sydney.

Thirty two days after leaving Cape Town we arrived in Sydney, where we found that although we were only fifth in we had a good chance of being placed first on handicap.

After two weeks in Sydney, we started oil on the longest leg of the race to Rio de Janeiro. The passage from Sydney to New Zealand is noted for the sudden storms that spring up and for us there was no exception. One night we were blown almost flat by a sudden squall coming from a different direction. However, having passed New Zealand, we had steady winds and good weather.

Uppermost in everyone's mind, however, was the ordeal of Cape Horn. We arrived at, and rounded Cape Horn, however, in the same wonderful conditions we had been experiencing during the past four weeks.

In the lee of the South American continent we found much lighter winds and adverse currents but eventually we arrived in Rio de Janeiro 43 days out from Sydney.

After two weeks in Rio, we left for the shortest leg of the race but we would have to sail hard because

we had slipped back to fourth place on handicap. One morning we woke up and found a school of porpoises playing in front of the yacht. They were fascinating and during the three days they stayed with us, we got to know them quite well.

After 24 days at sea we sailed into Table Bay, coming second overall.

So we completed a fabulous sailing experience which has really whetted my appetite for more yachting adventures!

Erica Graham, Std. 8.

THE YACHT "RED EMU"

The "Red Emu" was lying becalmed in the "Horse Latitudes", and had been for the last week. The crew were ravenous and had been living on Watney's Red, or playing cards and smoking cigarettes for that time. Owing to this most peculiar diet they were prone to extremely irrational actions. A dastardly gang of man-eating fish, tired from their game of Russian roulette, swam playfully up to the "Red Emu" and viewed her and the crew with hungry interest. After a heated argument, they decided to fetch their fishing lines, ketchup, hamburgers and Kentucky fried chicken, so that they could go "menning".

After fetching their "menning equipment" they swam back to the "Red Emu" with malicious grins on their scaly countenances while they playfully jabbed one another with their seaweed and bone fishing-lines. When they were relatively close to the "Red Emu" they threaded the bait (hamburgers and Kentucky fried chicken) on to the fishing lines. With an expert flip of their bony fins, they cast these delicacies on to the deck.

The crew, who had spent most of the night drinking, were lying in an intoxicated stupor and not wanting to wake up and find the hunger pains of the previous day still heavy on them. In the end it was the skipper who eventually went up to the deck. He was a scrawny man with a red moustache and beard, and he looked very much like a lobster. The skipper looked at the bait for a full few minutes before he realised what it was. The realisation galvanised him into action and he rushed down the companion-way into the cabin to tell the rest of the crew. After hearing this incredible news, they eyed him with disbelief, very much wishing that he was the animal he so much resembled.

Eventually they agreed to go up to the deck just to humour the skipper. They lumbered up to the deck declaiming that the skipper was mad. As soon as they caught sight of the Kentucky fried chicken and hamburgers appetisingly poised on the edge of the deck they just stood in disbelief, and when the circumstances had registered, they jostled and sprawled violently towards the dainties. The skipper bit first and two inches of bone embedded itself into his palate. His scream was a mixture of delight mingled with surprise at the pain in the back of his throat. The others followed him, and were simultaneously caught by the cruel "mennerfish" to disappear into the shadowy depths forever.

Margaret Adam, Std. 8.

THE ABANDONED YACHT

The day on which "The Princess" was to take off for the exotic Isle of Perlos, our captain Glenn Hughes who was the only experienced yachtsman among us, was impatient to catch the high tide so as to make it across the sand-bank. Our crew were just as anxious to begin their adventures across the mysterious Atlantic and did not pay heed to the fact that the whole idea had only been formed a week before by Glenn, who had decided his luxurious yacht needed exercise and his five personal friends, his mistress of the moment included, deserved a well-earned holiday. This was the reason for the happy gathering aboard "The Princess" on September 12th, 1972.

For the first few days the seas remained relatively calm and the excited and merry party continued their little games on deck (and below) not knowing the events that the future held in store for them. The crew consisted of Glenn, Tracey Reeves and her husband, Jeff, Rosemary Wheeler and her loving and unsuspecting husband Arthur. The other member, the cook, was for purely functional purposes without social status in our lives. As I tell this story, I remain the only clue left to the puzzle which was found floating, undisturbed in calm seas, in the Atlantic.

Overnight we ran into bad weather and the awful, brewing storm exploded. The seas seemed to come from every angle, steep walls breaking over deck and the unsuspecting "Princess" took a heavy pounding. Their dreams having been spoilt, Jeff, Tracey and Arthur retired to their cabins. Unused to the erratic nature of the sea, they all three became seasick and I found myself nursing the white-faced and frightened patients. Rosemary remained with Glenn at the wheel and behaved as if the storm had been arranged for her special entertainment. She simply adored gales and storms and it was impossible to keep her in her cabin.

Arthur, Jeff and Tracey came up willingly on deck for fresh air after three days and it was not long afterwards that I heard shouts, the running of feet, and calls of "man overboard". What I first noticed when I came up on deck was the change of colour of the sea. I very soon determined that this molten brass colour at the side of the yacht was caused by the mingling of blood with the water. Glenn had fallen overboard and the appetites of the ever-hungry sharks had been fulfilled for the time being.

We were unable to find time to mourn over the misfortune of Glenn because our own fate was foremost in our minds. Without Glenn, our knowledge of sailing did not exist, and after a few futile attempts to maintain the functioning of the engine we allowed ourselves to drift in the choppy waters. The food supply grew short and we were forced to ration ourselves until this remaining supply too ran out. This was the reason for the excited behaviour of "the crew" when we spotted an island in the distance. Rosemary had taken charge of the other members since the absence of Glenn and decided that they would all go across to the island in the rubber dinghy. I refused to be involved in this decision because of the cross currents and high waves

which presented an extreme danger. Accompanied by my protests, they set off on their pitiful journey and were never seen again.

I remembered the saying "Patience is a virtue" and waited until the yacht drifted near to shore. As I come to the end of my story, which I tell to my son, I dream beautiful thoughts of the black-limbed wife that was once mine.

Glynnis Underhill, Std. 8.

BUTTERFLY

Hold
a butterfly,
and you hold in your
quivering hands . . .
Fleeting perfection.

Terry Lloyd-Roberts, Std. 9.

REALISATION

The cool of the forest calmed me.
Long needles of light
had only just found their way
to the ferned floor,
where they gathered the leaves, sewing them into a
fragile net
of gold.
As I watched,
a reynard, with burning tail
stalked past me.

A scream
shattered
the
silence
into a mosaic
of
fire.

The rabbit lay among the leaves.
Stunned, I turned
through the dim columns of shade, groping to understand.

Then,
deep in the delicate filigree of a fallen trunk,
the silky tube of an oiled snake
lay coiled.
Sun gleamed on gilded scales
and glassy eyes.

My brain stuck.

Then
so fast I could not follow it,
this shining thread
slid over the black rot
into a hole,
snatched
at a small egg — corn-flower coloured
and was gone.

I stood bewildered,
then turned and moved away
from the refuge of the trees,
to stare at the gleam of steel
far
on the horizon.

L. Beer, Std. 9.

THE PROBLEMS OF BOOKS

Civilisation today is heading for a major crisis. And, what is worse, we are unaware of it, to such an extent that we encourage it. But I feel that the time has come when this "enlightened" age should be made fully conscious of this evil influence and stifle it, before it is too late! This Evil is: The problems of books.

"What problems?" you will gasp, abashed. This proves that men have lived in disastrous ignorance ever since Gutenberg screwed the last bolt into place. The fact is that books are addictive. I myself know of at least a hundred main-liners. And how many of us can honestly survive without books? Civilisation depends on them, and no-one can argue that such a deep dependence is a good thing.

From our childhood we are guided by addicts to believe that to survive one must be educated by reading. Away with instinct! A dirty word, "for the birds" exclusively. Learning is "the scene". Look at the results! Instead of a development of your own and emotions you are influenced by what others write. Nations of sheep emerge, incapable of forming their own opinions, following blindly what the last man wrote, and craving for more.

A few sensitive, conscientious homines sapientes rebel against this unnatural desire to learn, but they meet such opposition that the majority turn to books to be "with it", because of force (usually parental), or to get away from it all.

Books not only influence thought, but actions as well. They give a man ambition to be above his fellow men! The result is that the addict rules the normal man who has not "blown instinct" for the sake of "getting high". A sad state of affairs!

As for the pushers, commonly known as authors, they are becoming more and more prolific. It is a well-paid job if they can succeed in hooking the public on their own brand of novel. And as the demand is so great, this is no longer an art.

Books are a criminal offence, and should be banned, being influential to the nation's detriment. You, the reader, have just proved this by reading this essay.

Dawn Gärish, Std. 9.

MEMORY

A cat walked on this page,
Just as I was trying to remember
How you left.
And I tried to put it into words;
But these forgotten footprints describe it best
How you left
On silent, forgotten feet
Leaving only a memory
printed
on my mind.

L. Beer, Std. 9.

RAIN

It rained yesterday;
and I felt like dancing with the raindrops
as they flowed through me;
I laughed yesterday
as the raindrops dappled
my smiling face
and danced on the earth at my feet.

D. Westcott, Std. 9.

FLOOD

Marjorie was a sentimental woman, too sentimental her husband thought, remembering the loud emotional sobbing which was a regular feature at the local cinema and the ceaseless sobbing over some book. But although he laughed at her and gently teased her about this weakness, he pampered her, buying the "soppy" stories she loved, for as he said, she was a good wife to him.

She in her turn bore with his weakness and did the household work willingly for she adored him. In spite of their little failings and troubles, the little house ran smoothly as if it were on wheels. Their crops were regular and good and although they were not wealthy, they had enough.

The fields outside were green and while the winter rains battered on the outside thatch, inside the fire was burning brightly. They lived their life with the occasional outing or tiff, but on the whole as contentedly and as regularly as a cliché.

And then the floods came . . .

Tragedy struck the small farm and the nearby dwellings, when the usually gentle meandering river burst its banks and covered the green fertile land with the red blood of the earth.

The roads were impassable and the land was covered in treacherous, eddying water. The world seemed bigger now as the land became one large expanse of water but Marjorie did not know how small it was to become.

One day when Peter was out doing salvage work on the farm, trying to save a cow from drowning he slipped and fell into the river. He was caught by a current and swept away.

They found the body a few hours later and noted the unusual serenity on the face of the drowned man.

But when they told Marjorie about her husband's death, she was silent. And they felt strangely moved as they looked at the face of the woman who could not cry.

Josephine Frater, Std. 9.

DOCILITY

(This essay won the United Building Society Award in "Dialogue")

A little icicle of sunlight slipped through the window, slid over the pock-marked sill and fell to the floor in a pale yellow streak. The cat hiccupped, then half closed its eyes in befuddlement.

"Oh, how undignified!" cried the girl at the far side of the room. "Don't you think it so undignified of a cat to do that, Matthew?" Matthew was silent; the girl's outraged cry had disturbed the equilibrium of his thoughts and he hung suspended. "No," he said, at length, "I think it looks more dignified now than ever." They contemplated the cat for a few seconds; it was completely oblivious of being talked about.

"It looks like you," said Dominique at last; her mouth twitched slightly at the corners with disgust. . . . "Quite absurd," she added, and regretted it immediately. Matthew stood up and sauntered across to the cat; it lay in the piece of brightness and he stood over it so that the sun shot in shafts up his legs like cold flame. It was true that he looked like a cat. He had an air of infinitely soft dignity, suggesting that whatever he did would be justified; he was what he was. He faltered. Then he turned and sat down again, and the cat, hearing a clatter in the kitchen half twisted itself in the air and streaked through the door.

"What vulgarity. The absolute epitome!" cried Dominique triumphantly; her voice sounded like the cry of a strange bird, weird and inhuman. Matthew looked at her; she was really so beautiful, so infinitely dark and bright, so very indignant and perplexed by everything. They attracted and repelled each other.

He ignored her and picked up a snuffbox from the table beside him and rubbed the carved wooden lid. Dominique was looking at him; she felt she should have apologised; she knew she ought to but could not. Her eyes glowered unhappily and she thought she would die of humiliation because he would not speak; but still she could not bring herself to apologise. Matthew fingered the blunt little knobs on the snuffbox and imagined that "the epitome" must be like the tip of a pyramid, so sharp and bright that to touch it with one's finger would leave a tiny burning sensation at the tip.

"Look," he said, "doesn't this look as though it were made by a Swede?" He had put the box down and was showing her the tiny, succulent cluster of a desert rose that stood on the window sill. So perfect in its simplicity, it looked as though it were made of a greenish purple opal, rounded on the softened pointed tips of the leaves, then dusted over with pewter. The girl was sullen. "I think it's ugly—perfectly hideous, and you were bound to like it." She could not believe that she could sound so petulant, yet she could not prevent herself from speaking to hurt him. She saw that he was rubbing the top of the ridiculous little box again and it irritated her. Matthew felt the little bumps again. He hated the way Dominique must always blunt the "epitome" for him, the way she must capture and rub down everything bright and infinite with her words because it destroyed for him a pleasure that she could not

understand well enough to share. She was quite frail though, and perhaps she was tired, so he said nothing and knew he was lying.

The silence was quite ruby red with hatred. Matthew got up and fetched his coat from the hall; he could not bear it any longer and he could not trust himself to speak for she would know how he was had been and she did not look up. He guessed she was crumbling, so he fretted internally and tortured himself with self abuse for letting her destroy him with her childish rebukes. He looked in at the door. "Goodbye," he said, and involuntarily a little smile crept to his lips. The girl was sitting where the sun was about to cry because her eyes glistened, faceted. He softened; she was such a child really; so he left her.

The evening was frosty and a chilly mist was suspended just above the ground. The trees looked cold and were blue in the light. Matthew stuck his hands in his pockets and shivered. He was still shivering when he reached the top of the street. He would not shut himself in his room and drink himself to sleep, he thought, that was too sordid, and besides, he didn't much care for drink. He would . . . he didn't know . . . sleep if he could. The smile was still on his lips and he wondered if the frost would settle on them eventually.

Julia Paley, Std. 10.

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS"

Emily Brontë's use of nature in the book.

Charlotte Brontë described her sister's novel as "moorish and wild, as knotty as a root of heath".

Indeed the wild, untamed moors play an all-important part in the novel, serving not as a mere background, but being the very spirit of the characters.

Emily Brontë dreams up a world of her own as the setting of her book. The two houses, Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange, seem two very distant places, separated by the vast, tempestuous moorland, and yet they are strangely isolated, cut off from our ordinary world. This alone lends credence to the story.

The story itself is brought about by the elements when a snow-storm forces Mr. Lockwood to spend the night at Wuthering Heights, where his curiosity is aroused by a dream in which Catherine's spirit begs him to let her in. In reality, this "ghost" is a branch brushing against the window-pane in the rushing wind.

One is always conscious of the dominating spirit of the countryside, constantly affecting, controlling and emphasising the drama of human emotion. There is a violent thunderstorm the night on which Heathcliff disappears, and there is a melancholy, autumnal atmosphere when Cathy is upset at the prospect of her father's approaching death, which brings a winter into her life. The elements play an essential part in expressing the moods of the characters, both stormy and calm.

Throughout the novel, Emily Brontë's practical theory is reiterated. Heathcliff and Catherine, both passionate, intense and stormy people, are incompatible with the more conservative characters of calm, Isabel and Edgar. Because the affinitive spirits

are separated, disharmony reigns.

At the end of the novel there is the suggestion that the two children of love, with mixed spirits of calm and storm, Cathy and Hareton, will restore the natural harmony and find eventual peace in life together.

Catherine is obsessed with the moors because they form her very nature, and during her long illness she cannot bear to remain closed within the house. "I wish I were out of doors! I wish I were a girl again, half savage and hardy, and free . . . I'm sure I should be myself were I once among the heather on those hills."

Heathcliff, too, is an embodiment of the violent, turbulent moors, and when he is dying "the room was filled with the damp, mild air of the cloudy evening; and so still, that not only the murmur of the beck down Gimmerton was distinguishable, but its ripples and its gurglings over the pebbles, or through the large stones which it could not cover." In spite of his nature, one does not condemn him for what he does—it appears to be the driving force of the moor spirit that compels him to do so.

Emily Brontë's descriptions of nature are not verbose by any means, but their simplicity and the economy of words conjure up an atmosphere which is strangely tangible. It is almost as if the characters of the book are palpable forms of the elements, spirits that will be free only when their human bodies return to the dust of the moors.

A fitting ending to the novel that is so intensely concerned with nature is Mr. Lockwood's last visit to the kirk; the final calm in the storm-swept lives of the characters. "I lingered round them, under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth."

Nature is the dominating force of the novel, the driving power behind the motives and passions of all the main characters.

Gaile Parkin, Std. 10.

FREAKS

The sky was something that Turner might have painted, after the lightning and the mushrooms and plate fungus arose in bubbles on the trees by the waterfall. They were pale honey-coloured and spattered with white as though a calf had sneezed milk on them, then licked the creamy skin of the girl who splashed in the stream. She was spattered with mud and was alternately picking off the heads of the bulrushes, throwing them on the dry stones and at the man leaning against a tree on the bank, and getting more spattered. The man was chewing a reed and tearing the frayed ends of the stalk all the way up so that when he held it up to the light, he could see all the vessels, transparent as green glass.

"You look like a speckled toad," He took the reed from his mouth and threw the mangled green thing into the water. "Turn round, let me see if you have toady eyes." The girl turned around and stood

smiling at him; her long cotton skirt was hitched up but it was wet all the same; it was all she wore and she was pregnant.

"Here?" She touched her forehead and water ran down her nose.

"Yes," he said, "Like a cyclops, a jewelled, pebbly cyclops. You would make a very good toad."

The girl shaded her eyes with her hands and looked towards the hill. There was an old stone house on the top and the side of the hill continued for a hundred yards around it and fell abruptly. She could see people tending the vegetable patches at the back and far, far beyond people working in the fields; some of them were making their way through the sodden wheat towards the house. They were still in the process of laying it over the ricks; perhaps it had been ruined; one man was leading a huge chestnut dray and even from here she could see the rain glistening on his flanks and waterdrops flying from his tail when he flicked it. She turned towards the man; he was leaning against the tree still, with one leg drawn up and the other stretched into the water in an appropriate Robin Hood attitude. He was chewing another reed.

"Do you think the rain will have spoilt the wheat?"

Her companion didn't answer her; it was not worth worrying about whether the crop was spoilt or not, he thought; he had other things to worry about. He thought he would let everyone else worry for him for a change and perhaps the commune would find some other way of supporting itself during the winter; it always did. He looked at the girl who would have his child. He had never felt the necessity of marriage and at the commune one did not need the formal ceremony; it was an accepted thing. Yet the household had acquired the reputation amongst the neighbouring farms of a promiscuous community. Allegedly they were growing opium and one neighbour even declared that they had practised witchcraft on her cat. Gregory did not care; they could think what they liked. He stood up.

"Come, toad, we'll go up now, it's nearly tea-time." The girl splashed out of the stream and collected the bulrushes and the two made their way up the red earth road towards the farmhouse, the girl's heavy breasts swinging. It was quite cold suddenly. They both felt it as they went to join the rest of the commune, the freaks, the drop-outs of society, in their communal "freak-house".

Julia Paley, Std. 10.

TIN GODS

Slumped over the wooden counter, he alternately screwed up his eyes and stretched them as wide open as he could, pulling absurd faces in the process. A grimy finger traced the white circular stains left by glasses over the years, and toppled into the holes in the pock-marked, irregular surface. The counter was grimy with the sweeping of sweaty arms and spilled drinks, the dank atmosphere heavy with beery body-odour. He heard snatches of others' conversation:

"I'm telling you, he's the kind what calls a spade a spade." "No, he doesn't he calls it a bloody

shovel," and the ribald guffaws rang out yet again.

Annoyed, he wrenched himself from the counter and staggered outside. Missing his footing, he slipped in the gutter and lay there, momentarily concussed. He watched a stream of blood from his gashed lip mingle with the dirty water and trickle away.

"Oh God!" he thought, "why the hell do I drink so much?" He peered curiously at the tin can he still held in his hand.

"I'd better move—cops'll be along soon," he thought slowly, and lifted his head hesitantly from the gutter, opening his mouth to let the water trickle out. As though in pain, he raised himself on hands and knees, and crawled forward. Maudlin tears began seeping from his already red-rimmed eyes.

"Oh God, oh God," he muttered continuously.

A black-booted, long-haired hippie detached himself from the lamp-post across the road and strolled towards him. Cigarette stub protruding proudly from the corner of his mouth, the hippie laughed mockingly, lifted his boot and overturned the drunk. He searched the pockets deftly, but found nothing. With a final disgusted kick, he swaggered off.

After a while, the drunk began to crawl again. Fantastic hallucinations convinced him that he was being pursued, and he scrambled along hastily, comically, pathetically on all fours, weeping brokenly, head hanging.

He found himself entering a dark alley, which smelt foully. He slowed his pace somewhat, and tried to gaze around, but his eyelids were swollen and his vision blurred.

He leapt sideways, hare-like, when a bottle rolled against his hand, and screamed brokenly when a ragged newspaper wound itself about his legs. His mind swam, and frantically he sought refuge.

His groping hands encountered something hard, cold and unyielding. It extended up and up and up. He was violently startled.

"It is the tin god," was the only lucid thought his mind could formulate, and he retreated terrified. Determined that it should not exact its penalty, he collected rotten fruit and other soft objects, and began pelting the "god". When the invincible object remained motionless, he threw stones, pieces of glass, and empty cans frenziedly at the monster. They ricocheted off the "god" with a clang, and struck him. He thought that the "god" was throwing the stones back at him.

"I've angered the god . . . it will kill me!"—and in a desperate effort at self-preservation, he flung hard objects even more violently at the "god", which in turn struck his entire body repeatedly.

They found him there a few days later, already rotting, a gash in his temple.

"Poor bastard! Lookit him lying there at the foot of a bloody dustbin like it was a tin god or something," they said, unwittingly truthful, but they failed to notice his smaller tin gods, emptied of their contents, lying scattered about him in the alley.

Sharon Bosma, Std. 10.

THE SWORD IN THE STONE: WHITE.

How the Wart's Adventure trained him for future Kingship.

When the embryo of Man stood before his Creator and humbly chose to make do with what he had already been given, he was allotted the highest position in the natural world, as the intellectual animal. The other embryos chose to change their hands for spades, their mouths for weapons, their skins for shields and various other adaptations for survival in the world; they were the lower animals, the "specific" ones who had thus restricted themselves to one environment, one way of life. Man had retained all his potential which was almost limitless and very varied.

The Wart listened to the Badger's version of the Creation as a member of the lower animal kingdom for the last time; his special education was at an end and from this point he must act as Man, king of the earth, and, later, king of kings.

The Wart's parentage was dubious; he had had disreputable beginnings; nevertheless he was a king—a not-very-bright one, but a king all the same. His special education as king had begun when he was born. Merlyn, the back-to-front necromancer, had borne him to the castle of the Forest Sauvage where he was to be brought up as the son of his foster-father, the red-faced, bumbling Sir Ector. In this country household the Wart, who was by nature an affectionate, sincere and generous boy, learned what it was to be "nobody" in particular, with disreputable beginnings" as his foster-brother Kay, the true son of Sir Ector, constantly reminded him. Kay was clever, sarcastic and neurotic, and always a cut above the humbled Wart.

The second part of the Wart's special education commenced when some kind of force in Merrie Old England sent Merlyn himself to be the boys' tutor in general, and the Wart's in particular—or rather the Wart stumbled on him in the Forest Sauvage whilst trying to recapture the mad goshawk, Cully.

The eccentric magician had been given the power to change Wart into any member of the animal kingdom he pleased.

"I have learnt much," the Wart told Merlyn, when for the last time he was to be an animal. Indeed he had; he had been a fish in the castle moat and had learnt that to swim a fish must "put his back into the effort" and he had experienced the terror of encountering the Pike, with his sad, powerful face and his terrible mouth—the dictator.

As an ant he had experienced the conditioned, unseeing, unfeeling and unthinking life as part of a communal animal group—the ants' nest. He had felt the dreary sameness, the monotony of being merely a number, with a communal stomach in a communist society in which "everything that was not forbidden was compulsory".

As a wild goose he had experienced the freedom of a new dimension, the air and the wind which went to nowhere and came from nowhere. He had migrated with his flock, sung songs with them in ecstasy, and had befriended a female goose, Lyo Lyock, who had taught him all the little ways of the geese who knew no boundaries. He had learnt that where there are no boundaries there are no wars;

in the language of the geese there was no word for war.

The Wart had been a merlin amongst the hooded hawks in the mews and had seen their own kind of discipline in the form of a military hierarchy. He had during his initiation experienced the madness of Cully and had flown with Merlyn's faithful, distinguished companion, Archimedes, the owl, and met the goddess of wisdom, Athene, Archimedes's tutelary goddess.

The Wart had been beast of Earth, Water, Fire and Air, he had been lonely and foolish, joyful and wise, he had loved, hated, wondered and learnt all the little ways and feelings of his future subjects—he had been slave and king—to what ends the Wart did not know, and it is only at the end of the book that he learns. As he struggles to pull the sword from the anvil in the old churchyard he hears music and over the courtyard walls pour all his old friends.

"Put your back into it," cries the Pike.

"Remember your strong fore-paws," advises the Badger, and one by one all the animals remind him of what he has learnt from them. And then the Wart realises; he ceases to struggle, and with all the strength of character and mind that he can summon, he pulls the sword from the stone as gently and as easily as if he had been taking it from its sheath. He has learnt from the animal kingdom all the harmony of the natural world and as Man he must use his knowledge of his subjects as Man should, and as king of kings should, for surely to be a great king he must be a great person and he must know every last inch of his kingdom and be as sensitive to his subjects as though he knew and loved each one of them personally.

The tale is gentle and humorous and charming, yet there is an underlying sadness which forgets itself briefly in Merlyn, who with his foresight, or hindsight, knows something that the Wart does not. He has been an instrument in the making of a king, a great and gentle king with glorious times ahead of him . . . and sad times too—for he will be a sad king who will both succeed and fail and struggle with himself endlessly, as men do.

It is when the proud and sarcastic Kay and his father Sir Ector kneel before the young King of England that we see the sadness exposed raw and broken at the surface for a brief moment, and yet it is a very beautiful moment.

I feel this is a tale of great humanity. It is a whole philosophy.

Julia Paley, Std. 10.

MY CREED

As I live in solitude, my thoughts are simple and I have one true belief: I believe that to live alone is to be one of the happiest people alive. The sense of isolation is an experience totally different from the feeling of loneliness in a large city. Here, on the edge of the sea; there are no human beings and there is only the companionship of the wild birds and rabbits. In the city there are people but there is also a barrier between you and the many strangers you see. You can never communicate with people if you live among them, but are separate from them, whereas you may always communicate with nature. Living in solitude, a person becomes aware of his

surroundings, experiences the relief from tension and pressure and breathes in the unearthly beauty of the land around him.

I live on the northern coast of Scotland, next to the sea, with no human nearer than four miles away. My house is a wooden, two-roomed shack, built on the side of the sloping hill that leads to the sea. I believe that to live in a small dwelling rather than a chandelier-hung mansion, is to feel an unbounded sense of freedom that can only be surpassed by the soaring gulls as they wheel over the sea, joining the white, clustered islands together with their wings.

I need not earn my living, for what I need I can normally find on the beach. My food consists of fish, shell-fish and rabbits with the occasional egg, which I cook over my little log fire. Matches are admittedly hard to come by, but the stone age method of fire-lighting is sufficient if you have endless patience. My furniture consists of a bed made of fish boxes, a table made of fish boxes and chairs made of fish boxes. The only objects that are not made of this fish-smelling wood are those I have found washed up on the shore: a zinc bath tub, a hot water bottle and a ship's funnel which has since been used as a chimney.

People might well wonder why I believe that these objects bring happiness. They come from the land which I love, and are not manufactured in bulk in the cities. They are solid, comfortable objects, not valuable decorations that must be kept neat and tidy in case visitors come to see you. The only visitors I ever have are the courting drakes who sit on my doorstep, uttering their deep crooning sounds that echo back from the lichen-covered rocks, and the oyster-catchers that sit on the roof, restlessly piping and waiting for the tide to turn. I need not worry about curious neighbours and odd busy-bodies. The only friends I have who are bothered with this problem are the common gulls who are beady distrustful of the coarse language of their neighbours, the black-backed gulls.

Who can compare the mist-hung mountains to the smog-carpeted skyscrapers, the thick grass studded with primroses and violets to the tarred roads, the pale blue-and-gold spring mornings to the cloudy, smoke-filled air of the city? Only those who live in this land with its westerly gales that shake the foundations of houses and its peaceful evenings that envelop the country in calm, can appreciate my belief that isolation is more wonderful than any other joy in the world. Even my little terrier believes utterly in his present life. He does not have the worries of a town dog who tries to carry a six-foot pole through a two-foot gate that leads to his tiny backyard. Indeed, there are no fences, gates or backyards to prevent him from wandering where he pleases. He need never fear being lost, for the sea and the sand are his home.

The freedom of the clear brook, as it tumbles between the oaks over the moss stippled with scarlet toadstools, is a symbol of my belief. It laughs its joy to the lichen-embroidered rocks as I laugh mine to the carefree wind. Should anyone wish to follow my creed, he need only seek a sheltered solitude of peace and he will find his happiness among the desolate grandeur of the snow-dusted mountains.

Sara Knight, Std. 10.

MAGIC

The word magic is derived from the Persian word, *Magus*, meaning a wise man or soothsayer. We come across this word in its plural form, *Magi*, as the Three Wise Men from the East.

Magic has been practised since very early times and even today there still exist magicians and witch-doctors among the primitive societies where it is considered as a living reality. It is not merely a belief, but an art with a very practical purpose: for instance; bringing rain to crops, warding off evil, death or disease, winning the heart of a loved one or bringing victory in battle.

It was by magic that man first tried to control nature. He did not understand how or why natural events such as storms and earthquakes occurred and attributed them to magical powers. If, by chance, he heard a bird cry directly before rain, he would accept the fact that the rain was brought by the cry and imitate the bird in order to invoke magical aid.

Every act of magic is characterised by things said, things done and a person in command. The spell is regarded as the essential part of the magical act. It is usually handed down from antiquity.

The Pythian Oracles at Delphi were originally delivered in rhyming hexameters, rather than simple prose. This was not merely by chance, for verse was easier to memorise. The Pythian priestesses did not, however, meet the same fate as the Polynesian practitioners who were killed if they failed to recite the spells perfectly.

In Elizabethan times, it was almost general practice to believe in witches and demons. Hence the unforgettable use of magic spells in *Macbeth*:

"Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake,
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing—
For a charm of pow'rful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble,
Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

Perhaps this magic of "*Macbeth*" came alive so vividly in the play, *uMabatha*, because the actors could identify themselves so convincingly with their roles; the phenomenon of which witchcraft is still a living reality in the African tribal community.

In South Africa, few White people realise the vital role magic plays to the vast majority—the Black people.

"The world of the Xhosa is both strange and mystifying, peopled by dark and powerful forces that surround and command the Xhosa's way of life. Customs, rites, rituals, devils, water-sprites and ancestral spirits make up an alien culture whose extraordinary complexity is bewildering." (*The Magic World of the Xhosa*, by Aubrey Elliot.)

The Xhosa believe that everyone is born healthy and when someone becomes ill, it is because he has been bewitched or failed to make proper sacrifices to the spirits of his ancestors.

The sorcerer or witch-doctor plays a dominant part in the Xhosa tribe. Whenever a problem arises or something strange happens, the people immedi-

ately consult him.

The witch-doctor heals with magic, but there is also a herbalist in each tribe. His function is to protect and immunise with herbal medicines. It is fascinating to read that he uses bats' wings, puff-adders, rats, locusts and lizards—akin to those things I mentioned earlier in the quotation from "*Macbeth*".

The misfortunes of the people also attributed to the *Tikoloshe*, a mischievous little man only two feet high, covered in grey hair and with a beard reaching his knees. He is naturally visible, but carries a pebble in his cheek which has the power of making him invisible.

A parallel to this myth can be found in Tolkien's "*Lord of the Rings*". The *Hobbits* are elvish, little men and the ring confers the power of rendering the possessor invisible. It is interesting that in today's insecure world a novel like this, about magical and fairy-tale people could have made such a literary impact. Is this escapism?

Science is filleting the flesh off the magic of life and thus reducing it to the factual bones. Magic—unexplained phenomena—is being scientifically investigated in the study of Extra Sensory Perception and psychokinesis, in America, particularly.

Even the detribalised African worker is in daily contact with magic. Urbanised African Mary follows her daily ritual of pouring white powder into her employer's mechanical miracle. She smiles complacently, adjusts her spectacles and reads: "ONLY 'MAGIC' MAKES WASHING A WHITE WONDER!"

Gayle Jooste, Std. 10.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH

What is death, that mysterious degree to which one freezes in winter and to which one laughs or cries oneself? It is the grand leveler which one must keep off the roads, that diminishes one who is involved in mankind, and it is the substitute for liberty that pays all debts. It is the wages of sin that must not be proud though some have called it mighty and dreadful.

Whatever death is, it has been an unalterable fact since the birth of man. Thoughts on the subject, however, have changed radically, even in the past few years. I noticed this particularly while I was watching a group of small boys in the playground.

Their game was orderly and disciplined, as they all stood side by side, perfectly still, facing the boy who was "on". This boy, I gathered, was the executioner, as it was to him that the first boy in the row declared the desired weapon of his death, namely a machine-gun. The executioner then delved into the depths of a nearby toy-box and produced a green, plastic rifle to which he attached a crank-handle. This he operated at full speed with extravagant sound-effects. The other boy made equally extravagant dying-noises as he clutched his ribs in agonising desperation and flung his contorted body to the ground, his final strength having failed him.

This show impressed me immensely, as I had never been particularly good at dying, myself. The other boys went on to choose their deaths by bow-and-arrow, rifle, hand-grenade, atom bomb and even letter-bomb. (Good gracious! The only weapon with which I was acquainted when I was at that tender

age was the dreaded, lethal cap-gun!)

The executioner was obviously a master of his trade and the dyers had their technique perfectly taped: the sudden agony, the final, vain struggle for life, and then the collapse with the ultimate relaxation and twitch of tormented muscles. My deaths, which always followed "got-you-didn't-didn't-die-shan't" arguments, were never so ornate. I would lie down carefully and settle into instant rigor mortis, with arms and legs outstretched.

To me, playing dead had been a loathsome task. Yet these boys were actually enjoying dying, savouring every instant of their deaths. When all were dead, the executioner chose the corpse that had died most elaborately to take his place and the game began again.

Children certainly know a great deal more about the fundamental details of death than they did a decade ago, yet the living adults are no nearer to discovering its mystery.

Sleep is often described as an image of death and "Macbeth" thought of it as "the death of each day". Having spent the afternoon dying, the boys went off home for their official daily death, and took all their artillery, excepting the cap-gun, with them. Someone had buried it in the sandpit. It was in there somewhere, but they were not interested in searching for it, because, after all, the death it brought about was too ordinary. I disagreed mentally, as I had always held a trepidatory respect for the cap-gun and the end it brought.

So they all moved off, leaving me alone next to the sandpit.

It's in here somewhere . . .

Gaile Parkin, Std. 10.

LES FOULES

Aujourd'hui on trouve les foules partout, dans les magasins, les théâtres, les cinémas, les gares. Il me semble qu'il y a trop de gens au monde, surtout dans quelques pays. Nous autres, en Afrique du Sud sommes très fortunés parce que notre population est encore petite et nous avons beaucoup de place autour de nous.

Je pense que les foules diversifient selon la saison. Par exemple, en été le monde se dirige ordinairement vers la plage et les stations balnéaires. On voit souvent les gens serrés comme des harengs en caque sur les plages en essayant de se bronzer. Pendant la belle saison il y a beaucoup de foires où les foules se réunissent. On voit des familles entières qui s'amuse dans la confusion et le bruit des troupes et des haut parleurs. Somme tout il y a tendance à faire tout en grand air.

Au cours d'hiver on trouve les foules dans les cinémas et les endroits chauds. Dans les pays où il neige on trouve beaucoup de monde aux stations de ski.

Aujourd'hui il est presque impossible d'aller nulle part sans trouver une foule. Moi, je déteste les foules parce que je suis claustrophobique. Je préfère me trouver au grand air.

Fiona Naude, Std. 9.

MORT MYSTÉRIEUSE A BORD D'UN PAQUEBOT

Le grand paquebot blanc faisait route, en pleine mer vers le sud. Le matin il faisait beau mais vers midi le ciel était couvert et il y avait une brume épaisse. Le Capitaine vit au lointain les contours vagues des rochers, mais il ne savait pas où gouverner le paquebot. Il était en nage, mais subitement il vit une mouette qui volait devant le vaisseau.

Cette mouette lui montra la route et il ne donna pas sur les écueils. Puis, sans motif, un voyageur la tua avec son fusil. Sur le coup de fusil les petites vagues devinrent de grandes vagues, la brume devint les nuées d'orage et le soir devint une nuit de tempête. Tous les voyageurs furent saisis d'effroi. Les femmes poussaient des cris et les enfants saissaient les robes de leurs mères.

Pendant la nuit la mer déchainée entraîna le paquebot encore vers les rochers dangereux. Le Capitaine était assis sur le pont en silence, son visage inondé de larmes parce qu'il ne comprenait pas pourquoi le voyageur avait fait un tel coup. Puis celui-ci saisit le fusil du Capitaine et se suicida. Tout à coup il y eut un éclat de lumière et la mouette vola en rond au dessus du Capitaine. Le Capitaine vit les rochers et il gouverna le paquebot vers un bord sûr. Le paquebot était sain et sauf et les visages des voyageurs et leur Capitaine étaient souriants et radieux.

Le plus curieux c'est que la mouette était comme l'albatross. Peut-être le voyageur était-il l'Ancien Marin réincarné avant la mort mystérieuse du voyageur.

Sara Knight, Std. 10.

TOE PA MY RAPPORT ONTVANG HET

Toe die vakansie teen die einde van verlede jaar begin het, was ek baie opgeruimd. Ses weke met geen werk en toetse of eksamen nie! Hoera! Vrolik het ek my boeke gepak en huis toe geloop.

Op pad huis toe het ek oor die afgelope kwartaal gedink. Skielik, soos 'n wolk die son bedek, het 'n groot skaduwee oor my geval en al my vreugde het verdwyn. My skoolrapport! My pa moes dit daardie aand of die volgende dag ontvang. Aangesien ek nie baie hard geleer het nie, het ek gedink dat dit 'n baie swak rapport sou wees en dit was waarom ek so benoud was.

Sleepvoetsond het ek verder gestap. My moeder was baie bekommerd oor my, want dis nie normaal dat 'n mens mismoedig voel net voor 'n vakansie nie! Gedurende die gejaag van die Kersteesinkopies het my swaarmoedigheid egter verdwyn, maar slegs wanneer ek in die donker in my bed gelê het, het ek baie bekommerd gevoel.

My rapport is 'n paar dae later afgelewer. Toe ek by die venster uitgekyk het, het ek die posbode my rapport in die posbus sien gooi. My hart het vinnig begin klop en ek het baie benoud geraak. Ek het in my kamer gesit en wag vir die ontploffing . . . Toe die uitbarsting nie kom nie, was ek verbaas.

Met bonsende hart het ek my toe maar sitkamer toe begewe om te gaan uitvind wat aan die gang is. Ek het glad nie in Pa se rigting gekyk toe ek die sitkamer binnesloup nie . . .

Pa het keel skoongemaak: "Erica, my dogter, ek . . . ons . . . ons weet nie wat om te sê nie,

Hierdie rapport . . .

Ek het afgekyk na my skoene. "Pa ek is jammer. Ek het probeer, maar . . ." Ek het opgekyk en tot my verrassing 'n uitdrukking van verrassing op sy gesig gesien.

"Waaroor is jy jammer? Ek is baie bly oor hierdie rapport. Jy het 'n goeie tweede klas behaal en dit is bo alle verwagting," het hy ernstig gesê.

My bene het lam gevoel. Ek het gaan sit. Toe dring alles tot my deur . . . Salige, heerlike wonderlike vakansie! Jou gaan ek darem geniet, hoor!

Erica Graham, Std. 8.

EK BESOEK MY GEBOORTEDORP

'n Paar maande gelede—gedurende die lente—het ek besluit om my geboorteplek, die bergagtige streek van Ceres, na jare weer te besoek. Ai, maar dit was 'n onvergeetlike dag.

Ek het 'n datum bepaal en al die nodige reëlings getref.

Vroeg die oggend het ek per bus vertrek. Toe ons deur Mitchelspan gery het, het ek verskriklik hartseer geword. Ek het onthou hoe ons destyds altyd hier stilgehou het om by tant Sannie en oom Karel koffie en beskuit te eet en sommer oor diëns en datjies te gesels, voordat ons weer ons reis voortgesit het. Die ou Fordkarretjie het dan weer moedig aangesukkel.

Ek het opgekyk na die indrukwekkende bergreekse en onthou hoe ons omtrent elke naweek daarheen gegaan het en hoe ons onder die brandende son

geklim het tot ons ou bestemde plekkie bereik het. Ek het hartseer geword, want my ouboet Jan wat altyd die vraag kos gedra het, was nie meer met ons nie.

Toe die bus by Ceres se stadsaal stilhou, het ek uitgeklim en na die kerk gestap om te sien hoe hul dit na die aardbewing herstel het. Dit was 'n hartroerende gesig, omdat hulle dit heeltemal verander het. Lelik, lelik, het ek gedink, maar wie is ek om die moderne argitekte te kritiseer?

Ek het met die straat afgestap totdat ek by Lelieblomweg gekom het. Sowaar, ver daaronder het ons ou huis gestaan. Ek het somaar vinniger begin loop, en my hart was vol beklemming. Maar ek was verniet bekommerd, dit het presies gelyk soos destyds! En die tuin was nog net so netjies en kleurrik!

'n Deftige dame was besig om in die tuin te werk en toe ek haar alles vertel het, het sy my binnegehoel en oor 'n koppie tee het ons heerlik gesels. Sy het my vertel hoe sy en haar man die huis vir 'n appel en ei gekoop het en toe presies gerestoureer het soos dit vroeër was. Toe haar man later binnegestap het, het ek hom dadelik herken—André, ons skoolhoof se rookop-sproetgesig-seun! En so het ek my dag by die vreemde vrou in ons ou huis deurbring.

Nou is ek tevrede—daar was hartseer en vreugde, maar ek dink tog nie ek sal gou weer 'n besoek aan dié ou plekkie bring nie. Ek word darem ook al te oud.

Elizabeth Jeffery, Std. 10.

The Hill Nursery School

This year has proved a very busy and successful one for the Hill. It was discovered towards the end of last year that according to Government regulations our playrooms were too small to offer the necessary opportunities for all-round development in the children, so they were enlarged. This did, however, mean that we had, once again, to revert to three and not four playrooms—but what a good decision this has proved. The bigger rooms have lent themselves to far greater stimulation by the staff for the children and during the wet winter months it has been a blessing having space for free play as well as for working at the various activities.

It was decided by the Parent Teacher Association to have only one fund raising effort this year. Once again a very successful dinner dance was held and enjoyed by all who attended.

Our P.T.A. meetings have been varied and interesting with three talks arranged for the parents. The first was a talk given by Dr. V. Buhrman on problems in young children, followed by many interesting questions. The second was a panel discussion by three Nursery School teachers—Mrs. Boyes from Barkly House, Mrs. Hurner from the Waldorf School, and Mrs. Pelt who follows Montessori principles. This meeting proved to be an interesting and stimulating one which triggered off a great deal of discussion. Mrs. Blaine from the Mannenberg Pre-School Centre was guest speaker at our third meeting. She gave a delightful sketch of what is being done at Mannenberg and it was at this meeting that the

P.T.A. handed over a cheque for R125 to be used for the further development of the centre. This was very gratefully accepted. Our final meeting, on the 21 October, which took the form of a cheese and wine evening, was an informal gathering of present and prospective parents at our annual exhibition of work. This provided a stimulating contact between parents and staff.

The children and staff have all enjoyed the outings that have been arranged this year. These included a visit to a factory, a train trip, a morning picnic at an old farm, but topping the bill was a bus ride to town to see a puppet show—The Lonely Giant at the Space Theatre. The results of these outings are always expressed on successive days in the children's creative work and also in their conversations and imaginative play.

The visit of the school Doctor on three days caused, in some cases, undue alarm, but in most, an exciting change from a normal day at school! We have also been visited at times by medical students from U.C.T. who are normally astounded at the capabilities of our young charges!

At present we are hard at work preparing for our Nativity Play which will climax the end of the year and will be followed by a Christmas party for everybody.

We have 65 children in the Nursery School at the moment and have had four qualified teachers, Mrs. Ashley, Mrs. Liefeldt, Mrs. Scholte and I. Next year

we will have only three qualified teachers, but will have a part-time secretary to do all the administrative work. We will be sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Scholte, a past supervisor of the School and Mrs. Liefeldt, both founder members of the school, at the

end of the year.

I would like to thank all our staff, teachers and helpers, for their hard work and support. We have a happy team.

J. Neaves, Supervisor.

Preparatory School News

Report of Senior Mistress

1974 has not been an easy year mainly because of the congestion arising from our limited space and increasing numbers. In 1973 we parted with our "big" diningroom to accommodate the Std. 1 class, and this year we used our "small" diningroom for the second Sub B class. The Hall, which is used for gym, singing, speech, films and ballet, is free for only one out of 41 periods in the week. Our cloakroom and some classrooms have been lifted to capacity and this has not helped the girls to be tidy or to look after their possessions carefully. We have literally been "bursting at the seams"!

In April of this year, the builders moved in to set about easing the situation. There has been great excitement and interest in the new buildings. The Sub B class watched their new classroom grow from scratch. The teacher, aided by the foreman, explained the intricacies of measuring, pegging out, digging trenches, laying foundations, laying bricks, putting in windows and doors, and plastering. This was a most stimulating project for the children and it was an exciting day when they moved into their new classroom.

With the advent of the new year, our new c'ass-room block with its spacious new cloakroom and toilet facilities, will be in full use, and I hope that our problems will be over.

We welcomed Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Ayerst and Mrs. Mordecai, to the kindergarten at the beginning of this year, and now we have a double stream functioning in this department. It is our aim to have two classes in each standard throughout the Prep School and by 1976 we hope this will be a reality.

Our kitchen has been converted into a classroom which will house the pre-school class next year. Lunch is now served at the Senior School for those who wish it.

We have not waited for the new buildings to be ready before introducing other changes. Money raised at the Fete in February has been used to buy equipment for the classrooms. We have invested in overhead projectors and tape recorders. The staff attended lectures on the use of the projector which they find a very valuable teaching aid. Tape recorders too have become part of our teaching practice both for pupil participation and for recorded programmes.

In August we bought a Computational Skills Development kit and an Arithmetic Fact Kit—commonly known as the Maths Lab. These are based on diag-

nostic tests which pinpoint weaknesses. Reference Cards set out different processes very clearly and simply to refresh the memory. The pupil uses the exercise cards for practice in the area of weakness. The children have enjoyed this self-help and the system has provided them with clearer insight into their own difficulties.

Miss Tremble took over the library at the beginning of the third term. This is a full time job and it is with great relief that we hand it over to someone who can do it justice. Her exuberant personality and wide knowledge make her a most stimulating librarian and there is no doubt that both staff and children have benefited tremendously from her presence in the Prep. School. Many new reference books have been bought and these are being used continually. Our system of teaching demands a good reference section, as pupils are expected to be able to find their own information for classwork, themes and projects.

We have also bought many new paperbacks which are attractively displayed so that their enticing covers tempt the children to read—and the children are reading.

Many pupils have been helped during the year by lessons with our remedial teacher, Mrs. Gillham. Some have needed a regular programme week by week, others have benefited by more intensive help over a shorter period. In the classroom she has worked with the teachers to eliminate specific weaknesses. Two pairs of hands are better than one in many situations and we are grateful to her for her flexibility. She also tests and observes reading, number and language skills throughout the School.

Our extra-mural activities continue to flourish. The girls did well in their Music, Speech and Ballet examinations, in spite of the raised standard. Our thanks go to the teachers for all their hard work.

Mrs. Hammond continues her work with the Scripture Union. A small but enthusiastic group meets every Wednesday at lunch time, and many interesting programmes have been arranged. The girls have taken an interest in the Ruby Adendorff Home and have visited it with gifts of food and clothing. We aim to teach the girls to read their Bibles regularly and to bring them into a Christian experience. It is important in a world of changing values and standards for them to have a firm foundation and a security in the knowledge of a personal Saviour.

Various charities have been supported again this year, among them are Tanda Bantu Creche, Mannenberg Creche, Cape Mental Health, Non-European Children's Holiday Camp and Recreation Association, Bantu Scholars' Fund, Grey Ladies, St. George's Home for Girls, and National War Memorial Health Foundation.

At the beginning of every term an afternoon has been set aside for parents to talk to the Staff informally. This provides a time for the inter-change of ideas and for discussing problems. It is our intention to extend this practice to the kindergarten next year. It has been gratifying to see parents watching the matches played in various sports against other schools. Your children need and value

your encouragement on these occasions. The inter-house Swimming Gala and Sports Day were well attended and most pleasant occasions.

I should like to thank Dr. Silberbauer for her unflinching support in every situation, the Preparatory and Kindergarten staff for their devotion to the children and their work and their loyalty to the School—and the House Staff and Domestic Staff for their co-operation. Without this we could not have achieved the happy atmosphere and made the progress which is so evident in every aspect of our school life.

Ad Dei Gloriam,

Patricia R. Brown.

Games Report

1974 saw an all-round improvement in sporting activities, and owing to the girls' enthusiasm and determination there have been many good results.

TENNIS

A new league, the Peninsula Primary Schools Tennis Association, to which the Prep. School is affiliated, was formed at the beginning of the year. This has proved very successful, and given the girls the opportunity of many more matches than in the past (many of them against boys' schools). The tennis team practised hard and the Open couple (Tracey van Eeden and Ruth Butters) were rewarded with a place in the finals of the Annual Inter-Schools Tournament. Jagger was the winner of an exciting and close Inter-House competition. A Junior and Senior Doubles Tournament was held during the 4th term, which, apart from being enjoyable, has served to improve the standard of the girls' tennis.

Sports Day

The determination of every competitor to do well for her House helped to make the Inter-House Sports Meeting an exciting and tense occasion with Rolt and Jagger tying for 1st place and Merri-man only 10 points behind.

NETBALL

Saturday morning matches were held regularly throughout the winter and by the end of the season all the teams were combining well. At the Inter-Schools Tournament, the U.12 team was the most

SWIMMING

Several galas were held during the first term, the climax of the season being the Inter-Schools Gala at Newlands. Herschel gained 4th place in both the swimming and the diving. We had a number of girls participating in the W.P. Junior Championships but special mention must be made of Susan Aronson who won the Under 8 Backstroke, Breaststroke and Freestyle titles. Gill Aronson and Tanya Honig won the U.10 and U.14 Backstroke events respectively. Our congratulations go to Gill and Susan on their selection for the W.P. team to take part in the S.A. championships in Bloemfontein. The Inter-House Gala was again the highlight of the swimming term and Merriman emerged as the winners in both the swimming and diving. A large number of girls have been working towards their Bronze and Silver Life Saving Examinations which they will take before the end of the term.

successful qualifying for the Semi-Finals. As with all the Inter-House events this year, the Inter-House Netball ended in a close finish, with Jagger winning by one goal.

HOCKEY

This was a popular game amongst the Std. 5's, who all showed much promise early in the season. Matches against the Std. 6's brought the hockey season to an end.

M. Cole-Edwards.

Preparatory Library Report

A library should not look like a bookshop: it should look well used and "lived in" and, in this regard, we think that the Preparatory School library has succeeded.

During the second term, parents, teachers and pupils worked very hard to raise funds to buy new books. They made the magnificent sum of R400 which was used to buy a wide and comprehensive selection of books when I arrived to take over as librarian at the beginning of the third term.

The accent now is on paperbacks which, apart from the cost factor, have the added appeal of attractive covers which create "impulse sales" rather as appetizing labels do in supermarkets!

Library classes have been started from Kindergarten level and during these weekly sessions the children are given lessons slanted towards general

knowledge, but with a strong literary bias.

It is essential that good reading habits are instilled from a very early age, especially with television pending, for the initial impact of this medium has a detrimental effect on reading. We aim to have our pupils so conditioned to reading, and so dedicated to reading, that when television does come they will not give up books.

The library is a cheerful place: the atmosphere is conducive to learning and now that there has been a weeding-out process, the books are in good condition and the selection wide and varied, and we hope to keep it that way. We try to keep the "don'ts" to a minimum. This does not mean that bad library manners are tolerated, but it does mean that we can exchange views and discuss books freely and in a relaxed manner, which is beneficial to all.

Inez Tremble, Librarian.



PREPARATORY SCHOOL LIBRARY

Original Work

Extracts from Essays from Std. 5 entitled THE REJUVENATION OF OUR LIBRARY

The library has changed a lot. The books are classified properly and there are no unclassified books lying around. The reference books are now all up-to-date because a lot of books have been bought with the money we collected.

We have library lessons and Miss Tremble teaches us all sorts of interesting things for example, Douglas Bader, and how Walt Disney founded Mickey Mouse. She is teaching us some of the Dewey numbers for different subjects and now I know that if I want to make an apple pie, I must look for it under 641.

I will be sad to leave Herschel Library behind when I go to Johannesburg.

Jane Pope.

* * *

For Standard 5 Alpha, Wednesday is now a very special day because then, in the last period before lunch, Miss Tremble takes us for a lesson. When passing the library at that time you can always hear either laughter or exclamations emitting from it. She keeps our attention riveted for 35 minutes and when, at the end, we rise to lead out, we stumble along still thinking about the hilarious or amazing facts that she had to tell us.

Caroline Dowdle.

* * *

To me our school library, or the "College of Knowledge" as Miss Tremble calls it, is the important and most interesting room in the whole school building because my motto is "A day without a book isn't a day".

Vivienne Horwood.

* * *

Firstly: the librarian has started a paperback collection of books because hardcovers are too expensive. Secondly: she has bought up-to-date reference books which we are now allowed to take out and, thirdly, she has bought books for Kindergarten level so that by the time the Kindergartens reach Standard 5, they will be familiar with the books in the library.

Leigh Mukheiber.

* * *

The library is a lively, interesting place with many new and exciting books. Reference books have been allowed out for the first time. There are talking signs such as "Look what's around the corner" and "Enjoy your reading this term". I look forward to my library lesson every week.

Janet Millar.

THURSDAY

When I grow up I am going to be a Mother beekoo I don't like been anything else.

Bronwyn McGillivray, Sub. A.

When I grow up I whod like to be a swimming teacher.

Bennita Oswell, Sub. A.

When I grow up I am going to be a housewife at home.

Megan Gawith, Sub. A.

CREATIVE WRITING

Once upon a time there was a fairy. She was a kind fairy wen a person was sik she wed make them better.

Sharon Werner, Sub. A.

Once upon a time it was a fairy it was flying around and around.

Jenny Young Thompson, Sub. A.

On Sunday I was a buwt to jup in the pool when I sor there was a horid frog in the pool I ran to my father and told him there was a frog in the pool and I was to frytn to swiem. My father sed I wont kill the frog my job is not to kill thig it is to set thig.

Nicola Caine, Sub. A.

A fairy is by a strem wen along cam a Queen and she was horible she seys way are you here in are green garden.

Camilla du Preez, Sub. A.

Wun day a girl fgot har tackies at home and the gamsteacher sed where is your tackies and the girl sed I fgot them at home.

Aletha Cruse, Sub. A.

Onse apon a time ther livd a witch how livd in a cottage wich was made cv bones she ate little children one day a little girl was the Queen's dater and that little girl had to jelus sistres one night ther parents went out and the three sistres ware left alone and the sistres ware horible they turled her out and she didnt no wher to go so by mistak she went to the witchis home and got eaten up.

Lindsay Ayerst, Sub. A.

SILLY WIG

One day Silly Wig was sitting in the sitting room with his mother. Now his mother was drinking beer and smoking at the same time. Silly Wig had never seen a sigare so he thought his mother was on fire. So he rushed to his mother shouting "Mother mother you are on fire" and he took hold of her beer and poured it over her. Silly Wig told me his mother smelt of beer for a whole week.

Ilse Richter, Sub. B.

MAURITIUS

At Mauritius the wind is so strong that the cows fly. In Mauritius your roofs come off. It is true because I know two people that are french, they live in Mauritius.

Clodagh Mannion, Sub. B.

HORSE

A mother Horse was waiting pashinly four her babby. At long last it came. It soon lirt how to trot and all the other things you no. But there was one thing that he was unhappy about. Becore his mother had told him sometime in his life there wood be a horib! thing. And he fowd out wot it was. The thing was that she wood one day leve him. The annmils in the farm trid to comfed him. But invane. Then Brany had an ideaer. He said to him when I was smor! my mommy whent awy from me and I am happy now.

Dorothy Thornton, Sub B.

ONS ONTBYT

Ons eerste maaltyd is die ontbyt en dit is my werk om die tafel te dek. Eers gooi ek die tafeldoek oor die tafel. Daarna bring ek die servette, messe, vurke, lepels en borde. Dan sit ek die borde op die tafel. Dan bring ek die brood, die konfyt, die botterpot, die suikerpot, die sout- en peperpotjies en 'n beker vol melk. Dan sit ek die koffie koppies op die tafel. Dan bring ek glase vir die melk en na ontbyt help ek moeder om die skottelgoed te was.

Belinda Morris, Std. 2.

DRAUGHTS

I am playing draughts,
I am nervous,
will I catch her
or will she catch me?
Will she see I'm there
and catch me out?
Oh dear she has,
It's my turn,
I move one,
She moves one,
Yeah I can catch her out,
Aren't I lucky I've nearly won!
It's your turn, I say don't dream
I want to play.
She has her turn,
and moves one space,
I have mine and I move,
I will not let her catch me now!
Hey don't cheat!
It's my turn now.
Oh well I won.
Let's go and have something to eat!

Sandra Line, Std. 2.

GOMI

Gomi gomi gomi gorgepus gomi
That was close. Oops! Silly!
Never mind I will get another turn.
Oh shame Jill was out too.
Oh it's Wendy, she'll never be out. Ho Ho!
My turn again. Now Deb jump high.
Yay, I made it but now its skinnies.
I hope I make it. Oh please Deb make it.
Can I have a P.C. please? No
I've got to jump in the correct way.
I made it brillis.
What should I do now?
I will do ninety-nines
I'll never be out. Oh Dear,
The Bells gone.

D. A. Arton, Std. 2.

ONS VRUGTEBOORD

My vader het 'n baie mooi vrugteboord op sy plaas. In sy vrugteboord is daar baie soorte vrugte. My vader snoei die bome in die winter en die bome bloei in die lente. In die somer is daar baie vrugte soos perskes, pruime, appelkose, pere, vye, en duiwe. One kan nie al die vrugte eet nie. My moeder maak konfyt daarvan en maak gedroogte perskes en rosyne.

Gillian Aronson, Std. 2.

IF I WERE A PRINCESS . . .

If I were a princess
There'd be such a commotion
Ladies-in-waiting, servants, butlers
Hoping for promotion
Waiting to attend my commands
Gently washing my soft, smooth hands

If I were a princess
I'd have a super red long dress
But if I tripped, my friends would say,
"Here comes a high class mess!"
But if I were of royalty
I would kidnapped be
So I think I would rather
Be me . . .

C. Neser, Std. 3.

'N NOUE ONTKOMING

Eendag het ek en my broer op die dam gaan seil. Daar was 'n sterk wind en dit was 'n moeilike dag om die jag te seil.

Net toe ons gedraai het, het 'n sterk wind die jag laat omval. Dit het omgeval en ek was onder. My voet het vasgesit by die roer en ek kon hom nie uilruk nie. Net toe ek nie meer asem gehad het nie, het ek 'n gedaante gesien.

Toe ek weer bygekom het, het ek vir my ma gesê, "Hoekom is ek in my bed en . . . en . . . en wat het gebeur?" Toe sê my moeder vir my dat ek amper in die dam verdrink het maar my broer het my lewe gered.

Ek was so dankbaar dat ek my broer vyf rand van my eie geld gegee het.

Mary Jooste, Std. 3.

'N NOUE ONTKOMING

Eendag wou ek per fiets na die poskantoor gaan. Ek was net by die hoek van Kerkstraat toe ek teen 'n bus gebots het.

Die bus het gou-gou stilgehou en die bestuurder het na my gehardloop. Toe het hy my opgetel en my na die sypaadjie geneem.

Hy het binne 'n huis gegaan en hy het 'n ambulans gebel. Die ambulans het gou gekom en my hospitaal toe geneem. Die volgende môre toe ek wakker geword het, het my lyf baie seer gevoel. Die verpleegster het my vertel wat gebeur het.

Sy het vir my gesê dat ek net 'n paar skrape gehad het en dit was 'n baie nou ontcoming.

Gillian MacKenzie, Std. 3.

RIPPLEWAVE THE DOLPHIN

Ripplewave turned over lazily in the water. He noticed that a peculiar-shaped rock was within 20 feet of him, then realised this was no rock, this was the fin of a tiger shark. Swiftly he turned and raced for home but the current seemed to be pulling against him. He was drawn into huge jaws and swallowed.

He was imprisoned in the whale's cavernous tummy!

When Rip had almost given up hope, the whale opened its mouth. Without thinking he rushed out and almost ran into the shark's jaws, for the shark, knowing it had its prey trapped, had prowled around the whale.

Rip raced away, the shark followed his scent. He gave a great leap and landed on a rock. The shark followed but he crashed to his death on the rocks.

Rip survived.

He lay there for nearly an hour, while the lilies settled on his bleeding flanks.

Then, when his strength returned he slipped into the water, and left the shark behind him.

C. Neser, Std. 3.

THE SQUIRREL

The bushy-tailed squirrel scampered up the tree in a tremendous hurry for below him was a giant dog. Teeth showing, barking and growling, the enormous beast rushed at this miniature animal. As he ran for his life his legs were shaking and his eyes were closed in terror hoping he would not fall out of the tree.

T. Beck, Std. 3.

BUILDING AT THE PREP SCHOOL

Bumps, thumps, grunts all through lessons. I think they're building something out there. But what is it? Maybe it's a swimming pool, classroom or even a palace. Does anyone know what that noise is? Swish, swish and more swish. What can it be? It sounds like cement being slopped onto a brick. Maybe it is. What's that? A plank cracking? A lorry arrives; most peculiar. I wish I knew what was going on out there.

Jane Yeats, Std. 3.

SWIMMING AT NEWLANDS

Miss Elms says "Curl up your legs Mary"
I run and jump as nimble as a fairy.
"You forgot to straighten your legs
They were squashed together like clothes-pegs"

I leapt and sprang right to the moon
I say "Miss Elms I jumped too soon
I forgot to tuck my head right in.
So I went in straight as a pin."

Mary Jooste, Std. 3.

HAIKU

Rolling down the mountains
Hiding the valleys
The mist stretches far out.

Anina van der Merwe, Std. 4.

CLAREMONT GARDENS

As you walk into the Claremont Gardens you get a feeling of quiet restfulness. The first tree you see is gnarled and split up into different trunks, each more curious than the other. The cool, fresh greenery makes a shady archway, and on the ground flowers such as white-faced arum lilies, bloom. The colourful azaleas form a purple carpet under the old Norfolk Island Pines, and, at the water's edge, tiny bluebells, which look like fairy paintbrushes give off their own fairytale. Ducks of different shapes and sizes swim happily in the shallow grey-green murky water of their pond. Weaver birds hum happily as they make their summer nests, not even caring about the throng of happy faces, staring at them, from positions on the rickety, wooden bridge, which curves over the water.

Jane Johnson, Std. 4.

THE FROG IN THE FRIDGE

A frog in the fridge is fun you say
But let me tell you what happened one day when
I opened the fridge to get out some cream
and I found a frog all slimy and green
He began jumping around
Onto the cheese that weighed a pound
Onto the milk in one bound

I tried to catch him with all my might
But I bet you can guess what happened alright
I turned the fridge upside down
Trying to catch the little green clown
Apple sauce, cottage pie
all got thrown into the sky
Potatoes and carrots fell on the floor
Pickles went sailing out of the door

And I can mention many things more
That happened the day I opened the door
But to cut a long story short
I'm afraid to say
That he still lives there to this very day.

Kim Gray, Std. 4.

DAYDREAMING

Note after note soars skywards. No! that passage is wrong. Go over it again . . . and again. There is no time for anything but practice. I must get this piece perfect! Handel's music sounds hauntingly beautiful.

After weeks of practice "The Day" has finally arrived! As I am tuning up in the orchestra pit I can hear the audience filling the hall. At last the door is closed. I, walking proudly but nervously behind the conductor, take my seat as solo flautist in front of the sea of faces. When it is my turn I stand up and take a deep breath. After the first tremulous notes, I forget my fears. I am in other spheres playing Handel's glorious songs.

When the music comes to an end the applause is deafening.

Long after the conductor and the orchestra has left I still hear the clapping.

"Clair . . . Clair!" it was Mother. "Are you day-dreaming again?"

Clair Grootendorst, Std. 4.

A LIMERICK

There once was a little old man
Who only ate roast leg of lamb
He ate it with peas
And mouldy stale cheese.
And said "Oh! how silly I am!"

Deirbhle Mannion. Std. 4.

JAN EN ANDRIES GAAN BERGKLIM

Twee jong seuns, Jan en Andries, stap op 'n plaas, naby 'n groot berg rond.

Andries: Kom ons gaan bergklim, Jan!

Jan: Dis 'n gawe plan, maar Pa en Ma moet nie uitvind nie, hoor? Hulle het ons al dikwels gewaarsku hoe gevaarlik dit is.

Die seuns stap tot by die berg, en begin om by 'n hoë krans op te klim.

Jan: Gee my jou hand, Andries. Die klippe is glad en los.

Andries: Hier is my hand. Soel ek is moeg. Ek het nie geweet dit is so 'n lang ent nie!

Jan: Ek is ook moeg, maar gelukkig is hier 'n dun lys waarop ons kan rus.

Andries: Hou styf vas sodat ek jou hier kan optrek.

Jan: Help! Help! Die klippe onder my voete gee pad. Help my, asseblief Andries!

Andries: Jou hand is buite my bereik, Jan!

Jan val van die krans af, en lê doodstil onder op die grond. Andries roep sy ouers, wat dadelik die hospitaal bel.

By die hospitaal.

Moeder: Ag, Andries, ons het julle al so dikwels gewaarsku. Gelukkig is Jan nie erg beseer nie!

Vader: Ja, maar as ek julle seuns weer naby daardie berg sien, is die duiwel los.

Andries: Toemaar Pa, ek en Jan het ons les geleer!

Anina van der Merwe, Std. 4.

'N VERRASSING

Ek was altyd lus om die blokkiesraaisel in die koerant te doen. Ek het altyd gehoop dat ek dit sou wen, maar ek het dit nooit gedoen nie.

Toe ek al alle hoop opgegee het, het ek die blokkiesraaisel vir die grap ingestuur. 'n Week later het ek in die tuin gespeel. Ek het al alles van die kompetisie vergeet, en was baie verras toe ek die telefoon hoor lui. Ek het geantwoord en 'n man se stem gehoor. "Is jy Juffrou Mol?" "Ja." "Jy het die blokkiesraaisel in die koerant gewen. Die prys is tweehonderd rand." Ek het amper van vreugde geskree, ek was so bly. Ek het ainal daarvan vertel tot hulle amper siek van verveling was. 'n Paar dae later het die man my weer gebel. Hy het gesê dat omdat ek so jonk was, sou hulle liewers vir my 'n mooi present gee in plaas van die geld. Toe het 'n tweede groot verrassing gekom.

Een dag, kort daarna, het iemand aan die deur geklop; en daar was 'n man met 'n pragtige gramafoon en radio en 'n bundel van die allernuutste plate.

Catherine Moli. Std. 4.

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

Friday the Thirteenth what a day!
I'm sure it's all true what the superstitions say,
That Friday the Thirteenth is a bad, bad day.

For a start I woke up late,
At breakfast I dropped my plate!
When I looked up from the mess on the floor
There was my mother standing angrily at the door!

I grabbed my suitcase and rushed for the car
As I was running I slipped on the tar!
When I looked up from my hand which was dirty
and my knees which were raw
There was my father who gave a despairing roar!

I walked into the classroom with a heavy heart,
Feeling everything was wrong from the start.
The geography test was terribly hard,
I dreaded seeing that mark on the report card.

On the way to lunch rain fell from the sky
What a day I said with a sigh!
When we got there I was wet and grumpy
And to make matters worse the soup was all lumpy!

2.45 and free at last!
I pray all the troubles of the Thirteenth are past
When I arrived home
I fell on my bed with a groan
What a horrible day I've had
I'm sure another could not be so bad!

Jean Moodie, Std. 4.

A HOT SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT FARMER DUNKLEBERRY'S

The farm dozed and dreamed, peaceful and quiet,
Nobby, the carthorse, swayed on his old, tired legs
in time with his deep, slow breathing. The hens
gossiped clucked and giggled together while their
offspring scratched around in the dirt. A rat skulked
in the shadows waiting for the chance to steal an
egg. The calf sucked at her mother's teats dreamily,
thinking of the days when she would be as big and
beautiful as her placid parent. The bees lazily hummed
around their hive, singing lullabies to their
babies. The farmdogs lay proudly in front of the
farmhouse, sleeping with one eye open. The pigs
lay on their sides snoring loudly and squelching in
the mud and grime on the floor of their sty. In the
farmhouse lay Farmer Dunkleberry himself, peacefully
slumbering on the creaking bed, his fat belly
quivering at each intake of breath. Next to him his
wife, equally rotund, slept, her lips fixed in a serene
smile. Outside the air was still and sultry, mourning
for the death of the wind.

Caroline Dowdie, Std. 5.

KING THEODORE

King Theodore (Theo) awoke one Christmas morning to hear the chorus of the palace birds and the gentle snores of his rather lean and angular wife, Cordelia. He rolled over in his big four-posted bed, so that he faced her. He gave her an early morning kiss and whispered a faint "Happy Christmas" in her left ear. She acknowledged this statement with a nod and a whisper. The king tumbled out of bed and waddled across the creaking palace floors, his huge belly grumbling as he went. He dressed up into his royal clothes and wedged himself into a chair. His belly went into rolls as he sat down, and he smiled as he read a sentence in the "Armour Times" that pleased him.

Just before Cordelia rose, King Theo hastily retreated from the room. He came back about a quarter of an hour later, bearing a huge box. He staggered eagerly into the room with sweat pouring down his red face. He threw the box onto the bed and followed it, panting. After he had caught back his breath he said, "Just a little something for you my dear." Cordelia opened the box with great enthusiasm. Inside, she found a riding kit of top quality including a bridle and saddle. She was then invited to walk downstairs into the courtyard where she found a handsome black hunter.

The pleasure on the King's face was almost as great as that on Cordelia's. He then burst into song and hauled Cordelia into his arms. She, rather shocked at his gesture, quietened Theo down, by reminding him of the servants' presence. After this happy start to Christmas day the overjoyed couple returned to the palace to enjoy the festive breakfast.

Louise Murdock, Std. 5.

THE TRAMP

He walked across the path, unshaven, grimy and hunched. Strands of thin, greasy grey hair hung limply down, around his haggard, wrinkled face. His eyes were dim and dull, perhaps with the knowledge that he was old, unwanted and alone. He hobbled to a patch of grass and sank down weakly. I saw how his shoes were torn and moth-eaten on the undersides. His trousers were patched raggedly with leaves and squashed grass and his shirt, soiled, weatherworn and grubby, was no better. His beard hung down to his chest and the stubble on his cheeks was black with grime and filth. He stood up shakily and I saw his hat, which he had been carrying. The top was bashed in and the edges were torn and curled. He wore a threadbare old coat which hung loosely around frail shoulders. He hobbled slowly into the distance, his scarred, brown hand grasping his knotted, gnarled stick.

Christine Pulvermacher, Std. 5.

THE FIGHT

It was late at night, an owl hooted in the silent darkness. Something moved in the leaves below. It was a snake. It hissed and slithered out along the dry, cracked earth. The owl saw him and pierced the silence with a long, monotonous hoot, then dived down in an almost vertical position. She caught the snake's tail and shook it till it bled. The snake turned with angry, burning eyes and struck. The dust flew up and feathers mingled with blood, fell upon the ground. The owl fluttered to the ground a few yards away from the snake. After a few ominous moments they charged at each other again, both of striking the other. For a moment, neither of them could be seen in the fight. Then, after many attacks, they parted making a loud hissing noise.

Suddenly, the owl, with infuriated determination to make an end to this green-speckled varmint, sprang upon it, but the snake turned and stood on end, tongue flicking. The owl held on and suddenly feathers, snake, owl and dust flew into the air and fell again. The snake lay stunned. His bloody, sandy skin was torn to shreds. The owl, still determined to kill him, dived for him caught his wriggling body in her blood-stained talons, flew high into the air and dropped it. It fell upon a stone, wriggled and stayed still. The triumphant owl flew into the distance of the breaking dawn.

Abigail Mathieson, Std. 5.

THE BROOK

I dawdled along beside the brook. It babbled over its sandy bed, gurgling gently. Minnows darted in and out of the cave-like stones, as if shot from silent, imaginary guns, sending bubbles up to the surface, like soap suds.

The petals of thorny rose-bushes floated along like the coloured sails of viking ships on restless seas. They rose and fell with the water, sometimes pulled under and sometimes thrown ashore.

The sun filtered through the autumn-coloured trees, bathing in soft, warm rays of gold. They penetrated the water so that each little ripple looked like gold-tinted glass. It was a scene of peace and tranquillity.

Brown and green palm trees bent and sagged over the clear water shading it like a sun-umbrella. The other trees watched the water, tickling it with their forky branches. They were gods and the stream was under their protection.

Reeds waved their velvety-brown heads—to and fro, rocked by the breeze.

The wattle trees, like great yellow banners dotted the banks of the brook. Their yellow balls floated down from their branches to disintegrate as they hit the water. They made a cover of yellow fluff as they float downstream to be replaced by another fall.

The polished stones, above the water, reflected light and shone like cold suns in water.

The roots of trees lay like the tangled mess of a witches hair, thrown about by the wind. Darkness was coming on and gloominess started to pester the happy scene.

Abigail Mathieson, Std. 5.

CURSING THE SUN

The sun—a self-contained ball of fire with only the vast empty sky as his kingdom! He believes he is loved by every living creature, and hears only praises ringing around him. Paying no attention to the thirsty ground that gasps for water, he evaporates rain clouds and blushes with pride.

"Oh, you beast!" screams the earth silently. "Go away! I want water! Water!"

You idle, shapeless brute, arrogant fool, bloated glow-worm! You feed on the life of soil, coward! God gave you too much power. You turn lakes into sandpits, forests into deserts, mountains into pebbles.

One day, you presumptuous pom-pom, some clouds will catch you napping—and it will rain . . . rain . . . rain . . . and your fiery pride will be drowned."

Rosalind English, Std. 5.

Highwickweg 11,
Kenilworth.
7070
9 Mei 1974

Liewe Brigitte

In die vakansie het my ouers vir ons na Wankie-wildtuin geneem. Wankie is in Rhodesië geleë en dit is baie pragtig. Ons het in rondawels gebly en het geslampe gebruik. Ons het in die motor rondgery en gaan soek na diere. Terwyl ons rondgery het, het ons 'n baie interessante ding gesien en ek wil vir jou daarvan vertel.

Op Saterdagmiddag het my vader 'n leeu gesien. Die leeu het stadig vorentoe gekruip na 'n rooibok wat in die gras gewei het. Wanneer hy naby genoeg was, het hy die bok stormgeloop. Toe het die leeu op die bok afgestorm maar 'n ystervark het in sy pad gekom. Die leeu kon homself nie keer nie en het op die diertjie beland. Die ystervark het weggehardloop en die leeu het 'n pen in sy poot gekry. Die leeu kon nie die pen uitkry nie en het kruppel-kruppel in die veld weggestap. 'n Week later het ons die leeu dood gesien. Ons dink dat hy van hongersnood geverk het.

Jy moet na Wankie gaan want jy sal baie interessante dinge sien en leer. Ek het dit baie geniet in Wankie en ek hoop dat as jy daarheen gaan, sal jy dit ook baie geniet.

Jou vriendin,
Leigh.

Leigh Mukheiber, Std. 5.

CURSE OF THE WIND

You whirl about like an insane hurricane
Howling your complaints to the earth
Miserable expanse of nothingness
Gripping the earth in your body,
And throwing it about mercilessly.
You strip the trees of their beauty
Pushing your way on aimlessly
Crying like a lunatic in darkness,
Calm your blind ways!

Abigail Mathieson, Std. 5.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE

I trudged along in the silent woods, feeling almost sorry for every footprint I made in the frosty, unblemished snow. But my spirits could not stay depressed for long in this crisp and mystic atmosphere. I touched a frigid branch where a robin sat. He looked down on me from his icy winter palace, then he took flight.

I had already walked on for some time, enjoying the tracery of the frigid branches and the penetrating cold against my cheeks, when it began to snow. The snowflakes looked like fairies dancing their strange dance.

I awoke from my dream with a start when I stumbled over a log, that had fallen across the pathway in a storm. I sat down on it, facing the way I had come along—my footprints looked forlorn. The snow had fallen from the branch I touched and was now being deprived of snow. I held out my hand and a few snow flakes dropped in my palm, light as feathers.

I got up again and walked to the plain, where, in the spring, a sheet of flower had covered it, as if to protect it against rain and gales.

The little pond in the middle of the plain had frozen over. I looked at it tenderly. I remembered those days I skated on it and when I came home, hot cocoa had been waiting for me.

I made a feeble attempt at laughing my feelings away which were rushing to me. I couldn't help remembering that I was now without my parents to enjoy this with.

I turned and made for the youth hostel where I was staying. The spell had broken! The snowflakes no longer seemed fairies to me; the icy, Arctic fields seemed hostile. I was glad when I stepped inside again.

Laura de Rooy, Std. 5.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN IRON AGE GIRL

My name is Elki. I live in Glastonbury Lake village which is in Somerset. In the morning I sit in our little hut spinning. My little sister twists wool into long threads. I do a more complicated job of weaving and we make a woollen cloth.

Sometimes I take Flax which has a wild blue flower and then I get blue thread from it. All the men have left the village. They go ashore early in the morning to look after our fields and animals but they return here at night.

Our village is built on the Corngate marsh. My two older brothers and my father made the house. First they drove big logs of wood into the mud. Then on top of that they built our simple house.

I often go to visit my best friend, Cora. Once she gave me a beautiful bronze comb and so now I can always keep my hair tidy. The huts in the Farm village are built of wattle. There is a pole in the middle to hold up the roof and there is a flat hearth stone on the floor. If the heavy stone sinks into the ground we put another stone on top of that.

My oldest brother, Picta, is very handsome and he wears a short tunic and a woollen cap. He also wears a cloak without sleeves and skin shoes.

My pretty little sister is never alone. Whenever she goes to get food from the farms there is always a crowd of boys hanging around her. At the moment she is wearing a beautiful dress sewn under her arms. On her dress is a belt with a beautiful bronze buckle.

The Chief of our village is Chief Krandon. He is very fierce and my sister and I are afraid of him. At the farm village he rides around in his chariot. He is always shouting at people in a stentorian voice. Some tribes have kings and queens, but the tribes always fight each other. Some slaves captured in battle have to be special servants to our chief.

My mother has died from a sickness and we were all very melancholy for a few days. After that we just carried on as usual, but without a mother.

I am really a very happy girl except for the loss of my mother. I have to go to bed early tonight because tomorrow morning is a festival.

Vanessa Rakin, Std. 5.

'N NOUE ONTKOMING

Voor ons huis op die plaas is daar 'n dam. Dit was baie warm en ek het die besluit geneem dat ek sou gaan swem. Dit was baie lekker. Die water was so koel soos 'n komkommer.

Plotseling voel ek 'n ruk aan my voet. Ek probeer my voet boontoe kry, maar my voet verskuif nie 'n millimeter nie. Ek raak paniekberange en ek skop my voet blindelings, met die gevolg dat my ander voet ook vasraak. Ek word so bang soos 'n haas vir 'n hond. Dit was moeilik om my kop bo die water te hou. Ek probeer skree, maar my mond raak vol water. Ek proes. Dit doen ek etlike male voordat ek my bewussyn verloor.

Toe het my pa en my bootie daarlangs verbygekom. Ek het dit nie geweet nie, maar my pa het dit later vertel. My pa het my toe uit die water gehaal en hy het kunsmatige asemhaling toegepas. Toe ek my bewussyn herwin het, bewoek ek soos 'n riet en my pa het vir my gesê dat ek so bleek soos 'n laken was.

Laura de Rooy, Std. 5.

MY LEWENSSTORIE

Ek is 'n sleutel en ek wil vir u my lewensstorie vertel. Ek was vervaardig in die jaar negentien-honderd-twee-en-twintig. Ek is nou twee-en-veertig jaar oud.

Die man wat my gemaak het, was Mnr. Watson. Ek dink dat hy nou dood is. 'n Pragtige vrou het my gekoop, en ek het in 'n groot huis gewoon met pragtige meubels. My huis (my sleuteigat) was in 'n wonderlike antieke lessenaar. Eendag het een van die vrou se kinders my uitgetrek en met my gespeel. Het my orals rondgegooi en ek het baie seer gekry. Sy het vergeet om my terug te sit en ek het vir twee dae op die grond gelê en toe het die diensmeisie my opgetel, maar sy het nie geweet hoe om 'n sleutel te behandel nie en het my baie hard ingestee en ek het een van my bene gebreek, maar dit het gou-gou heelgeword.

Eendag het 'n man gekom en ons weggeneem, want hy het ons gekoop. Ons het na 'n museum gegaan en daar gebly. Baie mense kom elke dag om ons te sien. Ek is nou baie oud, en ek hou daarvan om in my bed te lê en vir al die mense te kyk.

Philippa Leighton-Davies, Std. 5.

Old Herschelians' Association

THE 1974 COMMITTEE

President: Dr. Barbara Silberbauer.

Vice-President: Miss Fenella Douglas.

Chairman: Mrs. Jennifer Wynne (Brimble).

Hon. Secretary/Treasurer: Mrs. Mary Loggie (De Villiers).

Games Secretaries: Mrs. Jill Eckstein (Philip) and Miss Georgina Thom.

CIRCLE SECRETARIES

Group 1 (A-H)

Miss Fenella Douglas, 1, The Albany, Oak Avenue, Kenilworth. (77-4631).

Group 2 (I-Q)

Mrs. Adele Fouché (Jooste), 23, Lovers Walk, Kenilworth. (71-5374)

Mrs. Tanis Robins (Guicherit), 7, Marne Avenue, Newlands. (61-5627)

Groups 3 and 4 (R-Z)

Mrs. Anita Gilmour (Lockwood), P.O. Box 93, Lansdowne. (71-5094)

Mrs. Elizabeth McCarthy (Holmes), Silvertree, Pear Lane, Constantia. (74-1367)

Mrs. Barbara Cleave (Nel), 25, Neave Street, Claremont. (61-6200)

Mrs. Jennifer Wynne (Brimble), 35, Malcolm Road, Rondebosch. (61-3864)

Group 5 (AA-EE)

Mrs. Jill Eckstein (Philip), 13, Keurboom Road, Newlands. (65-2293)

Miss Susan Raath, Chelsea, Bowwood Road, Claremont. (77-6512)

Group 6 (FF-JJ)

Miss Edwina Abbott,

Mrs. Sally Ryan (Abbott), Pine Cottage, Klaassens Road, Wynberg Hill.

Group 7 (KK-MM)

Miss Sally-Ann Wells, Lismore, Alexandra Road, Kenilworth. (77-5119)

Miss Sally Brimble, Riebeeck Lodge, Klaassens Road, Constantia. (77-1643)

Minutes of the 48th Annual General Meeting of the Old Herschelians Association held in the Library at Herschel on Monday, 25th March, 1974 at 8.00 p.m.

PRESENT: Dr. B. Silberbauer (President), Adele Fouché (Chairman), Mary Loggie (Sec./Treas.), Miss H. C. McLean and Miss H. Harsant (Guests of Honour), Members of Staff and Old Herschelians.

APOLOGIES: 74 apologies were received.

WELCOME: A very warm welcome was extended to all by the Chair and in particular to our two guests of honour. She said "Miss McLean has lived in England since her retirement in 1932 and although she visited us seven years ago her visit did not coincide with an Old Girls Gathering. It was through her that the London Branch really got going and has been a constant stimulus to us here in Cape Town. Miss Harsant taught most of us to read and write. She retired, as Head of the Kindergarten, last year after 38 years at Herschel, and still looks the same to me now as I remember her when she taught me so many donkeys years ago. Anyway, it is good to know that you are just round the corner and I certainly feel that you are still part of the School".

MINUTES: As was customary the Minutes of the last A.G.M., having been printed in the magazine, were taken as read, and duly signed. Proposed by M. McLennan, seconded by D. Herweg.

ELECTION OF OFFICE BEARERS: After many years in the Chair Adele Fouché wished to resign. Nominations were called for and Jennifer Wynne elected. Proposed by M. Loggie, seconded by F. Douglas. Congratulations Jennifer and a big "thank you".

SECRETARY/TREASURER'S REPORT: M. Loggie was pleased to pronounce us solvent, but only just. Cash on Hand: R179.19. This year we circulated 350 copies of the magazine at R1.30 a copy. Total cost R455.00. Estimated cost for 1974 R475.00. This is a long way from our cash in hand. It is, therefore, imperative to try and keep magazine costs down. Mary suggested we drop the directory. Proposed by A. Frater, seconded by D. Howes. Miss McLean asked that the London Branch be kept in touch with at least one typed up-to-date copy to be posted to her for her own safe-keeping. She recommended further that there be a tear-off card attached to the magazine stating "only if you return this card will you receive next year's copy". Her recommendation was unanimously approved by the meeting. Mary requested that we appoint someone to be Magazine Editor. She felt the whole O.H.A. Section needed a new look. Marian Robertson volunteered to put the news together, with assistance.

GAMES REPORT: Matches had been held through the year, but Jill Eckstein needed assistance. Georgina Thom agreed to help.

OLD GIRLS' PRIZE: This was awarded to the ex-Head Girl, Fiona McLachlan. Congratulations Fiona!

DR. SILBERBAUER: Dr. Silberbauer extended her personal welcome to Miss McLean and then gave a brief account of 1973 at Herschel. **Library:** Completely recatalogued, many new books, including "Diamond Fever" by Marian Robertson, and "Palestinian Problem" by Pamela Ferguson. They were now working on the Prep School Library. **Molteno Trust:** This money to be used for the furtherance of "spoken English and oral communication, musicianship, particularly choral singing". So far Miss Sweet's room had been enlarged, carpeted and curtained with a resulting improvement in sound. Record library had been restocked and new tape recorder bought. Please does anyone have a contact in the U.K. for the purchase of up-to-date music books? **Diana Austin:** The money left to Herschel by Diana (nee Douglas Hamilton) was to go towards a new classroom block at the Prep to enable us to take two streams throughout—24 children in each. **Hill Nursery School:** This continues to be an unqualified success with a long waiting list. It takes 80 small ones, to make our total complement 520. **Situations Desperate:** Art Room—totally inadequately equipped and too small so that artists overflow to the Science Room, Sacrilege, Domestic Science Room—also impossible for today's requirements and made worse by the Art Room overflow. Dr. Silberbauer concluded by expressing heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Mary Muller for her devoted and long service.

The O.H.A. joins in wishing her much happiness in her retirement.

MARIAN ROBERTSON: The Archives Committee have made a start and have taken advice from two experienced archivists on numbering, indexing and identifying photographs and so on. If anyone has any old photographs, diaries or scrapbooks, please let us have them.

MISS McLEAN: Miss McLean expressed her deep gratitude for the warmth of the welcome extended her. She first met Dr. Silberbauer at St. Anne's—she the maths teacher and Dr. Silberbauer the pupil. Later they played hockey together—as Goalie and Right Inner—in Miss Porter's Club. And still later worked as Headmistress and Biology mistress at Herschel. She praised the building of the new kitchen as a most sensible and fitting memorial to Edna Withers and looked forward to unveiling the plaque over the self-service hatch in her memory later in the week.

PRESENTATION: The Chairman presented a white onyx ashtray to Miss Harsant who had been at Herschel for as long as we could remember. It was inscribed "Presented to Hilary Harsant from the Old Herschelians 1935-1973". We were pleased to invite her to become an Honorary Life Member of the O.H.A.

Angela Frater then thanked Dr. Silberbauer for having us and the Meeting adjourned at 9.15 after we had seen a short film of the 50th Anniversary Meeting. Tea was then served in the Dining Room.

London Gathering of Old Herschelians on 8th May, 1974

The London Meeting held on Wednesday, 8th May, 1974 from 6-8 p.m. with wine and cheese, was again this year at the home of Nicky (Van der Bijl) and Ewen MacPherson. Miss McLean thanked them warmly for their repeated hospitality and spoke of her visit to Cape Town in March when she had a most wonderful welcome from everyone. She said how much she appreciated that the O.H.A. had postponed the A.G.M. until she arrived and how much she had enjoyed seeing so many old friends on the evening of 25th March; she also visited the school, spending the whole day from 8.15 a.m. onwards there, being present for the Blessing of the Memorial Kitchen at morning assembly, visiting classrooms, the Preparatory School swimming gala, and seeing the modern sleeping quarters. It was a wonderful day, as was the whole visit—with friends, functions, places and the old familiar majestic scenery. Mrs. Payne added her thanks to Ewen and Nicky and said how good it was to see so many of those she had known at Herschel and to be able to introduce her son, John, to them.

Those present were: Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Payne (Miss Elcome) and son John, Miss Bailey, Rev. and Mrs. R. Bird (Valerie van der Bijl), Mr. and Mrs. Bourcier (Sonia Hollebone), Mrs. J. H. L. Blount (Mary van der Bijl), Lt. Col. and Mrs. Brazier (Helen-Pat Stubbs) and son Julian, Mrs. J. R. Flower (Sally Knight), Mrs. Forester-Bennett (Pat Halley), Mrs. S. Hoppen (Stephanie Shub), Mrs. Hyde (Miss Hebditch), Mrs. Jordan (Oswynne Buchanan), Mrs. A. Luke (José Finch), Miss Sue MacGregor, Mrs. L. Mattioli (René Finch), Mr. and Mrs. Ewen MacPherson (Nicky van der Bijl) and daughter Joanna, Mr. and Mrs. Peters (Jennifer Johnstone), Mrs. C. F. E. Regnier (Margaret Geber), Mr. and Mrs. Roberts (Elizabeth Whelan's parents), Claire Russel, Pauline Vogelsoef, Mrs. van den Berg (Jean Stoddart), Mrs. G. Todd (Felicity Thorne), Lady Walker (Pam Hawley), Mrs. Wells (Heather Kelly).

Unable to come at the last minute were: Mrs. Martino (Betty van der Byl), Mr. and Mrs. Turner (Helen Botha-Reid), Mrs. Stobie.

Marriages

ABBOTT—RYAN. On 15th February, 1974, Sally, daughter of Mrs. R. Abbott of Kenilworth and the late Mr. R. Abbott, to Ben, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ryan of Tarkastad, E. Cape.

ATTWELL—ANDERSON. On 30th August, 1974, Karin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Attwell of Kenilworth, to John, son of Mrs. K. H. Anderson, of London, and the late Mr. J. L. Anderson.

BECK—CHARTON. On 11th September, 1974, Delia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. de la Harpe Beck, of Cape Town, to Richard, son of Mrs. Nancy Charton of Claremont, and the late Mr. G. M. Charton.

BORTON—CRAWLEY. In February, 1974, Prunella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Borton of Claremont, to Timothy Michael, son of Mrs. C. Crawley of Sussex, England and Mr. K. E. Crawley, also of Sussex.

BRYANT—BUSBY. In December, 1973, Heather (nee Marr) to Robert John Busby, of Rondebosch.

BUTTERS—HARTZ. In 1974, Juliet Butters of Constantia to Vrenno Hartz of Tokai.

EMSLIE—DU PREEZ. In June 1974, Jennifer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Emslie of Claremont, to Johannes, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. du Preez of Kenilworth.

FOWKES—JURRIAANS-PIERSON. In December, 1973, Rosemary-Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fowkes of Claremont, to Allard, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Jurriaans-Pierson of Amsterdam.

HARAM—LANG. On 22nd June, 1974, Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Haram of Kenilworth, to Neil, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lang of Bearsden, Scotland.

KNIGHT—DRYSDALE. On 1st March, 1974, Chloë, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Billy Knight of Newlands, to Gavin, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Drysdale of Bulawayo.

MORKEL—DE HAHN. On 20th July, 1974, Diana (nee Matthews) to Rupert de Hahn.

RESNEKOV—CORGATELLI. On 8th June, 1974, Roma (nee Ashton) to Pietro Corgatelli, in London.

STUTTAFORD—GRUBB. On 7th June, 1974, Georgina, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Stuttaford of Claremont, to Christopher, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Grubb of Rondebosch.

TAYLOR—QUINAN. On 30th March, 1974, Rosemary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Taylor of Kenilworth, to Patrick, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Quinan of Cape Town.

WILLIAMS—ONIONS. On 5th January, 1974, at her home in Hermanus, Judy Williams to John Onions of Bulawayo.

Births

ABELS. To Elizabeth (Plumbly) and Ernest, a daughter, in March 1974, in England.

BERTISH. To Fran (Small) and Keith, a son in July 1974.

BEAUMONT. To Jayne (Currie) and Raoul, a son on 10th April, 1974.

CARTER. To Sal (Baxter) and Dave, a son on 14th December, 1973.

CRAWFORD. To Anne (Porter) and Brian, a daughter, on 2nd August, 1974.

DANCER. To Terry (Henstra) and Colin, a son on 15th April, 1974.

DULY. To Iona (Mathias) and Bryan, a son, in March, 1974 in Rhodesia.

DUPONT. To Karin (Lees) and Peter, a son in January, 1974.

FERRY. To Ann (Cooper) and John, a daughter, on 23rd March, 1974.

FLEMING. To Libby (Hennessy) and John, a daughter, on 1st August, 1974 in Johannesburg.

FRANKEL. To Biddy (Swabey) and William, a daughter, in January, 1974, in London.

GORING. To Pip (Broadbent) and Harry, a daughter, on 11th March, 1974, in England.

HAMILTON. To Carol (Payne) and James, a son on 19th April, 1974, in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

HILTON. To Ro (Hellings) and Mike, a son, on 24th February, 1974, in Johannesburg.

HOUBA. To Leslie (Brauer) and Jaro, a son on 29th June, 1974.

LOUW. To Pat (Brailley) and David, a son on 25th January, 1974.

MARKLEW. To Lyn (Holmes) and Dudley, a son on 6th June, 1974.

MITCHELL-HOPKINS. To Nicolette (Bainstather-Cloete) and Dudley, a son on 3rd August, 1974.

RAMBAUT. To Jacqueline (Regnier) and Tom, a daughter on 26th March, 1974, in Belgium.

RAPHAELY. To Mary (Whitaker) and Dennis, a daughter, on 19th January, 1974.

REID. To Lynn (Harris) and Michael, a son on 15th November, 1973.

RICHARDS. To Anne (Hacking) and Chris, a son on 11th September, 1974.

RUYSCH VAN DUGTEREN—To Mandy (Noakes) and George, a daughter on 2nd February, 1974.

SAUNDERS—To Dawn (Minty) and Mike, a son, on 7th September, 1974, in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

SMUTS—To Judy (Corder) and Peter, a son (by adoption) in July 1974.

STURGEON—To Shona (Jackson) and Kenneth, a daughter on 5th February, 1974.

SYMONS—To Corinne (Dicey) and Martin, a son on 3rd February, 1974, at De Doorns.

TAYLOR—To Penny (Raath) and Nick, a daughter, in October, 1973, in Paarl.

TOWNSEND—To Jenny (Thal) and Charles, a son in November, 1973, in London.

VAN SICKLE—To Marion (Jesse) and James, a son on 31st August, 1974, in Vienna.

WEIJBURG—To Susi (Davis) and Aart, a daughter, on 6th November, 1973, in Durban.

Sports Report

TENNIS was rained out in the 1st term but it is hoped to complete this fixture in the 4th term.

SQUASH—The Old Girls beat the present girls 6-2.

Results

D. Burns (Dicey) beat S. Batho 3-0.

L. Burns (Wares) beat M. MacLachlan 2-1.

L. Brailey beat G. Austin 3-0.

H. Henderson beat N. Fouché 2-1.

F. Redmond lost to S. Smith-Chandler 1-2.

L. Brailey beat J. Pentz 2-1.

P. Louw lost to P. Thom 1-2.

F. Redmond beat M. Frank 2-1.

Important Notice

The magazine for 1975 will **NOT** automatically be sent to anyone. Please complete the slip on the back page and return it as soon as possible if you wish to receive next year's magazine. From now on

this will be the procedure and no subscription reminders will be sent. This has become a necessary measure to protect our bank balance.

Sheep and more sheep for Shan Adams

NEW ZEALAND—words that now mean so much to me. After a year in this beautiful country with her exceptionally friendly people it could only bring moments of nostalgia. The experience of being a Rotary Exchange Student in the land of sheep and more sheep is something I shall never forget and certainly never regret. While I was there I was hosted by the Johnsonville (a suburb of Wellington) Rotary Club.

For a tourist New Zealand has much to offer—anything from "bubbling" mud to the most exquisite glowworm caves and perfect reflections of snow-capped mountains in those wonderful lakes of the South Island. There is, of course, also the fascination of the Maori culture, even though there are very few full-blooded Maoris left. Much of the country particularly North of Auckland and in the South Island, is still relatively uninhabited and rural—and what beautiful countryside it all is.

For me it was the New Zealanders themselves who made my year. The majority of them are very proud (and justifiably so) of their Kiwiland and could not do enough to enable me to see their land and understand their ways.

I did not personally encounter much antagonism against South Africa and her policies though it was definitely there and various facts and figures (very much to our detriment) were published and distributed by HART (Halt All Racist Tours) and other such groups. People there knew very few basic facts about us but I must admit most people were very interested in what I had to say. While I was there I visited many schools, addressed various groups and led numerous discussion groups on South Africa and it was then I really felt I was doing something worthwhile.

When I was not travelling around I attended Queen Margaret's College, which is very similar to

Herschel. I was in the 7th Form which would be equivalent to our Post Matric. Their approach to teaching, particularly in English, is very different from ours and this is so because their syllabi are not nearly as rigid as ours.

When I first arrived there were many differences which took some getting used to. A number of these concerned family life and most of these resulted from lack of home help and that "box" i.e. television which rules so many lives.

In all I had three "families" and certainly could not have wished for better "folks", brothers and sisters. Each one had something different to offer me. Certain aspects of English and their word usage intrigued and confused me for some time.

The first things that struck as I flew into New Zealand were the rolling green hills and wooden buildings. Other major differences concerned cost of fruit, clothes, etc. In fact practically everything was more expensive than here but I must admit their wages compensated for this. New Zealand's Social Welfare System is one of the best in the world and the comparative lack of poverty is quite incredible.

I don't want to sound like a travel agent or Exchange Student promoter but if anyone ever has the opportunity to go to New Zealand or be an Exchange Student, it's a very definite must!

SHAN ADAMS,

Herschel 1972,

Rotary Exchange Student 1973.

Another honour for Dulcie Howes

Congratulations to **Dulcie Howes** (Cronwright), who in February was given civic honours by the City of Cape Town for services to ballet. At a dinner given by the Mayor and Mayoress of Cape Town, Mr. and Mrs. David Bloomberg, Dulcie, together with Professor Donald Inskip (who was being honoured for his services to theatre), was presented with an

inscribed plaque bearing the Cape Town crest. This was the first occasion of this kind in Cape Town. Dulcie is, of course, one of Herschel's "originals", the name coined during our Jubilee for those on the school's first roll and has served on our Council since 1959.

Herschelian with a colourful life

Brenda-Lynne Tyers (Hoffman), at Herschel from 1950-59, has been in the news in Cape Town this year because of her interesting job. "Everyone has a daily involvement with colour," she told us, when we asked her to explain her work. "my involvement is total. I work as a Colour Consultant and Co-ordinator to my husband, Eric, who is an Interior Design Consultant."

Brenda-Lynne has followed the creative arts most of her life—teaching pottery and ceramics in the U.S.A., oil painting under Eric Laubscher, studying art in her Teaching Certificate at the Michaelis Art School of the University of Cape Town and teaching art at Herschel Preparatory School a while back. "I have now found my niche," Brenda-Lynne says. "Ruth Prowse, my great-aunt, always hoped someone in the family would be creative. I guess I'm the nearest to it."

"I completed a certificate with a British Correspondence college on Colour in Design and lectured on this subject at the Cape College for Advanced



Technical Education. My work has been with some fascinating people on absorbing projects. In an American Ice Cream Parlour we designed, my colour scheme was chocolate, strawberry and vanilla. We actually matched dark and milk chocolate and crushed strawberry with the paint manufactured. I also had by own curtain material woven. Victorian waitress uniforms were designed to match."

Marina da Gama, the waterside living cluster-housing project at Muizenberg also brought Brenda-Lynne and her husband into the news. "Marina da

Gama involved us from the early stages," Brenda-Lynne told us. "We completed our own Show House when the landscape was all sand. Now as we're busy with shops in the Shopping Centre it's bliss to enjoy the great, green beauty. Even my children have been stimulated by my involvement with design, as instead of building ordinary sand castles they build Sardinian homes with patios!"

Here's hoping Brenda-Lynne and Eric may be involved with a Herschel project some day.

Our London Luminaries

Sue McGregor, Virginia Wade and Pauline Vogel-pool, M.B.E., are so much in the news media that there is not much point in repeating their activities in *The Herschel*. Long feature articles on Sue and Pauline were published this year in the *Sunday Times Magazine*, and we read about Virginia in the

sports section of our local press. Sue, now compere for the B.B.C.'s Women's Hour, is still heard occasionally in the S.A.B.C.'s Woman's World, the programme which began her career in broadcasting. Pauline was in South Africa again last year to judge Durban's Biennale.

"Hammy" Hampson enjoys retirement

When Mrs. Margaret Hampson, History teacher to Herschel girls between 1959 and 1970, received her copy of last year's *Herschelian*, she sat right down and wrote to us. "The Herschel magazine never fails to bring back happy memories as well as giving much information about so many people who have a past or present association with the school," she wrote. "Somehow the years roll away as one reads and it is as if the farewells had never taken place."

Mrs. Hampson says that life for them has settled into a new pattern since their departure from the Cape in 1971. "Retirement has proved more interesting than I had ever expected—to be free and make a choice is quite an exciting adventure after

many years of pre-determined routine. Last summer we went to see our other daughter and her family in Toronto. The glimpse of a large city in the New World was of great interest—a mixture of speed, size, prosperity and expansion with prices as high as wages—a mixture of races, colours and cultures, all aspiring to be good Canadians. City buildings were improving, large cars swept over twelve-lane highways and it needed Niagara to remind us that nature is still omnipresent in our midst."

Herschelians who, like Mrs. Hampson, find themselves nostalgic when reading the magazine, are encouraged to follow her good example and to sit down and write their news immediately!

What it's like being a Drama Student

SALLY BRIMBLE (1973) is taking a three-year course at the Maas-Phillips Drama College in addition to a Speech and Drama Correspondence Course through the University of South Africa. On qualifying, she will receive the Associate and Licentiate of the London Trinity College, which is recognised overseas and enables one to teach as well as go on the stage. The first year of her course entails the basic grounding of the history of drama and history of costume, radio work, television technique, speech, theatre arts, acting technique, contemporary dance and English I. Observation of teaching methods and actual teaching are included in the second and third year of the course.

Sally told us that the subjects she most enjoys are Theatre Arts and Contemporary Dance. Theatre Arts involves prop making and Black Theatre—which is comparatively unheard of in South Africa. It involves the use of an ultra-violet light and fluorescent neon paints which create the most fantastic visual impact. "The first production in this manner is coming off at the end of the year," Sally said, "it revolves very much round the props and movement sans voice. At the moment in Contemporary Dance, we are working hard on producing and choreographing our own dance themes in which we formulate the various themes, statements and finale. Only a few have been chosen. This will create a programme

of variety, each one involving a vast difference in style and execution. One of the dances on the programme which I executed involves African tribal dancing and the choreography is proving extremely rewarding and stimulating."

When she spoke to us, Sally had heard the previ-

ous week that they were going on tour, but later discovered that in point of fact this meant that they were simply "going round" fourteen schools in Cape Town and Stellenbosch to perform two pantomimes! "They will all the same prove very interesting," Sally commented, "and a lot of experience will be gained I'm sure."

News Round-Up

AITCHISON (Mrs. Wilson) (1968): Marjorie is living in Kent, England, where she is teaching.

ALEXANDER (Mrs. Toettcher) (1963): Ann and her daughter spent a month here at the beginning of the year. She and her husband are running a private school in England—teaching English to foreigners.

ANSTEE (1972): Jocelyn has recently completed a course at Hartwell House in Aylesbury and is now working in London.

ATTWELL (Mrs. Colman) (1963): Shen has been holidaying with her parents at Betty's Bay and has now returned to London where she is taking an art course.

BAKER (Mrs. Barrett) (1969): Jenny and her husband have been busy with extensive alterations to their new home in Kenilworth. They have daughters at the Junior School.

BARRY (Mrs. Tett) (1951): Jenny was widowed in February this year and we do extend our sympathies to her on Michael's sudden death. She writes that she is keeping on the house in Salisbury, Rhodesia, as a secure home for her four boys and will let one wing as a flat. She is now teaching music at St. John's and also studying for an "A" level in Economics to go to University next year. She is aiming to be qualified and self-supporting in law in five years' time. Good Luck, Jenny.

BECK (Mrs. Charlton) (1968): Delia was married in September and is working at Syfrets Real Estate in Claremont.

BETTISON (Mrs. Morrell) (1952): Norma lives in Bloemfontein with her family. This year she was appointed the Provincial Administrator's nominee on the Board of Governors for St. Michael's School, which last year celebrated its centenary.

BORTON (1973): Brigid started doing Occupational Therapy at U.C.T. this year, and left in July for America where she will spend a year as an A.F.S. student.

BORTON (Mrs. Crawley) (1968): Pru is living in Chichester, England, and works for a publishing firm.

BORTON (1971): Sue is working at Syfrets and has done a very successful job at Weight Watchers.

BOTHNER (Mrs. Beele) (1963): Sue is another who has been attending Weight Watchers and now has a very slinky figure. She and her husband had a wonderful holiday overseas earlier this year.

BRAILEY (1973): Lynne spent the first six months of this year at Rhodes before going to America on an A.F.S. Her father died just after her departure and to the whole Brailey family we extend our sympathy. Her mother is a member of the School Council. She and her second daughter, Binny, are off to the Far East on holiday. Binny is running a Nursery School in Claremont.

BRIMBLE (Mrs. Wynne) (1960): Jenny and her husband had a fabulous overseas holiday at the beginning of the year. They ended off with two week skiing in Austria where they bumped into Carol Newton-Thompson (Mrs. Denoon-Stevens) (1958) and Pam Dyke-Poynter (Mrs. Hewitt) (1955) and their husbands.

BROWNE (1972): Louisa did her "A" levels at Oxford and then returned to South Africa via Nairobi.

BUCHANAN-LEE (1950): Bridget has had two visits to South Africa this year. During the second visit she spent three months doing practical work at Groote Schuur Hospital as part of her medical degree. She is now in her fifth year medicine and is at a hospital in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CARLOS (1973): Ann is planning to start Nursing in Scotland.

CARTER (1972): Vivian is now living in Canada.

COOKE (1968): Elizabeth is a social worker at the Princess Alice Orthopaedic Home in Plumstead.

CROUDACE (1973): Clare is at Hartwell House in Aylesbury.

DIAMOND (Mrs. Sifis) (1961): Maxine, her husband Tom and two sons, Alexander and Mark, are now "settled" in Greece. They live on the island of Kos, but have a weekend house on another island that overlooks Turkey. People have to queue for an hour for bread which she says they have now given up eating!

DICEY (Mrs. Symons) (1962): Corinne and family have now moved into the Dickey family's old home- stead in Orchard.

DICEY (1968): Gail is in Durban involved in Public Relations for Hulets. She had a major part in organising the recent International Sugar Conference.

DICEY (Mrs. Downes) (1959): Jenny continues to teach at Bishops Prep. She is expecting a baby in December.

DOWIE-DUNN (Mrs. Dougherty) (1959): Rosa and her husband are back in Johannesburg after 18 months in England. They had expected to be away for at least five years.

DYKE-POYNTER (Mrs. Hewitt) (1965): Pam and her husband and small son are in Cape Town for six months prior to being transferred to Rhodesia.

ELCONE (Mrs. Payne) (Herschel's third Headmistress) "Miss Elcome" attended the London Gathering with her husband and son, John. John is a 2nd year student at Reading University.

FAULDS (1938): Joanne is working in an architectural library in London.

FAUVILLE (Mrs. Amm) (1932): Claire writes, "Thanks to last year's Herschelian two ex-Herschel Viystaaters discovered each other! I saw that Anne Schonborn (née Cowley) (1962) was living in Kronestad. I sent her a Christmas card and she soon came out to the farm for a weekend. We've been seeing a lot of each other since. We farm fruit, wheat and maize and I breed Appaloosa horses as a sideline. Ann and I both have a daughter and a son in that order with very little difference in their respective ages. Anne is bringing her little family down next month (Nov.) to spend a weekend during our cherry season. Any old girls are welcome to pop in if they are ever up this way."

FERGUSON (1960): Pamela is living in London having spent two years in Israel. She has had great success in the literary world and has presented her book "Palestinian Problem" to the Herschel Library. Being extremely interested in Israel, most of her writing covers this part of the world. At present she is involved in writing a spy story.

FINCH (Mrs. Luke) (1958): José lives in London and is still making a name for herself in the Women's Argus with fabulous recipes. She has a son and a daughter.

GASSON (1970): Hilary finished her Performers Diploma in Speech and Drama at the end of 1973 and was then invited to join the Space Acting Company. She has since been working there in numerous productions throughout the year; the most notable of these being "A Lesson in Blood and Roses", "The Glass Menagerie" and the latest one "Tis Pity she's a Whore". She plans to go overseas about February 1975.

GASSON (1968): Lindsay is working for a firm of Radiologists in Cape Town.

GILL (Mrs. Corbin) (1959): Felicity lives in the Channel Islands where her husband has his own stockbroking office in Jersey, which is a big finan-

cial centre in the United Kingdom. They have three children, Camilla (8), Melanie (5) and Giles (2). They live in a beautiful granite farmhouse which is 400 years old and full of history. After ten years in London they very much enjoy the life there. They also have a villa in the Algarve, Portugal, where they spend family holidays and let it out for the rest of the year. As in Jersey there is a splendid golf course there and they are very keen golfers. They hope to come to South Africa on business within the next few years and Felicity looks forward to meeting up with her Herschelian friends. She only wishes that Herschel was nearer for her daughters!

GOBLE (Mrs. Howes) (1959): Paddy and her husband had a fabulous overseas holiday earlier in the year. They have recently finished alterations to their home including a studio for Paddy; she hopes to exhibit some of her work at the TEACH Exhibition in Constantia in October.

HALLEY (Mrs. Forester-Bennett) (1940-1945): Pat was one of four Halleys who were at Herschel during the war years when they lived with their great-uncle, William Duncan Baxter, at Constantia. We recently received a letter from Pat, giving us news of them all. Pat married a Royal Marine 19 years ago and they were fortunate in having several postings to the Middle and Far East. Her husband is now out of the navy and they live in Taunton, Somerset and are near neighbours of the Hydes (Miss Hebditch—who was on the Games Staff). Their respective young sons are great buddies. Pat has three children.

HALLEY (Mrs. Baker): Pam is married to a doctor in Cheshire and has six children—two girls and four boys, the eldest having married last year and now living in South Africa.

HALLEY (Mrs. Hefferman): Anne lives in Ethiopia where her husband is on the organising side in television. They have four children—the eldest three are at school in England, while Charles, aged three and a great surprise, is in Addis Ababa with his parents.

HALLEY (Mrs. Francis): Judy is married and living in Australia.

HAMPSON (ex-Staff): To Mrs. Hampson and her two daughters, we extend our sincere sympathy on the sudden death of her husband, the Rev. Hampson, in Bristol. He was Rector of St. Thomas' Rondebosch for 25 years.

HARAM (Mrs. Lang) (1959): Jane was married in June this year. Her husband is an engineer officer in the merchant navy and she will be travelling with him as officer's wives are allowed. She hopes to visit Europe, Britain, the Far East and the United States.

HARDY (1973): Gisèle is a secretary at the French Bank.

HARRIS (Mrs. Ramsden) (1959): Lorna, her husband, son and two Afghans have moved into a house in Bishopscourt. Since her return to South Africa, Lorna has resumed her interest in horses and is much involved with "dressage".

HARRIS (1968): Maureen is working at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

HENNESSY (1968): Vicky has returned to Cape Town from the U.K., after an absence of two years.

HENSTRA (Mrs. Dancer) (1961): Terry, her husband Colin and baby son, Anthony, have moved into their new home in Parkmore, Johannesburg.

HILL (1960): Patricia is teaching in Stellenbosch. She recently became engaged to Danie Botha.

HOLMES (Mrs. McCarthy) (1958): Elizabeth lives in Constantia and has a son and two daughters.

IMPEY (Mrs. N. Ward-Able) (1949): Margaret lives in Johannesburg and is enjoying her job as a Social Worker in a home for Alcoholics. She has three daughters the two eldest being boarders at Herschel. Both she and Neil are keen badminton players and play in the same league.

JENKIN (1970): Susan, after leaving school, studied in London and obtained three "A" level subjects, English, Maths and French. She has recently completed a one-year course at the London Drama Studio and is touring England with a Children's Theatre Group till December, when she hopes to come to South Africa for a holiday.

JESSE (1970): Pamela is now working at the Natal Building Society in Claremont, having spent two years overseas. She returned at the end of last year.

JOHNSON (1968): Perry-Anne is working in Australia.

JORDAN (Mrs. Heinz) (1956): Angela writes from Johannesburg of her many activities. She has the sole franchise for Morgan and Lotus motor cars. For the fifth year running she is partaking in the Roof of Africa Rally with Lola Brockhoven. She is an active member of the International Organisation of Women Pilots. She has been a private pilot for over six years, also adores her motor bike, still practises the cooking skills learnt at Maxims and dress-designing learnt at Hardy Aimes. Her husband thinks she's crazy but at the same time is always quick to encourage her!

KELLY (Mrs. Wells) (1959): Heather lives in England. She is an energetic gardener and, as well as flowers, she grows all her own vegetables, which she bottles and freezes.

KENNEDY (Mrs. Mahlmann) (1963): Sue is buzzing around Cape Town on a new 2 000 cc motor bike. She has recently become engaged to Derek de Hutton.

KIPPS (Mrs. Russel) (1957): Anne is now living in the Gardens. Towards the end of 1973 she had a most interesting trip overseas, during which she obtained much valuable information in connection with her Social Welfare work. She is a member of the School Council.

KIPPS (Mrs. Keyser) (1961): Janeen recently moved house but is still in Newlands.

KRAMER (Mrs. Fischer): Tania, who is living in Port Elizabeth is busy renovating her home. She has a baby daughter.

KNIGHT (Mrs. Drysdale) (1968): Chloë is living in Somerset West where her husband works as an Engineer.



LEES (1968): Devon came on a flying visit to the Cape in August from London sporting a wide grin and a new Vidal Sassoon haircut. She has been a supply teacher for seven months at a Comprehensive School for 1200 senior girls and also coached sport (as she did at Herschel while still in her last year at U.C.T.). She was struck by the fact that few of the pupils or their parents were interested in education and said that no amount of teacher training in the Cape could have prepared her for her new environment. The whole experience has been a revelation to her. She has gone back for more!

LINDBERG (1973): Dianne is at a finishing school in Switzerland and plans to do Medicine at Wits next year.

LONGMORE (1973): Diana is in America on an A.F.S.

MacLEOD (Mrs. Coulter) (1957): Heather and her husband have three daughters and live in Reading, Berkshire.

MacSYMOM (1972): Fiona, after being at Hartwell House last year, returned to Cape Town and worked for an advertising firm. She has now gone to Australia for six months.

McGAFFIN (Mrs. Carter) (1959): Di and her husband have been transferred from Calcutta to Hong Kong. They were in Johannesburg for a short holiday earlier in the year.

McLACHLAN (1973): Fiona left in January for Salt Lake City, Utah, as a Rotary Exchange Student. She writes that she is learning a great deal.

McLEAN (Herschel's fourth Headmistress): Miss McLean paid a most welcome visit to Cape Town from England in March of this year and it was wonderful to see her again. Anyone wishing to contact her while in England, her home address is: 8, Amber Cottages, Colleshill, Amersham, Bucks. (Tel. Amersham 3361). On Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays she can be contacted in London at Tel. 445-3109.

MAGGS (1971): Susan has returned to London where she has taken up a teaching post at the Wingfield Cordon Bleu School.

MAKEPEACE (1972): Marion worked for a Building Society last year after she had returned from England. She is now doing a secretarial course at Cornhill.

MATHIAS (Mrs. Duly) (1958): Iona has moved into a new house in Gwelo East, Rhodesia. She produced her fourth son earlier this year.

MATTHEWS (Mrs. de Hahn) (1958): Diana was re-married on 20th July this year to Rupert de Hahn. Her husband has his own plumbing and building contracting business in Sea Point and they are now living in Rondebosch.

MAYDON (Mrs. Campbell) (1951): Sarah is living at Somerset West and is teaching art at home to children of all ages.

MINTY (Mrs. Saunders) (1963): Dawn, after living in Belfast, Ireland, was in Cape Town for a year. She and her family have now settled in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

MORRISON (Mrs. Verrips) (1961): Rohanne and her family plan to sell their house in Pretoria early in the New Year and move down to Saldanha, where her husband, Henri, will be working on the new harbour scheme. She has one daughter, Alix.

NEL (Mrs. Cleave) (1959): Barbie and her son, Roger, spent a holiday with her mother, Sheila McIntyre (Mrs. Caldwell), in England in July.

NEWMAN (1969): Jenny has announced her engagement to Morne du Plessis, the W.P. rugby captain and Springbok forward. Jenny is the continuity girl for the film *The Diamond Hunters* which is now being shot in the Cape. The couple met at the University of Stellenbosch in 1971 when Jenny was in her second year as a drama and stage management student.

NEWMAN (1971): Binky is studying through Unisa but working part-time at "Chloe's Boutique" in Claremont. She rode in the S.W.A. Horse Show in May.

NEWMAN (1971): Sue-Rae, back in the United States, is studying English at San Antonio University and aims to open a book shop. She sends her love to everyone.

NEWTON - THOMPSON (Mrs. Denoon - Stevens) (1968): Carol and her husband have been transferred back to Johannesburg from Cape Town.

NOAKES (Mrs. Van Dugteren) (1982): Amanda and her husband are busy building a new house in Constantia and hope to move in by the end of the year.



NOBLE (Mrs. Redmond) (1960): Fiona and her small son were holidaying in Cape Town during July and August. Her home is in Melbourne. "The land down under, where meat pies, pavlovas and beer are the national food and drink, has been our home for nearly five years," she told us, "and much longer will see us become 'dinkum Aussies'! Melbourne is a city of more than two million people, with sprawling suburbia, but a certain attractiveness, too. Gone is the essentially English influence in today's Australia, as 'new' Australians abound from Italy, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia and other European countries. Life here really isn't terribly different from that in a South African city, except that there's no home help. Perhaps, therefore, it's only when we get away from the city, to hills covered with blue-gum forests, where with luck you can find a kangaroo or a koala bear and, with less luck, the odd snake, but always many brightly coloured birds, do we realise that we are in Australia after all!"

NORTON (Mrs. Olivier) (1959): Judy and her husband went on a working holiday to New York for three weeks; Judy gathering information on food and plays for her articles in the Cape Times. She interviewed Helen Gurley-Brown, editor of *Cosmopolitan* in her incredible office off Broadway.

NOSWORTHY (1968): Suzanne is nursing in Cape Town.

OLDS (1970): Linda is at Cape Town Technical College, studying for a Travel Agency and Secretarial Diploma.

ORR (Mrs. Packer) (1944): Glendyr was recently here from Australia on a visit with her husband, Peter, and two younger sons, Tony and Willie. Tony (19) is studying commerce at university in Perth. Willie (15) is still at school. Christopher (21) has been sailing around the English coast in the Fastnet Races while Ronnie (23), the eldest, has been competing in the America's Cup—international sailing's oldest prize—at Newport, Rhode Island. He is navigator on Australia's Southern Cross which challenged the American yacht, *Courageous*. The Americans were once again victorious.

PARKER (Mrs. Rowand) (1960): Lynn is happily settled in Johannesburg and has a son and daughter. She is very interested in riding and regularly takes part in competitions.

PARRY (1972): Barbara did her "A" levels at Oxford and plans to study architecture at University in England.



PHILIP (Mrs. Eckstein) (1963): Jill continues to coach squash at Herschel. She won the W.P. Women's Squash title for the 8th time this year. She has promoted schoolgirl squash to the extent that no less than 14 schools took part in the local inter-school competition which was won by Herschel. She herself chaperoned the W.P. Schoolgirl Squash Team on a trip to Durban to play in the first ever S.A. Inter-Schools. The W.P. team included two Herschel girls. Jill is a fabulous player and seemingly tireless in her many and various sporting activities. Herschel owes her a big "Thank you" for the consistent efforts she makes for her old school.

REGNIER (Mrs. Rambaut) (1958): Jacqueline still lives in Belgium and has a son and a daughter. They also have a lovely old farm house in Norfolk, England, where they spend a lot of their time.

REID (1973): Zenne has recently returned from a trip overseas and is starting on a Hotelier's Course.

RESNEKOV (1971): Michele is in her second year at Amsterdam University.

ROBB (Mrs. Ardington) (1959): Libby and her family plan to be in Cape Town—from Zululand—for Christmas.

SCOTT (1970): Judith is a secretary at Kelvin Grove.

SCOTT-KNIGHT (1973): Gail is nursing but plans to go overseas shortly.

SEYMOUR (Mrs. Buckland) (1968): Jane has been working at the Red Cross Society. She and her husband will be holidaying in Europe this Christmas.

SHARP (1973): Jenny is working during the day and studying Drama at Maas-Philips in the evenings.

SHAWZIN (Mrs. Hoberman) (1960): Gail, after spending a year in the States with her husband and two children, returned to Cape Town for a two month stay. They are now settling in New York permanently.

SHUB (Mrs. Hoppen) (1951): Stephanie and her children have recently been in Cape Town, staying with her mother. During her visit she held an exhibition, in a Long Street Gallery, of prints and maps, tracing the development of Southern Africa from its first discovery to the mid-nineteenth century. She has now returned to London but hopes to be back for a holiday at Christmas-time.

SILBERBAUER (Mrs. Albertyn) (1964): Ann and her husband still farm at Bredasdorp and with their two sons have moved into the big farm house this year and been busy redecorating, etc. They work hard for the Lions Club and S.A.N.T.A. For those who are not aware of it, Ann is the daughter of the School's Headmistress.

SIMPSON (Mrs. Frater) (1951): Angela and her husband, Kenneth, are at present on a ten-week holiday to Italy, Greece and the U.K.

SIMPSON (Mrs. Hansen) (1960): Hilary was in Cape Town in February with her husband and two sons. They live in California.

SLY (Mrs. MacFarlane) (1954): Susan had another baby this year and still lives in England.

SOUTHAM (Mrs. Collins) (1945): Penelope, now divorced, lives in Mayfair, London and works as a high-powered P.A. to Mid-Eastern Ambassadors. Her sister, Jennifer, is married to an Australian and they live in Hong Kong with their two children.

SPILHAUS (Mrs. J. M. Robertson) (1930-37): Marian reports that, at long last, her book "Diamond Fever—South African Diamond History from Primary Sources 1866-1869", has been published. The publishers, Oxford University Press, gave a launching party for it at the end of March, attended by several Herschelians, notably **Mary Baxter** (Fiddian-Green) and her husband Dick, whose grandfather, W. B. Chalmers, features in the book.

Dick, who helped Marian a great deal with information, made a point of being in Cape Town for the occasion—which enabled Mary to attend the Old Herschelians meeting which, happily, took place in the same week. Marian was able to present personally one of the first copies of the book to the school library at the meeting.

SUCKLING (1971): Lulu works part-time for a psychologist.

STEVENSON (ex-Staff): Pamela is a House Mistress at Wycombe Abbey in Buckinghamshire and has a tremendous amount to do apart from teaching music. The standard of music there is exceptionally high and, being the enormous school that it is, there are 22 on the Music Staff alone. As House Mistress she really does have a house with 43 girls in it—all of which she is responsible for. She writes that Herschel is still her favourite of all the schools where she has taught.

STRUBEN (Mrs. Davis) (1940): Diana and her husband have recently moved from Port Elizabeth to Durban.

STUBBS (Mrs. Brazier) (1946): Helen-Pat, better known as H.P. during her school days, went to the Herschel Reunion in London this year, where she met up with Pat Forester Bennet (nee Halley). They recognised each other immediately and Pat writes that it was quite traumatic considering she was only 12 when she left Herschel and they last saw each other!

STUTTAFORD (Mrs. Grubb) (1965): Georgina was married in Cape Town in June and is now living in Hong Kong.

SYFRET (Mrs. Kingdon) (1957): Caroline and her husband have three daughters. She continues her part-time job as secretary to Joy Packer.

TAYLOR (1972): Jocelyn completed a secretarial course at the Lucy Clayton Secretarial School in London last year. On returning to Cape Town she worked in "Chloë's Boutique" but has now gone back to London to take a cooking course.

THAL (Mrs. Townsend) (1963): Jenny is living in Scotland but earlier this year visited Cape Town with her husband and two children.

THOMPSETT (1972): Jeannine went overseas after leaving school and is now married and living in Rhodesia.

TORR (1973): Lindsey is working on the family farm "Melton Wold" and plans to study journalism at Rhodes next year.

VAN DER BIJL (Mrs. MacPherson) (1948): Nicky and her husband, Ewen, were hosts at the Old Herschelians' Gathering in London in May this year. Their elder daughter, Joanna, was present. She goes to University this year. Anyone who is in London next year at the time of the next Reunion, and who would like to go, please contact Nicky. Her telephone number is 937-4433.

VERSFELD (Mrs. Raddon Reed) (1959): Diana and family have left Matiesfontein and are building a house on three acres of land her mother has given them in Constantia. Their daughter, Veronica, is in her second year at Herschel.

VERSTER (Mrs. Norgarb) (1958): Gill was living in Springbok where her husband is an engineer. They are being transferred to Swakopmund.

WARES (Mrs. Burns) (1960): Lesley and her two sons are now happily settled in Kenilworth. She works in the Physiotherapy Department at the Red Cross three mornings a week and is also playing league squash.

WARING (Mrs. Jameson) (1958): Felicity is living in Johannesburg but spend much time in Mooi River where they have a stud farm and where they plan to eventually live.

WATERSON (Mrs. du Toit) (1948): Priscilla writes that Cradock, where she lives, is recovering slowly from the effects of the devastating flood from the Great Fish River in March this year. As Priscilla is the reporter for the local paper she had plenty of news to keep her going and was also able to supply some of the national papers, for which she is the correspondent, with all the details. Her work with the Midland News, one of the oldest newspapers in the country, consists of gleanings all the news of events and people in the town and district. She attends meetings, (mostly in Afrikaans which has improved her bilingualism) and other social gatherings plus taking pictures for the press. She not only submits the news but reads the copy and sees to the layout of the paper, which appears weekly. As her husband is the President of the Rotary Club for this year she is also busy as President of the ANNs. Her eldest daughter, Jane, writes matric at Collegiate School in Port Elizabeth this year and intends studying to be a teacher at U.C.T. next year. Her second daughter, Michelle, is also at Collegiate while the youngest, Linda, is still at the local school.

WEBB (1972): Mandy is doing her "A" levels at Oxford.

WEINLIG (1971): Vanessa is at present sailing around the world on Sayula II which has just won the World Yacht Race. She had dinner with Prince Charles and is loving the life.

WELSH (Mrs. Zull) (1963): Anne was out here on holiday in July from Fife, Scotland, where she now lives.

WILLIAMS (Mrs. Hoyle) (1957): Audrey is living in Port Elizabeth where two of her three daughters are at Collegiate.

WILLIAMS (Mrs. Onions) (1961): Judy was married at Hermanus in January and is now living in Bulawayo where she has been working for the town planning department.

WOOD (Mrs. Van Zyl) (1963): Carolyn has recently returned from the States where she spent a year while her husband was studying there.

WRENTMORE (1972): Robyn is at Hartwell House in Aylesbury.

Herschelians on South African Campuses

News has been received of a number (but not by any means all) of Herschelians studying at South African universities. At the University of Cape Town, working for a B.A. degree, there are **Fiona Baigrie** (1971) in her second year (and modelling part-time), **Kathy Caradoc-Davies** (1973) and **Jill Golding** (1971) in her second year, too. She played hockey in the S.A. Universities tournament in July. **Pam Johnson** (1972) is now working for a B.A. (she studied Fine Arts last year) and there are also **Gwen Makepeace** (1973), **Tessa Maillet** (1971), **Margie Minoque** (1973), who was chosen this year to play in the Under 21 Western Province Hockey Team, and **Anne Spruce** (1971) in her third year. **Alex Adams** (1973), who is in residence at Fuller Hall, has been studying for a B.Sc. but is changing to Business Science next year. **Shân Adams** (1972) spent 1973 in New Zealand as a Rotary student and is now also working for her B.Sc. **Hilary Brown** (1972) is in her second year B.Sc. and **Janet Graaf** (1970) in her final year. **Ling Wesemann** (1972) started working for her B.Sc. at the University of Pretoria but has now changed to Cape Town.

There are three Herschelians at U.C.T. preparing for a career in teaching—**Kim Broadbent** (1970) and **Glenda Harris** (1970) are both in their final year, having worked for a Primary Teaching Diploma; **Susan Abernethy** (1971) is in her third year, studying for a B.A. (Teaching). **Jasmine Peel** (1971) is working for her B.Sc. (Nursing). Incidentally, Jasmine is not our only nurse in training. **Philippa Gough** (1972) is in the second year of her training at Rondebosch Cottage Hospital. **Virginia Sleigh** (1972) is in her second year at the Victoria Hospital in Wynberg and **Mary Foot** (1971) is also doing her second year of nursing. Our sympathy goes to her on the loss of her mother in August. **Pauline Gilbert** (1968) hopes to complete her B.Sc. (Physiotherapy) at U.C.T. this year and intends working at Frere Hospital, East London. **Hilary Henderson** (1970) is another of the "para-medics" and is a third year Occupational Therapy student. **Jane Philip** (1970) is in her third year at U.C.T. working for her B.Sc. (Medicine). She was a volunteer worker in the Ciskei during the July holidays. **Dita Newman** (1972) is in her second year and **Sally-Ann Wells** (1971) in her third, both studying for a B.A. Soc.Sc. degree. Sally-Ann spent last December holidays travelling around America with two friends. **Janet Pettigrew** (1972) was at the Maas-Phillips Drama College but is now studying archeology at U.C.T.—which if we might be pardoned the pun is a rather dramatic change!

Belinda Blaine (1971) is reading Law at U.C.T. During the last general election she was busy cam-

paigning for Van Zyl Slabbert. Of a slightly older generation, there is **Sally Abbott (Mrs. Ryan)** (1968) who is doing an S.T.D. at U.C.T.—she spent last year overseas—and **Angela Gilbert** (1965). Angela, however, is not a student. She is employed by the U.C.T. Planning Unit which is involved in the future development of U.C.T. over the next ten years. She has recently completed designing and supervising a house in Constantia and is now working on one in Hermanus. She spent six weeks of the December/January vacation in the U.K., U.S.A., Canada and the Argentine. In San Francisco, Angela saw **Louise Maratos** (1965) who has recently married. Another Herschel on the U.C.T. staff is **Ann Stewart** (Mrs. Sass) (1959). Ann is Lady Warden at Tugwell Hall—a new Residence for women students—and has had a busy year coping with the teething problems of a new building and new students. She finds academic and social problems of the students hard work but very fulfilling. **Diana Harris** (Mrs. Wingfield) (1953) is lecturing in Psychology at U.C.T. She is expecting her second baby in January. **Helen Robertson** (1968) is doing research at the Medical School.

We have news of two Herschelians at Rhodes University—**Jeannine Floyd** (1971) is in her third year studying for a B.A. (English) degree and **Penny Barnett** (1971), her former classmate, in third year B.Sc.—she hopes to do her Honours next year. There are five Herschelians at the University of Stellenbosch—**Edwina Abbott** (1970) in her final year for a B.A. degree, **Linda Storch-Nielsen** (1973) working for a B.A., **Hanneli Muller** (1972) in her second year for a B.Sc., **Christine Murray** (1973), who is studying law and **Elizabeth Lacey** (1973), art. **Peta Brownlie** (1973) is another art student from that class but she is at the Cape College for Advanced Technical Education. **Marianne du Toit** (1973), yet another from this generation, is making Herschel history by studying veterinary science in Pretoria—our first vet.

We would point out to those who discover, from these reports, that there are a few other Herschelians in their vicinity, that there is no need for a large number to have a reunion. There is a definite purpose in doing so, too. It is not always easy to settle down in a new place with few friends and if you form a small group of old Herschelians it means that you can help others who move to your area. If you have not the address of any of those mentioned and cannot find it in the telephone directory, drop a line to the Secretary of the Old Herschelians Association. Send your news for next year's magazine to the same address.

Sponsors of a Page in this Magazine

BARCLAYS-NATIONAL BANK LIMITED

E. CABION AND SON (PTY) LIMITED

CALTEX OIL (SA) (PTY) LIMITED

CAPE TOWN POWER LAUNDRY

CAPE YOUNG BOOKS (PTY) LIMITED

CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY LIMITED

CLAREMONT PHARMACY

DELMARIE ORIGINALS (PTY) LIMITED

JUTA AND COMPANY LIMITED

NASIONALE BOEKWINKELS BEPERK

JOHN ORR AND COMPANY (CAPE) (PTY) LIMITED

PROTEA HOLDINGS CAPE (PTY) LIMITED

THE SOUTHERN LIFE ASSOCIATION

STUTTAFFORD AND COMPANY LIMITED

L. J. TAYLOR (PTY) LIMITED

THURSTON AND COMPANY AFRICA (PTY) LIMITED

VERSTER'S MEAT MARKET

Old Herschelians' Association

Old Herschelians' Association,
23, Lovers Walk,
Kenilworth, 7700,
Cape.

I wish/do not wish to receive The Herschelian for 197_____

NAME (Maiden) _____

(Married) _____

Year left Herschel _____

Address _____

Annual Members should enclose R2,00 subscription made payable to "Old Herschelians' Association".

News

BEQUESTS

Have you remembered Herschel in your Will?

