



THE HERSCHELIAN

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The
HERSCHELIAN



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Foreword

In the first term, special attention was given to the garden and the school grounds, and the parents were asked to volunteer to help in this matter. There were the usual tennis matches and swimming galas, and, of course, the exciting Inter-House and Inter-Schools Swimming Galas took place, as well as Inter-Schools Tennis. Each Wednesday, the Sociological Club provided a speaker, or a debate was

rations were, as usual, outstanding, and the supper was superb.

Last year a few school choirs were selected to sing at the Cape Town Festival, and Herschel duly took part in the Festival, singing at the City Hall with the other selected choirs. Their singing was of its usual outstanding quality.

Mrs. Sonnenberg and Mrs. Arenson decided to



HERSCHEL SENIOR 1975.

arranged. The Mountain Club Outing had its enthusiastic supporters, as usual, too. Founder's Day and the Old Girls' Meeting fall in the first term, too.

The girls took part in the Centres of Interest competition, choosing their own subject and drawing up their own programme. They did very well, being narrowly beaten in the final.

Mr. Quibell made a very generous offer towards school funds. He gave the school 400 tickets for "Joseph and his amazing technicoloured dreamcoat". We were to sell them and would be given half the proceeds. The school sold over 400 tickets at R3 apiece, so that a very substantial sum was made.

In the holidays, the 1st hockey team went on tour to Grahamstown, playing live matches there. Then they visited the McLachlans on their farm at Addo, and the Elephant Park. This was followed by a five-day walk along the Otter Trail, from Storms River to Nature's Valley. Their final visit was to the Rauch family at Vleesbaai.

The first Saturday night of the second term was the occasion of the Matriculation Dance. The deco-

alter the method of allocating the Shakespeare Essay Prize this year. Herschel was asked to act as host to the eight finalists and their teachers. Three of the eight were Herschel girls. Mrs. Sonnenberg and Mrs. Arenson brought a young actor and a young actress to read the essays and the pupils themselves voted for the winner. After tea in the Headmistress's sitting room, the trophy was awarded to a Paarl Boys' High boy who was runner-up last year.

Three Herschel girls were selected for the Western Province School Hockey Team; one girl was selected to attend the finals of the Western Province School Netball Trials, and several girls played in the Western Province Under-21 Squash Championships.

The various clubs continued their activities, especially the Sociological Club and the Scripture Union. The girls also took part in an Inter-Schools Forum Discussion. The term concluded with a very entertaining Music and Drama evening.

Early in the third term, the school took part in an Inter-Schools One Act Play Competition, which

was won by Plumstead. The usual Inter-House Magazine Competition was won by Merriman, with Jagger second and Rolt third. The Variety Concert took the form of an Inter-House competition, in which each house produced a short play and various other items. The competition was won by Merriman, with Jagger and Rolt taking second and third places respectively.

The Sociological Club, the Scripture Union, the Historical Society and the Social Responsibility Club were all active, and there were Afrikaans plays, and readings of poetry and prose, and an outing to Paarl and Stellenbosch with the Afrikaans mistresses. The usual hockey and netball matches took place against other schools, and three girls went to Salisbury to take part in an Inter-provincial Schools' Squash Tournament. Herschel actually won the local Inter-Schools' Squash Tournament.

A very pleasant event was the holding of a Sale of Arts and Crafts at the school, part of the proceeds of which were donated to the school. The contributors were Old Girls, parents of present

and past pupils, and ex-members of the staff. The type of exhibit varied greatly. There were paintings, sculpture, metal work, batiks, mosaics, ceramics and floral decorations on display. The Mayor, whose daughter is an Old Girl, opened the exhibition on the evening of Friday, 19th September, and the following morning hockey matches took place between parents and pupils, the second team playing the mothers and the first team the fathers. The usual staff versus girls hockey match was an hilarious ending to the term.

The short last term seemed crowded with events and examinations. The various clubs continued their activities, and tennis matches took place versus other schools. The Matrics celebrated their last day at school, with mixed feelings, and the boarders had their Christmas dinner, and the end-of-the-year Chapel Service by candlelight. The term began with confirmation for some girls and ended, for all of us, with the beautiful Carol Service at St. Saviour's, where the School always shows itself at its very best.

Prize-Giving, 4th December, 1974

In introducing Mrs. Robertson, the guest speaker, and an Old Herschelians, Mr. Bettison declared that she needed no introduction. Two years ago, she wrote the Herschel Jubilee Pageant; she has written the major part of the glossy new School Brochure; her family is involved in Cape History, and indeed she has recently written a book on part of its history: "Diamond Fever".

Mrs. Robertson said that if anyone had told her, when she was at school, that some day she would be presenting the prizes, she wouldn't have believed it, and the headmistress, Miss Robinson, wouldn't have credited it either. She hadn't worked at school at most subjects — she'd been an under-achiever. The fact that she'd been invited to address the school at prize-giving proved that she'd finally managed to achieve something with her life.

She regarded the invitation to address the school as an honour to the Old Herschelians as much as to herself. She told the prize-winners that their ultimate prize would be the joy of adventuring through life with their special talents developed while they were young. She herself had belonged to the non-prize-winners' brigade, but many of them could probably "do better if they tried". She had found it incredibly boring to work at subjects which she was sure she'd never touch or need after she'd left school. But they hadn't the faintest idea where life was going to take them and what knowledge they'd need. She had left school at sixteen, to study for the stage. That gave her a wonderful grounding in English literature but she was not to know that she'd finish up not as an actress but a writer and, later, an historian. To allow yourself to get a mental block about a subject is simply prejudice. She had found from bitter experience of her lost opportunities that she'd need every subject.

Herschel was eight years old when she first arrived there — it was six months younger than she was. Even in those eight years the world had changed, especially in its attitude to women, and women's attitude to it. Women got the vote in

1930 and by that time it was becoming increasingly the rule and not the exception for a girl to earn her own living, even if her parents were well-to-do, and more and more girls were going to university.

Herschel's education had been designed for ladies of leisure. The headmistress, Miss Ralph, had no degree, and the school was very badly equipped. Things changed completely when Miss Robinson arrived in 1933. In Miss Ralph's day, the idea that every human being had a Christian duty to serve the community had permeated the teaching. When Miss Robinson arrived, Herschel learned that this meant being properly trained to serve and, if the girls' talents lay that way, going to a university for that purpose. From that time onwards, the school itself, in every way, had grown to meet the challenge of the changing times.

The School had directed the talents and aims of its pupils since then, making an ever-broadening number of careers possible. At many universities and educational institutions in South Africa and overseas there are Old Herschelians, studying for many varieties of careers, including engineering and veterinary science. There are three married women amongst them who are carrying their education further, now that they have more time.

To make more time is a development of the age. As married women were able to make more time, so voluntary social work had increased. Herschelians have always played a prominent part in voluntary social service. But Mrs. Robertson felt it was time that Herschelians should go further. They had not yet produced one member of Parliament or the Provincial Council, or made any significant contribution to society in public office; though there had been those who'd done wonderful work on the perimeter, as it were. Professor Sheila van der Horst had, for example, influenced many people to become interested in the social, political and economic situation in South Africa.

Yet we need women in public office, too — more Helen Susmans, Catherine Taylors and Margaret Bailingers. It meant accepting a challenge, not

just having a brain but using it, not just talking about wrongs and injustice or new ideas, but doing something, and sacrificing quite a lot of personal relaxation in order to do it.

Women had their own feminine contribution to make to public life, and Mrs. Robertson looked

forward to Herschel's first M.P. — or rather two M.P.'s. Which one of the two would the Council ask to address the school at prize-giving? Privilege carries responsibility — and public office is a responsibility still to be recognised by Herschelians.

Dr. Silberbauer's Report

Your Grace and Mrs. Burnett, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Girls,

Welcome to you all on the occasion of our 1975 Prize-giving. This has been a good year from the point of view of industry, effort and behaviour. The sporting achievements too have been well above average, with enthusiastic participation in all sport.

Of the 32 girls who wrote the 1974 matriculation examinations there were no failures. There were 16 distinctions spread over 7 subjects and 14 first class passes. These results are indeed cause for considerable pride to all and especially to those staff who taught these girls and who are to be congratulated on helping them attain these outstanding results. Next year the matriculants write their examinations based on the differentiated syllabuses. We are not yet certain of the exact level of the standard and higher grades, and 1976 will indeed be an experimental year in this respect. Other changes have been made in the overall pattern of matriculation, one being that there will no longer be first class passes.

Next year we plan to offer typing and possibly shorthand at the School. These subjects are now accepted as separate matriculation subjects. This means that in future there will be a worthwhile practical course for those less academically minded. These girls will, we hope, rally forth from School as fully-fledged secretaries, and we welcome Mrs. Gilbertson as our first teacher of these subjects.

Also under consideration by the Joint Matriculation Board is the possible inclusion of Drama as a matriculation subject. This is a most exciting prospect and convinces us that we are right in pressing for our new Music, Art and Drama extensions at the Senior School. These buildings are to be started early next year and much thought and care has gone into their planning. They will extend from the present music and art rooms towards Kenmar Crescent.

Many of you will have attended or exhibited at our most successful Art Exhibition held in September. Mrs. Brenda-Lynne Hoffman and her helpers (all Old Girls) worked tirelessly to assemble a unique collection of art contributed entirely by old girls, parents and staff, past and present. We hope that when we have our Art Centre we will be able to make such an Exhibition an Annual feature of our programme. The proceeds of this exhibition will go towards decorating this new Art Centre.

Pamela King and Dawn Garisch were invited to the Youth Science Week in Pretoria in July, having obtained good marks in the nationwide examination held earlier this year.

Camilla White gained third prize for her essay in the Shakespeare competition; while Niki Dunckley came third in an essay on Nature Conservation. Several girls have had prose and poetry accepted for the two literary magazines published annually,

"Dialogue" and "English Alive". These achievements in writing are encouraging and in our teaching we emphasise the need for good communication both oral and in the written word.

At the Preparatory School, Kim Gray was awarded the Skaife Medal for her original observation and research on Ants, and Claire Grootendorst's research on a personal pet was placed second. This is a competition held annually throughout all South African schools and it was the first time we had submitted entries in that particular age-group.

Our numbers for 1976 are estimated as follows:

Senior School	235
Preparatory School	175
Pre-preparatory Schools (Sub B and Sub A and pre-school classes)	105
Nursery School	66
Total	581

This represents a further increase of 42 pupils throughout the School on our 1975 numbers.

Our Boarding House is fully booked and we have a few vacancies in some standards in the Preparatory School.

In the light of the fee-increases circulated this year, the School Council has improved the bursary funds and some parents have already availed themselves of this offer.

SPORT

Once again it is very pleasant to report a vintage sporting year.

In the Prep. School we now boast of a South African Swimming Champion in the Under 8 years age-group — Susan Aronson, who with her sister Gillian, and three others, Fiona Lloyd, Linda de Kock and Monica Oeltz, were chosen to represent Western Province at the South African Championships recently held in Bloemfontein.

At the Senior School the first eleven played lively and varied hockey and were narrowly beaten by Rustenburg in the finals of the Inter-Schools Tournament. The Under 15 eleven has played exceptionally well and re-captured the Trophy in an exciting match versus Rustenburg.

Three players were chosen for the Western Province Schools hockey team—Margot McLachlan, Tessa Douglas-Hamilton and Stacey Smith-Chandler.

Herschel was placed second in both the Under 15 and Open inter-schools Tennis and at the Inter-schools Swimming Gala Herschel came second in the under-14 section. Fiona Adams is to be congratulated on winning the under-15 Diving and for being chosen as a member of the Western Province Diving team.

Our Squash has gone from strength to strength under the guidance of Jill Eckstein. We are indeed fortunate in having our own squash court and so

popular is this sport becoming that we could easily put two further courts to full use. Our squash team was victorious in the inter-schools squash matches, and Margot McLachlan, Susan Batho and Stacey Smith-Chandler were chosen to represent the Western Province at the Inter-Provincial matches held in Rhodesia, while Stacey Smith-Chandler, Rosemary Meynell and Nicky Kohler have been selected to join Jill Eckstein's squash squad for special coaching next year.

Miss Lindsay Kable continues to exert a steady and important influence over all our sporting activities. At Easter, she took the hockey team to Grahamstown after which they walked along the Otter Trail from Storm's River to Nature's Valley. This was a strenuous but exciting venture and happily all made it.

Miss Kable was responsible for organising a most interesting evening of gymnastics last term. She arranges Mountain Club outings on Sundays, and has in her quiet and efficient way organised the teas at the inter-schools hockey tournaments, and plays a full part in the organisation of school sport throughout the Peninsula.

EXTRA-MURAL ACTIVITIES:

There has been another twelve months of exciting society activities.

The Music, Art and Drama Club produced four interesting and varied evenings of entertainment.

Camilla White is to be highly commended for a polished performance of Cleopatra in the play 'Caesar and Cleopatra' held at Bishops in the second term.

We were delighted with the results of the Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers' Examinations. All 33 candidates passed, 22 with merit and 8 with honours. We do congratulate these girls on their results and thank Mrs. Saffery and Mrs. Just for the interest and hard work they put into preparing these girls for these examinations.

In the examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, 25 out of 26 candidates passed, nine with merit. While in the Royal Schools Ballet examinations, all 8 candidates passed, 7 were commended and one pupil received honours.

Musically too there has been much to praise. Our Choir, under the leadership of Bridget Twentymen-Jones, sang most beautifully at a Festival Concert at the beginning of the year when ten chosen Choirs were invited to sing at the City Hall. They have sung at numerous weddings and have broadcast from St. Saviour's and recently joined the Bishops Brass Band in a recital at the City Hall. We look forward to hearing them sing tonight at our Carol Service at St. Saviour's which always so graciously and fittingly rounds off our School year.

The other Societies have not been idle, and have held full programmes with internal and visiting speakers. Mrs. McCormick never fails to produce interesting and informative speakers for our Sociological Club meetings held each Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Tyler organises varied programmes for the Scripture Union and many of our meetings have been held in conjunction with other schools, such as Bishops and St. Cyprian's.

The Social Responsibility Club, re-formed this year by Mrs. Maillet, has been active. Members have visited orphanages, have taken children to the beach on Saturday afternoons, and have taken children

from the Ruby Adendorff Home to a performance of Ipi Tombi at the Nico Malan.

Mrs. Stockwell continues to organise interesting and lively historical evenings and Miss Tremble encourages girls at all levels to read. Although we are now the proud possessors of a television set given anonymously to the School, our girls are still reading. Miss Tremble keeps careful note of the numbers of books read and some weeks as many as 2 500 books have been taken out of our libraries. One wonders, with all her many interests, how Miss Tremble has had time to study for and win a 100,000-To-Go programme on the radio! All these extra-mural activities illustrate a very healthy cultural programme which is, to my mind, a major contribution towards the development of the 'whole' girl.

This has been a year of consolidation rather than development and a good deal of day-to-day maintenance has been accomplished. The refurbished Home Economics room has been a source of delight to those who use it, and we hope that you will have time to inspect what has been done there after tea this afternoon.

The Standard X Art girls have displayed some of their Art work which you will see on the walls on your way to the dining-room for tea. Included amongst these exhibits is the Picture of the Year by Tessa Douglas-Hamilton.

We are not having displays in other departments this year, but next year, on Friday, 13 February (a date you cannot forget!) all parents, Old Girls, and friends of the School will be invited to an Open Day at Herschel. The day will coincide with our Founder's Day and Old Girls' Annual Reunion. We hope to offer an interesting programme of displays and exhibitions throughout the school, so please mark this date in your diaries. We can assure you of an interesting and informative day's entertainment for the whole family.

I am sure that as parents you will agree that the girls themselves appear far more involved and concerned about their work and a noticeable air of quiet industry pervades the School; this is most commendable.

I thank all those who have helped organise the School this year. Margot McLachlan has been an enthusiastic and loyal head girl and head of Rolt House, Camilla White and Barbara van Alphen Stahl have been interested heads of Merriman and Jagger. The remaining prefects and matriculation class have developed into a group of interesting and talented individuals whose future progress we shall follow with great interest.

My staff of 45 have between them a teaching experience of 850 years; and each one in her own way gives something special to the School. Mrs. Stockwell, Mrs. Rauch and Mrs. McCormick as house-mistresses have given me their full support and I do thank them most sincerely for their help and interest in all school matters. Mrs. Gillham, as remedial teacher, has helped many girls this year both at the Prep. and Senior Schools, and we are now feeling the full benefit of her work throughout the School. An encouraging aspect is that girls now ask to see Mrs. Gillham and we are hard-pressed to give them all time with her. Mrs. Pat Brown has been a tower of strength and while she is at the helm of the preparatory school I know all will run

smoothly and efficiently there.

I would be quite lost without the assistance of Mrs. Nezar and Mrs. Johnstone, head of the senior and junior boarding houses respectively. The quiet industry of Mrs. Dorothy Smith (our Bursar), and Mrs. Margaret Hartman, my secretary, assisted by Mrs. Pat Wood and Mrs. Mary Brown have ensured the smooth running of our office with a minimum of fuss. Miss Joyce Way continues to produce the good meals which so many of us enjoy and look forward to at Herschel — sometimes disastrously from a weight point of view. Quite how she keeps up these standards with our restricted budget is a mystery. But her teas and coffees served so willingly, sometimes late at night at the end of a society meeting, are much appreciated by all.

After having been at Herschel for five years I feel I should be making some profound announcement, but all I can say is that it is **good** to be here—to be

entrusted by you to guide your daughters throughout their school careers is indeed an honour and a task which I find so interesting and rewarding. I could not have managed without the warm support of all of you as parents and the help and guidance of our School Council. Just in case you think that a sort of complacent euphoria is surrounding the Headmistress after her first five years, it is right to say that poised as we are on the brink of a second five years, I am confronted with a challenge—it is to ensure that Herschel stays in the forefront of South African Schools and a perpetual source of excellence disseminating those values and freedoms which are in danger of being lost in the world. May 1976 prove to be a turning-point in the history of Herschel.

Ladies and gentlemen I thank you.

Ad dei Gloriam.

Founder's Day, 7th February, 1975

The preacher on Founder's Day was Father Bravington, who regarded the week as auspicious since it held his birthday and also offered him the opportunity of speaking at Herschel's Founder's Day. As a member of the Astronomical Society, he had always been interested in Herschel, quite apart from the vision and farsightedness of Jagger.

Founder's Day is a day on which we give thanks for the Founder and his vision and re-dedicate ourselves to God. Yet Herschel, too, gives us inspiration. Like Isaiah, he looked at the stars and found God, who created the ordered universe, with the stars in their courses, the paths across the deserts, the tent of the heavens, and all the great world with its inhabitants.

In the desert we see the stars most clearly, as they shine there more purely. God, too, comes to us as light. An astronomer, looking at the light of the stars in the desert, knows that that light has taken a million years to reach him, and feels that for all that time God has been coming to meet him.

Another way of looking at the stars is the way of the astrologer. The message for the day for Father Bravington, as an Aquarian, was that he was to beware of taking foolish risks. But that was merely constricting human advice. We simply must follow God to the point of foolishness.

Three other men found a better way of following a star. The three wise men followed a star which led them to Christ. The message of that star led them to Him, and they worshipped Him and gave Him splendid gifts, as they were rich.

It is difficult, we are told, for the rich to enter the Kingdom of God, but it is possible, not through our own power but through God's, so that we may be drawn, like the Magi, to give back the gifts that God has given us.

Ultimately, of course, the stars cannot help us, money cannot save us, but since all things are possible to Christ, we should offer ourselves to be led to Him.

Staff News

New Staff, 1975

Senior School: Mrs. K. Doherty, Mrs. J. Garrett, Mrs. B. Greene, Mrs. A. Griffiths, Mrs. A. Keyser, Mrs. J. Marr, Mrs. C. Tyler, Mrs. A. Visagie, Mrs. M. White.

Preparatory: Miss A. Anthony, Mrs. Beck, Miss V. Cohen, Mrs. R. Burnton, Miss S. Gosling, Mrs.

A. G. King, Mrs. M. Short, Mrs. S. Taylor.

Part-time Games: Miss L. Brailey.

Officer: Mrs. P. Wood.

Boarding House — Resident: Mrs. P. Hurn.

Non-Resident Staff: Mrs. M. G. Browne, Mr. T. Jackson.

Staff who have Left

Senior: Mrs. M. Barker, Miss W. Brown, Miss A. Grieve, Miss R. Heynicke, Mrs. M. Goldfinch, Mrs. P. Mustart, Mrs. A. Stracey, Mrs. J. J. Stais.

Obituary: Mrs. A. J. Boyd.

Preparatory: Mrs. Mordecai, Mrs. R. Sparks, Mrs. S. Taylor, Mrs. A. A. van Rensburg, Mrs. A. Kirkpatrick.

School Officers, 1975

Head of School: Margot McLachlan.

Jagger: B. van Alphen Stahl (Head of House), J. Bettison, M. Franck.

Merriman: C. White (Head of House), H. Stubblings, B. Twentyman Jones, P. King, Terry Lloyd-Roberts.

Rolt: M. McLachlan (Head of House), N. Fouche, D. Gariach.

Head of Boarding House: P. King.

Boarding-house Prefects: E. Prain, S. Anderson, G. Anderson, A. Winberg, T. Post, J. Frater, R. Webber.



SCHOOL OFFICERS

Back Row: B. Twentyman-Jones, M. Franck, N. Fouché, J. Bettison, D. Garisch, T. Lloyd-Roberts, H. Stubbings.
Sitting: P. King, M. McLachlan, Dr. Silberbauer, C. White, B. van Alphen-Stahl.

Avete

Pre-School Class: Samantha Bailey, Bridget Chapman, Katie Christie, Theresa Cruse, Kathryn Dean, Deborah Doble, Alendra Durr, Nina Fiddian-Green, Fenella Growse, Claire Hennessy, Diana Jones, Imelda Knight, Nicola Lloyd Roberts, Meg McKee, Melanie Maclean, Lesley Miller, Marilyn Palmer, Catherina Pelt, Christie Peters, Clair Reilly, Karen Snyders, Deirdre Terrill, Sarah Villet, Nicola Watson, Tracey Wright.

Sub A: Nadege Alazraki, Jane Bailey, Rachel Brigg, Nicola Eckstein, Catharine Foster, Amanda Green, Lucinda Groves, Liesl Haldane, Mignon Hanou, Marina Hennessy, Kerry Hoffman, Kathryn Holliday, Nicolette Jordan, Kim Joubert, Camilla Kohler, Alexandra Little, Catherine McCarthy, Carolyn McGhie, Clare Meredith, Victoria Michaelides, Michelle Milner, Linda Newton Thompson, Tracey Perrins, Caroline Poland, Kim Porter, Vanessa Sass, Nicola Shub, Sandra Smuts, Tessa Sparks, Sally Stokes, Helena Thornton, Nicola Turnbull.

Sub B: Linda Cockinis, Cindy Glover.

Standard I: Janet Coffin, Lynden Holliday, Jane Stokes, Leanne Williams-Short.

Standard II: Deborah Barnard, Lindy de Waal, Jane Kinsley, Lerrisse Maisel, Liza Rowland.

Standard III: Susan Cowie, Marie Louise du Toit, Hilary Jooste, Michelle Kinlay, Emily Morrissey, Kathleen Pickup, Samantha Rees-Jones, Kathryn Smith, Christine Tomlinson.

Standard IV: Susan Albertyn, Jane Clarke, Brett Kinsley, Julia Krone, Suzanne Louw, Fiona McQueen, Alexandra Singer.

Standard VI: Suzanne Ackerman, Alison Bowley, Sally Emary, Rosemary Fletcher, Kathy Goodwin, Therese Herbert, Michele Jacobson, Jeanne Lith, Susan Lloyd-Roberts, Alison Marr, Sharon Nel, Heather Tomlinson, Theresa van Ryneveld, Wendy Vorster.

Standard VII: Tania Braun, Carole Ward-Smith.

Standard VIII: Erica Alderman, Catherine Aubrey, Janet Barker, Veronique Batchelor, Frances de Klerk, Cheryl de Villiers, Helen Manning, Susan Nolan, Cathryn Page Wood, Caron Park, Hilary Tickle, Patricia Tyler.

Standard IX: Patricia Leisegang, Margaret Williams.

Valete

Standard X: Suzanne Allen, Gail Anderson, Suzette Anderson, Susan Batho, Lucinda Beer, Jane Bettison, Fiona Campbell-Ross, Hilary Day, Susan Delahunt, Tessa Douglas-Hamilton, Nicola Fouché, Martine Franck, Josephine Frater, Dawn Garisch, Bridget Gough, Katherine Greshoff, Lynne Herbert, Pamela King, Judy Knutzen, Terry Lloyd-Roberts, Margot McLachlan, Shona Milton, Fiona Naude, Pier Orme, Miranda Peden, Jennifer Pentz, Tjitske Post, Erica Prain, Amanda Scott, Helen Stubbings, Alexandra Symonds, Janet Thomas, Bridget Twyman-Jones, Barbara van Alphen Stahl, Karenina van Lennep, Coralie Wale, Rose-Marie Webber, Karen Wessels, Deborah Westcott, Camilla White, Astrid Winberg.

Others: Sally Allen, Lovell Anstee, Jane Bailey, Beth Bassett, Katherine Batho, Dawn Beasley, Carolyn Chapman, Nicola Clarke, Morag Currie, Philippa Dauncey, Willemijn de Clerqu, Daniella de Clerqu, Feyna de Clerqu, Sonya Herman, Linda Herweg, Vivienne Horwood, Ana-Maria Jackson, Linda Jooste, Kim Joubert, Yvonne Krige, Bonnie Laity, Patricia Line, Sandra Line, Alexandra Little, Dawn McCutcheon, Abigail Matherson, Malva Marine, Claudio Moni, Elizabeth Murray, Carolyn Neser, Lycette Orlin, Ruth Pepler, Caroline Poland, Veronica Reed, Kim Shorrock, Mary Ann Slingsby, Tracey Smith, Kristen Stevenson, Linda Stott, Jane Stubbs, Alison Sweet, Hilary Tickle, Kim Trueb, Susan Jane Watermeyer, Nicola Watson, Jane Whittingdale.

Confirmations

On Sunday morning the 12th October, 1975, the following girls were confirmed at St. Saviour's by His Grace the Most Reverend Lord Archbishop of Cape Town, Bill Burnett, and were administered their first communion straight afterwards:

Julie Ann Allsop, Shelley Bell, Mary Bettison, Laura de Rooy, Helen Enthoven, Claire Gawth.

Louise Gottgens, Erica Graham, Mary-Lynne Grant, Tessa Handley, Doune Hannay Robertson, Linda Herweg, Monique Herweg, Rosemary Howell, Susan Howes, Jane Kelly, Fiona Lloyd, Diane Meintjes, Amanda Metcalfe, Irene Modlin, Karina Raath, Stacey Smith Chandler, Linda Stott, Hilary Tickle, Pippa Torr, Patricia Tyler.

Scholarships

Two scholarships were awarded to:
Anina van der Merwe (Herschel Preparatory)
and Caroline Marten (Fish Hoek Primary).

Both girls enter Standard 6 next year and these scholarships are given by the School Council and are tenable for five years.

Gifts to the School

Once the tarmac at the Prep. School was completed, Mrs. K. Anderson, Mrs. Carson and Mrs. Mackenzie worked particularly hard to restore the surrounding gardens and we do thank them most sincerely for giving up their time and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson for lending us their gardener to lay the very attractive rockery that surrounds one side of the new parking area which now exists on the site of the old rose garden. To commemorate this, we have planted eight rose trees on the right hand side of the Prep. entrance.

The 1973, 1974 and 1975 Matriculation classes have set aside a sum towards the building of gateposts and gates at the front entrance of the Senior School. Although plans have been passed for the gate piers, we have delayed building until we are certain that the overall architect's plan for the future buildings at the Senior School have been completed.

1975 has been a successful year for fund-raising. This year we have had a sale of Amaryllis bulbs which netted R1 000 for the school and a group of Old Girls organised a most successful and interesting Art Exhibition. The proceeds of this weekend event are to go towards the new Music, Art and Drama Centre which we hope will be started

in the new year. Brenda-Lynn Hoffman (Chairman of the Old Herschelians) and her helpers worked efficiently and collected and displayed Art work of all kinds, which transformed the Main Hall. All the works exhibited were those of Old Girls of Herschel, and Parents and Staff, both past and present. This venture was a great success and brought many Old Girls and friends back to Herschel.

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 cheques amounting to R1 000 to put towards buying a much-needed Kombi for school transport.

We now have a handsome colour television set in the boarders' sitting-room which is a constant source of interest to all and we do thank our anonymous donor for this handsome gift.

A premiere held at the Three Arts Theatre earlier this year for "Joseph and His Many Coloured Dreamcoat" raised over R600 for the school.

We are grateful to have once again received lovely gifts of fresh fruit from our family parents.

Herschel is indeed fortunate to have so many who give so generously to the School.

Matriculation Results, 1974

32 Candidates entered. A dagger (†) denotes a first class pass. X denotes matric exemption.

Distinctions are placed in brackets after the name of the candidate.

- †X E. N. Aitchison.
- †X G. B. Austin (French, Physical Science).
- †X D. G. Beukes (Biology).
- †X S. E. A. Bosma (English, Latin, Biology).
- †X S. F. Brownlie (French, Biology, Mathematics).
- SL D. Cathcart-James.
- †X S. C. Dowdle.
- X S. E. J. Fuller.
- †X B. Gordon Bagnall.
- X V. M. Hau.
- X P. M. M. Harris.
- X E. Jeffery.
- †X G. H. Jooste.

- SL B. A. Joslin.
- †X S. E. Knight (French, History).
- X S. M. le Roux.
- SL L. M. Loggie.
- SL D. C. Meatchem.
- †X J. P. Napier (Biology).
- X J. C. Paley.
- †X G. Parkin (Latin).
- X R. J. Perold.
- X S. G. Pettigrew.
- †X J. C. Pulsford (Biology).
- †X C. A. E. Robinson (Biology).
- X A. M. Serritslev.
- X D. L. Slingsby.
- X A. I. T. Smit.
- SL P. A. Thom.
- †X J. I. Wade.
- X B. L. Ward-Able.
- X A. L. Williams.

(No failures).

Results of Taaleksamens, 1974

Laer Eksamen 1974

Passed the Higher Grade with honours (Minimum 75%):

T. Bergh, T. Bosma, N. Dunckley, E. Murray, I. Schneider-Waterberg.

Passed the Higher Grade (Minimum 60%):

H. Day, M. Higgins, K. König, S. le Roux, C. Parker, C. Smith-Chandler, C. Stuart-Findlay, D. Westcott, J. Wilson, A. Winberg.

Passed on Ordinary Grade (Minimum of 40%):

M. Adam, S. Anderson, J. Barry, R. D. Beasley, J. Bettison, S. Delahunt, F. Douglas, T. Douglas-Hamilton, N. Fouche, S. Fuller, S. Gird, E. Graham,

K. Greshoff, R. Howell, D. Isted, J. MacGregor, L. Mayer, M. Messaris, S. Milton, P. Orme, M. Peden, J. Pentz, T. K. Philip, J. Torr, B. Twentyman-Jones, A. Ulrick, C. Veldhuizen.

Hoër Eksamen 1974

First class — Minimum 60%:

G. Austin, E. Bosma, P. King.

Passed on Ordinary Grade — Minimum 40%:

E. Aitchison, G. Anderson, M. Franck, D. Garisch, B. Gough, E. Jeffery, J. Kuntzen, M. McLachlan, F. Naude, T. Post, J. Pulsford, A. Scott, H. Stubblings, A. Symonds, B. van Alphen Stahl, K. van Lennep, C. White.

The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music

Practical Examinations:

Grade I: Deborah Arton, Tessa Gawith, Hilary Jooste (Merit), Mary Jooste, Louise Morrissey, Juanita Thornton.

Grade II: Gaydrey Browne, Juliette Womersley.

Grade III: Jill Breen (Merit), Susan Burns, Celeste Cornforth (Merit), Rosalind English (Merit), Bridget Longmore (Merit), Catherine Moll, Lillian

Giot (Merit).

Grade IV: Jennifer Anderson, Philippa Leighton-Davies, Amanda Metcalf (Merit).

Grade V: Jean Bergh, Susan Harris, Amanda Thackeray.

Grade VI: Gillian Rauch (Merit), Patricia Tyler, Ise Schneider-Waterberg, Dianne Douglas-Hamilton.

Grade VII: Susan Ward-Able.

Ballet Examination Results — R.A.D.

Primary: Shanda Rossouw (Highly Commended), Nicola Caine (Commended).

Grade I: Sharon Werner (Honours), Bennita Gswell (Highly Commended), Bionwyn Geldenhuys

(Commended).

Grade II: Vanessa Green (Highly Commended).

Grade III: Maryanne Marais (Highly Commended), Cecile van der Merwe (Commended).

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, Nyanga Welfare Centre,

Buxton Emergency Home, Ruby Adendorff Home, Bantu Scholar's Fund, Nondzame Crèche, Manenberg Crèche, National Cancer Association of S.A., S.A. Council for the Aged, St. John's Teenagers, Grey Ladies, Tandu Bantu Crèche.

Speech Examination Results

Grade A: Shelley Durr 85 (Honours), Amanda Robins 80 (Merit), Michelle Smith 80 (Merit).

Grade B: Faith Knight 83 (Merit), Claire Stern 91 (Honours).

Grade C: Ashley Chapman 78 (Merit), Amanda de Villiers 75 (Merit), Susan Hammond 78 (Merit), Georgina Hart 67 (Pass), Mary Jooste 77 (Merit), Katherine Tripp 86 (Honours), Cecile van der Merwe 82 (Merit).

Grade D: Beverley Brockman 69 (Pass), Leigh Cluver 75 (Merit), Philippa Dauncey 77 (Merit), Shane Fairhead 85 (Honours), Elizabeth Frost 83

(Merit), Clair Grootendorst 91 (Honours), Jane Johnson 90 (Honours), Morna Lawson 69 (Honours), Anina van der Merwe 82 (Merit).

Senior I: Louise Murdock 79 (Merit), Celia Maud 82 (Merit), Marilyn Knudsen 79 (Merit), Philippa Leighton-Davies 91 (Honours).

Senior II: Vivien Visser 79 (Merit), Shelley Mills 78 (Merit), Fiona Lawson 77 (Merit), Katherine Batho 80 (Merit), Heather Turner 79 (Merit), Susan Fine 79 (Merit).

Senior III: Juliet MacGregor 72 (Pass), Lucy Walker 78 (Merit).

Dates for 1976

PLEASE KEEP FOR REFERENCE

1st Term: Wednesday, 21st January—Friday, 26th March.

2nd Term: Wednesday, 7th April—Friday, 18th June.

3rd Term: Tuesday, 13th July—Friday, 24th September.

4th Term: Tuesday, 5th October—Tuesday, 7th December.

Report of Clubs and Activities

Sociological Club

The club has had a most enlightening and successful year. We have had a great variety of speakers, ranging from talks on travels in other countries, to talks on mental health and malnutrition.

A great deal of entertaining has been done by the girls, and Old Girls have returned to tell us of their travels. Fiona McLachlan, our ex head-girl, started the year on a very interesting and amusing note with stories about her year in America as a Rotary Exchange Student. In September, Lynne Brailey and Dianne Longmore came to tell us about their year as American Field Scholars. The girls have performed a mock trial, two humorous Afrikaans programmes and a programme of very interesting and entertaining readings, arranged by Mrs. Tyler.

The staff have also been very active. In February Mrs. Griffiths took the place of a speaker unable to come and told us about the Maoris in New Zealand. In March Mrs. Thompson gave us an

extremely interesting talk on Jane Austen and the period she lived in. Mrs. McCormick has been to a great deal of trouble to arrange films for us, and, busy though she is, she has entertained us herself with four short stories portraying people's characters.

We have had many interesting visiting speakers, in fact, too many to mention everyone. I have thus chosen those whose talks I enjoyed most.

Dr. Martin West, a social anthropologist, came in January to talk to us about the problems of migrant labour in the Western Cape and again in April to show us two very interesting films on various ceremonies on the South Sea Islands.

A charming lady, Mrs. Jill Hamilton, wife of the South African Ambassador in Tokyo, gave us a fascinating talk on life in Japanese cities.

Dr. Voke, a Baptist minister, told us about Underground Evangelism. We learned about communist policy and about the hardships of Christians behind the Iron Curtain.



Niki Dunkley was awarded Third Prize for her Nature Conservation Essay. Here she is with Dr. Douglas Hey and the other two prize-winners.

Professor Dowdle and two white mice took the stage in August, to illustrate immunology. With a touch of genius, Professor Dowdle managed to make this very complicated subject humorous and comprehensible.

We thank Mrs. McCormick for the enthusiasm and efficiency with which she organises the meetings and without whom the club could not continue. We also thank the Staff and Dr. Silberbauer for the interest they have shown.

Sharon Gird.

Sports Activities

Swimming Captain: Hilary Day.
Vice-Captain: Nicola Fouche.
Tennis Captain: Barbara van Alphen Stahl.
Vice-Captain: Camilla White.
Hockey Captain: Margot McLachlan.
Vice-Captain: Nicola Fouche.
Squash Captain: Susan Batho.
Vice-Captain: Margot McLachlan.

Colours:

Hockey held by Margot McLachlan.
Squash held by Susan Batho, Margot McLachlan.
Swimming held by Hilary Day, Nicola Fouche, Margot McLachlan, Camilla White.

SWIMMING

The Inter-Schools Swimming Gala was the first Inter-Schools competition of 1975. The team swam well, events were close and in the open and Under-15 sections Herschel was placed 4th and

6th respectively. Well swum, the Under-14's who were placed 2nd to Wynberg in their section! The juniors trained hard and swam consistently well throughout the season.

Fiona Adams won the Inter-Schools Under-15 Diving and must at the same time be congratulated on her other 1975 achievements. She won the U-16 South African Schools Diving Championships, was placed 2nd in the U-16 Western Province Championships and 3rd in the Open Championships. She won the Herschel Championship, with Nicky Kohler running a fairly close second, and was awarded her School diving colours.

Our annual gala with Rhenish was held at the Rhenish pool and was our most enjoyable friendly gala of the season. The results were very close, Rhenish managing to take the lead by winning the last few events.

Congratulations to Stacey Smith Chandler who was awarded her swimming colours.



SENIOR INTER-HOUSE GALA



SENIOR INTER-HOUSE GALA



OPEN INTER-SCHOOLS TENNIS TEAM

Standing: Margot McLachlan, Stacey Smith-Chandler, Judy Wilson, Nicola Fouché.
Seated: Barbara van Alphen Stahl (Capt.), Miss Kable, Camilla White.
Missing: Susan Batho.



UNDER 15 INTER-SCHOOLS TENNIS TEAM

Standing: Amanda Rice, Vivienne Malherbe, Dianne Douglas-Hamilton, Rosemary Meynell, Jeanne Franck.
Seated: Celeste Cornforth, Miss Kable, Nicky Kohler.

TENNIS

The standard of tennis has improved considerably: there were seven teams playing league fixtures during the season, three open and four Under-15 teams. Matches were played every Saturday morning and provided us with varied experience.

The Under-15 team played extremely well in the Inter-Schools Tournament. They were placed 2nd,

one point behind Rustenburg. The open team, too, were placed 2nd in their tournament.

The School Championships are at present being played and we're wondering who is going to "win through". Last year Celeste Cornforth caused great excitement with her "hat trick". She walked off with the trophies for the Open, the Under-15 and the Standard 6 Singles events.

NETBALL

Netball continued, though it was rather neglected for our stronger sports. Struggling against all odds,

the teams managed to keep up their enthusiasm and found enjoyment in their Thursday afternoon matches.

HOCKEY

We have had a very successful and enjoyable hockey season this year. Our tour to Grahamstown and our hike along the Otter Trail proved to be an exciting beginning to the season and we returned to school fit for the Western Province Schools Trials. Congratulations to the three who were selected for the side — Tessa Douglas-Hamilton, Margot MacLachlan (Captain) and Stacey Smith Chandler.

The Inter-Schools Tournaments were held at the end of the third term after the completion of league matches. The U-15 team caused great excitement when they played with tremendous determination

to beat Rustenburg 2-1 in the final, bringing home the cup. The first XI also met Rustenburg, our constant rival, in the final and, in a very tense and extremely good match narrowly lost 2-1.

This season, new colours were awarded to both Tessa Douglas-Hamilton and Stacey Smith Chandler. Rosemary Meynell was awarded the cup for the most promising hockey player of the year.

The annual parents' matches were held amid much laughter, and a great deal of hitherto unforeseen talent was displayed. The highlight of the season was the staff match and the staff, true to form, provided the school with a spectacular and entertaining display of Olympic-standard hockey.



UNDER 15 INTER-SCHOOLS HOCKEY TEAM

Standing: Nicola Dauncey, Vanessa Geldenhuys, Marilyn Knudsen, Katherine Batho, Suzanne Naude, Elizabeth Meynell, Celeste Cornforth.

Seated: Amanda Rose, Rosemary Meynell, Miss Kable, Chloe Fouche, Nicky Kohler.



OPEN INTER-SCHOOLS HOCKEY TEAM

Standing: Diana Loria, Peta-Anne Simpson, Dawn Gärish, Fran de Klerk, Jean Barry,
Barbara van Alphen Stahl.

Seated: Tessa Douglas-Hamilton, Margot McLachlan (Capt.), Miss Kable, Nicola Fouché,
Stacey Smith-Chandler.

Missing: Susan Batho.

PARENTS HOCKEY MATCHES



Three Little Maids.



Mums Match.



On the Ball — Margot McLachlan.



WATCH IT.

Centre: Nicola Fouché.

In Background: Dawn Gärish.



STAFF VS GIRLS HOCKEY

"It's all in the game".



INTER-SCHOOLS "A" SQUASH TEAM

Back Row: Jennifer Pentz, Nicola Fouché.
Seated: Margot McLachlan, Susan Batho (Capt.), Stacey Smith-Chandler.

THE OTTER TRAIL, HOCKEY TOUR 1975



Tsitsikama Coastline



Weighed Down.

SQUASH

Squash proved to be our strongest sport. Two teams were entered for the Inter-Schools Competition. Our A team beat our B team in the semi-finals and went on to beat Rustenburg 5-0 in the finals. This is the second year in succession that we have brought home the cup. Long may it last!

We owe special commendation to our three Western Province Schools players for the high standard set. These representatives were — Susan Batho (Captain), Margot McLachlan and Stacey Smith Chandler.

The School Open Champion is Susan Batho, runner-up Margot McLachlan whilst the U-16 Champion is Nicky Kohler with runner-up Rosemary Howell. When it came to the Western Province Championships, the tables were reversed. Margot won the U-18 Championship with Susan this time as runner-up, and Stacey won the U-16 Championship.

Colours this year were awarded to Stacey. Well done Nicky Fouché, who was awarded the cup for the most improved squash player of the season!

Nicky Kohler, Rosemary Meynell and Stacey are in Jill Eckstein's newly selected squash squad and are already in training for the '76 season.

Grateful thanks to Jill for her enthusiasm and excellent coaching without which the season would never have been so successful.

GYMNASTICS

Gym Club has worked as usual, and combined with some class groups did a demonstration of work in the third term. This proved to be an interesting and enjoyable evening. Well done, Doune Hannay-Robertson, for being awarded Gym colours!

But no sports report could be complete without mention of Miss Kable. She has built up, over her three years at Herschel, a tremendous enthusiasm for all sports and we should like to express our sincere appreciation and gratitude for all that she has done for us to make 1975 such a successful and enjoyable year.



Doune Hannay-Robertson.

Hockey Tour, 1975

Owing to the success of the Hockey Tour of 1974, our first team, headed by Miss Kable, set out again in March from Cape Town Station, this time bound for Grahamstown. After an enjoyable trip, we arrived at our destination and went by Combi to the Grand Hotel where we stayed during our one-week stay.

We played good, hard, clean hockey, but were very evenly matched. We lost two matches, tied in one, and won two.

We spent two days recuperating at Margot's uncle's farm near Port Elizabeth, then, during the Easter weekend, we hiked along the Otter Trail, a 64-kilometer trail which follows the coast from the Storms River mouth to Nature's Valley. We travelled back to Cape Town by Combi and arrived exhausted, dirty, but with innumerable happy memories of a most successful tour.

Dawn Gärtsch.





Otter Trail



"Effects of the Hike".



Geography Field Trip to Tokai.

Music Club Report

Chairman: Miss Sweet.

Secretary: Suzette Anderson.

This year the Music Club held a most enjoyable meeting. Peggy Walsh, the talented Horn player from America, accompanied by Mrs. Y. Dowdle, presented a very interesting and varied programme. Some of the more unusual items included a tune

played through a piece of seaweed, and a piece of garden hose!

The meeting was well attended by both pupils and relations, and judging by everyone's enthusiasm I feel that the club is an extremely successful one.

Suzette Anderson.

Oral Communication

Head: Mrs. Saffery.

Secretary: Terry Lloyd-Roberts.

This year saw the official introduction of Oral Communication into Herschel. Mrs. Just took over as Drama teacher, and Mrs. Saffery now teaches speech and holds classes to improve the general standard of speaking in the school.

On the Drama side, the Senior Class produced "RINSE THE BLOOD OF MY TOGA" — an amusing and well-written (if slightly inaccurate) account of Caesar's murder, for the Music, Art and Drama Evening. They then went on to produce some of Aesop's fables, and fairy tales, to take on a tour of a few primary schools. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Just, on behalf of all her pupils, for her very creative and stimulating teaching.

Several debates were held this year, and the girls acquitted themselves very well indeed — Mrs. Saffery's fine teaching seems to be steadily improving the public speaking of our debaters. We competed with Bishops in a debate in the first term, the subject of which was: "William Wilberforce

did more for the world than Florence Nightingale", with Herschel proposing the motion. Unfortunately our eloquence was no match for the brilliant performances of Messrs. Gardener and Pulvermacher, who went on to score an overwhelming victory — one more blow to Women's Lib!

Herschel also entered a team of five in the Inter-Schools Forum Discussion Competition, and although they managed very well, we realized that there is much room for improvement in our technique in informal and incisive discussion.

Mrs. Saffery entered some of her Drama students in the Inter-Schools Play Competition, but they were pitted against some very formidable opposition and, despite a commendable effort, were not placed.

The year has been very active and enjoyable, and I should like to conclude this report by thanking Mrs. Saffery for her valuable and greatly appreciated teaching. Without her unflinching encouragement and constructive advice the budding Bernhards and Steinems of Herschel would surely remain with their lights hidden under the proverbial bushels.

Terry Lloyd-Roberts.



1975 HERSCHEL CHOIR

Back Row: P. Simpson, M. Filmer, H. Turner, C. Dowdle, M. Jacobson, H. Enthoven, V. Geldenhuys.

Second Row: P. Leighton-Davies, S. Lloyd-Roberts, N. Dauncey, S. Gird, J. Torr, L. Nel, R. English, S. Ward-Able.

Third Row: C. Veldhuizen, B. van Alphen Stahl, S. Smith-Chandler, J. Wilson, K. Honig, M. Adam, J. Pelt, S. Bell, F. Lawson.

Seated: P. King, J. Battison, R. Webber, S. Anderson, B. Twentymen-Jones, T. Lloyd-Roberts, A. Winberg, M. McLachlan, J. Thomas.

Choir Report

The annual Founder's Day Service, held at St. Saviour's Church, Claremont, was the first event in which the Choir took part this year.

Early in the second term the Choir, with five other school choirs, took part in the Cape Town Festival Celebrations at the City Hall. Herschel Choir sang seven songs, three of which were unaccompanied. It was unanimously agreed that the endless hours of work and early morning practices had been well worth while! A few weeks after this performance two of our songs were broadcast on the Afrikaans service and a Sunday Church

Service was broadcast with Herschel Choir combining with the St. Saviour's Church Choir.

Throughout the year, the Choir has sung at weddings of former Herschel girls. Other events involving the Choir were a Charity performance at the City Hall on November 5th and a week of Christmas broadcasts on the SABS English Service.

The highlight of the Choir's year will be the forthcoming Carol Service to be held at St. Saviour's Church at the end of the last term.

Bridget Twentyman-Jones.

Social Responsibility Club

We are very glad to report that the Social Responsibility Club has become very active again at Herschel. It was started in the third term and under the guidance of Mrs. Mallet and the chairmanship of Mary Messaris it has spread its activities in three directions so far.

The girls have very generously given magazines of all sorts for the use of hospital patients, and a young man of twenty, who is a terminal patient at Groote Schuur, was particularly grateful for scientific magazines. Upon the advice of various Child

Welfare workers and a child psychiatrist, we have tried to provide play activities for deprived children at the Marion Institute, and the Ruby Adendorff Orphanage. These outings, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, have been a great success and most enjoyable to all concerned.

We should like to thank all those who have participated and those parents who have provided lifts. We are sure that the club will grow and expand its activities in the coming year.

Historical Society

It has been an eventful and successful year. We had interesting talks on a variety of topics from Kibbutzes to Heraldry and World Wars. It was very pleasing to see so many non-History pupils in our regular pro-History audiences.

We are especially grateful to Miss I. Tremble, our librarian. Her delightful talks on "Hollywood in the Thirties" and "Life in Wartime England"

attracted capacity audiences and were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Next year we plan to introduce discussion groups for the girls and hope that these will improve general knowledge of world events.

Juliet MacGregor.
Shelley Bell

Scripture Union Report, 1975

Committee:

Leader: Mrs. Tyler.

Chairman: P. King.

Secretaries: C. Gawith, V. Farquhar.

Members: S. Hacking, B. Sandell, H. Stubbings.

"All over the world the Spirit is moving" — a line from one of the Choruses sung frequently this year now applies in Herschel's Scripture Union.

The highlight of the year was the Cheese Fondue Party for the Standard 6's and 7's. We all enjoyed ourselves and it was a great success. We have had numerous speakers and the meetings were well attended. We welcome Briget Sandell on to the

committee. She has done much in leading our chorus singing with the guitar.

Our weekly Bible Studies continue, one on Tuesdays, led by Mrs. Tyler, and one on Friday, led by Mrs. Spence. We also have fellowship and chorus singing on Wednesday during rest. The fortnightly meetings every Thursday are usually attended by an outside speaker.

We hope that the Scripture Union will enjoy the same success next year as it has this year. Our grateful thanks go to Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Spence for all their help, guidance and enthusiasm, which have kept us together.

Pam King (Chairman).

Mountain Club Report

1975 got off to a very good start with a most enjoyable walk in the Du Toit's Kloof mountains. The weather was perfect and it was great fun being able to cool off in the river.

In the second term Mr. Eckstein took a small group up Table Mountain and taught us the basics concerning the use of ropes, and this was something completely new.

After repeated cancellations owing to rain, we

were finally rewarded with a beautiful day last term and were taken up the St. James Mountains by Mrs. Tyler.

Apart from rather wet weather, 1975 has been a most successful and enjoyable year.

Our special thanks go to Miss Kable, Mrs. Tyler, Mr. Eckstein and the many parents who have so willingly transported us.

Judy Wilson.

Eleventh National Youth Science Week, 1975

This year, Herschel was represented by two Matric pupils, Dawn Gärtsch and Pamela King, in the Eleventh National Science Week, held in Pretoria. There were 105 participants, nine of whom were girls. The group from Cape Town was the largest group from any area.

The week began on Sunday, 6th July at 6.00 p.m. and lasted until 6.00 p.m. Friday, 11th July. There was a very full itinerary which gave us very little time to relax.

We were taken round some very interesting places; some of the most noteworthy were: the CSIR; the SABA; the Shell Oil Refinery; the Atomic Energy Board Centre at Pelindaba and the Pretoria Portland Cement Factory. Perhaps the visit to the

Libanon Goldmine was the visit which we all enjoyed most. We were taken down underground, we saw the weekly gold pour and we were taken round the Native Training School and the Hospital.

Our evenings were very busy and on the last evening we held a social which everyone enjoyed. On the Friday afternoon we all went to the Johannesburg Station where we parted company and went our several ways, saying goodbye to people whom we might never see again — a rather strange thought.

We enjoyed the "Week" very much. More people should be encouraged to write the Science Oympiad.

Pamela King, Std. X.

Library Notes

Library Prefects: J. Frater, J. Torr, J. Bergh, C. Gawith, R. Meynell, P.A. Simpson, M. Womersley, G. Frater, C. Dowdle.

It has been a very active year in the library. The contributing factors to this are twofold: firstly, we made the costly investment of buying the newest edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica — this consists of a ten-volume Micropaedia and a 19-volume Macropaedia. The response of our girls to these books has shown that our investment has paid handsome dividends.

Secondly, we have abandoned the notion that the average schoolgirl of today reads the classics: it is a realistic fact that they do not and, much as we deplore this trend, we have decided to go along with it. Consequently, our purchases have, in the main, been for popular, light books with the accent on paper-backs. We feel that it is better for the girls to develop the habit of reading — hopefully, discernment will come with maturity!

We have, however, not neglected important books, and overall it has been a bumper year for acquiring up-to-date reference books and non-fiction works. We have been extremely fortunate in both the quality and quantity of the books donated to the

Duncan Baxter Library during this year but, like Oliver Twist, we ask for more! Book tokens are most welcome (and appropriate, for they obviate duplication); they will be gratefully received.

Weekly classes of current affairs/general knowledge are given in the library to the standard 6's and 7's: some of the star readers in standard 6 are a-book-a-day girls. The fact that they are all near the top of the class could well be coincidence but we like to think it could be a cause-and-effect situation!

Josephine Frater, for so long a stalwart prefect, has relinquished her role of head library prefect, and we wish her well in the future as we do now for her matric examination. We are fortunate indeed to have such a reliable, capable and energetic replacement in Jennifer Torr. The school owes a great debt to the library prefects. The amount of work has increased so considerably that it would be very difficult to run the library efficiently without them.

Thanks to all who have supported the library so well during 1975 and we look forward to making further progress in 1976.

Inez Tremble (Librarian).

Oral Communication and Drama

This has been a busy year for us, both in the Preparatory and Senior Schools. Events in the latter will be largely dealt with by Terry Lloyd-Roberts, who has been our most efficient O.C. Secretary.

Oral Communication is a comparatively new term which has been coined to cover activities such as debating, lecturing, forum discussions, centres of interest, quizzes, etc. These are all gaining in importance, particularly because it probably will not be very long before Speech and Drama are included in the Matriculation Syllabus of the J.M.B. A number of girls whose talents lie in this direction are looking forward hopefully to the day when the Board's decision in this respect is implemented. In the meantime, it is very gratifying to see the number of Standard VI and VII girls who give up their free time to practise the art of public speaking.

This year the School entered pupils in the Cape Town Eisteddfod with very good results. Susan Fine, Clair Grootendorst, Jane Johnson and Claire Stern all got Honours for their performances, and Shelley Mills, Vivienne Visser, Fiona Lawson and Shobhan Mannion all did well. Standard X won the Mavis Scott Cup for Choral Verse speaking, sharing this honour with St. Michel's Convent.

The Drama classes have flourished under the guidance of Cynthia Just, and the girls have benefited very much, as evidenced by some sparkling performances in MAD Club meetings.

The yearly Preparatory School entertainment this

year began in the classrooms under the direction of the teachers of English. It took the form of a "Centres of Interest" programme with the theme "Morning, Noon and Night". The children found poems and prose and added movement and mime. They improvised playlets and wrote them down. The result was that Mrs. Just and I inherited a wealth of charming ideas which only had to be given their final form and polish.

There was a large entry this year for the examinations of the South African Guild of Speech and Drama Teachers. The results were eminently satisfactory. The majority of the girls got a Merit mark (75% and over). There were a few high Pass marks, and seven girls received Honours, which is 85% and over. The full list of examination successes appears elsewhere in this magazine.

The Inter-House One Act Play competition this year was won by Merriman with an extremely ambitious production of the classic "The Monkey's Paw". An unusual choice for schoolgirls, it nevertheless "came off" extremely well. All credit to the girls for their insight and dramatic sense — for realizing that the sheer excellence of the writing and dramatic situations would compensate for any lack of age or experience on the part of the players — not to mention taking on the role of a middle-aged man (congratulations Camillia!). All three plays were very good and I thoroughly enjoyed adjudicating.

M. L. Saffery,

Chapel Report

The Chapel has been holding its usual fortnightly Communion Services under Reverend Ian Eve.

New vestments for the priest and altar cloths have been purchased, as well as a new curtain for the back. Mrs. M. Browne has been in charge of the floral arrangements and the supervision of the Chapel.

The boarders attend Chapel twice weekly and the usual Chapel by Candlelight Service will be held at the end of the term.

Tanya Bosma.



CHAPEL INTERIOR

Merriman House Report

Head of Merriman: Mrs. Rauch.

Staff Members: Mrs. Bastiaans, Mrs. Marr, Mrs. Doherty.

Head of House: Camillia White.

Prefects: Pamela King, Terry Lloyd-Roberts, Helen Stubbings, Brigid Twentymann-Jones.

This year has been, on the whole, a good one for Merriman. Academically we have kept up a

reasonably high standard of work. With all the talent there is and with a little extra hard work, this can easily be improved upon next year.

Sportswise we have not excelled. We did well to take second place in the Inter-House squash and in the diving, but in the swimming, tennis and hockey we were able to come no higher than third. The U-15 hockey team must, however, be congratu-



Camilla White (Merriman), Margo McLachlan (Rolt, Head of School), Barbara van Alphen-Stahl (Jagger).

tulated on winning, so splendidly, their section — a feat the senior team was unfortunately unable to match!

Merriman always depends very much on cultural activities for success. To our great joy, we won the Inter-House Variety Concert, and the hall rang with our cheers when the final result was announced. I should like to thank all the Matrics for the tremendous effort they made for the Concert, just one week before writing mock-matric. An especial word of thanks must go to Terry Lloyd-Roberts, not only for her very talented performance, but for all her hard work back-stage. We were delighted too, to find that we had taken first place in the Magazine Competition. This time the Std. 9's must be congratulated on an excellent result.

The woolly jerseys knitted annually by the hard-working girls went as usual to St. Michael's Home for orphans, from whom we received many charming letters of gratitude. The collected house money has gone to Cancer Research and the Lady Buxton Home.

We welcomed Mrs. Marr and Mrs. Doherty to our staff this year and are happy to have their support. To Mrs. Rauch I would like to express my sincere thanks for all her guidance and encouragement throughout the year.

We won the Efficiency Shield last year. We can win it again, and keep it, with hard work and the wonderful house spirit which will always be a part of Merriman.

Camilla White.

Rolt House Report

Head of House: Mrs. Stockwell.

House mistresses: Mrs. Popham-Smith, Mrs. Visagie, Mrs. Keyser.

House Captain: Margot McLachlan.

House Prefects: Nicky Fouché, Dawn Gärisch.

This year Rolt has excelled on the sports field, winning Inter-House swimming, diving, squash and hockey. Unfortunately, in comparison, our academic results have not been of as high a standard and there is room for considerable improvement.

Although we did not win the Inter-House Variety Concert or Inter-House Magazine Competitions, we must commend our Std. 9's on the enthusiasm with which they organized the competitions and

thank them all for their time and effort.

During the year, 65 jerseys were made and delivered to the Ruby Adendorff Home in Claremont. In response to the special appeal from this home, which has to find new premises as a result of the Group Areas Act, it was decided that all our cash donations should be given to this institution.

Finally, I should like to thank Mrs. Stockwell for her support and guidance and the other house mistresses, prefects and girls whose enthusiasm and co-operation have made 1975 a very successful and enjoyable year.

Margot McLachlan.

Jagger House Report

Head of House: Mrs. McCormick.
House Mistresses: Mrs. Boyes, Miss Sweet, Mrs. Mallet, Mrs. White.

House Captain: B. van Alphen Stahl.
Prefects: M. Franck, J. Bettison.

This year we welcomed our new member of staff, Mrs. White. 1975 has been a mediocre year for Jagger, nothing outstanding, nothing disastrous, having occurred.

We came second in the swimming, diving, hockey and squash competitions. The swimming and hockey were very close, however, and for the second year running Jagger won the tennis. Academically, Jagger has improved tremendously since 1974, and must

keep up this high standard.

The third term was a busy term, including the Inter-House Magazine and Variety Concert Competitions. These were produced by the Standard 9's who put a great deal of hard work into them. Jagger came second in both. Jagger's charity funds went towards African Education and the jerseys this year were much appreciated by Calda who received them just in time for the cold winter.

I thank Mrs. McCormick, Martine and Jane for their continual support. With a boost in co-operation and house spirit next year, Jagger could be Top House!

Barbara van Alphen Stahl.

Matric Dance

On April 12th the grand occasion of our Matric Dance took place. Needless to say, the preparations for it had been taking place for many months beforehand. Other things which had been occurring as well as the discussions, were the inevitable disagreements. I think we must have argued over everything it was possible to argue over; the theme, the band, the food. One thing that we did not have any trouble about was the day, and that had already been decided for us!

The theme "Paris in the Spring" finally proved itself to be the most popular, and after numerous bands had been rejected, "Lincoln" was the one which remained. With regard to the food, we decided that a caterer would be the simplest. With these factors settled, the arrangements for the decoration of the hall gradually went ahead.

The Friday afternoon and evening before the dance were devoted to the decoration of the hall. This, amazingly enough, went off very smoothly and without a hitch. The only nasty moment occurred when we discovered that we had not made enough paper flowers to fill the net which was strung

across the ceiling. A last-minute spurt of work, plus a few generous volunteers remedied this, however. After the final touches on Saturday morning, the only thing which remained for us to do was to return home and endeavour to make ourselves look as beautiful as possible.

The first chance we had of viewing one another's partners was at the before-party held at Camilla's house. I think we all decided that our own specimens ranked among the best present, and with that comforting thought in mind, we left the Whites' house and set out for Herschel.



Karen Wessels, Mandy Scott, Hilary Day, Tessa Douglas-Hamilton and Sue Batho help with the Matric Dance decorations.



PARIS IN THE SPRING

At the entrance to the hall, we were greeted by Dr. Silberbauer and her husband, and then proceeded into the hall itself. It was this fresh glimpse of our work that I expect we shall always remember, and in such a setting it was obvious that we could do nothing else but enjoy ourselves to the full. As the evening wore on, this idea indeed proved itself to be correct.

The food was superb and the band, although a little on the heavy side at times, was very versatile and could not be faulted on the quality

of the music. Indeed, if the dancing became a little tiring, watching the singer was a form of entertainment in itself! At 12 o'clock, Margot gave a vote of thanks, and, with that, we all departed to continue our festivities elsewhere.

The after-party was held at Jenny's house where the dancing again proceeded, this time accompanied by a discotheque. As the time wore on and we all became more exhausted, the dancing gave

way to a film, and after this we were all once again on the move.

A rather tired group of people eventually arrived at Suzette's house for a champagne breakfast, and having consumed all that it is possible to consume at such an early hour, we set off for home. Thus yet another Matric Dance celebration drew to a close.

Janet Thomas (Ctd. X).

Original Work

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

"The Impression," it was named; it hung in the great gallery. The painter saw the sun rise, felt the impact of the whole process in one second, held it bright in his mind and painted the impression of a sunrise on a canvas. Colours were massed into a swirling, misty light, sky unseen and the sun, a heavy light, shifting and glaring, threaded the strands of grey into a web. The impression did not mean anything; it was not even a copy of a sunrise, it was just the whole sunrise massed into one impression of fleeting light. One could look and say, "There is a sunrise". And one could feel everything around this happening, as if one had been there and experienced the impression.

Impressionists were not to be accepted; there was no lasting meaning behind such swirls of colour, and behind each impression should be an explanation that could jump suddenly at the viewer and change his first thought. Critics thought that first impressions did not mean anything, regarding them as preliminary pictures to something greater behind, and they could not accept the main theme as being the impression, for its own sake.

It was felt that they could not last; there had to be a form and an order to synthesize, for any thought to be retained. An impression cannot express infinitely the vastness of feeling that it does actually hold and the many other associations which combine with one's thoughts to form that impression.

Therefore, on that first impression many things were built. The actual image was passed through the mind and painted with all associations; until it was not even an impression of an event, but a touching on the self-expression. Expressionism was a wildness which seemed an outlet for the artist's mind; the viewer could not be involved unless the emotion was similar. They were totally personal, not touching on a common feeling which could be shared.

The impressions were so often the pictures of nature, a simple touching to absorb the total essence, but even then they seemed not to be true. Symbols were used as a more business-like approach, where all associations were compacted into a simple unit which could be understood by all. So the complexity of vast impressions was pared down to a shape, allowing room for so much more, enabling the picture or impression to be richer than the natural happening.

The impression was then scorned and used in



MAIN ENTRANCE HERSCHEL SENIOR SCHOOL

a picture, to mock. It was used in a fashion, which on a first impression would seem as if it were a realistic copy; until one would see the opposite meaning to what it first meant, a method to shock all simple senses.

It is so now: that impressions are merely flighty things that usually mean the opposite to what was first thought. So from the first impressions there has been a great revolution towards far greater truths than the truth of the lowly impression, the origin.

Miranda Peden (Std. X).

DEDICATED

Days fly
and the umbrella sky
sweeps open
keeps open,
traps rays showering
pretty, like flattened
flowers . . .
scattered confetti
dappling grey matter
with rainbows!
Grain grows golden
flowing over the folding wealth
of earth;
heather holds dust to
ceiling—
clover clusters cling:
Together we touch
the blue of believing.

Dawn Gärtsch (Std. X).

DUST

The door closed. Footsteps retreated into the outside to be swallowed up by silence. For a long time the room seemed to brood.

The presence of the departed lingered on; the afternoon light dimmed; but still no-one came back. The night lowered its black-velvet hand, but no-one returned. No return. Silence, blackness, not a stir.

Morning sunlight fingers crept across the floor, striking an empty rocking chair, which had long since stopped rocking at the time the door had closed.

Now it was covered finely with dust.

Dust. The silent invasion descending from nowhere, marking the passage of time. Slow, ceaseless and stealthily taking possession of table top, chair, stove, bookshelf, penetrating cracks and corners.

The night surged in, stayed, and fell away again as light broke and pierced the stuffy darkness behind the blind, curtained window of the deserted room.

But all through the flux and reflux of night and day, the continuous invisible invasion of dust, clogging and stifling traces of past life, covered it up, perhaps forever.

Colour faded and textures of curtain, glass and wood became the same, flat, dull, sticky, stuffy. The table, the grillwork of the old stove, the window-sill, the rocking chair. Empty. Dusty. Forms of a forgotten time existing in an unknown, undiscovered room.

On the wall a picture of unknown, forgotten faces looked out. On the glass of the picture, dust had clung and dimmed their shadowy view.

Karenina van Lennep (Std. X).

*"O fat white woman whom nobody loves,
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?"*

Miss Langford sat on the verandah of her bungalow on a creaking wicker swingseat, her plump hands folded in her lap as she gazed at the evening sky. Darkness descends with rapidity in India and she knew that soon she would have to move inside the stiflingly hot house. She sighed; a large woman, she had never adjusted to the sticky heat in spite of seven years' teaching at a small village school in Barburani. Deep in her heart was a loathing for the country to which she had fled at the end of her youth, her spirit consumed with a frustrated passion to help the underprivileged in a far-off land. Miss Langford had packed her spinster possessions with great hopes — an almost missionary zeal.

Seven years later the fires of her ample bosom had faded to a quiet despair; only her belief that she was indispensable at the school kept her spirit from flagging. For, hard as she tried to understand her ragged pupils, she had a disquieting sensation of failure. The truth was that Miss Langford had no understanding of the liquid-eyed peasants. She scolded the young mothers for allowing their brown, naked children to splash in the mud puddles in the tea fields. She shuddered on seeing the women preparing their meals, squatting round fires and stirring the rice with long delicate fingers. For Miss Langford, cleanliness was next to godliness and her consuming passion was to teach the people to be clean.

Miss Langford was jolted out of her reverie by the sound of the shuffling footsteps of Sher Dil, the houseboy. He stood with a slightly bowed head, wringing his hands with quiet desperation. In a soft anguished voice he asked her to accompany him to his dwelling to help his young wife who was in labour with her first child. She knew that the local doctor was away on a trip to Hyderabad and it was with a great sinking of her heart that she told Sher Dil she would come.

In the flickering light inside the hut a young woman writhed in the agony of childbirth. She made not a sound but her hands clutched at a twist of rag and her long black hair lay moist and matted about her shoulders. A woman's instinct told Miss Langford that all that was needed was a comforting hand on the girl's arm, a few words of encouragement, but Miss Langford, the respected, if not loved, white Mem could not bring herself to do so. Trembling she stood in the doorway, unable to touch anything, and then she turned and ran out into the beauty of the tropical night. She saw no beauty, only hatred.

The next morning Miss Langford wrote her resignation to the Schoolboard. No longer could she deceive herself. She realized now that she had never deceived the people — she had no feeling in her heart for them; they revolted her. All her hopes and dreams had shattered when she faced the truth in herself. She wept inwardly, not for the lost love of the simple people and their country, but for her own wasted years . . .

*"O fat white woman whom nobody loves,
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?"*

Sandy Symonds (Std. X).

LIFE AT THE TOP

(This appeared in "English Alive")

Father and I live alone in the house on the hill. It stands cool and aloof, its windows glinting on to the smoking city below.

Mother was taken from us several years ago, and now it is just two men, alone, in that memory-filled mansion. Every night, after we have dismissed the servants, we sit in the drawingroom, staring into the blazing fire. Father sits in his wing-chair, and I on the sofa. Mother's rocking-chair is placed between us, her sewing-basket on the seat, just as her dear hands left it.

We own a large company, there in the dirty city. We are respected and admired by all those who are acquainted with us, and we acknowledge this, Father and I. We are extremely important and enjoy our life at the top. I smiled at her yesterday. She smiled back, she with her hair all silky down her back. It is chestnut-coloured, the same as mine, as my dear mother's. She works for our company and I often see her, standing cool and aloof, away from the brazen mass of people. She lives in a flat in the deplorable suburb of Welbourne. I followed her home one day, bumping on the filthy bus, splashing through the muddy streets. She was not like the rest of them. She did not laugh coarsely at their jokes, their common rough jokes. Poor girl, does she not long for the life that I lead, that wonderful life on the hill?

I sat in Mother's room last night. It was warm and friendly, welcoming and regal. I wondered how the girl would look, sitting there in the arm-chair, her fingers busy with her tapestry. I pictured her talking to the servants, her head thrown back, a slight smile of scorn parting her red lips. I discussed her with Father. He smiled and shrugged, his eyes straying first to the rocking-chair and then to the portrait. There was silence in the vast room.

I decided to speak to her. When I saw her, I smiled my friendly smile. She paused, and grinned back. I glanced away, horrified. I looked again at her face, that sweet, grinning face. Was it not too gentle? Were those teeth not uneven? Her eyes flickered and looked down at the floor. I walked away.

I saw her again today, her hair silky and smooth down her back. I did not smile at her, nor did I glance at her again.

My life will continue as it always has done. My life with Daddy. My life with Mummy. My life at the top.

Camilla White.

A TIME TO KEEP

Sitting in a dark, cool room, where time wandered absently from place to place in the quiet of my mind, I heard the soft round calls of doves fall like liquid down the chimney. At intervals the sounds would fade and instead I would hear the jagged rattle of some pebble on the roof, as the birds scratched between the tiles. The windows,

filled with evening's trembling light, set rectangles behind my eyes which reflected, like dusty mirrors, the silhouetted trees beyond.

I stood up and walked through dim passages into the stillness of the garden to where trees stretched upwards. I sat there, where shadows gathered in the grass and spread to the fasselled creeper clawing across the wall. Light dripped from the leaves, dappling the warm stones, and I saw a grey ghecko with misty sun glazing his patterned scales. He stared, entranced, then, as if shot by a sudden remembrance, slid away.

The purple flowers of a Jacaranda hung in the windless air, like sticky paper, and between the black branches the wide shield of the sky stretched, changing colour. I tried to stain my mind with the colours, but they faded and drifted in more memories, gone almost as quickly as the first. Thin, crusty clouds strayed like ink and disappeared in the winy air behind the mountain, thoughts rambling in a drunkard's mind; I wondered, were they ever there at all?

I lay, staring at the shaggy flower-heads in the last squares of light between the trees. Each was flushed with a strange luminosity, and frosted with the day's dust. Under the canopy of evening their petals looked different, like small mossy hands reaching up to grab the bubbles of light, disappearing in the night's dark lake.

The doves, silenced by the waning joys of day, rose like blown ashes and floated away beneath the trees. I stood and moved over to a dripping tap. Each drop hung vibrating from the empty mouth, flashing with the sun's rainbow. One fell on a lingering snail. He hesitated, lifting pointed horns, and the water caught the half-light, gliding his streaky shell. The snail moved on, up the rough bark of an old oak. I searched the fluted trunk for some movement, some life, and found a spider, crouched like a dog in his frayed blanket. His body was small, but his legs were so long and thin I thought they would break. I remembered a poem read long ago:

"... In the middle
of my wide silken net,
fragile and strong
in the shifting wind,
I wait for my meat and drink..."

But even as I watched this silken house, it faded, and became dingy lace after the sun's last shafts, for the king of the day was abdicating, stepping from a magnificent throne to laze and laugh, and smile at the moon. I ran suddenly into the last receding patch of light, but I caught only the crawling, jagged shadows. I reached out, trying to grasp the memories, but they dwindled. If only I could clasp the light, I would set it in resin from a thousand trees. If I could catch this moment... for when light fades it is a time to remember, to hold; it is a time to keep, if not in our hands, then in our minds, where it can surge remembered through the weary passages of this worldly life.

Lucinda Beer.
Std. X

THE BROWN GOD

(This appeared in "Dialogue")

The warm, red flash of a neon light throbs in the night and below it the street is swollen with people. The great theatre opens hungry jaws and the people spill on to the red-tongue carpet, red for glory, red for danger. They are seated now, ready, chanting, waiting, and there on the stage, the heavy red curtains sigh and slide slowly away. The yellow eye of a single spotlight waits on the stage and the whole theatre shivers.

Then, with a shock of drums, a figure leaps into the light. Clothed in a shimmering shroud of gold, he moves like a snake, and his teeth flash white in the darkness, and his skin glows brown, like oiled wood. The people scream, and surge towards the stage, and the figure, a lone star in the void of night, laughs for the people and sings. And his songs seem to come from behind and below, and the beat of the music pulsates through the crowd, and the building shudders.

Then the singing fades, and there's just the guitar and the darkness, and the notes caress the people, and their hearts strum a love song for the man on the stage, for the voice that sings, for the hand that plays.

Softer still sinks the music. It hangs in the air like a thread of light and the people are still and they cry softly, for the beauty of the man, and the beauty of his words. Not now, my people, do not cry now.

Then the man stands, and he reaches out his hands to the people, and his hands are brown like rich, good earth, and when he smiles his teeth gleam in the darkness. The man turns, and the people cry out and reach up to him, but this show is over, over, and the man laughs once more for them and is gone.

The people move out, automatically following, following the red-tongue carpet, that spits them out into the night, under the hissing neon, red, red, red, still flashing into the darkness, and they are gone.

Backstage, the man changes into a suit — a black suit, an ordinary suit, and he goes into the blackness of night and climbs into his car and drives away.

Up on the cliffs the air is dark and the curve of the hollow moon lies in the night like a flower. The road along the cliff is narrow. Steep and high, it slides around the rocks like a thin black tail. Far in its curves two snake eyes move up the hill, and the smile of the road curves in the night, and waits.

Suddenly, like the eyes of a heat-mad cricket, the two lights swerve off the road and leap into the air; then they fall.

Red, red, red flashes the light. Red, red, red, for glory; red for danger, danger, danger. An ambulance, like a squat white beetle, curves round the cliff and stops where two black skid-marks point at the edge of the cliff. Two men, in white coats climb out. Below them the crumpled metal trembles and waits.

"He'll never have come out of that alive," one remarks. The other nods.

"I wonder where he found that snazzy car?"

"Probably stolen. Still, nothing we can do now."

The ambulance turns its guilty back and disappears.

The night sighs, and the quiet moon stares down at the grey sea. Now, people, cry now if you can. Cry, to see your God dead. Cry now with the wind, if you can, cry, cry, cry.

And, in town, above the still theatre, a red light flashes, on and on, pushing its message into the darkness, on and on, red, red, red, red.

Lucinda Beer.

Std. X

OVAMBOLAND — WHITE MAN'S PARADISE

I crouched tensely under the tarpaulin of the huge International, occasionally shuddering and sometimes laughing. The powerful smells of diesel oil and alcohol pushed me even further into my corner, but to me they were exotic and filled me with a sense of drunken excitement.

Across the yard I saw my brother wending his way in and out of the lorries scattered about in the bustling dawn. It suddenly struck me that the lorries looked rather like great grey elephants, mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, proudly bearing the surname of "Suid-Afrikaanse Spoorwee".

Rob reached my lorry and stared at me unseeing. "Jump into the cab and lie low, 'Oreborse!' wants to leave within a few minutes." The words tumbled sideways out of his mouth and crept unnoticed out of the noisy dawn.

I hadn't been long in the cab before the other lorries started moving off and Rob swung in next to me. The next minute Oberholtzer, our driver, commonly known as "Oreborse!", jumped loudly and laughingly like an insult, into the cab. He let out the brake roughly and the lorry slid forward like a ship on her maiden voyage. Within a few minutes he had manoeuvred the lorry through her ten gears and was in top gear. I watched, fascinated. Oberholtzer regarded me suspiciously and muttered something about not taking the blame if I were caught.

We were taking supplies through to Ovamboland and Rob, my brother, was an assistant driver. At my insistence, he and Oberholtzer had smuggled me in (unknown to the South African Railways) as there is virtually no other way of getting into Ovamboland.

The trip was fascinating, but would have been more entertaining if Oberholtzer hadn't suffered from acute pyrorroea. Several times he complained of toothache, and I asked him politely why he didn't go to the dentist, to which he replied that he normally drank a half bottle of brandy, pulled the offending tooth out with a pair of pliers and when he started to sober up, drank the rest of the brandy.

Several times we saw elephant, but the most spectacular sight occurred several miles from Oshikatee, the capital of Ovamboland. Suddenly Oberholtzer started cursing God and all the dumb animals he had created, and changed down to eighth gear. I looked up to see a horse standing

half in the road and then looked back to Oberholtzer who had begun to make V signs at the animal. During that split second a lion streaked across the road and brought the horse down. Oberholtzer laughed callously and shifted into ninth and then tenth gear.

Oshikatee lay spread apathetically before us like a city rubbish heap that had been littered by a dustdevil and been left to find its own way to the ground. Once into the town, the stench rose up and filled our nostrils, momentarily overpowering the all-pervading odour which emanated from the dark cavity that Oberholtzer proudly called his kisser. Chickens squawked in between scurrying black legs, donkeys brayed morosely and naked women urinated standing up in the middle of the streets. There was no bird life whatever.

We stopped at the railway depot, unloaded, lunched and left for Tsumeb. On the way home I felt that I had lived more, seen a great deal more, and that my life was richer after this experience. Oberholtzer was still making V signs at imaginary horses and Rob merely smiled. He had done the trip every day for the last two months.

Margaret Adam (Std. IX).

THE SEA-HORSE

Sea-horses of the family Syngnathidae live in warm, temperate and tropical seas throughout the world. They are so unusual in appearance that they are hardly recognisable as fish. This bizarre creature has the arching neck of a stallion, the swelling bosom of a pouter pigeon and a long tail like a monkey's. It has also the colour-changing power of a chameleon. The head is directed forward at right angles to the body and is freely movable. The body is encased in a tough cuirass of bony plates from head to tail. Because of this, they live and move in a more or less vertical position, swimming by rapid undulations of the small dorsal and pectoral fins. Ramrod straight, the sea-horse moves his tiny, yellow-fringed, fanlike fins so speedily that the vibration is almost invisible to the naked eye. Two transparent fins flare like tiny manes at the sides of his head, waving incessantly in synchronized figure 8's.

The small mouth is placed at the end of a long tubiform snout through which they suck tiny shellfish and other creatures on which they feed. It has eyes that pivot independently, so that while one eye is watching the surface, the other can be directed below. To top this whole strange make-up, the male sea-horse is endowed with a kangaroo-style pouch from which the little sea-horses are born.

Most sea-horses are dark-grey or bronze-black, but those in the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean are often splattered with pink, blue, white or yellow. The sea-horse is a past master at camouflage and at the approach of danger, a bright tropical sea-horse can suddenly become a dusky-brown and merge into the surrounding rocks. One kind of sea-horse which lives in Australian waters,

trails seaweed-like filaments like ribbons. Orange-brown antlers spout from his head and kelp-textured strands float from the snout, body and tail. Naturally he is seldom seen.

The worst thing that could happen to a sea-horse is for him to get a puncture; for his buoyancy is stabilized by a bladder. If a single bubble of gas escapes from the chamber, his specific gravity is disturbed and he sinks helplessly to the bottom. He must remain there until he has made enough gas to refuel his chamber. This is his only danger because, as a result of his brittle, leathery, prickly exterior neither fish nor man bothers him.

There are about fifty species of sea-horses, ranging in length from an inch to two feet. The Greeks nicknamed this freakish fish Hippocampus which means the sea-monster horse. As one can see, this name is not surprising.

The courtship of sea-horses is a fantastic performance. The elaborate wooing dance takes 24 to 48 hours and is accompanied by tiny, drumlike mating signals. The male and female swim in delicate circles around each other, the female following the male. At the height of their dance, the male and female come together and meet in a trembling embrace, and at that moment, the bride transfers one or several eggs that she has created to her husband's pouch.

She meets him in mid-water again and again until she has given him two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty brick-red eggs, each one fertilized at the moment of transfer. Her marital duties over, she swims away, free from care and worry, her husband being left to do the rest of the work.

The male sea-horse nourishes the eggs in his steadily-swelling incubator chamber. At the end of a forty-five day period, a single little sea-horse and then another and another prance out, some no bigger than a comma. The father finally spews out a herd of young, clinging together with air bubbles to form a ball. As this ball rises to the surface, the fifty or sixty infants dart out. This continues until hundreds of baby sea-horses have emerged. Each baby is an exact replica of its parents, except that its body is so transparent that you can see its tiny heart beating. Pigmentation occurs later.

Sea-horses have always exercised a great fascination on man. Long ago in Athens, the sea-horse was attributed with dark powers. Steeped in wine it was regarded as a violent poison. But the ashes of the sea-horse taken with honeyed vinegar were believed to be a powerful antidote to other poisons. Pliny recommended it as a cure for hot flushes, skin eruptions, baldness and the bite of a mad dog. A 16th century Frenchman suggested dipping sea-horse ashes into a mixture of oil of roses that would produce a cure for chills and fevers.

Even today in apothecary shops in New York and San Francisco you will be smilingly reassured that powdered sea-horses are their fastest-selling aphrodisiac!

Niki Dunckley (Std. IX).

THE GARDENER

I shot up as the doorbell rang and stood rigid with fear. It rang again. As my tright dissolved, my stiff limbs loosened and as I limped to the door I swore that I would never stay alone at home again. I opened the door to find a big burly African, wearing a smart suit and a big pink hat, on the doorstep, ready to press the bell again.

"Madam want a garden boy," he announced firmly.

"No," I replied, just as firmly. "Madam is not here and she does not need a gardener," I said, hoping he would go away quickly.

"Yes, I wait," and with that he sat himself down in the sun and would not budge. Defeated, I closed the door and returned to my book.

It took my mother ten minutes to discover that Langone knew absolutely nothing about gardening but she was unable to get rid of him and he talked her into giving him a three-day trial. At the end of that period he had done a great deal of damage in the garden, but had made great friends with the dogs and had wormed his way into our affection, becoming part of the establishment.

Our figs would vanish to be replaced by a big bunch of juicy grapes or a lovely ripe avocado pear. Plants disappeared overnight but the next day a different plant would be in its place. Explanations were never forthcoming — merely a big show of white teeth and, "Never mind, Madam".

Langone's biggest passion in life was hats and no hat was safe within his reach. Two days after its disappearance, I spotted my school hat, very bedraggled, perched high on Langone's big head. A few weeks later he took a fancy to our maid's "doek" and went about with my mother's favourite silk scarf, which he had "borrowed", tied tightly around his head!

Every afternoon Oriba, a fat, jolly woman, whom we took to be his wife, came and sat on our lawn with her baby son. Whenever I joined them, I was greeted with a wide toothless grin and a babble of praising words. Our coloured maid, Stienie, seemed to get on very well with them all. They were indeed a happy family and we were very content.

Suddenly the peace of our world was shattered like the violent eruption of a volcano. Edith had arrived! We came home to hear a loud altercation taking place in the backyard. Langone's lawful wife had rushed from the Transkei on hearing that he had taken another wife.

A greater contrast than that between the two women would be hard to find. Edith was small and wiry but determined, while Oriba was fat and flabby and pliable. The two women had sprung at each other and nails were clawing and teeth were bared. Langone was jumping up and down next to them, shouting madly as he gave them each an occasional bash with the broomstick. Stienie stood by, amused.

A week later Oriba was dead! Stabbed in the back, her body was found in her room at the place where she had worked. The murderer left no clues at all and her room was as neat as usual. The police took Langone away for two days for ques-

tioning but he was able to prove his whereabouts at the time of the murder and so he was released.

This was not the case with Edith. She was taken away for questioning but she did not come back. After many months in prison, she stood trial and was found guilty of the murder of Oriba.

Langone would have gone to pieces if it had not been for Stienie. She nursed him through the sorrow and grief with gentle and loving care. Although she was Coloured, he took her as his wife.

One day Langone appeared at the door ashen-faced: "I am going back home, Madam", he whispered.

"But why?" my mother cried in alarm. "What has happened?"

Wordlessly he opened his hand and a cheap St. Christopher glittered on his palm. Oriba's name was engraved on the back.

"I found this in Stienie's drawer, and I know Oriba was wearing it the day she died . . ."

Erica Graham (Std. IX).

REMEMBER ME

Off-tones of grey washed the sky — a vast expanse of abused, polluted waste. And down below, on the brown soil of a corrupted civilization, Man rotted, and the stench diffused into the mind of the old, sawlow man. And this man just sat, and watched the dulled sun play on his long, white beard as he contemplated. But so great was his faith that the stench did not completely fill his nostrils and the doubt did not materialize.

And so it was, the scene unchanged, when the old prophet saw the vision — a vision in his mind and in his soul. He was filled with wonder as the bright light came nearer, and Was.

Most were afraid to know, to touch, at first, and so was he. But his fear stemmed from his respect for this Being which had landed on the hard, unrelenting world which was His. And he watched the Man's tears fall like rain, and flowers grow from the soil he thought dead. And he watched the sea play under His feet, and love lap gently on the shores of His civilization.

Thus the Prophet watched his dream materialize, and he himself become part of it. And he choked in the sweet, giddy suffocation of his new-found joy. Joyfully he watched the Man bless and in turn he blessed.

But then the giddiness passed on and he watched with saddened eyes filled with wisdom. He once more became the Prophet that was his true self.

He watched the Man, the Jesus, the Superstar, weave his spell over mankind. And he watched the people drink it up and become drunk — so the joy and love of God filled their souls. But it was with saddened eyes that the Prophet watched the Jesus and mankind become as one. With saddened eyes he watched for, like drunkenness, it could not last, but would blow over.

And as he watched, the wind changed and the tide came in and the waves broke furiously on the shore. The sky became solid, compact and grey, and the soil black and hot as fire, and orange, yet

seemingly blood-red flames of hatred crackled wickedly in the minds of the people. And the Prophet watched the Man, the Superstar, stand alone on the shores, and cry his prayer to the sea. But the water covered his bare feet and the wind caught his hair and pulled it, bringing tears of pain to his eyes, which were already heavy with sorrow.

And then the Prophet watched from the distance the Man's eyes. He watched the thorns, and the hot, bloody nails, and the heavy cross — all this he saw spelled in the Man's eyes.

And as the Man died, his arms blessing all around him. He looked up and in His eyes, amid the silent tears of suffering, sorrow and compassion, distinguishable amid all this, was carved His simple message to mankind — "Remember Me". Let it be so — for ever and ever, Amen.

Jean Barry (Std. IX).

THE WITHERED ARM

The old woman piled the last logs on the bonfire, lit it and went inside. She made herself a cup of tea and sat there brooding, while the tea became ice cold.

A few hours later, Dr. Keith Scott, who was on holiday, threw down his spanner and swore furiously. His car had broken down and he could not get it to start again. He was miles away from the nearest town and the only house in the vicinity was the mansion reputed to be inhabited by a witch. Resignedly he put on his jacket and set out for the mansion, not in the least perturbed by the rumours of the witchcraft practised there.

As he approached the house, he saw smoke billowing up, and thinking that the mansion was on fire, he broke into a run. As he ran he smelt a peculiar smell, but could not place it. Then it struck him; it was the smell of burning flesh. Stumbling with hurry, he rounded the bend and was relieved to see the mansion intact. The bonfire was burning merrily on the side of the mansion, casting eerie shadows over the garden. As Dr. Scott approached the house something lying near the bonfire caught his attention — a charred and withered arm! With the stench of burned flesh in his nostrils he climbed up to the porch and knocked on the door. No answer. He knocked again. Still no reply. On his third knock the door was opened by the old woman who was pale and trembling. Explaining that his car had broken down, he asked to use the phone. He noticed how she kept glancing at the bonfire, and a trickle of fear ran down his spine. Was he dealing with a murderess?

The old woman led him to the telephone and then went downstairs to make some tea. Dr. Scott quickly 'phoned the garage and told them to go to his car and wait for him there. Silently he replaced the receiver and turned the handle of the nearest door. He looked inside and saw the old woman's bedroom. The next room he investigated was a store-room filled with huge chunks of wood. All the rooms seemed innocent enough, except one, the one with the locked door.

This investigation had taken only a few minutes and when he returned downstairs the old woman

was just pouring the tea. She was silent and still pale but when he studied her face he was sure he had seen her somewhere before. He suddenly recognized her aristocratic features and her oval face and realized that she was the celebrated artist and wood sculptor, Anne Hutchinson. When her husband had died she had been shattered and had vanished into thin air after his cremation. Gently he asked her why she had given up carving and come to live there as a recluse. She turned her grief-stricken eyes to him in surprise, but told her story.

Her husband had always doted on his cat, Pouncer. On his deathbed he had told her that as long as she had Pouncer, she had him. In order to devote her life to Pouncer she had come to live in solitude in this large mansion. She had started rumours to discourage visitors and had been reasonably happy until Pouncer caught cat-flu. Pouncer had died that morning and in accordance with her husband's wish, she had cremated him, hence the bonfire.

"What about the arm?" Dr. Scott asked.

"Arm?"

"Yes, the charred arm lying near the bonfire." They went outside so that he could show it to her, but when she saw it Mrs. Hutchinson started laughing.

"Oh, that's a piece of my sculpture. I've locked up all the good pieces and now I'm burning all my practice pieces. Did it give you a fright?"

Tanya Bosma (Std. IX).

I am?

yesterday

I knelt in the dew-damp grass
and before me splintered a thousand suns.
today

I stand alone in the bible-black night
and the moon muffles her friendly glow.
tomorrow

I will lie in a mole-blind world
and no blade of grass will have whispered
of my going.

Niki Dunckley (Std. IX).

ROCKS

I find myself
attracted
to rocks —
Rounded, humpy,
mottled to touch.
Rocks
are the
basic ingredient
of this
plumpudding
earth.

Kate Phillips (Std. VIII).

DEEP SEA QUEST

Plunge
backwards. Head
reels
split second
breakthrough.
A different world
where green
recedes in
dense imperceptibility.
Novel shapes
loom, luminously
iridescent, eerily
retreating.
Forward ease
sideward float and
eyes latch on as hands
follow suit
to sooty black knob
latched on black-tea red
rock.
Tug
Twist writhe slide Slip in
muddled con-
fusion as with
force kick and
effort
it breaks a-
way causing
swirl and backward
fall.
Head reels
breath out
plunge Up
split second breakthrough
Clutched in triumph—
ant hands
One Perlemoen

Kate Philip (Std.VIII).

GOING TO THE STATION AT NIGHT

(This appeared in "Dialogue")

"Six thirty! Already!" I looked outside. Dark.
"Look everybody, I must go, it's late. I've got to
catch a train." "A train? You're crazy! All the
skollies hang around the stations!" Guffaws of
laughter. I made my way towards the door. As I
pushed it open, someone shouted: "Be careful of
strange men!" I waved, and had a final picture
of them all, grouped together, smug in the fog of
sizzled steaks.

The door swung closed, and the laughter and
noise were switched off, abruptly. It was dark. As
I moved forward, the cold scrubbed my face and
legs. Should I catch a bus? (skollies at stations).
But by admitting my fear, I had blocked that way
out. I had to prove to myself that I was not a
coward.

The flower sellers were going. The flowers were
dead. The street lights flicked on. Relief? No. They
were evidence of the darkness, the lateness. I
crossed the road. The lights of a car scrutinised
me. I could not see who was behind the wheel.
I ran for the pavement.

Concentrating on not thinking, on being as un-
imaginative as I could, I strode towards my desti-
nation. Footsteps hurried up behind me. I hustled

forward, and looked over my shoulder. It was a
Man. He caught up with me, brushed against me,
and then . . . he carried straight on, uninterested
in me.

I had to leave the road. No way out of it. I had
to pass the empty market stalls. But lying there
was a drunk, muttering figure, a bottle next to him.
Head down, hands tense inside my pockets. I
hurried past him, at as fast a pace as I could
manage.

The subway! At night! I gripped the cold, grey
piping at the entrance, and began to go down the
steps. A concentrated smell of urine clawed at my
nose. I held my breath.

As I began to cross the slippery concrete, I heard
the heavy tread of a man coming down the steps
on the other side, two by two. My scalp seemed to
liquefy, and roll down my back. All warmth left
me, as the cold of fear pulled every muscle taut.
Disconnected words flashed through my mind.
"Rape . . . assault . . . use your knees."

I turned and fled, up the steps, three at a time,
through the dark, past the empty market place,
along the road, oblivious of time, place or people.
Breathing hurt, my lungs were dry, there was a
stitch in my side. I hurried myself around the corner,
and to the busstop.

The robots turned green, and, trundling forward,
came a lighted, yellow bus. I waved both arms
frantically at it. It stopped, sighed, and the doors
opened.

Kate Philip (Std. VIII).

ON RIDING TO SCHOOL

Monday to Friday, 7.45 a.m. I strap my case
onto the carrier of my bicycle and race down
Fernwood Avenue. Usually I don't bother about
stopping at Almond Street stop-street; too much
bother just when I've got some speed up, and
anyway the cars always stop for a schoolgirl on a
bike (even though I dread to think of what is
being said by the driver).

The first traffic light is rather a worry as the
brakes only work when I'm going round a corner
so I have to half stop with my foot and try to
turn the bicycle on a road that is straight. It must
be about the longest traffic light in Cape Town
and I have to be careful of cars that suddenly
start to reverse towards me while waiting, in order
to go over the pad again.

Then I ride along through a patch of broken
glass that has been lying there for over a fortnight
and wonder every time why someone does not do
something about it. After that I turn the corner
and am faced with a bunch of about fifteen
Springfield Convent girls waiting for the bus. Every
morning I ride past them trying to look as natural
as possible and trying to hide my self-conscious-
ness. I have given up riding as fast as I can
because that results in a few disheartening "en-
couragements" given by them. I then fling out my
dirty gloved-hand signalling right and swing wildly
across the lanes. This is apparently what the other
girls do; the idea is a positive approach and one
ignores the hooting and shouting.

The whole ride takes me twelve and a half
minutes — or eleven — depending on whether I
catch the Fernwood Avenue traffic light or not.

Susan Harris (Std. VIII).

ON TROUT FISHING

I have often wondered why I always felt tense with excitement at the thought of a week-end of trout fishing at Dullstroom. Perhaps it was the openness and purity of the veld which, I knew, would release my mind from the worries and burdens of a city life, or was it the fresh air which cleaned my lungs and filled me with a feeling of happiness? Perhaps it was the mere feeling of a trout rod in my hand and the beauty of silent, glistening lakes.

Dullstroom is a small anglers' village, renowned for its trout-fishing, in the Eastern Transvaal. Situated in the valley of an escarpment, the village experiences extreme temperatures, ideal for trout. To a stranger the village may seem to consist of nothing more than a stone church, a dirty butchery and a grocer — but to us the village was important: for the grocer, as he was called, provided us with all the necessary equipment for this wonderful sport. He told us the latest techniques and requirements, partly, I felt, because he sympathized with us "ignorant" townsmen, but also to increase his somewhat dull trade. So, equipped with nylon line, flies, trout nets and clippers, we would set out to try our luck.

There are some people who find trout fishing an obvious waste of time. Casting, re-casting and casting the line again, they say, is pointless, but to those who know about and enjoy it, there is a wonderful feeling of hope and thrill each time the line is cast. The secret to casting the line out far includes a difficult technique which most amateurs never grasp. The flexible trout rod, held tightly by the right hand on the cork handle, is moved with short, quick movements of the wrist back and forth. As the tip of the rod swishes back and forth, the line is pulled quickly out of the reel by the left hand. Finally, when the length of line being swung through the air is long enough, it is cast gently out on to the water. It is most important to cause nothing more than a ripple, in order not to alarm the trout.

Having cast the line, I find there follows those tense moments of hope as one pulls the fly slowly through the water. Bait is forbidden for trout-fishing and small leather-covered hooks are generally used. The feathers are differently coloured, and our grocer firmly believes that the brown flies attracted most trout. These flies are tied on to a metre-length piece of almost transparent nylon line, using intricate knots. This trace is then in turn attached to the heavy fishing line.

The highlight of trout-fishing is that moment when one feels a heavy tug on the line. The next few moments flash past. The fish leaps into the air and its movements become more desperate as the pull on its mouth tightens. Gradually it begins to circle and finally it is close enough to the bank to be scooped out by a net. Glittering in the sun, it is laid on a rock.

Many find trout-fishing of little value or fun, yet I learnt to love and appreciate it. Standing on a bank of a dam, casting the line out and pulling it back, casting it out again and pulling the fly back

again, I could appreciate being alone and I loved the sensation of closeness to nature. The cool wind flushed my cheeks and watered my eyes and there was always some feeling of purity in the Bushveld breeze. Only sentimentalists have this emotion for the country, it is said, yet surely we all turn towards nature to seek what is denied us by modern society?

And there was also always that feeling of achievement and triumph.

Claire Gawith (Std. VIII).

CHINK! CHINK!

Hunched up
On the bank
With nothing but my thoughts for company
The water slips past
as ideas run through my head . . .
and away.

A plover
In its newsprint suit of black-and-white,
Rips through my thoughts
And across my line of vision
with a chink-chink of scolding.

"Break away,
Leave your depression and sadness
Go back to your family
Be gay and be happy
Explore and discover with them"

The voice of reason wins over
and I thrust my thoughts aside,
leave the bank and the plover,
and I smile through my tears and
turn.

Jane Coombe (Std. VII).

The paintbrush
flicks
here . . .
there . . .
a stroke,
that shows
talent,
unmistakable.
A work of art,
an image
of you,
my friend,
to see you
in a painting
rather than
in life.

Andrea Olivier (Std. VII).

Whenever you are lonely
and in despair
You know
There's always someone there.
Someone who,
No matter what you do,
Is there to take care of you.
Someone to watch you
Someone to love you
Someone.

Heather Turner (Std. 6).

PEOPLE

The Supermarket

Jostling, pushing,
Shoving, knocking,
The woman made her way along
Grabbing for everything greedily,
Complaining shrilly at the prices,
Poking the food with long nails.
She pushed the trolley up the long rows
Aggressively,
Her lips thin with disapproval.

At the Cinema

People, row after row of them,
Sucking sweets noisily,
Staring as if hypnotised
At a screen,
Sighing,
Screaming.

When the film finishes
The people stumble out,
Into another world,
Scattering toffee papers.

Caroline Dowdle (Std. 6).

LOVE AND HATE

Love and hate —
together they go
down the long-winding road of fate —
friend and foe.

Hate will look
for the ripest
and these it will find;
Love like a brook
will water
and the best it will bind.

Love like a tiny trickle flows
and warms your heart.
Hate like a silent cancer grows
and won't depart.

Laura de Rooy (Std. 6).

WHAT IS POETRY?

A fleeting glimpse
Of a new world
Exciting, mysterious,
Where the mind can romp freely
And discover new ways
Of carrying dreams.

Roadway through
A thousand thoughts;
Gateway to a thousand images,
Each one living, breathing
Infused with life —
Flowing from the pen
So one can feel the wind,
See far landscapes.

Janet Miller (Std. 6).

The night silently
roams the streets like a black cat
stalking its unsuspecting prey.

Leigh Mukheiber (Std. 6).

The blanket of night
was broken by the silver
of the silent moon.

Leigh Mukheiber (Std. 6).

THE DOG'S DEATH

Death came then;
and snapped at his victim
with glittering fangs,
bleeding him of life,
How I hate you and your bloody jowls
And greedy bloodshot eyes . . .

Caroline Dowdle (Std. 6).

Silently we crept together,
A lot was at stake,
The two of us hoped
Mom would not be awake.

She had caught us before;
Golly! What a row!
I had been told never to do it. But now . . .

Here we were,
On a cold night with rain;
Into my bed my dog got
And I did the same!

Fiona McLennan (Std. 6).

HAIKU POEMS

It was a statue —
Erect and still, but alive —
For me anyway.

Julie Wommersley (Std. 6).

The paints are finished.
Is the picture beautiful?
No, the colours were better.

Tessa van Ryneveld (Std. 6).

The Winning Sonia Beck Essay

(This essay competition is one which calls for reading and research.)

"Playwrights and authors like Arthur Miller, Edward Albee and Scott Fitzgerald glare through the cracked mirror of the American dream."

Josephine Frater (16 years) (Matric).

The first successful colonization of Northern America took place during the reign of James I, when the Pilgrim Fathers set out in the Mayflower to America to try to escape the religious persecution which they had endured in England. One might call their dream of a new land, where they could establish themselves and have the religious freedom which had hitherto been denied them, the first American dream.

After these Puritans and Quakers came others, many seeking relief from the oppression which they had suffered at the hands of the wealthy landowners and employers in Europe and wanting to wrest a more profitable existence for themselves out of the fertile land of America. Soon the vast prairies and woodlands became occupied. And still more people came to this great golden land — Jews, gentiles, Irish, French, Scots, English, Italians . . . people of all races and creeds, all with a common objective, a life free from social discrimination and prejudice, in which every man had the same chance for a "square deal".

It was this dream of a greater, freer and more successful existence that drew people to America; a dream which in time became twisted into something very different. For as the population grew, the freer existence became limited by money, the class distinctions from which many of them had tried to escape were replaced by materialistic criteria and so the great American dream degenerated into a rat-race for money and success.

This became more and more apparent with the increase in industrialisation, improvements in communications and development of status symbols in this century, particularly after the First World War.

"There had been a war fought and won and the great city of the conquering people was crossed with triumphal arches and vivid with thrown flowers of white, red and rose." All America was gay with triumph after the First World War and so the long party of the twenties began.

"America was going on the greatest, gaudiest spree in history and there was going to be plenty to tell about it."

And who better than Scott Fitzgerald to tell of it? He lived in the midst of all the glamour and sophistication and his very life seemed to be a manifestation of the American Dream, for his first book, "This Side of Paradise", was an immediate success.

In it he described the racy, hectic life of a Princeton undergraduate and by introducing a new heroine to literature, the "flapper", a girl who bobbed her hair, was accustomed to being kissed and generally doing what she pleased, he captured an aspect of youth hitherto unknown to many members of the older generation. In this and in

his early short stories he showed their pre-occupation with display, their love of magnificence and jazz, and glamorized New York as a symbol of the nation's more cosmopolitan and sophisticated values, values which he later attempted to explore and expose in his next two novels, "The Beautiful and Damned" and "The Great Gatsby".

In "The Beautiful and Damned", Fitzgerald tells the story of Gloria and Anthony Patch and in it he describes the continual parties and drinking, the effect of prohibition on the rich and the resultant dissipation. He also shows these features in "The Great Gatsby", but this book is a conscious indictment of the American dream and its fruits. Fitzgerald tells, through Nick Carraway, his narrator, the story of Gatsby's pursuit of worldly success in order to get Daisy Fay, the girl whom he loved, and his consequent destruction caused by both her wealth and her family. Fitzgerald paints a very damning portrait of the rich in this book, showing their glamour, grace and mobility, but also the fundamental egoism and insincerity underlying all their charm. Even though Gatsby, his hero, has earned his money and success dishonestly, he has nevertheless sincerity, emotional simplicity and a "heightened sensitivity to the promises of life", attributes which make him, in Fitzgerald's opinion "worth the whole damn bunch put together". Gatsby's search for the American dream, epitomized by Daisy — "her voice is full of money" — leads eventually to his downfall and death. In this novel Fitzgerald describes a world without moral sanctions in which romantic dreamers like Gatsby were most vulnerable.

In "Tender is the Night" he discusses a similar theme to that which he handled in Gatsby, that of a poor man destroyed by his love of a rich girl. Dick Diver, young and ambitious, wants to become a great psychologist, but he marries Nicole Warren, one of his patients, for money, and hence forfeits his pride in himself. He succumbs to the ease and charm of the American expatriate life on the Riviera and begins to lead a more and more dissipated life, thus ruining his career. In this book Fitzgerald reveals the fickleness of money, beauty and charm and shows his own belief that old-fashioned virtues such as honour, courtesy and courage are best.

This work is based, as most of Fitzgerald's works are, on the life that he and his wife, Zelda, lived together and the similarity between Nicole Warren's breakdown and Zelda's case is very marked. To earn money to pay for Zelda's treatment, Fitzgerald went to Hollywood, where his final novel, "The Last Tycoon", is set. The hero, Monroe Stahr, personifies the ideals of the American dream in that he rose from being a poor tailor's son to control the vast money-making empire of Hollywood. Fitzgerald intended that Stahr should die, beaten by capitalistic enterprise in which there lay no place for the talent of the individual, but before he could complete the book, he died, drunken and disillusioned, his own life a proof of the futility of the American Dream. His novels reflect much of his life and those of his set and

show the emptiness of the glamour, sophistication, money and success ideals of the American Dream.

Although Fitzgerald's work was mainly fictional, he also wrote a few autobiographical sketches which reflected the mood of the time. This extract was written on his return to New York from Europe in 1926 and is taken from "My Lost City". "The restlessness . . . approached hysteria. The parties were bigger . . . the pace was faster . . . the shows were broader, the buildings were higher, the morals were looser and the liquor was cheaper; but all these benefits did not really minister to much delight. Young people wore out early — they were too hard and languid at twenty-one . . . Most of my friends drank too much — the more they were in tune to the times, the more they drank . . . The city was bloated, glutted, stupid with cakes and circuses and a new expression, "Oh yeah?", summed up all the enthusiasm evoked by the announcement of the last super skyscrapers."

The glittering Fitzgerald world, however, was vastly different from the level of society with which Arthur Miller dealt in "Death of a Salesman". This play, written in the fifties, demonstrates the failure of the American Dream for the little man. Miller writes of a travelling salesman, which was one of the least lucrative careers in America at the time. Willy Loman, his hero, seeks success but measures it, not by his own potential, but by the criteria of the world, popularity and possession. By worldly standards, however, he is a failure, for as he has grown older, his sales have dwindled and as one Japanese viewer said, "If a salesman fails to make sales, he deserves to lose face", which happens when Willy's boss fires him. Willy's life contrasts directly with those of two other characters in the play.

One is his brother Ben, who walked into the jungle at seventeen and came out four years later, a rich man, and the other is Bernard, the school-friend of Willy's son Biff, who was not well-liked but nevertheless, by continuous hard work managed to work his way up into becoming a lawyer who was going to argue a case before the Supreme Court. These two successes tantalize Willy by their very existence and heighten the effect of his failure and that of his sons, whom he has taught his own false sense of values.

When Biff and Willy realize how worthless their own lives are, they react in different ways. Biff becomes a drop-out but Willy commits suicide.

In this play Miller criticises a society and the moral precepts of a society that can allow such a thing to happen in its midst and he expresses his feelings about the situation through Linda, Willy's wife. "Willy Loman never made a lot of money. His name was never in the paper. He's not the finest character that ever lived. But he's a human being and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention must be paid. He's not to be allowed to fall into his grave like an old dog. Attention, attention must finally be paid to such a person."

Edward Albee, however, writes very different plays about people very different from Miller's hero, the salesman who is a tragic victim of the

American Dream, and Fitzgerald jet-setters who are worn out by it. In his absurd drama he distorts the traditional elements of the American Dream, such as the "happy family", which he shows in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" to be, more often than not, one continuous bickering session. In this play he criticises the college crowd and the way many of them stop at nothing to gain professional advancement, even to the extent of "humping" the college president's fifty-two-year-old daughter. Here again Albee stresses the false dream, and the title suggests that reality has to be faced.

He deals with the aspect of family life in far greater detail in "The American Dream". Here the traditional elements of the dream are distorted into the proportions which the author believes them to have assumed. The play is set in a typical American suburban home with Mommy babbling inanities and Daddy just staying awake enough to register what she is saying. Both Mommy and Daddy want the American Dream — "clean-cut, mid-west farm-boy type, almost insultingly good-looking in a typically American way; good profile, straight nose, honest eyes and a wonderful smile . . .". "The baby which they had before had not satisfied their requirements, so they gouged its eyes out, castrated it and cut its tongue and hands off to discourage its disobedience. The more they did to it, however, the less it resembled their dream, and finally it died."

While they are trying to get a replacement, their "ideal" enters. He is utterly brainless, but will do anything for money. He was not always so, for he had been separated from his twin, who represented his potential for good, and he had been on the down-grade ever since. Grandma, who is Albee's conception of Mother Earth, feels sorry for him and persuades Mommy and Daddy to adopt him. The play ends with Grandma leaving and Mommy and Daddy living happily with their flawed dream.

This symbolic play exposes the barrenness of the American way of life and demonstrates the changing of the American Dream into almost nightmare proportions. Here Albee pulls to pieces the social weaknesses which caused the failure of this dream of freedom and individuality on which the country was founded.

These three writers of different generations have shown their conception of the American Dream in their work. They have shown it from different aspects and through different media, but they are not the only ones to have done so. John Dos Passos described its superficial characteristics brilliantly in his trilogy, "U.S.A."; William Faulkner hated it because he saw in it a menace to the life-style in the Southern States, which he loved; Sinclair Lewis mocked it and George O'Neil wrote a play called "The American Dream" which was even more amoral and defeatist than Albee's.

All these and many more American writers have handled this subject, for it is an integral part of American life. They have gained fame for exposing the disillusionment and flaws of the American Dream and, in reflecting its cracks, have shown the cracks in man himself.

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The Hill Nursery School

At the end of last year, it was decided that The Hill would only require the services of three qualified teachers, with a part-time secretary, to do all the administrative work. This has proved highly successful.

The Hill has forged ahead with the purchase of several new items of equipment, both large and small. The climbing frames and trestle planks have over and again proved their success. We were indeed most grateful for our Management Committee's decision to purchase the wooden shed and Wendy house. Both this Committee and the Committee of the Parent/Teachers' Association enabled

The Hill to purchase several educational aids, toys and puzzles for utilisation in the playroom. We are eagerly awaiting the arrival of new wood-work equipment, sand and waterplay apparatus which we hope to be able to utilise before the end of term.

The Parent/Teachers' Association, chaired by Dr. J. Marr, proved itself through the most enjoyable "Masked Ball" that they organised at one of our local Hotels. Dr. Van Zyl Slabbert was the guest speaker at the function. There were many lucky draws which added to the excitement of the evening. A donation, from funds raised, is to be given to Mrs. Van Zyl Slabbert for her organisation for Underprivileged Nursery Schools.

During the year, the Parent/Teachers' Association organised two very interesting lectures. Mr. Cohen of the Frank Joubert Art Centre conducted one on Child Art. The second lecture was given by Dr. Millicent Rink of the College of Music of the University of Cape Town. The subject was so entertaining that it had everyone humming and strumming throughout the evening.

Our congratulations once again to our Parent/Teachers' Association Committee for a most successful exhibition of children's work on the 18th August. This evening was organised as a cheese and wine party and it was attended by past, present and future parents of The Hill.

It was with grateful thanks that we received generous donations for our annual Library Birthday. This enabled us to purchase several new books as well as educational friezes for the playroom walls.

The school doctor paid us another much-needed visit, which caused some tense moments for some of our young ones. They were however, soon reassured by a cheery reception. Fourth year medical students caused a stir in their white coats, but the children soon realised that they were merely here for observational purposes as part of their course in paediatrics.



Fishing at The Hill Nursery School.

Students from Barkly House Training College attend The Hill once a week and are able to gain experience in the handling and educating of the children, under the able guidance of the Hill teaching staff.

Great emphasis has been laid on close Parent/Teacher co-operation during this year. This was introduced through individual group discussions with the parents. These have proved highly successful. Parents have since offered their services, e.g. through music; clay modelling; fancy icing; reading of stories.

Mrs. S. Brice undertook to supervise the garden at The Hill. This has made a tremendous difference to the outward appearance of The Hill.

The children have again been taken on several outings. These included a visit to Cape Town Station by train; a visit to Groot Constantia; a visit to Newlands Forest and several visits to the Claremont Park.

Mrs. Eckstein undertook to coach the older groups in tennisette during the first term.



Whose chicken is that?

At the moment the excitement of Christmas is building up amongst the children with the continual practice of Xmas Carols. Our Nativity Play and the Xmas Play have been scheduled for 5th December.

It was with much regret that we took leave of Mrs. Joslyn Neaves at the end of August. She proved to be a most capable Supervisor and teacher and The Hill can always be proud to say that Mrs. Neaves was a supervisor of the school. She set a very high standard of Nursery Education at The Hill.

Mrs. Poulton, our new Supervisor, has proved a great asset to The Hill. Mrs. Poulton came to us from Australia, where she taught for four years.



Joseph and Mary arrive.

At the moment there are 66 children in attendance at the school, and we have three qualified teachers guiding them. Mrs. Poulton, Mrs. Ashley and Miss Anderson. Mrs. Copeland is our part-time secretary, who has a "full-time" job doing all the administrative work. Mr. Frith is our Treasurer and is kept very busy with all the figures, a task which he seems to enjoy.

It has been decided to invite all the new children and parents to The Hill one afternoon in order to enable the children to familiarise themselves with the School building and grounds.

There has been a very friendly, happy atmosphere at The Hill throughout this year and we hope it will always stay this way.

From THE HILL NURSERY SCHOOL.

Preparatory School News

Report of Senior Mistress

What a difference having plenty of space at your disposal makes to teaching and training children! Our new buildings are a great joy to pupils and staff alike and I think I can say, without fear of contradiction, they are an unqualified success. They have provided breathing space for those who continue to occupy the old building and for those classes that enjoy the new rooms. This removal of pressure has enabled staff to make reasonable demands for a raised standard of neatness and orderliness in the girls. Consequently, we are now able to work further towards our goal which is to encourage self discipline and self control rather than demanding obedience to an external discipline. We like to feel that discipline is something that comes from within and is not imposed from without.

This year we welcomed Mrs. Beck and Mrs. King to the Kindergarten Department and Miss Gosling, Mrs. Short, Miss Cohen and Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Burnton, who succeeded Mrs. Taylor at mid-year, to the Preparatory School. We hope that they will be happy in their service at Herschel.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick started our first pre-school class in January and Miss Anthony took over in October. We have a happy little group learning skills for which they are ready and broadening their experience without actually doing any formal work. These children are mostly those who were born on the wrong side of June and needed to be given more advanced occupations than the nursery school can provide. They will be integrated into the two Sub A classes next year. As we use the group system of teaching in the Kindergarten these children will probably form the top group in each class. Our aim is not to let them forge ahead but to make the critical early years of their education as broad and as stimulating as we can.

A new and exciting project for our Standard IV and V classes took the form of a field study at "School in the Wilds". I believe that the success of a field study depends largely on the thorough preparation of the children for what lies ahead. The Staff engendered tremendous enthusiasm and the children collected their information for the pre-trip work with mounting excitement. Their log books contained much information about the route the bus was to follow and one of the girls who lives in the Elgin district was able to give us many delightful anecdotes about that area in particular. The staff were there to attend to the well-being of the children and the teaching was done by two very competent young lecturers. We were so fortunate in having glorious, sunny, spring weather. The veld was at its best and we all enjoyed the hikes through the valley and up to the top of the hills. The lecturers stopped at intervals to explain some interesting fact about a "waboomboos"—or to show how soil was being eroded from the river bank or to tell about restio which is used for thatching roofs. On our return the girls were given time to write up their log books, remembering what they had been told while out in the veld.



Mrs. Pat Brown

A night expedition to the top of a koppie through a pine forest was an unforgettable experience; the stars in the heavens brighter than we ever see them in the city—the world so still and quiet with only the sounds of the frogs and the crickets—God seemed very near. There is no doubt that we all learned a great deal and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly in the process. It was interesting for the staff to observe the girls in a different setting and we felt it gave us a better understanding of them as individuals. Living together away from all outside distractions they possibly came to realise that teachers are also human!

In June the Standard III's, IV's and V's worked on the theme "Morning, Noon and Night". They used their English lessons to write poetry and prose on these subjects and to look for other information. Their teachers helped them to choose the most fitting pieces and these were welded into a unit to form a programme. Mrs. Saffery was a tower of strength and together with the class teachers she encouraged and trained the girls. Those of you who were present will remember what a delightful morning this proved to be.

At the end of the third term we spent a most enjoyable morning while the children in the kindergarten entertained us with songs, poems, dances and other items. These represented work learnt throughout the year and demonstrated how we use every means at our disposal in teaching. Percussion Band, for instance, teaches concentration and rhythm, trains the ear as well as the eye and helps with co-ordination of movement. The teaching programme is very carefully planned in conjunction with play to consolidate and strengthen specific weaknesses.

Our extra-mural activities include judo, music, speech, ballet, and French. The girls all did well in their examinations and we thank the teachers who worked so hard to make this possible. Our Standard V Speech Group did exceptionally well in the Eisteddfod and won the Mavis Scott Floating trophy for Choral Verse Speaking.

The girls who attend the Scripture Union at lunch time on Wednesdays are keen and eager to know more about the Bible and the implications of their faith. Our thanks go to Mrs. Hammond and Mrs. Coomer who run this meeting so ably.

Sports Day in September was a great success and tension mounted as the morning wore on and the points awarded to the houses showed that Rolt and Jagger were fighting for the cup. Rolt emerged as the winners and carried off the coveted trophy. We enjoyed having so many parents with us to spur their children on. Although there is rivalry among the houses, it is none-the-less friendly. We do try to encourage the girls to be sporting in their attitude towards worthwhile goals.

The Inter-schools Swimming Gala in March proved to be a very exciting event. Until the final relays we were still in a position to win the Gala. Although

we didn't win, we came second, fifteen points behind the winners. The blow was softened somewhat when we won the diving cup! Mrs. Cole-Edwards is to be commended for all the hard work she does with the girls.

Five of our pupils travelled to Bloemfontein to represent Western Province at the South African Swimming Championships. Susan Aronson won both the Backstroke and Crawl in the Under-8 section thus becoming South African Champion and we are very proud of her success.

Without the unfailing support of the teaching staff, we should not have been able to achieve the high standard of work and happy atmosphere at the Prep., and I do thank each one for her hard work and excellent teaching. The House Staff and Domestic Staff have helped in so many ways to oil the wheels and ensure the smooth running of the School. I thank them for their co-operation.

Finally, I should like to express my thanks to Dr. Silberbauer. She has never failed to offer me the benefit of her experience when I have sought her advice and I should like her to know how much I appreciate her kindly guidance and support.

Patricia R. Brown.



JUNIOR SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: Gillian Aronson, Moira Mannion, Terry Roomes, Chloë Ovenstone, Sandra Line.
Middle Row: Monika Oelz, Grace Maclean, Jane Johnson, Gillian Mackenzie, Karen Kearney, Julia Krone.
Sitting: Mandy Scott, Mrs. M. Cole-Edwards, Fiona Lloyd, Linda de Kock, Deirbhle Mannion.
Front: Susan Aronson, Suzanne Bryant.

Games Report

1975 has been a busy and successful year for all those involved in the Preparatory School's sporting activities.

Swimming:

Our major successes have been at swimming, when, at the Inter-Schools' Gala, our team swam

very well to gain 2nd place, only 15 points behind the winners. A large number of girls participated 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 and Gill Aronson, the Under-10 Freestyle and Butterfly titles. 2nd places were gained by Fiona Lloyd in the Open Backstroke and Freestyle, and Monika Oelz in the Under-12 Butterfly. We congratulate Gill, Susan, Fiona and Linda de Kock on their selection for the W.P. team which took part in the S.A. Championships in Bloemfontein—particularly Susan who became the S.A. Champion in the Under-8 Backstroke and Freestyle events.

Our diving team, under the excellent coaching of Miss Jenny du Toit, won the Inter-Schools' Diving Trophy, and Monika Oelz had the distinction of being chosen for the W.P. Schools' Team.

The swimming season was brought to a climax by an exciting Inter-House Gala which was won by Rolt.

Tennis:

The 1975 Tennis Team has been a young and inexperienced one, but owing to the girls' enthusiasm and determination, they have improved with every match, and we look forward to a successful season next year. Our congratulations go to Lindsay Jones on being chosen to play in the W.P. trials held at Rondebosch during the 4th term. Inter-House matches were played at the end of the 1st term, and Merriman emerged as the overall winners.

Netball:

Netball matches were held almost every week throughout the winter season and many good results were achieved, although neither the Under-

12 or Open teams were fortunate enough to reach the Semi-finals at the Inter-Schools' Tournament. Our most successful team was the Under-11 A, who suffered only one defeat throughout the whole season.

Merriman were the winners of an exciting and close Inter-House competition.

Hockey, again, proved very popular in the Std V class, and friendly matches against Micklefield brought the season to a close.

Rolt were the final winners at our tense yet most enjoyable Inter-House Sports Meeting, when almost every child in the school participated enthusiastically for her house.

M. Cole-Edwards.



Obstacle Race.



Inter-House Prep. Swimming Gala.



Spectators at the Swimming Gala.



Young spectators at the Swimming Gala.



JUNIOR DIVING TEAM

Back Row: Nicola Deal, Jean Moodie, Deirbhle Mannion, Lindsay Jones.
 Front Row: Bridget Longmore, Monika Oeltz, Moira Mannion.



JUNIOR TENNIS

Back Row: Jean Moodie, Nicola Deal.
 Front Row: Mrs. M. Cole-Edwardes, Lindsay Jones, Amanda de Villiers.



JUNIOR OPEN NETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Jenny Gray, Jean Moodie, Kim Gray, Deirbhle Mannion.
 Front Row: Mrs. M. Cole-Edwardes, Mandy Scott, Cecile van der Merwe.

Preparatory School Library Report

It has been a bumper year for our library. The figures of the number of books issued underline this claim: for example, during the third term of 1974, 628 were issued: by the third term of 1975, this figure had risen to 2 540.

The children have made the librarian's life a real joy for they have responded so well to their weekly lessons which range from subjects as diverse as Vincent van Gogh to the invention of cornflakes!

We have been at full stretch trying to keep up with the demand for books and have spent most of our budget on paperbacks. For this reason, we are always happy to receive donations: book tokens are ideal for this purpose and give much pleasure.

We are delighted that our reference section is

now well stocked and it is remarkable to see how many of our pupils spend their break-time in the library (and not only when it is wet outside!) reading reference books for pleasure and relaxation. This is, probably, the most rewarding aspect of the whole year's work.

For the first time, we have drawn our library prefects from **all** standards, and it is amazing how quickly the standard I's and II's have picked up the methods of running a library.

Our thanks to all the teachers, especially Mrs. Cowling and Mrs. de Lucci, who have taken such an active interest in our affairs but, most of all, thanks to the prefects who have contributed to making the library a happy place. _

Inez Tremble (Librarian).

Original Work

I went with my friends for a drive. We saw baboons. They climbed on our roof. When we were having our picnic a baboon snatched my food then I had to borrow from somebody.

Francesca Knight (Sub B).

* * *

Have you ever see a snails shiny trail? It is very shiny, it helps the snail home. You find them in the garden after the rain. They are fun to keep. They eat all kinds of leaves.

Sharon Werner (Sub B).

* * *

I like snails. Although they are a bit too slimy. But they are alright. On Wednesday Mrs. Davies was talking about snails.

Maryke Honig (Sub B).

A RAINY DAY

Splashing in the puddles on a rainy day
isn't it fun o me o mey
cold wet showers plop on the ground
my what a sod said mummy bear
tweet tweet tweet says the Robin up there
where are you says the wolf far away
here I am says the Robin and flew away

Camilla du Preez (Sub B).

THURSDAY, 21st AUGUST

One little hedge hog hiding under trees frightened
of the wolf hiding under the trees watching little
trees, eating little crumbs trying to wash his little
paws, and his little nose goes sniffle in between
his little toes.

Linda Cockings (Sub B).

SNOW

This is My Snow story Before I begin snow
flakes have six Points Often children in England
play in the snow. In South Africa we do not get
snow. Eskimos make their houses out of ice and
snow Eskimos wear things like tennis Bats on
their feet.

Tonia-Cara van der Spuy (Sub B).

DICK WITTINGTON

Once there was a boy called Dick Wittington
who se Mother and Father had died and all the
money that Dick had was one penny. Dick had no
nice clothes and no food and was thin and he
wanted a job to get more money. One day when
Dick Wittington was walking down the road he
heard the men saying that in London the streets
are paved in gold. Dick wanted to go to London
so that he could pick up all the gold he could see
and that is the story of Dick Wittington.

Megan Gawith (Sub B).

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

There is a thatched house. Alice is sitting in a
lovely big chair. The mad march hare is drinking
his tea. The mad hatter has flowers on his shoes
he has a big black hat with a purple band and it
has a note saying New style. The March hare
has black shoes and brown trousers. Alice is
wearing a green dress with red spots and a white
apron. There are three butterflies in the sky. In
the picture there is a dormouse sitting on a little
stool with a cushion. Alice has long brown hair.
Alice in wonderland is a well known story written
by Lewis Carroll. It is autumn and there are very
beautiful colours. The house is old, fashioned with
bars at the windows. The stool which the dormouse
is sitting on is red and the cushion is red and
white. The door is a lovely green. The sky is a
little cloudy but it is good weather. Alice is just
dreaming but it is a nice dream. The mad hatter
is talking to Alice and Alice is thinking hard. The
hare has long ears. He has big blue eyes and a
lot of whiskers. I must now say goodbye everyone.

Anthea Danncey (Sub B).

FRIDAY, 20th AUGUST

One day in winter I went to the zoo. I was
walking along a path when I saw a panda in a
cage and next to it I saw a house and on the
front of the house it said Our house. In it there
was a band of chimpanzees and I think they were
playing ball but I can not remember now. I saw
seals and peacocks Tigers camels hippopotamuses
elephants kangaroos snakes flamingoes I saw such
a lot. The flamingoes were pink with lovely pink
feathers. The giraffes had lovely white spots. The
zebra had nice black stripes.

Claire Carrie (Sub B).

A PRAYER

Dear
God,
I no I am just
a fish.
Just a foolish thing.
But Lord keep me away
from the jaws
of the
wail, the beast
of
the sea,
and
the hooks
That fall into the sea.

Margaret Malherbe (Std. I).

THE RAIN

Pitter-Patter raindrops,
falling on the ground,
It makes me feel so happy
to hear that nice soft sound.
So if you hear
that nice soft sound,
go Pitter-Patter on the ground,
Just come to me
and have some tea, and
I'll tell you about the rain-drops,
See!

Janet Coffin (Std.I).

AUTUMN

In Autumn the leaves change their colour and come whirling, swirling, twirling and fluttering down to the ground, where they lie the whole Winter through.

I like to watch the leaves whirl round me. The Autumn is a lovely season of the year. I skip, I jump, I play and I hop round and round the old oak tree and lots of other trees. It is all such fun!

There are other trees that do not lose their leaves. Trees such as the palm tree, the fir tree and lots and lots of other trees too.

Sandra Newton-Thompson (Std.I).

AUTUMN

In Autumn all the leaves go flutter, rustle. And when the big bad wind comes they whirl and swirl faster, faster and still faster till they come to a stop. Mr. rain with a heave and sigh makes the hail come dashing, crashing, tumbling down, down, down to the ground. And beautiful leaves like woven tapestries. Autumn, Autumn the beautiful season. Hurray! Hurray its here again but not to stay.

Ilse Richter (Std. I).

WHERE IS IT?

Where is my hat? I must have left it at school but it is not at school. Where is it? Now I want my keys. They are not in my handbag. Now I can't find my spelling book. It may be under the bed. Do you know where my raincoat is? Where are you sun? Are you coming out today?

Pippa Lever (Std.I).

I DO NOT LIKE . . .

I do not like spinach. It tastes like sand and leaves put together. It is horrible. I do not like spiders. They are ugly creatures and they have big round bodies. I hate them. I do not like lettuce. It is all green stalks. I do not like cheese. It's dreadful and does not taste nice.

Penny Joliffe (Std. I).

I WISH

I wish I had a little pony with a black glossy coat. I would trot him through the valleys and canter him up the hills. When he is tired I will walk him home and give him fresh water. I give hay and bran for lunch. After lunch I would let him out to a shady field. When he has had some grass I would put on his halter and lead him down the road and through the woods to see his friends. Then I would bring him home and give him supper. Before I go to bed I would kiss him on his soft little nose and say goodnight, goodnight little pony.

Elizabeth Carson (Std.I).

SARAH THE CAT

Sarah the cat is a mischief cat
She is always sitting on the mat
Whats more shes always in the way
And people tend to say
Sarah the cat is a mischief cat
Actually she is getting quite fat
Sarah the cat is a mischief cat
Her best friend is Charlie the bat
She invited him in without an invitation
Oh she is such a mischief cat.

Caroline Lanfear (Std. II).

THE PANTHER

It passes through the night. His muscles bulge through his body. It comes to seek his prey. A swift movement of a slender black body. And a fierce growl to disturb the silence. I see his eyes shining in the dark, staring at the black night, then he pounces catches a deer, eats it savagely then walks away, far away, out of sight.

Kerynne French (Std.II).

RAIN

Down comes the falling rain,
Against my small, window pane,
Down come the falling leaves,
Against the rustling, busy eaves,
Down comes the noisy thunder,
Against the leaves or maybe under,
Down comes a blanket of mist,
Oh how beautiful it is to see it all.

Caroline Lanfear (Std.II).

AUTUMN RAINS

Listen to the rain,
Coming down the drain.
Pitter, Patter, listen to it fall.
Tree trunks black with beauty,
Sway, as green leaves fall,
While you go crunch, crunch across the garden floor.

Michelle Smith (Std. II).

THE STOWAWAY

It was night. There was a full moon, and the "Goede Hoop" lay silently in the harbour. As I crept nearer to the boat I could hear it creak as it rocked to and fro. I reached the boat and realised there was no gangplank. But I had to get aboard. I grabbed hold of a rope hanging over the side and climbed up.

At last I was on board and had to find somewhere to hide. Then I had an idea: the sail locker! I walked silently in the dark shadows to the sail locker and there I fell asleep amongst the sails.

But not for long, for I heard shouting and cheering and through the porthole I saw Jan van Riebeeck and his wife waving to their family and friends. Then came the crew and the surgeon's family. I suddenly remembered the crew would want to get the sails ready, so I cautiously made my way to the galley and hid in an empty barrel which smelt terrible. There I went to sleep, as the ship sailed away.

The next morning when I awoke when dawn was breaking. I heard the sails flapping in the wind and the ship rocked from side to side. Only a few crew were awake. I climbed out of my barrel and went to the water barrel. The floors creaked. I heard no-one and hoped no-one would hear me. I then ate some biscuits and meat which tasted salty.

Two days later I woke up and heard Jan van Riebeeck say, "There is an empty barrel in the galley you can use." I didn't know what to do so I jumped out and ran, but where can you run to on board a ship? One of the crew caught me. I was terrified.

They flogged and keelhaunched me. It was the worst pain I had ever suffered. Then I was made a member of the ship's crew as the "Goede Hoop" sailed along on its journey to the Cape of Good Hope.

Kathleen Gottgens (Std. III).

A DARK TUNNEL

Through the hole in the cave I slid, feeling as I went. I was laughing with nervousness. The walls were slimy. I heard the crickets calling. I heard the echo of the bats and beetles. I felt the wet, mossy cave. As I went further in, I felt more frightened.

Suddenly I felt bold. I saw light. I ran to it and found I had come to the other side.

Suzanne Bryant (Std. III).

TAMMY

Tammy our greedy cat,
Likes fish and milk and things like that!
Sometimes he catches a big fat mouse
Before it can run to the safety of its house.
He loves to sleep and purr all day,
And never thinks of games to play!

Rosemary Loch Davis (Std. III).

HOW THE PLANET MERCURY RECEIVED ITS NAME

A long time ago all the fish in the sea were terribly ill. After many months, Neptune, god of the Sea, asked a planet which had plenty of water, to pour its water into the sea. He asked this particular planet because there were special pills in the water that could cure the fish.

The planet was a kind one and poured the water into the sea. Before long all the fish were cured. The sea was full of happy fish, but the poor planet was left with no water.

Neptune knew that the planet had cured the fish in the sea, so he called it Mercury: "mer" for sea, and "cure" because it healed the fish. He then wrote the following poem about Mercury:

Your water given to the sea,
What shall become of thee?
Boiling sun give rain oh please!
Do not scorch the lovely trees,
There is but dust upon the ground
When we tread it makes no sound.
The air so must
That floats with dust
Makes such a little noise
For all the trees are dead as leaves
And there is but one small seed.
Sun! oh sun! have mercy on us!
For giving away our only trust in thee!
Bring rain and take away the Sun
So that everything will be done!

Claire Stern (Std. III).

TAMMY'S GOOD DAY

She's chewed up the shoes
She found under the chair
And sat on my brother's top hat
She's bitten the ear
Off the old teddy-bear
And drunk up the milk of the cat.
She's upset the gold-fish
They're all in a heap!
And chewed up a rug just for play
And now she's quite ready
To have a good sleep
For she's had a very full day.

Cheryl Hemingway (Std. III).

MORNING

The morning dew lay thick in the valley.
The birds began to sing.
The cars began their usual hum.
The flowers began to open.
The sun was shining and getting hotter.
The Autumn was here; the leaves
changed their colour.
The wind came up and the trees
began to rustle.
The squirrels began their playing
The doves began to fight over breakfast.
At last the morning was wide awake.

Marie-Louise du Toit (Std. III).

SEASONS

The leaves are falling
And Ceres is mourning
For her daughter again who has left.

Pluto has taken her
Down to his underworld
A dark gloomy place for the dead.

The trees have gone bare
With pity and sorrow
To wait for her coming, and spring.

Deborah Arton (Std. III).

THE CAT

On tiny, padded paws,
the cat slinks into the night.
Eyes glowing in the darkness,
like lamps.
Springing onto the roof
to join a chorus
of wailing cats,
Howling and yowling,
Their voices breaking
the silence of night.

Carole Roberts (Std. IV).

THE WILD HORSE

Out on the moors where the wind doth blow,
Stand many horses roaming high and low,
Manes blowing from heads held high,
Feet gently trotting between earth and sky.
Tiny little hoofmarks, in the soft sand,
But body and head make the horse look grand
Gently chewing the soft green weeds
Or by the river chewing reeds,
Gracefully the clear water sipping,
Or either drinking the little drops dripping,
Out on the moors, through the gorse
Gallop gracefully the wild horse.

Louise Morrissey (Std. IV).

MUIZENBURG ON A WINDY DAY

It was a cloudy, cold day. The warm sun was hidden behind the greyish, white clouds, which threw a dark shadow over Muizenburg. The wind howled and sea fog was smelt in the cold, icy breeze.

Sacks grocery store was entered by many customers, to shelter from the howling wind. Shop doors were slammed shut. Papers and tin cans were blown in every direction. The beach sand stung your legs, and the turbulent sea sprayed the icy water over you.

The ice-cream man's bicycle swayed from side to side in the strong gale. Dustbin lids blew onto the wide pavements with a loud, penetrating clang. Shoppers hurried with their heavy groceries up and down the narrow streets. Later that afternoon the streets and shops were deserted and the icy breeze continued to blow.

Diana Diamond (Std. IV).

NIGHT

Night comes creeping like a lynx
Upon the afternoon,
Not waiting for any man
Until the day is through.
Enveloping the world in Black.

Grace Maclean (Std. IV).

FROGS (HAIKU)

From stage to stage,
They grow into amphibious animals,
Ugly.

Grace Maclean (Std. IV).

DAWN

It was dark. There was not a sound in the air. No birds were chirping or dogs were barking. Everyone in our house was sleeping, except me. I peered out of the window and what I saw, I will never forget.

The sun was struggling to rise. The moon had been shining all night and looked rather worn out. All was quiet. The sunrise created a dazzling brilliance over the sky. It was a pinkish colour with red and gold in the middle. The sun came gradually out from behind a cloud, while the moon and stars faded away, their work done. As soon as the sun was released it began to work. Its brilliant rays shone out across silver lakes and descended upon cities. There was a cold and misty feeling in the air. I turned back to my bed and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by my father. I hurried to the window and saw boys and girls playing about. There was a hustling, bustling in the air. It was certainly a change from dawn.

A Singer (Std. IV).

CAPE TOWN STATION AT 5 p.m.

The crowds jostle as they get onto the tightly packed trains. Businessmen run to catch the next train for Claremont. Whistles blast as the train begins to pull out of the station. People stare at the big timetable and then run towards one of the gates. Others buy sweets or wander leisurely around. Some are using the telephones. They shout loudly and wave their hands around. Others are frustrated because the phone box they chose isn't working or their money got stuck and won't come out. Another train rattles in and people run. Blacks to their carriages and Whites to theirs. A whistle blows, the doors close and the train moves out. The ones left behind glower at the departing train. They sit down on a bench and wait for the next. More people hurry in. Some are asking advice at the information desk. Others frown at the timetable trying to work out the international time. Then next train comes in and the last people climb on. The whistle blows and the train moves out. The rush hour is over.

Jane Yeats (Std. IV).

NIGHT

Night comes after twilight
the black darkness creeps down
onto the earth
Men shiver
Owls hoot

Midnight comes
The silver moon shines
down on the graveyard
The ghosts of good men sit
on the old grey stones
soft violin music floats through
the air.
Then, crack, a branch breaks
all is still again
The spirits rest
All is quiet.

Karen Kearney (Std. IV).

NOON

The sun beats down on the hot, dry, dead sand,
everything is quiet, perhaps sleeping. But then
something breaks the silence — a snake comes
slithering across the sand, its scaly skin shining
in the hot noon day sun.

The snake that had by now slid silently down
its hole, reappeared — it came out to look for its
daily lunch of ants and beetles.

When he had eaten till he was no longer hungry
he slithered back down his hole to have his midday
sleep.

All was quiet again.

Julia Krone (Std. IV).

DOWN FROM MARS

"Is this South Africa?" "Oh yes it must be, but
how very strange it is, and what are all these block
things." I was talking to myself when a man came
up to me. "Oh those, they're houses, don't you
know yet young man."

"I come from Mars where we live in big crevices
with machines which pull you down into them."
Then the man said to me, "Well, come on in and
my wife will cook you a meal." Later a lady came
in pushing a trolley. I saw orange, white and green
food in the dishes. Then she brought in another
tray and on the tray there was some kind of
transparent liquid in a jug. We started the meal. I
took one mouthful and spat it out. Then I drank
some of the liquid. I also spat that out. They were
terrible! In Outer Space we caught bugs and
squashed them till liquid came out of them. We
drank this liquid and ate the left-overs. "Oh well,
thanks for the meal, but I must be going. My
space-ship is getting hot and that means that the
people on Mars are calling me. So I must be off."
Goodbye South Africa, but now I must tell my
people about this strange country.

Jill Breen (Std. IV).

A NIGHT AT THE NICO MALAN

The broad gleaming stairs of the Nico Malan
sparkle as their cleanly-scrubbed beauty, the effort
of an employee's daily toil, is illuminated by the
lantern-shaped lights decorating and lighting the
outside of the epitome of beauty in architecture.
This is the Nico Malan.

Uniformed in rich scarlet coloured suits, the
doormen of the Nico Malan wait, arms outstretched,
hands ready to receive tickets. The patrons of the
theatre glide up the stairs in an elegant array of
clothing, tapestry of colours and textures. Women,
dressed in satins and silks, pearls and furs,
exchange courtesies, while waiting, outside the
enormous glass doors, for the menfolk, in bowties
and tails. They arrive to escort the ladies, after
parking their cars. The entourage makes a beautiful
picture of ribbons and lace, and high heels clattering
towards programme stands. A gong penetrates the
painted walls and as long skirts shuffle over
the thickly-carpeted floors, the usherettes show the
first guests towards the plush seats. Amid the
fragrance of expensive perfume and the aroma
of tobacco, snatches of conversation uttered from
red-lipsticked women reach my ears and till the
doors close and the lights go out and before
the curtains rise I am briefed on the local sports
news and cigar sales and a running commentary
of the latest fashions and the decor of the Jones's
new house.

After the first half of an entertaining evening,
a break is encountered and once more one must
raise one's voice and scream one's orders to be
heard above the hubbub of the fun-loving assembly.
Finally, however, with a glass of coke and a
sandwich, I retire to a table. The second and last
part of the play ends almost just as soon as it
has begun. The people file out and step into
waiting cars. Then silence dawns on the theatre.
The cold penetrates and I draw my coat tighter
around me. The clean-up squad has started its
job, and the men and women scattered around
the theatre in old overalls make an amazing con-
trast to the former scene. Wash buckets have
replaced elegant, serpent-skin handbags and brooms
have replaced delicately wrought canes. Instead of
gossip the ladies had spoken of, these women
discuss the rising costs and the difficulties trying
to provide for their children. The men discuss their
racing-cards and bets.

As the clock strikes twelve the last of the clean-up
squad make their exit, leaving behind a spick-and-
span theatre. It now looks the same as it did
before the crowd arrived. The only thing that has
changed is the event that took place before —
the gap between the high society and the working-
class. This is a repetition of what occurred last
night and in the future. No-one notices the contrast,
but it is there, in the Nico Malan theatre, and every-
where else too.

Dana Smiedt (Std. V).

HOW QUEEN BEE CONTROLLED THE REBELLION IN HER HIVE

I looked through the door of the hive in our garden and what a surprise I was given. There was sheer pandemonium in the rounded den. The hive was divided into rooms and I saw, in what looked like a hall, that the Queen had most definitely upset her courtiers, for I heard continuous cries of "Down with the Queen!" made by fat bustling bees, red in the face from all their exertions to rid themselves of their Queen. An amazing sight indeed! It was impossible, I thought, but no, for wasn't I gazing upon this spectacle at that moment?

Then, my thoughts were diverted because a gradual silence ensued. The general hubbub died down and to my amusement a portly and pompous gentleman bee rose to his feet and in what seemed a small voice for such a large man, if he could be described so, began to speak. His opening sentence sounded so important and royal that I felt I must laugh, but somehow I choked it down.

"Gentlemen, and ladies too," he hurriedly added, as he heard ejaculations of annoyance rise from the females present. "I believe that we are all aware of the latest piece of tyranny that our so-called beloved Queen has produced. I also believe that you gentlemen, and ladies too, are not going to take it as the men and women too, of the race known as humans put it — lying down. For, if you are, you are not a true member of our democratic society. Imagine, she cut off the head of our highly exalted prime minister, who is, or rather was, one of the most promising gentlemen our great state has ever possessed. So, now, I put the question to you, gent— or rather friends, what are we going to do?"

He finished on this note feeling very proud, for not everyone could make such a forceful speech, which made such an impact on the crowd.

The bee-people gave murmurs of approval in return for the speech and began to discuss what action they should take. Soon, the noise reached such a crescendo that the originator of the speech had to tap on his desk with a mallet and cry out, "Silence gentlemen, and ladies too, if you please!" at intervals.

Then a cry came from a member of the Bee Council. "Revolution!" he shouted. "Revolution!" Soon the word was being echoed from all parts of the room. "Revolution! Revolution!" Again the same bee as before, was forced to stand on his desk, in a most undignified manner and scream out, using all the air in his lungs. "Keep quiet-e-ef! We'll take a vote. Now then, who votes for revolution? Hands in favour!" Every hand in the hall went up, each waving madly. "Well, that's that!" he said, rubbing his hands together in satisfaction.

Soon, every bee in the hive was on strike, secretly all wondering what the Queen's reaction would be. They were to know before long and when it was to come they were all to be horror-struck!

Presently, an angry buzz was heard along the corridor and the door of the hall was flung wide open. The bees looked apprehensively at each other, whatever was going to happen. The Queen stood with her front two hairy arms on her hips, regarding them all. Then she spoke in an ice-cold tone which seemed to freeze each bee as I

watched them.

"And what is happening here?" she demanded and in return for the volley of jumbled answers which reached her ears, she grasped the portly bee who had assembled the meeting and, to the crowd's horror and the bee's shame, she put him over her knee and spanked him soundly.

Oh, the shame of it all!

The Queen then dropped the insect on whom she had vented her rage and said, "Let that be a lesson to you all!" and then in a quite different tone, as if to make up for the indignity of spanking her subject, "We'll all have tea now — and there's cream tarts."

This time there was no discussion.

Mona Lawson (Std.V).

THE MATCH-STICK GIRL

She leaned wearily on the cold, grey stone of the street corner house. Pangs of hunger heaving in the depths of her stomach. She must last out until tonight. She and her crippled, disabled mother were almost starving. They had been left penniless by her father who had died in a drunken stupor. All she had was a meagre cup of thin soup, which warmed her momentarily but it was soon dissipated through her weak body.

She feebly held out her sodden bundles of matches. The endless stream of hunched humanity seemed oblivious of her urging presence. She made another gesture to sell her goods, but to no avail. Instead, it brought on the dreaded, racking, rasping cough which shook her from head to foot. She clutched her chest, where a pain like a knife dug a relentless path in her lungs. She fell to the ground, gasping. With every gulp of life-giving air the knife dug deeper.

Not a match sold, not a person who cared. Just a pathetic heap in the snow.

Jean Moodie (Std. V).

A VISIT TO THE PARK

I enter the park. I have come here for a short while to get away from everything. My whole life has gone wrong, my life at school is unhappy. My mother and father are always bickering. But there is something else, something so dreadful that I can never tell anybody.

I look around me. It is a peaceful scene the park, there is no-one here to disturb me, no-one at all. In the distance I hear the faint humming of cars. I turn back to the scene around me. The trees sway in the breeze forming a colourful picture against the blue sky and green countryside. I smell the fresh spring buds. It is like a different world here, no quarrelling, nothing at all, only the faint sound and doings of nature. As I watch idly a butterfly swoops down, perches on one leg, looks around and then swoops upwards and out of sight.

Oh! I think to myself, this is so perfect, if only life was really like this. And then I have a sudden thought. If I really tried, it could be! Suddenly my mind is made up. I leave the park and catch a bus back home. As I board it, I think to myself, it will be horrible confessing but someday things will be alright.

Susan Davies (Std. V).

DIE PLAAS

Ons het 'n groot plaas. Op die plaas is daar 'n plaashuis, 'n skuur, 'n perdestal, 'n koeistal, en 'n motorhuis. In die plaashuis woon ons en in die motorhuis is ons motor en vragmotor. In die skuur bêre ons hooi. Ons het koeie, kalwers en hulle, oë, ramme en lammers, merries, hingse, en vullietjies. Die vee loop bedags in verskillende kampe rond. Soggens en saans word die koeie gemelk en die melk word in kanne gegooi en weggestuur en aan die fabriek verkoop.

Ons het baie pluimvee. Daar is vyftien kalkoene en vyf kleintjies. Dan is daar tien eende en vyf eendjies, maar die hoenders is te veel om te tel. Die pluimvee vreet mielies en soek wurms en drink uit die waterbak. Daar is baie kampe, maar meer lande. Op die lande kweek ons mielies, koring en kafferoring. Ons het ook vrugtebome en ons eet baie vrugte. Op ons plaas kweek ons groente.

Carine Cruse (St. II).

DIE PLAAS

Elke jaar gaan ek na my oom se plaas. Op die plaas is daar baie geboue. Daar is 'n perdestal, 'n koeistal, 'n huis, 'n skuur en 'n motorhuis. In die koeistal melk die melkjong die koeie en in die perdestal slaap die perde. Hy het ook baie diere. Hy het koeie, perde, bokke en skape. Ek hou baie daarvan om perd te ry en soms melk ek die koeie. Elke maand merk hy die klein bokkies. Elke dag gaan hy na die mark en verkoop die melk. Hy het ook baie pluimvee. Hy het ganse, eende, kalkoene, hoenders en volstruise. Ek is baie bang vir die grootste gans, want hy pik baie seer. Elke môre gaan ek na die hoenderhok en maak die eiers bymekaar. Na die eerste reën begin my oom ploeg. Hy kweek baie groente en vrugte. Voor die huis kweek hy blomme. In die blomtuin is daar asters, dahlias en baie ander blomme. Ek hou baie van my oom se plaas, want daar is baie dinge om te doen.

Lindy de Waal (St. II).

ONS STAD

Ek woon in Kaapstad. Dit is 'n pragtige groot stad. Kaapstad is die moederstad van Suid-Afrika.

Al die hoofstrate en dwarsstrate is teerstrate. As jy in Kaapstad rondloop, sien jy altyd motors, busse, motorfiets, fiets en vragmotors. As jy na die lughawe toe gaan, sal jy vliegtuie sien en as jy na die hawe toe gaan, sien jy skape. Dag en nag kom en vertrek hulle. Party is passasierskepe en ander is vragbote wat langs die kaai goedere op- en aflaai.

Die plek waarvan ek meeste van hou, is Tafelberg. As die son daarop skyn, lyk dit pragtig. Die kabelspoor loop teen die kant van Tafelberg op. Daar is 'n kafee op Tafelberg waar 'n mens poskaarte kan koop. Daar is ook verkykers op Tafelberg. Jy sit vyf sent in die masjien dan kan jy die stad regtig mooi sien.

Ek hoop as mense van ander lande kom kuier, sal hulle baie daarvan hou.

Gillian Basson (St. III).

ONS STAD

Kaapstad is 'n baie groot stad. Dit is die tweede grootste stad in Suid-Afrika. Dit is ook baie pragtig.

Daar is 'n wildtuin en 'n dieretuin waar 'n mens diere kan sien. Daar is baie diere om te sien in die dieretuin, maar ek dink dat die wildtuin nog beter is, want in die wildtuin kan jy diere in hulle natuurlike staat sien.

In die middestad van Kaapstad is daar baie groot geboue. Daar is stadsale, winkelsentrums, kantore en baie ander.

In Kaapstad is daar ook 'n pragtige berg, Tafelberg. Jy kan mat die kabelspoor na die kruin van die berg gaan. As jy bo-op Tafelberg is, kan jy die hele Kaapstad sien. Tafelberg is baie beroemd.

Daar is ook baie strande in Kaapstad. As jy na Muizenbergstrand gaan, dan is die water warm, maar as jy in koue water wil swem, is daar baie ander strande langs die Atlantiese Oseaan.

Tessa Gawith (St. III).

Deyerstraat 17
Nelspruit
2400
23 Julie 1975

Liewe Hannali,

Verlede Saterdagagaand was die wonderlikste aand wat ek nog ooit beleef het! Ek was saam met my ouers sirkus toe.

Ek het vyftig sent van my sakgeld vir die geleentheid weggegee, omdat ek vir my eie kaartjie moes betaal. Seseur daardie aand was ek al aangetrek, en reg om sirkus toe te gaan. Terwyl Vader ons kaartjies gekoop het, het ek en Moeder die yslike, kleurvolle tent van buite bewonder. Pas nadat ons ons sitplekke gekry het, het die orkes opgehou speel, en die sirkusbaas het na vore getree. Hy het die items op die program afgekondig, en toe weer verdwyn. Die simbaie het geklap, en die sirkus het begin!

Vyf ponies het ingetrippeel gekom, met 'n rooi volstruisveer op hulle koppe. Sodra hul baas sy sweep geklap het, het hulle op hul agterbene gepronk. Volgende aan die beurt was die swaardeter. Hy het twee swaarde ingesluk en dit na 'n rukkie weer uitgetrek. Gedurende die hansworse se beurt, was my maag glad seer van al die lag. Hulle wou 'n mooi meisie vermaak, maar het sowaar nie met hulle ronde, rooi neuse geslaag nie. 'n Manjefieke olifant het sy baas hoog in die lug gegooi, en weer met sy slurp gevang. Daar was ook 'n mooi meisie met skitterende klere wat op 'n dun tou ballet gedans het. Toe die een hanswors haar probeer na-aap, was ek amper siek van die lag! Reg aan die einde was daar 'n sweetvertoning. Een meisie en twee mans het alierhande kunssies hoog teen die dak uitgevoer. Dit was regtig pragtig, maar ek was so bang hulle sou val. Daarna het die sirkusbaas weer in die vertooningskerk verskyn, en ons het hom hartlik toegejuig.

Ja, dit was 'n heerlike aand wat ek nie sou wou misloop nie. Indien 'n sirkus daar by julle aankom, moet jy tog gaan, hoor!

Jou vriendin,

Anima van der Merwe (St. V).

'N STORM LANGS DIE KUS

Die hemel was swaar gelaai met water, en die wind het skielik opgesteek. Die branders het woos teen die rotse vasgeslaan, en het in skuim tot bo-oor hulle opgeskiet. Die oppervlakte poeltjies het in reuse damme verander. Die meeste van die rotse het onder die oppervlak van die water verdwyn, en net nou en dan verskyn.

Die seemeeu het aanhoudend van benoudheid gekree, en het onrustig in die koue seelug rondgevlug. Hul sierlike vlerke was deurweek van die reën terwyl hulle hoog bo die woedende see rondgesweef het. Partymaal het 'n paar vinnig afgeduik om kos uit die see op te pik.

Die wolke het hulle vragte reën nog steeds afgegooi, en die weerlig het die strand op 'n onnatuurlike wyse verlig. Die donderweer het saam met die gehuil van die wind en die gekree van die seemeeu onwaardse musiek veroorsaak.

Toe raak dit stil. Die seemeeu het tot rus gekom en die wind het gaan lê. Die see was nie meer onstuimig nie, maar bedaard en kalm. Die wolke het effens verskuif en die son se groot geel gesig het daardeur gloer. Die storm was verby!

Anina van der Merwe (St. V).

'N STORM BY DIE STRAND

Die son het geskyn. Die see was kalm en daar was baie mense op die wit sand. Skielik het 'n groot grys wolk tussen die son en die wêreld gekom.

Toe het die eerste druppels reën geval. Die mense het gevlug, om skuiling te soek. Die bries het 'n sterk wind geword. Die seemeeu het probeer om oor die wind se stem te skreeu, maar hulle skreeu was nie skril genoeg nie. Die reën het in groot strome geval, en het 'n groot geraas op die see gemaak. Die rotspele het oorgeloo en al die klein vissies het onder die veiligheid van die rots gekuul. Groot branders het oor die rotse gebreek. Die donder het gerammel en die weerlig het die lug in twee gedeeltes en vir een sekonde was die hele wêreld verlig. 'n Klein rukkie later was die donder nie so luid nie en die weerlig het nie so dikwels geflits nie. Toe het alles stil geraak, die reën, die donder en die weerlig.

So skielik as wat dit begin het, het die storm bedaar. Die son het verskyn en dit het op die nat wit sand geskyn. Alles was rustig.

Cathy Moll (St. V).

HOE MY HOND MY LEWE GERED HET

Eendag, toe ek alleen by die huis was, het ek besluit om met my hond, Terrie, oor die rivier te roei.

Ons het 'n boot gehuur en ons het 'n genotvolle halfuur deurgebring. Skielik het 'n sterk wind opgekom. Daar was groot branders op die rivier. Ons bootjie, het ons later gemerk, was verrot. Een groot brander het die bootjie omgedop. Die verrotte planke het gebreek en ek kon aan niks vashou nie. Ek het groot geskrik, en omdat ek nog al my klere aangehad het, kon ek moeilik swem. Terrie het dit dadelik gesien, en hy het my kop bo water gehou. Hy het my aan wal gesleep.

Ek was baie bleek en het flou geword. Terrie het huis toe gehardloop en gelukkig was Mammie en Pappie terug van die bioskoop. Hulle het my kom haal en huis toe gebring. Drie weke daarna het ek nog in die bed gelê met longontsteking.

Ek sal nooit vergeet hoe Terrie my lewe gered het nie.

Clair Grootendorst (St. V).

HAIKU**Hasie**

Die hasie spring op
Toe hy die jagter sien kom
En hardloop huis toe.

Kim Gray (St. V).

Oupa

My Oupa is 'n ou man
wat so graag pyp rook
en altyd laat slaap.

Jane Johnson (St. V).

Mis

Klam koue vingers
Gryp met hebsug als wat leef
En omaluier dit.

Clair Grootendorst (St. V).

'N OU MAN

Daar staan hy weer, met sy verslete klere. Sy ou, misrabele verkreukelde gesig lyk moeg vir die lewe. Sy oë is dof van uitputting. Sy vertlinterde hoed het ook al beter dae gesien. Op sy linkerskoen gaap 'n groot gat. Sy hare en baard is lank en vuil, want sy enigste geldjies word gebruik vir kos om hom aan die lewe te hou.

Anina van der Merwe (St. V).

BERGE

Hoog in die lug troon julle,
Met jul masker van groen rugtes,
Met kranse wat eeue se geheime behou.
Bly julle 'n souwenier van die ewige natuur,
Totdat veldbrande julle stroop.

Anina van der Merwe (St. V).

DIE STRAND

'n Wyd uitgestrekte strook sand is die strand.
Groot branders breek op die strand. Ver in die
see lê vissersbote.

Kinders is besig om sandkastele te bou. Op
die rotse lê robbe en bak in die son en bo in die
lug skreeu seemeue.

Die branders is groot wanneer dit hooggety is
en dit is moeilik om die skepe op die gesigseinder
te sien.

In die rotspoele is daar skulpe en klein vissies.
Daar is altyd baie skulpe om te vind. Daar is ook
groot sandduine en soms groei groen plante in
die sand.

Aan die einde van die dag, as die son onder-
gaan, is die strand pragtig.

Die strand is altyd 'n droomplek vir mense wat
nie daarheen kan gaan nie. Dit is 'n wonderlike
ontspanningsplek wat God vir ons geskep het.

Philippe Dauncey (St. V).

MY GROOTSTE TELEURSTELLING

Dit was die eerste dag van die Junie vakansie.
Die son het helder geskyn en die weer was baie
aangenaam. Aangesien ek die hele kwartaal in
die koshuis deurgebring het, wou ek baie graag
om die plaas loop en alles sien.

Ek het besluit om in die môre na alles te gaan
kyk en daarna 'n boek te neem en in die veld te
gaan lê en lees.

Toe ek my boek klaar gelees het, het ek vas aan
die slaap geraak. Ek het wakker geword om 'n
bakkie naby my sien lê. Dit was so oulik. Hy was
ligbruin met wit kolle. Hy was so vriendelik dat
ons die hele namiddag saam onder die bome in
die veld gelê het.

Die volgende middag het ek na dieselfde plek toe
gegaan met die hoop dat die bakkie daar sou wees.
Tot my vreugde was hy. Ons het weer die hele
namiddag saam deurgebring en het baie gehag aan
mekaar geraak.

Die volgende dag moes ek my ma in die huis
help en dus kon ek nie my 'vriend' gaan besoek
nie, maar en het die hele dag aan hom gedink.

Daardie aand het ek nie goed geslaap nie omdat
ek so baie na die volgende namiddag uitgesien het.

Na middagete het ek die skottelgoed gou-gou
gewas, die kombuis skoongemaak en blitsvinnig
na die veld toe gehardloop. My hart het gebons
met vreugde en ek was so gelukkig. Ek gaan my
bakkie sien!

Toe ek langs die pad gehardloop het, kon ek
die bruin figuur van die bakkie onder die bome
sien lê.

Toe ek nader gegaan het, het my hart opgehou
met bons. Trane het in my oë gevorm. Ek kon die
rooi bloed op sy rug, waar die koeël van 'n geweer
ingegee het, sien.

Dawn Beasley,
St. 8 Mo.

* * *

le 20 octobre

Chère Pascale,

Merci beaucoup de ta lettre. Il me semble que
tu as passé un très joyeux Noël et Nouvel An.

La veille de Noël nous avons eu un grand repas
à la maison, toute la famille était réunie. En tout nous
étions quinze personnes. Mon frère et ma sœur
avec leurs familles sont descendus de Johannes-
burg. Pour le repas nous avons mangé du dindon,
du jambon et beaucoup de légumes et ensuite le
pudding de Noël avec de l'argent dedans. Après
le repas toute la famille est allée à la messe de
minuit, et après nous avons réveillé chez des
amis, puis nous nous sommes couchés.

Le lendemain matin à neuf heures nous avons
ouvert nos cadeaux. Mes parents m'ont offert un
petit chien. Je l'aime beaucoup. Ce Noël j'ai été
très gatée. Le jour de Noël beaucoup de nos amis
sont venus déjeuner. Nous nous sommes mis à
table vers une heure et le repas s'est terminé vers
trois heures. Puis nous nous sommes reposés
jusqu'à cinq heures quand nous avons mangé du
gâteau de Noël avec du champagne. Le matin de
Noël toute la famille est allée souhaiter le Noël à
plusieurs de nos amis et leur a apporté de petits
cadeaux. Pour le repas du soir nous sommes allés
chez nos amis pour un repas froid, qui était très
agréable après tous ces repas chauds.

La Saint Sylvestre nous avons donné une très
grande réunion pour nos amis et ceux de nos
parents. Nous nous sommes couchés à sept heures
le lendemain matin.

Après toutes les célébrations de Noël nous nous
sommes reposés.

Très amicalement à toi,
Jeanne.

Jeanne Franck,
Standard IX.

Old Herschelians' Association

1975 COMMITTEE

President: Dr. Barbara Silberbauer.
 Vice-President: Miss Fenella Douglas.
 Chairman: Mrs. Brendalynne Hoffman (Tyers).
 Hon. Sec./Treas.: 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 Ave., Kenilworth, (77-4631).

Group 2 (I-Q)

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

Mrs. Tania Robins (Guicherit), 7, Marne Ave., Rondebosch, (61-5627).

Groups 3 and 4 (R-Z)

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

Mrs. Elizabeth McCarthy (Holmes), Silvertree, Pear Lane, Constantia, (74-1387).

Mrs. Barbara Cleave (Nef), 25, Neave St., Claremont, (61-6200).

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

Group 5 (AA-EE)

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

mont. (77-6512).

Miss Susan Raath, Chelsea, Bowwood Rd., Clare-

Group 6 (FF-JJ)

Miss Edwina Abbott, 16, Phyllis Rd., Claremont, (77-3293).

Mrs. Sally Ryan (Abbott), 30, Main Road, Walmer, Port Elizabeth.

Group 7 (KK-NN)

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

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

Miss Gillian Austin, Klein Constantia, Klein Constantia Rd., Constantia, (74-2415).

Minutes of the 48th Annual General Meeting of the Old Herschelians Association held in the Library at Herschel on Monday, 10th March, 1975, at 8.00 p.m.

PRESENT: Dr. B. Silberbauer (President), Jennifer Wynne (Chairman), Mary Loggie (Sec./Treas.), Staff Members and Old Herschelians.

APOLOGIES: 62 apologies were received.

WELCOME: A warm welcome was extended to all by the Chairman and, in particular, to Mrs. Mary Muller, the recently retired Vice-Principal, and to Mrs. Ann Griffiths, the new Vice-Principal.

MINUTES: The Minutes of the last A.G.M., being printed in the Magazine, were taken as read and duly signed. Proposed by F. Douglas, seconded by D. Cronwright.

SECRETARY/TREASURER'S REPORT: We had a truly great response from the 1974 matrics. Out of 32, 22 joined the Association, 16 as Life Members. This accounts for over R400 of our present bank balance of R493.05. Magazine costs ran particularly high for the School as covers were printed in colour (sufficient for the next three years) and the whole project given a new look. M. Loggie proposed that R340 be paid to the School as our contribution towards the magazines. The circulation amongst Old Girls is now vigorously controlled and members are asked to please fill in the slip on the back page indicating whether or not they want next year's copy. Diana Schmid offered valuable help in photographing and printing. Thank you, Diana.

GAMES REPORT: Jill Eckstein continues to render sterling service. Matches are reported in the Magazine.

OLD GIRLS' PRIZE: This was awarded to last year's Head Girl, Gillian Austin.

DR. SILBERBAUER: Dr. Silberbauer told us of her 10-year development plan to Herschel (details to appear in the Magazine). She was thrilled to find so many Herschelians amongst the mothers in the sub-standards and hopes that this trend will continue. She thanked them and all of us for the strong support and loyalty shown through the year. She feels she has gained many friends.

FIONA MCLACHLAN: Fiona spoke, most amusingly, on her year in the States as a Rotary Exchange Student. What is it to adapt to a Mormon community.

PRESENTATION: The Chairman presented Mrs. Muller with two art books of her own choosing and thanked her for the happy times she personally had spent in the art room, and the patience she had shown in allowing little girls to make clay pellets for target practice on the ceiling.

ELECTION OF OFFICE-BEARERS: This was left to the end of the Meeting to give people time to consider nominations for Chairman. Earlier Mary Loggie had pointed out that this office was not meant to feel like a ten-year jail sentence and

should perhaps change every two years. It was a wonderful opportunity to do something for the School and regular change of Chairmanship should ensure a steady flow of new ideas and enthusiasm.

Nominations were called for:

Anne Snyders, proposed by Nicky Hopkins, seconded by Elizabeth Fourie.

Brenda-Lynne Hoffman, proposed by Sally Brimble, seconded by Jenny Hearn.

Mrs. Hoffman was elected as Chairman.

Representative from 1974 Matrics: Gill Austin.

ANY OTHER BUSINESS: Fenella Douglas proposed a sincere vote of thanks to the Committee for their work and, in particular, for the success

of the Magazine.

One of the Old Girls asked Dr. Silberbauer whether, with all the improvements planned, we should not start with a large School Chapel. Dr. Silberbauer replied that she felt the Crypt Chapel was a most intimate and integral part of the School and she would rather have a smaller devout number of girls using it regularly than fill a larger building with those to whom religion was less meaningful. The Chapel is in constant use by both boarders and day girls, and is the very heart of the School. Our association with St. Saviours continues to be very close.

Nancy Morris thanked Dr. Silberbauer for having us and the Meeting adjourned to the new Home Economics Room, alias Dowl-Sci, for refreshments.

London Gathering of Old Herschelians on 14th May, 1975

Once again Old Herschelians were indebted to Nicky (Van der Bijl) and Ewen MacPherson for their kindness and for the very warm welcome to their flat in Vicarage Gate for the Meeting which was held from 6-8 p.m. It was very well attended, with a number of new faces, both from the older generation and from the younger. Miss McLean mentioned in her welcome to everybody that this time there were some she did not recognise at all. Barbara (Elcome) and Peter Payne were not able to be present but sent greetings and good wishes with their apologies; also Mrs. Stobie who seldom forsakes the Meeting, and Mary James (Van der Bijl) to whom good wishes were sent on the occasion of her marriage — her greetings came from Vezelay with the promise of meeting Henry James next year. Mary Hyde (Hebditch) had her daughter Sarah with her and Miranda Blackett brought her fiancée. Contributions just covered the actual cost of wine, biscuits, etc., and postage. The amount sent by the School is, thus, still in hand.

Those present were: Miss McLean, Miss Bailey, The Revd. and Mrs. Dick Bird (Valerie van der Bijl), Miranda Blackett and fiancée, Mrs. Bourcier (Sonia Hollebone), Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Collings (Betty Starck), Mrs. Donald Collumbell (Betty Rawson), Mrs. Forester-Bennett and daughter (Pat Hailey), Lt.-Col. and Mrs. T. P. Furlonge (Peg Hill), Mr. and Mrs. Goring (Penelope Broadbent), Mrs. Hyde and Sarah (Miss Hebditch), Mrs. Jelferies (Daphne Moat), Mrs. Jordan (Oswynne Buchanan), Sue MacGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Ewen MacPherson (Nicky van der Bijl), Com. and Mrs. Ted Martino (Betty van der Bijl), Mrs. Regnier (Margaret Geber), Pixie Robertson, Claire Russell, Mrs. Steward (Miss Guyse-Hill), Mr. and Mrs. Sanquinetti (Pat Craig-Martin), Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Turner (Helen Botha-Reid), Mrs. Van den Berg (Jean Stoddart), Pauline Vogelsoel, Mrs. Whelan (Elizabeth Roberts), Mrs. Woollam (Phoebe Scrivenor), Mr. and Mrs. S. Yassukovich (Diana Townsend).

Marriages

AITCHISON—WILSON. On 28th December, 1973, Marjorie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Aitchison of Claremont, to Kevin, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson, of Kent, England.

HARDY—BISOGNO. On 20th September, 1975, Gisele, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hardy, of Kenilworth, to Victor, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Bisogno, of The Strand.

HILL—BOTH. In March, 1975, Patricia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hill, of Newlands, to Mr. D. Botha, of Stellenbosch.

LEES—MILLMAN. On 6th September, 1975, Devon, daughter of Mrs. P. W. Lees, of Constantia, and the late Mr. A. F. Lees, to Paul, son of Major and Mrs. A. E. Millman, of Cheltenham, England.

MACSYMON—CHAMBERS. In May, 1975, in Australia, Fiona, daughter of Mr. R. M. MacSymon, of Rondebosch, and Mrs. J. M. Howes, of Kenilworth, to Robert, son of Mrs. P. A. Chambers, of Rutherglen, Victoria, Australia, and the late Mr. A. Chambers.

MAHLMAN—DE HUTTON. In December, 1974, Sue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Kennedy, of Bishops-court, to Derek de Hutton, of Rondebosch.

NEWMAN—DU PLESSIS. On 8th February, 1975, Jenny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Newman, of Bergvliet, to Morné du Plessis.

Births

BEAUMONT—To Jayne (Currie) and Raoul, a daughter, on 28th July, 1975.

BENNETT—To Marion (Vertue) and Chris, a daughter, on 20th October, 1975.

DENOON-STEVENS—To Carol (Newton-Thompson) and Michael, a daughter on 25th April, 1975, in Johannesburg.

DU PLESSIS—To Ethel (Hacking) a daughter, on 24th October, 1974.

EMSLIE—To Sheila (Mackenzie) and Angus, a daughter, on 21st April, 1975.

FLECK—To Di (Cattell) and Peter, a son, on 17th July, 1975.

GWYNNE-EVANS—To Delia (Lloyd) and Richard, a daughter, on 19th March, 1975.

HARRISSON—To Pamela (Pearcy) and Roydon, a son, on 8th May, 1975, in Johannesburg.

HARTZ—To Juliet (Butters) and Vreno, a daughter, in February, 1975.

HEWITT—To Pam (Dyke-Poynter) and Rob, a son, on 24th February, 1975, in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

NORGAR—To Gillian (Verster) and Patrick, a son on 6th August, 1975, in Walvis Bay.

PARR—To Louise (Van Winsen) and Guy, a daughter, in July, 1975, in London.

POOLER—To Helen (Robb) and Richard, triplets (two sons and a daughter) in April, 1975.

POWER—To Susie (Robb) and David, a son on 17th July, 1975.

REDMOND—To Fiona (Noble) and Terry, a son in August, 1975, in Melbourne, Australia.

RUTHERFORD—To Fleur (Smith) and Malcolm, a daughter, on 31st January, 1974, in Plymouth, Devon.

SIMON—To Gail (Lockwood) and Barrie, a daughter, on 16th June, 1975.

SLATER—To Josephine (Dean) and Jim, a son, on 14th November, 1974.

TURNBULL—To Jasmine (Stephens) and Stuart, a daughter, on 17th March, 1975.

VAN ZYL—To Carolyn (Wood) and Gerrit, a daughter, in November, 1974.

WHYTE—To Penny (Ismay) and Roy, a son, on 23rd October, 1975.

WINGFIELD—To Diana (Harris) and Mervyn, a son, on 20th January, 1975.

ZUILL—To Anne (Welsh) and Eldon, a daughter, on 18th July, 1975, in Fife, Scotland.

Deaths

WOOD—Bunty (Hirschsohn) on 8th April, 1975, in London.

Sports Report

There have been no matches against the School during the year, mainly because of their tight sporting schedule. If anyone is keen to play a

certain sport against the present girls, please will she phone Jill Eckstein at 65-2293 and she will attempt to organise it.

Important Notice

To repeat — the magazine will **NOT** automatically be sent to everyone. Please complete the slip on the back page and return it as soon as possible if you wish to receive next year's magazine. Do this immediately lest you forget! The same applies to Annual Members, and their subscriptions of R2.00 should accompany the slip. News of anyone

is always more than welcome. You will see that a copy of the Directory is enclosed in this year's Magazine. Keep it for reference purposes as it will not be sent each year.

In order to keep the records up-to-date, please inform the Secretary of any change of address.

A Year in the United States as a Exchange Student

By Fiona McLachlan

In January, 1974, I left Cape Town for Salt Lake City in Utah where I was to spend my year in a little town called Kayville, just 20 miles north of Salt Lake City.

I stayed with two families during my year, both

of which were strict members of the Mormon Church which has its centre in Salt Lake City. However, in spite of our religious differences, I was always very happy with both my families who spoilt me terribly and of whom I grew very fond. My first family had six children, all of whom were

married so I was the "baby" at home for a change! My second family also had six children, four of whom were at home.

I spent my first four months at High School where I "graduated" at the end of May with the seniors. "Graduation" was an occasion for much pomp and splendour and "Mother" made me a new dress for the great achievement! It seemed so strange receiving our certificates for the end of school without the previous strain of exams as happens here in South Africa. My six subjects at school were: Gym, Psychology, Choir, French, Child Development and Humanities. I found the school work far behind the required standard of work here and was amazed at the amount of time and importance attached to sport. The academic side took a definite second place to sport. Cheerleaders led the cheering throughout the matches and the girls' drill team marched before the crowd during halftime. During the last two months, my Rotary club sent me to University where I did the following subjects: Typing, Anthropology, Psychology and French. I enjoyed "college" far more than High School but here the work was also far below our University level.

As can be imagined, I learnt a great deal about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormons). Neither of my families drank coffee, tea, alcohol or smoked as these are forbidden by their Church. I was allowed my own little bottle of coffee in the cupboard! I tried to learn as much as possible about the church and usually went to church with the families on Sunday. I went to listen to the famous Mormon Tabernacle Choir and also sang in the Church choir a few times. Religion never posed a serious problem and we all teased each other about our "weird" ideas.

During the summer I did a great deal of travelling. We went on trips to Arizona, through Southern Utah, where we saw some beautiful canyons. In

Los Angeles, we went to Disneyland which was a complete world of its own, which absorbed me for two days! We also saw Beverley Hills, Hollywood and Universal filming studios. Other trips included Seattle and Vancouver, Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, Colorado and, of course, Las Vegas. Las Vegas was a never-ending source of fascination to me, having heard so much about the Mafia's role in the "wicked glitter gulch". I had never seen so many people, so many slot machines, gambling games and especially the amount of money continually changing hands.

The fact that I was South African, caused several humorous moments. I found that few people knew where South Africa was, let alone its policies. The amazement that I was from "Africa" caused one man to say, "But surely you have European features?" At University, all the "foreigners" met for an international dinner and while I was in the kitchen, a Nigerian came running in asking for "the girl from Africa". Expecting a torrent of abuse on discovering I was South African, I slowly raised my hand and all he did was shake his head, saying I looked too American. Once I eventually persuaded him of my nationality, he called me his "little sister from Africa!" While I was at the World's Fair in Spokane, I went through the Afro-American pavilion which was all about White-Black relations in the States. There were only Negroes in sight and I was terrified that they discover I was from South Africa as they would surely know all about our policies. However, when one eventually cornered me, he asked "Are there a lot of Blacks in South Africa?"

My year soon came to an end and I returned to Cape Town after spending some time in New York and London with relatives. I arrived back in South Africa with many lovely memories of a wonderful, happy year and many experiences enjoyed in the United States of America.

A Professional Trio

In 1941, there were three girls at Herschel in the same class — all destined not only to become professional artists but artists of considerable merit: Cynthia Villet, Desirée Picton-Seymour and June de Water. All three, on leaving Herschel, became students at the Michaelis School of Art.

Cynthia's reputation as an artist was made mainly overseas. She and her architect husband, Kenneth Gardner, went first to London, where Cynthia studied sculpture with Sir John Cass, and then to Vancouver, Canada. There, Cynthia studied painting at the School of Art under Canadian painter Jack Shadbolt. The Gardner's next move was to Barbados in the West Indies. One might think this the most unlikely spot from whence to find a way to gain an artistic reputation in New York and London — but this is what happened. Eric Estorick of the Grosvenor Gallery in London saw Cynthia's work in Barbados and took some to New York and London where buyers were immediately enthusiastic. Soon tourists, besides other representatives of galleries, were visiting her at her Barbados home. Cynthia had become famous. Her work can be

found in many notable collections — including the Museums of Modern Art in both New York and Baltimore and the Israel Museum in Jerusalem. Cynthia and her husband, who returned to South Africa a year ago after 20 years absence, have made a home in Cape Town.

Desirée Picton-Seymour has for many years had a deep love for Victorian and Edwardian architecture and her graphics and paintings of buildings of this period are well-known — a number of them hang in our leading galleries. This interest not only led to the publication of two books, "Western Provincial" in 1950 and "Transvaal Republican" in 1952, but to a deep study of the history of Victorian and Edwardian architecture in South Africa. This is the title of her latest book, to be published by A. A. Balkema in February or March, 1976. "Victorian and Edwardian Architecture in South Africa" has been a long time in the writing — having to be fitted in among Desirée's regular work. This has included exhibitions and some interesting commissions over the year such as textile designing for a German firm, making drawings

of old mines and Kimberley buildings for De Beers for the Anglo American Pavilion at the Rand Easter Show in 1964 and, most interesting of all, perhaps, the restoration of murals in old Cape Dutch buildings.

The restoration of murals began with Desiree's own lovely old home, "Zorgvliet", in Sir George Grey Street, Gardens. Desiree and her husband, Michael Duckham, bought "Zorgvliet" in 1969 — and it was far from being lovely then! They have both put in hours of painstaking restoration work and, when they found their drawing-room had murals under the paint, Desiree restored them. This led to her being employed by Historical Homes of South Africa Ltd. to restore murals of the beautiful little town-house, 14 Keerom Street. Desiree is currently working on the murals at historic Boschendal in the Groot Drakenstein Valley which Rhodes Fruit Farms Limited is restoring — when she isn't busy on proofs of her book. The book will supply a long-felt need. There is no definitive work on this subject at present and, with so many interested in restoring Victorian and Edwardian houses, it is likely to be much in demand.

June te Water is living in "Little Chelsea" in Wynberg. She teaches two days a week, at the Ruth Prowse Art Centre and at her Studio, and

then has, as she puts it, "the rest of the week for me". June, who has received commissions for her sculpture from all over the Republic, had just sent two heads to Pretoria to be cast when we telephoned her for news — one of them of D. F. Malan for "Die Burger". One of her best known works was commissioned for the Langenhoven Library at Oudtshoorn — the Father Time in bronze which stands in front of it and the 45 foot frieze in anodised aluminium inside. Although she was included in the Venice Biennale and Sao Paulo Biennale in the early 60's and has had a number of one-man exhibitions as well as group shows, June has not exhibited lately and decided she could not take part in Herschel's recent art exhibition. But she was delighted to know that art still played such an important part in the life of the school. "It was through Herschel having an art class and an art room," she said, "and through being given the facilities to express myself in art for the first time that I realised I had any talent. Without this, I might have gone the rest of my life without knowing." June does not consider she would have found her life's work without this opportunity at school. It is good to know that, through her teaching, she is able to pass on such an opportunity to others.

M. Robertson.

Art Exhibition

(Organised by the Old Girls)



Left to right: Brendalynne Hoffman, The Mayor, Mr. John Tyers, Kerry Hoffman, Dr. Silberbauer.

ART — it is fun, it takes many forms and is so tremendously necessary in this harsh world. We realise we just haven't enough facilities at Herschel. With the idea of stimulating interest in this field the Chairman of the O.H.A., Brendalynne Hoffman, got together an art committee and staged an exhibition in our school hall. She called on her father, Mayor John Tyers, to open it, ably assisted by "Old Girl" Raymond Ackerman.

We had a very good cross section of work contributed by past pupils and past and present parents. A cheese and wine party launched the exhibition on Friday, 19th September, which they ran for the weekend.

Mr. Eric Wale kindly consented to write a few words on the painting exhibits and we hasten to thank him and notice the extent to which he has underplayed his own work:

"An exhibition in the same hall by some thirty different artists, many of whom have submitted several works, must necessarily result in paintings varying from virtuosity to mediocrity, all vying one another in crowded display that cannot show them to proper advantage. The best had to be made of a difficult job to give all a showing.

The number of works and the combined effort involved in transforming the hall into an exhibition venue with flood lighting, specially painted screens and hessian backdrop all deserved a longer showing than a mere weekend. It gave no time for press pictorial publicity (e.g. opening night photographs) and word of mouth to bring this show to the notice of the big wide world beyond the school and in which lurk, here and there, potential buyers. This considered, the attendance throughout and the support given in terms of purchases was fully up to expectations.

The exhibition was not lacking in works by established artists. Of the Old Girls there were two collages by Yasmin Brandolini d'Adda (Petersen) reflecting a sophisticated technique in abstract art (the show had too few abstracts), some competent oils (or were some acrylics — it's almost impossible to tell the difference nowadays) by Margot Hartford (Corder) depicting, with professional brushwork, portraits and the female form, and a graphic by Cynthia Villet with interesting texture. A bold seascape by Kath Kreft (Walker) caught the eye from across the hall contrasting strangely with her pastel of a fisherman. Paddy Howes, upon whose shoulder a lot of the organizing work fell, contributed a wide

variety of oils and watercolours dominated by flower studies with deliberate colour themes.

Among the parents were some large acrylics and a number of water colours and mixed media by Eric Wale, several competent watercolours by Mr. Justice Diemont, a number of pleasing flower studies in oil by Diana Bell, who also included a sylvan scene in water colour with gay colour patterns, a linocut by Pat Simpson and several very effective flower studies, with the interplay of wet pigments held together with ink drawing, by Ericha Parker."

A large section of the exhibition was devoted to pottery of all varieties — stoneware, earthenware and garden sculpture. Janeen Keyser (Kipps) had fun making an interesting display of all the colourful pots, jugs, platters and vases that can brighten the domestic scene, and commented as follows:

"Pottery has become so popular, particularly among women, who find it creative, as well as restful, to join one of the many studios in Cape Town. The popularity of working with clay is perhaps a result of ordinary people wanting to do something personal, and clay offers an ideal medium to express oneself — one often hears potters talk about their wares in terms of whether they 'talk or sing'.

We enjoyed seeing exciting works by Helene Elliott, Pat van Wisen, Audrey Kipps, Ruth Napier, Maud Louw, Pat Harpur (Lindsay), Robud de Waal (Robb), and Helen Newton-Thompson. These are just a few of Cape potters who have rediscovered the joys of creativity. This reborn interest in pottery over the last few years has been phenomenal — so much so that an association of potters has been formed in the W. Cape."

We do congratulate all our art enthusiasts in the School family for a most interesting display and thank the Art Committee for their magnificent effort and sheer hard work. Our thanks, too, to Dr. Silberbauer for her unflinching interest and support. We look forward to the ambitious aims of the School being realized in the building of an Art Centre. Then we'll have another exhibition which won't have to be dismantled for assembly and gym.

M. Loggie.

Art Committee: H. Harsant, B.-L. Hoffman, P. Howes, J. Keyser, E. McCarthy, N. Morris and A. Snyders.



Mary Loggie thanking the Mayor, Mr. John Tyers.



Paddy Howes and Margot Hartford.



Janeen Keyser arranging the Pottery exhibits.

Double Christening in School Chapel



Jasmine Turnbull (Stephens) with her daughter, Juliet (left) and Carolyn van Zyl (Wood) with her daughter, Megan. The babies were baptised by Canon Aubrey on Sunday, 27th April, 1975.

Exchange Students, 1974



BRIDGIT BORTON: AFS — Greensburg,
Pennsylvania, U.S.A.



LYNN BRAILEY: AFS — Livingston,
New Jersey, U.S.A.



FIONA MCLACHLAN: Rotary — Salt Lake City,
Utah, U.S.A.



DIANA LONGMORE, AFS — Concordia,
Kansas, U.S.A.

This year there are the following daughters and relatives of old girls in the school.

Kathryn and Suzanne Ackerman, daughters of Raymond Ackerman; Fiona Adams, cousin of Carol and Joy Newton-Thompson; Gillian and Susan Aronson, daughters of Felicity Shub, nieces of Stephanie; Catherine Aubrey, daughter of Pam St. Leger, niece of Betty, sister of Heather; Toni Beck, daughter of Barbara Wiltshire; Jean Bergh, niece of Thelma Bergh and Elspeth Grant; Jane, Mary and Linda Bettison, nieces of Norma Bettison; Tanya Bosma, sister of Sharon; Jill Breen, sister of Sally; Beverley and Gillian Brockman, half-sisters of Maureen; Rachel Browne, daughter of Anne Denniston, niece of Patricia, sister of Louisa; Suzanne Bryant, daughter of Heather Marr, niece of Jean, grand-daughter of Edith Pargiter; Susan Burns, daughter of Diana Dicey, niece of Trish; Ruth Butters, half-sister of Juliet; Celeste Cornforth, niece of Heather and Wendy Walker; Karen Corder, niece of Margot, Judy and Tessa; Lindy de Waal, daughter of Rosemary Robb, niece of Elizabeth, Susan and Helen; Amanda de Villiers, niece of Nicky and Mary, cousin of Lindsay Loggie; Linda de Kock, daughter of Gillian Downing; Caroline Dowdle, daughter of Yvonne Roux, sister of Susan; Tessa, Dianne and Debra Douglas-Hamilton, nieces of Diana Douglas-Hamilton, deceased, cousins of Gillian Austin; Susan de la Hunt, sister of Lynn; Nicola Eckstein, daughter of Jill Philip; Lynda-Anne Ferguson, niece of Joy; Nicola, Chloe and Jill Fouché, daughters of Adele Jooste, nieces of Lynette, cousins of Gayle Jooste and Clare Croudace; Josephine and Georgina Frater, daughters of Angela Simpson, nieces of Deborah Simpson; Elizabeth Frost, niece of Joan Frost; Sandra Gant, cousin of Janet Gant and Susan Campbell; Susan Gatt, daughter of Barbara Bolus; Bridget Gough, sister of Philippa; Mary-Lynne Grant, daughter of Averil Howell, half-sister of Muna and Georgina, cousin of Sandra Howell; Vanessa Green, daughter of David Green; Janet and Susan Hammond, daughters of Justine Cole; Doune Hannay-Robertson, daughter of Clemency Watson, niece of Hillary and Joy; Susan Harris, sister of Philippa; Marina Hennessy, daughter of Deborah Kipps; Therese Herbert, daughter of Jasmine Honoré; Linda and Monique Herweg, daughters of Diana Michelsen; Kerry Hoffman, daughter of Brendalynne Tyers; Rosemary Howell, daughter of Pat Cunningham, sister of Sandra, niece of Averil Howell, cousin of Lynn, Paula and Susan Cunningham; Katharine Ince, niece of Sarchen Burrell; Philippa Jolly, daughter of Ann Phillips, deceased; Lindsay and Nicola Jones, nieces of Helen, Mary and Pam; Linda Jooste, daughter of Celia Norgarb, sister of Gayle, niece of Lynette

and Adele, cousin of Clare Croudace; Mary and Hillary Jooste, nieces of Lynette and Adele, cousins of Gayle Jooste and Clare Croudace; Michelle Kinlay, half-sister of Gail and Hazel; Nicky Kohler, sister of Lynn; Fiona Lawson, cousin of Andrea Williams; Jeanne Lith, daughter of Maureen O'Connell, niece of Denise; Bridget Longmore, sister of Diana, cousin of Fiona MacSymon; Karin, Ingrid and Daryl Louw, nieces of Nicky and Jean; Gaby Maastrecht, sister of Deborah, cousin of Myra; Vivienne and Margaret Malherbe, cousins of Janice Farley; Margot McLachlan, sister of Fiona, niece of Beatrice; Juliet McGregor, cousin of Jennifer and Sally Brimble; Shelley Mills, daughter of Nanette Elliott; Shona Milton, sister of Suzanne; Alison Marr, niece of Heather and Jean-Mary; Fiona McLennan, daughter of Maureen Bourke; Belinda Morris, daughter of Nancy Howie, niece of Fiona and Mary, sister of Jennifer, cousin of Jean and Beth Dicey; Catherine McCarthy, daughter of Elizabeth Holmes, niece of Lynette Holmes and Patricia McCarthy; Fiona Naude, cousin of Yolanda and Alida Labia; Dianne Newton, sister of Frances; Sandra and Linda Newton-Thompson, sisters of Carol and Joy; Susan Nolan, cousin of Helen Watson; Malu Ovenstone, niece of Diana; Kathy Page-wood, niece of Marygold, step-sister of Mary Foot; Kate Philip, sister of Jane; Lucy Quinan, cousin of Jennifer Hearn; Ilse Richter, niece of Dorothy Beukes; Amanda Robins, daughter of Tanis Guicherit, niece of Valma Guicherit and Lorna Robins; Liza Rowland, daughter of Gail Meglechlil; Bridget Sandell, daughter of Robin, niece of Barbara and Wendy; Vanessa Sass, daughter of Ann Stewart; Luanna Shontfield, daughter of Carole Papworth; Catherine and Nicola Shub, nieces of Felicity and Stephanie; Peta Ann Simpson, sister of Marilyn and Jennifer, cousin of Angela and Deborah Simpson and Susan Simpson; Antoinette Slingsby, sister of Lynn; Sandra Smuts, daughter of Judy Corder, niece of Margot and Tessa; Tessa Sparks, daughter of Sally Stuttaford, niece of Melanie and Georgina; Jennifer Torr, cousin of Lindsay; Philippa Torr, sister of Lindsay; Nicola Turnbull, daughter of Jasmine Stephens; Bridgit Twentyman-Jones, cousin of Judy; Karenina van Lennep, sister of Sylvia; Melodie van Rooyen, daughter of Wendy Mitchell; Coralie Wake, cousin of Cheryl; Susan Ward-Able, daughter of Margaret Impey, sister of Barbara; Karen Wessels, daughter of Mariane Metje, deceased; Deborah Westcott, sister of Sandra; Camilla White, daughter of Sylvia Sandes; Astrid Winberg, sister of Ingrid; Lou-Anne Wrentmore, sister of Robyn.

News Round-Up

ABBOTT (1965): Lucinda returned from Sydney, Australia, just before Christmas, 1974, where she had lived for over two years. She is now living in Port Elizabeth and working for Boys' Town which has opened an office there. She sees a lot of her sister, Sally (Ryan) who with her husband have just bought a house in Walmer and are busy re-decorating it. Sally is teaching at Collegiate.

AINSLIE (Mrs. Winstain) (1951): Geraldine has sold her house in London and is expected to return to the Cape to settle. She has two children.

AITCHISON (Mrs. Wilson) (1968): Marjorie is now remedial teaching in Norwich. Her husband, Kevin, is doing a B.Ed. course at Keswick Hall College.

APPLEYARD (Mrs. Coward) (1941): Elizabeth writes, "I think the new look of the magazine is overloaded on the side of youthful Old Girls. What about some news of the older Old Girls?" Elizabeth has been kept very busy giving talks, illustrated by slides, on her travels in India. These have been seen by hundreds of people and were so popular that she can take no further bookings. Her subjects were "Through the Himalayas on pony back", "Kashmir" and "Three Cities of Moghul India".

AUBREY (Fru Trohaug) (1961): Heather lives in Norway. She has a four-year-old daughter.

BAGNALL (1974): Barbara is doing a Secretarial Course at the Technical College.

BARNETT (1971): Penny was capped at Rhodes as a B.Sc. Zoo in April of this year. She is at

present working for Honours and then plans two years working (she has applied for a Junior Lectureship at UCT) before studying for her Masters.

BARRON (Mrs. McKissack) (1956): Louine now lives in Belgium. Anyone nearby?

BLACK (Mrs. Abbott) (1937): Moira is now settled in her new home in Claremont. She and her sister are at present on a trip to Japan and the Far East.

BLACKETT (Mrs. Pearson-Rogers) (1961): Miranda was married in London earlier this year, and now works for Faber and Faber Ltd., Publishers. Miss McLean attended her wedding.

BORTON (1989): Jane is an Orthoptist at Groote Schuur. A job she loves and at which she is very able as it carries a lot of responsibility and challenge. She is going to the World Conference at Boston this year for a few days, which should prove quite an experience. She is looking forward to seeing her sister, Pru, in England, on the way.

BOTHNER (Mrs. Beele) (1963): Sue is modelling and doing promotion work for Top Mod.

BRAILEY (1973): Lynn, since returning from America, has been doing a secretarial course at Tech. and helping with sport at Herschel.

BRIMBLE (1973): Sally is in her second year at Maas-Phillips Drama College, and continues to study speech training through UNISA.

CLOETE (Mrs. Mitchell Hopkins) (1961): Nicky says with three children under 3½ years she is not newsworthy material.

COMPTON (Mrs. De Villiers) (1940): Phillida leads a full life as the wife of an M.P. Her husband is the chief spokesman for the United Party on mining and energy.

CRAFOORD (Mrs. Winquist) (1953): Caroline writes from Paris that her five children (14 years — 5 years) are at a bilingual school, French and English. Her husband, as Secretary General of the International Chamber of Commerce, visited the Cape for the first time in October of last year. He was very well received by all, from Prime Minister to Press and loved his short stay. Caroline would welcome a visit from any Old Girls in Paris.

CULLEY (Mrs. Plock) (1966): Bryony has spent a busy and messy year decorating her house in Hertfordshire. She saw Sheila Emslie and husband, Angus, when they were on a working holiday in Britain.

DEAN (Mrs. Slater) (1963): Josephine taught locally and retired just in time to write UNISA exams in Greek and produce her son, Duncan, two days later. Future plans — motherhood and domesticity.

DE VILLIERS (The Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Hill) (1935): Yvonne and her husband are very happy in their home in Buderim, Queensland, Australia, and now that Kenneth has retired he is able to devote himself to gardening, while Yvonne continues with her painting and other interests. The Hill's



children are all great travellers. Anthony, the eldest son, went on an expedition to the Antarctic a few years ago. Anthony teaches history and has been working at the Graduate School of Education at Harvard, USA and was due to join the staff at Gordonstown in Scotland in September, 1975. He is married to a Swedish girl who is also a teacher. Richard was due back in Australia last July after doing welfare work in London. He is also married. Hamish has set up a furniture workshop in Melbourne and Sue, the Hill's only daughter, has specialised in childrens' physiotherapy. She was on holiday at the Cape a few years ago and went by land safari through Africa before returning to London. Another time she joined a party of young people who drove overland to Katmandu. Sue is now working in Sydney.

DRENNAN (Mrs. Wiltshire) (1942): Suzanne is looking forward to coming to live at the Cape again after being in Kimberley for many years.

ELLIOTT (Mrs. Wray) (1958): Sue moved from Connecticut in June and is now living in Houston, which she loves. She says it is a dynamic, exciting city, considered by many to be the city of the future. It is hot and humid and reminiscent of South Africa. Texans, she says, are delightful and hospitable people. Her husband, Marc, is with General Crude Oil Company, which is also exciting with challenging issues.

FAED (Mrs. l'Ons) (1955): Anne writes from Stutterheim that she is teaching art to a group of enthusiastic 8-year-olds and hopes to have an exhibition at the end of this year.

FINCH (Mrs. Clough) (1950): Jill and husband, Robert, visited Rhodesia from England this year. They spent a day with June Norman (Marshall) and June writes that she was delighted to find Jill just the same after 17 years. Jill's mother, Enid Finch (Harsant) was Herschel's first Head Girl. Jill was Vice-Head. She has three children.

FRITH (Mrs. Pfaff) (1952): Isobel's eldest son is Head Boy of Ridge School, Johannesburg.

FRITH (Mrs. Hallam) (1956): Thelma now lives in Durban. She has two sons.

FULLER (Mrs. Van Blommestein) (1941): Joan has taken up painting again and two of her pictures were chosen by the Kimberley Society of Artists and shown at its exhibition.

GASSON (1970): Hilary has the unusual distinction of winning the Three Leaf Theatre Award for Best Supporting Actress in her first year as a professional actress. Congratulations. She is now in London furthering her career.

GLENNIE (Mrs. Lorrimer) (1953): Gill's husband, Rupert, is a new Progressive Party M.P.

GOW (1968): Alison is living in London and working in the Military Section at the South African Embassy.

GRAAFF (1970): Janet, having completed her B.Sc. at UCT, is now lecturing in Sociology there.

GUYSE-HILL (Mrs. Steward) (ex Staff): Vera visited South Africa with her husband last summer. She met up with Old Herschelians all over the country. While in East London she saw Bridget Taylor (Orr) who is making jewellery with polished semi-precious stones.

HAMPSON (ex Staff) (1970): Mrs. Hampson spent two months in Canada this year, visiting her daughter and family.

HALL (Mrs. Chappel) (1948): Anne has been living in Salisbury, Rhodesia, since her marriage in 1956. She has two daughters. Her sister, Honor, lives in Hampshire and has three sons. Last year they all had a skiing holiday in Austria together.

HARRIS (Mrs. Wingfield) (1963): Diana is working in Johannesburg with mentally retarded children.

HARRIS (Mrs. Duckworth) (1945): Mary Jane is teaching ballet in Peterborough and Oundle. She recently passed the Advanced Teachers Exam. (Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing) for Fellowship, with Honours. Her elder son is now in his first year at Bristol University, her second son in A-level year, and her daughter is in junior school.

HAU (1974): Victoria is doing Draftmanship at the Technical College.

HEARN (1973): Jenny is a secretary at Garlicks.

HEDDON (Mrs. Brink) (1951): Angela has three daughters and is kept busy with her hobby of growing orchids and anthuriums.

HILL (Mrs. McEwen) (plus-minus 1930): Joan is enjoying living near her sister, Peg (Mrs. Furlong) in England.

HILL (1963): Judith is teaching at Milnerton High School. Her fiancé is immigrating to South Africa and they will be living in Cape Town.

HILL (Mrs. Botha) (1960): Patricia and her husband live in Stellenbosch. She has now been made Vice-Principal of the Pieter Olivier Art School.

HOLLEBONE (Mrs. Jackson) (1950): Auriol has three young daughters and finds life in Hong Kong both interesting and stimulating.

HONORÉ (Mrs. Herbert) (1940): Jasmine lectures at UCT Ballet School.

HOWES (Mrs. Conwright): Dulcie is now on the new Censorship Committee in the Cape. She was nominated by theatrical bodies and accepted the nomination after a great deal of heart-searching, saying she felt it was no good sitting around and belly-aching about the censors if one was not prepared to serve in some way.

HYDE-JONES (Mrs. Griffith) (1951): Mary-Lou, recently re-married, has moved down from Rhodesia and has been busy settling into her new home in Johannesburg. She spends most of her spare time teaching Africans basic reading and writing. This is slow and tedious but most rewarding.

JEFFERY (1974): Liz has spent the year in France with a French family where she has studied and learned the French way of life.

JOLLY (1973): Clare is doing drama at Rita Maas.

KIPPS (Mrs. Hennessy) (1957): Deborah, after 17 years in nursing, is now Student Counsellor at Carinus Nursing College.

KIPPS (Mrs. Keyser) (1961): Janeen's hobby is pottery, and she submitted several delightful items in the recent Herschel Art and Crafts Exhibition.

KÖHLER: Lynne has opened a small gallery in the Constantia Shopping Centre, where she sells paintings, graphics and pottery.

LE ROUX (1974): Susie is doing Hotel Management at The Technical College.

LIMBY (Mrs. Causefield) (1945): Elizabeth and her husband are farming at Maga Maga near East London. Her eldest son is at UCT and her daughter still at school.

LINDBERG (1973): Dianne (Doolie) visited Cape Town from Johannesburg for a few days after returning from a finishing school in Switzerland — still full of her usual bubble and bounce. Next year she plans to return to France to further her studies.

LITTLE (Mrs. Serritslev) (1968): Moira completed her fourth year architecture at UCT in 1973, and then, after her marriage to an architect the following January, worked in London on the Barbican Arts Centre. In April she and her husband left the U.K. to travel in N. Europe for six months before returning to Cape Town to resume fifth year architectural studies at UCT next year.

LOMAX (Dr. Good) (1946): Alison qualified as a doctor in London in 1953 and then specialised in paediatrics. She married a doctor and experienced paediatrics at first hand — four babies in six years. In 1970 the family came out to Durban and Alison has been working at the Addington Coloured Hospital ever since.

MACHANICK (Dr. Shapiro) (1941): Sonia runs a school for dyslectic children in Johannesburg.

MACSYMON (Mrs. Chambers) (1972): Fiona was married in May in Australia. She and her husband are in Cape Town for 9 months and then plan to travel round the world for 5 years before returning to farming in Victoria, Australia.

MCLEAN: Miss McLean writes happily from Amer-sham and still takes a vital interest in school affairs.

MAGGS (1971): Susan, with Cordon Bleu Diploma in hand, is now on the staff of the London Cordon Bleu Cookery School.

MARSHALL (Mrs. Norman) (1950): June and Denis continue to farm in the Karol area of Rhodesia despite sanctions, alternate floods and droughts, and anti-terrorist warfare. Their eldest daughter is teacher-training outside London, specialising in art — a chip off the old block!

MATHIAS (Mrs. Duly) (1958): Iona enjoys life in Gwelo and often sees her farming friend, Meg Norbert (Galloway).

MELLISH (Mrs. Dowling) (1951): Joan has returned to Cape Town and is living in Claremont. She is presently working at a building society in Cape Town.

MITCHELL (Dr. Haigh) (1945): Margaret received the M.B.E. this year for her work amongst the injured and dying at the Moorgate train disaster in London. She was commended for bravery in the Queen's Birthday Honours List. The conditions were appalling and no one who had not actually been in that searing and stifling hell could ever begin to imagine the horror of it all. Those who were there will never forget it. Margaret works at Waterloo where she trains ambulance men in resuscitation techniques. She was on her way to work when the call for assistance came through.

NAPIER (1974): Jean and a friend raised a fantastic amount of money for U.C.T. Rag by undertaking a sponsored horse-ride from Agulhas to Elgin — slowly but sorely.

NOBLE (Mrs. Redmond) (1960): Fiona writes from Melbourne, Australia that she is kept busy with the arrival of her second son and her husband who is studying full-time for a Bachelor of Theology degree.

NORGAR (Mrs. Blake): Sybil's husband is the new Headmaster of Monterey Preparatory School.

O'CONNELL (Mrs. Lith) (1947): Maureen and her family attended the 100th birthday celebrations of the Lith family business in Rotterdam — quite an occasion. See often sees Ruth Fuller (McLeod) and her 6 children in Pinelands.

PAYNE (Mrs. Hamilton) (1964): Carol enjoys farm life in the Bindura district of Rhodesia although it is to nerve-racking. She has a daughter and a son.

PEEL (1971): Jasmine completed her nursing training at Groote Schuur in December of last year. She has been accepted into Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital in London, to do her midwifery training.

PETERSEN (Countess Brandolini d'Adda) (1946): Yasmin is due back in South Africa in October for her exhibitions in Johannesburg and Cape Town. Having battled with illness at the beginning



of her married life, followed by the arrival of her two sons, she only resumed her painting a few years ago. She has set herself a vigorous work programme starting with 2 hours gym in the morning followed by 10 hours concentrated work in her studio. All this to be recognised as an artist and so prove herself. We were lucky enough to see a few samples of her work at our own exhibition — a far cry from the "The Vine Pickers" in the Boarders' Sitting Room at School.

PETREE (Mrs. Martin Meick) (1941): Wenda represents the Simon van der Stel Foundation and is also the head of the ACVV in her area. She is a fluent speaker in Afrikaans.

PETTIGREW (1947): Gail is doing a Secretarial Course at the Technical College.

PHILIP (Mrs. Eckstein) (1963): Jill won the South African squash title for the fourth time and represented South Africa against New Zealand in three test matches. She has just been made the new Chairlady of the S.A. Squash Rackets Association since its headquarters moved from Johannesburg to Cape Town.

PORTER (Mrs. Crawford) (1959): Anne left to live in England at the beginning of the year, where her husband is working for Pickfords.

PULSFORD (1947): Joanne is doing a Secretarial Course.

RAATH (Mrs. Taylor) (1963): Penny lives on an almond farm in Paarl and works at the local nursery school. She has two boys and a girl. Her sister, Susie, has recovered from her car accident and is now teaching again.

REID (1973): Zenne has chosen horse-riding as her career, so next year she will be living on a farm at De Doorns.

ROBERTSON (1968): Helen has been involved with research into breast and throat cancer, leukaemia and typhoid. She works at U.C.T. Medical School.

ROBINSON (1947): Clemmie has made her mark as one of the U.C.T. Rag Finalists.

ROUGH (Mrs. Gustafson) (1959): Anne lives in Medfield, U.S.A. with her husband, Rob, and two boys. She does a lot of work for A.F.S.

SHARP (1973): Jenny recently returned from 9 months in England.

STARCK (Mrs. Collings) (1940): Betty visits the Cape from Britain each year. Her husband was recently awarded the M.B.E. for promoting British exports.

STORCH-NIELSEN (Mrs. Fox) (1959): Vicky does part-time cooking for Directors' dining rooms in Johannesburg. She has a son, Mark.

Thom (1974): Patsy left recently for Europe where she plans to work and tour until next year.

TURNER (1973): Jill, after completing a secretarial course in Cape Town, went to Grenoble University in France where she did a three-month concentrated French course. She now plans to further her studies at the Sorbonne.

WALKER (Mrs. Krett) (1940): Kay has had an exhibition of her paintings at Somerset West.

WALKER (1965): Wendy, having toured Botswana, Rhodesia and Malawi, and South America, has now emigrated to Australia.

WESEMAN (1972): Ling spent 3 months in Vienna this year. She visited Spain with 5 Viennese friends and has generally been gadding about Europe. She returns to Cape Town in October bringing with her a Bernese mountain dog puppy for her mother, who breeds them. Next year she plans to go to U.C.T.

WILKS (Mrs. Parsons) (1940): Betty, who lives in England, visited her mother in Cape Town in October.

WILLIAMS (Mrs. Charles) (1960): Lindsay has two sons who are still at school. Living in the U.S.A. she and her family have recently moved from Cape Cod to Orleans where her husband is running a very successful delicatessen.

WILLIAMS (1947): Andrea has spent about 8 months with a French family outside Paris and is now completely fluent in French. She returns to Cape Town in November and plans to go to U.C.T. next year.

Herschelians on South African Campuses

At U.C.T. — First year: Alex Adams (Business Science), Gill Austin (M.B. Ch.B.), Dorothy Beukes (B.A.), Bridgit Borton (Occupational Therapy), Sharon Bosma (B.Sc.), Louisa Browne (B.A.), Susan Brownlie (B.Sc.), Susan Cunningham (B.A.), Susan Dowdle (B.Sc.), Susan Fuller (B.A. LL.B.), Gayle Jooste (B.A.), Alida Labia (Drama), Fiona McLachlan (B.A. LL.B.), Jean Napier (B.Sc.), Clemmie Robinson (B.A.), Isobel Smit (B.Sc.).

Second year: Shan Adams (B.Sc.), Kathleen Caradoc-Davies (B.A.), Gwen Makepeace (B.A.), Margaret Minogue (B.A.), Janet Pettigrew (B.A.).

Third year and more: Susan Abernethy, Fiona Baigrie (B.A.), Belinda Blaine (Law), Hilary Brown (B.Sc.), Elaine Charnock, Ethel du Plessis (Hacking) (5th year Medicine), Jill Golding (B.A.), Hilary Henderson (4th year Occupational Therapy), Pam Johnson (B.A.), Yolanda Labia (Civil Engineer-

ing), Tessa Mallet (B.A.), Dita Newman (B.A. Soc.Sc.), Anne Spruce.

At STELLENBOSCH — First year: Annemarie Serritslev (Fine Arts).

Second year: Elizabeth Lacey (Art), Christina Murray (Law), Linda Storch-Nielsen (B.A.), Sylvia van Lennep (Fine Arts).

Third year: Hannell Muller (Medicine).

At RHODES:

First year: Libby Aitchison (B.A.), Philippa Harris (Sec. course), Sara Knight (B.A.), Gailie Parkin (B.A.).

Second year: Clare Dixon, Lindsey Torr (Journalism).

Nursing: Desiree Cathcart-James, (G-S), Jean Dacey (Jhb.), Mary Foot, Lindsay Loggie (Victoria), Jasmine Peel (G-S), Virginia Sleigh (Victoria), Robyn Wrentmore.

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